

# ST. ANDREW'S

S C H O O L



SPRING 1993



# Noxontalk

The St. Andrew's faculty has a weakness, one that translates into one of the greatest strengths of the School. We don't know how to set limits. We live, eat, work and play with the students. They, in turn, keep a watchful eye on our children, pet our animals and toss us a frisbee. The professional lines are quite blurred, and I suppose that we could be criticized for this. The skeptics might ask, shouldn't you post your office hours and stick by them for the benefit of your college-bound seniors (surely their college professors won't be available at 9:00 p.m. the night before a paper is due); shouldn't there be a time in the day when the kids know that they are on their own, that it is up to them and their own resources to get through? I would argue perhaps, but ultimately, no. If we are to take our "in loco parentis" position seriously, we need to model ourselves after every good parent who is available when the children need him or her—24 hours a day. That is a lot to ask of one human being, especially one who is biologically unconnected to this child, but it is what each adult member of this community willingly asks of himself. But many outsiders are unaware of this after-hours life of the SAS faculty member—the advisor who spends the night in the emergency room with his injured advisee and then returns the next dawn to teach a full load of classes; the dorm parent who must forsake a well-deserved evening with his family to comfort a homesick dorm member; the teacher who, rather than catch up on her own grading and preparation, helps a struggling student. I would hate to think of responding to these students' needs in any other way. And while none of us pretend to be any better parents than the ones who wait and worry at home, we do our best to fill the void between the next trip home or the next visit to campus. What is the downside of all of this caring? A sometimes over-extended faculty, but people who also care for each other, stepping in to take over when a colleague needs a break. The bottom line of this community is parenting, nurturing and caring. Call it misleading and a poor preparation for the unforgiving world that awaits each student, call it indulgent, but also realize that it is the foundation of most healthy adults.



EDITOR

# ST. ANDREW'S

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Front Cover: Photographer Eric Crossan captures the new swimming pool at dusk.

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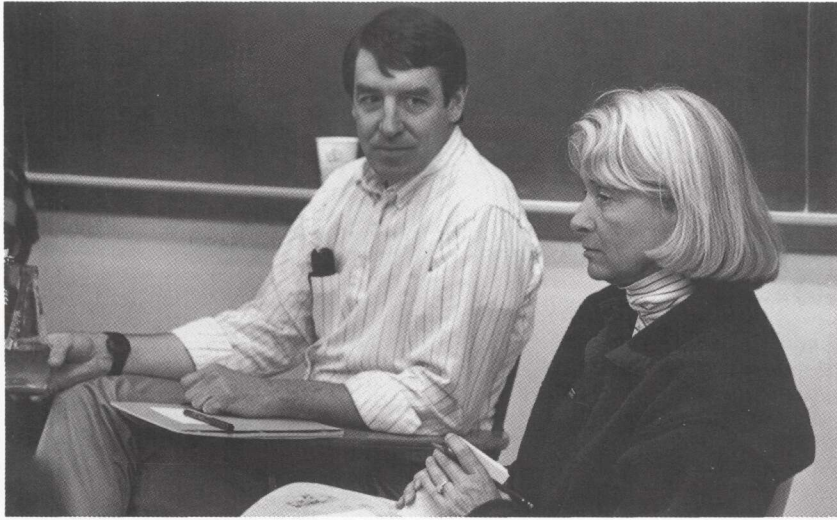
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# COUNSELING AT ST. ANDREW'S

## Support Structures and Safety Nets

By Donna Speers



*Ellie Griffin and Jack Starmer from Milton Academy lead a faculty discussion group on adolescent sexuality.*

There are many formal and informal ways we provide support for our students. In general, the faculty serves these functions naturally, without thinking, but if we were to analyze them, they would come in three general categories: the formal counseling program, headed by DyAnn Miller; the more general safety nets of advisors, corridor leaders and disciplinarians; and the academic counseling, which speaks more specifically to the academic achievement of the students.

### Professional/Formal Counseling

DyAnn Miller is a trained counselor and the coordinator of the St. Andrew's Counseling Program. Along with faculty members Dave DeSalvo, Rodney Rice and Louise Howlett, she helps maintain the emotional health of the School. Students take DyAnn's human potential course in the IV Form. Besides confronting issues of human sexuality and substance abuse, this course allows students to learn early on that there is a team of trained counselors at SAS who are ready to help them if they find themselves needing emotional help.

DyAnn says that at the beginning of every year she meets with new students and asks them why they think the School would hire a professional counselor. This question leads to a discussion about how all of us, especially when we are growing up, face difficult issues and difficult decisions. If they are unfamiliar with boarding school, DyAnn helps students prepare for dealing with a new, unfamiliar community. "I urge them to find a significant adult in this community whom they can begin building a relationship with, so that if a crisis does develop, the relationship will already be established." While any adult member of the community—a

coach, teacher or advisor—can serve as a good mentor and sounding board, often the students see a member of the counseling staff.

According to DyAnn, evening study hall (7:30-9:30) tends to be the time when students need her. Due to our busy class and sports schedules, this is often the first time in the day that students have time to think about their problems—what stayed on the back burner all day, suddenly gets their full attention.

Dave DeSalvo says that the students who come see him generally fall into two categories: the ones whose advisors have recommended him, and those who simply stop by his classroom and seek him out. Often the dean's office and the counseling office work together. After a student has incurred a disciplinary violation, the Dean might recommend counseling to help get at the root of the problem that caused the behavior.

"I try to find out as soon as possible what the scope of the problem is," says Dave. "If I think the student is dealing with suicide or alcoholism, I get help from an outside specialist." Anyone who is dealing with a major eating disorder, drug or alcohol addiction sees a registered psychologist. Even some kids without major issues choose to see a psychologist, because they desire a more objective listener who is not directly related to SAS. Generally, Dave sees adolescents who are feeling consumed with their problems. Dave's goal is to help these students deal with their feelings so that they don't distract him from his classes. "Often if a student talks to me 20 or 40 minutes a week, he can then approach his classes with greater focus...I am dealing with the everyday things that bother them. I just want to be there to listen."

One of the strengths of SAS from a counseling perspective is that the boarding environment gives the counselors an opportunity to work intensely with each student. "When I worked in day schools, it felt like I was putting bandaids on students' problems," says DyAnn. "I like the idea that here, if



*Mel Brown chats with a student.*

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***"I always tell the students that you don't have to be overwhelmed with stress to learn how to deal with it."***

***—DyAnn Miller***

students are dealing with a family problem, I have some time to help them build their skills, techniques of assertiveness and confidence before sending them back home. I also like the vantage point I have here; I can observe them throughout the day, how they interact with their friends, and how they handle discipline. I get to treat the whole person."

Students tend to take care of one another. Like a large, functional family, SAS students operate most like brothers and sisters. "The nurturing here is just amazing," says Dave. "When one of our students is hurting, his friends take care of him. This has become a signal to us that we should do more to empower the students—as prefects, proctors and student leaders—with more opportunities for peer counseling."

"I've been impressed by the lack of stigmatizing of students who seek counseling," says DyAnn. "In general, these kids are not embarrassed or ashamed to ask for help. I always tell the students that you don't have to be overwhelmed with stress to learn how to deal with it. Counseling can be a treat you give yourself. Where else can you get someone's undivided attention for 45 minutes?"

### The Safety Nets: The Corridor Leaders, Advisors and Dean's Disciplinary Proceedings

One of the most important places where informal counseling takes place is on the dorm. Seniors have the privilege, in their roles as prefects and proctors, of leading, supervising and counseling their slightly younger peers. One senior prefect is appointed on each corridor by the headmaster, based on recommendations of the juniors, seniors and corridor faculty. Along with the corridor faculty, the prefect plays a significant role in monitoring the emotional health and safety on corridor. They are chosen based on their compassion, leadership, humor, patience, perceptiveness and ability to make decisions. They also supervise the more routine tasks of maintaining corridor cleanliness. Along with his or her proctors, this dorm leadership team helps keep track of their dormmates. Before they take office, they meet with their predecessors to glean some graduating senior's wisdom. They also meet regularly with their dorm parent and the dean of students to share experiences and become better counselors. They receive training in homesickness, drug abuse, alcoholism, and sexuality. "In a variety of formal and informal ways, the prefect has daily contact with students on corridor," says Dean of Students Will Speers. "We are basically asking them to serve as



*Counseling can be as informal as a spontaneous chat in the dining room or on the front lawn.*

big brothers and sisters. They are the ones who will first know who is suffering, who is making poor choices, etc. The corridor faculty sees the kids literally and figuratively in the most home-like setting."

Will echoes DyAnn's belief that evenings are the time when students need the most attention and care, when nerves and emotions tend to be most frayed. This is the time when a dorm parent can help a suffering student. A good corridor parent and a good prefect know when to step in, and when to give more latitude. Last fall at 10:00 p.m. check-in, when a student on Will's dorm was obviously distraught, he learned that she was feeling overwhelmed by a number of pressures—parental, academic and athletic. Will listened, realized that she really needed rest and a chance to get a fresh perspective and so he excused her from breakfast and her job. Together, they worked on her academic schedule to help make her assignments more manageable, and to help her realize that her parents had no higher expectations of her than she did of herself.

Will feels that as dean of students, his role is the official discipline counselor, an important arm of counseling that, when it works best, is related to the rest of the student's life. His goal is to have the student find understanding, control and ownership of his behavior. "I try to talk to kids before they are in big trouble, by reading their signs of behavior. I pull the student into the office quickly when he begins to accumulate marks or act out, and ascertain what is causing it. I am more concerned with *why* it is than *what* is happening." Depending on the situation, Will responds in a variety of ways, by contacting the student's advisor, recommending counseling and/or contacting the parents and teachers. Often, it provides an opportunity for Will to remind the student of the expectations of a community like SAS. "I intervene because, like every other faculty

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**Will feels that as dean of students... his goal is to have the student find understanding, control and ownership of his behavior.**



*Mina Soroosh '95 catches up with DyAnn Miller.*

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***“In the past, supervised study hall was the only recommended solution for a student in academic straits. Now the School prescribes one of several alternatives.”***

***—Tad Roach***

member here, I care about these kids. That is a philosophy that begins with the headmaster and goes down to every member of the community. We know that this is a difficult time period for adolescents and we want to provide a listening ear and advice when necessary....What we try to do is pretend that we are the parent to each of these kids. If we see one who is not achieving or excelling, we sit down and try to bolster their self-esteem.”

One way that the dean’s office is able to encourage students in trouble to help each other (since many times it is the student who first knows when a classmate is in trouble) is our confrontation policy. “We ask the students to be their brothers’ and sisters’ keeper. It encourages a student who is worried about, for example, his roommate’s drinking to consult an adult (Will or DyAnn), which allows the student in concern to get the appropriate help, without having to face a disciplinary proceeding. It keeps the line of communication open between students and faculty, because instead of “narking,” students are caring.

While the faculty is trained in how to counsel students, there is a self-selective process that happens when an individual chooses to work at SAS. “Both the faculty who want to come here and the faculty that Jon O’Brien hires are strong role models and counselors,” says Will. But there is some formal training that happens once they get here. DyAnn trains the faculty in major adolescent issues such as homesickness and suicide. Professionals have spoken to the faculty about sex and relation-

ships, eating disorders and nutrition. Many faculty also attend conferences and workshops during the summer.

### **Academic Counseling**

**A**cademic Dean Tad Roach claims that at the heart of the academic program at SAS is the dedication of the Course Selection Committee which meets each spring to review every student’s schedule, checking the diversity, balance and appropriate preparation for college. Registrar John Higgins then follows up the process personally by discussing any questionable schedule with the student. Hoover Sutton (and next year Tom Sturtevant) as college counselor provides tremendous academic counseling from junior year on. He keeps track of students’ academic progress as they face the college process. Each student is also assigned to an academic advisor each year. When a student does have academic trouble, this advisor and/or the teacher will go one-on-one with the student to solve the problem. “In the past,” says Tad, “supervised study hall was the only recommended solution for a student in academic straits. Now the School prescribes one of several successful alternatives, including peer and faculty tutoring, a study skills course (taught by DyAnn Miller) and extra help sessions from the individual teacher.” When a student is in academic trouble, he stays in close contact with Tad, who immediately alerts the parents and gets their feedback.

# A DAY WITH THE MAINTENANCE CREW

## The Team Behind the Scenes

By Leigh G. McCandless '93

Tuesday, April 20

It is 6:10 a.m., and the dorm remains quiet as I switch off the alarm on the North Hall door and enter a warm spring morning. On the playground, mourning doves and finches call out to the sunrise. This is the time of day that Nature seems reluctant to release. She makes the cool air linger and overlays a quiet stillness upon the morning's inevitable bustle. I think with regret of the many other mornings I have missed while lingering between the sheets and know that I will not see many more before graduation. Thoughts of coffee fill my mind as I round the corner of the Gaul apartments. At the same moment, Wally Williams' red truck rounds the bend by the science building. When we meet, I am surprised to find that he has *already* been to the main building.

For a mite past 6:00 a.m., the man is remarkably put together. His customary white oxford is tucked into his khakis, a beeper adorns his waist, and he is in high spirits. We enter the maintenance building, and he begins to make coffee for the other workers. In action, as well as word, Wally is immensely concerned with his staff. For example, it is only due to his efforts that the maintenance building has a coffee machine and refrigerator—items normally taken for granted in American offices. Those employed here describe

him as “a good, fair man. He may ask for 100%, but he will always give back at least as much.” I find that Wally can be described as a father looking out for his grown children; a silent, reserved force, watchful and approving.

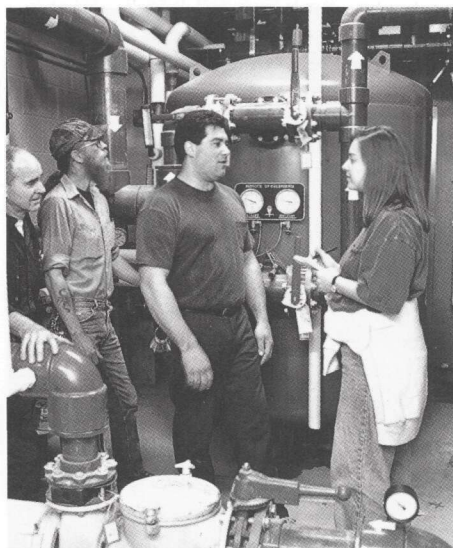
We leave the pot in mid-brew, and drive to the main building. Here, night lights must be turned off, mail checked, doors unlocked, visible trash removed, and mental notes taken for the rest of the crew. Wally ironically claims the mornings for himself (“Quiet time,” he says, “to work on the computer, drink my coffee, and watch the news.”), then spends the hours on others (like my tour this morning, and making coffee). One of Wally's more innovative programs for the staff is the Health Walk. Each member, unless inhibited by health problems, participates in the one-mile walk every day. The walk leads to a raised work output, improved health, and therefore lower health costs for the School. This program combines Wally's primary and secondary concerns of safety and health. Of course, Wally does not exclude himself from the health program. However, instead of the walk, he opts to run the cross-country course each day. Wally has also ended the infamous St. Andrew's dump and been a great supporter of recycling on campus.

The School owns about 2,000 acres, 75 of which are used as the main campus. I find it remarkable that these 75 are cared for by only 21 men and women on the

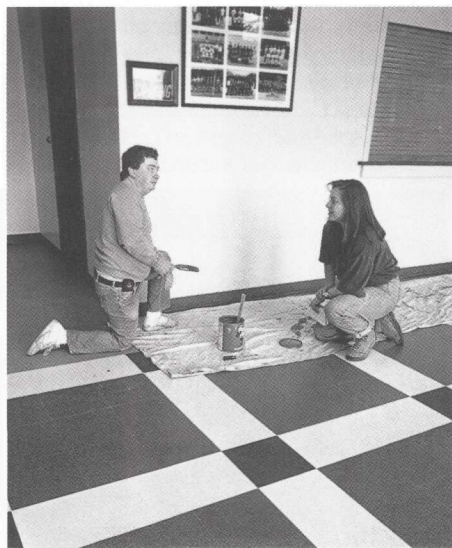
maintenance and housekeeping staffs, only four of which are grounds people. As I go about the campus today, I realize how hard and how happily these people work. Caring for St. Andrew's is definitely a full-time job, and the men and women employed here put an incredible amount of themselves into the job. While I can only highlight a few members of the staff, I'd like to extend my thanks to all of them.

After breakfast, I meet with Russ Perry, a mechanic, and we head off on a tour of the boiler rooms of St. Andrew's. Russ fits well into St. Andrew's and is who I would use as the cardinal example of a maintenance employee here. He is a graduate of The Friends School in Wilmington, he is intensely amicable and polite, and he is quite dedicated to his job. After seven years on the St. Andrew's staff, Russ is a familiar face to many of the students.

Next, I join Kevin Knotts and we collect recyclables from the drop-off points all around campus. His regular partner for this job is Bo Wilson; however, Bo is off today, so I pitch in. We are making our rounds as first period starts, and it's interesting to think that while the maintenance staff has been at work for at least an hour, most of the students are just beginning to creep out of their rooms. Sam Simmons, the housekeeping staff foreman, passes by. Sam, who has been at St. Andrew's for 33 years, is one of the main reasons the School always looks so beautiful. He puts



In the boiler room with Pete Connolly, Dave Rawley and Rob Carter.



Painting the gym with Kevin Knotts.



Spreading seed with Henry Pechin.

## MAINTENANCE CREW

in endless hours to keep the School spotless and also manages to serve as a confidant to countless SAS students. As we are walking through the admissions corridor, I look out a window to see Happy (Arcadio Vasquez), who was honored at this year's commencement for 25 years of service to SAS, on the front lawn picking up litter from the previous evening's recreation. Though there's a window separating us, I think he's whistling....how aptly his nickname fits.

After taking the recyclables into town, I am placed, momentarily, into the charge of the other three mechanics: Pete Connolly (foreman), David Rawley and Robb Carter. We stroll over to the pool for a short inspection of the boiler room and a preview of the pool itself. These are also friendly men, and I will rejoin them later for a ride in the cherry picker and some conversation while Robb removes debris from the gutters at Founders' Hall. While David maneuvers the basket from below, Robb and I chat about St. Andrew's, the educational system of America and the future. Robb is the only member of the staff, as well as I can remember, who has joined during my years here. That in itself speaks for the loyalty of the workers—they come and stay for lengthy periods of time.

Next, I visit with the groundskeepers: Henri Pechin (foreman), Roberto Guzman (Freddy), Fred Mott and Cruz Morales. They are reseeding the hillside behind the maintenance building, and I am permitted to donate my somewhat awkward raking abilities, and to try out their seed spreader. Unfortunately, time is short, and after a few minutes with the photographer, I'm off again.

It is now 11:00, and I am watching Davey Staats install screens on the new windows in Pell dorm. Davey started working at St. Andrew's at age 17, while his stepfather was employed here; and this year will mark 30 years of service to our community. Excluding retirement, Davey has no plans to leave. Most of the students know Davey at least in passing. He has an outspoken personality, and his jokes can turn a run-of-the-mill St. Andrew's day into...well...a run-of-the-mill St. Andrew's day with some good jokes thrown in. No matter how much he jokes, though, Davey's dedication to his

workplace goes unquestioned. He is a sincere man, with a great commitment to his job.

After seeing a "typical" day, I learn that these people do not only work here

but that the entire fabric of their lives is entwined in St. Andrew's. From their work on the grounds of St. Andrew's to their work on the "plant," we could not function without them.

### St. Andrew's School Maintenance & Housekeeping Staff 1992 – 1993

#### Director of Physical Plant

Wally Williams

#### Groundskeepers

Henri Pechin, Foreman

Roberto Guzman

\*Fred Mott

Cruz Morales

#### HVAC Mechanics

\*Pete Connolly, Foreman

David Rawley

Russ Perry

Robb Carter

#### Speciality Skills

\*Davey Staats, Carpenter

Kevin Knotts, Painter

\*Bo Wilson, Asst. Painter

#### Housekeeping

\*Sam Simmons, Foreman

Dottie Taylor

Tina Woods

Ray Barcus

\*José Fonseca

Cleo Henry

Tim Simmons

\*Arcadio (Happy) Vasquez

Penny Staats

#### Other

Bill Bass, Driver

Nancy Ditlow, Mail Clerk

Don Ironside, Weekend Security

*\* 20+ years of service*



*Wally Williams  
acquaints Leigh with  
the golf cart.*



# TEN YEARS OUT: THE CLASS OF 1983

A Reunion Class Reflects on How Their Lives have Developed over the Last Ten Years

## Edmond (Eddie) Chang



Eddie Chang and wife Esther

These past few days I've been thinking a lot about N. Scott Momaday's *House Made of Dawn*, a novel I am teaching in a course on critical analysis at the University of California, San Diego. What is striking about this work which won the Pulitzer Prize for fiction in 1969, aside from being the first literary work by a Native American to receive such major recognition, is its radically different perspective of looking at the world and at life. One of the more poignant metaphors Momaday develops is the idea of running without a definite destination in mind. The novel is framed by two images of the main character Abel running in the calm, breathtaking beauty of dawn on a reservation in the Southwest. It ends with this scene:

*He was running and there was no reason to run but the running itself and the land and the dawn appearing.... Pure exhaustion laid hold of his mind, and he could see at last without having to think.*

Reflecting on the ten years since leaving St. Andrew's (for the first time, as there would be a second, more painful, parting), I find myself captivated more and more by this idea of running without a specific purpose in mind, particularly how it relates to the way I have lived my life during this period. I feel I have preoccupied myself with pursuing one dream after another, setting one goal after another to strive towards only to discover that the outcome seldom turns out to be what I expected to achieve in the beginning. It would be too easy and limiting to always equate the unexpected outcome with failure, and the fulfillment of one's wishes with success, because I have come to believe that life always has a way of

taking its own course that is unaffected by the amount of effort we put in or by the passion we stir up to will something into being. I am sure I speak for many of us when I say that most gratifying joyful moments in one's life come in wholly unexpected ways, while the most painful moments occur when some dream or goal we become fixated on fails to materialize.

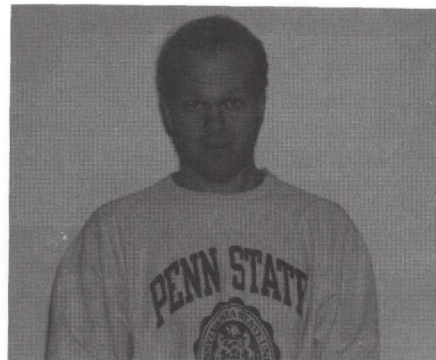
No, I have not become more cynical nor am I espousing a laissez-faire attitude on life. It's just that experience has convinced me that the greatest source of happiness and peace for me lies in the very notion of running without a purpose, of seeing without focusing. To write a poem without thinking beforehand what I want to say or where I want it to go is pure joy. To walk into a classroom without believing there is some "lesson" I want to teach my students usually allows real learning to take place on all our parts. To play a game of pick-up basketball without worrying about the score (this, I admit, is the hardest thing for me to do) would make the sport so much more enjoyable. And isn't the greatest pleasure of truly falling in love the experience of something inexplicable and unexpected? I am fortunate in that I am married to a woman who makes the love we share more meaningful because it is so effortless and so purposeless. I am sure that all love that is meant to be is this way.

With Momaday's novel in my mind, I am not inclined to offer a list of my "accomplishments" and "disappointments" on this occasion. Of what interest would it be to mark on the evolving map of my life the various "stations" I have passed through, not by my own choosing, yet always more rewarding and fulfilling than any of those destinations I originally had in mind. The beauty has been in the running, and I am at a loss to describe it.

## Matthew (Matt) Herndon

It was about ten years ago that I rode my bike around campus on the muggy morning before my graduation. I was trying somehow to foresee my future. What would college be like? What about after college? Forget it. That was too far in the future. While a St. Andrew's education couldn't give me the answers to these questions that graduation day, it prepared me well for the experiences that awaited me.

From Middletown, Del., I landed at



Matt Herndon

Bowdoin College in Maine. Largely because of the enthusiasm and energy of teachers and coaches like Tad Roach, Will Speers, Karinne Tong and Bob Stegeman, I was anxious to challenge myself with the pursuits offered by this new place. I majored in English and government studies with a minor in French. During my junior year, I studied for a semester in Paris and gained an education beyond the pages of my books. With the friends and experiences I had at St. Andrew's, I was lucky to have the four years that I did at Bowdoin. (Hoover knew best.)

My St. Andrew's education had a way of staying with me. Inspired by my own instructors at SAS, I taught at a small boarding school for learning-disabled students. As a dorm parent, soccer coach, and English teacher, I gained a new appreciation for the meaning of "lights out." It was a demanding time in my life. At times, I found myself asking: how would one of my St. Andrew's teachers handle this situation? My year at this school reaffirmed the value I placed on education, but from a different perspective.

The following year, I endured the humidity of a Washington, D.C., job search in August. I wanted to live outside of a school environment. During the 1988 elections, I got a job with the Senate Judiciary Committee as a legislative correspondent. It was a less controversial time at the Committee: post-Robert Bork and pre-Clarence Thomas/Anita Hill. While I was pretty much a grunt, the exposure to the issues and the general process of government was worth a lot.

During my year in Washington, I also began to think about law school. Law seemed to present an opportunity to continue learning, even after grad school. It would also allow me to write each day in my job. And law school appealed to an

## TEN YEARS OUT

idealistic streak in my personality—one which was encouraged at St. Andrew's. As fate would have it, I studied at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio. Go Tribe! Overall, law school was a mixed bag: a combination of an SAS Saturday night dinner and a meal during the trustees' visits.

After sending out the requisite wholesale shipment of resumes, I was hired by a law firm in Portland, Maine. Maine had gotten in my blood during college and I wanted to practice in a smaller city. I'm currently a first-year associate at a medium-sized firm. The learning curve has been pretty much vertical so far. Luckily, I just can't get away from education and St. Andrew's. Maybe I'll borrow someone's bike at Reunion Weekend.

### Margaret (Margy) Horan

By Lainie Thomas '88



Margy Horan

I have always cherished my diploma from St. Andrew's, but the strong bonds that it has created with other members of the SAS family never cease to amaze me. "Look up Margy Horan," my aunt told me before I flew off to Banjul, The Gambia, a small country in West Africa where I am now a Peace Corps volunteer and Margy is a project officer for Catholic Relief Services. We have since met and the St. Andrew's bond has kept us close friends—so close, in fact, that I am writing about her last ten years.

Immediately after leaving St. Andrew's, Margy entered Harvard University where she earned her B.A. in English. Once finished in 1988, she began work as an editorial assistant with Houghton-Mifflin in Boston. Looking for another option, she

decided to join the Peace Corps, where she served as a volunteer for two and a half years as an agricultural extensionist in Zaire. From her Peace Corps experience, she entered Georgetown University's Master's of Science of Foreign Service with a major in African Area Studies and Development. Margy is currently working for C.R.S. in Banjul where she has researched and written a project proposal designed to assist Gambian NGO's through the provision of training and technical assistance and funding for small projects that are in savings and credit/village banking and natural resources development. This fall she will return to complete her final year of her masters' at Georgetown. This summer we plan to travel through West Africa together, to the north of Mali through Dogon country and to Timbuktu, to Ouagadougou, Burkina-Faso, and back down to Abidjan, Côte d'Ivoire, where her parents are living. We also hope to see the other SAS alumnae in the area, Laurie Burnett '87 and Elizabeth Baker '88. Here in Banjul, Margy's residence is a few steps above my own mud hut. She enjoys electricity, running water, and has two cats, Moose and Tadoo. In her free time, Margy is training for a marathon but also manages to swim, play squash, go camping and cook *durango* and *benechin*, our favorite African dishes.

### Andrea (Andy) Kelly

A snapshot journey with me through the past ten years would look a little like this.... "Oh my God, I'm in the deep South with 25,000 other students (University of South Carolina) - Who am I?!".... Transferred to Middlebury College, Vt., and put my energy into studying English Literature and exploring the Green Mountains of Vermont.... Involvement with the fairly homogeneous populations of St. Andrew's and Middlebury moved me to spend several years developing and leading multi-cultural Outward Bound experiences for inner-city youth.... Received an M.A. in Counseling Psychology at Antioch/New England, and continued to focus on minority experience during my internships at college counseling centers.... (Honing in a little bit now.).... Getting a "real job" is forcing me to settle down in Vermont for now. I am a therapist at a community mental health center, going for licensure as a psycholo-



Andy Kelly

gist. A growing focus for me is Jungian theory, especially in the area of the confluence between psychology and other disciplines, such as science, religion and literature.

### Jennifer (Jenny) Kern

I am often reminded of my senior page quotation from Paul Theroux, *The Old Patagonian Express*: (something like) "It's the journey not the arrival that matters." At 27 years of age, I believe that is true. In fact, it seems that "the journey" is everything we do, are and will become.

In terms of my professional life, I would not have guessed ten years ago that I would be finishing up law school and preparing to learn the ropes as a civil rights attorney. Career possibilities since SAS include teacher, coach, the ministry, therapist, lobbyist, public policy maker, attorney....and the journey continues. I am currently interested in litigating to restore and maintain strong state (California) and federal civil and disability rights legislation.

Some of my most significant influences since SAS include discovering feminism and my feelings of being/becoming a woman in this culture. These realizations broadened greatly after sustaining a spinal cord injury in 1989 and joining the 43 million Americans with disabilities. This multi-faceted and difficult arrogance was buffered by a strong self-identity nurtured at SAS and reinforced by love and support from old friends and new companions. My return to SAS in 1989 to teach and coach rowing was a lot of fun.

In September of 1989, I resettled from New York City (Barnard College, Columbia University) via Middletown, Del., to Berkeley, Calif.



Jenny Kern

The weather (no snow, little rain), accessibility (probably the most wheelchair accessible community in the world), leftist politics and excellent schools lured me to the West Coast. Hastings College of the Law, located

**You Have Taught Me Well**

*By Robert Owens '83*

You opened your doors  
And let me in  
I was young  
And you taught me well

They now want to celebrate your graciousness  
You are not about celebration  
You are too grand for that  
You have taught me well

I live with your teachings daily  
That I am alive is my salute to you  
We are aware of that  
And this gathering is but idleness

It's a shame you cannot speak out  
Harmless, yet ultimately useless  
Some shall speak of the absence  
But it is to you that I listen

I am here for you if you need me  
You will speak, as you have, when it's time

My profession is your praise  
There is nothing else  
I love you

Without you, I cease to be  
Without us, you  
Harmony is beautiful  
A step back slows the tune

I sing proudly your hymn  
It's the only song I know  
It continues and changes  
Yet never ends

You have taught me well

in San Francisco, has been....challenging. I look forward to finishing next year.

My life will be further enriched this summer after marrying Jack Porter in Orleans, Mass. We will stay in Berkeley where Jack will pursue his Ph.D. in political science. His goal is to teach at the university level. We hope to expand our family in a few years, but....first things first.

I love my life here and enjoy frequent trips "back East" to see family and friends.

The journey is mostly full and usually complicated—never dull. The arrival? I guess I'm too busy to think about it. As I write, an elevator is being installed in my home—new dimensions!

**Jacqueline (Jackie) Paradee**

The following is my best explanation of what has been going on in my life over the past ten years.

After graduation from St. Andrew's School in 1983, and spending a summer in Europe, I went to New York to attend Vassar College. After experimenting with a few possible majors, I chose to major in history my sophomore year. The history department at Vassar was extraordinary, and I found myself drawn to eastern European history because of its rich culture and long heritage. With the guidance of my advisor, Hsi-Huey Liang, I completed my senior thesis, entitled "The Rome Conference of 1898," and graduated in May 1987.

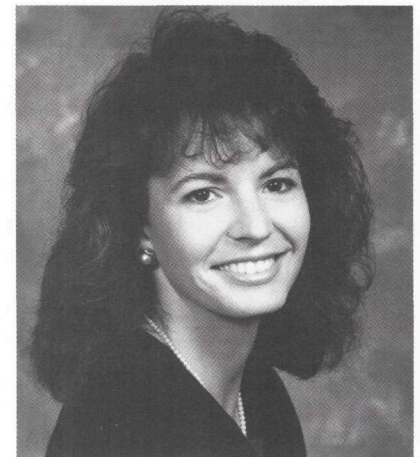
At some point during my education, I am not sure quite when or why, I decided to attend law school. While many of my college peers began their first jobs in the fall of 1987, I arrived in the "main line" area outside Philadelphia to attend Villanova University School of Law. My summers during law school were spent working as a summer associate for Wilmington area law firms, including Bayard, Handelman & Murdoch, and Young, Conaway, Stargatt & Taylor. I graduated in May 1990, took and passed the Delaware Bar examination, and began my first job as the judicial clerk to the Honorable Randy J. Holland of the Delaware Supreme Court. Probably the most exciting job I will ever have, working for the Delaware Supreme Court, was enriching and rewarding. It is the kind of experience every law student wishes for because it enables a person fresh out of law school to be exposed to a way of thinking and approaching cases from the

judge's perspective rather than from the advocate's perspective. After the clerkship ended in the fall of 1991, I entered private practice with the Wilmington law firm of Ashby & Geddes. My practice has focused primarily on corporate and commercial litigation.

Recently, however, I found myself at a crossroads. I was three years out of law school and two years into private practice, and I discovered a need in myself to do something more in my life. What is interesting to me is that this crossroads occurred in my life a decade after St. Andrew's and was precipitated, I think, by the new influence in my life, my fiancé, Luke Mette.

Luke and I met at a softball game in the spring of 1992. We've told our story of drag-racing up Kirkwood Highway to so many inquiring minds that I will save you from that tale. He has become my partner in everything, and my life has become more complete with his love, laughter and compassion. I think it was because of him, and the immense joy I derive from our relationship, that I looked inward and decided that I needed to make my professional life more fulfilling. My first step was deciding to leave private practice in favor of a job as an attorney for the democratic caucus of the House of Representatives of the Delaware General Assembly. I draft legislation and help the representatives understand how existing law impacts their proposed legislation. It is an exciting job for me, and I understand that I am the first female attorney ever to work for the General Assembly. All I can say to that is, of course, it is about time!

As for the rest of my life, I look ahead to several possibilities. In addition to the



Jackie Paradee

## TEN YEARS OUT

house attorney job, I may teach, or work with one of the many not-for-profit organizations that I find so rewarding. When life gets hectic, or when I have free time, I like to dig in the dirt and watch things grow. I try to get involved in my community; recently, I have been working with a day-care center in dire need of assistance. Because my interest in history seems rather acute, I am currently working as vice chair on a book that the Delaware Bar Association is putting together, entitled *The History of the Delaware Bar in the Twentieth Century*. And then there are the wedding plans. Luke and I will be married on October 23, 1993, and I look forward to doing the "married thing." From the reports I receive from Boo, it is not so bad!

For the first time in my life, things are falling into place not because it is the next logical step but because I am doing what I enjoy. Although my journey has taken a few detours, I continue to move forward with anticipation for the next crossroads, but this time, I don't think it will take another decade for it to occur. I look back over the past ten years and who I was at 18 when I graduated from St. Andrew's. I think part of my teenage idealism has been tempered by what I have experienced, but there is still a part of me that is a child who gets angry when life is not fair. I hope I continue to listen to that child's voice over the next ten years and reach out to people to whom life has not been fair. My life so far has been touched by so many wonderful and not so wonderful experiences. I consider myself fortunate to have made it this far, relatively unscathed; and if the next ten years turn out as well, I will have been truly blessed.

### Anne (Boo) Percy Peterson

Someone once told me that life is like a refrigerator. It doesn't matter what is on the shelves, but you should always have a door full of condiments to add spice. Looking back on the past ten years, I realize that while I haven't always followed the easy path, my choices have been very challenging and rewarding. There is no doubt that the education I received, the friendships I gained, and the lessons I learned while "on the water" at St. Andrew's continue to provide focus and strength to my adult life. Here are some highlights:

*The college years:* While at SAS I



Boo Percy Peterson

developed an interest in history which I chose to pursue at Trinity College. I continued to row my freshman and sophomore years but found it didn't compare to the intensity and drive I had experienced at SAS. Participating in team sports always has been important to me, so I chose to forgo crew for varsity soccer and the cross-country team. During my junior and senior years, I found time to travel to Italy and Russia as part of my academic studies. After graduation, I took eight weeks to mountain bike in China and Tibet. These experiences were invaluable and helped reaffirm my love for social history and respect for different cultures.

*Building a career:* While at Trinity I pursued two internships in advertising and public relations. I chose a career in public relations because it afforded me the opportunity to write, to be creative, to interact with people, and to work in a "casual" environment. As is typical for the advertising industry, I have changed jobs several times (six to be exact). I worked in Hartford, then Boston and now back in Hartford. It is funny how life revolves in circles. Currently, I am working for the same agency, Mintz & Hoke, that I interned for in college. As a public relations account supervisor I am responsible for managing the Fleet Bank and the Connecticut Department of Economic Development accounts. Over the past six years, I've worked on everything from banking and baby food to contact lenses and AIDS. The diversity in work and the experiences have been very rewarding.

*Personal pursuits:* In September 1992, Sandy Ogilby married Mark and me in New London, Conn. Jackie Paradee was a terrific bridesmaid. We wasted no time

and bought a house in West Simsbury. Mark is studying for his Ph.D. in Pharmacokinetics at the University of Connecticut, so I'm the "bread winner." Life is never dull around the Peterson household. No kids, but we share our home with three ferrets and a cat. I still love to try new sports. My latest hobbies are snowboarding, surfing and rock climbing. I still run to help keep my sanity (however, no more marathons).

I am looking forward to our reunion. As class agent, I've been collecting our ten-year surveys and I am so impressed with the scope of experiences and life choices that my classmates have made. Several of us have pursued advanced degrees. Many are "tying the knot." Some have little ones. Others are still finding their way. I look forward to seeing everyone and catching up on their news. We have always been a tight-knit class with a lot of spice for life.

### Marnie Stetson

It is only a slight exaggeration to say that in the ten years since I graduated from St. Andrew's, I've had almost as many careers. In the true spirit of a liberal arts education, St. Andrew's instilled in me the confidence to try many things.

My first adventure was leaving behind the mid-Atlantic region where I was born and raised. As happy as my family was



Marnie Stetson

about my going to Williams, Massachusetts may as well have been the other side of the world.

After enduring four winters in Massachusetts, I knew I could do anything. The world seemed much smaller, and I had the urge to travel. As graduation approached, my drive to see new places was matched only by my desire to relive my high school days.

Memories of my years at St. Andrew's are clearly marked by my English classes. My junior and senior year English classes with Mr. Speers and Dr. Garrick stick vividly in my mind. In those years, I experienced major intellectual changes: *Othello* became comprehensible, and I received a well-guided tour into *The Heart of Darkness*. What could be better than to try and bring that same excitement to high school students?

I found my dream job—a chance to combine teaching and traveling—when I was offered a position teaching senior English at the American school in Switzerland. I was thrilled. I would be bringing the excitement of English literature to a whole new generation of high school students. Only it wasn't until I arrived at school that I realized it wasn't exactly a new generation—some of the kids were only three years younger than I!

I spent an exciting year in Switzerland in which the students did recognize me as a teacher, and I attempted to live up to the high standards set by my own high school teachers. During that year, I also realized I could benefit from some more in-depth knowledge about the subject I was teaching. I applied for and received a fellowship to study English literature at Indiana University.

Unfortunately for me, I just wasn't cut out for Bloomington, Ind. After a very short time, I realized I was not going to last the six years it would take to get my Ph.D. So, I cut my losses, got my master's, and moved back east to pursue another long-term interest—environmental protection.

I moved to Washington, D.C.—back to my mid-Atlantic roots—and quickly found work as a very low-level research assistant at an environmental organization, and began paying my dues. Before long, new opportunities opened and I began work at the Worldwatch Institute, an international environmental research group. For the next two years I wrote for *World Watch* magazine and researched global

energy trends and U.S. energy policy.

In my next career shift, I veered from writer to policy analyst, and from a global perspective to one much closer to my home. I now work for the Congressman who represents the part of Maryland in which I grew up. As Congressman Wayne Gilchrest's legislative assistant for environmental issues, I work on national issues like the Clean Water Act, as well as local problems like trying to help rural communities keep mega-landfills from dominating their countryside.

Ten years after St. Andrew's, having finally returned to living in and working on my home region, I find myself once again about to venture away. I will be heading north. (Some people never learn.) Next year I am moving with my husband to New York City. He will be clerking for a federal judge. I will be continuing my interests in policy and activism by entering New York University Law School.

And so "ten years out," while I hope I'm not going in circles, I'm once again leaving home to go to school in the North. Only this time, it doesn't seem so far away.

## Sarah S. Stivers

I wish I could say that I'd served a term in the Peace Corps, finished my Ph.D., published my first book of poetry and discovered the cure for the common cold. I have, instead, spent my years since SAS graduation in search of a life-style which will satisfy my still nebulous personal and professional goals.

After graduation from St. Andrew's in 1983, I attended Kenyon College where I cultivated my interests in music and women's studies. I withdrew from Kenyon at the beginning of my junior year and returned to live with my mother in Louisville. For two years I worked at odd jobs, never finding anything which caught my interest. But in August of 1987, after most of my classmates had graduated, I returned to Kenyon and spent two of the happiest years I've ever known. For the first time in my life, I applied myself in academic and social situations and was delighted with the results.

After graduating in 1989 with my B.A. in psychology, I took a part-time position with the International Custom House Brokerage of United Parcel Service. A year later I accepted a position at a trade show management company; and while I



Sarah Stivers

was generally happy with my job there, I felt as if something was missing from my life. I began to investigate graduate school options; and in the summer of 1991, I was offered a graduate assistantship at the University of Louisville School of Education where I am currently pursuing a Master of Arts in teaching with my area of concentration being in French. My job here is always interesting due to the implementation of the Kentucky Education Reform Act which has precipitated a radical overhaul of the state's educational system.

I am happy with my work at the University of Louisville as it allows me the freedom to expand my academic horizons both in and out of the classroom. Last summer, for example, I was chosen to participate in the Work Exchange Program sponsored by the University and the mayors' offices of Louisville and Montpellier, France. Having won a University of Louisville Modern Languages Fund Travel Grant, I was able to spend two weeks by myself really getting to know Paris before I began my internship in Montpellier. For the month of July, I worked at *Le Centre International de la Recherche Agronomique et Développement* translating public relations documents. My experience last year was wonderful and so beneficial that I intend to apply to the program again this summer.

With respect to my personal life, I rent the upstairs apartment of a 19th Century farmhouse where my 85-year-old landlady raises her chickens for their eggs, and am best friend to three cats and an 85-pound dalmatian named Luke. I still love music and sing whenever and wherever I can. I continue to advocate fairness and equality, ethical treatment of animals, and conservation of natural resources. In addition, I have finally begun to understand what it means to walk softly....

## TEN YEARS OUT

### Ann O'Shaughnessy Yardley

When I look back on the past ten years, it is easy to recognize the moments and experiences that have changed me—like bright flags they wave to remind me of how much change is still to come. Some are colored with vibrant yellows, others with blacks and browns, blues and greens, and still others are pure white. Many I find difficult to look at as they are not pretty, but, of course, some I bring out to show proudly again and again. It is easiest for me to simply list them chronologically:

- Leaving Ithaca College after one week because I knew I wasn't ready, and then as a January freshman at UNH, feeling desperately alone as one freshman amidst 800 students in my dormitory.
- Feeling ill-prepared to deal with the hordes of young students who seemed to have no interest in academics, feeling bitter towards St. Andrew's for making me believe that truly caring teachers were the rule not the exception.
- Nearly drowning in the freedom and alcohol and anonymity of freshman year, feeling my self-esteem and self-respect bottoming out.
- Struggling to maintain St. Andrew's friendships, not wanting to visit them at their schools (Middlebury, Wesleyan, etc.), so that I wouldn't be reminded of the St. Andrew's-type environment that I missed.
- Discovering self-discipline, focus and inner strength on the varsity eight at UNH.
- Struggling with Jenny Kern's accident and thinking incorrectly that she would survive as the same person, failing to encourage our friendship to change as we each changed.
- Learning that dedication to a sport is one thing, obsession is quite different and dangerous (at the Dad Vails, I ended up in the hospital for a week due to overtraining and malnutrition).
- Falling in love with a man named Pete and with rock and ice climbing, and slowly learning how to let down the caloused exterior and fake bravado with which I always faced life and love.
- Taking a break from school to see this beautiful country, climbing all over the West, learning to slow down and look around me reverently.

- Returning to UNH, finally hungry to learn, devoted to my studies and eventually graduating cum laude with a B.A. in English teaching.

- Not settling for a static relationship with Pete and concentrating for once on my own strengths and who I wanted to be.

- After being told by the owner of the climbing school that no women could lead steep ice climbs, setting out in a sport I loved to become the first female ice climbing guide in New England.

- Quitting guiding after realizing that routinely needing to dispel sexist stereotypes by proving myself capable was ruining the sport for me.

- Meeting Nick Yardley, a kind, honest, gentle man from Yorkshire, England, also a guide; learning how to be truly loved for the first time. (It wasn't as easy as I had thought!)

- Learning later on what it means to give of oneself completely to another. (This happened after a year of marriage.)

- After a string of part-time jobs finally arriving at Fryeburg Academy (thanks to Janet Washburn!), right outside of North Conway as dorm parent and part-time English teacher.

- Learning graceful humility through many first-year failures in the classroom, but also discovering my real calling, working one-on-one with the predominantly dysfunctional teenage girls in the dorm.

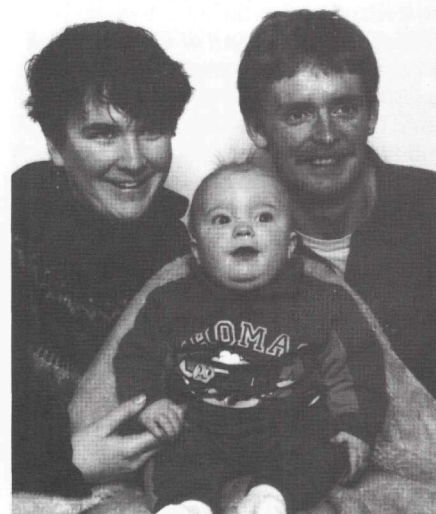
- Learning complete and total selflessness through the 41-hour birth of our son, Benjamin, and the subsequent months of long nights and early mornings.

- And finally, admiring our son's innocence and energy, his little round smiling face infusing my every day with a fresh and honest spirit.

Today I feel at ease with myself. I no longer feel the need to be the center of attention. (I didn't even tell anyone about my birthday this year—this from the woman who used to announce, "Ten more shopping days 'til my birthday!") Today I feel completely committed to teaching, loving every day that I stumble through my lessons and am rewarded with at least a few wide and expectant eyes. Today I am a person who needs few friends but treasures them dearly. Today I am a blessed woman, married to a man who amazes me every day with his unconditional love and undying support. When

friends tell me how lucky I am to be with Nick, I reply, "Yes, but, I have kissed many frogs in order to find this prince."

So you see, I have changed. I was anxious about coming to this reunion, believing that my classmates would still see me as the same foolish, impulsive, selfish girl. I have daydreamed of sending out blanket apologies to all those classmates whom I may have stepped on in some way in my race to be better liked and more popular. I guess we all hope to be recognized for how we've changed and grown. However, rest assured, I am still an exceptionally goofy person who doesn't always keep her mouth shut when she should. I am still an open person who will tell most anyone her dark secrets. I still love to dance and compete at sports. I still love adventures, sometimes at the expense of propriety, and I still smile most of the time.



Ann Yardley with husband Nick and son Ben.

## Mathematics Project Wins Recognition

The National Council of Teachers of Mathematics (NCTM) has chosen an entry by Dave DeSalvo to be among the display of nationally recognized projects and lessons at their national conference in Seattle. Dave's project, undertaken by two of his geometry classes in the 1991-92 school year, allowed the students to apply their knowledge of geometry in creating a nine-foot octahedron consisting of eight isosceles triangles made of plywood, tiled with recycled aluminum cans, mounted on a wooden pedestal. "This project grew out of a feeling in our math department that we needed a different approach to teaching geometry if we were going to use the cooperative learning style for the course," says Dave. "Previously, our geometry courses were proof-based, teacher-centered courses; and we felt, after having read the NCTM's *Curriculum and Evaluation Standards for School Mathematics (1989)*, it was time for a change."



Dave DeSalvo poses with his octahedron.

## Biology Class Participates in Global Lab

Peter McLean's biology class is mentioned in the March 1993 issue of *Technology and Learning* magazine in an article entitled "Real-World Science in Today's World." The article, which commends "innovative science teachers eager to engage students in hands-on learning," explains that St. Andrew's students "are active participants in Global Laboratory, a telecommunications project started by the Cambridge-based TERC (Technological Educational Research Corporation) to encourage high school students around the world to become involved in scientific research. Using IBM computers, Peter's students track and analyze data collected from the School's natural surroundings. They then share their findings with 90 schools participating in Global Lab in the U.S. and other countries such as Indonesia, Mexico, Japan and Russia.

## Colburn Elected to Baseball Executive Committee

At the National Baseball Coaches Association convention in Indianapolis in November 1992, Bob Colburn was elected to serve as the District 2 representative on the Executive Committee of the National High School Baseball Coaches Association. This is a three-year term. District 2 covers New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia and West Virginia.

The Executive Committee is the governing body for the National Baseball Coaches Association. This past year, Bob served as chair of the Selection Committee for the National Coach of the Year Award which he presented at the National Convention. Bob continues to serve as president of the Delaware Baseball Coaches Association and on the State Baseball Tournament Committee.

## Faculty Author

*Making and Using Scientific Models* by Robert Gardener and Eric Kemer, 1993, by Moffa Press.

"In this book you will find a unique and useful collection of science projects based on [scientific models] suitable for classroom assignments, science fairs, and supervised independent study.... Whether you do one project or all of them, you will be expanding your scientific horizons and challenging your abilities."

(Reprinted from book jacket.)

## Faculty Summer Plans

Dave Wang, Gail LeBlanc and Dave DeSalvo will attend the Conference on Secondary Mathematics and Technology at Phillips Exeter Academy, N.H., in June.

Trina Saltonstall will be working at a missionary hospital in Wamba, Kenya.

Peter McLean will travel to Costa Rica in conjunction with Save the Rain Forest Inc.

Tom Odden will lead a workshop at the national meeting of the American Association of Physics Teachers at Boise State University, Boise, Idaho. He will also attend the Physics Courseware Evaluation Project Teacher Institute at North

Carolina State University.

**Camilla** and **Michael Denning** will spend three weeks in France, traveling to Paris and Provence.

**DyAnn Miller** will attend a conference run by the Institute of Human Development at The Cate School in Carpenteria, Cal. The theme of the conference is "Beyond Self-Esteem; Dealing With Character, Ethical and Social Responsibilities." She will also continue her summer coursework with the University of Delaware's Drug and Alcohol Program which addresses current pharmacology addiction counseling methods.

**Tad Roach** will work on curriculum development for the 20th Century Literature and U.S. History/American Literature courses to be taught in the IV Form.

**Will Speers** will teach English at the Wolfeboro School, Wolfeboro, N.H.

Four SAS faculty members will pursue graduate work: **Bob Rue** and **Lundy Smith** (new English teacher)—M.A. program in English at Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College; **Hervé LeGuilloux**—M.A. in French at the University of Delaware; and **Michael Denning**—history class at the University of Delaware.

### Departing Faculty

After years of dedicated service to St. Andrew's, the following faculty members are moving on:

**Kathryn Blenkinsop** will be attending Yale University's Law School.

**James Hunt** is working for a pharmaceutical company.

**Lois Kim** will be attending the MA/PhD program in English at the University of Texas, Austin.

**Trina Saltonstall** will be teaching fourth grade at the Potomac School in McLean, Va. She will also be coaching lacrosse in the upper school.

*Departing faculty, Lois Kim, Kathryn Blenkinsop, Julieta Torres-Hunt, Marijke van Buchem and Rodney Rice (missing are James Hunt, Trina Saltonstall and Hoover Sutton).*



**Hoover Sutton** plans to retire from St. Andrew's, hop on his motorcycle, and visit his grandchildren.

**Julieta Torres-Hunt**, after spending the summer teaching at the Wolfeboro School in New Hampshire, will join the faculty at Lancaster Country Day School in Lancaster, Pa.

**Marijke van Buchem**, after a mini-sabbatical to Holland (where she will visit her mother and sister) and Prague (where she will study with a ceramic sculptor), hopes her future as a ceramic artist will give her a chance to find a market for the figure sculptures and one-of-a-kind pots, bowls and vessels she will be creating.

**Rodney Rice** will be joining the staff of St. James' Episcopal Church in New York City as the Associate Rector for Outreach and Mission. His primary responsibility will be to oversee all of the programs geared to help people in need as well as create new opportunities for serving others. The range of projects range from helping the homeless to combatting the problems of children with AIDS. Given this church's long-standing commitment to community service, he will follow a legacy of people who have committed themselves to making a genuine difference in the quality of life for those among us who suffer for various reasons. "St. Andrew's has taught me a great deal about the benefits of living in a caring community," says Rodney, "and I will treasure what each individual has taught me as I face the challenges before me in New York."

### Former Faculty

**Ralph Chamblin**  
2205 Ambassador, NE #129  
Albuquerque, NM 87112

After reading the news of former faculty in earlier issues of the *Bulletin*, Ralph wrote that "it was such a pleasure to read of old friends whom we knew during our SAS days." He also reports of a "small world" item: he and his wife, Isabel, were on a flight from Seattle to Pittsburgh en route to Isabel's 50th high school graduation reunion. She and her "flight neighbor" began a conversation about how she looked Scotch (which is so, as her father was born in Scotland). This led to other topics including the Chamblins' years at St. Andrew's (1947-55). The other woman remarked that her husband had graduated from SAS in '53. "Of course," Ralph says, "we had known him—Arthur St. Clair Wright—now living in Seattle with his attractive wife, Susan, who is, incidentally, also of Scotch ancestry—a fact we are thankful for, since it gave rise to this very wonderful opportunity during our long flight."



## French Students Achieve in the Grand Concours

In February, SAS French students in Levels III, IV and V participated in the National French Contest. The "Grand Concours," as it is called, tests listening comprehension, reading comprehension, as well as knowledge of grammar.

St. Andrew's has three students who ranked among the top seven places in these three divisions for the state of Delaware. In the Level IV category, Jennifer Cheek '94 ranked seventh and Alex Rainert '94, third; in the Level V, Michael Pignatello '93 ranked first. Because of his number of points, Michael ranked at the sixth place at the regional level, which includes the states of Delaware, Maryland, New Jersey and parts of Virginia.

## James Neal Awarded Scholarship

On March 15, at a meeting of the 1993 Kerr High School National Selection Committee, James Neal '94 was awarded a Kerr Scholarship for study in the Arab world this summer. James is one of 30 students who was selected through a national competition to participate in the study-abroad program.

The Kerr Scholarships are awarded annually by the National Council on U.S.-Arab Relations, a non-profit American educational organization formed in 1983 and based in Washington.

The 1993 Kerr programs will be held in Egypt, Jordan, Kuwait, Syria and Oman. James will be visiting Jordan and Syria and will receive instruction in Arab culture and history and contemporary Arab society. He will also travel to significant historical, cultural and national development sites.

## St. Andrew's Glides Through Premiere Aquatics Season

Despite the lack of a home swimming pool (the delayed completion of the SAS pool forced our team to travel to New Castle to practice), St. Andrew's performed well in its first aquatics season. Coach and Aquatics Director Bill Wallace sums up the season with the following remarks:

It has been a special season, and every athlete, boy or girl, who followed the season through from beginning to end made his or her own special contribution. In fact, only those who were on the team from the beginning to the end know the challenges we faced and overcame. Every opponent we faced had between

6-8 hours more pool practice every week than we did. Our practice times were from 8:00-9:30 p.m., which necessitated afternoon study time. Our late arrival back to St. Andrew's (10:30 p.m.) after pool practices also meant lost time with friends (and family, for coaches). All of our swim meets were on the road, so we never had the "home pool" advantage.

We have a great deal to be thankful for. We had a season. We were able to train in a first-class facility (Lifestyles Family Fitness & Aquatic Center, New Castle, Del.). We had the most enthusiastic, hard-working bunch of kids any group of coaches would want to work with.

At the beginning of the season, we decided on some team awards:

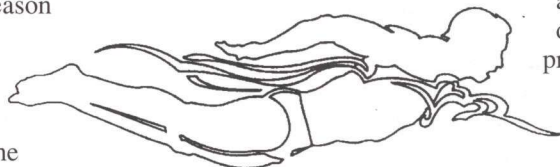
*Most Improved Swimmer/Diver.* **Alexis DeLee '94** (San Antonio, Texas) is one of our rapidly improving group divers. Her scores improved from 64 points to 127 points. **Dave Luyimbazi '94** (Silver Spring, Md.) improved his time in the 100 backstroke from 2:03.50 to 1:49.36.

*Team Spirit Award.* **Carolyn Wirth's '93** (Savannah, Ga.) enthusiasm had a positive influence on every member of the team. **Mike Pignatello's '93** (Chatham, N.J.) cheering and support of his teammates helped make the competitive atmosphere of a meet an opportunity rather than an obstacle for many of our new swimmers.

*Leadership Award.* **Marianna Batie's '93** (Salisbury, Md.) extensive experience in sports, not only swimming, made her a teammate others could emulate. **Jaime Edwards's '93** (Laurel, Del.) extensive experience in sports and his excellence as an athlete gave teammates a goal to shoot for.

*Most Valuable Athlete.* These athletes had that "x-factor" which provided the atmosphere necessary for success. They were leaders, excellent competitors, and provided that consistent effort 100% of the time in practice and in meets. The recipients are **Abi White '93** (Fort Benning, Ga.) and **James Nelson '94** (Bethesda, Md.).

My assistant coaches were the best anyone could ask for. **Timothy Young** started the season as one of our faculty drivers for our swim practices. He ended the season as an integral part of our coaching staff. His observant



eye and knack for being able to motivate assisted me greatly. **Mary Loessner** did everything from dryland with the athletes, taking race splits at the meets, on-deck coaching at practice and making sure all of the copies of "The

## NOTEWORTHY



### The members of the 1992-93 St. Andrew's Aquatics team are:

*1st Row (l to r):* Adrian Wood '96, Charlie Raffetto '96, Kristen Tawes '96, Kate Pettus '94 (holding Lyndsay Wallace), Catherine Braswell '96, Augusta Keevil '96, Jaime Edwards '93 (capt.), Lindsey Willis '96, Nicki Hill '95, Suzanne Strange '95, Kate Padden '94, Robin Underwood '93 and Jack Comstock '95.

*2nd Row:* Wilson Everhart '95, Joe Freeman '96, Dillon Twombly '96, James Parsons '96, Lisa Rich '93, Patricia Arce '96, Beth Stephens '96, Rachel Burnette '94, Alexis DeLee '94, Jane Shepherd '94, Heather Evans '94, Emily Jensen '96, Roland Hughes '95, Dominic Seiterle '94 and Manuel Fullana '93.

*3rd Row:* Ken Ditzel '94, Stony Grunow '94, Bullets Campbell '94, Mike Pignatello '93, Jonathan Ruane '96, Carolyn Wirth '93, Abi White '93 (capt.), James Nelson '94 (capt.), Beth Schneider '94, Heidi Williams '94, Mrs. Donna Wallace, James Neal '94, Dave Luyimbazi '94, Coach Bill Wallace and Mrs. Mary Loessner.

Leadoff Leg" (the newsletter of St. Andrew's aquatics) were sent to swimmers. My wife, Donna, took race splits at meets, maintained all team information and statistics, handled correspondence to coaches and prospective student athletes who have interviewed at St. Andrew's, and typed "The Leadoff Leg." In addition, she baked goodies for all the team trips.

It is with sorrow that we must bid farewell to our seniors. They have provided wonderful spirit and leadership. Fortunately, 30 of the 38 members of our team who finished the season will return in 1993-94. This gives us a great core of individuals to help the program continue to grow.

### Yearbooks Needed

While in the process of bringing the St. Andrew's Archives up to date, Alice Ryan, School Archivist, discovered that there are only one or two copies of the yearbook for each of the following years: 1937, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1945, 1946, 1949, 1950, 1975, 1980, 1981, 1984, 1985, 1987 and 1988.

Alice feels that the Archives would benefit from the donation of another copy for those years. Please contact the school if you are willing to part with yours.

# A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A ST. ANDREAN

## Rising to the Challenge

### Rob Hargrove '93

My still, dark room is suddenly invaded by the shrill sound of static which emanated from my alarm clock. I stagger out of bed and walk across the room to extinguish the cacophony which begins every day at 7:15. I reset the alarm for 7:38 and crawl back into bed, thankful for the extra 23 minutes of sleep I give myself each morning. Exactly 47 minutes later, I am seated at the table in Mr. Stegeman's classroom for my first-period discussion of the Russian Revolution. The class goes smoothly, and by the end of the 45-minute period, I finally feel awake. My next three classes also go fairly well, but I am nonetheless thrilled with the prospect of my free fifth period. As soon as 11:30 rolls around, I race up to my room, take off my blazer, and sit down to relax for a few minutes before beginning work for my latest article for the senior *New Yorker*. This spring, rather than write for my standard English class, I am one of the six writers for a senior magazine, modeled after the actual *New Yorker*. However, I still attend my English class, as I enjoy the reading and discussions.

After struggling with topic ideas for most of my free period, I bound down to the dining hall, eagerly anticipating another culinary masterpiece which will fuel me through the afternoon. Lunch consists of cheese steaks and rice, and gives me an opportunity to talk to my girlfriend, who happens to sit at my table. During the post-luncheon announcements, I discover that my evening is to be divided between several meetings and band rehearsal. After announcements, I return to my room to gather my clothes for baseball practice, as I will probably not have time to return upstairs after my afternoon classes. After Advanced American History, where we discuss the validity of Malcolm X's teachings, I go to my weekly physics lab, where we plot the orbit of Mars. I finish a few minutes early and am able to get to baseball practice in time to discuss colleges with my adviser, Mr. Walker, who is also our pitching coach.

Practice is frustrating today: I am having problems with my hitting, especially against live pitching. Mr. Colburn helps me with my swing some, though, and I show a little improvement. After practice, I have to hurry to dinner, for Concert Band practice begins at 6:30. After a dinner of chicken nuggets, I run over to the gym and have time to tune my tuba and discuss some of the finer points of music theory with J.R. Parsons, a freshman who has started with the tuba this year. Our conversation is centered around the tuba's effectiveness as a vehicle for the reproduction of disgusting bodily noises. The band practice goes very



Rob Hargrove '93

well, and Mr. Walker is clearly excited about our participation in the upcoming Independent Schools Band Festival. After he ends the rehearsal, I return to my room for study hall, where I work on my 20th Century History term paper on Cambodia's Communist revolution. At 9:00, I attend a meeting of the *New Yorker* writers, where we edit our current articles. At 9:30, I go to a spring prom planning meeting, and at 10:00, I am on duty on Sherwood Corridor, where I serve as prefect. I am finished with my homework by midnight and am able to get a pretty good night's sleep. Today was a good day. Tomorrow, the process starts over, but the whole experience will soon be complete. Although my days at St. Andrew's can be extremely busy, I would not trade my schedule for an easier one, for I enjoy the mix of different activities which I may not be able to enjoy in college.

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***“After Advanced American History, where we discuss the validity of Malcolm X's teachings, I go to my weekly physics lab, where we plot the orbit of Mars.”***

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## A DAY IN THE LIFE



Halimah DeLaine '93  
(center) chats with  
Camille Cranson '93 and  
Tammy Small '93.

### Halimah DeLaine '93

**7:15 a.m.** My quiet refuge of sleep is invaded by the shrill rings of my sadistic alarm clock. I reluctantly rise from my bed, give my roommate (who's been up for an hour already) my customary "good morning" groan, and trudge off to the bathroom.

**8:00 a.m.** I've dressed and I wait for the clock to strike 8 so I can officially begin my day. By 8:01, I make my daily pilgrimage across the gully to the main building.

Before first period class of each day, it is not uncommon to see a senior clutching a cup of coffee or tea obtained from the senior room. Not wanting to stray from that tradition, I arrive at my religious studies class, books in one hand, a cup of hot tea in the other. I'm greeted by Mr. Rice, who takes me by the hand and guides me to a small table where paper plates are surrounded by Hershey miniatures and Werther's Originals. Mr. Rice is asking me how I would like to be served. Note: By this time, I'm wondering if, when I fell in the shower this morning, I hit my head harder than I thought. As the classroom fills of students, I notice Mr. Rice treats some like royalty, while others couldn't get this attention if they had ruptured an artery. By the time everyone is seated, Mr. Rice states that each group of students (based on their seating arrangements) belongs to various sections of the caste system in India and must act accordingly.

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**"By 8:01,... I arrive at class, books in one hand, a cup of hot tea in the other."**

**10:45 a.m.** A few free periods go by and I manage to review a little for my upcoming French oral, 5th period. "Bonjour, Hal." "Bonjour, Monsieur." "Êtes-vous prête pour votre oral aujourd'hui?" "Yeah, I think so," and thus the oral commences. By the time I'm finished, M. LeGuilloux exclaims, "Bravo, non (my face falls at this point), bravissimo." I float on air to my next class, happy to achieve the ranks of "bravissimo" now.

**1:05 p.m.** After a surprisingly appetizing lunch, I move on to my favorite and final class of the day—Advanced American History; the topic: 1960's Civil Rights Movement. For 45 minutes, all 12 students in the class are transfixed to the television set (note to parents: this type of television transfixation, sometimes classified as educational transfixation, is a beneficial progressive teaching method), as we watch a menagerie of riots, speeches and demonstrations. By the time it's 1:50 and the class is about to file out the door, Mr. Lyons, with a devilish smile on his face, nonchalantly says, "Just think about what you saw and be ready for discussion tomorrow."

**2:00 p.m.** Next stop...senior room. I kidnap a friend along the way and challenge her to a game of pool. She accepts and off we go. In the midst of the game, a few more seniors stop by to relax and turn on the radio. A surge of adrenaline fills our bodies as we dance hysterically to a song recorded in the early '80s (the good ole days, we call 'em).

**3:45 p.m.** Lacrosse practice. Both JV and varsity circle up for a team stretch which leads into the daily moose (a run around all the athletic fields). We then break off into our respective levels and practice everything from basic skill work to planned offensive plays. Before I know, it's 5:30 and practice is over.

**6:19 p.m.** It's dinnertime and a few friends and I sit eating our dinner in the dining hall discussing the day's events. We go out to the front lawn and engage in a volleyball game or two until it's time for study hall.

**9:30 p.m.** With study hall over, we all congregate in the dining hall for a social break consisting of hanging out with friends and sharing some French fries.

**10:00 p.m.** All the underformers return to corridor and the seniors reminisce in the senior room. By 10:30, I and the rest of the seniors return to our respective corridors.

**11:30 p.m.** After talking to my mom and telling her about my day, I play an intense game of cards with my roommate and drift off to sleep.

## Excerpts From a Trip to the Holy Land

*Last March Associate Chaplain Rodney Rice led a group of students on a 12-day trip through Egypt and the Holy Land. Each of the nine students kept a diary of his or her experiences. Below are some excerpts from Rachel Burnette's '94 daily notes:*

Once we cleared customs and immigration, we met our tour guide. He spoke slowly and with an accent, but he was very nice and descriptive. He seemed to take great pride in his heritage, and it quickly became apparent that Americans weren't the highest on an Israelite's list.

We found out on our 2-1/2-hour bus ride to Tiberias that our guide was actually a Palestinian, Christian, Arab Israeli. He was Palestinian, but he spoke eloquently about the Israeli occupation. We finally arrived at our hotel at 6:30 p.m. and got ready for dinner. Dinner was simply served to all of us off of one platter. I have no idea what it was, but it was fantastic—I was told it included seafood, potatoes, vegetables and bread.

Politics were again discussed at dinner, and many tensions were revealed. Bob and our guide, along with Mr. Rice, Jack and me chiming in, got into a rather intense talk about the U.S.'s role in the Middle East. I felt my tour guide and I may both have arms and legs and brains and homes and families, but they were nothing alike. This trip has started out really uniquely and promises to continue down personal discovery about a land and definitely a people.

### *Thursday, March 4*

Our first trip took us to the Sea of Galilee or Lake Kennesaret and the first Christian church. The circular stone structure was small and originally St. Peter's mother-in-law's home.

Separated by a stone wall was the largest synagogue in Tiberias—this wall separated the Jews from the early Christians. Tiberias itself was built by Herod the Great's son 2,000 years ago. The synagogue was Roman in architecture with wide-open rooms that were very plain on the inside but very ornate on the exterior. It was a light sand color surrounded by the stone foundations of a segregated IV-V Century town. The reason

the synagogue was so large and there was a wall in the center of the city was to separate the Jews from the Christians. Tiberias was actually the home of the first Jewish converts to Christianity. Early signs of religious discord in Palestine—insight into the present situation.

Our second trip took us to the church that holds the rock on which Jesus fed the 5,000 (that's without counting children). The original mosaic of the fish and bread basket is there. Again, from about the IV Century, the floors and parts of the foundation are from the original church.

Driving to our third destination, orange groves and rocky hills and cliffs flank our way. The Sea of Galilee is always in the background. There is a peace that abounds here somehow in this land—quiet beauty and native peoples that just watch as we tourists trundle through. There is an overwhelming religious history here.

We arrived at the Mount of Beatitudes. Jesus delivered his longest speech, the Sermon on the Mount, here. The Roman Catholic Church, which often funded the work of archaeologists in Palestine, built a church on this site to preserve it—this fantastic chapel was built in the 1930's. The view from here of the Sea of Galilee is great. We had a group photo taken by an old tree.

### *Friday, March 5*

We went on to the church where Jesus taught the "Notre Père"; there is a grotto, or cave, where he taught it. There is not

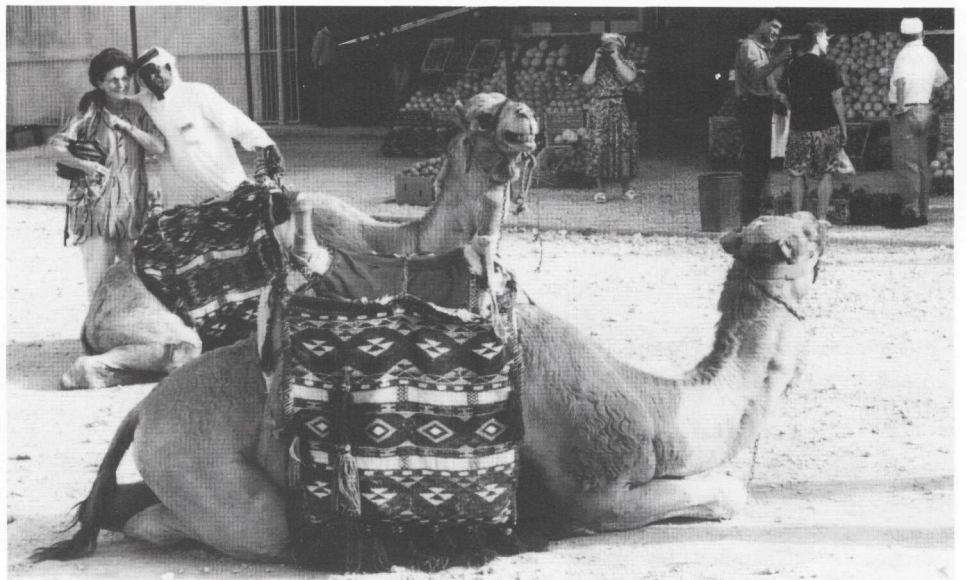
really a church but a cloister and garth-type area where the "Our Father" is written in 80 languages including Gaelic and Samaritan—the ancient language of the Samaritans that is no longer spoken. Christ taught this—he spoke Aramaic and probably Samaritan as well.

From here we went to Church of Nations and Garden of Gethsemane where there was a 2,000-year-old olive tree. The garden is where Jesus prayed with his disciples before entering Jerusalem. The church was the most powerful I've ever been to. It takes a few minutes to readjust to the dimness, but once you have, it's incredible. There is no light except the huge stained-glass crosses on the windows and candles around the rock where Jesus was said to have prayed for "this cup to pass [him] by" (crucifixion).

We passed by the remains of the City of David to the top of Mt. Zion. We saw the church that signifies The Last Supper and then went to the church of Mary's



*Rachel Burnette '94 rode a camel at the Great Pyramids of Giza outside of Cairo.*



*Camels outside of the ancient ruins of Jericho.*

## TRAVEL DIARY



After visiting a model city of Jerusalem during the time of King Herod, the group pauses for a picture outside the modern city of Jerusalem. Front row: Jennifer Joseph '95, Rachel Burnette '94, Megan Henderson '94, Betsy Rivinus '93, Tasha Soroosh '93. Back row: Rodney Rice, Dominic Seiterle '94, Bob Kidd '93, Alysia Oakley '94, Jack Comstock '95.

dormition (dormit - to sleep) or her deep sleep. On the floor was a fantastic mosaic of the Christian religion. In the center were three rings symbolizing The Holy Trinity. The circle extends throughout time to finish with the zodiac. Below the church itself is a tomb where Mary's body is said to be. There is a dome above her with scenes from Eve, Rachel, Mary Magdala, etc.

*Saturday, March 6*

The mountains are incredible! I should take a moment to explain the scenery I have taken in since I arrived. This land has towering, rocky mountains and cliffs that are covered with sheep and donkeys, little shepherds and wandering Bedouin tribes (a group of people who live in tents; they also have a nomadic history). The mountains and valleys are grassy, contrary to what I thought before coming here. Being here is truly like peeking through to a time long ago, but definitely not so distant.

We set out for the city of Jerusalem. The old city was fantastic! There is an arching gate through parts of the original city walls. Some parts are 2,000 years old. The streets are all I imagined and more; and from what I understand, they are still very similar to the way they were in Jesus' time.

Everyone hustled and bustled through narrow stone streets shouting and laughing. There were covered Muslim women (heads, arms and legs) and short-clad American/Asian/English tourists. People begged and peddled left and right. I felt

like I had been propelled back a thousand years! The sweet melancholy strains of Arabic music carried under the stone archways of the stone buildings. You cannot imagine all the sights, smells, feels of this city. There is so much history here that I feel at a loss. How can I, an Irish-American, begin to fathom such a deep, rich culture?

We went on to Qumran, or the place of the Dead Sea Scrolls. This place was breathtaking with its towering cliffs and caves. Also, the view of the mountains and the Dead Sea in the background was astounding! There are also the remains of the ancient Essene tribe of Jews.

It's interesting to note that these people ran a boarding school that educated wealthy children. They were a group of Jews that wished to live separate from "main stream Judaism." Actually, John the Baptist was said to have lived with them.

The Dead Sea Scrolls were a document

of the way of living of the Essenes. It was also the version of the Old Testament we have today. In addition, the Scrolls contain more information regarding the religious history of the Israelites.

What is the deal with all of these palm tree farms? We're on the road to Masada! Again, we pass trucks carrying soldiers armed with semi-automatic weapons. One can definitely feel the tension between the Jews and the Arabs here that I have only read about before. All Jews, men and women, are required to serve at least two years in the Israeli army between the ages of 18 and 20—so this explains all the soldiers. That's a lot of people as soldiers in an area the size of New Jersey! Anyway, I had a personal experience where a Jewish cab driver wouldn't take us to our hotel, because it was Arab.

Now we're off to Ein Gedi Spa. Here we pay 35 shekels for lunch and a bath in the Dead Sea and Hot Springs.



The ancient entryway to the Muslim Quarters and the Dome of the Rock in the Old City of Jerusalem.



The remains of Assyrian stronghold near Qumran, the place where the Dead Sea Scrolls were found.

It was a cold day, so the thought of swimming didn't sound so appealing, but our band was game. We ate a quick lunch (goulash, etc.) and then we got into our bathing suits. At first, Jack, Dominic and I struggled along the rocky, tar road toward the Dead Sea. We caught the "Muddy Love" train (a van which transported people from the lodge to the sea) the rest of the way. The Dead Sea was incredible! In one-half gallon of water, there is 9-1/2 ounces of salt. (Mr. Colburn will appreciate this!) I was last to get in; and as Jack, Dominic, Alysia and Jennifer called to me, my wet toes told me to reconsider. I finally got in and immediately buoyed to the surface. Seriously! The salt content is so high that you can't sink! It was like a story book! We had a picture taken of the five of us with our hands and feet out of the water.

The Hot Springs were very smelly (sulfur), but they were warm. We floated just as we had in the Dead Sea. I was last to get in again, but this time for a different reason—I had just shaved my legs that morning - ouch!

*Sunday, March 7*

Back in the Old City of Jerusalem....

We continued to the Via Dolorosa, or the way Christ walked on his way to the crucifixion. This was a powerful experience as I tried to imagine Christ walking down these same streets hearing and seeing very much the same sights as I was 2,000 years later. There was a station of the Cross as we walked, and, believe me, the walk was longer than you would think. The stations of the Cross follow the path which Christ walked toward his crucifixion at Calvary.

The walk finished with the incredible Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where Jesus Christ was crucified, buried and rose from the dead. Jews do not bury their dead within city walls, so there was originally some controversy as to the legitimacy of these claims; but some archeologists discovered that the tomb where Jesus was buried was located outside of the city wall during that time.

The church does not look like much on the outside, but let's just suffice to say that the Greek Orthodox got a hold of the inside. There was a huge procession of the archbishop of Armenia (the patriarch of the Armenian Christian church) who made his pilgrimage here due to Lent. The children's voices echoed throughout the church, which added to my experience.

First, I walked, for I was given 30 minutes alone here, up steep stone stairs to see the very rock of Christ's crucifixion. There was an ornate altar directly over a hole that showed the exact spot. It was unbelievable. While I stood in awe, an elderly woman was overwhelmed and threw herself on the hole weeping.

*Monday, March 8*

We began our last day with the usual breakfast (thanks, Ziod). Then we caught a cab to the city of Ramallah, where we visited The Evangelical Episcopal School. This school was particularly interesting to all of us. We got to meet Palestinian children that were disadvantaged. The school had been started by two British women and one American woman. They began the project in their home, and it expanded later into a beautiful school building that hopes to have 11th grade next year. We spoke with the chaplain, the headmistress and two sisters. They have gone through years where they've had two months of school in a year because of bombing and shooting incidents. I think this school would be a fantastic project for either a class or vestry.

Then, we were off to Cairo, Egypt.



The Al-Mosque located in the oldest part of Cairo (upper right-hand corner). The walkway leads to the mosque where the Shah of Iran is buried.



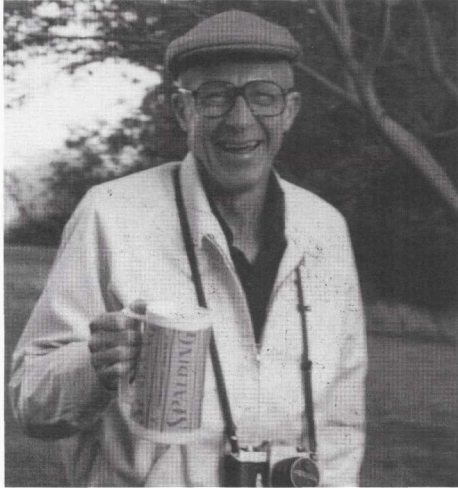
The Jordan River serves as a natural boundary between Jordan and Israel.



Rodney Rice and his group ate at a restaurant outside of Cairo, although they visited Egypt during Ramadan, which is the month-long period when devout Muslims do not eat or drink anything from sunrise to sunset.

# IN MEMORY

## BLACKBURN HUGHES, JR.



*Blackburn Hughes, 70, retired English teacher and tennis coach, died April 20, 1993, at a local hospital in Charleston, S.C. Blackie taught at St. Andrew's School (1948-67) and Porter-Gaud School (1967-87) and won the admiration of all those who were fortunate enough to know him. The following letters are from several of those admirers:*

The death of Blackburn Hughes comes as a sharp and unexpected blow to the Class of 1967 to which he proudly belonged as an honorary member. Mr. Hughes, or "Blackie," entered many of our lives as our English teacher, our tennis coach, or our hall master, but we all came to know him as a man of absolute rectitude, unpretentious learning, and unfailing kindness. Although he was in many ways a solitary figure, and noble in his solitude, Blackie was by no means aloof. He was a gentleman who, by his constant example, showed others how to be considerate and kind. His bearing was that of a man who had found peace within himself, in the consolations of work and in the confidence of his faith, and he shared this peace, and even a sense of joy, with those who had the honor of knowing him. Blackie is no longer with us, but it is easy to imagine the silhouette of his tall frame, shoulders sloped slightly forward, crossing the campus one last time. The long day is over, and we hear him hailing us, the South in his voice, reminding us, one last time, to live up to our better selves. —JAY TOLSON '67

I am truly sad to learn of Blackie Hughes' recent death. During my four years at St. Andrew's, I was probably closer to and spent more time with Blackie Hughes than any other faculty member. He was my coach for three years on the varsity tennis team, was our VI Form corridor master, was my faculty advisor, and was made an honorary member of my class, the Class of 1967, when he retired after 19 years of teaching at St. Andrew's. Blackie was the quintessence of the dignified Southern gentleman—smart, articulate, well read, kind and patient. He was a great tennis coach, and while calm on the outside, it was apparent to us players that he was at least as nervous as we because of his intense competitiveness and desire to see the team perform well, which it usually did under his tutelage. As I recall, we won two state championships in the three years I was on the varsity team, and I believe we won the state championship my III Form year as well, although I was not a regular member of that team. I remember on some occasions going to tennis matches in Blackie's car which had in it his famous Bermuda bell, which he rang at various times, but usually when an attractive female came into view. I fondly recall eating Hoppin-John, a Charleston dish made of rice and lady or black-eye peas, in his apartment. Blackie taught me English, and what improvement I managed over four years at St. Andrew's, I credit primarily to him. Blackie and I kept up with each other after I graduated from St. Andrew's, corresponding at least once or twice a year. Last summer, I had no plans to attend our 25th reunion until Blackie wrote me a long letter saying that he would be coming. I changed my mind and was assigned the room next to Blackie. I remember distinctly that when I left at 6:30 at the end of the reunion to catch a plane, Blackie had already vacated his room, leaving it immaculate, the bed perfectly made. My room was typically disheveled. Although, like all of his friends, I will miss Blackie, my memories of him are good ones, and for that I am grateful. —JOE HARGROVE '67

Less than a week ago, I learned of Blackburn Hughes' death from George Broadbent. Now I shall not be able to tell Blackie—as I so often wanted to—what his presence at St. Andrew's

School had meant to me.

Many of his recollections in the *Fall 1992 St. Andrew's Bulletin*, I had shared with him. Thinking of those experiences now brings to mind a fragment from the prologue to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, which Blackie had taught to many of his IV Form English classes. Because he was the sort of man we all knew him to be, I can quote this without its producing that faintly ironic tone so often produced when we use a quotation to avoid revealing our real emotions:

A KNYGHT ther was, and that a worthy man,  
That fro the tyme he first began  
To riden out, he loved chivalrie,  
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisie.

Looking at Blackie's picture in that *Bulletin*, which shows him in tuxedo and boater, reminds me of the famous annual Bachelor Parties given by Blackie and fellow masters currently unmarried for the highly appreciative married faculty. The high point of these occasions: Blackburn Hughes, Jr., giving soft-shoe-and-patter renditions of such touching ditties as "Watermelon Smilin' on the Vine," "Bird in a Gilded Cage," and "I Can Always Find a Little Sunshine in the YMCA."

When the Bachelor Parties gracefully fell into desuetude, Blackie invited friends from the world beyond Noxontown and some faculty members to supper following the annual Service of Lessons and Carols. He served Hop'n John, prepared as only a Charlestonian could prepare it, and a dessert—the name forgotten, but the fragility and flavor still remembered—that was sent him every year by Charlestonians who loved him and who knew that he was about teaching northern friends the best lessons that southern gentility could offer.

—CHES BAUM '36

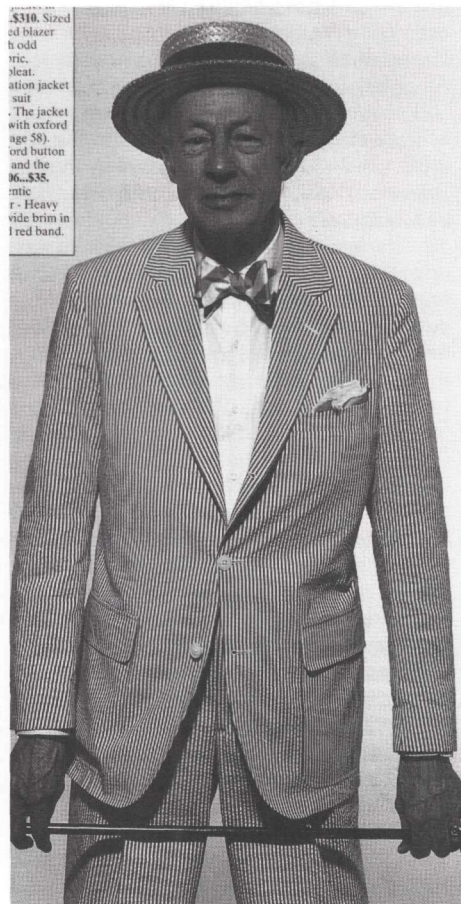
I was very sad to receive the note of 21st April, 1993, advising of Blackburn Hughes' death. Many years have passed since my days in Black's English classes, but I still remember how much of an impression he made on me as a boy at St. Andrew's. I consider myself fortunate to have had the benefit of a first-class faculty during my years at SAS, but Black has always stood out in my mind as one of the finest of that group.



Black was very much a gentleman—calm, considerate and tactful. He never intimidated, never ridiculed, and never played favorites. He set an example of fairness, patience, and perseverance, and I like to think that I carry some of that example with me into my own professional career.

Black was a hell of a nice guy, to whom a great many of us owe a debt of gratitude, and the world will clearly be a poorer place without him.

—HENRY B. SMITH



Blackburn recently modeled for the Ben Silver catalog.

At the funeral services for Blackburn Hughes on April 23, 1993, the following prayer was offered by The Rev. Richard I.H. Belser, Rector, St. Michael's Church:

**A BIDDING PRAYER**

Beloved, I bid your prayers of grateful thanks to God for the life of our friend and brother, Blackburn Hughes.

I bid your thankful prayers for the witness of his life, which was devoted to the highest personal standards:

- of dignity without pretense;
- of courtliness without superiority;
- of elegance without pedantry;
- of honor without self-importance;

I bid your thankful prayers for his gift of friendships extended to young and old, friendships lovingly maintained over many years and across many miles.

I bid your thankful prayers for his life of service as teacher and shepherd, guiding the lives and the thinking of a generation of young students, and enriching the experiences of mature friends.

Let us give thanks to God for one who consistently and confidently reflected personal values that most in our culture have abandoned as part of a by-gone day, values of perseverance toward what is lastingly good and true, qualities simply expressed in the words of a poem from the American Indians in the southwest and given to me by Blackburn's family:

- Hold onto what is good, even if it is a handful of earth;
- Hold onto what you believe, even if it is like a tree that stands by itself;
- Hold onto what you must do, even if it is a long way from here;
- Hold onto my hand, even when I have gone far away from you.

Beloved, I bid your prayers of thanks to God for the witness of Blackburn Hughes, expressed in words as he stood at this lectern week-by-week as a Lay Reader proclaiming the Word of God, and expressed in his actions in our lives over many years as a teacher, shepherd and friend.

**MICHAEL MITCHELL '39**

Mike Mitchell '39, 72, of Longboat Key, Fla., died on January 17.

Mike was born in South Amboy, N.J., and moved to Longboat in 1985 from Villanova, Pa. He was vice president of Smith Barney in Philadelphia before establishing his own investment advisory firm, Mitchell, Sinkler and Starr in Philadelphia. He served in the U.S. Army as an anti-aircraft gun commander in the South Pacific. He was a graduate of Trinity College in Hartford, Conn., in 1948. He was a member of All Angels Episcopal Church in Longboat Key.

Survivors include his wife, Hope; a son, Nicholas of Warner, N.H.; two daughters, Nancy Mitchell of Memphis, Tenn., and Deborah Fitch of Chevy Chase, Md.; two sisters, Sarah Ann Reath of Newtown Square, Pa., and Phoebe Vianest of Mendham, N.J.; a brother, Peter of Costa Rica; and three grandchildren.

Donations may be made to the memorial fund established in his name at St. Andrew's.

# CLASS NOTES

**We welcome all news from alumni. Please send word of your latest employment, travels or personal celebrations to the Alumni Office or contact your class agent or correspondent.**

'34

*Class Agent: Frank Townsend*

**Frank Townsend** and wife Lil recently entertained son **Townie '71** and **Preston Gazaway '71** for a few days. Frank is recovering from a total replacement of his left knee and an orthoscopic on the right knee.

**Jerry Niles** is recovering nicely from an operation to correct an abdominal aneurysm.

'36

*Class Agent: Ches Baum*

**Buzz Speakman '38** received a letter from **Alan Baldwin**. They hadn't seen each other since graduation - 57 years! Here's Alan's account of his life since that time:

"After leaving SAS, I went to Duke University where I majored in forestry and received a B.S. and a master's degree. I married a girl from Boston in 1941 (while still working on my master's). She had dated my roommate for several years; but as things worked out, I was fortunate enough to have won out in the final say-so. We have been married for 52 years, have five grown children (three boys and two girls) and 11 grandchildren. Our marriage has been a very happy and wonderful one—many ups and downs as one encounters in life—but a very loving and devoted marriage.

"After graduating from Duke, I went to work, not in forestry but in manufacturing (nylon) with the Du Pont Company in Martinsville, Va.—a far cry from forestry, but a good job and one I remained with. The Martinsville Nylon Plant was built in 1941. I was in management from its beginning. In 1943, I went into the Navy as an ensign having gone to Cornell for indoctrination. From there I was assigned to the amphibious forces—Pacific fleet. I started out as Communications Officer on an L.S.T. and participated in three invasion landings in the Philippines. I came out of the war in 1946, kept my commission and joined a naval reserve unit in Danville, Va. I still hold the rank of Lieutenant Commander in the Retired Naval Reserve.

"After the war, I came back to the Martinsville Du Pont Plant and have remained here. I retired in 1977 so have had 15 years of retirement.

"Our children have all done very well. The oldest son is an architect with a large firm in Charlotte, N.C., where he is a senior partner and doing very well. He has a son and daugh-

ter. Our second son is a senior vice president with Universal Leaf Co. in Richmond, Va., which has plants in 16 different countries. He has four children. Our third child is a daughter, who flew as a flight attendant with Piedmont Airlines (now U.S. Air) for ten years, and now lives with her family (three children) in Martinsville. Our fourth child is a son, who is in management marketing with Merck Company in Elkton, Va., and has a boy and a girl. Our fifth child is a daughter who is married and also lives in Martinsville.

"I communicate now and then with **Walker Mifflin** and exchange letters over the years with **Ches Baum** and **Win Schwab**.

"I developed cancer in 1982, had an operation, went on chemo, then went into remission. Cancer flared up again in 1985, had another operation, then chemo, then remission. A year ago last November, I developed cancerous lesions on the liver (not in the liver), so am now on chemo therapy once a week—have been on this for about a year now. So far I am holding my own—the Lord has been good to me. I still play a little tennis—about once a week—walk a lot and work around the yard a little. I tire fairly easily. Don't know whether that is from the cancer or old age."

**Ches Baum**, a member of the Church of the Good Shepherd in Punta Gorda, Florida, since 1988, is a candidate for the vestry. Ches has worked as a coordinator of a drug abuse counseling program for four counties in Maryland until retirement in 1984. He has previously served on vestries and as a lay reader in Maryland. Ches's class notes follow:

Procrastination by your class agent produces hasty phone surveys in mid-April of those members who have not submitted some news so that these notes can meet the deadline.

**Alan Baldwin** is following the medical regimen that he has for the past several years, but he says that at the moment he looks well, feels well, and weighs 143 pounds (probably a bit above last wrestling weight at SAS). Thus he is pursuing his normal routine, which includes tennis twice a week.

**Loring Batten** writes that his "current work is voluntary PR and history for a diocesan (Diocese of Long Island) agency, Family Consultation Service. They do great work, as in supporting families so that children are *not* put in foster homes—saves millions in states costs, besides giving children a chance to survive outside disaster...." The high standing of the North Shore Animal League (located in Port Washington, where Loring lives) in "The Philanthropy 400," part of this year's SAS

fundraising material struck a sensitive nerve. The incredibly wealthy Animal League never has room for the stray kittens Loring has referred to them over the years. Thus Loring (as have many of us) finds himself out of pocket to spy and support strays. He once had nine!

**Bill Evans** said over the phone that he has just spent an unusually dull winter. Bad weather kept him from getting in his usual bird-hunting expeditions, but he continues to enjoy the company of his bird dog and his Labrador retriever plus wife Ann's three Yorkshire terriers. He and his lawn maintenance equipment are ready for a spring burgeoning of grass and he has reported to Ann that the garden is ready for her to plant broccoli. Bill says that the only thing that he and George Bush agreed upon was their distaste for broccoli, but those of us who remember Bill's successful resistance to Nurse Meg Miller's campaign to force him to eat any green vegetable won't be surprised by this. Bill says, "Sixtieth reunion is only three years away. Try to make it!"

**Charley Mifflin**, when asked what he was up to this spring replied, "Same old thing. Not much of anything." This is not true. Charley continues to try to lure purple martins into his housing projects. Last year he bought something called a martin tree, on which were hung twelve plastic gourds. The martins started to build in these and then abandoned the effort, so Charley grew his own gourds, dried them out over the winter, and just recently drilled the requisite two-and-a-quarter-inch holes, through which he was able to clean them out. Now he has strung up some ten gourds—waterproofed, painted and ready for occupancy. Charley also reports that by chance he reread George Eliot's *Middlemarch*, and that has led him to reread all of her novels. He has concluded that unlike many modern authors who follow up a good novel with pot boilers, Eliot produces consistently worthy work. He was delighted to read in a recent SAS *Bulletin* that one of our teachers of English shares his regard for *Middlemarch*.

**Walker Mifflin** reports that the coming of spring has caused him to reflect upon the need to "dethatch" his three-hole golf course. If you don't have the equipment to do this, you find yourself in for a virtual reconstruction of the course at great expense. Walker comments that he finds himself working more on the course than playing on it. He's aware of Charley's birdhouse project; and he comments that he thinks he saw a purple martin just the other day, but he's not sure.

**Win Schwab** has completed a monumental (in both senses of the word) work—a translation of the biography of Gustav Schwab written in 1883 by Gustav's son Christoph

Theodor. Gustav Schwab was a 19th Century German poet eminent in his day. A contemporary of Heine's and Goethe's, he exercised his satiric powers at the expense of the former and was praised—in verse—by the latter. He wrote for private circulation about Heine:

A gifted pig  
On the leash he seemed,  
But on his own  
He became, too bad, a  
Plain, wholly ordinary  
Sow, the noble Heine!

Goethe wrote the following verse to Schwab in acknowledging receipt of twelve ballads from Schwab on the subject of a recently discovered 14th Century Latin manuscript of the legend of Johannes von Hildesheim:

When what perhaps has happened,  
One will hear in later days,  
Ever ringing will it drift,  
When the clock is struck;  
And as a result of this sound,  
You brighten up greatly, greatly,  
Because at the end we will all find  
Pilgrims, Kings without end.

I was honored to have received a copy of this book from Win, and I reflect that he stated in a P.S. to the accompanying note something that could state the theme of this set of class notes: "Each of us has his own way of enjoying retirement—this is one of mine."

**Chuck Silliman** says that he's observing the usual routine: get up, go to the doctor's, eat, sleep (more eating than sleeping). But as we talked more over the telephone, I learned that his daily routine includes a visit with wife Betty, who is in a nursing home. Chuck is philosophical about this as he is about his own arthritic knees, which he deals with by exercising—golf and bowling. Chuck has not seen any of our classmates recently, but he does occasionally run into Dick Trapnell's sister, Ann (Hart), who is now retired from Winterthur and enjoying AAUW and Colonial Dames activities. Chuck still occupies himself also in genealogical research into the Silliman family.

**Ed Swenson**, his secretary told me when I called in April, was abroad with wife Marie on the spring tour of the International Council of the Museum of Modern Art, of which organization they are both members.

**Charley Thackery** has been found. He has not been hiding; my efforts to locate him have been inept. Charley, who is enjoying condo living in Jensen Beach, Fla., after the obligatory retirement phase of having his own house with his own pool and his own waterfront, describes himself as able to sit up and take nourishment. This understatement does not take into account that he and wife Grace are currently very active in Operation Mangrove, which is trying to preserve the mangroves in Florida but at the same time get some rhyme and reason into the regulations concerning the trimming of mangroves by property owners trying to exercise their riparian rights. Charley enjoys cruising aboard a neighbor's trawler, in which last summer they cruised for 2-1/2 months on the Chesapeake and last fall cruised for a couple of months in

the Florida Keys, Charley and Grace, who have been married for 52 years, have a son in Louisville, a son in Atlanta (whom I remember as wrestling for Seaford High in a Delaware State Wrestling Tournament) and a daughter who lives with her husband in nearby Jupiter.

**Sid Whelen**, who by alphabetical arrangement always gets the last word, said on April 15 that he was just about to set out to mail his income tax return and to pick up a load of horse manure for the farm. He said to make what we will of the juxtaposition of the two errands. He and Mary are still living in the dreamland of 80 acres backed up to a national forest and trying to farm organically some ten acres of the valley land planted in apple trees. The orchard was in blossom when I spoke to him, and the long drought in California ended last winter. Prospects look good for this year's crop, but he and Mary find themselves planting less trees to replace the old stock. Mary is acting as docent in the local natural history museum. Sid is acquiring from his current reading a geological perspective that leads him to regard overpopulation and depletion of our natural resources as the two factors that will be most responsible for man's exit from the planet.

Lest **Sid Whelen** always have the last word, a note from Class Agent Baum: I am currently playing the role of Juniper J. Juniper, the Vita Cola king, in our local community theater's production of an Eisenhower-era bedroom farce called "Natalie Needs a Nighty" here in Charlotte County, Fla. I played the same role ten years ago for the Tred Avon Players in Oxford, Md. What this means I'm not sure, but I'm well aware that I've adopted a far less sprightly interpretation of Juniper J. Juniper.

## '37

*Class Agent: John Parry*

In the early days of St. Andrew's School, the duPonts very kindly offered to take the graduating Sixth Formers on a weekend cruise of the Chesapeake Bay aboard various yachts. The Class of 1937, having only ten members, was the last class small enough to take advantage of this invitation. Here is a log of that "cruise" by one of its participants, **John Parry**, beginning shortly after graduation exercises:

Saturday, June 12, 1937 (P.M.) - Left SAS in Mrs. duPont's car and drove to Lewes Beach, where the class boarded Felix duPont's "Buckaroo" and Irene's "Icacos" at Ernest's dock. The "Edris" was also there. Cast off in late afternoon on "Icacos" with **Art Willis**, **Jim Slee**, **Bill Warwick** and Mr. Henry (Trustee?), Mr. Schmolze, Mr. MacInnes and three crew members. She is a 62-foot twin screws motor cabin cruiser, white and mahogany, very handsome. Had a swell dinner, etc., and headed for Annapolis. Reached there in about five hours, around midnight. Anchored off the Yacht Club. We could plainly see the U.S. Naval Academy, a beautiful sight from the harbor. Some of those aboard the "Buckaroo" swam over to us (**George**

**Brown**, **Cappy Ball**, **Seagull Baldwin**) and the others came later. On their boat were also **Tommy Longcope**, **George Welch**, duPont and a three-man crew. **Bob Neilson** absent. Drank ice cold drinks (coke and beer) and told stories, etc. until late.

Sunday, June 13, 1937 (A.M.) - The other boat's passengers swam over to us again. Water not cold. Didn't get much sleep on the hard bench in the main cabin, woke up early and had breakfast. Came alongside the Yacht Club dock and tied up. There were three big yachts there, besides small craft. Visited aboard the "Buckaroo" and then went ashore. Saw part of the town but didn't get to U.S.N.A. Read the Sunday papers. My group left around noon on the "Buckaroo" which is an auxiliary yawl with a tall mainmast. Hoisted sail outside the harbor and beat out of the bay without jibs or staysails. I climbed to the crow's nest which was a bit scary as we were heeling pretty much. There is also a lookout stand on the bowsprit. After lunch we anchored in a cove off the Bay. There was only one other boat in sight. Swam, played with rafts, dinghys, etc. Great fun! They had a diver's brass helmet, which we all used, with belt weights. I walked on the bottom and guess it was about 20-25 feet deep. You could see the boat outlined by the sun above, and the only fear was coming up under it too fast and hitting your head. They pumped air through a hose down to the person in the helmet. Bottom was soft and your feet sunk in, but didn't see any large fish. I lost my shirt and shoes in a scuffle later. We sun-bathed, had cold drinks, etc., and then I and others went back aboard the "Icacos." It is great—all the food and drinks you want, you can eat or sleep whenever you like. Spent some time in the wheelhouse watching the captain navigate, then had supper. Anchored offshore in another small bay late at night. Some fished and told stories, etc., but I had a cold and there were not enough fishing lines, so I turned in. Got up later and then slept in the largest stateroom. These are wonderful boats.

Monday, June 14, 1937 (A.M.) - Woke to find us about to land at Eugene duPont's huge summer place. Went ashore after breakfast. There are three small sailboats, motorboats and rowboats at the dock. The big sloop "High Tide" is in the Bay—a beautiful boat. Played doubles with Mr. Henry, duPont, Brown, Willis and Mac (two matches). Henry and I won both matches: 8-6, and 6-0, 6-3, making us champs! (Willis was captain of our tennis team, too!) We had some wrestling and went swimming. Several went aquaplaning and sailing in the small boats. After lunch we went out to the "High Tide"—a 70-foot auxiliary sloop with crew of four. They took us sailing for several hours, under half canvas as it was blowing pretty hard. A really swell experience and a truly beautiful boat. Returned to the "Icacos" for awhile, and then home on the "Buckaroo" with food, drinks, etc. Did some reading. Passed tugs and barges. Reached the mouth of the river around 7:00 p.m. A bad storm came up fast and it was dark and windy, and raining. After we tied up, had

supper aboard "Icacos" and left Ernest's dock in Mr. Schmolze's car, getting back to school late.

All in all, it was swell fun. Some of the boys took some photos, but I didn't bring a camera. The only trouble was there was far too much hazing and riling (by Brown and a few others) which made it sometimes unpleasant. Boys will be boys....

## '38

*Class Agent: Buzz Speakman*

In late March, Gin and **Buzz Speakman** along with their friends, the Vintons, drove down to Naples, Fla., to **George Brown's '37** house and embarked on his 38-foot wooden Chris-Craft, the "Ryolite," which is docked in back of his winter home, and departed for Marco Island. George is a member of the Coast Guard Auxiliary; both he and his boat are subject to call in emergencies. He has his computer onboard, plus Loran, two depth finders, GPS, two radios, etc. They docked at a waterside restaurant on Marco Island and were treated to a gourmet lunch and returned to Naples for a waterside tour. Buzz remarked, "It was a real treat to see a friend from SAS—going back 59 years."

## '40

*Class Agent: Bill Sibert*

Jessie and **Bill Sibert** traveled to Japan in January to be with son John, his wife, Lina, and their new grandson, John Warfield Sibert, Jr., born December 28. They then went around the world in 85 days via Singapore, Bangkok, Delhi, Israel, Turkey, Greece, Italy, England and back home and had a great time. "We wanted to get a firsthand view of the people and their living conditions," writes Bill. "We also wanted to have a look in on the progress of the church and the Christian religion in the various countries we visited."

"We departed from home in Wilmington,

N.C. on January 20th and flew west to California over the snow-covered Rockies then on to Hawaii, where we went down to Waikiki. We flew on to Wake Island and Guam (where our plane broke down). We were able to get on a Japanese airline up to Tokyo, where the real reason for our trip was waiting. We met our new grandson. Our youngest son, John and his wife, Lina, are architects living in Tokyo, working for Taisei Corp. We stayed with them almost a month in Tokyo then we went down to Singapore. From there we took busses up through Malaysia (Kuala Lumpur), Tana Rata and Penang). Then we took a train overnight from Penang to Bangkok. We found that all of Southeast Asia was prospering, Singapore, Penang and Bangkok especially and the Anglican churches were packed. From Bangkok we flew down to Sri Lanka off the coast of India. We stayed on the beach where an old gent tried to sell me a boa constrictor (no room in my luggage). Next we flew westward, landing in the Arab Emirates, then on to Rome where it was cold. We visited the cleaned and restored Michelangelos on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. They are gorgeous. From Rome we took a train up through the snow-crowned Appenines to Venice, which is still a jewel. There are *no* cars. After Venice we went up to Aviano in the foothills of the Alps and then flew over the Alps to Ramstein, Germany, and on to Mildenhall outside of London. We went through London on a bus on Good Friday. It's a national holiday in the U.K. and there's no traffic in the central city. We went by all the great buildings—Westminster Abbey, Lincoln Fields Inn, the Old Bailey, St. Paul's, Parliament, and on to Victoria Station. After staying with dear friends in Wiltshire, we flew home to N.Y. and on to Wilmington by April 15th.

"We concluded that things aren't nearly as bad around the globe as the media would have us believe, that democracy is gaining ground and that America is emulated and respected as the preeminent world power, and that Christianity is alive and well."



*Bruce Van Leer, Penny (a friend's dog), Bill Van Leer '41 and grandson David.*

## '41

*Class Agent: Jon Wilford*

**Bill Van Leer's** sixth grandchild, Bonnie Marie Woglom, was born on May 1. He is very proud of SAS and the mark it is making in education.

## '42

In a conversation with **Scott Snead** during the February phonathon, he planned to attend the June Reunion as a quasi-'43er.

## '43

*Class Agent: Morgan MacDonald*

Located in Albuquerque, N.M., **Bob Boyer** is getting a new business started.

## '45

*Class Agent: Gattie Jones*

**Jack Rood** and wife Jeannie have left the Los Angeles area and are now located in the relative peace and quiet of Prescott, Ariz. Jack's address is: 1845 Copper Basin Road, 86303.

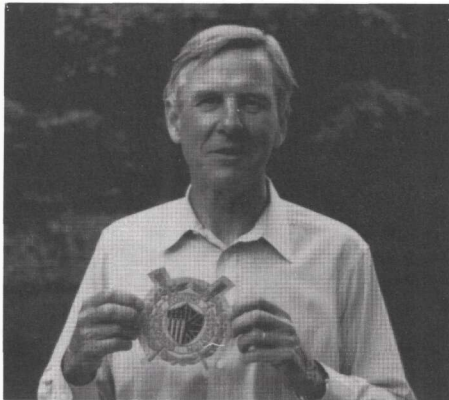
Mary and **Charlie Welling** took a short vacation to one of Zoom's old Navy stomping grounds, the Virgin Islands, and spent several days on St. Thomas and St. John. They reported that the hospitality was great and that the quality of the rum had not suffered during the intervening years!

**Dwight Dunlevie** and his new wife, Barb, are residing at 3112 David Avenue, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

Marty and **Gattie Jones** pointed their party van south this spring and covered the Florida perimeter—Pensacola to Sarasota to Miami and Key West, then up the east side to Fernandina Beach, back across the top to Gulf Shores, and then home! They were in Sarasota during the "Storm of the Century" but escaped damage. Gattie didn't see any classmates this year, but previous trips included brief encounters with **John Cook, Dwight Dunlevie, Bill Hearn, Beau Nalle, Danny Patch, Jack Rood** and **Charlie Welling**.



*Bill Sibert '40 (center) and wife Jessie visited with son John and baby John, Jr. (tucked in a Snugli in his dad's jacket) at Lake Hakone, Japan.*



In honor of the 50th Anniversary (to the day) of winning the Senior Four at the Schoolboy Rowing Association Regatta (May 22, 1943), Bill Brownlee '44 holds the award patch which he has donated to the School archives. Sharing with him in the glory back in '43 were Jim Bacon '45, bow, Jay Kinahan '43, three, Levin Lynch '45, stroke and Peter Michael '43, cox.

## '46

Class Agent: Lu Campbell

**Barry Benepe** is still directing the Greenmarket for the Council on the Environment of New York City. Participating farmers (190) tilling around 12,000 acres in the New York area grossed \$14 million in the market program which was recently awarded the Rudy Bruner Prize for Urban Excellence. Barry and his wife, Judith, enjoy their weekends during the summer at their summer home in Saugerties, N.Y., with visits from their five children and two grandchildren.

**Tucker Smith** has just finished his third book, *Serendipity*. His prior two books are entitled *The Power of Spirit* and *It's Tough to be a Lover*. He continues his counseling career and has had good training raising 12 children.

**Lu Campbell** retired as managing partner at his accounting firm after 43 years at the end of April 1993. He will continue his individual tax practice and remain as a consulting partner on a limited as-needed basis. Lu and Jo-Anne have recently completed a second home in Bonita Bay, a 2400-acre environmentally inspired community, 15 miles north of Naples, Fla.

## '48

Class Agent: Sky Smith

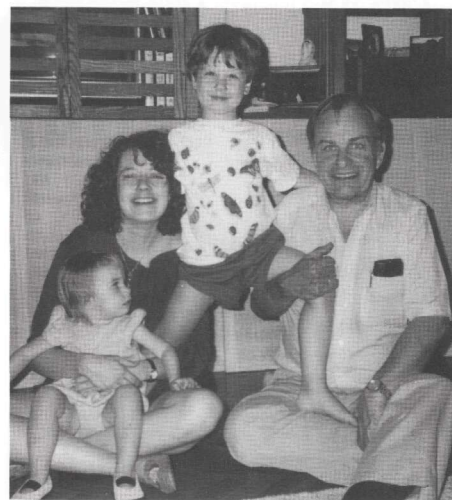
Last fall, over pre-dinner drinks, **Sky Smith** and **Rob van Mesdag** agreed that it had been a long time since last they had seen one another. Over a second drink—the beer was good in the Copthorne Hotel near London, England—they still wondered how long it had been. Not resolving their problem, they decided to have dinner. Several dishes and glasses later it transpired that they had never met at all since leaving SAS. “So how many years does that make

it?” Rob asked Sky, better at math by that hour of the night. Sky, pushing his brandy aside, scribbled dates on his napkin, looked confused, and finally exclaimed: “In 1993, it will be 45 years!” They thereupon decided to call on all their classmates to make it to the Reunion in June. Hope everyone who could make it had a great time.

**Jim Adams** plans to move to a magnificent cabin in the North Carolina (Ashville) area in June 1994 away from all secondary school folks.

**Spence Connerat**, after 30 years as an active attorney, has opted to take up pro bono cases for the State of Georgia.

**Greg Gibson** now resides mostly in Bay Head, N.J., with a fishing pole.



Sid Brinckerhoff '52 with wife Kathy and children Aaron and Ariana.

## '52

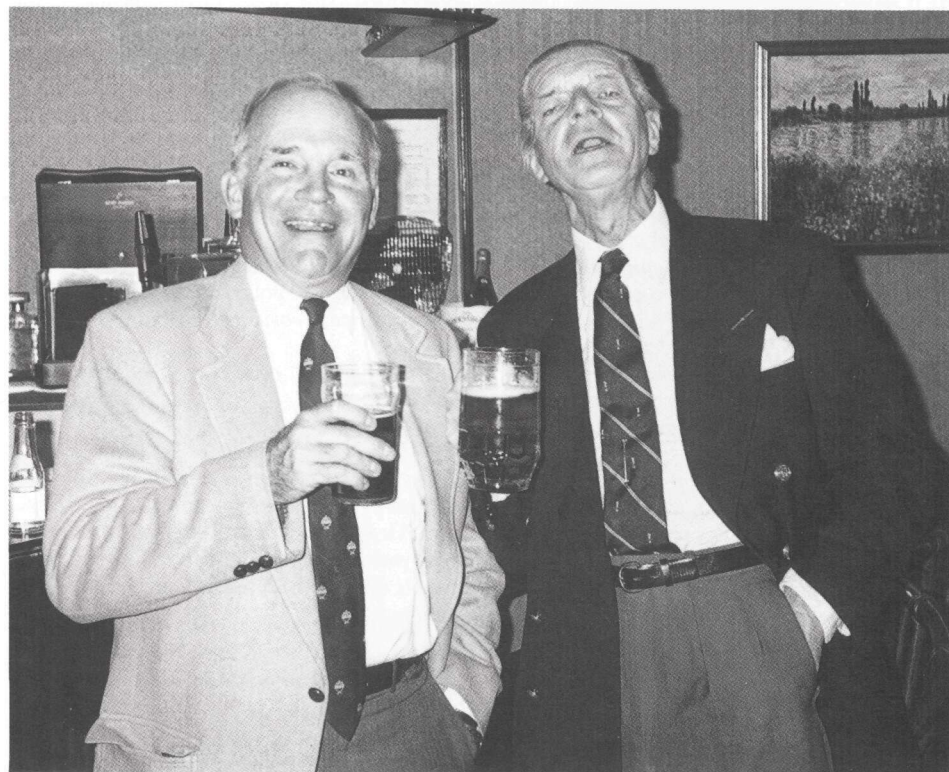
Class Agents: Cale Boggs, Ted Hill, Herndon Werth

An orthodontist living in Lexington, Ky., **Charles Kenney** is planning to retire in 5-1/2 years. He is interested in living in the Caribbean, especially the Bahamas, British Virgin Islands or Puerto Rico. He would appreciate helpful hints about living in these areas or others that anyone might be familiar with.

In February, **Bill Wrightson** was recovering from cancer surgery (larynx) at home. He's sorry he missed his 40th Reunion last year.

**Herndon Werth** checked in with his notes: I have confirmation! Kathy and Sid **Brinckerhoff** did not “Shrink the Kids” (son Bill and daughter Laura, both adults in their thirties) like was done in the picture show. Kathy and Sid are parents of the youngest '52 children: Aaron (5) and Ariana (2). Besides raising their own two, they recently helped establish, with several medical centers, southern Arizona's first family resource center. I told Sid to use stronger binoculars, when the family goes whale watching each summer on Pudget Sound, to see if he could spot **Norm Smith** riding the Pacific in the super tanker he commands. Norm and wife Dawna built a solar-heated house in Maine several years ago. But I guess the sun didn't do its job, as they've moved to Florida. In the “new-fangled home department,” **Sid Congdon** is building modular homes in New Jersey where he and Marian live.

Those of us at last year's 40th saw the great progress **Willy Johnson** had made in recover-



Sky Smith, left, and Rob van Mesdag discovered they hadn't met since leaving school in 1948.

ing from a stroke. With "true grit" and lotsa help from Georgia, Will's work on recovery continues. Meanwhile, classmates can help with "telephone visits" (703-830-3277) or personal visits if you're in the Virginia 'burbs of Washington.

Anyone flying to Europe out of New York City's JFK, listen for the name of your captain, as it could be **Cale Boggs**, who has a bit of a commute to work, as he and Elisabeth live in Wilmington.

The Class of '52 won all sorts of awards for its annual giving last year. Many thanks to those who contributed. But let's not stop now....SO EVERYBODY....get thee to thy checkbook, vault, piggy bank, jar buried in the backyard and send moolah! Participation is valued as much as the dollars. **Ted Hill** sends thanks to those who have already responded.

## '54

*Class Agent: George Baxter, Walt Liefeld*

**Bill Barnett** reports from Jacksonville that he promises to be at our 40th Reunion in June 1994.

**David Campbell** continues to enjoy life in Richmond and his financial securities work with Scott and Stringfellow. David and Mary's son is in the Navy on the USS Texas; their eldest daughter is married and lives in New York City; another daughter is living and working in Washington, D.C.

**Norris Battin** has taken an early retirement from Allergan. He and wife Susan continue to live in Laguna Beach where Norris has opened a consulting business.

**Bill Brumbach** suffered a stroke last fall and fortunately has made a strong recovery. He is an accountant with Girardin and Baldwin and lives a bachelor existence in Naples, Fla. His three children, Bill, Jr. (33), Jason (31) and Jennifer (29), are all married.

**Church Hutton** is actively looking for a challenging assignment having spent an illustrious career with the U.S. Army, now retired. He lives with Evelyn and their three children in Annondale, Va. Church reports that **John Campbell** suffered a stroke and is recovering. He and his wife live in Farmington, Mich.

Hutchie and **Jerry Cummin** continue their suburban lifestyle in Wayne, Pa. Jerry is and has been for many years president of Allen Lane and Scott printers. Eldest son Jerry and his wife live near Bitburg, Germany, with their two infants, where Jerry continues his military career as a captain in the Air Force. Younger son Bevin, a 1991 graduate of Penn, is headed to Belgium this summer for a year's study.

Randi and **Doug Evans** purchased a beach house in Lewes, Del. Their son Chris is married and lives in Raleigh, N.C., with his wife and their son. Daughter Karey is still single. Doug is a part owner of Ocean Engineering and lives in Rockville, Md.

**Bill Ferguson** recently retired from Mercedes Benz. He and Cindy are in the process of selling their home in Vista, Calif., and moving to Eureka Springs, Ark., where they have purchased a retirement home on the

White River.

**Bob Foster** continues his work in the news field and was hired by Metro Traffic in Columbus, Ohio.

**Shack Kenney** continues his profession as a vet working with large animals, mostly horses, and lives with his wife, Corinne, in Long Valley, N.J.

**Bob Whelihan** lives in New Hampshire and continues his love of flying as a pilot with Delta Air Lines.

**Tony Philippi** is still a bachelor and lives in Cambridge, Mass., working as an insurance agent.

**Ian MacInnes** took early retirement in 1992 from Pacific Bell. He moved to a new home with wife Garnett in Lake Harasu City, Ariz.

**Larry Wood** has been a state judge for a number of years. His court is in West Chester, Pa., and he lives with Rennie in his hometown of Chadds Ford.

**George Baxter** and Peace are still in Yardley, Pa., in a home they purchased 24 years ago. Daughter Natalie and husband Allan and their daughter Isabelle Peace live in Brussels. George, Jr., and his wife, Lise, and their son Alexander Peace live nearby where George is the owner/operator of Army Jeep Parts, a W.W. II and post-W.W. II jeep parts and restoration business. Youngest daughter Melinda is in her senior year at Evergreen State College in Olympia, Wash.

## '55

*Class Agent: Robert Robinson*

As House Speaker, Maryland House of Delegates, **R. Clayton (Roy) Mitchell** recently reported to the House Environmental Matters Committee that his proposal to consolidate the Agriculture and Natural Resources Departments into one agency is facing huge obstacles. This bill was the third of three consolidation bills introduced by Clayton this year. One of the other bills would consolidate the states budget, personnel and planning agencies into a single Department of Budgetary and Technological Development. The second would merge Natural Resources Police in the state police. (*Reprinted from The News Journal, February 10, 1993.*)

## '56

*Class Agent: Ken Court*

After 20 years of academic medicine, **John Gregory** went into private practice two years ago. He still works hard but enjoys the contact with patients. He suspects medicine will be in for big changes with our new presidential administration.

## '57

*Class Agents: Bob Shank, Bill Wood*  
*Class Correspondent: George Brakeley*

After 17 years in the State Department, **Sam**

**Wyman** left last year to take on an interesting assignment with the CIA. "Got bored," says Sam, who has taken on the job of "working with the agency on their information-handling challenges. Thank God for Bull Cameron, who taught me to write good English." He adds the news that daughter **Lyndsey '82** has made him a grandfather for the second time.

Speaking of people who apparently benefited from the rigors of English at St. Andrew's, **Joe Harned** and wife Antoinette are working on their second novel, *Critical Mass*. The first, *Gambit*, the story of a theft of strategic nuclear warheads from Ukraine, is ready to be published, and therein lies their greatest challenge. Meanwhile, their daughter Margret was married on May 29 to Gordon Martin, a lawyer in the District of Columbia, where Joe is Executive Vice President of The Atlantic Council of the United States, a foreign policy think tank.

Also living in Washington is attorney **Dick Hall**, who joined Miles & Stockbridge, a Baltimore-based, 220-lawyer firm where Dick practices environmental law. The only drawback is he's now commuting to Baltimore. Dick's wife Helen is a high school English teacher. Dick has four children ranging from 30 to 7, the eldest two of whom are married. A year and a half ago, Dick took up the viola (his oldest daughter is a cellist, so—as Bill Amos labored to teach us so many years ago—osmosis works). Dick plays with pick-up groups in the area and says that there is a "sort of subculture of people like me who are doing this late in life." All very interesting, of course, but what's this "late in life" jazz?

Tandem Computers, a computer manufacturer headquartered in Cupertino, Calif., with \$2 billion in sales annually, probably would not be where it is today without **Mike Bateman**. OK, maybe that's a bit hyperbolic, but Mike is Tandem's vice president for business consulting, responsible for new business development. He's been with them 15-1/2 years and moved to California in 1986. Son Michael, Jr. (23) is getting married this summer. Mike also has two daughters (20 and 8) and a son (7), the latter two from his second marriage. He and Chris live in nearby Los Altos Hills overlooking the Stanford campus. Mike and **George Brakeley** got together for dinner in March when George was in the Bay Area on business.

**Tom Rightmyer** is a volunteer secretary of

Three St. Andreans are involved with Fredericksburg Academy in Fredericksburg, Md., which opened its doors in September 1992.

**Debby Ohlson '88** teaches art, **Bulent Atalay '58** is a founding trustee and **Don Woodruff '58** is the headmaster.

Fredericksburg is an independent school serving grades Pre-K to 9 in the 1993-94 academic year.

## THE PHANTOM LIVES!

I greatly enjoyed reading the most recent issue of the *SAS Bulletin*—as I always do; it is a fine publication. I especially enjoyed the pieces by former faculty recounting noteworthy memories, accomplishments, et al. When I reached Mr. Webb Reyner's item, I was almost struck dumb—for those who know me, the state of being speechless is nigh on miraculous. Before I take my old wrestling coach and fine school man, and by implication the *Bulletin*, to task, let me state, for the record, that I greatly admire Webb and credit him with most of the few good qualities I may possess. However!...he did state that he caught The Phantom of '61-'62. This, dear editor, is a vile calumny. I and the Class of '62 will stipulate to these facts:

A) Mr. Reyner deeply cared about catching The Phantom.

B) He made heroic, and energetic, but futile attempts to capture this Spirit of '62.

C) He *did* catch a phantom—a craven sophomore imposter, Tom Snyder '64, Princeton '68—but he did not catch The Phantom '62. The most salient and probative evidence of this well-known fact is: When Mr. Bill ("Bull") Cameron convened the (mock) disciplinary meeting, at the close of which he announced (ex cathedra, as only he could "announce"), "The Phantom is dead," The Phantom appeared, made his presence known and disappeared into the night as he always did, untouched and undaunted.

You might well ask, "Who was this masked man?" I have been sworn to secrecy; only the Class of 1962 knows the identity or identities of The Phantom. I can tell you that The Phantom was conceived by my roommate, Jim Watt. He returned from Thanksgiving break with an Army surplus, sub-zero, black ski mask. We were supervisors of the IV Form, D Corridor. Jim wore

the mask over his face while making bed checks. He entered the room of a particularly whiney and obnoxious sophomore—I know, I know, he's probably a fine man now, CEO of Du Pont, and head of the Alumni Corporation; but we are talking about school-boy memories—shined his flashlight on his bemasked visage, made a guttural noise (not as good as Bull, but good) and obtained a spectacular response indicating stark terror. After we helped change the sheets and talked the young, very pale subject out of calling his family, the Head, a lawyer and pressing charges for intentional infliction of emotional distress, we retired to our room and noted the wonderful effect the "look" had elicited.

Things stayed that way until...one evening—Webb, you need to pay attention here—a new teacher, a Mr. Floyd ("Pretty Boy" Floyd) was conducting the beloved night study hall. We were having a big wrestling match that night; the second and third formers beseeched him to release them. He did not, but....The Phantom came to the rescue, clad in black from head to toe. He struck awe into the hearts of the assembled company, extinguished the lights, detained the aforementioned Mr. Floyd and released the children from bondage in order to seek the promised land. I can assure you that neither Mr. Watt nor I was The Phantom—he was a good six feet tall and Jim and I clearly don't qualify. The Class of 1962 loved The Phantom. We made him one of us. He offered to appear at graduation, swinging on-stage behind the Trustees during my chat to the VI Form. He chose instead to sit with us. Since no other mortal could be with The Phantom, save one of the Class of 1962, he did not and has not appeared—perhaps at our 35th. Get your running shoes on, Webb, and meet us at the study hall!

The Phantom often struck at that purest

denial of fundamental, due process, natural, inalienable rights—night study hall, second only to Saturday classes as a form of invidious discrimination by the ruling class. It so happened that, whenever he struck, he would run up the stairs, often with Reyner in furious pursuit. When he hit D Corridor, he would pass through rapidly, phantomlike. By the time Webb hit the top of the stairs, the hall would be filled with fourth formers (under penalty of death if they didn't fill the hallway), who managed to obstruct his forward progress. By the time Mr. Reyner got to the VI Form lounge, it was full of sixth formers, all sweating, all wearing black shoes....but no Phantom. On the day after The Phantom appeared at his "funeral," it was noted that The Phantom had pushed his hand through the glass portion of the door while making his get away. The next day, many seniors wore bandages on their wrists (left, I believe). Mr. Cameron, for all his bluster, let me know on at least one occasion that he admired the relationship between 1962 and The Phantom, despite the penchant for lawlessness. We loved Bull Cameron, we love St. Andrew's, Mr. Reyner, but the Class of 1962 is The Phantom. Webb's accomplishments both during and after his stay at SAS are manifold—but he did not catch The Phantom!

I have rambled on as is my wont, but I speak for my class and for The Phantom.—

*James Beverley*

P.S. Not only do 30 some sixth formers of '62 know the stirring legend of the deeds of The Phantom but 25 years of students in my classes have learned how to do pranks without hurting people, how to get a maligned class to pull together, how to run around at night in costume and in cahoots. You don't have to read poetry, you know!

the North Carolina Episcopal-United Methodist Dialog—the first such in this country.

### '58

*Class Agent: Jerry Wigglesworth*

**Skip Hinnant** was re-elected to another term as national director and New York officer of the Screen Actors' Guild (13 years). His oldest son, Chris, is now a doctor in the field of physical medicine (rehabilitation)—"just in the nick of time to begin repair and preservation of my rapidly disintegrating body. (My classmates will understand.) Cheers to all!"

**Joe Gibson's** fourth child (second son) was born on August 31, 1992, and his oldest was married in June. Joe states, "They are coming and going."

### '59

*Class Agent: Mose Price*

From Newport, N.C., **Walter Phillips** writes that he hopes to "eventually have a daughter at St. Andrew's."

### '61

*Class Agent: Sandy Hance*

**Jack Chambers** married the former Joyce Walker Gillen on November 17, 1992. Jack is still practicing law in Montgomery County, Pa. Presently a Lieutenant Colonel in the Air Force Reserves, he is commanding the 913th Operational Support Squadron at NAS Willow Grove, Pa.

### '64

*Class Agent: Barry Sabloff*

In the all-Rhodes-lead-back-to-Clinton category, a very key member of the Joint Staff at the Pentagon these days is Rear Admiral **Dennis Blair**, deputy director of the Office of Force Structure, Resources and Assessment. He's doing the "bottom-up" review or downsizing study to establish the contours of the country's post-Cold War military needs and structure.

### '66

*Class Agent: Walt Harrison*  
*Class Correspondent: John Reeve*

Correspondent **John Reeve** checked in with this news: **Ed Strong** has followed up his earlier Tony-award winning performance in *The Secret Garden* with a new production of *Tommy*. Ed has promised to provide all members of the class with free pinball lessons. **Andy Parrish** is continuing to expand his activities in the Miami real estate market, serving as full-time consultant to the local community college on real estate matters. Sounds like an exceptionally clever ploy to get a few coeds' addresses. Clearly the product of the kind of twisted mind that may stem from a monastic period in one's earlier formative years. This scribe had the pleasure of spending a very enjoyable weekend with Donna and **John Evans** in Prague, Czech republic, last fall, where John is number two in the U.S. Embassy to Shirley Temple Black. Word on the street was that John was slated for the ambassadorship to Tajikistan unless he substantially improved his rendition of "The Good Ship Lollipop." At least two members of the class have children serving with distinction currently at SAS. **Megan Peters '93** is stroke of the outstanding varsity women's crew that is a favorite for the national championship. **James Reeve '96** is working hard on thoroughly humiliating his father on the ergometer (rowing machine for you landlubbers). Stay tuned for an upcoming announcement for a great nostalgia flick that may be of remotely passing interest, *A Team of Destiny*.

'67

Class Agent: Jay Tolson

**Jay Tolson** has written an extensive biography, *Pilgrim in the Ruins: A Life of Walker Percy*, about the writer some critics have called the first American existentialist novelist.

**Frank Smith** and his wife, Linda, are in their fifth year of home schooling their four children. Their oldest boy, Yeadon, is in the seventh grade and would like to go to St. Andrew's.

'68

Class Agent: Bob Prier

**Jay Davis** is an animator in Los Angeles. He has expressed his displeasure with flying and suggests that perhaps next reunion should be in L.A.

**Charles Parry**, now a pastor in Colorado, will be traveling to Russia.

To all those who couldn't make the Reunion of '93, we hope to see you in '98.

'70

Class Agent: Tom Stephens

Here's **Bill Strong's** update: "The Stronghold at a Glance, 1992 Edition—Nat: 6th grade...predominant indicator of teen onset is sleeping late...spent second summer in northwoods of Wisconsin at Camp Highlands, with achievement credits in sailing, golf, fishing,

camping and archery...hobbies include lapidary and comic books...plays soccer and floor hockey...Boy Scouts...acolyte at St. Christopher's Episcopal Church...theorizes.

"Cecily: 3rd grade...spends most of morning 'rush hour' fixing hair...could be Broadway-bound with role in upcoming production of Oak Park Village Players' 'Grapes of Wrath' (or, 'The Angry Raisins' in the Japanese translation)...stays up later than Mom and Dad, writing and reading stories in bed...sings in girls' choir at church...piano, dance and acting lessons...challenges.

"Penny: Media relations manager at Illinois Masonic Medical Center, dueling with local TV reporters who follow 'Hard Copy' model for broadcast news...birth, death and much in between at major urban hospital..commute is lousy, but books-on-tape help...tries to keep up with Cecily's piano progress...therapy in gardening.

"Bill: Spent much of the year for Jasculca/Terman public affairs firm trying to pave way for casino and theme park project in Chicago, but no dice for '92; now taking wagers on '93, for approval of concept somewhere in the Midwest...modest guitar renaissance, taking flat-picking lessons, clinging to faint hopes of country-rock stardom...does spade work for Penny's gardening therapy.

"Pets: Sad/glad/sad again...Emmett the cat died at age 16...after suitable mourning period, cat hair has returned to furnishings thanks to adoption from animal shelter of young E.J. (for Emmett, Jr.)...E.J. soon did what cats do, devoured Nat's goldfish, Einstein."

'71

Class Agents: Gib Metcalf, Chuck Shorley

**Townie Townsend** was married last August to Jan Heatherington of Baltimore, Md.

## Alumni Authors

**JAY TOLSON '67:** *Pilgrim in the Ruins—A Life of Walker Percy*, 1992 (493 p.), Simon & Schuster, \$27.50.

Based on extensive interviews, written with access to Percy's letters and manuscripts, Jay Tolson has fashioned the first major biography of the writer, an authoritative portrait that brings Percy alive as it illuminates his distinguished body of work. We see Percy's life and his brilliant career against the background of the American South, whose colorful and tragic history is rooted deeply in the hearts and minds of its most talented sons and daughters. With a novelist's eye for character and the judgment of an informed critic, Tolson captures the lifelong drama of genius, always attentive to its artistic, psychological and spiritual dimensions. (Reprinted from book jacket.)



**KEVIN KUEHLWEIN '79,** Editor, *Cognitive Therapies in Action*, 1993, (434 p.), Jossey-Bass Publishers.

This book offers a comprehensive guide to the theories and practices of master cognitive therapists. Presenting original chapters from renowned therapists and scholars who helped to define contemporary cognitive therapy, this book reveals how practitioners can apply a range of strategies, interventions, and techniques in practice. (Reprinted from book jacket.)



This oil on canvas (1992) from *Birch Island* is among the New Works of New York and Nova Scotia exhibit by Robert Seyffert '71 at the Union League Club in New York.



## '72

*Class Agents: Bill Bean, Dave Harms*

On November 8, **Bob Lightburn** married Sheila Barker, who has two daughters, Rachel (12) and Cody (9). Together with his son, Tito (8) and two daughters, Ashley (6) and Kelby (4), they have become a "large" family. Bob really enjoyed seeing many of his old classmates at the 20th Reunion last year.

## '74

*Class Agent: Henry Hauptfuhrer*

An article appeared in the Commentary section of *The Stanford Review* in November, 1992, entitled "Property Rights Better Than Bureaucrats," which was written by **Chuck Olson**. He states, "The enormous problems we have with pollution are a result of the fact that the courts have historically failed to protect private property from pollution." Chuck is the Libertarian Party candidate for Congress in Stanford's District.

## '75

*Class Agent: Ralph Neel*

*Class Correspondent: Louise Dewar*

**Chris Kennedy** is still a lawyer in Portland, Maine. Chris says, "I do mostly commercial litigation, when I am not advising my wife, Lynne, on how to avoid getting fired for her labor agitation." Chris and Lynne have two children—Kendra (5) and Esther (2).

## '76

*Class Agents: Ralph Hickman, Valerie Klingler, Paul Rada, Jiggs Tompkins*

Mary and **Marshall Kent** are living happily in Atlanta, Ga., where Marshall practices law with Land, McKnight & Cohen, and Mary is employed by American Software, Inc. Marshall would like to hear from fellow classmates.

## '77

*Class Agents: Steve Brownlee, Steve Salter, Cathy Wendt*

Another little **Brownlee** joined the clan on January 18—**Steve** and Denise had a boy, William McKay Brownlee, weighing in at 10 pounds, 7 ounces.

**Alexis Foster Reed** wrote that it was great seeing everyone at the Reunion. "All's well in Boston." Alex and husband Mark have a daughter, Helene, born on April 19, 1993.

## '78

*Class Agents: Ashton Richards, Tom Schreppler*

An alumna of Kent School, Inc., Chestertown, Md., **Molly Brogan Judge** joined the faculty there last fall to teach reading and math in the

middle school. After graduating from Lynchburg College with a degree in special education, Molly taught for six years in Kent County in a self-contained special ed classroom before "retiring" to take care of daughters Meggy (5), Haydon (2-1/2) and Paige (1). She says that her education has not stopped. "I never thought that I could possibly learn so much from three children so young, but my experiences have broadened two-fold." Molly is continuing her education at Loyola College where she has only one more class to complete for her master's degree in reading. Molly and her husband, Jimmy, who is a CPA at Anthony & Associates, live in Chestertown.

Lieutenant Commander **Garrett Hart** is currently deployed to the Adriatic, sitting off the coast of the former Republic of Yugoslavia, in support of U.N./U.S. operations there. Garrett writes: "I was promoted in October, having never been to a Tail Hook Convention. I stand watch as a tactical action officer, in charge of sighting the ship."

On December 28, Laurie and **Greg Tonian** welcomed Eric Gregory into the world. He joins sister Christina (6).

Responsible for 28 sales offices all over the world, **Gay Kenney** is the International Travel Manager for the Los Angeles Times.

**David Lawson**, still in San Diego, is looking around for "the perfect child-rearing location (Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado?)."

## '79

*Class Agents: Janet and Bill Luke*

Manuel and **Barbara Klein-Essink Lopez** have a daughter, Sophia, born in November, 1992.

Congratulations to **Janet and Bill Luke**, who had a son, Walker David Luke, on March 15—7 pounds, 13 ounces.

**Ron Tostevin** got married in September and is doing freelance audio-visual work in New York City.

## '80

*Class Agents: Robert Colburn, Robin Gage Lilly*

Babies, babies, babies!

The cover of the birth announcement (complete with Japanese translation) received from Bill and **Judi Skelton Spann** reads: "Made in Japan." They are thrilled to announce the arrival of Dylan Spencer Spann, born on March 14 and weighing 8 pounds 3 ounces. Judi writes, "We're enjoying parenthood—Dylan is adorable (of course) and lots of fun! I can hardly believe we've been in Japan 18 months already—another 18 months to go. We should be back in the States by August 1994. Bill is still very busy as public affairs officer for the Commander, U.S. Naval Forces, Japan. I'm still teaching English to Japanese high school students, after taking a few months' break. We're enjoying traveling all around the Orient."

**Margy Campbell Van Note** and husband Eric proudly welcomed a "beautiful baby girl

named Abby" to their family, born December 22 (**Mark Zachem's** birthday).

From Williamsburg, Va., the news is that **Karen Smith Martin** and husband Kenny had their second child, a boy, Wesley Grey Martin, born on January 13.

Dink and **Robin Gage Lilley** announce the birth of their daughter, Nancy Hale, born on March 31, in Vail, Colo. Robin is "liking being a mommy."

**Vince Spoltore** really enjoys living and working (Biogrow Systems) in Birmingham, Ala. Although he travels a lot, Vince would like to see any SAS alums who might get to the Birmingham area (please call 205-995-3437 or 205-930-0854).

**Tracy King Memmi** is enjoying married life with husband Patrick and working for a municipal finance consulting firm in Paris. She's hoping to hear from some traveling classmates.

Washington, D.C.-based Satellite CD Radio Inc. has appointed **Bill Doherty** as assistant vice president for operations. Bill will oversee the development of administrative and operational procedures, public relations and service applications for the company's system and market planning. He previously served as manager of applications marketing at Comsat Mobile Communications.

**Letitia Hickman Green**, president of Ruth, Green & Associates, a mergers and acquisitions firm in the health care industry, was chosen by Rotary International, the Los Angeles District, to join a team of four other young executives to represent Los Angeles in a "Group Study Exchange" in Holland from April 17 to May 14. The group consists of three women and two men, who will spend four weeks in Holland with host rotarian families touring the business aspects of certain areas of Holland. Letitia will spend her vocational days in Holland examining and touring the health care industry.

Letitia was also elected to a three-year term as a member of the vestry of St. Francis Episcopal Church in Palos Verdes Estates, Calif. She teaches Sunday School to the fifth grade girls and hopes, as the youngest member of the vestry, to make a difference encouraging membership in the twenty to thirty-something group.

Letitia and husband Mark have one son, Kelvin Dana Green, II (1-1/2).

## '81

*Class Agent: Eric Ellisen*

**Karl Saliba** and Marcie Anderson were married on May 24, 1992, and they bought a new house in American University Park, Washington, D.C.

## '82

*Class Agents: Paul Eichler, Arraminta Ware*

**Maria Antonow** keeps busy at her job at the Department of Orthopedics in Emmerich, Germany. She hopes to switch over to surgery

next year. Maria writes: "Next week they'll show *Dead Poets Society* on German TV, and again I will sigh and think of the good times at St. Andrew's. I enjoyed our reunion very much—it was so nice to see everyone again."

**Van Warrington** is a realtor with Hickman Real Estate in Bethany Beach. He and wife Paige have a son, Ryan (1) who "could very well be a candidate for the SAS football team in a few years." He tipped the scales at 25 pounds when he was ten months old.

**Mary O'Shaughnessy Doherty** is living happily in New Hampshire teaching elementary school kids and hiking with her husband, Dan. They enjoyed a cold but snowy winter.

**Hally Mason Stief's** son, John Christian (Jack), was born on March 24, 1993.

## '83

*Class Agents: Nancy Beth Garrett, Boo Percy Peterson, Jill Phillips Rogers*

On November 7, 1992, **Katie Magill** and Mitchell Krapes were joined in holy matrimony in Point Clear, Ala. The happy couple is residing in New York.

Following a traditional ceremony in Taiwan, **Eddie Chang** and Esther Hsiao were married on December 26, 1992, at the Imperial Mandarin Restaurant in San Diego, Cal.

"Leading the vagabond life in film editing," **Plummy Tucker** has been lucky enough to work on two Peter Weir films since *Dead Poets Society—Green Card* and *Fearless*.

**Jackie Paradee** is an attorney for the Delaware General Assembly, House of Representatives in Wilmington, Del.

## '84

*Class Agents: Lou O'Brien Anderson, Stephanie Jones, Mike Whalen*

**Debbie Kingsley** is living in Charlottesville, Va., where she works as a production manager for the world's largest lace company. She is also an E.M.T. on the volunteer rescue squad.



*Mitchell Krapes and Katie Magill Krapes '83 with Sandy McCauley '84 at their wedding on November 7.*



## Michael Atalay '84 Wins Lauterbur Prize

Michael Atalay '84 was the principle author on a five-year research paper which recently won the first prize in an international competition on medical imaging technology. The research produced a non-invasive technique to measure oxygenation in the heart using magnetic resonance imaging (MRI). The **Lauterbur Prize**, named after Paul Lauterbur who introduced MRI technology into medicine, brought \$15,000 for Michael's research project, which utilizes rabbit hearts through which steer blood is pumped at varying oxygenation levels. The ultimate manifestation of the research is hoped to be the non-invasive diagnosis of the human angio system.

Michael received a BA in physics from Princeton University in '88. At Princeton he rowed four years in Princeton lightweight boats which twice won national championships. On the '88

National Champion crew, in which he served as stroke and captain, there were two other former St. Andrews – Michael Zimmer '88 and Bob Scacheri '89. (The three have rowed together at the Henley Royal Regatta three times – once with St. Andrew's and twice with Princeton).

Following graduation from Princeton, he attended the University of Virginia for a year, taking general and organic chemistry classes prerequisites for medical school. In 1989 he matriculated at Johns Hopkins University, where he was awarded a fellowship for the combined MD/Ph.D. degrees, the latter in biomedical engineering. In two to three years he will emerge from Hopkins as "Dr. Dr. Atalay," leaving his father Dr. Atalay SAS '58 far behind.

*Bulent Atalay '58*

The photograph was taken recently when he accompanied his father on a trip to the Aegean Sea.

After graduating from George Washington Medical School in May, **Nada Saliba** was married on June 19 at St. Edmunds in Rehoboth, Del.

**Michael Whalen** recently completed two spots for AT&T, working collaboratively with **Jon Rodgers '75**. The two met last year at the New York Yacht Club at a St. Andrew's campaign event. Polite conversation lead to common ground and follow-up lead to business!

## '85

*Class Agents: Anne Gammons, Graham Houghton, Heather Morrow*

Located in Oak Park, Ill., **Carl Smith** is designing and building applications software systems in the credit card processing industry for Harbridge Merchant Services.

**Chuck Kunz** graduated cum laude from Widener University's School of Law on May 22.

**David Pikus** graduated with an MA from the University of Delaware. He's looking for a job on Capitol Hill—"even though I'm a Republican." David has wedding plans for October.

**Missy Miller** is an artist in San Francisco doing collages/mixed media and trying to get a show.

Although traveling a lot recently for work, **Graham Houghton** was able to send along the following notes:

**Steve Gewirz's** job with the family real estate business is keeping him busy, and he is doing well. Graham sees Steve once in awhile since the two of them are busy with travel. They plan to ride kayaks on the Potomac. They and some friends (including **Marie Nash '86**) were able to see "guitar phenom," Buddy Guy, in April in Washington, D.C.

**Ken Simpler** and his wife, Liz, attended a party several months ago given by **Austin Reed**, who is living in Washington, D.C. Ken and Liz live in Chicago, where they recently finished law school together and are in the process of settling in with new jobs. They look great and are happy. Austin is in the midst of several entrepreneurial pursuits, one of which is related to fine art dealing with water fowl, birds, hunting, etc., works on paper.

Graham talked to **Kim Stoddard** in April. She's in New York City, busy with various artistic pursuits, with her main interest in video.

**Win Goodbody** was in Washington, D.C., for a spell before getting a job in Budapest. His address is: Hungarian-American Enterprise Fund, 1088 Budapest, Rákóczi út 1-3, Hungary. Win was hoping to find work overseas (Eastern Europe).

**Anne Sawyer** and Edmund Chilton were married on December 19 at Christ Church in Christiana Hundred, Delaware.

**Anne Gammons** ran into **Mike English** at the YMCA and found out they live about five blocks apart. Mike is an engineer and has lived in Hoboken, N.J., since he graduated from Columbia. Anne went to Madrid, Spain, after Christmas and stayed with **Kathy Hart**, who lives right in the center of the city. Kathy is teaching English and is completely fluent in Spanish—a great tour guide! Anne also saw **Sandi Kaczmarczyk** in Washington, D.C., in January. She's doing a graduate program in English at Georgetown University. **Keith Keelins**, who is selling Hondas and taking a finance course in Wilmington, sees **David Sheehan** and **Paul Erhardt**. Anne is still teaching in Elizabeth, N.J., where she's on a team to work on restructuring her school.

## '86

*Class Agents: Craig Kiker, Heather Patzman, Matt Traina, Lucy Zimmer*

**Heather Patzman** was in Boston working as a nanny, waiting to hear about grad school in child-care management.

**Chris Odden** was enrolled in a Ph.D. mathematics program at Duke and roomed with **Bentley Burnham '83** this year. He comments: "There's plenty of sun and plenty of basketball down here."

**Craig Kiker** is loving Portland, Ore. He and **Matt Traina** have traveled between Seattle and Portland to see each other.

**Isa Guillemot Dumon** and husband Philippe have a son, Romain, born November 16, 1992. The Dumons are living in Bruges, France (near Bordeaux).

**Edward Hammond** worked on a dual masters program in Latin American Studies (MA) and Community Planning (MS) at the University of Texas. He was the host of the first ever visit by an Aguaruna Indian (from Peru's Amazon) to Texas last fall. This summer he is off to Providencia Island, Colombia. Edward writes: "Austin suits me well—the music and Tex-Mex are unbeatable!"

**Bill Brakeley** was in Phoenix at the Milwaukee Brewers' spring training camp. Having lost last season to his second shoulder surgery, Bill is feeling fine and throwing well. He's looking forward to a successful season in the minors, and then, who knows?

A note from **Chris Tetzeli** states: "If in Charlottesville (Va.) this spring, stop by, especially you, Mags."

**Lucy Zimmer** moved back home to Lynchburg, Va., from Boston in order to take the prerequisite science classes for medical school. She took physics, biology, cell biology, chemistry and Kaplan this year and will be

taking organic chemistry during the summer. In the fall, Lucy plans to apply to medical school for the following fall entrance. Lucy writes, "It's a little unnerving being back in the classroom, especially since my last 'science' class was Bob Colburn's chemistry. I've been working very hard and fortunately my grades have reflected the effort." She has seen quite a bit of **Alex Northrup '87**, who is in Washington, and would love to hear from or see some other familiar faces. Lucy adds, "I miss my SAS ties! The bright spot in my summer is being a bridesmaid for **Anne (Bear) Montesano** when she marries Dan Scheibe (Yale '90) on August 14."

**Suzanne DeMallie** is still knocking them out in public relations and is loving Richmond, Va.

## '87

*Class Agents: Chase Hill, Heather Mallory, Trevor Ortman, Kibbey Perry, Jill Willock Studdiford*

**Jill Willock** and Douglass Studdiford were married in Chestertown, Md., on September 12, 1992. **Kibbey Perry** and **Karen Puppe** attended the wedding. Jill is employed by Coach Leatherware.

After temporarily housesitting for friends near San Diego, **Steve Gratwick** hoped to go to Japan and Hong Kong to teach and possibly work for MTV. He planned to stop and see **Shana Weinhold** in Tahiti this spring on his way. Steve wrote, "Great to see everyone at reunion."

**Greg Doyle** is teaching math and serving as administrative assistant to the dean at the Creative and Performing Arts Middle School in Wilmington, Del. He rowed for the Bachelors Barge Club in Philadelphia, competing at the Head-of-the-Charles and the

Head-of-the-Schuylkill. He also started racing mountain bikes, which is his new athletic passion. Greg was the assistant boys' crew coach at SAS this spring. He is engaged to Allison Hedges of Bear, Del.

After taking a holiday in Germany, **Aili Zheng** returned to school in Norway for a term which included psychology as well as media. She took notes in Norwegian and then translated into English. As there was no Norwegian for foreigners taught this term, Aili spent a lot of time on self-studying Norwegian. Aili states in her letter: "Europe is so different from America! Europeans, especially Norwegians, are very reserved. They are not as open-minded as Americans, and in some ways they are very anti-American. I really had a hard time in the beginning, but now I feel more comfortable with my studies and life here. Although it is a small town, Bergen is the second biggest city in Norway. It is on the west coast, close to the Gulf Stream. It rains all the time! It is not as exciting as American cities, but it has its charm."

A note from **John Page** reads: "A lot has happened since leaving SAS. I graduated from Lehigh University in June of '91, bought a house and car in May of '92, and got engaged. My wedding was on April 30, 1993."

**Pete Laird** is busy working as an outside sales representative for a wholesaler, Boston Pipe & Fitting Co. Inc., acting as secretary of the Mystic River Rugby Club and playing the position of lock. The Mystics have been the New England champs, four years running. They finished second in the nation in the 1991-92 season out in Denver, Colo. He sees **Susan Richmond '88** at the gym in Boston.

**Don Fletcher** is enrolled at East Carolina University working towards a masters in business administration. He's cheering for the Tarheels and the Pirates in the NCAA playoffs. Don writes, "Congratulations to **Harry Tear** on his recent marriage (May 28)."

**Duke Snyder** was recently seen waiting tables at Philadelphia's politically correct White Dog Cafe. He is living with **Wells Constantine** and looking for a real job, although he said he is not sure he wants to give up waiting quite yet—the tips are too good!

## '88

*Class Agents: Jen Hurtt, Richard Vaughan*  
*Class Correspondent: Liz Baxter*

**Rick Patzman** is playing the consummate entrepreneur, running a seven-day-a-week, 8000-paper distribution in central Texas. He loves being his own boss.

**Matt Crowley** is a teacher for Learning Skills and travels to different schools and teaches students how to study and plan. He has been to Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Michigan.

As a teacher (math - Form II and English - Form III) at Kerewan Middle School with the Peace Corps in The Gambia, **Lainie Thomas** (Nyaky, her Mandinka name, is short for Nyakiangyamba Sanyang) really enjoys the lifestyle—carrying water on her head each



St. Andrew's alumni and faculty attending the wedding of Anne Sawyer '85 and Edmond Chilton in December were: Front row, Brad Bates, Peter and Darcy Caldwell, Michael and Camilla Denning, Vivi Rodriguez '85, Ashley Tompkins-Devery '85, Stacey Williams '85, Aimee Herring '85 and Anne Gammons '85. Back row: Tim Young, John and Hannah Lyons, Joan O'Brien, Nancy Whitlock, Jon O'Brien, Gail LeBlanc, Lois Kim, Trina Saltonstall, Ed, Anne, Mel Brown, Kathryn Blenkinsop, Donna Speers, Julietta Torres-Hunt, Hoover Sutton and James Hunt.



Margy Horan '83 and Lainie Thomas '88 with their Gambian neighbors on a boat trip in the Kerewan Bolong.

day, eating with her hands from a communal bowl and not having the stress of her old life back in the U.S. She would love to hear from old friends—U.S. Peace Corps, Box 582, Banjul, The Gambia, WEST AFRICA.

**Alice Duffee Coneybeer** and husband Rob are living outside of Philadelphia, after Rob took a new job in that area. Alice is still working for the federal government, taking classes at the University of Pennsylvania, and working toward a master's degree in historic preservation.

**Debby Ohlson** is teaching art to grades PK-8 at Fredericksburg Academy in Fredericksburg, Va. **Don Woodruff '58** is the headmaster of this new academy.

When Jane Panall decided to do something special in honor of her father's 80th birthday last year, she commissioned her artist nephew, **Mike Hindle**, to draw a family tree on the walls in the stairway of her house in Newburyport, Mass. The result is a two-story tree, set against the backdrop of a Newbury landscape. The mural, done in oils, spans two walls set at a 90-degree angle. The first names of family members will be subtly painted into the limbs of the tree. Mike, who is waiting tables at The Fishmonger's Cafe in Woods Hole, says it took 35 hours to complete the project. Mike says, "It was an inspiration for me to come up here to paint the mural. I would like to do murals as a business and do my own art on the side." Mike's art has recently undergone a stylistic change from realism to abstraction. Mike adds, "I now make my art decisions on mood."

Even while living in France, **Liz Baxter** keeps up with her correspondences and sends the following notes:

**Simon Cherniavsky and Karsten Robbins** are living in Paris. Karsten is working as an assistant to a fashion photographer and building up his portfolio. Simon is dabbling in various fields these days and will be moving to Moscow in June where he has a job waiting for him. **Alexa von Dewitz** was in Paris this winter studying French. The afore-

mentioned individuals along with **Liz Baxter** and **Oliver Wilcox** were able to get together and run amok in Paris in January. **Alix Beith** is backpacking through South East Asia, Australia and New Zealand this year.

Another New Year's has come and gone (on and on 'til the break of dawn) hosted by **Art Butcher** in Philadelphia and enlivened by a visit from the **Duke Snyder '87** party also of Philadelphia. Those members of the Class of '88 present, and somewhat accountable, were: **Tom Akre, Liz Baxter, Catherine Chesney, Cori del Sobral, Scott Hacking, Alex Houghton, Jennifer Jones, Mavis, Susan Stoops, John Vandermyde** and **Oliver Wilcox**.

Rumor has it that **Cathy Bunting** was a first-year law student interested in environmental law. Following an internship with a think tank on the Baltic States, **John Vandermyde** is now working as a broker in Washington, D.C. **Cori del Sobral** will be studying in Scotland this summer at the University of Aberdeen where they have 20 hours of daylight. **Susan Stoops** hopes to spend her summer vacation touring in France, Spain and Portugal with **Liz Baxter** once Liz's stint of indentured servitude is over. Liz is currently working as an au pair in Lyon, France, looking after three little boys and ironing, because "it seemed like a good idea at the time." **Catherine Chesney** is living in Memphis and working in a bookstore while applying to graduate schools for art history. **Alex Houghton** headed back to St. Lawrence in January after taking a year off and working

as a paralegal in New York City.

Does it seem like our class notes are always about the same people? Want to see your name in print? Share some deep dark secret or dull news with your old classmates? Fifteen minutes of fame can be yours for the everyday low, low price of just 29 cents. Just send your news to the Publications Office, c/o Fran Holveck, St. Andrew's School, Middletown, DE 19709-1605, and wait for your popularity to grow.

## '89

Class Agents: Paul Leighton, Marlies Patzman, Barrett Simpson

**Susan Willock** graduated from Boston College in May with degrees in elementary education and human development.

**Marlies Patzman** plans to get a teaching job in secondary education after graduation from Penn State.

**Robb Ellis** is taking a year off to study German and is working in Dusseldorf.

A letter received in March from **Grace An** informed us that she was looking forward to graduation from Bryn Mawr College. At that time, her Honor Board term was coming to an end and she was in the middle of her thesis. She switched her major to French literature and loves it. Grace received a Fulbright Teaching Assistantship that will take her to France next year. She will teach English conversation at a lycee for one year and take courses at a university or do research on a topic of her choice.

**Casey Zimmer** is a senior at Duke and hoping to get into major league baseball—not as a player, of course (ha!), but perhaps sports management or writing. Any tips?

## '90

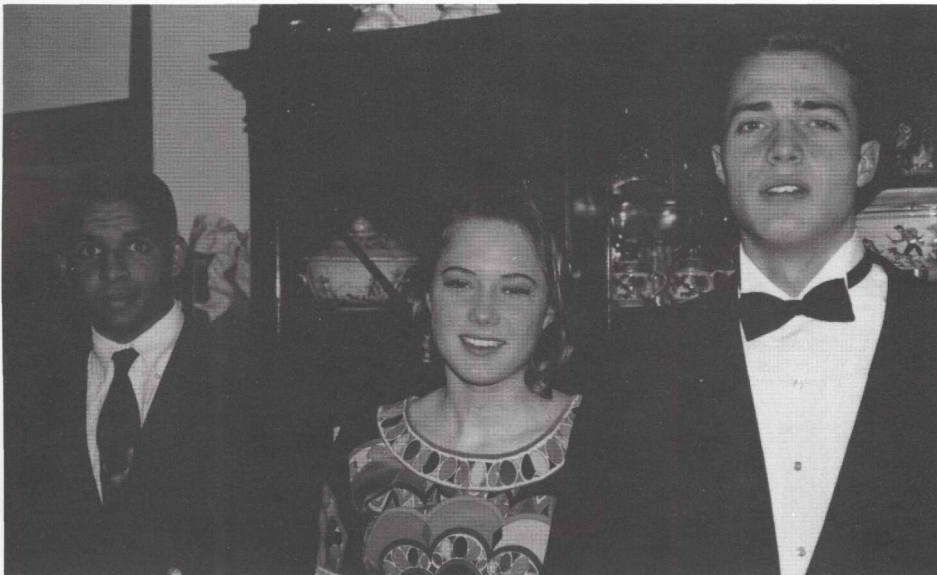
Class Agents: Callen Hurtt, Brian Leipheimer, Carey McDaniel, Greg Rhodes, Nikki Smith

**Molly Sorge** was named a Sarah Williston Scholar at Mount Holyoke College for being in the top fifteen percent of her class at the end of sophomore year. Molly attended the University of Queensland near Brisbane, Australia, as part of her junior year of study abroad. She writes: "While at first it may seem as though Australia is very similar to the United States, once you become involved in the culture and life of the country you realize that it has a completely unique and engaging character of its own. The University itself is

### ST. ANDREANS IN AFRICA

**Manish Agarwal '87** has been added to our list of St. Andreans serving in Africa. Manish has been with the Peace Corps in Lesotho since June of 1991. He is working with an agricultural program. Also, **Louisa Potter** is working in South Africa.

We would like to apologize for a mixup in our facts in the Class Notes special, "4 in Africa," in the last issue of the *Bulletin*. **Elizabeth Baker '88** was in Africa with the Peace Corps on the Ivory Coast, not **Liz Baxter '88** who happened to be visiting there.



*Steven Dean '90 poses with Werner Schleber '91 and his sister, Lexi, while visiting them in Munich in March, before leaving for a ball.*

quite large with 28,000 students; in contrast to American colleges, the vast majority of the students live in off-campus housing. Only one percent live on campus in what are known as 'colleges.' The colleges, of which there are nine, exist as separate from the University itself. They are somewhat of a cross between a fraternity house and a dorm. Each college has its own character and serious rivalries are long-standing traditions. My own college, St. John's, is a wonderful place. College life includes social, cultural and sporting events. College teams compete against one another and the colleges occasionally come together for social events.

"While my time at University (or 'Uni') has been wonderful and educational, I feel that my traveling has added a dimension to the experience which has been invaluable. I traveled further up the coast to the Great Barrier Reef. I never thought I would see fish of such vivid and varied colors, much less swim with them! The coral was breathtakingly beautiful. I snorkeled for hours and would readily go back and spend more time...I had a wonderful time exploring the rainforests as well...I loved every minute I spent traveling, especially meeting people from every corner of the world. I stayed in backpackers' hostels, which are the cheapest accommodation possible, and which give you the opportunity to meet other people backpacking through the country. I got to know many fascinating people from countries such as England, Germany, Canada, Holland, Sweden, Switzerland and Scotland. Study abroad has given me the chance to find out about a new world, and I recommend the experience to anyone—it's well worth a year."

**Sunita Barhan** spent a few days in Belgium with the International Relations Club at LSE (London School of Economics) and had a great time. Her group spent a day at NATO being briefed on all the current issues.

**Stefan Moday** attended Hobart College in Geneva, N.Y. this year.

**EARL WALKER '90** scored a major upset in the first round of the NCAA Wrestling Championships in Ames, Iowa, in March by defeating the number one seed and unbeaten Matt Lindland of the University of Nebraska, 13-4. It was the first time in 15 years that a number one seed lost in the first round of the tournament. Unfortunately, Earl lost in the second round to Doug Taylor of West Virginia; but he rebounded to win two consolation matches decisioning Scott Pette of Indiana 12-5 and pinning Andy Leathers of Boise State.

Earl, a junior in his first year at Boston University, was 27-5-1 overall this season and won the New England Wrestling Championship qualifying him for the NCAA Tournament, placed second in the Central Connecticut Open and finished fifth in the Ohio Open, the largest collegiate wrestling tournament in the country.

## '91

*Class Agents: Melissa Batie, Kelly Hoopes, Dave Rich, Rowland Stebbins*

**Kate Crowley** finished her second semester at the "school in the hills"—Middlebury. She is narrowing down her major, possibly environmental study. Her concentrations were skiing and hiking, except when it's muddy.

As a sophomore at Princeton this year, **Thad McBride** continued to display his talents on the soccer field by helping propel the Tigers to their first win ever on Rutgers's home turf. Thad, a midfielder, was an all-Ivy pick as a freshman.

**Steve Dean '90** visited **Werner Schleber** and his family in Munich, Germany, in March. Werner's mother writes: "Werner has made an excellent Abitur, which means that he can

study whatsoever and wherever! But instead of starting right away, he will join the army on July 1, and is accepted at the elite troupe of a sort of ranger and parachute academy near the Lake of Constance. He is very proud of this and just rushes back to his beloved country, the United States, to stay in Houston until then."

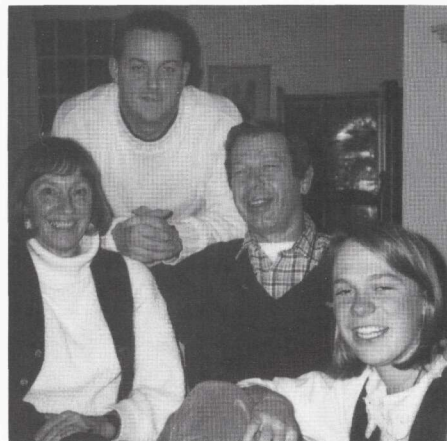
## '92

*Class Agents: Carey Albertine, Stephanie Gibson, Emily O'Brien*

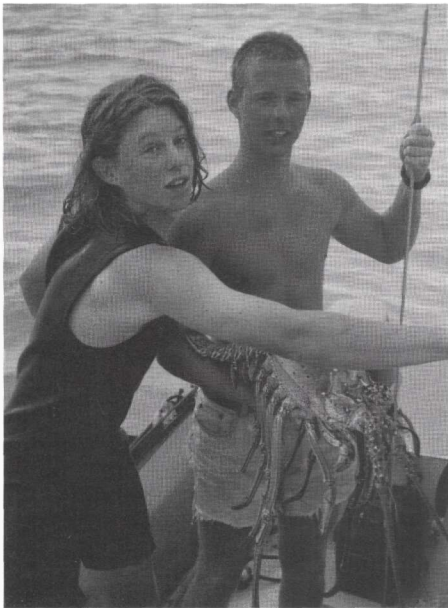
At Wesleyan University's football banquet, among the recipients of varsity football letters was **Troy Robinson**, a freshman back-up quarterback. Troy saw action in all eight of Wesleyan's games last fall (4-4 team record). In Wesleyan's season opener, he was named Freshman of the Week in recognition of his running (78 yards on 10 rushes) and passing (two completions for 18 yards). As part of Wesleyan's punt-coverage squad, Troy twice broke through the opposing line to block punts.

At Roanoke College, **Jon Goldstein** was selected as a recipient of the Faculty Scholarship, which recognizes the academic quality of those individuals who are selected as finalists in the Scholars Program. Roanoke College is a co-educational liberal arts and sciences college with an enrollment of 1,650. It was founded in 1842 and is the second oldest Lutheran-related college in the nation.

**Emily O'Brien** writes: "I am holding true to form at Davidson College and doing everything possible to procrastinate. The year has gone quickly, and it feels like ages since I left SAS. I spent a weekend with **Tricia Harris** at the University of Georgia in February. School itself is very hard; but then again, after the first few months of goofing off and doing nothing, I got involved and now I am very busy. I managed the women's basketball team this winter and sang the national anthem at all of the Davidson home games. This spring I got myself in shape, and I am currently playing on Davidson's first NCAA Division I lacrosse team. I am failing calculus for the second time



*The Crowleys gather at home: Suki, Matt '88, Dan and Kate '91.*



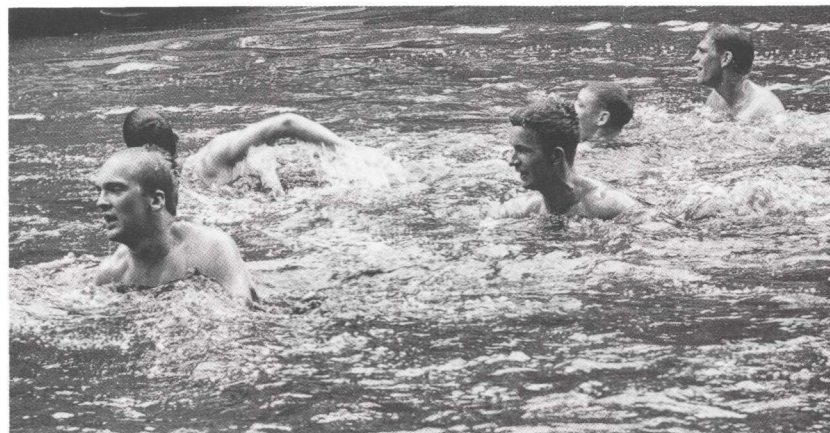
*During a year of traveling, Hardy Gieske '92, here with David Blanton '92, enjoyed spearfishing in places such as the Caribbean Islands.*

and plan to possibly major in political science. I hope all is well at SAS."

In March, **Hardy Gieske** checked in to relay his latest adventures in a letter entitled "Aboard 'Hey Jude.'" He writes: "I am presently in St. John, U.S. Virgin Islands. The trip began July 1, 1992, when we left Easton, Md., bound for Maine. My parents and I spent July and August cruising Maine's beautiful coastline. **David Blanton** joined us August 30 and made the trip back home arriving September 19. After a month of preparation and repairs, the four of us set out once again, this time bound for Venezuela. We navigated the Intracoastal Waterway to Florida and crossed over to the Bahamas in early December. After Christmas, David decided to take a separate route on other boats at his own pace. We have maintained close contact since. My parents and I then moved on to the Turks and Caicos, Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, and now the Virgin Islands. We have covered a grand total of 4800 miles. Soon we will cross over to the Caribbean Islands: St. Maarten/Martin, St. Barts, Antigua, Guadeloupe, Martinique, Trinidad, and eventually Venezuela. The trip will end for me in August when I move on to Duke University, but my parents plan to continue. So far, this trip has been incredibly educational, and I highly recommend it to students who want to take a break and try long-term traveling in a unique, relaxing and enlightening fashion. As you can see by the enclosed picture, the spearfishing is bountiful, too. The only problem is that I'm dying for mail. Please write to me at: P.O. Box 1359, Easton, MD 21601."

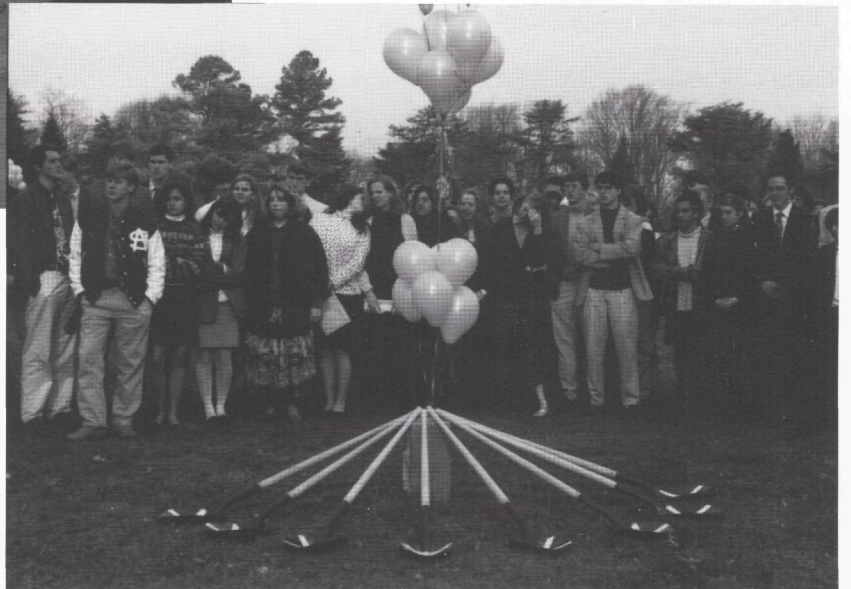
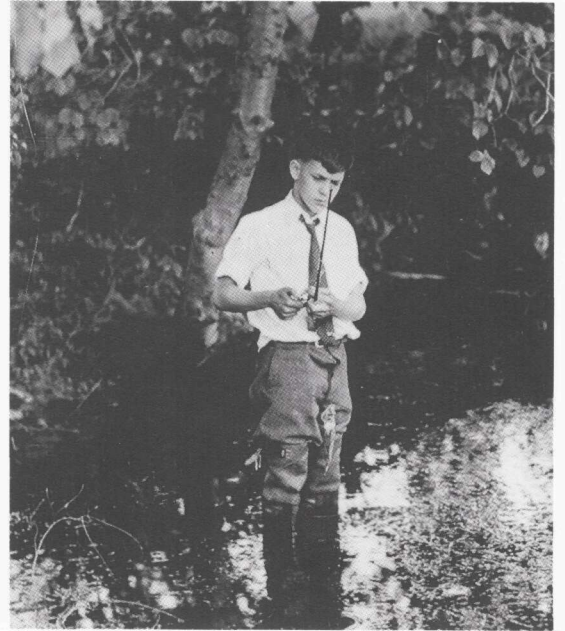
**Larry Court '62** sent a report on sons **John and Brian**: "John is cox of First Freshman 8 and enjoying Cornell, now that the snow is gone. Brian travels all of Florida's Sun Coast playing Jax Lax (lacrosse). Both will make it through their freshman year in good style."

## From waterfront to poolside ...





## St. Andrew's makes a splash!



*Back Cover: At the swimming pool's dedication ceremony last May, Headmaster and good sport Jon O'Brien, urged by dedication ceremony guests Amy Barto '86, George Baxter '54, Buck Brinton '61, Randy Brinton '64, Frank Giammattei '47, Ed Hammond '60, Louise Howlett, John Hukill '50, Skip Loessner, Nan and Simon Mein, Billy Paul '64, and Henry Silliman, raised \$2400.00 toward the pool operation endowment Fund by diving in and christening the pool in his grey flannels.*

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