TIME TO REMEMBER

A BIOGRAPHY OF

ST. ANDREW'S SCHOOL

FROM THE 1950s

TO

THE 1980s

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The self-evident role of a preparatory school is to provide a liberal education, a solid academic foundation, for continuing studies elsewhere. It succeeds, Jon O'Brien says, in direct proportion to the quality and dedication of its faculty. The first two chapters in this section examine academia and those responsible for teaching and evolution of program. Faculty look upon their years at St. Andrew's as their most formative, both professionally and personally, for being a schoolmaster requires more than being a classroom teacher. Whatever their tenure, the school is home for faculty and their families. For a few, it is the only lifetime profession they will ever know.

"No aspect of the school's extracurricular program asserts a greater influence on school morale than athletics," wrote Bill Cameron. Speaking of the school's founding, he explained, "that athletics would form the major portion of the extra curricular program was a foregone conclusion. The game is an object in itself, not a means to some other end. Factors beyond the factor of victory have determined the policy." Chapter 10 touches upon both teams and some of these factors, as well as the fun and rewards of athletic contests.

A boarding school is largely a student world, a residential community of adolescent leaders governing their adolescent peers. Recollections of school life often reveal events and individuals more clearly, and in a more balanced perspective, than during school days. Chapter 11 tells of order and disorder, friendship and discord, and the effect of individuals upon one another. Looking back reveals a short time in life that most alumni and alumnae would not exchange for any other.

PART III

A Complex Fabric

Chapter 8

Excellence the Rule and Dedication

When the school was young and small, its pulse was palpable in the long, dark corridor of Founders' Hall, stretching from dining room to auditorium. Even today, one has only to walk along the worn polished flagstones, passing between oak wainscoting and pictures slightly askew on the rippled plaster, to hear the beating heart. It is the sound of classes in session.

Walking down that corridor forty-five years ago was like channel surfing. Each classroom contained a large grille that led into a cavernous air-circulating system and acted as a huge PA system, wafting the sounds of classes in session (and private conversations) far down the hall. Voices soft and loud, cultivated and rasping, summoned forth Cicero, Marlowe, Rameses II, Cromwell, electrical circuitry and frog metabolism.

There is the mellifluous voice of Blackburn Hughes. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," he coaxes. In earlier years "Bull" Cameron had shaped writers by force and example in that same corridor. There may never have been a more influential and inspiring a teacher of the English language. Dexter Chapin (1963) says, "In our senior year Cameron assigned us five hundred words a night to write on anything, plus a major essay each week. And the guy handed them back every day; I don't know how he did it." Cameron's written comments always pointed out "what word to use and how to use it."

Not everyone saw Bill Cameron the same way. Phil Persinger (1970) calls him "a cross between Chips and Mussolini." A 1950s student declares, "Unless you were a jock and a wrestler, he really wasn't interested in you." An alumnus of the 1960s holds that there were people who loathed him.

"The thing I remember most about Cameron," says Will Grubb (1959), "was that he seemed to be Mr. Gruff on the outside, but was like a marshmallow inside. He was as strong as an oak, but could bend like a willow."

Held over to work off disciplinary marks, Jon Smith (1965) was obliged to perform minor duties for the school. He recalls, "Mr. Cameron, in charge of discipline, was therefore also in charge of envelope-stuffing. My eye caught the name of the Reverend Hugh Clary, who had, alas, reached the end of his allotted span. 'Mr. Cameron,' I said, 'we can't send this. He's dead.' Cameron tossed the letter onto the mounting pile. 'Maybe they'll send it on to him,' he growled."

Smith recalls Black Hughes's "combination of civility and angst which struck awe and respect into every student I knew, and the little ways he had of letting the world know he didn't take *everything* seriously mostly went over my head. I always thought the 'Time, gentlemen, time,' with which he started English classes came out of some deep university tradition. Then I started hearing it with exactly the same intonation—at closing time in English pubs."

Hughes remained a bachelor. His civility was so innate, some faculty thought, that he simply was too *polite* to ask a young woman to marry him. He always sought attractive female friends, however. In 1957 he wrote to Howard Schmolze, "Going to Paris on August 27th. England and Scotland have been fun, but I am ready for a different area—*Bring on the girls!*"

Skilled writers and surprised new devotees of literature emerged from Chris Boyle's classes alert to nuances in his superb instruction, to the material at hand—and to the possibility he would put chalk in the ashtray while attempting to write on the blackboard with his cigarette. That was mild compared to an episode recorded by Frank Merrill (1971): "One day he apparently lost count of his cigarettes. He already had one lit in the ashtray on his desk and proceeded to pull out and light another. He took a puff from that one, waved it around in the air as he used his hands to emphasize a point. He then set this second cigarette down in the ashtray next to the first one. A couple of minutes later, he pulled out a *third* cigarette, lit it, took a puff, and stuck both it and the lighter into his pocket! It was several minutes before order was fully restored."

Chris Boyle knew his stuff and how to present it. As

The worth of every school must ultimately be measured by the caliber of its teachers.

—Jonathan B. O'Brien

the Reason

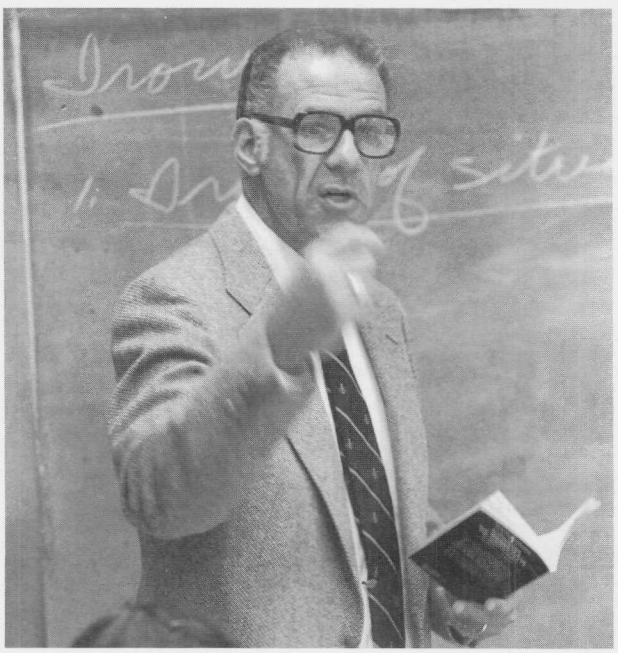
J. D. Harris (1965) puts it, "He kicked my ass until I got things right."

Appointed in February 1970 as the third chairman of the English Department (Cameron and Baum preceded him), Boyle was appreciated by his departmental faculty for exemplary guidance, never wielding too firm a hand in forcing curricular changes, yet demonstrating goals that all shared. When newcomers arrived just out of college, he gently and effectively coached them as they developed confidence. John Niles remembers Boyle as "a very good classroom man. He gave me a sense of how to present material—things as basic as waiting for an answer in the silence of the classroom."

Boyle's recollections of the English Department from the 1950s to the 1970s show a young teacher coming of age.

> I remember the feeling of comfort I had in the tremendous structure of the English Department in those early years: every item to be taught was laid down in Cameronian prose in syllabi of incredible length. I worked most with Ches and Black and saw little of Bill. Every once in a while he would call a department meeting in his office, and we would troop down there (me still scared of him) and do our business. It was never solemn, but very serious: Ches laughed a lot and cracked jokes and puns; Black was the Charleston gentleman; I was taking it all in and having the time of my life....
>
> It was two or three years before I began to feel how stifling and old-fashioned Bill Cameron's curriculum really was. For him, it seemed, English literature stopped with Matthew Arnold (mid-19th century at the latest); nothing modern, nothing American.... I began to suggest to Chester and Black that.... it might be better to concentrate on more teachable works than *Silas Marner* and snippets of everything from *Beowulf* to Arnold. Gradually we began to replace pieces of Bill's curriculum with more modern things, *Catcher in the Rye*, for example, instead of Bill's great love, *Peregrine Pickle*, an 18th-century novel by Smollett, which neither I nor anyone I know has ever to this day read.
>
> About this time, Waldy left and Bob Moss arrived. Bill Cameron moved up to assistant headmaster, handing over the department for Ches to run.... It was under Chester that I really thrived. His wit infected me and we laughed at the same sorts of things. We taught next to one another in Rooms 10 and 12, socialized, drank together, tried to write funny poems and essays....
>
> Tina Hemphill was the most successful woman in the English Department. She was young and had a sympathetic ear for some of the malcontents and disaffected students at a time of great ferment and turmoil.

"One snowy day in February," a girl from the class of 1980 remembers, "we gathered snowballs and hardened them in our warm hands under the desk. When Mr. Boyle got to the front of the room, I said, 'Mr. Boyle, this class would like to show you our appreciation for the assignment you gave us last class.'



Chris Boyle in full cry.

We all stood up and threw. Mr. Boyle did a bend-and-tuck and, in the true spirit of teaching at a school where growing up, feelings, and academics are so inextricably intertwined, looked angry and then laughed and we got down to business."

Not all outstanding English teachers were prominent or chaired the department, and not all needed a firm guiding hand. Tina Hemphill always knew what she was about. E. Louie Crew—forerunner of the kind of attentive faculty St. Andrew's actively sought in the O'Brien years—took the timid and unsure to new worlds of expression. Hitherto, faculty cared about students, but did little with and for them outside scheduled hours and events. Louie drove them to town, to the theater and concerts, and was a bulwark of reassurance to students adrift in a residential academic world they had difficulty comprehending. He remained at St. Andrew's only three years, but the alumni who remember and write of his kindness and concern are legion.

Ed Strong (1966) remembers "the inspired craziness of E. Louie Crew's [classroom] sessions," as does Jon Smith (1965). "He once collected a poetry assignment, hit on mine (a long, alliterative ballad), read it, and gave it a 98 on the spot (to a flight of phallic fingers around the room). 'God gets 100,' he used to say, 'Jesus Christ gets 99; the best the rest of us can do is 98.'"

Jerry Fogle (1967) writes, "Thanks to the likes of Louie Crew, Jacques Sellschop, and Chester Baum, I emerged confident as a writer. For about a month, IV English with Mr. Sellschop featured an almost daily critique of a poem. This sort of rigor I have not heard of elsewhere, and I remember it best of all class-related activities."

In these English classrooms, St. Andreans discovered the wealth of their language. Men and women removed from the school for years, now deeply immersed in technology, law, finance, or science, learned how to express themselves and how to plumb the riches of literature. It is common to hear an alumnus say, with modest astonishment, that his peers communicate with difficulty.

It wasn't always an English teacher who awakened a student to the beauty of language. The Reverend Ned Gammons, a brilliant history teacher, associate chaplain, and instructor in sacred studies, remains vivid in the mind of English professor and novelist Philip Gerard (1973): "Mr. Gammons made sacred studies a fascinating sort of detective game, as we attempted to uncover meaning from its cloak of mysterious and archaic language, and first showed me the unmatchable elegance of King James English."

There were loci in that long, dark corridor where the pulse thundered. One well-known spot was the English classroom, directly next to the old biology lab. The voice that reverberated behind the thick walls came through loud and clear, despite masonry worthy of a medieval castle. When Ches Baum was in full cry—which he was almost daily—everyone was treated to the wealth of English literature and the failures of student writers to put their thoughts in order. On the football field, in the wrestling arena, in faculty meetings, and in the classroom, Baum knew nothing of sotto voce. His volume controls consisted of loud, louder, and *louder.*

Russell Chesney (1959) remembers Baum "as a great teacher, because he was so well defined, so enthusiastic and so magnetic." Bill Stevenson (1962) "loved the guy. He emulated Bull Cameron in style, but had his own charm. He imported humor to his classes. Life was *very serious* there in my day. Chester managed to make it all a grain of salt."

Interviewed by the *Cardinal* after he had announced his intention to leave after thirty years, Ches Baum said, "My greatest academic achievement has consisted of getting papers read, commented on, and back in the hands of students before the atmosphere of the classroom becomes positively mutinous. The best teaching I have done has been accomplished by staying out of the way of the avid learner. What does one do about learners who are not avid? Well, fortunately you did not ask for my most significant failures."

Jack Vrooman and John Moses remained as much-admired English teachers for several years, but younger men came and went. Tim Rodd and John

Baum: " Mr. Dunbar, how did you enjoy *The Mayor of Casterbridge?"*
Dunbar: "Sir, I think that *The Mayor of Casterbridge* eats it!"
Baum: "Mr. Dunbar, I am not sure that I heard you correctly, but I am sure that Thomas Hardy must have a message even for you."

Honiss were two who did especially well in the short time they were at St. Andrew's, but Larry Bowersox tried teaching avant garde courses that were not well received, either by students or his departmental overseers. He was bright enough, but had little sense of humor and was often the butt of insensitive jokes.

One of two Ph.D. English instructors at the time, John D. Garvick resented serving under a chairman who did not have a doctoral degree and had not taught at the college level, and referred to himself as "the Philosopher in Residence" at St. Andrew's. After Boyle left in 1981, the responsibility of chairman devolved briefly upon Garvick (his name by now altered to Garrick). He played to the very best of the older students, who responded enthusiastically, but those less talented remained in the doldrums. For him teaching was "a series of rear-guard actions to be fought with determination."

The other Ph.D. instructor, C. Webster Wheelock, was a kindly and gentle lover of the arts, an intellectual for whom secondary school English students were larval mysteries, difficult to teach. Under the patient coaching of Jon O'Brien, Wheelock found his metier. When Garrick left in 1984, Will Speers took over the department and together with a group of powerful young teachers was largely responsible for restoring the luster of the past. The department's strong tradition continued with Will and Donna Speers and Tad and Elizabeth Roach, Elizabeth succeeding Will as chair in 1988.

Will Speers's effectiveness as a teacher was recognized beyond the campus when in 1991 he went to the White House to receive the Distinguished Teacher award. The honor was underscored by the presence of his student Laura Shaffer (1991), who was one of that year's Presidential Scholars.

Speers exemplifies the multiple roles a St. Andrew's teacher plays. Once sixth formers were depressed over the expulsion of a peer. "No one felt much like talking in class," says Marnie Stetson (1983). "Mr. Speers stopped and read Shel Silverstein's *The Giving Tree*. Nothing profound, nothing to discuss, simply a peace offering, his way to show he cared. The faculty do it again and again, year after year, giving a little piece of themselves to every student."

Two years later, when four girls were dismissed for drinking, it was Tad Roach's turn to provide solace to students. Erica Stetson (1985), Marnie's sister, remembers: "We were angry—and we were scared. Our eyes looked down as Mr. Roach entered the room to start our English class. Some looked down to hide our tears, some because we felt betrayed by the administration and by those girls. St. Andrew's had become a contest between seniors and the faculty. Mr. Roach ended the rivalry. 'Forget *Godot*,' he said. 'Let's talk.'"

They talked the entire period and in the end identified their sense of loss, for themselves and for their "booted" classmates. Once more a sensitive teacher had helped students cope with their anguish.

Will Speers and Tad Roach, who joined the faculty together in 1979, shared the same apartment and the same classroom. "One of us would come up to the apartment after a difficult class and say, 'Boy, the shit just hit the walls,' and die," Will remembers. "And that would save me when I was going through my preparation and it would save him when he was going into his class." Many of their predecessors had benefited from camaraderie of this sort when they were starting out, including Broadbent and Vrooman, Chamblin and Amos, Hughes and Ten Broeck, and, no doubt, nearly all of the first faculty, few of whom were married at the time they started teaching.

Elizabeth Roach arrived on campus directly out of college in 1981 with no teaching experience and rose to head the English Department in 1988. She writes: "One of the hardest things for me was finding a place to fit in terms of being a wife of someone on the faculty and also being a part of the faculty. There were some young single women on the faculty, and a lot of wives of faculty members, but not many who were both full-time faculty and wives. A lot of times I was referred to as a faculty wife—which I was—but I was also a full-time faculty member."

The English curriculum has changed less over the years than the curricula of other departments. In 1957, the year before Bob Moss arrived, it read word for word as it had fifteen years earlier; only the choice of Shakespeare plays, novels, and poetry varied before being repeated a few years later. Second formers were drilled in grammar and spelling, third formers reviewed fundamentals of composition and studied *Julius Caesar* and *David Copperfield*. Fourth formers were introduced to English poetry, drama, and novels and the rudiments of composition. Fifth and sixth formers had more rigorous training in composition as they studied major essays, novels, and poetry.

Forty years later, Caesar still found his way into the

Third Form and the powerful emphasis upon composition remained. Reading nowadays ranges across a broader spectrum, with more American authors represented and female and minority authors taking their rightful places among literary greats. In the late 1980s, advance upper formers elected term-long seminars on traditional and contemporary affairs, from "Literature of South Africa" to "The Heroine in 19th Century Literature." Public speaking, expository writing, and accelerated sections were part of the curriculum.

Let history answer

—Thomas Jefferson

The old corridor was equally the home of historians. Here Dick Hillier brought the ancient world to life so vividly that other students and faculty often spent free periods sitting in on his classes.

Dick's classroom was a mini-museum, a gem that admissions tours never failed to visit. Over the years he built a large collection of posterboard panels, each depicting a facet of the ancient world or of early America. They were stored in outward-slanting cabinets Dick designed for the purpose, above which were glass-fronted cases displaying objets d'art and artifacts. Many were authentic archaeological treasures; others were replicas. A two-thousand-year-old ceramic vessel, a whistling *waco* from South America, made the front page of the *Cardinal* in 1960.

Dick constructed a detailed model of an entire Greek theater in miniature, surrounded by tiny olive trees and rocks. There was the great temple of Karnak, with its perfect hieroglyphics and painted figures. Students crowded into Hillier's classroom to inspect the displays, which he changed regularly to keep pace with his courses. How he managed to store such wealth in his office and classroom no one knew, but every week or two, busts and posters and flags and tools and statuettes and rare letters or scrolls appeared.

In Hillier's inviting office, books on colonial shelves (built by him) were interspersed with small classical figures. Pictures on the wall were priceless originals. Deep leather armchairs invited visitors to instant relaxation.

Hillier's scholarship produced a large textbook on ancient history. Had it been written earlier, it would have found a wide audience; but by the time he sent it off to publishers hardly a school could be found that included ancient history in its curriculum, filled now with "social studies" and world history survey courses. The handful of independent schools still offering ancient history continued to use the same text by Breasted that even the most senior St. Andrew's faculty had studied from many years before. His book now reposes in the school archives, donated after his death by his son Rick (1963).

As chairman of the History Department, Hillier made sure that young minds were opened to certain events of the past in precise chronological sequence. Ancient history must be taught only to third formers; no one but a sixth former could possibly comprehend the convolutions of United States history. English and European history interested him less, but they had to be taken in that order during Fourth and Fifth forms, and woe to the student applicant who attempted to reverse the sequence. For a fourth former to take European history required very nearly an act of God.

The Reverend Edward B. Gammons, Jr., who headed the department for a single year, was the only one to break the traditional sequence and offer an elective course, "America in Crisis, the 20th Century," an alternative to the rigid U.S. history requirement at the Sixth Form level.

At the same time his classes were filled to capacity, Hillier ran the job system as efficiently as the school has seen. Despite an unending supply of reports and papers to correct, or the preparation of new displays for his classroom, he always welcomed visitors. Dick Hillier, the epitome of a Virginia gentleman, filled his life with grace, ready to challenge others in lively conversation. Students or faculty colleagues could go into his office on no vital mission at all, sink into one of the luxurious blue leather chairs, and talk as though there was nothing more important to do. He was never too busy to stop what he was doing to talk about school affairs, his subject, and whatever concerned those with whom he spoke.

Pistis Kai Episteme, faith and learning, the school motto states; but in that original teaching hall it might as well have been laughter and learning. For all its somber grandeur, the long corridor was a gladsome place. Why were George Broadbent's English history sections always packed? Because Broadbent was as familiar with the behind-the-scenes lives of royalty as if he had stood for centuries behind palace tapestries

taking it all in. England always had its Charleses and Dianas, Andrews and Fergies: George knew every one of them. Frank Merrill (1971) remembers, "He would come up with the most hilarious, ribald, or unbelievable bits of information to spice up the course content. There were times when I left the room thinking the man was mad, but when I checked it out, he was right on the money." The gleeful sounds that erupted from his classroom day after day testified to the joyousness of learning. Tim Bayard (1962) "can't think of St. Andrew's without George Broadbent there. His small afternoon gatherings have always remained with me as some of my happiest SAS memories."

Henry Hillenmeyer (1961) remembers "being chastised when not properly prepared. George Broadbent asked me a question one day in a European history course. Not knowing the answer, I proceeded to spew five minutes of total B.S. in an attempt to answer. He finally stopped me and said, 'Hillenmeyer, I have just two things to say to you—Balls.'"

"Uncle George listened to what you had to say," recalls Marshall Craig (1962). "He might have thought it was blather, but he accorded it the respect of an attentive ear. Until proven otherwise, you were regarded as a responsible individual. Uncle's anger was all the more to be feared, because he absolutely knew the name of the game. You could not bullshit him."

Just before he retired Broadbent finally explained his nickname. He had been chaperoning a dance between a group of St. Andrew's boys and some girls from other schools. One of the girls was Lili Pell, Waldy's youngest daughter. She ran up to Broadbent, exclaiming, "Oh, George!" Seeing the look on the boys' faces as an attractive sixteen-year-old enthusiastically kissed their dorm master, she added, "Oh, I guess I should call you *Uncle* George!" Uh-huh, the boys thought—and from then on he was Uncle George to every St. Andrean.

George Broadbent was caught off guard only once. Librarian Dick Barron had just received a new book and, after a cursory glance told him that it dealt with eighteenth-century England, he directed it to Broadbent. A student delivered it to Uncle George, who idly opened it and began to read. Eyes bulging, he turned beet red and slammed the book shut. *Fanny Hill* never made it to the library shelves, but it made the rounds of the faculty.

Uncle George.

Nan and Simon Mein.

With Dick Hillier's departure in 1970, a permanent chairman for the History Department was needed. Ned Gammons filled in for one year, Chip Snowden for the next, but it wasn't until Robert E. Dobson arrived in 1973 as admissions director that the department's organization was once more complete. He remained chairman for several years.

From her arrival in 1972 Nan Mein was a scholar-resident of the old instructional corridor. At first she taught English, but from her second year into the 1990s she offered courses in history that have not been surpassed. Their range was astonishing, from medieval times to the present. When the lovely faculty coffee room was finally converted to a classroom, it became Nan's—gracious and untidy, cluttered with the presence of history. The force of her intellect, her rich expression, her resources and experience made for memorable courses.

I am glad that if I had to be miserable my junior and senior years, at least I learned to think, to work, and to study in the process. The courses were incredible—I was challenged and I loved it. SAS gave me an enthusiasm for learning that I still have.

—Debbie Kingsley (1984)

Nan was on the students' side. Decision makers in the hierarchy above were as much a burden to her as to the youngsters. Students remember her famous comment to her history class, "We have to have a test. *They* make us have a test. Sorry. If you don't tell anyone, we'll just make it a paper and you can do it on your own." Nan was not only beloved, but one of the most effective teachers the school has known. Under her benign but scholarly authority, students *learned*.

Some of what *she* learned from *them* is found in her notebook:

> Being taller than the average height, Henry VIII appeared powerful and masculine, with legs of strength.
>
> As Mary Boleyn gave her virginity to the king unrelentingly, she did also with other courtiers.
>
> Knowledge of Mabel's proficiency in poisoning was well known, and people stayed away from her.
>
> What are some biological reasons for the most obvious differences between people? The environment; a cold climate tends to make small chubby people. A hot environment makes tall black bony people.
>
> The wind which blows off the Indian Ocean, bringing a season of rain, is called the bassoon.

"Mrs. Mein served as a role model for many of us," Sue Moon (1976) writes. "She was a strong person with a forceful personality, extremely intelligent, opinionated, and a creative teacher. When Senator Arlen Specter spoke at St. Andrew's, Mrs. Mein challenged him about his involvement with Senator Joseph McCarthy. We aspired to be like her!"

After Bob Stegeman arrived in 1978 he took over the old masters' library. This room had seen many uses through the years, almost none of them as a library, for the books and periodicals it contained interested no one.* It held some of the school archives in handsome wall cabinets decorated and assembled by shop teacher Harry Labour, and an illuminated display case for artifacts and documents relating to school history. It once was the meeting place for the old faculty Executive Committee that set school policy, and served as a theater for the school's first television set. Faculty and their families gathered to watch Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca or football games on the cumbersome, grainy screen. We saw a minor bit of history when Douglas MacArthur gave his histrionic "Old soldiers never die" speech to Congress. (Students were invited to watch from time to time, but instantly gave up seats should faculty enter the room.)

Together, Bob Stegeman and Nan Mein began "opening things up a bit more." Their Western civilization course, planned for a full year before it was finally offered, quickly became one of the school's most popular history courses. Alexandra Sargent (1985) remembers it as one of the best she had at school. Under Stegeman's leadership, there was an attempt to incorporate anthropology, economics, philosophy, and the new discipline of social history into all history courses. With his enthusiastic support, in 1984 Nan Mein offered "Introduction to Chinese Civilization," which a year later grew into the broader "History and Culture of East Asia." She later served as chair of the department for three years, from 1988 to 1991.

One of her former students, Ashton Richards (1978) returned as a faculty member in 1983 and remained for nine years, teaching U.S. and European history with verve and enthusiasm. His roles as a dormitory supervisor and as coach of crew and wrestling brought him further popularity.

Each year Bob Stegeman took a select group to the Model UN in Washington, a national high school imitation of the United Nations. Their first year St. Andrew's students got into midnight shenanigans in

*Walden Pell insisted on subscribing to the massive *Journal of Educational Research*, which he thought would do the faculty some good. The only paper I recall was a doctoral dissertation on the most effective placement of pencil sharpeners in a classroom, complete with graphs and charts showing traffic flow.

the Sheraton Hotel that almost brought the school's participation in the enterprise to a permanent end. The episode created an enormous stir back on campus, but did not happen again and the Model UN became an annual event.

John L. Lyons, chairman of the department in 1991, was brought to St. Andrew's in 1985 to revive Dick Hillier's emphasis upon U.S. history. He completely revised the course and all teachers in that subject now use a common syllabus. His offerings in advanced American history and the study of Constitutional law challenged able and interested students. Augmenting the emphasis the English Department places on accurate and skillful expression, the department under his aegis agreed on common expectations in standards of writing.

Lois and Coerte Voorhees.

Let the clever ones learn Latin

—Winston Spencer Churchill

The long corridor echoed with conjugations and Caesar's campaigns for many years before classics made a temporary thirteen-year departure to the New Wing, later returning to occupy Dick Hillier's old classroom.

Coerte "Vultch" Voorhees, who held the classics chair from the school's founding to his departure in 1962, had a relaxed, somewhat irreverent teaching style. Those who took his classes acquired a taste of linguistic discipline and of the richness of Roman culture, even more so after he returned from a year in Greece as a Fulbright Fellow.

No one who took Latin from Coerte Voorhees ever complained it was not good fun. Absolute ablatives are emblazoned in Phil Tonks's memory. "Voorhees showed how you could have fun with a dry language. We read stories about bad little Roman boys and every time we came across an absolute ablative, somebody would run up and turn the room lights on and off. Absolute ablatives are permanently written in flashing fluorescent lights."

Whatever form they took, Vultch's methods had a lasting effect upon students. "I am surprised we both survived, since Latin was not the center of my firmament," recalls Russell Chesney (1959), a teaching physician eminent in medical research. "After a year of tutorial with one-to-one teaching, I have *never* since been afraid of an interview."

When the New Wing was occupied in 1957, Voorhees chose classroom Number 1, across the hall from Lukey Fleming's French classroom, the Granville Sherwood Memorial Room. Sitting in Fleming's class, David Hindle (1958) recalls, "Coerte's outbursts and antics were loud and often. Mr. Fleming never said anything beyond, 'There he goes again, gentlemen.'"

On sabbatical, where else to go but Greece, to teach at Athens College? Coerte wrote to Walden Pell of the Voorhees family's explorations, including a visit to Delphi to "consult the oracle once more." Anyone knowing Coerte Voorhees guessed he gave the oracle as much as he got.

Voorhees was a merry soul who loved parties and used to lob golf balls from behind his house on the point toward the shanties across the pond.* But the ground shifted beneath him: the old school in which he had been comfortable was evolving into the school it had to be if it was going to compete successfully. Bill Cameron, his candidate for headmaster, was not appointed and he didn't get along well with the new headmaster. Bob Moss opened the door for Voorhees to be interviewed for a headmastership at the Cathedral Choir School of St. John the Divine in New York, a position offered and accepted.

*Now Trapnell Alumni House, the house was first occupied by Hamilton Hutton, then Coerte Voorhees, next by Dave Washburn, finally by John Higgins, and their families. The rickety cabins of Joseph's Grove on what is now school property (Rodney Point) were vacation and fishing shacks, a few of which were improved and inhabited much of the year by Delawareans.

Lukey Fleming.

Coerte Voorhees plays for songsters Brooke Lushington, Catherine Amos, Ralph Chamblin, George Broadbent and Patty Morris.

Scoobie van Buchem.

Dick Barron plays the horn.

When Voorhees left Moss found the country bereft of Latin scholars. The few who taught the subject had comfortable jobs they weren't inclined to leave. Few new teachers of a "dead language" were being trained. Moss extended his search to England, where he eventually got in touch with several promising candidates. Rhodes Scholar Powell Hutton (1955), then at Oxford, interviewed two and sent his recommendations to Moss, who settled on an unimposing twenty-two-year-old with a first-class degree in Latin, Greek, philosophy, and ancient history. Michael Bennett was a scholar, all right, but would he be able to handle a bunch of sometimes obstreperous American students? It turned out he could—barely, at first, more confidently as time went on. Enrollment remained around forty, and those who passed through his courses got a good education. But country life in an isolated boarding school was not for him and after three years he decided to leave. He went to St. Mark's School in Texas, where he remained for many years before finally returning to England.

Once again Bob Moss was faced with finding that rara avis, a trained classicist who could invigorate the department and build a worthy program. He remembered a Dutchman who since 1962 had been teaching at Groton, where Moss had been assistant to the headmaster. Evert van Buchem had a doctorate in Latin, Greek, and classical archaeology from the University of Nijmegen. His effervescent good humor, willingness to coach underform athletics, and excellent rapport with students made him a perfect match for St. Andrew's.

Moss employed a bachelor, but a year later got a twosome when van Buchem visited Holland and let the headmaster know he would be returning with his bride, Marijke. Shuffling housing assignments, Moss made room for a couple who became a St. Andrew's legend. After raising a son to elementary school age (Victor later graduated from St. Andrew's in 1989) and teaching part time for several years, Marijke joined the faculty in 1985 as a member of the Arts Department.

Van Buchem often saw Latin as an endangered species. Facing an increasingly flexible curriculum in the 1970s and 1980s, he not only preserved the classical realm but enlarged upon it, building a classics program second to none. Upon his retirement nearly thirty years later he wrote, "I am confident Latin will be read and studied as long as there are modern lan-

guages which consider it their mother tongue... St. Andrew's will be a loyal adherent to the Latin tradition." It takes an exceptional person to replace the friendliness and chuckling merry nature of "Scoobie" van Buchem.

What is not clear is not French

—Antoine de Rivarol

From 1937 to 1961, the term "modern languages" was synonymous with W. Lewis Fleming. A southern gentleman possessed of iron discipline dispensed in a kid glove, Lukey Fleming challenged stumbling and initially reluctant students toward real mastery of French. "He demanded that you learn French on his terms," says Bill Stevenson (1962), "and his tests always had a few items that exceeded everyone's reach." Fleming was famous in other school haunts: as a basketball coach, raconteur, party-giver, guitarist, chairman of the Academic Committee, gardener (with his wife, Pat), and workaholic.

As academic dean who chaired a committee that scarcely ever met, he saw to it that the best and brightest (and, as space permitted, the greatest number) were encouraged to see the wisdom of taking French rather than Spanish. The disparity continued year after year and it was after much of Lukey's well-known clucking that a superior student having a determined interest in Spanish was permitted to elect such a course of study. Catalogs of the era reinforced the point, stating, "For cultural reasons it is suggested that, if possible, the student take French, in which language our offerings are greater."

No one, student or faculty, wished to debate Lukey, a determined Francophile, over what the "cultural reasons" were.

Lukey did admit there were other languages in the world, even going so far as to teach Spanish when there was a shortfall in the faculty. German, though, was beyond the pale. That austere language was offered from time to time by Edward Hawkins. The brilliant, acerbic Episcopal priest had little to do with chapel and nothing whatsoever to do with teaching sacred studies, but he knew German well. In 1951 he took an extended trip through Europe, visiting England and Belgium but concentrating on Germany, where he stayed at Ratzeburg's Oberschule studying its instructional methods (which had he employed them, would not have boded well for St. Andrew's boys). The Hawk liked to boast that he could teach any subject in school and teach it better than anyone else; but he had never taken a course in the life sciences. In my early years I discovered his Achilles heel and was thereafter able to debate him to a standstill (in that subject only), something I doubt anyone else had ever done.

Fleming's stranglehold on the academic program was complete. When students approached the choice of courses for the following year, it was he who almost completely dominated their decisions, telling them which subjects to take. There wasn't much of a choice, for sequences were prescribed and electives were few. The departmental electives most in competition with one another were history and science, for graduation requirements decreed that only one science—any science—need be taken, and only U.S. history was mandatory. So students ended up selecting one or two other histories and a like number of underform sciences. Some graduated from school with only one history or one science, but this bothered Fleming not at all—especially if the loss was to science, which hardly figured in his traditionalist view of a liberal education.

Those of Lukey's day remember his penchant for folding student papers and his notes into long, narrow packets. These he stacked to alarming heights, kept together by pressure from hands and books. Once in the main corridor the entire stack exploded upward and outward in a grand cascade. Unperturbed, Fleming uttered his familiar, "Tchk, tchk, tchk," and skillfully gathered the batch together.

Fleming was one of the pioneers in American education to teach French "in a class run entirely in French with French definitions." Like Hillier, he wrote a text, the *Fleming Grammaire*, famous to every student who took French in his time. If associate teachers handled additional sections, they were obliged to use the book—not that they objected, for it was thorough. Lukey had it published, so it was used elsewhere and enjoyed a good reputation for the few years it was available.

Kirk Varnedoe (1963) says, "The basic French that I learned, I learned from Mr. Fleming. I never took another French course, and I speak French relatively fluently based on that."

The veneration in which students held Lukey Fleming comes across repeatedly in their letters and memoirs of school days. In a eulogy in the January

1962 *Cardinal*, following his death, Marshall Craig (1962) captured the man.

> There was an essence of the sun in his smile. There was his walk too, a confident joyous bounce. There was also the twinkle in his eyes and a sunny tone in his voice. Who could forget those memorable study halls of his. Arms laden with books, papers, and that mysterious battered black case with the strap, he would walk into study hall with his sailor's gait and flash a grin. One pocket bulging with his "petits chocolats," he would then retrieve the remains of a cup of coffee from his office. Study hall would begin with his synchronizing his pocket watch, which he would adjust and then snap shut with satisfaction.

Fleming's sudden death left four levels of French classes without an instructor, but not for long. Faculty wife Alice Ryan, a graduate of Wellesley, had earned her master's degree in French at Middlebury College in Vermont and taught in Paris. Subsequently she taught French in Boston, Massachusetts, Peeksville and Princeton, New Jersey, and York, Pennsylvania. Part time, full time, and as departmental chair, Alice Ryan continued to teach French at St. Andrew's for over twenty more years.

Along with George Broadbent and Blackburn Hughes, Jack Vrooman was one of the teachers most sought after by boys who looked for informal meetings in congenial surroundings. He taught Bill Stevenson a "French that continues to impress the Natives despite years of non-use. In the Ike era he was as out of the closet as one could be, yet none of us could figure it out. His white poodle and black T-Bird glorified him as a real playboy to our innocent minds. I really liked him." Vrooman left after seven years to acquire his Ph.D. at Princeton.

Spanish teachers came and went. The earliest for whom English was a second language was Dr. Efrain "El Toro" Garcia, a heavy-set, bull-necked Puerto Rican who had taken his Ph.D. at the University of Madrid. St. Andrew's was utterly foreign to him. He disagreed with school policy and was outspoken about the many ills he saw in American education, regaling boys at picnics where he offered them "sookulent peeg" and, it is said, fermented brew of some kind. Upon his departure in 1954, after only one year, Garcia presented the school with a heavy bronze ship's bell, which until recently remained in the dining room, its sturdy voice a signal for announcements and for grace. In the early nineties, it vanished over a reunion weekend and another, lighter bell now takes its place

The other Spanish-speaking import, in 1962, was even more dramatic. Thirty-six-year-old Emilio O'Noghten Chomat came from a distinguished Cuban family, rendered destitute by Fidel Castro's regime. No longer was he a member of the Habana Yacht Club, the Country Club de la Habana, Vededo Tennis Club, the Union Club. He came to St. Andrew's during those doldrum days when most Americans thought there were better things to do than teach. Fluent in French as well as English, and with a baccalaureate degree from the Universidad de la Habana, Chomat was intellectually equipped to teach in the Modern Languages Department. Being equipped by disposition was a different matter.

Emilio wavered between tears and rage and was readily incited to fury by teasing students, whom he regarded as below his station.

The imperious Cuban considered office phones to be at his disposal for personal long-distance calls, of which there were so many that the business office complained and insisted that he install a private line. (But no one ever collected on past calls.) He carried with him a small pocket radio, perpetually tuned to a news station that kept him informed on the sorry state of Cuba. It played at lunch in the dining room, it played in the coffee room and as he strode down the corridors.

Some colleagues he found naive and unworldly. On weekends he would command another faculty member to take him to the Odessa bus stop, whence he would set off to New York in search of a wealthy American bride to correct his temporarily impoverished state. Upon his return, a bus would let him off several miles east of St. Andrew's. No matter what the hour, he would call anyone on the faculty he could reach and announce, "I am at the Tex-ah-co station. Come and get me." Most of us learned to take our phones off the hook Sunday evenings, but some helpful, hapless soul always obliged.

Chomat's fits of temper were often brought on by schoolboy pranks. In his classroom he had a four-drawer file cabinet stuffed with papers, tests, and personal effects. In the middle of class, he would tug it open looking for something. One day the boys turned the cabinet upside down, then waited in expectant glee. Several days later Chomat yanked open

a drawer and everything cascaded out, papers fluttering through the air, objects clattering on the floor. Another drawer or two rolled open spontaneously. In a fury, Chomat roared down to the headmaster's office, demanding immediate retribution. Bob Moss used every ounce of his considerable diplomatic skill to soothe the man and refrained from agreeing to expel the miscreants at once. Moss gave the boys a token punishment, and pointed out that this was a cruel trick on a volatile and worried man. Pranks didn't end there, however. Shortly afterward Jon Smith (1965), dressed as Fidel Castro complete "with cartridge belt, bandanna, and broomstick rifle, sprang into study hall and shouted, 'Cuba si, Yanqui no!'" He was so proud of his action he foolishly remained in full regalia in the adjacent library, where he was arrested by a furious Chomat, who thought he too should be expelled.

Chomat could be charming, too, and often had faculty to his apartment for memorable Cuban-Spanish dinners. His quest for matrimonial security eventually paid off. A few years after his departure in 1964, *The New York Times* featured a high-society wedding between a wealthy widow and Mr. Emilio Chomat, lately of Cuba.

In the history of St. Andrew's covered here, the Modern Languages Department has been dominated by two major figures: W. Lewis Fleming and William P. "Roy" Ryan, who later arrived simultaneously with Peter Seyffert the year of Fleming's death, in 1961. According to Dexter Chapin (1963), his classmate Phil Tonks was responsible for Ryan's nickname, "Rocky." When Ryan arrived, he "attempted to teach his class as though in a military academy" and gave Tonks a hard time about not shaving properly, when everyone knew the boy had a very heavy beard and shaved daily. Tonks quickly dubbed him "Rock and Ryan," soon shortened to its permanent form.

Roy soon relaxed and revealed a finely honed sense of humor, earning respect as an outstanding teacher who understood young men well. In their Sixth Form year, Chapin and Tonks and one other boy were in French 4, so each night they divided the homework into three parts, then shared it to submit the following day. Before Ryan entered the classroom the next morning, each would go to the blackboard to write his own third. Before long Ryan figured it out, and quietly tripled the assignments, allowing the procedure to continue. "It was a wonderful class; he was a very, very good teacher," Chapin says. Both Ryan and Peter Maddison taught "spirited French classes," recalls Ed Strong (1966), "where Camus, Sartre, Celine, Villon and Stendahl, heroes of the free-booting sixties, were encountered in their own tongue."*

Rocky Ryan soon established himself as a front-running candidate for "the most unforgettable character ever met." His caustic wit and feigned obtuseness meant no one won an argument with him. Strong observed that Rocky was never sharper "than on the occasion it was revealed that Jay Tolson's (1967) habit of sleeping in class with his eyes open was not imperceptible to the faculty." Students unfamiliar with his ways were driven to distraction—and have never forgotten, as three alumni relate:

"Sir, do you know what time it is?" Ryan: "Yes, I do." Silence.

"Sir, do you know the French word for table?" Ryan: "Yes, of course."

"Sir, how do you pronounce the word for door?" Ryan: "Door." "No, no, sir, I mean how do you pronounce the word for door in French?" Ryan: "Aaah, perfectly, thank you."

Rocky refused to attend church in Middletown because the rector once "used a personal pronoun in the nominative case as the object of a preposition." That was beyond the pale for Ryan.

Charles "Chuck" Shorley (1971) was alternately terrified and amused by Ryan. He remembers:

> You didn't want to be late to class because he would then make you the scapegoat for the day and you would end up having to answer all the hard questions. He would very seldom enter the classroom from his office before the start of class, but you could expect he would make a miming appearance at the little office window sometime before the start. He would scowl or point at somebody doing something wrong in the classroom, then would laugh and disappear into the darkness of his office.
>
> You knew it was going to be a tough class when he started talking in French. The worst were when he wouldn't let you speak in English. If you answered in English, you were abruptly ordered back "en

*Peter Maddison, a teacher from England, remained at St. Andrew's for four years, 1961–65.

français." If you tried to give him a witty response in French, he would help you out. He was good at forcing you to speak a language you were very unsure of.

Shorley's anxieties were not his alone. In 1979 students were given questionnaires about each of their teachers. While Ryan's contained many accolades regarding his instructional strengths and his command of the language, the "usual atmosphere" of his class was "not relaxed." He had a penchant for "picking out one in the class" and calling on that person "time and again if you are unprepared." But even though "it seems like everyone is afraid of Mr. Ryan, it's fun." That thread runs through the comments.

Ryan smoked incessantly, drank endless cups of coffee, never exercised anything other than his mind, and was a superb teacher. In Jon O'Brien's second year, he asked Ryan to become director of student activities, overseeing six different areas of school function. His professional growth continued unabated; on alternate years he went abroad nine times for further study. Lukey Fleming had a tiny "listening room" built next to his classroom in the New Wing, and Ryan expanded upon the idea and space, creating a genuine language laboratory that eventually occupied another full-sized room. He used tapes in class and in testing until students began speaking, and thinking, in the language they had elected to learn.

Ryan held the modern-language chair nineteen years, longer than anyone in school history. His department included not only Peter Seyffert and Bob Moss, Jr., but a number of young teachers who did not stay long. His greatest cross was, of course, Emilio Chomat. On top of being carless, Chomat claimed to have a bad back, so Ryan not only drove him to town for cases of Pepsi, but wound up carrying them upstairs to his apartment.

Roy and Alice Ryan.

A sabbatical one-year replacement, Jacques Roux and his wife, Jocelyne, arrived from France. Philip Gerard (1973) writes: "He had a droll sense of humor and could be gotten off on a tangent with no trouble—usually to harangue us about the Germans, who had a nasty habit of marching over his native borders every forty years or so, or about French customs, food, wine, women, etc." M. Roux purchased the largest, ugliest American car he could find and careened up and down Delaware highways to the peril of all.

"Peter and Eleanor Seyffert," writes a girl from the class of 1975, "are close to being my favorite characters of all time. I had Mr. Seyffert for an entire year of Spanish, and he was one tremendous Spanish teacher."

Peter Seyffert provided one of the most widely quoted comments of the time: "Aaaaaahhhhhh, cut out the funny business because it's not funny."

Uninhibited stage productions in French and Spanish initiated by Roy Ryan and Peter Seyffert invariably brought down the house, even though much of the audience could not understand what was being said. Short and imperfectly rehearsed as they were, these plays often eclipsed major dramatic productions by their sheer comedy.

Early in the 1971–72 school year, Ryan arranged for a three-week visit by eight bilingual Canadian students from Quebec's St. Andrew's College. In the fall of 1972 eleven Canadians from Pensionnat Ste-Paul arrived in Delaware for a week, and in the spring of 1973 eight St. Andreans went north to this purely French-speaking school in Quebec. In these exchanges students from both schools found themselves having to employ a foreign language each day, although St. Andreans had difficulty with Canadian French.

When Roy Ryan resigned in 1981 to take up a new challenge (real estate) and a different way of life in Brigantine, New Jersey, St. Andrew's lost not only a great teacher, but an original personality whose presence remains undiminished in the minds of nearly two decades of students.

In the 1980s St. Andrew's students began to travel abroad as part of their schooling, some to France, others to Spain. When faculty members DyAnn Miller and Rick Stowe took a large group to France in 1985,

they "failed to warn Parisians how vivacious St. Andreans were going to be," a euphemistic comment that suggests much. Foreign travel with linguistic and cultural goals was encouraged during the five years after Robert C. Rorke took over the departmental chair in 1981. Rorke had taught at colleges and had been the recipient of several awards, including a Fulbright. The school's remote location proved restrictive for a bachelor with wide cultural interests and eagerness to travel, and in 1986 he left for California. The chair was then once again occupied by a Ryan, this time Alice Ryan, who had taught French in the school, first as a substitute in 1962, then full time from 1974 to 1990. From 1986 she chaired the department for four years as it grew and added experienced teachers, several of whom were native speakers. Beginning with her, there have been more women faculty in the Modern Language Department than in any other, three of them serving as chair: Alice Ryan, Julietta Torres-Hunt, and Melissa Brown.

Mathematics may be defined as the subject in which we never know what we are talking about, nor whether what we are saying is true

—Bertrand Russell

Not infrequently, an inexperienced young teacher is carried along by a more seasoned faculty member. In math, for many years that mentor was Howard Schmolze. Zop Schmolze's great gift was to train youngsters how to think in a disciplined fashion. (He concocted absurd word problems to challenge students, handing out—or *throwing* out, remembers Bob Amos (1975)—sourballs as rewards.* Alumni cherish the memory of these difficult-to-attain prizes. Tim Shannon (1966) is one of many for whom the corridors still ring with Zop's "Have a *sour*ball—heh, heh, heh." The sourball-filled jar is immortalized in Vermont artist Mary Azarian's wooden plaque in the main common room, a gift to the school from the class of 1974.** Those who achieved an 800 on the College Board received dollar bills folded into replicas of the bow ties he always wore.

"I must have had some aptitude for his peculiar brand of problem-solving," says Jon Smith (1965).

> I took home sourballs by the bag-full (in addition to the "instant winners" he gave—10 for a 90 and 15 for a 95 on a test), frequently receiving, at the same time, the ultimate compliment from classmates of a middle finger pressed against the owner's face.
>
> Jimmy Dick Harris, on the other hand, had barely a cavity to show for sourballs. Jimmy Dick was not stupid, but he could never get far enough onto Schmolze's wavelength to prove it. Mr. Schmolze, genuinely admiring Harris's musical talent, would request the "musical answer" from him, which meant "imaginative," or "fanciful," or, to use the mathematical term, "wrong." One day Mr. Schmolze was badgering, and/or being badgered by, Jimmy Dick. I don't know who was suffering more. Schmolze was dropping to lower and lower levels of questioning to see where understanding could begin. Finally, he pointed to a number on the board and said, "Is that number even or odd?" "Odd," said Jimmy Dick indignantly—but also incorrectly. To the tune of "Barnacle Bill the Sailor," Mr. Schmolze sang:
>
> The numbers are even but Harris is odd,
> So give us the musical answer.
>
> The little ditty was high on our charts for a long time.

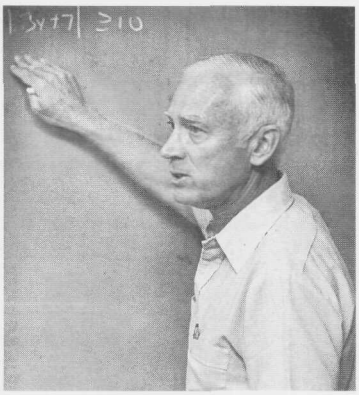
Schmolze's unorthodox methods remain embedded in alumni minds. In elementary algebra, each student had to analyze every problem, rewrite it in his own words to demonstrate he understood it, then follow a precise and appropriate solution. Getting it right was a triumph, but not the sole objective. Students who flourished in higher levels of mathematics did so, in large measure, because they had learned not only the necessary underpinnings, but how to think analytically, to express themselves with precision, and to adhere to self-discipline.

"Zop Schmolze taught me a lesson I never forgot," says Bill Stevenson (1962). "In the Fifth Form advanced fall math, to my delight and surprise, I aced all of the word problems, checked all the answers, and handed in my paper ten minutes early. Everyone else was still beavering away when ZS picked up my paper, read it over, and announced to the

*The famed sourballs in their brass-topped, fluted glass urn owed their origin to Jay Rabinowitz (1965), one of Howard Schmolze's advisees, who gave him the filled container.

**Its inscription: "Let's away with study, folly's sweet. Treasure all the pleasure of our youth: time enough for age to think on truth."

Howard and Kitty Schmolze at their retirement in 1975.



Dave Washburn.

class, 'Stevenson forgot to list all the GI (Given Introduction), thereby losing twelve points. Everyone remember to list all the GI.' To this day, I list all the GI in trying to solve algebraic problems. He did me a great service."

Never did Howard Schmolze badger students to proceed in mathematics beyond either their ability or their inclination. If they wanted to elect a music major instead, that was fine with him, and he congratulated students for artistic or athletic achievements when they passed in the halls.

"Howard Schmolze and his wife, Kitty—Lord, they were good people who gave so much," remembers David Leech. Part of Howard's giving was to serve as college counselor, inspecting various universities and colleges (although few measured up to his beloved Trinity College). Alumni recognize the wisdom he displayed in steering them toward their eventual destinations. Pretensions played no role in his advice; the "right" college was what was right for the individual.

When Howard and Kitty Schmolze retired in 1975, he remarked, "What has given me the greatest satisfaction in teaching over the years? It has been to get graduated from St. Andrew's the marginal student. It is quite something when you see someone who isn't a 'brain trust,' but applies himself over and above what the much brighter student does." Together the Schmolzes gave St. Andrew's seventy-one years of dedicated service, unmatched in school history. Howard Schmolze is recognized as one of the great teachers of St. Andrew's; and "his wife was an angel" says Bill Stevenson. Kitty was beloved of students, faculty, staff, and headmasters.

For Russell Chesney (1959) "Howard Schmolze and Dave Washburn reigned supreme in a lifetime of math teachers. They were clear, defined their subject material, and instilled fear into *all* of us, but an appropriate fear. Mr. Schmolze saw each of us as individuals. He knew that whether we got a 76 or 82 in Algebra II, it did not matter in the long run, since each of us had qualities that would contribute to the life of the school and ultimately to our adult lives."

Math courses seemed to be designated to specific teachers, with little variation from year to year. The sequence traditional to most schools remained unaltered, and for versatile mathematicians of the caliber of Art Timmins and Rich Crouse, it was a frustrating experience. Both eventually left to teach in a school or university where their considerable talents could flourish. But it was through them and other young teachers of like mind that intradepartmental efforts to enliven math began appearing, with offshoots and new opportunities at almost every level.

Crouse, a popular teacher and excellent coach, left after five years to complete his doctorate and pursue an outstanding career on the faculty at the University of Delaware. In his Third Form year, Frank Merrill (1971) had Rich Crouse in math. "He had a way with words when it came to controlling his classes. He would remind us, 'This is a dictatorship, and I am the dictator!'"

In 1964 Sam McCandless, another talented mathematician, created a Math Club. Among other activities, he, Crouse, and Tom Pike gave lectures explaining mathematical topics in popular terms. Those who attended were mostly already involved with the subject; converts were few. The club lasted only as long as these men remained and vanished into oblivion after 1968. Crouse created a half-credit course in abstract algebra, and with McCandless (who left before seeing the course offered) and Pike,

another in logic. Both courses were influential in widening the scope of departmental offerings and in 1966 blazed the way for minor courses soon to be offered by other departments.

Tom Pike left in 1967 on his way to a headmastership. After leaving in 1963, Art Timmins went on to regional and national distinction as an innovative math teacher in southeastern schools. Peter Laird (1961) remembers him as "the teacher I responded to the most. He conveyed a sense of excellence and excitement I found unparalleled in any other teacher. He used to challenge his classes to put the most difficult algebraic problem they could find on the board behind his back, then turn around and solve the problem within sixty seconds!"

As a math teacher and departmental chairman from 1966 to 1984, Dave "Ducky" Washburn (1944) ran a disciplined, highly structured class. Washburn called himself a "learning facilitator" rather than a teacher. "When we come into a classroom there are a dozen of us who decide to get together at a certain period in the day. We, together, are going to learn."

A girl who took his demanding senior math course remembers, "You never knew how he was going to react. I was completely lost in that course, failed the first test, and when he handed them back in class I was a little upset and said as much. After class, Pete Geier (1974) pulled me aside and said that *nobody* spoke to Mr. Washburn like that and I had better be careful about mouthing off. I apologized for my behavior and explained I had been really lost. After that, he couldn't do enough to help me. Eventually I got a 72—which I did not deserve. Mr. Washburn said simply that he could not fail someone who had tried so hard."

Chuck Shorley (1971) never forgot Ducky's admonition, "If it looks that hard, it can't be." When he took his achievement examination in his Sixth Form year, he applied that maxim to a thorny problem, and solved it. "That was the only 800 I ever achieved on that or any other test."

Washburn explained his classroom approach in a *Bulletin* article the year of his retirement, 1991. "I am hard on them; some students begin my class somewhat terrified. But about a month into the year I can feel the class change; suddenly they begin to enjoy it. I think it is good to be hard on students, to prepare them for the tough world that awaits them. There is something about bringing someone who, at the beginning of the year, is very close to failing, up to the honors level, someone who is willing to accept the discipline that I demand and to see that it really works."

When asked by *Cardinal* reporter Kevin Flaherty (1974) of the importance of studying geometry, Washburn replied, "In geometry you get a feeling for the space around you.... You also get some feeling for a simple type of argument.... You are learning to think in patterns, and you're learning to reason. If you're going to be a writer or a lawyer or a poet, you've got to be able to reason. And it's in geometry that you get a simple enough model that you can think about it and actually reason with it. Unless you learn to reason in that very simple context, you'll never be able to reason in a more complicated one. You've got to learn to say what you mean and mean what you say."

Dave Washburn, who had his ear to the ground, picked up vibrations about what other schools were doing with computers. In 1969 he acquired a large secondhand IBM 1620 main frame computer and installed it in a specially prepared basement room at a cost of $19,000. From then on the scope of mathematics at St. Andrew's increased exponentially (although the November *Cardinal* suggested the machine might be put to better use by matching dates for exchange dances).

The history of computers at St. Andrew's follows the familiar national trend of innovation, then heavy use, then obsolescence. In 1978 a modern DEC computer arrived and was installed in the completely refurbished basement room. Shared by the Math Department and the business office, it still was not serving other academic departments. In 1981 a faculty Computer Planning Committee studied what other schools were doing, especially with desktop computers that could be situated throughout the school, but these small machines had little to commend them at the time. The threshold was reached in 1983 when Alice Ryan reported that a student wished to bring a personal computer to school with him in September. "The Academic Committee approved the request with nervous confidence and said it expected the student to have enough self-discipline to spend an appropriate (limited) amount of time with the computer." Within another year PCs were cropping up in faculty offices and homes as well as occasional dormitory rooms.

Washburn knew computers, but math does not an animal husbandryman make. He and Ellie lived on a former farm at the end of Noxontown Pond. The school kept a few animals in the outbuildings. One morning Washburn dashed into class and rapturously described the birth of a calf. Twenty minutes later, he excitedly repeated the entire story. The students fidgeted even more the next day, when he asked them if he had told them about his calf.

Philip Gerard (1973) "learned one remarkable lesson in geometry from Don Dunn. The first week of class, he created, from scratch, a total and limited universe in order to demonstrate the inviolability of natural law, the inevitability of proof, the elegance of mathematical problem solving—one of the most impressive pedagogical demonstrations I have ever witnessed. When I teach the short story in my college classes I use much the same kind of model, though dramatic logic takes the place of math."

Piers Heriz-Smith (1987) remembers Dunn putting problems on the board, then sitting next to him while the class got to work. The boy started crumpling up paper and slipping wads in the seemingly oblivious teacher's pockets. Soon everyone was passing Hugo more wads. After class, Dunn put his hands in his pockets and without a word turned and pointed at the culprit, drew a circle on the blackboard, then told Heriz-Smith to put his nose in the middle of the chalked circle and keep it there—and left the room.

In 1984 chairmanship of the Mathematics Department shifted from Dave Washburn to Donald P. Cameron, an experienced math teacher who had joined the faculty two years earlier. Cameron had previously been a math chairman in Cincinnati after teaching for several years at Berkshire School in Massachusetts. He brought a lively style to the classroom and new directions for his department. He also brought to St. Andrew's the first marriage between two faculty members when, just prior to taking over the departmental chair, he married biology teacher Susan P. Strater.

An alumna from the early 1980s remembers a math teacher telling boys simply that "they didn't try hard enough," implying nothing about their ability. "But if a girl wasn't doing well, she might be encouraged. The clear assumption was 'Well, it is more difficult for you.'" Cameron sought to diminish that persistent myth.

Dr. John A. Higgins seemed the antithesis of Howard Schmolze in depth of mathematical training, but as caring teachers the two were equals. From his first year on the faculty in 1980, students in a predicament in math sought Higgins for lucid, kindly explanations that opened minds and developed understanding. Advisors often sent their advisees in difficulty with math to Higgins for tutorial help, even though it meant bypassing other instructors and imposing upon his time. He never refused and always succeeded in making youngsters more comfortable with a subject that had seemed alien . "Not everyone sitting out there is in love with math and not everyone sitting out there finds the subject easy to deal with," Higgins says. "I strive to help my students achieve as much as they can while helping them develop some affection (or at least no hostility) toward mathematics. Even if a student doesn't have an abundance of mathematical ability, with encouragement and help he or she can develop some skill and some appreciation for mathematics. When I succeed, and the student thrives, then I feel that I deserve the title of teacher."

Learn the ABC of science before you try to ascend to its summit

—Ivan Petrovich Pavlov

Until 1967, facilities for science instruction were medieval. The biology lab was a demonstration in vertical expansion, with stepladders used to reach supplies at ceiling level. The tiny physics lab was filled with antique cast-iron models, the chemistry lab occupied a dank basement horror that had not a single safety feature. New facilities were essential, especially as a renewed science faculty grew.

The only holdover from war days was elderly Dick "Poof" Haggerty. His nickname was derived after he admonished students about carelessly lighting Bunsen burners. "If you leave the burner on, boy, then light it, it'll go *poof*." To faculty he was known as Pops. Haggerty's most notable interest was a WWII Allison aircraft engine suspended in the basement that students repeatedly took apart and put together again.

Will Grubb (1959) remembers one of the boys' kicks—"to get sugar and put it into acid and make a great big black ball. Once there was an explosion down there that rocked the building." Teenagers have a propensity for explosions, and one way or another find means to trigger them.

Haggerty was not a secure man and when a new young biology teacher arrived in 1947, an unfortunate malaise developed that Bill Cameron and the headmaster soon recognized. They quickly created a new department so that the older man could devote his attention to his physical science courses, and I could sit on the Academic Committee. These artificial divisions—Physical Science and Life Science departments—remained separate until Pops Haggerty was urged into retirement in 1958.

I had been a cryptanalyst Naval Intelligence officer in the Pacific during World War II, and at the time of applying to St. Andrew's was a curator at the New York Zoological Society. The idea of teaching school interested me, but not enough to think of schools in general. Groton and St. Andrew's were the only two on my list, with the Delaware school being first choice. I had seen St. Andrew's in June 1947 when my brother-in-law, John Carpender, graduated. After a midsummer meeting with John MacInnes in New York, I was invited to join the faculty.* Catherine and I were overjoyed. But I was told little other than when to appear and which courses I would be teaching. With French teacher Ralph Chamblin, the other newcomer to the faculty in 1947, I was left to learn what I could on my own.

Like every other new teacher, I walked into a precisely defined slot. When I suggested a totally new science course in my second year, I was viewed as a heretic. Because a hitherto unrecognized gap existed in the total number of majors and an alternative was needed to upper-level science courses that were serious problems at the time, zoology came into existence and remained for thirty-five years, long after the initial need disappeared. But little else changed for a long while.

It was 1957 when the next new member of the Science Department came on board. Webb Reyner, whom Bill Cameron hired as athletic director during his acting headmastership, had just graduated from West Chester State College with a number of science courses under his belt. Biology and zoology classes had so inflated, due partly to the subject matter and partly to attrition of the stagnated chemistry and physics courses, that I could no longer handle the Second Form science class. Science courses across the country were being upgraded, with interesting developments occurring in earth science. The Pennsylvania program, created and directed by geologist John Moss of Franklin and Marshall College (Bob Moss's brother), gave us our start, after which the nationally based Earth Sciences Curriculum Project took hold.

> Sputnik makes thinking about the Science Building and the science and math programs imperative.
>
> **—Acting headmaster Bill Cameron to Felix duPont, Jr.**
> **November 1957**

With Haggerty's departure, Bob Moss hired the next physical science teacher, Charles Woodbury Goodell, a few months before taking over as headmaster. A recent graduate of Harvard, Charlie Goodell was the school's first physics teacher with up-to-date training in his field. The greatest contribution of his two-year stay was to introduce the new Physical Sciences Study Committee's innovative course, a breath of fresh air in science teaching. Students flourished.

Goodell had little idea how to relate to teenage boys in class. One student remembers, "When he taught Fourth Form geometry, he would face the blackboard to diagram a problem, and several of us would jump out the back window. He would turn around, and something about the fact that 40% of his class had disappeared would catch a certain level of his consciousness, but fail to spark cognitive recognition. This lack of a rise from him would inspire everyone to climb silently back through the window at his next board session. When he next turned around, again there would be a glimmer of recognition that something in the landscape had shifted, but he couldn't quite close the synaptic gap."

After two years, Goodell left to pursue graduate work in the history of science at Harvard. His short stay at St. Andrew's had a profound effect upon him, he wrote later, and helped him pursue a doctoral program in the philosophy of education. His influence

*Walden Pell was mistaken in his book, *A History of St. Andrew's School*, saying he came into the city to interview me. Pell was recuperating from his second breakdown at his summer home on Long Island, and John MacInnes was acting headmaster during his prolonged illness. I met Walden Pell for the first time on campus in September 1947.

also had a marked effect upon science teaching at St. Andrew's. We knew now what we needed, but had no inkling of how many years were to pass before we had a long-tenured physicist on the faculty.

At the same time Goodell was employed, the Science Department gained a full-time chemistry teacher, Frederick H. Myers, Jr., who had been teaching at Fort Union Military Academy in Virginia. Myers remained for three years, overlapping with Goodell's replacement, but his was not a happy tenure. His great interest was playing an organ made from a kit in his apartment, a time-consuming hobby that gave rise to ribald comments when anyone asked where he was.

With Goodell gone and Myers looking as though he might not be around in another year, St. Andrew's had to search for a physics teacher and probably a chemistry replacement, with the hope we would at last find the right answer to staffing the physical sciences. Of the qualified applicants, the one who interested us most was Robert M. Colburn, a graduate student in chemistry at the University of Delaware.

Bob and Dottie Colburn arrived in the fall of 1960, looking hardly older than the boys he was to teach and coach. For over thirty-five years Bob taught chemistry with distinction and served the school in almost every other possible fashion, from class advisor to director of athletics to Honor Committee to director of co-curricular activities. Like any other new young teacher's, Colburn's first year was a learning experience in how to relate to young boys. He took one student aside to tell him, "People tell me you're a trouble maker but never get caught. If you make any trouble in my class, I'll ... " The threat is forgotten, but the student was astonished. "The only thing that kept me in school was the fact I *didn't* have a disciplinary problem. The last thing I would have done was look for trouble!"

Colburn soon relaxed and has been known ever since as an understanding and compassionate overseer of his teenage charges. Now senior master, he is known to generations of St. Andreans as one of the most responsible faculty members in school history.

"When I think of affection, someone easy to relate to, a person I like very much, I think of Bob Colburn," writes Bob Amos (1975). Bob had an added perspective, for as a faculty brat, he grew up on campus knowing resident faculty well. "Mr. Colburn was wise and well-balanced, he was genuinely concerned with everything that was going on. I felt that way as a little kid and I felt that way as a senior."

At first Colburn taught both chemistry and physics, the chemistry course in particular taking on a distinction it has maintained ever since. Off and on over many years, when physics needed attention, he was instantly willing to pitch in. The planning of chemistry and other facilities in the science building looming just ahead remain a testament to his thorough knowledge of the field.

The prankster in Bob Colburn never left him. He was in on every faculty shenanigan—of which there were many in the era BG (before girls). In 1972, he, Chip Burton (1966), and Rob Pyle (1963; assistant to the headmaster) prepared a sound-effects tape programmed to go off at intervals during the final faculty meeting held in the main common room. One speaker was in a broom closet and another hung out a dormitory window. For fifteen seconds every ten minutes planes landed, lions roared, water dripped into empty pails, ships' horns blasted, and whatever else their imagination and resources had come up with.

Colburn's heavy course responsibilities were too much for one man to handle, so in the mid-1960s a search was undertaken for a man to teach physics and a little math. These were difficult years in the school world nationally and the pool of teachers and undergraduates considering teaching suffered drastically.

Bob, Dot and Claire Colburn.

After a year of searching, we had but two candidates: a highly trained Chinese physicist who barely spoke English and a teacher from Philadelphia, whom we hired. It was a disaster—the man had to be replaced in the middle of his second year by the recently retired head of the University of Delaware's Physics Department, Dr. J. Fenton Daugherty. Although he remained only two years before resuming a richly deserved retirement, Mike Daugherty established a foundation for a physics program that built toward the levels of distinction found today. Three more young physics teachers came and went, one very capable, one moderately so, one not at all. The permanent person we sought eluded us.

Until the Second Form was discontinued, science was one of its required courses. Until 1947 it was a turn-of-the-century general science course, which I had detested as a student. So the course I devised for the Second Form in 1947 consisted of an amalgam of subjects I thought would interest and perhaps excite youngsters. It seemed to work. One element of the course was bushwhacking through the dense jungle of what is now the open gully between the science building and the crew dock. It was great fun and designed to give second formers practical experience in surveying land under trying conditions using transit and plane table. Teaching uninhibited and exuberant eighth graders was the experience of a lifetime. When Walter Fielding (1952) sat in the front row exercising his rubber face in my direction, all instruction came to an abrupt halt.

With earth science spreading like wildfire around the country, Webb Reyner caught student attention to such a degree that when the science building was being planned, an entire room was designed for this subject alone. Several years later physics teacher Phil Thornton and a young math teacher, Bob Grasso, team-taught earth science in unrestrained fashion, mostly at a level of sophistication hardly above their students'. When Grasso was lecturing one day, Thornton stood up in the back of the room and yelled, "This is a horrible class and I've had it with you!" He pulled out a cap pistol, took aim, and fired, shouting, "It's all over!" Grasso fell to the floor. Kathryn Nevin (1984), a tiny, sensitive girl, ran screaming up to the prostrate figure. The lesson learned was obscure.

Despite valuable contributions to the physics program by Marion Jones and Phil Thornton, the course never achieved permanency in content and approach. Then in 1981 lightning struck all the way from Indiana when Thomas D. Odden arrived after an outstanding seventeen-year career at West Lafayette High School. "Big O" instantly brought distinction to the physics program and as a prominent science teacher holds important positions with

One science teacher was the stuff legends are made of. He was bright, handsome, and existed on a different plane from unworldly St. Andreans. He sought members of the opposite sex—few of whom in the Middletown area met his standards.

He took a one-evening-a-week extension course, a forty-five-minute drive from St. Andrew's. When class was over at nine, he had a prearranged date with a young female undergraduate. Following the closing of college dorms at eleven, he drove to New York (the New Jersey Turnpike had yet to be completed) to see his *real* girlfriend. Later, he turned around and his little car delivered him back on campus in time for an eight o'clock class.

One year the annual National Association of Independent Schools meeting in New York had an especially interesting program in science. As chairman of the department, I invited Webb Reyner and our new colleague to attend with me. Both accepted, so a hotel room was reserved for three. The new man went up for the first session, while Reyner and I had a full complement of classes and would join him the second day.

The evening he had gone, one of my relatives in New York called saying she had phoned the hotel, thinking I was already there. I was not, the desk clerk told her, but Mr. and Mrs. —— had checked in. Reyner and I prepared a telegram to be delivered at three o'clock in the morning. It was short and to the point: "The Trustees of St. Andrew's School congratulate Mr. and Mrs. —— and send them every good wish." No signature.

When Reyner and I arrived the next day, a puzzled-looking young man gave us searching looks. Nothing was ever said.

—Bill Amos

the American Association of Physics Teachers and Tufts University's microcomputer and telecommunications program.

To a Midwesterner with a public school background, St. Andrew's at first was a mystery and a challenge Odden wasn't entirely sure about. He and his wife, Judy, and their son Chris (who graduated from St. Andrew's with honors in 1986, went on to Harvard, and today teaches at Phillips Andover Academy), settled in tentatively.* As he took hold, interest and excitement grew. The physics program at last not only took its rightful place, it vied in popularity with other established sciences, attracting students in such numbers that limits occasionally had to be placed. Big O's office is a museum of toys illustrating physical principles, many of them brought by students; he takes delight in demonstrating them to all who visit. When the chairmanship of the department opened in 1984, Odden was the immediate choice. The department has never been so strong as under his direction.

The single great event in the history of science at St. Andrew's was construction of the science building, known for a while as the "science temple" and after 1984 as Amos Hall.

As early as 1956 the Board of Trustees recognized the need for a science building, not just as an end in itself, but also to augment the established program. Several times the trustees projected its planning and construction, but the expense was always too great or other projects, such as the new gym–field house, had higher priority. In 1962, Bob Colburn, Webb Reyner, and I embarked upon a two-year study, inspecting school and college facilities all over the East and consulting peers at Loomis, Andover, and Goucher College.** In November 1964, apparently sensing a juggernaut in motion, our somewhat bewildered colleagues gave us approval to proceed. Next I presented our revised plan—by now a small book—to the Board of Trustees. After the Building Committee deliberated, approved, and appointed an architect, Fred Entwistle of Pope, Kruse and McCune in Wilmington, Henry Belin duPont had DuPont engineers who specialized in laboratory design review both our departmental plans and those of the architect and architectural engineer, William Carew.

The new building was initially slated to be in the gully between Trapnell Alumni House and Rally Point (now known as the grass dock), to be connected to the new dormitory (constructed at the same time) by a covered passageway. It was to have opened directly onto the lake with a biology dock, forming a square with a central glassed-in courtyard enclosing trees already in place. The design proved too expensive and too far removed from student traffic routes. The final location, at the head of the heavily forested and thicketed boathouse gully, allowed a simpler, more economical construction in the direct path of students between the gymnasium and the main building. In bad weather, the long corridor serves as a protected thoroughfare.***

At a cost of one million dollars, an enormous rectangular shell arose. Despite its many rooms and complete facilities, the "Temple," as those in the humanities promptly dubbed it, is a lean and flexible building. Few of its internal partitions are bearing walls; most can be shifted as need arises and objectives change.

From the day of its occupancy, the impressive new building encouraged prospective students to apply for admission. It also affected those who worked in the spacious laboratories, classrooms, science library, and research labs. "One reason I never pursued the lab sciences at Princeton was that I peaked at SAS," John Seabrook (1976) writes. "Princeton facilities weren't impoverished, still I thought, 'Hey, compared to SAS this is nothing.'"

The science building was dedicated on January 19, 1967. Bob Moss, Building Committee chairman Dick Trapnell, senior prefect Fritz Hoffecker, and I addressed students, faculty, and staff in the dining room, then repaired to the site. There A. Felix duPont laid the cornerstone and buried a time capsule containing photographs of each form, S&H Green Stamps, grade sheets, autographs, sourballs (from Howard Schmolze), and other pertinent and timely

* Judy Odden, as noted in chapter 4, found a rewarding role by re-creating the school store to serve not only students' basic requirements but their interests, hobbies, and ephemeral fashions.

**Howard ("Squirrel") Norris (Loomis); Jack Barss (Andover); and Gairdner Moment (Goucher), served on our Advisory Committee.

***The newest construction, completed in 1996, adds two stories of classrooms to the outer facade, transforming the corridor into a central hall.

items known only to Hoffecker.*

The target for occupancy was the beginning of winter term. Every boy in school joined faculty and maintenance personnel as stevedores transporting equipment from the old labs and from gym storage. Despite traffic jams and loud confusion, nothing was dropped or broken, and classes commenced.

On May 6, 1967, a celebratory gathering was held of science faculty from more than two dozen independent schools, with Dr. Gairdner B. Moment of Goucher College attending as a two-day scholar in residence.

For many years the life sciences at St. Andrew's had been heavily subscribed, with a wide spectrum of major and minor courses offered each year. In 1974, with a class enrollment of over one hundred when an interdepartmental course was added, I went to the hospital with an ulcer and the one-teacher life science program ended. From then on, a succession of able young biology teachers participated in the program— Patricia Orris, Len Dwinell, and Elizabeth O'Brien (wife of history teacher Mark O'Brien, no relation to the headmaster). Susan Strater (who later married mathematics chairman Donald Cameron) was the most influential, with an eight-year tenure before the couple moved to Massachusetts. Faculty wife Mary Dunn, a savior and bringer of order as laboratory associate to the chairman's frenetic activities, was perhaps the most significant addition of all. Nothing was ever too much trouble, nothing was ever again misplaced or forgotten, and it was all done with good humor and wicked insight into her boss's frailties. When Mary Dunn became head librarian in 1980, another with long lab experience and even longer knowledge of the teacher—Catherine Amos—took over the laboratory role.

A biologist is committed to sampling the world. Physician Doug Evans (1976) remembers:

> The setting is the last day of zoology, the review day before the final. Someone provided a few treats such as cookies, cola, and the like, and Bill Amos offered up some small foil-covered chocolates. As adolescents do, we ate the candies with unabridged enthusiasm. Toward the end of class our chief zoologist asked for a show of hands of those who had consumed the green-or the red-or the yellow-wrapped chocolates. He was in the enviable position of watching peoples' expressions as they learned that they had consumed an assortment of chocolate-covered bees, ants, grasshoppers and such. What better way to stimulate a little interest in arthropods!

Last-day parties became a tradition in zoology, with students preparing cakes in the shape of frogs and flatworms and such, and Catherine and me sup-

> St. Andrew's had a chance of being the only preparatory school in world history to have a working cyclotron. Newark's Biochemical Research Foundation, the biological division of World War II's supersecret Manhattan Project, closed down its huge particle accelerator. Director Dr. William Batt, father of Donald S. Batt (1961), offered the school's science department anything it wanted and could carry away, including the cyclotron. Bill Amos, with several students and maintenance personnel, took a truckload of glassware, centrifuges, incubators, and instruments, but had to leave the enormous machine behind. There was no place to install it.
>
> The classes I remember best were English and zoology. Both strike me today as having been very advanced for high school and in some cases well beyond college undergraduate courses. As a pre-med, my wife took some heavyduty courses that were sufficiently below what we got in zoo that I used to help her with them. I got my share of the real life thing in field medicine in Vietnam and was helped more by my St. Andrew's experience than the theory Uncle Sam gave us in preparation. And I have not to this day met anyone who has the English lit. background I have. I've given up asking college graduates what they've read.
>
> **—Jeff Stives (1960)**

*At the time of my retirement at commencement in 1984, Building Committee chairman Dick Trapnell announced the name of this building henceforth would be Amos Hall. It was a cleverly disguised surprise, since I had been on the committee to select names for other buildings and corridors. "We put this one over on you!" he chuckled.

> If you see a scrungy-looking intellectual-type come crawling out of the lake, don't be frightened; it's only a freshwater biology student.
>
> **—Robert Scacheri (1985)**

plying beverages, cookies, and ice cream. One girl prepared an elaborate jellyfish cake with a gleaming gelatinous icing. As we prepared to dig in, she confessed, "I don't know if I should say this, but the frosting is made of 'joy jelly.'" After incredulous guffaws from the students subsided, the glistening surface was scraped off and the cake was consumed.

The biology office became a museum, adding to its familiar mess of books, papers, and files stacked on the floor when bookshelves and cabinets ran out of room. Students brought toys, models, and preserved specimens from everywhere—Africa, South America, Europe, the Far East. They hung from the ceiling, cluttered shelf tops and counters, and every one had a story to tell. One girl smuggled in a live tarantula from Haiti, the first of many of these large spiders to inhabit my office. Visitors entering the room often forgot what they had come for as they inspected the array of items. Visiting dogs were terrorized by animated mechanical beetles or snakes and lifelike creatures dangling above their heads.

The pre-1967 laboratory and stockroom in Founders' Hall, then the new labs and their many satellite rooms for research, aquaria, animals, and stock supplies, were kept in working condition by a steady stream of interested, dependable student lab assistants. From Chris Flint (1981) and Hugo Heriz-Smith (1985), two of my last assistants, to Harrison Owen (1953), George Mitchell, and John Ferguson (both 1955) among the earliest, they as much as faculty and custodians were responsible for running a complex operation.

An appropriate nickname for someone whose passion in life is biology is inescapable. "Bugeye" soon metamorphosed. "Who's Bugsy?" Phil Persinger (1970) wanted to know coming into study hall. He remembers "a loud booming voice, 'I am!'"

A relaxed informality between teacher and students may not always develop. "I didn't think of you as being personally available," writes Dave McWethy (1965), "but I did think of you as professionally available: if someone had an interest in biology, you were always there for him. Your high standards for knowledge and procedure and interest in natural history influenced me. You stood out as someone deeply involved in what he taught."

But involvement with one's subject is only part of being a schoolmaster. Happily the other part evolves with time, although valuable associations no doubt were lost in my early years at St. Andrew's. Rewards came repeatedly with students like Ken Wilson (1966), who "placed out of freshman zoology and chemistry [in college]. Science has turned out to be my vocation. A surprisingly large portion of the students actually took the initiative to learn things on their own once you had interested them in something in the first place." Some of the earliest to pursue this initiative through graduate school became research and teaching professional biologists at the highest level—John Ferguson (1955), Jim Thomas (1958), Skee Houghton (1961), and Wilson were followed by many more in the years ahead. But they were outnumbered by those who entered medicine as practitioners and researchers: Dick Schulze (1953), ophthalmic surgeon;* Russell Chesney (1959), president of the Society for Pediatric Research; researcher Pete Miller (1974) of Johns Hopkins, with a Ph.D. in marine biology *and* an M.D., are but a few physicians who found in pond, woods, or lab a valuable sideline interest for the rest of their lives.

Placing out of required freshman science courses, as Wilson did, was not unusual. As early as 1950, long before the Advanced Placement Program was developed at Princeton, individual students who had completed biology and zoology were supplied with detailed course records that were then submitted to college science departments, rather than to the admissions office, and invariably were accepted as satisfying freshman requirements. An incoming freshman could then elect a sophomore or junior course, opening the way for more advanced courses in each subsequent year.

Minor courses in a variety of subjects flourished:

*Schulze showed early promise: as a fifth former in zoology, he made a series of plaster models of vertebrate brains. They remain in the departmental collection.

oceanography, ecology, limnology, fresh water biology, animal behavior, and microtechnique had to alternate because of the instructor's load. The richness of the school's natural environment, generations of responsive students, a twenty-year affiliation with the University of Delaware marine science program in Lewes, and a passion for life science are more than sufficient for a biology teacher's lifetime.

Upon my retirement in 1984, A. Dexter Chapin (1963), an old sidekick and summer marine lab assistant, joined the faculty as biology teacher with a Ph.D. in anthropology. While enrolled in St. Andrew's, he perhaps was the first high school student anywhere to successfully carry out tissue culture—so at least researchers at Newark's Biochemical Foundation claimed. His subsequent adventures with dolphin behavior and expeditions through the Mountains of the Moon in Zaire made him a fascinating raconteur. Brilliant in lecture and well liked by students—and something of a thorn in the side of the administration—Chapin remained five years before seeking new opportunities to pursue his many talents and interests. Chapin's academic interests were essentially intellectual. He stimulated students into new ways of thinking about life science and the world, but he was not a laboratory person and the labs took on an unused look.

With Chapin's successor, life sciences took a vitally important turn. Peter K. McLean, with a Ph.D. in mammalogy and powerful environmental interests, recast a biologist's departmental activities in an entirely new light. With the help of associate biology teachers Jim Hunt and Lise Schickel, labs sprang to life again and students were in and out all the time. Field biology, always an active part of the program, was carried out with new determination and clear-sighted objectives. McLean and art teacher Peter Brooke created a minor course combining art and biology. The enormous land holdings of St. Andrew's, including woods, fields, and pond, were incorporated into a major study known as Long Term Ecological Resource Monitoring, supported by a grant from the DuPont Company. Beyond capturing the enthusiastic participation of students, McLean's work aimed toward a permanent contribution to the school and the State of Delaware.

It is every youngster's innate sense of being, of aliveness and curiosity for the surrounding living world, that makes biology easy and rewarding to teach. The important result of exposure to a life science is an awakening to the natural world which, it is hoped, will grow, not diminish, and be transmitted to another generation. Perhaps this is what business executive Marshall Craig (1962) had in mind when he wrote:

> Biology was one of the highlights of my course of studies at SAS. [The] classroom lab was absolutely one of the greatest places to be. I recall the sound of the aerator pumps working to keep the fish tank denizens alive—*glupita-glupita*—and the smell of formaldehyde that permeated class and lab sessions. Biology was made so vital and what was even better, Noxontown Pond was a grand extension of the classroom. What a great thing it was to grab a picnic bag from the kitchen, take off in a row boat, and head up the lake, armed with a net. We would explore every cove, getting out to squish our toes in the mud, picking up an occasional leech, which occasioned squeals of disgust.

Will Grubb (1959), a Florida executive far removed from high school science, often thinks of nearby ponds and sand dunes and the life they might contain. "All this is brought about by the single biology class I took at St. Andrew's, but it's only one example of how St. Andrew's is still with me today. Multiply that by the number of masters who were there, who are there, and it is an awesome picture."

We have art that we may not die of the truth
—Nietzsche

There are always students who exercise their talent no matter what the environment provides. One of these, John K. McIver V (1949), who later became a prominent watercolorist with his own galleries in three major cities, left at least one piece of art on the wall of a basement room in House No. 4, depicting a ferocious St. Andrew's football player racing toward a touchdown. Two of Kay's large watercolors from his professional days hang in the school's permanent collection. The schoolboy talent of John Kirk Train Varnedoe (1963), director of the Department of Painting and Sculpture, Museum of Modern Art in New York, is seen only in *Cardinal* cartoons and *Yearbook* photographs of dining-room murals he painted for a school dance. J. Robert Seyffert (1971), descendant from a line of distinguished artists, has made his

Titians under cover

In the 1950s students' rooms were inspected on a daily and weekly basis, not only for cleanliness, but for ornamentation. John MacInnes, recently emerged from the navy as a senior officer, focused on the former. Bill Cameron evaluated the latter. *Playboy* centerfolds were a thing of the future, but boys had similar sources and played an eternal cat-and-mouse game with him, hiding photographs of young women au naturel behind other innocuous pictures and bulletin boards. But Cameron had a sixth sense when conducting a dormitory inspection. He would sweep clean the inside of a closet door hung heavily with clothes and there, likely as not, would be a forbidden pinup.

A legal run-around developed when corridor dwellers discovered lush Titians. Undeniably great art; undeniably also the ultimate in unclothed feminine beauty. Cameron grumbled, but the defense held and the pictures remained. In some distant corridor there may still hang a forgotten Titian.

After the new wing was built, the walls were hung with some of the worst-looking art I'd ever seen. Here was a chance to excel. I cut up pieces of colored paper and pasted them on a black background with a white mat behind it—it looked pretty artistic—then I bought a frame with glass and hung this beautiful creation of mine on the first floor between the men's room and the language rooms. It stayed there for two years while the entire school passed it every day.

—Buck Brinton (1961)

mark as a portraitist.

Before the classicists achieved a toehold in the New Wing when it opened in 1957 and the scientists left for their temple across campus ten years later, the long corridor had a tiny spot devoted to the graphic arts, because one man thought it important. English teacher Craik Morris, a gentle man of wit and humor—handicapped from polio, but still able to win at tennis—suffered from both cancer and heart disease, but never complained of his lot. One corner of his classroom was a "studio" of sorts, for although an accomplished amateur artist, he was given little time in the schedule to instruct in what Bill Cameron considered something for "sissies." (Bill Cameron was not a bad artist himself, but kept it as a private hobby.) Except for a required Second Form course and a minor non-credit course with slight enrollment, boys sought Morris out on their own time. He also assembled a lending library of framed old masters that were available to students on loan. In dormitories and on corridors, pinups were forbidden, even fully clothed; but students might hang Goya's *Naked Maja* in their rooms.

After Craik Morris's death, the New Wing provided a third-floor studio. Two young art teachers were employed consecutively on a part-time basis between 1956 and 1958, with limited success. In 1957, during Bill Cameron's acting headmastership, credit was extended for the first time to students taking new music and art courses.

Bob Moss sought a mature artist who could capture students' interest, and in the early 1960s landed one of Delaware's foremost painters. For the next six years Howard S. Schroeder of Lewes worked with boys who wanted to draw and paint every Tuesday afternoon. On Fridays he taught a Second Form studio art class, and twice a week he taught art history and appreciation.

Schroeder painted only two pictures of St. Andrew's School. One was commissioned as a gift to Bob Moss upon his departure in 1975. The other, a very large work, depicted a running dog and children sledding down the crew dock gully, with the great school building in the background, framed by leafless winter trees. I happened by, saw the first sketch, noticed the children and dog were mine, and asked if I might buy it when it was done. It has hung in our home ever since.

In 1967 Eleanor and Peter Seyffert, Rob Seyffert's (1971) parents, came to St. Andrew's. Both were accomplished artists from a family of painters, but only Eleanor taught art; Peter taught Spanish. "Mrs. Seyffert showed saintly patience with my adventures in watercolor and ink," Philip Gerard (1973) remembers. "Her studio was a place of sanctuary from academic pressure, hazing, bad weather, lonesomeness, and all the things that afflict a fourteen-year-old away from home for the first time."

The Seyfferts often had the Art Club to dinner. On one occasion, Louise Dewar (1975) recalls, "Mrs.

Seyffert had made coq au vin. It was put out in the dining room in a beautiful silver serving dish. We filled our plates and went into the living room to eat. Tom Savage (1975) got seconds and when he returned whispered to me, 'Don't go back for seconds!'" It seems that Piper, the Seyfferts' dog, had jumped up on the table and eaten out of the dish.

Eleanor Seyffert was a trusting soul. Years later one of her art history students admitted that the entire class's final papers had been lifted from an encyclopedia. Once or twice a year she took students to a major art museum in Philadelphia, New York, or Washington. When the group arrived, as likely as not Eleanor would tell them what to see and when she would pick them up, leaving them on their own in a large city for hours at a time, confident they were doing what she intended. On the return from one trip to Washington, Eleanor paid little attention to signs until one stated, "10 miles to Richmond." Needless to say, they had adventures aplenty.

After thirteen years on the faculty, the Seyfferts left. Eleanor's place was taken by a succession of gifted young artists, S. Cole Carothers, Howard H. Fraker, and Mark Green, all talented, all with other goals in mind. It wasn't until 1988 that Peter W. Brooke—also believing he would not remain long—arrived and St. Andrew's acquired an artist of exceptional talent who year by year experienced a growing love for the school, his students, and the natural beauty of the region. Four years after his arrival, Brooke received a major fellowship grant from the Delaware State Arts Council and several of his prints were exhibited at New York's Museum of Modern Art.

In the early 1980s Marijke van Buchem, an enthusiastic amateur potter, taught a class in clay sculpture during MiniTerm. The students loved it. At dinner with the O'Briens not long after, she "indulged in Irish coffee," which made her "very talkative." She told Jon that "art" did not limit itself to just drawing, painting, music, and drama, but that pottery and weaving should be included as well. "All right, why don't *you* start it?" he challenged her. Her first pottery in the former woodshop opposite the chapel stairs opened in 1982 for students to work under her guidance on Saturday mornings.

In 1984 the Arts Department published a "Statement of Needs" for the fine arts, music, and theater. For twenty-five years the art studio had been situated in the third floor of the New Wing (Founders' Hall), an out-of-the-way location, but still better than the complete lack of any facility during the school's first quarter century. At the time of the report, over 30 percent of the student body was enrolled in one or more art courses, but congestion adversely affected program growth. Choral music and band attracted similar numbers, but now that the old band room had become the director of athletics' office, vocalists and instrumentalists shared another room that had to be rearranged for each rehearsal. Joint rehearsals were out of the question. Half the student body was involved each year in three theatrical productions by the "St. Andrew's Players."* The deficiencies of the school theater were apparent to all.

With the support of the trustees, and with imagination and foresight, the needs of two of the three divisions of the Arts Department were met. The old laundry provided a shell from which architects created a spacious, handsome building dedicated to graphic and plastic arts, with an entire section devoted to Marijke's pottery and ceramics, including a large kiln.** Her husband observed plaintively, "I've been teaching Latin in the same classroom for over twenty years and within four years here you are designing potteries just the way you want them to be!" The varsity wrestling arena in the old gym was modified into a very large room that could still be used for wrestling matches and doubled as rehearsal and performance space for band and choral music, while improved solitary practice rooms continued to occupy the old gym faculty apartment. Only a genuine theater remained a need and a hope—which it still is.***

Keeping up with advances in musical technology, in 1992 the school acquired a digital music studio, created by Michael Whalen (1984), that provides students an "opportunity to work intimately with some of the most advanced digital music equipment avail-

*The former name, Criss Cross Club (derived from the St. Andrew's cross) fell into disuse for a number of years after Dick Hillier's departure and may have been unknown to more recent generations when a name was being sought for the theater program.

**The conversion was the work of architect Evans Woollen, who was involved with the South Dorm conversion, the student center, the Kip duPont boathouse, the addition to Amos Hall, and other major projects.

***At the time of writing, a complete overhaul and redesign of the existing auditorium is underway.

Arts Day 1983, with Arts Department chairman Larry Walker on the saxophone.

able," the *Bulletin* reported.

Music had been an integral part of the school since shortly after its founding. Four years after he arrived in 1936, the first band leader, Captain Edward H. Williams, died. Dick Barron, who replaced him, went to inspect his new band room in the gymnasium and heard low voices outside the window. Looking out, he saw Edith and Walden Pell standing next to the ivy-covered wall, the headmaster vested and reading from the Book of Common Prayer. Barron recognized the service as the burial of the dead and sure enough, the Pells were scattering Captain Williams's ashes around the roots of the ivy. Dick Barron never went by that spot without paying silent obeisance to his predecessor.

In a well-equipped basement shop opposite the chapel stairs, Barron instructed generations of schoolboys. He could build anything, and could take the most inexperienced underformer and have him accurately and safely produce simple pieces of furniture using professional power tools. Barron planned a shop layout that remained intact many years later as manual arts were taken over by Harry Labour of Middletown. Because it was a retirement job, Labour was able to devote ample time each week to instruction, with the result that hundreds of boys and girls learned how to make useful and attractive items—furniture, lamps, decorative plaques. Eventually a greatly enlarged shop moved to the basement of the science building, where Nan and Simon Mein took student creativity to new heights. Even a harpsichord was built there.

We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams
—Arthur William Edgar O'Shaughnessy

In 1961 Larry L. Walker was getting his undergraduate degree at Peabody Conservatory when he learned of a one-year opening for a music teacher at St. Andrew's School as a replacement for Dick Barron, who was taking a sabbatical leave. Walker applied in early April and was the first senior in his graduating class to get a job. He and Barron had a warm meeting, and Walker made an immediate hit with students. The end result was the creation of a permanent position for the new music teacher. Within a year, Walker and Bob Moss had instituted a history of music course.

While on sabbatical, Dick Barron wrote Bob Moss expressing his wish to move into another responsible and rewarding area of school work. Moss suggested the library, which "pleased Dick very much," Larry Walker remembers, "for he was anxious to get out of the music program."

Barron's separation from music was delayed, for Walker had more than his share directing both band and choir and providing private instrumental lessons. Dick Barron was asked if he would continue to teach piano and serve as chapel organist, which necessitated taking organ lessons. Although an amputee (having lost a leg in early manhood), he adapted to the organ well and the organ's foot pedals were temporarily rewired to permit full action. But negotiating the double flight of stairs into the crypt chapel was difficult, and he was much relieved when finally others took his place. Three short-term successors, organists Linus Ellis, Laurel Swett, and Wendy Allan, with Larry Walker as choir director, guided the choir to achieve a true separation from the rest of the music program.

With Marc Cheban's arrival in 1974 as organist and choir director, choral music reached new heights. The select Concert Choir has produced tapes and compact disks and toured North America and Europe. Plummy Tucker (1983) calls being in the Concert Choir one of her best St. Andrew's experiences. "Marc Cheban put his whole being into music."

From the beginning of his headmastership, Bob Moss noticed that the arts were poorly served within the school's organization. While the staff and faculty included accomplished musicians, artists, and manual arts instructors, they reported to different authorities, made their own schedules, went their own way. In 1969 Moss appointed Walker as chairman of the arts, although the Arts Department itself would not be officially established until the following year. In the meantime there was a breakthrough: with the approval of the Academic Committee, individual student applicants could create a music major for full academic credit that consisted of two or more courses with instrumental concentration. The rationale for Moss's early appointment of Walker chairing the arts was to have the new man involved in bringing about a coalition among the major arts, gathering the orphan arts together, providing organization, an opportunity for unlimited growth, and equal representation within the curriculum.

On December 14, 1970, Bob Moss announced "that the school recognizes the existence of an Arts Department starting immediately. Congratulations to its first chairman, Larry Walker!" The February *Cardinal* devoted two columns to the new department, its thirty-two-man stage band, concert band, glee club, graphic and industrial arts, and preparation for Arts Day. "The Arts Department hopes to eventually have a building dedicated solely as a center for the fine arts," author Joe Pistell (1971) concluded. But the building was already there, busily engaged as the school laundry.

"Arts at St. Andrew's had previously been piecemeal, but with him [Moss] as the prime motivator, they grew collectively," Larry Walker states. The arts now had clout and spoke with a single voice in the Academic Committee. Walker remained chairman of the department until 1988, when Marc Cheban was appointed to the post.

More than other departments, the Creative Arts Department—as it was rechristened in 1980—contains a wide spectrum of specialization and training. The alumni office recognizes a large number of performing and composing artists. Some have blended music with dance or the theater, often resulting in national and international recognition. All credit Larry Walker with having been a powerful influence.

Falstaff and Legs Bennett

Few events in a school year are anticipated as keenly as theatrical productions. In the early years plays were produced by the Criss Cross Club. From the 1940s into the early 1970s the drama coaches consisted of two teams, led primarily by Dick Hillier and Blackburn Hughes, then for a shorter period after 1967 by Ned Gammons and John Moses. For almost twenty-five years, boys had to play female roles—an extra challenge. No stigma was ever attached to such performances, although third former Jud Bennett's (1962) legs in *The Solid Gold Cadillac* brought the play to an uproarious temporary halt. Hillier and Hughes's *My Sister Eileen*, *Stalag 17*, and *Twelve Angry Men* and Hughes's *Teahouse of the August Moon*, *Billy Budd*, and *My Three Angels* were smash hits.

"Dick could do everything," Blackburn Hughes declared. "He could build a set, put it up Saturday afternoon and take it down the next day; he worked tirelessly. With no women, it was demanding when someone like David Scherer (1951) played mother to Henry Wilson (1950) in *You Can't Take It with You*. I don't remember any play that didn't go on." In 1949 they "worked on a play Holly Whyte (1935) had written in the 1930s [at Princeton, where it won the Intime Theatre Prize] and it played just as well."

While casting *Mr. Roberts* in 1954, Black Hughes made history by inviting a young faculty wife to play the sole female role, a navy nurse with a privately placed birthmark seen only offstage. Catherine Amos created a hush in the auditorium when she appeared attired in a trim naval uniform. The boys never got over it. "Cathy Amos was the first woman to step on the SAS stage," Hughes pointed out. "She stole the show, as she stole all our hearts for a long, long time."

After Hillier left, Hughes and Gammons collaborated on *King Henry IV, Part 1* with "a solid cast, very experienced players," Hughes remembers. "On the night of dress rehearsal a delegation of players came to see us and said, 'We've had fun with you and Mr. Hillier in all the plays we've done, but this play of Shakespeare has meant more to us than anything we've ever done at St. Andrew's School.' That alone made it all worthwhile. Ned took Loudie Wainwright (1965) under his wing and Loudie was Sir John Falstaff to a T!"

In winter and spring 1972 alone there were eight entirely separate theatrical productions, including comedies by the French and Spanish clubs. The Criss Cross Club put on a memorable *Arsenic and Old Lace*, directed by faculty wife Amy Madigan, an actress with professional experience.

Following Amy's short time at school, the range of productions continued from the complex to the most intimate in scene and size of cast. Mary Christy Barili, a graduate of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York with wide experience in summer stock and playhouse productions, took school drama to new heights. Her productions of Sophocles' *Antigone* (with Simon Mein and Louise Dewar [1975] in the leading roles) and *Becket* (Dick Poole and Bob McLaughlin, both 1973) were played without props, only spotlights in a darkened chapel. Mary had to commute from Wilmington, and was about to be married, so she was unable to continue for long.

One of Mary's efforts on the school's behalf was sub rosa. Senior prefect Joe Hickman (1974), responsible for making announcements in the L-shaped dining room—a major challenge to anyone—had diffi-

culty projecting his voice. Bob Moss asked Joe if he would like to work privately with Mary Barili, and no one ever again complained that Joe Hickman could not be heard in the dining room, on corridor, outdoors, or anywhere else.

After 1974, with girls and a full range of voices, a new form of dramatic entertainment became possible: the musical. In 1975 coach Carol Melcher put on *The Fantasticks*, a magical play that was perfectly suited to its astonished audience, who couldn't believe their eyes and ears as the story unfolded. Not only were there seasoned student actors on stage, but they were *singing*! John Crumpler (1975), captain of the football team, played El Gallo. "His voice was magnificent," a *Cardinal* reporter wrote. Flip Hunt (1978), an elfin Mute, scattered stardust over the young lovers (Anne Rhodes [1978] and Bob Amos [1975]) while their fathers (Tom Gleason and Tom Savage, both 1975) argued behind their wall.

Larry Walker's candidate for an outstanding production is *Godspell* and for performances, Sarah Stivers (1983) in *Mame*, Bonnie Hillman (1984) in *Guys and Dolls*, and Anne Mathers (1986) and Pier Kooistra (1985) in *The Sound of Music*.

During a wild dance scene in *Mame*, Sarah Stivers arranged to descend into the audience, pick me out seemingly at random, and return with her to continue the dance. "If you screw this up, I'll kill you," she whispered as she whirled me in furious circles.

Lee Higgins (whose husband was mathematics chairman) directed many notable productions. Her ability to discover the right girl or boy for a part was uncanny. "If a student *looks* the part, has the correct sound in his voice, and moves easily on stage, he can do the role and do it *well*. Above all, I teach students to subordinate themselves to the story and the mood of the play."

Hoover Sutton, college counselor, alternated with Lee and was responsible for musicals. He recalls the effect being in a play can have on a youngster. "Phil Smith (1983) didn't make the basketball team, so he signed up for theater. He was assigned a chorus part and stole the show as a waiter, a minor part. The next year he got one of the leads and again stole the show. He went to Northwestern University, [and] majored in theater."

During the 1950s into the early 1970s, student-written and -directed plays were frequently produced. Few reached such heights—or depths—of incompre-

***The Solid Gold Cadillac* and Jud "Legs" Bennett. Until coeducation, nearly all female roles were played by boys.**

In 1954 *Mr. Roberts* included the first female cast member in school history, Catherine Amos.

***Godspell*, Carol S. Melcher director, Bob Moss set design.**

hensible lunacy as Phil Persinger's (1970) *The Tragic Death of Rumplestiltskin or 1984 is an Election Year.* Persinger, self-styled recipient of the Ronald Reagan Junior Theatrics Award, was and remains an original whose writing continues to astonish.

In May 1966, Larry Walker arranged an enthusiastically received outdoor recital of instrumentalists and concert for his band. He and Eleanor Seyffert continued to talk about an arts day in the spring to which all parents would be invited, a day when student creativity would be on display, not only in music and graphic and plastic arts, but woodworking and drama as well. There was more to the idea than simply establishing a day for students to display their work. Parental support would be preliminary to discussions of both an arts day and the establishing of an arts department, which were planned to arrive together in 1970.

On May 28, 1969, Larry and Eleanor wrote parents describing the proposed Arts Day, and at the final faculty meeting in June, Walker "explained plans for an 'Arts Day' to be instituted toward the end of Spring Term 1970." There was strong support from the faculty and administration. Six months later in a special letter, Bob Moss enthusiastically invited parents to "a new event in the school year," the first Arts Day, to be held on May 10, 1970.

This was a major departure from the old restrictive Fathers' Club; whole families could now enjoy their sons'/brothers' special efforts and talents. Plans included exhibits from the studio, shop, and camera club, as well as performances by musical organizations, individual musicians, and the Criss Cross Club. A variety of social events was scheduled as well. The day following the festive event, Moss wrote a notice to the entire school expressing the faculty's gratitude to those who had made the day such a success.

Arts Day grew in size and quality of exhibits each year, and became a high point on Parents' Weekend. In 1976, with Kathy Zechman, Larry Walker's one-year sabbatical replacement, conducting the stage band, parents inspected inlaid chess boards, award-winning photographs from Africa by Towny Manfull (1978), a Science Department multimedia *Hymn to Life,* painting and drawing, and pottery, and attended a concert by the choir. Carol Melcher's production of *Godspell* left the audience stunned by its power.

By the late 1970s, arts from St. Andrew's began reaching out into the community—Middletown, Smyrna, upper New Castle County, Wilmington, and adjacent Pennsylvania. The stage band toured New York and Massachusetts, and the choir sang in England and France. School plays were performed at the University of Delaware and musicals in Pennsylvania. By the 1980s over half the student body was engaged in the arts in one form or another. "It is the norm to find a superb soccer player performing on the stage at least once a year, singing in the choir, and writing for the *Cardinal.* Such breadth of exposure not only breaks down the tendency of students to form into narrow cliques, but it also uncovers talents which might otherwise go undiscovered and unenjoyed," writes Jon O'Brien.

By 1984, there were five extracurricular groups in the arts: the Thespians (a national honor society), the Drama, Art, and Dance clubs, and the Pro Musica group. Each had its own faculty advisors and an enthusiastic group of students. The beautiful new arts building ("Out with the laundry—in with the arts!"), open to all, became a mecca for greatly increased studio activity in painting, drawing, ceramics, and pottery. By 1985 the art major had won a permanent place in the academic curriculum, with the campus a showplace for student creativity. Even the Shack was "brightened by our efforts."

It is a moot point whether or not Bob Moss would have created an Arts Department as early as he did had it not been for Walker joining the faculty. Talent, dedication, and leadership were evident in the man from the beginning. Faculty and academic committee meetings frequently saw his spirited defense against perceived inroads against the arts, especially schedule time for practice and instruction. Students knew he was always on their side. "A student with only modest talent could go far with him," declares Ken Wilson (1966). He had a committed ally in Eleanor Seyffert, who previously had her students hang their work in makeshift galleries in the Garth and auditorium.

Only a few days before one Arts Day Alexandra Sargent (1985) and a few others decided to perform an impromptu dance. She was nervous asking Larry Walker for permission, which he granted with irritation because of the short notice. But his pride in every student performer showed more enthusiastically than ever when, after the group finished, he turned from conducting the band and yelled, *"One more time!"* Walker's ability to bring out latent talent, his

pride in the rankest beginner as well as an accomplished musician, his pure pleasure in their performance, are evident to all.

Integration struck into the heart and soul of St. Andrew's; coeducation altered its character. The creation of an Arts Department brought light to its senses.

MiniTerm

"To dwell on the subject of how horrible the Winter Term can be may actually serve to make it so; at least half the trouble is the way boys convince themselves that it is a terrible period," say the faculty meeting minutes for June 10, 1964.

One belief long held at St. Andrew's was the inevitability of winter depression. February's evils were blamed for preventing students from achieving academic distinction, maintaining a reasonable disciplinary mark average, being sociable, or anything else that crossed their minds. It was a self-perpetuating myth with only the slightest basis of seasonal physiological fact in northern latitudes.

For years the end of February was simply the end of winter term, replete with three-hour examinations. Eventually the elimination of all winter-term examinations in 1971 was a radical, and welcome, departure from tradition. Unfortunately the class time gained spurred some faculty to increase their demands, so tales of woe grew louder than ever.

The 1960s saw rising miniskirts, cascading hair in men, an increase in drugs, and the weakening of sexual taboos. Woodstock lent its name to a generation; the Vietnam War was winding down. *Easy Rider, Midnight Cowboy,* and *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* were on the screen; school corridors echoed to "Satisfaction," "We Gotta Get Out Of This Place," and "Somebody To Love." *Playboy* center-folds were tacked to the backs of dormitory closet doors, hopefully camouflaged by hanging clothes. Waves of discontent from the world beyond surged over St. Andrew's, usually in the form of questioning the scholastic status quo. Complaints among students and some faculty were vocal, but not easily measured.

The traditional seasonal blahs were exacerbated during the rebellious sixties, with its prevailing discontent and disdain for institutionalization of all kinds. An academic innovation was cropping up across the country in the form of short courses, or periods of special studies on campus or in the field, usually offered for a few weeks before or after Christmas vacation. Could we apply something of the sort to St. Andrew's late in the winter term? Bob Moss challenged college counselor Bob Dobson and me to develop an experimental program.

On November 10, 1971, we proposed to the Academic Committee "that St. Andrew's consider a three-week MiniTerm in January. It is recognized that a school cannot have such a program without readjusting certain traditional areas of activity. With a January MiniTerm, the school year would consist of two very nearly equal terms (with no winter term examinations)." A trial suspension of winter-term exams in February 1971 proved so successful, with no adverse academic effects, that the arrangement became permanent.

The Academic Committee approved, although not with overwhelming enthusiasm, and I opened the subject in faculty meeting. Sixty percent of the faculty offered a total of fifty-three program ideas—archaeological digs on school property, creative writing in French, the court system and the law, a photo essay of a jail or hospital, a bike trip tracing Chaucer's pilgrimage from London to Canterbury, computer programming, a drama workshop.

The student body seemed slightly perplexed, but most were favorably inclined and broached some ideas of their own.

Some faculty expressed genuine excitement, others went along passively. Three objected to the concept in any form, declaring, "We should get our academic house in order first." One or two considered their regular courses immutable. It was impossible, they said, to teach their subjects in even a few days less than what had been traditionally allotted. It was pointed out to them that all college preparatory schools offered much the same subjects, and all differed in the amount of time devoted to a given course—yet the results in Scholastic Achievement Tests and college acceptance were similar. The opposition fell silent.

By late February 1972, the faculty accepted a refined proposal with a theoretical daily schedule, and the whole thing devolved upon me to put into operation. The *Cardinal* devoted much of its front page to MiniTerm, exploring pros and cons and criticizing apathy. Interest began to pick up, and by December

we were off and running.

MiniTerm became a reality in 1973, purely as an experiment to be re-evaluated on a year-by-year basis. Students were overjoyed with the break in routine and the faculty pitched in. For many it was the most exhausting period of the year.

The wealth of offerings was staggering—and very uneven. Some programs were oversubscribed; others failed to attract a soul. Some faculty were heavily engaged, others not at all. Obviously we had our work cut out for us. Since I was in charge of MiniTerm for the seven years it existed, it was my responsibility to study problems and successes and fine-tune the affair so students and faculty were equally involved. This ideal state was never achieved, but with each passing year MiniTerm became more clearly defined and organized. "Sets" of programs were established, one purely academic, one moderately so, one not at all; every student had to elect one of each. Faculty whose proposals were not viable or subscribed to were assigned to help in programs with heavy enrollment or involved in other school functions.

Administrating MiniTerm was a formidable task. After receiving and evaluating a hundred or more faculty programs each year, selections were made and a multipage prospectus with descriptions of each proposal was given to every student to make selections based upon interest and certain requirements. It was soon clear which programs would "fly" and which would be scrapped.

Imagination and breadth of interest were never displayed better than in the early years of MiniTerm. Topics were academic, skill oriented, vocational, or even recreational. Most were on campus. Students entered into new programs eagerly and energetically—and faculty quickly discovered they were working harder than ever. Some students never stirred their minds; certain faculty doubts solidified; faculty involvement ranged from the enthusiastic to the resigned. The MiniTerm committee was generous with student requests and had a lot of fun with them as well. Mary Alves (1980) and Lisa Oleson (1978) drew up an elaborate proposal to "go to Egypt to study camels," only marginally revealing this would be possible because Lisa's father was in the diplomatic corps there. The ruse was transparent, but approved, and no doubt the girls spent the last half of the last day of their stay inspecting a camel. The report they submitted relegated camels to their proper place and emphasized past and present Egyptian culture.

Rob Pasco's archaeology dig attracted a large number of students of all ages. Conducted near the nineteenth-century Naudain house, a mansion on school property, the dig uncovered significant records of early Delaware history. A cookhouse and other outbuildings were discovered and artifacts and shards collected by the hundreds.

Students went away to work in hospitals and museums; took up gourmet cooking; delved into computer science; practiced magazine article writing; learned a bit of Japanese or Russian; made short feature films; explored a wide assortment of academic topics not possible during the normal term.

An evening of high jinks took place during MiniTerm each year in the form of a banquet. The first, in 1974, was medieval, with lords and ladies, dogs gnawing bones on the floor, servants carrying great boards laden with food to be eaten without implements. One slab was piled high with roasted joints of meat, savored until the word got out they were muskrats' haunches. Wise to the ways of medieval dining, in 1980 the faculty was "vigilant to prevent throwing of food and other misbehavior" during a Renaissance banquet. One banquet was classical, groaning mortals bearing gods and goddesses on litters. There were fancy-dress dinners, parades, dances. All the characters from the Wizard of Oz attended one, with the Lollipop Kids bringing down the house. One way or another, winter terms were lightened and made bearable.

A welcome informal closeness developed between student and instructor during MiniTerm. The dress code was suspended, academic pressures were absent, and new friendships flourished. Yet eventually, erosion set in—again following a national trend. After a much-curtailed MiniTerm in 1981, the Academic Committee gave it up, substituting a few similar courses on Saturday mornings. Students were ready to let it go, welcoming a few more weeks of chemistry or expository composition.

MiniTerm offered a respite, interested and excited some, left others indifferent. The one clear result—doubtless due to coeducation and other factors as well—was an almost complete disappearance of the midwinter blues. Never again have winter doldrums affected the school as they once did.

A corollary to MiniTerm was serious inquiry into

conducting a summer school at St. Andrew's. Chris Boyle and I were delegated to study the possibility and in February 1968 we submitted our report. Of fifteen possible programs described, some had academic promise and were of initial interest to faculty, but administrative hurdles were discouraging, funding was questioned, trustee approval seemed remote, and the concept died. Only when athletic camps in soccer, field hockey, and lacrosse and Elderhostel programs were introduced were the school's facilities used in the summer months.

I bless God in the libraries of the learned

—Christopher Smart

A meticulous and well-ordered man, Jack Campbell ran his small two-thousand-volume basement library efficiently during the six years he was at St. Andrew's—with an annual budget of $900. His death in 1953 left a gap unfilled for a year until Nolan Lushington, a professionally trained librarian, took over. Lushington cast a keen eye on the plans for a new wing. The architectural design was impressive—from the outside. The new library was to be entirely open in the center, rising two stories to the ceiling, with a peripheral balcony to hold the stacks. A magnificent window at the end would flood the great room with light. Lushington saw the design's flaw at once—beautiful as it was, it allowed no room for future expansion. The plan was modified to install a second level, housing a periodical room, a glassed-in listening room equipped with turntables and earphones, a radio studio, and a meeting room. The huge east window was split horizontally halfway up, a relict of what would have been.*

By 1962, the library had amassed ten thousand books and with an annual budget of $5,000 was adding one thousand volumes a year. The paperback library and periodical collection were heavily used. Nolan Lushington had created a library with ten times the number of books per student recommended by the American Library Association, at ten times its suggested budget.

Following Lushington's departure in 1962 to head a large city library system, Dick Barron took over. Along with Lushington and later Mary Dunn, Barron was a major contributor to this splendid library, which grew rapidly to sixteen thousand volumes. He spent much of his time reading reviews, writing orders, and repairing and rebinding books that showed signs of wear. Lucille Smith started off her eighteen-year career in the library as "Dick Barron's right hand," and became an excellent resource person. The other person who got her start under Barron was Mary Dunn, who in March 1968 was asked by business manager Norman Thornton to put in twenty hours a week at two dollars an hour. (Her rewards came later.)

Barron had new books on the shelves before requests arrived, and he watched talk shows in which authors were interviewed.** He foresaw the need for audiovisual equipment long before those who approved his library budget would do so. He squirreled away fines from overdue books to build up funds for cassette players and projectors. The library's "Blue Check" account eventually amounted to over $800.

In October 1968 Dick Barron had the first of three heart attacks and was out for the remainder of the year. Tom Coleman (1969), head of the student library squad, was thoroughly familiar with the library's operation, so Bill Cameron included him in a meeting of Ches Baum, Chris Boyle, and Ned Gammons to discuss how the library should be run. Coleman asked, "How can you possibly decide on running the library without including Mrs. Dunn and Mrs. Smith in this discussion? They are the only ones who know anything about the library." Cameron grumbled about women in the school, but agreed Mary Dunn should take over. With Lucille Smith's and Tom Coleman's assistance, Mary Dunn did an outstanding job and not a beat was missed.

Over the next three years Barron suffered two more heart attacks. In March 1972 he told Bob Moss that he "had been thinking of retirement for some time." To ease the transition, Moss offered the Barrons their apartment for an additional half year, with full fac-

*A 1994 study suggested a plan by which the original library would dispense with the second floor, opening the room vertically, and building a balcony for additional stacks. No one had any idea the plan was almost identical to the one thirty-eight years earlier (see chapter 5). This time the plan was workable because the entire adjacent study hall had been converted into stacks and a reference library.

**Intellectually curious about almost everything, Dick Barron constantly thought up new gadgets. One consisted of a library cart with four wheels on rotating arms that could "walk" up and down stairs. He never marketed the idea, but years later someone with an identical plan did.

ulty perquisites. To document the situation for favorable consideration by the Social Security Administration, the Personnel Committee of the Board of Trustees declared that, insofar as school duties were concerned, Richard L. Barron was disabled.

Walter Liefeld (1954) was employed as librarian, holding the library in place preparatory to the next major development that occurred when Mary Dunn took over in 1982. After being succeeded by Mary as head librarian, Liefeld became reference librarian and was in charge of visual aids, assistant to the dean of students, and an intramural coach. Academic dean Bob Stegeman later called Mary Dunn "a *marvelous* librarian! One kind of librarian is the compulsive type: whenever a book goes out, it kills them for they're afraid they'll never get it back. But Mary is the other sort—one great earth mother! When a kid comes in looking for a book on Socrates, he leaves the library with ten books, all because she led him in all sorts of directions."

Mother Dunn received endless notes and comments from students.

> I have experienced a little difficulty with a French III tape I was using. I put it in a tape recorder and the tape got eaten up. I need to talk to you at some point about this problem but am very sorry to be detained right now.

> I would like to report that T— J— has very bad manners such as being obnoxios. I wish you would speak to him on his behavior because I am disgusted with how rude he acts. I would like to see you speak to him and so to set him straight. Thank you. P.S. If this continues I suggest you send him to the conciling center.

In the fall of 1969, Mary Dunn and Lucille Smith went through a collection of books that came to the school and found a large photographic book of nudes. With some ceremony they presented it to Ches Baum, who wrote the following poetic expression of gratitude:

> NEVER BETTER THAN LATE,
> OR WHERE HAS THE MUSE BEEN SINCE JUNE?
> What air-brushed treasures lie beneath my gaze
> As Swedish flesh gleams forth from every page
> Of this rare book, whose black and white displays
> Remind us of a simpler, happier age
> When color spreads of Playmates were unknown,
> And the girl-next-door would not rip off her clothes,
> To show her almost all in kodachrome,
> And be Miss Month, the voyeur's vibrant rose:
> Another age, which found itself well served
> By art as an excuse to snap the nude
> In simpering pose—Venus herself observed
> For beauty. What else? Who'd call the looker lewd?
> And thus, dear ladies, you have done your part:
> My prurient peeks serve history and art.

In the early 1980s the heads of several schools met in the library for one and a half days, shutting out students. When the conference was over, Mary Dunn found that someone had placed a number of pornographic magazines around the library. One magazine, *Stud*, was lying directly beside a chair that had been occupied by a Catholic nun. The student library squad smiled and said nothing.

Two years before Mary's retirement, three different librarians were invited to evaluate the library. The magnitude of her work and the insufficiency of staff were immediately apparent. St. Andrew's had a single librarian, with Walter Liefeld taking care of visual aids; the library at Taft School had nine librarians, two clerks, and a number of volunteers. A librarian from the University of Delaware declared that St. Andrew's "was living in the dark ages." The third consultant offered the most, for he was the most knowledgeable—Nolan Lushington. His detailed recommendations were what the school was looking for: they called for major relocations and renovations, most of which were accomplished within a year. Each of the visiting librarians thought Mary Dunn had done a superb job under difficult conditions, commending her to the administration, which was not at all unaware of her contributions. When Louis C. Mandes, Jr. took over in 1987, the library was in first-class condition.

The Pit

In the 1940s and until the New Wing was built, Study Hall was a proper noun in function and location. It occupied the entire northern wing, now occupied by the business office. It contained sixty 1920s wood and metal desks bolted down in rows, overlooked by a master's desk on a raised dais. Lights were ornamented glass globes hanging from the ceil-

ing at the ends of long metal rods.* In an emergency the master in charge could tap a sixth former who, with his form's mark-giving privileges, might be a reliable substitute. Except for the rara avis who got a First Group, second and third formers had to study there no matter what. As one went up in seniority, releases became somewhat easier to get according to a precisely worked-out scale of grades. When not in study hall, a student had to be in his room, in the library, or with a teacher.

Keeping study hall was a duty for all masters, who either developed a sixth sense or were lost. I worked during my supervisory times—allowing students to see an adult had responsibilities as well—but my senses were on full alert. One day a titter called my attention to a paper airplane describing graceful loops in the air. Fifty-nine pairs of eyes were on me; one pair studied a book. I called out (shattering the required silence), "That's a ringer for you, Davis." There was great applause. Later Murdoch Davis (1950) asked, "How did you know? You weren't even looking when I threw it."

The entire system was transported over to the even larger room in the New Wing (now a major extension of the library). The new study hall was a monster. First, there weren't enough desks to occupy it and a national search failed to turn up a single manufacturer of such archaic equipment. Newer versions were interspersed among the old in alternating rows. The older desks, regularly shattered by student vigor, were kept operational only by the efforts of carpenters John Jester and Ward Wallace. Most of the lift-tops were of archaeological significance, with messages deeply and permanently engraved by generations of schoolboys.

The supervising master again occupied a desk on a dais, but the place was so large, when he turned his attention to one corner, all kinds of hell broke loose in another. Walking up and down the rows was fraught with mishap. As you stopped to check one boy's activity,** another would slip to the floor and creep out on all fours. Some faculty became absorbed in paperwork, some dozed or daydreamed; others, like Don Dunn, had an eagle eye for miscreants. Howard

The Phantom

One evening someone turned off the overhead lights and threw an ignited gasoline-soaked tennis ball into the darkened study hall. The Phantom had struck—spectacularly—and neither property nor person was hurt.

Jim Beverley (1962) tells of phantasmagorial genesis: "The Phantom was conceived by my roommate, Jim Watt. He returned from Thanksgiving break with an Army surplus sub-zero black ski mask." Various experiments were tried out in the dormitories until a certain evening when "a new teacher, Mr. ('Pretty Boy') Floyd was conducting 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."

Neither Watt nor Beverley was the Phantom, whom the class of 1962 loved and shielded with anonymity that lasts to this day. Faculty were determined to apprehend the specter, who dared one night to appear in Webb Reyner's study hall. After a chase through the entire school, Reyner caught the masked figure near the headmaster's office. It was a phantom in black, but not the Phantom, only an impostor, Tom Snyder (1964). At the time, the faculty was sure the mystic figure was gone, but Beverley recounts their error.

"Bill Cameron convened the (mock) disciplinary meeting, at the close of which he announced (ex cathedra, as only he could 'announce'), 'The Phantom is dead.' But the Phantom then appeared, made his presence known and disappeared into the night as he always did, untouched and undaunted.... But it was noted that he pushed his hand through the glass portion of the door while making his getaway. The next day many seniors wore bandages on their wrists."

*Near the end of its existence, the 1950s study hall had rows of new-fangled fluorescent lights installed. One day when I was on duty, two entire rows peeled away from the ceiling and fell into the aisles, miraculously harming no one. Study hall was dismissed for the rest of the day.

**Comics, paperbacks, and writing letters were strictly forbidden. Only books on the English outside reading list were permitted.

In the old study hall, the master's desk was on a platform and the worn chair had a sunken seat. Someone filled the hollow with water and added a few thumb tacks for good measure. Everyone was aware of the prank and waited with anticipation for Mr. Hawkins to arrive and take his position. The bell rang, he entered, went to the desk, and sat down—every eye in the room on him. He never so much as changed the expression on his face for the entire period. It was the quietest study hall I ever sat through in five years at SAS. He never gave us the satisfaction of seeing him react.

—David Hindle (1958)

During evening study hall break, we would snare several of the smallest second formers, escort them into the hall bathroom, and hang them by their belts on the wall coat hooks. When study hall resumed, several second formers would be absent.

—Steve Amos (1974)

Rubber bands will not be permitted in the study hall. Some near accidents have occurred from sling-shot missiles. Twelve marks should be given to a boy who has in his possession or uses rubber bands in the study hall and reference library.

—Notice, November 8, 1971

Schmolze could size up the reading of an unapproved paperback thirty feet away. Students quickly distinguished between easy marks and vigilantes. The old-fashioned hinged desktops banged like cannon for some faculty, whispered for others.

Study hall had a life and rhythm of its own. By totaling conduct marks, it was apparent Mondays were the worst days, which faculty analysts attributed to the return to order after a relatively freewheeling weekend.

In 1971, Dunn prepared a statistical analysis of boys signing out of study hall. Age and scholastic standing seemed to have no bearing, but certain individuals stood out: "Phelan and Snell signed out two and a half times the average." No doubt they had an eye for easy marks and a winning set of reasons to escape The Pit.

We learned to take attendance at the beginning of the period as well as the end. The attendance book regularly disappeared, to the immense wrath of Don Dunn, who was Official Keeper of The Pit. It always reappeared as mysteriously as it had vanished. I, for one, was easily confused by glib explanations—"But sir, *you let* me go to the library/infirmary/bathroom." Or, "Sir, didn't you see me? I was sitting at X's desk because my chair was broken." Bathroom traffic could be heavy, but Bill Cameron handled that with a growl—"Tie a knot in it, boy."

Ingenuity knew no bounds. Phil Persinger (1970) remembers how Arthur Miller (1970) would take off his hearing aids in study hall and purposely put them next to each other in his desk so they would produce high-pitched feedback, driving everyone else crazy. The sound seemed omnidirectional so the master in charge had no idea what the source was. Rubber bands were prohibited in study hall; they were too effective in sending projectiles aloft.

By the early 1970s, rules had relaxed to such an extent that the great room was no longer heavily populated by students who were not in class. The institution of study hall eroded. Masters were increasingly reluctant to follow procedure and were critical of the concept. Study hall was now a period to be endured rather than a place and time to study and prepare classes. Before evening bells rang, the room held nightly boisterous gatherings of two or three dozen students, so raucous the master coming on duty would grow hoarse calling for order.

The October issue of the *Cardinal* described how "this bulwark of traditionalism" underwent major changes in the summer of 1971. One-third was walled off by a glass partition to serve as a reference library and the remainder of The Pit was carpeted and repainted. Noisy radiators were replaced and curtains hung. The rows of bolted-down desks were replaced by a jigsaw arrangement of study carrels possessing shoulder-high partitions. These, of course, were a godsend to students, who literally disappeared from faculty eyes. In-house mail service in the form of notes immediately improved. One evening when Don Dunn was on duty he intercepted a note from Bobbie Fry to Scarlett Halsted (both 1978) which read, "I have finished my homework. I want to write a letter. I wish Mr. Dunn would sit down he is a pain in

the ass." Don and Mary Dunn framed the note and gave it to Bobbie when she graduated. It has hung in her home ever since.

Survival of The Pit was only a question of time. Although doomed, for a while it remained for some the antithesis of its original purpose. Polly Dolan (1985) speaks for a legion: "My teachers did not want me to fail geometry—no—and they did not want me to develop terrible study habits. So the cure was The Pit. No matter how academically oriented, The Pit was not regarded by any students as a stimulating environment in which you came to terms with the reality of books and academics. It represented for me pure punishment. I felt like a character out of *1984*."

By the early 1980s the study hall portion of the great room had been turned over to the library for additional stacks and work areas. Study hall itself, greatly reduced in concept, was held in a much smaller room in the basement.

Grades, grades, grades

Grades in school are as inevitable as taxes in adult life. From a student's point of view, one is graded not only on academic work, but athletics, arts, even behavior. As for disciplinary records, for many years the Holder Conduct Prize was awarded to the individual with the best mark average. In the late 1940s (and probably not for the last time), the faculty beamed as the prize went to a young man who every student knew was the biggest, luckiest uncaught hell-raiser in school.

A less evident perspective is found among those who "give" grades, for even in mathematics, there is ample room for subjective interpretation. Grades are nothing more than crude indicators that reflect not only ability and determination, but intense competition and a pecking order. A good grade exhilarates, a poor one depresses. As a result teachers are good guys or bad guys. A teacher who yields to student pleading and alters a grade is disdained. One who is unduly severe is hated. But no student *ever* pities a teacher who is obliged to produce grades at predetermined intervals—as all must.

Once the academic year was rigidly divided into thirds, each terminating in examinations, with internal subunits consisting of "mid-term." Exams were held in the study hall and two additional classrooms with three sets of proctors. When the new gym was being built, the trustees rejected a request from the school to purchase sufficient folding tablet-arm chairs to seat most of the school in a single great room. The wisdom of holding examinations in such a well-lit, well-ventilated place became apparent later, however. The chairs were purchased and from then on exams were held in the gym except for subjects requir-

Waiting for evening study hall in the 1960s. Coats and ties were mandatory. Some of the lift-top desks date back to the 1930s.

ing special facilities.

Examinations were designed to consume three hours, and students had to stay in the room for at least two, except for trips to the toilet, and then only one at a time. In deference to their tender years and bodies, second formers had an hour lopped off. Second formers may have begun the tradition of bringing pillows into the exam room. One plump little boy brought in a soft feather pillow to sit on. When asked if he really needed it, he dissolved into wailing tears, to the utter loss of the master's composure. Many years later, pillows were commonplace and almost every young girl brought along her favorite stuffed animal.

In 1968, Steve Sawyier (1968) heretically proposed to eliminate winter examinations entirely, with fall and spring exams covering the year. The student body cheered him on, but the faculty hotly debated the issue week after week. Eight months later, acting headmaster Bill Cameron found "the Sawyier Proposal still unacceptable." In a lengthy compromise he specified that individual instructors might dismiss a winter exam or substitute a paper or project, which created enormous pressure on faculty to do away with winter term exams piecemeal. Although a few faculty stood firm for a time, most welcomed the change, which swiftly became permanent.

At mid-term and after completion of a term, grades were totaled, entered on lists in the registrar's office, and reports prepared and mailed to families. Well into the 1960s grade sheets for the entire school were posted on the main bulletin board (behind glass, to prevent unauthorized alterations), providing both sport and torture. Boys shoved against one another, uttering groans and epithets and self-congratulatory cries. Fearing the worst, a boy might sit alone in the common room, waiting for the rest to leave for his own moment of quiet anguish while facing the board.

Jay McNeely (1965) remembers suffering as he strove to put his academic house in order. "Howard Schmolze, Bill Amos, and a young math teacher [Rich Crouse or Art Timmins] spent the extra time and effort to help me improve my poor grades. The confidence gained and the recognition of one's own self worth meant a lot."

Older faculty of Spartan inclination saw nothing wrong in posting grades, arguing that holding boys up to scrutiny was an effective means of getting them to improve their standing. Gradually, however, an awareness arose that such public demonstration of success and humiliating failure had no place in the small community. Some students made life hell for others, usually younger boys who had enough trouble trying to keep their heads above water without being ridiculed. Grade sheets were no longer posted but given to advisors who, in the quiet of their homes or offices, distributed them to individuals as they wished. A few masters simply informed their advisees as a group. Others took their charges aside one by one to go over individual records. Still later, each student was given a grade slip to ponder before discussing his or her standing with the advisor. This one small stroke transformed advisor into advocate-friend-counselor.

In the 1950s the registrar's office was a single small room inhabited by Howard and Kitty Schmolze,* a half-dozen file cabinets holding alumni records, examinations of every department, a master card file cabinet containing student transcripts and grade records, and a couple of desks. Bob Moss believed the Schmolzes had "developed the best registrar's system of any school" he had ever seen, with "a sheer volume of work that was never mishandled."

While the original "RegOff" served the Schmolzes well, it had no room for faculty activity or an additional secretary. When faculty needed to make multiple copies of reports or exams, they had to use either a spirit duplicator or a mimeograph machine kept in the tiny third-floor Star Chamber (now part of a stairway access to the former South Dorm, Hillier Corridor). The RegOff itself became a scene of chaos at the end of each marking period. Little by little this essential office complex enlarged, adding personnel and facilities.

Reports that went home evolved through a variety of designs. Originally every one had to be filled in by hand by each teacher, not all of whom showed legible penmanship. The first great revolution came when a huge, roaring, and odorous machine appeared in a corner of a room adjacent to the registrar's office: the

*Initially working as a volunteer five days a week, Kitty Schmolze was first formally employed as part-time assistant to the registrar in 1944. In 1954 her job description consisted of thirty-seven distinct major duties, totaling a minimum of 1,170 hours. Until her retirement in 1971, her self-determined work load increased annually.

Ozalid duplicator, a high-tech marvel of the 1950s. When it was turned on, the whole corridor reeked of ammonia despite a galvanized power flue leading outdoors. Paper proliferation had begun. We made copies of reports for ourselves, for school records, and for parents. The big machine was finicky and could only read papers of special quality written on with special ink or typed with orange undersheets. Special inks and pens consisted of black for passing grades, red for conditional and failing grades. Woe to the master who used the wrong ingredients!

Teachers had to be very careful when entering the long sequence of grades on the master school lists for each of the five grade levels. With a student body of at least 150, each taking five courses, 750 separate entries had to be made by hand without error. The same number of entries were required on reports to be sent home, after which advisors and the headmaster or assistant headmaster had to add their comments.

Entering grades was unquestionably the faculty's most onerous task. With an increasing number of students, some taking six courses, the five completed grade sheets might display approximately a thousand figures, presumably correct and properly entered. Calamity occurred when someone hurriedly entered grades in the wrong column. Either the entire sheet had to be done over, enraging every master, or the miscreant had to use an odorous chemical eradicator to remove his grades and no one else's, adding to the fumes already present. Some individual grades always had to be changed. Howard Schmolze's eagle eye spotted "no-no" grades—those only a single point from passing (64) or a point or two away from moving a student into a higher grade group with its attendant privileges of studying out instead of being remanded to study hall.

Masters dealt first with exams and term reports, averaged grades by hand, slide rule, or primitive mechanical calculators, then connived to get into the stuffy little grades room ahead of everyone else, dash off the grades and report comments, and escape while those who waited loudly proclaimed priority: "I was here first!" "I just went down to get some coffee!" It was a mad, ill-tempered race. Each had his own plan, never revealed to others, but every attempt to do the job efficiently and easily failed and everyone ended up ragged with fatigue and thoroughly irritated.

Term reports compounded the mess. Not only were there five folders for the five grade sheets, but five fat packets of master report cards destined to enter the Ozalid's maw. Again, special ink was required, and pens that always seemed to have jagged nibs and refused to write or tore the paper. An occasional master would take folders across the hall to an empty classroom, evoking further consternation in the RegOff.

I found a solution by staying up until exhaustion overtook everyone else and I had the place to myself. But even at 2:00 A.M. several of us would be grabbing folders from one another, claiming priority rights. For a while I went to the Registrar's Office at 5:00 A.M. the morning grades were due. Others quickly followed suit. Struggling across campus before dawn only to see lights in the RegOff was disheartening.

My final rebellion, possible only in later years when seniority had its unspoken rights (or age-enfeebled excuses), was to disregard the deadline and enter grades and comments *late*. I was not beloved by the registrar's office statisticians for this, although Nancy Woodward was courteously tolerant and Joyce Nelson an understanding angel.

Writing comments on term reports was a challenge when eight or nine colleagues were standing around eyeing the class folder you were working on. Dick Haggerty's alternating "Good work on the whole," and "On the whole, good work," got him in and out of the office in jig time. A wordy individual might not only fill his allotted space but spill over into the next. Lukey Fleming detested having his space usurped and said so loudly.

Dick Hillier of the well-ordered mind copied neatly typed comments brought from home. Ches Baum mentally spun a ghostly comment roulette wheel, throwing everyone off stride by loudly repeating the results.

Finally, faculty irritation erupted with a corporate voice. In the minutes of the Academic Committee, May 22, 1964, a survey on report writing procedures showed "widespread dissatisfaction," as the secretary mildly put it for posterity. Everyone had suggestions for improvement and all were listed, but there was no common denominator. An anonymous voice modestly suggested that we attempt "to record something more penetrating than the usual banalities that we hasten to inscribe in the appropriate spot so that the man breathing down our neck can inscribe his banalities."

Howard Schmolze ran a tight ship, but somehow the RegOff developed into an even tighter organization when assistant registrar Alice Ryan became acting registrar in 1974, then registrar.* With an eye that missed nothing, a mind that remembered everything, procrastinating, error-prone faculty were gently, firmly, and immediately caught up.

The first Xerox machine arrived in October 1972. From then on procedures for entering grades progressed to higher technological levels. Inventive minds in and out of the RegOff devised new ways of easing the burden, but it was biology and pickled frogs that came to the rescue. The new report cards had larger spaces in which to enter comments, precisely the size of self-adhesive labels I used on laboratory museum jars. I simply typed comments in the privacy of my office, took the collection to the registrar's office, and stripped them onto the report forms in a matter of minutes. Alice Ryan spotted the advantage and laid in a supply of similar labels. From then on, her office and its grade-entering annex were never again haunted by faculty.

Food for thought, springboards for revision, and ideas to insure greatness

—Jack Kistler

Every ten years the Middle States Association of Colleges and Schools sends a team of teachers and administrators to scrutinize every aspect of the St. Andrew's community. Five years later the school evaluates itself and sends in an interim report to the association, primarily indicating action taken following the committee's recommendations.

One person, usually the academic dean, is in overall charge of preparing for the visit. The faculty and staff is broken into subcommittees. It is a time of introspection, measurement, and focus upon internal objectives. Long discussions develop as department and committee chairmen and the administration review stated goals and philosophies. Any departure is evolutionary, not revolutionary. St. Andrew's philosophy has remained true to its origins; only methods and modern approaches differ.

Innovative and creative thinking is encouraged to refine and clearly state the school's purpose, resulting at times in heretical suggestions. When a faculty member questioned the emphasis on "all this religion stuff," he was promptly reminded by Jon O'Brien that the school's philosophy is based upon its church-related Foundation (see chapter 1).

The concluding statements by evaluating committee chairmen over the past forty years reflect the strength of the school. The remarks of the chairman in 1957, Dr. Leslie Severinghaus, the headmaster of Haverford School, were so eloquent and perceptive that they were printed and distributed to the faculty. The masterful summary in 1967 by James O. Brown, headmaster of Perkiomen School, left such an impression that five years later he was called back to St. Andrew's as its assistant headmaster. In 1977 Bruce McClellan, headmaster of Lawrenceville, called St. Andrew's "an island of beauty and stability." Ten years later, Jack Kistler of Church Farm School wrote: "Caring and respect for the individual, the institution and each other mark the soul of this superior educational institution.... [The faculty] not only possess a command of their subject areas, but also embrace that 'spark of magic' required to teach values and content in an exciting fashion and refreshing manner."

For whatever reason, the early 1960s and 1970s saw a flowering of academic distinction at St. Andrew's, with two Presidential Scholars (a third Presidential Scholar was named in 1991), nine National Merit winners and numerous finalists, semifinalists, and letters of commendation. Peak years for National Merit awards were clearly the decade between 1964 and 1974. In the longer interval between 1958 and 1986, 376 students achieved SAT scores in the 750–800 range and 117 achieved a 5 on their Advanced Placement examinations.** After graduating from St. Andrew's, Dennis Blair (1964) joined the earlier Powell Hutton (1955) in becoming a Rhodes Scholar.

For much of its early existence, St. Andrew's was highly successful in placing students in advanced courses in college. It took a great deal of time and persuasion to argue that a secondary school could offer courses of such distinction, but as the school's

*In 1979 Alice assumed the additional role of director of studies. She remained registrar until her retirement in 1992.

** The greatest concentration of high SAT scores occurred from 1964 to 1977, while Advanced Placement distinctions remained reasonably constant throughout the period with a surge toward the mid-1980s. Outside the scope of this book is an apparent rise in scores of achievement in all categories toward the end of the 1980s.

reputation grew, an increasing number of colleges and universities accepted recommendations that St. Andrew's graduates could succeed in sophomore-level courses. When the Advanced Placement program appeared on the national scene, guidelines were established that reassured doubters at the collegiate level. Felix duPont quickly detected the opportunity and wrote Bill Cameron, "Enclosed is a catalogue of the Advanced Studies program which is being tried out at St. Paul's School in the summer of 1958. If the money were obtained, do you think that St. Andrew's could be the school to try it in Delaware?" The program began to sweep the country. One of the first AP examinations was in English, the last in the sciences.*

Early in the program Chris Boyle was invited to be a reader of English examinations that flooded into the Advanced Placement offices at Princeton, which for him became an annual involvement of more than twenty years. Biology was one of the last examinations to be crafted and I was excited to be included on a small committee responsible for developing it on a national basis. At the same time I was involved as an author with the American Institute of Biological Sciences developing their well-known Blue, Yellow, and Green version texts, as well as a stopgap 120-hour filmed course. This meant frequent trips to Washington, D.C. and Kansas City, absences St. Andrew's willingly supported.

The little people

An eighth grade was an established part of the school from 1930 to 1984. The small group of little boys (and toward the end, little girls as well) was very special. The youngsters had their own academic program and, together with the smallest third formers, their own sports. Watching a six-man or intramural football game played by the smallest boys in school was pure delight. Only the one or two who served as coxswains entered "big time" athletics. In the last years of the Second Form's existence, the most popular voluntary weekday evening chapel service was one they arranged and conducted.

The Second Form curriculum consisted of sacred studies, English grammar, punctuation, and spelling, Latin, arithmetic and a smattering of algebra, general science—a catchall until Webb Reyner taught earth science—music, art, manual training, and what some thought the most important of all, "How to Study."

Some faculty thought it beneath them to spend time on such immature students; others loved the challenge and the fun. We were professionally unprepared to teach eighth graders. Bill Carpenter, a member of the faculty from 1977 to 1989, was our only experienced middle-school teacher, who often had excellent advice for those groping with methods and approach.

When the Second Form passed into oblivion in 1984, collective sighs arose from different quarters, ranging from "at last we can devote ourselves exclusively to the real job at hand," to "what a loss—the school will never be the same." Both points of view were valid. Several factors precipitated the decision, including increased applications pressure for entry into the ninth grade and no foreseeable increase—even a decrease—of interest at the eighth-grade level. Questions of housing, classrooms and other facilities, athletics, and extracurricular activities argued that the decision was inevitable. But those little people were missed (see chapter 7).

In quest of the perfect schedule

The one reliable truism about school life is there is no such thing as a perfect schedule. When changes are made, the faculty is hopeful and students are eager to try something new, but never for long. Erosion sets in and the solution-seeking process begins over.

Early in my career, when junior faculty were invited to join the Academic Committee on a one-term nonvoting basis, I was treated to rousing arguments between Coerte Voorhees and Dick Hillier, both innovative thinkers, and Bill Cameron and Lukey Fleming, who saw no reason for change. Off and on for nearly forty years schedule alterations raged through meeting after meeting. Determined proponents and opponents often grew hot under the collar

*Advanced Placement examinations at the national level began to be prepared in 1952, the first examinations offered to students on a limited basis in 1954. The first St. Andrew's students took AP examinations in 1956. Bill Cameron believed that "the program has acted as a healthy stimulus to scholarship."

> With the schedule, we are stuffing four pounds of feathers into a two pound bag.
>
> —Dick Hillier

as (a) new opportunities were denied or (b) their turf was infringed upon. Photocopied proposals and arithmetic exhibits proliferated. Changes and adjustments were sometimes made, usually to suit immediate needs—neither evolution nor revolution, but simple expediency.

In the late 1950s scheduling problems were beyond Lukey Fleming's or the Academic Committee's abilities to solve. Scheduling academic courses was bad enough, and all the "splinter courses"—shop, art, music lessons, choral music, driving education, ballroom dancing (unpopular and short-lived), remedial reading, developmental reading—resulted in lost study time. No one had any idea what to do about them.

When I took over the academic chair, one of my first priorities was to address the schedule. No magical solution materialized. We compiled a list of thirty-three boarding schools, most in New England, several from the Middle Atlantic states—a survey of which disclosed thirty-three entirely different daily and weekly schedules. Periods ranged from thirty minutes (modules, some schools called them) to a full hour. Most lasted forty-five minutes; no other school had forty-minute periods. We were unique—as was every other school. Neither the Academic Committee nor the faculty could arrive at a consensus. Throughout my seven years and again when I had the chair in 1976, we repeatedly debated the length and number of periods, a matter that was again taken up when Bob Stegeman took the academic helm in 1978.

Early in the 1960s, to provide a day in which athletic events would not interrupt labs or other afternoon academic engagements, Tuesdays ran thirty-minute periods, with classes ending at lunch. In 1982 a rotation of A and B weeks, with two different schedules, afforded new opportunities, while some departments fused periods back to back to provide an uninterrupted eighty minutes of class time. Other departments held a few evening classes.

Moss and O'Brien both recognized the school's curricular needs; both provided daring plans for change. Moss not only backed the overall academic revolution we undertook, but unilaterally created an Arts Department under Walker's chairmanship. Jon O'Brien's revised religious studies program was immediately accepted, freeing other departments to develop their own new avenues.

In April 1982 O'Brien spoke to the faculty of his "concern about the intensity of schedule pressure felt by students." He identified five scheduling problems, and proposed five alleviating changes. His proposals were so well thought out, so logical, that they encountered no opposition. Even the reinstatement of Saturday morning classes caused no stir among students.

St. Andrew's School demands much of its faculty and students. Certain legends were perpetuated: the dismal days of the winter term; the intensity of academic work; the jam-packed daily schedule. "The intensity is real, but it's not overwhelming," Bob Stegeman says. "If it's made clear to the students who are going through the pressure cooker that they are not the first generation to do so, that we as faculty know what we're doing, that the goal is manageable, that they are not guinea pigs, that you have faith it can be done, that's a big help."

Fussing with the schedule resumed every few years, with one of the most intensive attempts to perfect it occurring in the mid-1980s. But looking back a few years later, Stegeman, then chairman of the Academic Committee, sighed, "Modification of the schedule was an effort to reduce fatigue. My sad conclusion is that it didn't make a damn bit of difference. We could change the schedule every year and would never come up with one that would solve the problem."

Course selection

Soon after arriving at St. Andrew's, I discovered a file of academic catalogs going back to the school's earliest days. Inflexibility seemed to be the rule; the curriculum remained almost precisely what it had been in the mid-1930s. The sequence of courses was the same, the grade level at which each was taught remained unchanged, even the texts bore a close resemblance to their predecessors. A member of the class of 1934 would have felt at home in 1947.

St. Andrew's academic program was running well, perhaps never again so successfully when it came to drilling fundamentals into students. Its early decades were unusually literate; there were no loopholes, and

very little choice.

From the late 1940s until his death in 1961, Lukey Fleming exercised authoritarian rule when it came to academic affairs.* Rare committee meetings were brief and seldom examined policy, for changes simply did not occur. Innovative suggestions generally were tabled for future consideration, which meant they were on the shelf permanently. Lukey was only carrying on a tradition that had become the rule. Bill Cameron was a powerful voice for the status quo. Dick Hillier ran the History Department within precisely defined guidelines, but often sided with Coerte Voorhees, an imaginative free spirit who loved to explore new avenues. Howard Schmolze, ever the pragmatist, looked to trends and needs, marshaling his facts, before entertaining an idea for change. While Fleming and Cameron essentially ran the show, they permitted internal departmental affairs to evolve as faculty saw fit.

The matter of a student's choice of courses for the following year was left almost entirely up to Fleming, who arranged what he believed was a range of courses suitable to the boy's intellect and ambitions. The student himself, his advisor, parents, and certainly other teachers had little or no say. Although it met infrequently, the Academic Committee was a forum for intellectual discussions as well as the scene of levity and witticisms. Hillier, secretary to the committee, caught not only essential business, but asides that broke up long-winded debates.

In 1966, Dave Washburn, who joined the committee when senior master and registrar Howard Schmolze turned over the chair of the Mathematics Department, mentioned two half-credit courses Rich Crouse and Tom Pike, junior members of his department, had proposed. A few minor courses had existed for some time in "Saccy" (sacred studies) and in art, but this suggestion, observed some committee members, would open the door to all sorts of splinter courses. Hillier recorded Ches Baum's reaction: "Mr. Baum observed that a plethora of minor courses in the schedule is like being stoned to death with pebbles."

In 1967, occupancy of the science building was under way, with its "suites" of rooms for each discipline. The committee wondered what to do about vacated rooms in various parts of the main building as the scientists moved to their "temple." Dick Hillier again recorded comments, infusing his own perception:

> Speaking for the English Department, Mr. Baum stated that he wanted four rooms in close proximity. Speaking for himself, Mr. Cameron said that he was more than content to remain in the basement. Mr. Baum countered that proximity of classrooms has become an indication of status and prestige, but that he will be content with any arrangement until the completion of Humanities Hall in which the English Department will be afforded quarters comparable to those soon to be occupied by the scientists.
>
> Mr. Amos appeared to be satisfied that the space soon to be made available would be in keeping with his department's status and prestige.

In 1963, during one of several long, searching debates over a five-major curriculum versus the current four-and-a-half, Sandy Ogilby summed up the discussion: "What we need to do is to see if there are not other ways to cut the pie." Bill Cameron replied, "What we need is a *larger dish*." Thereupon the meeting dissolved into a series of gastronomic inanities. In a subsequent meeting, after gathering data ad nauseam on the best of possible worlds (and schedules) from each department, chairman Bill Amos submitted a graphic analysis of "The Gooseberry Pie Curriculum," which he formally dedicated to Ogilby and Cameron. The gesture wasn't entirely facetious, for several of the ingredients were later adopted.

The Academic Committee and its chairman were not empowered to influence a particular department, nor did they wish to. Departmental chairmen usually took it upon themselves to wrestle with a given problem, going to the administration only if it couldn't be solved. Rarely did rank-and-file members of the faculty feel obliged to go over their chairman's head.

Bob Moss's determination to see the overall academic program succeed was greatly aided with assistant headmaster Jim Brown serving as academic dean. Brown made a point of studying each department as an entity as well as evaluating individual faculty. One department, a problem for many years, had been difficult to bring up to grade with a chairman who resisted change. Moss wrote Brown, "We need to have a frank strategy talk with———on the state of his department. It has many problems; the chairman is oppressive on his faculty. I hope we can persuade him to let them open up and help to work

*W. Lewis Fleming was appointed director of studies between 1953 and 1955 after having been chairman of the Academic Committee (in effect academic dean) since 1940.

out soon a better program." Their strategy worked and the problem department took new strides as its members were unleashed.

A month after Lukey Fleming's death in December 1961, Bob Moss asked me if I would assume the job of overseeing academic affairs. Would I attempt to infuse new life into the academic program and break the lockstep in course sequence? Moss saw his job not one of "assembling a group of 'top brass,' but of establishing close ties with individuals on the 'firing line.'" The length of term was to be four years, rotating to other department heads (it turned out to be seven for me).

The committee had to be more than a one-man affair, I told Moss, and each member had to accept an equally responsible role. We had to study the curriculum in a fashion never before attempted. The existing academic program would not be sacrosanct—new ideas and procedures would be examined, shibboleths toppled, tradition reversed. More than anything, I wanted to give students greater freedom of choice in selecting courses. Bob Moss backed me all the way and off we went.

The renewed Academic Committee began one of the most challenging and important revisions in school history. First we had to know where we stood with respect to other American college preparatory schools. No comparisons had ever been made. The Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools had given us excellent ratings, but in contrast to what? We needed to examine course offerings, the question of four majors or five, the schedule, and a host of other issues.

Personal contact with other academic deans ensured that our queries would be answered in full. After several months, we submitted a lengthy analysis to the Academic Committee. It was not reassuring. The majority of courses were competently taught, many as up-to-date as any we found elsewhere and some well beyond the "competition." In other areas we were in the dark ages or simply doing a poor job. The inflexibility that had prevented an evolving curriculum was glaringly apparent, even to those who supported the status quo.

As a starting point, departments had to describe their hopes for the best of all possible worlds. Each statement turned out to be an honest proposal worthy of consideration. Second, the lockstep of the overall curriculum had to be broken. Third, the entire procedure of course selection by students had to be reworked from the ground up. Student interest in colleges had to be recorded for all to see, not relegated to a private conference between student and a single college advisor. Other changes were in the offing, but these were the first to address.

As the committee worked, other faculty were drawn into the process through departmental meetings. Late in the winter term boys were told in special form meetings of major changes that would affect the entire student body. On Fathers' Weekend I explained in detail the collective involvement of student, advisor, other faculty, and parents. For the first time fathers and mothers would join with the school in charting a course for their sons. They were reassured that the entire Academic Committee, consisting of all department heads and administrators, would review each student's choices and interview him should questions arise. Because a student's interest in colleges could be stated as early as the Third Form and changed as he progressed through school, the college advisor had a valuable background with which to work once the student began approaching college choices toward the end of his Fifth Form year.

From the moment of inception, the new approach worked, and is followed almost unaltered to this day. Parents who had strong opinions about academic decisions might be on target—but they also might overlook their sons' interests and abilities known to teachers in an entirely different light. A single case made me determined to open up students' strengths and desires to the widest possible audience of advisors, family, and school alike. Some years earlier, an outstanding sixth former had come to me one night after study hall and we talked into the small hours of the morning. A large, athletic boy, reared on a Maryland horse farm, he had developed a love for animals and a gift in handling them, and more than anything in the world he wanted to be a veterinarian. Despite his "marvelous understanding of animals," his father told him his aspirations were out of the question—he was going to West Point. The boy poured out his heart during an evening I will not forget. He went to West Point. On July 10, 1967, as a paratroop major in the 503rd Infantry Division, one of the elite Rangers, he was killed in action in Vietnam.

As our new course-selection process was put into effect, adjustments appeared in the curriculum almost overnight. Well-planned proposals for new

courses were invariably approved. Intellectual interest mounted among the student body as new fields of learning were opened. Underformers were admitted to United States history and the enrollment of English and European histories grew increasingly mixed. An occasional Fifth Former, particularly interested in the ancient world, elected that fascinating history formerly denied him. Form levels in the sciences slid all over the place and Spanish increased its offerings (revealing that there were "cultural reasons" for learning that language after all).

Minor courses, previously mostly of a utilitarian nature, blossomed into a wide variety of intellectual challenges. A student could combine two or three for a single credit, or take a minor course as an extra if he could carry the additional work load. Faculty discovered they could enrich their departmental offerings while providing an outlet for their own special interests.

From those few crucial years in the early 1960s to the present, St. Andrew's has constantly refined its academic offerings to meet new needs and challenges. There was much work to be done and I was asked to remain in the academic chair three years longer before Dick Hillier took over in 1968. In his announcement to the school and parents, Bob Moss wrote, "It is a healthy policy, I believe, to let the chairmanship of the Academic Committee revolve among the department heads. It was for this reason that I appointed Bill Amos chairman for a limited term in 1961. He has completed it with distinction. He initiated an improved method of course selection and under his guidance new courses have appeared in the curriculum.... I am now appointing Dick Hillier to be chairman of the Academic Committee for four years commencing in September 1968. Bill Amos will continue as chairman pro tem until that date." After Hillier's departure in 1970 Roy Ryan took on the responsibility. Later it came back to me for a while, then passed to Bob Stegeman.

From his teaching experience in a large public school, Stegeman brought perspectives and techniques new to most of us. As a college classmate and old friend of the headmaster, he represented the new administration's intentions. "With Jon's coming, we began to get a much broader diversity in course offerings," Nan Mein remembers. Stegeman immediately established a pattern of biweekly meetings in which all aspects of the curriculum and academic affairs were regularly explored. The academic pulse of the school was watched, monitored, measured—then measured again. Minutes of the Academic Committee from the late 1970s to the late 1980s occupy as much file space as all previous years combined. In the early 1960s we had taken major steps in academic reform. In the 1980s smaller changes were made with surgical skill, the most far-reaching of which was that ever-present challenge, a revision of daily and weekly schedules.

Faculty meeting

No single facility at St. Andrew's was a proper venue in which to hold faculty meetings. In 1947, formal meetings were held in the headmaster's office, a poorly lit room equipped with leather chairs, a leather couch, and a leather-covered fender around the fireplace. Every chair and perch was spoken for, as I discovered when I arrived early and settled in a deep leather armchair. Moments later Lukey Fleming stood glaring in front of me, pointedly clearing his throat. I got the idea and jumped up, and Lukey sat down without a word. Made aware of a pecking order, I realized the best seats were taken by the most senior faculty. Ches Baum, one of the younger men but senior to me, had a wooden framed chair with leather seat. I had nothing but the fireplace fender. For years after I brought a wooden chair from the front hall, and turned it to my advantage. The office quickly filled with cigarette smoke. To avoid temptation (having recently given up smoking), I put my chair just outside the headmaster's bathroom, cracked open the door, and drank in a cool draft of incoming air.

Bob Moss found the headmaster's office unsatisfactory for meetings, and adopted Room 34 in the old basement library, a bright, spacious, well-ventilated meeting place with a large oak table and several dozen captain's chairs. Disciplinary meetings were also held here, providing ample room for fascinated spectators, as well as for some of the most stimulating faculty lectures—by and for faculty—the school has known.*

One problem with Room 34 was security. Heavy

*Bob Moss believed in vigorous intellectual stimulation for his faculty. See chapter 6.

sash windows opened into deep wells descending from ground level high above—which served as excellent acoustical conduits. Enterprising students could eavesdrop and pass the word around. Several new locations for faculty meetings were tried without success. Faculty meetings finally found a permanent home in the science building's lecture hall.

In Walden Pell's day faculty ran through the entire student body, discussing each boy in interminable and nearly intolerable evenings that at times lasted well beyond midnight. Bob Moss restricted the length of meetings, going through part of a form and keeping the discussion on track, then continuing with the same form the next meeting. Most students not only were behaving themselves, they were performing well, and the short meeting was a blessing. Faculty meetings served as a forum; if a youngster had a problem, observations from a wide spectrum of faculty and staff were helpful in pinpointing the difficulty. For a few years, additional special teachers' meetings were held during a free morning period. Every faculty member having anything to do with a given form—academic or extracurricular—was expected to attend, which often meant two-thirds of the faculty had to gather. The drain on faculty time and energy was so great the procedure was eventually discontinued. After Jon O'Brien's arrival meetings were no longer restricted to an hour, and occasionally crept into the late evening. The system of going through each form, student by student, stopped.

Even in the well-ventilated science lecture hall, smoking continued to be a problem. The minutes for January 1973 read, "Some of the faculty find the science lecture hall uncomfortable when many people smoke. Smokers please ration yourselves during faculty meetings." That was the opening salvo. When smoking remained undiminished, a petition circulated, first among those of like mind, then to those who might be swayed, finally as a pro forma gesture toward the inveterate smokers. It was a lopsided victory and smoking henceforth was banned.

On January 26, 1981, Jon O'Brien announced, "In order to duly celebrate in an appropriate manner and place two most happy moments in the history of St. Andrew's School, I hereby move that all those here assembled adjourn to the home of the Headmaster, there to toast with champagne our friend, colleague and Senior Master, Bill Amos, whose sixtieth birthday will occur on January thirty-first, and Tyler Elizabeth Thornton, the first-born child of our friends and colleagues, Phil and Jane Thornton, who burst forth into our crazy, mixed-up world at 10:15 A.M. on Sunday, January twenty-fifth." There being no dissenting votes, the meeting was adjourned in favor of welcome libations.

The first and last faculty meetings of a school year were unlike any others. In September, the faculty resembled racehorses at the gate ready to compete, not against one another, but against their achievements of previous years. Those of us with messages to the faculty spoke our piece and handed out printed summaries, aware that this was hardly the time for a group of keyed-up instructors to remember new procedures.

The final meeting of a year often was a more serious reflection on the past nine months, juxtaposed against an urgent need to have done with the year. There were always a few whose cars were packed, and upon adjournment they vanished down the long drive before most others had walked over for a last lunch.

Fathers' Club

From the 1950s until it was supplanted in 1977 by the Parents' Association, the Fathers' Club contributed to school affairs and added modestly to scholarship funds. Conceived by assistant headmaster John MacInnes in the 1940s, the Fathers' Club was in little evidence until members gathered once a year to spend a special weekend at school.*

In his letter of February 2, 1963 club president Rignal W. Baldwin (father of Rig Baldwin, 1964) offered a suggestion that went into effect and remains to this day. "I suggest that you might have each master make out a schedule of 15 minute interviews with the fathers who really need or want them, to be held Saturday or Sunday mornings." Baldwin was objecting to large gatherings in faculty homes where fathers would seek out their sons' teachers to confer about

*Richard P. Baer II, president of the 1960 Fathers' Club, is remembered for the enormous supplies of roasted peanuts he brought to football games from North Carolina, enough for all spectators several times over.

academic and other matters. Faculty were expected to put up as many men as their homes could hold, and entertain them. At first each faculty home was supplied with alcoholic beverages and other refreshments, but it turned out parents were unable to hit all the stops in one evening, so beginning in 1961 departmental gatherings were held in the largest homes, reducing the number of open houses to five or six. Since the bars were well stocked, by midevening some fathers had difficulty finding the next stop. Once in a while one would become thoroughly lost on campus, and search teams had to be sent out at midnight to lead him back to home base where, it was hoped, he would go to bed. There was no curfew, so tired faculty might sit up until three in the morning listening to what they didn't need to hear. Faculty wives generally gave up by midnight and went to bed, leaving their husbands to close things down—if they could. When curfews were finally established, it still took an occasional polite but firm shove to get a father out of the house and directed to wherever he was staying. In the mid-1970s when *parents*, not fathers, were invited for a major weekend, the school reserved rooms in nearby motels, and evenings became pleasantly moderate. The fathers' night to howl had been successfully muted.

The supplying of libations was the province of business manager Norman Thornton. The afternoon fathers were to arrive, Norman Thornton would deliver a carton of assorted liquor and several cases of beer to each home. Faculty were supposed to return all unconsumed beverages to the business office, although quite a bit usually remained mysteriously unaccounted for.

Parents often gave faculty lavish gifts. The magnificent silver tray for the faculty lounge was perhaps the single outstanding presentation. On October 31, 1960 Stanley J. Thompson, father of Stan Thompson (1963), wrote Bob Moss, "Fathers' Weekend has come and passed. If anyone would have asked me ahead of time what I expected, I would have said, 'A chance to be with my son and to get to know St. Andrew's better.' but the weekend was more than that. It was an experience of warmth and fellowship beyond what I had dreamed."

On February 9, 1962, the president of the Fathers' Club, Robert W. Chapin (father of Dexter Chapin, 1963), reminded fellow members of two functions: "The Fathers' Weekend and the annual giving to the Scholarship Fund contribute in their own way to the pleasure of membership in this organization, since each event provides an opportunity for sharing the talents, resources and experiences of the two generations." Chapin made a plea for contributions to be sent to the treasurer of the club. Affluent fathers contributed up to $50 in response to such appeals.

The relationship of the Fathers' Club to the school was not always clear. It had been the custom for the club's treasurer to write a single check to the Scholarship Fund, and in 1968 the treasurer suggested breaking down the contributions by classes or individuals. One father wrote: "I would feel embarrassed if anything I might contribute to the [Scholarship] Fund were drawn to the School's attention, thus inviting an official recognition for something I had believed to be a confidential charitable contribution." Little by little in the years ahead, however, contributions to the Scholarship Fund began trickling in directly to the school independent of Fathers' Club solicitations.

In 1959, the club raised $850 to be deposited in the Scholarship Fund account and just missed the $1,000 mark in 1960 with a club membership of 165. By 1968, it was $2,065, and continued to grow from year to year.

It was not until Charles F. Zimmer, a college friend of Jon O'Brien's, arrived in 1978 that a development plan had focus. Zimmer remained at school only briefly, and his successor, John M. Niles, was followed in 1984 by Bonlyn A. McBride, wife of business manager Elliott McBride. By now the development office occupied three rooms in the basement, and Bonnie McBride's title was changed to director of the annual fund. The office staff consisted of several assistants, among whom Christa Richter maintained the closest ties with alumni through her well-organized files. The basement rooms soon became crowded, and new facilities were provided with the move to Trapnell Alumni House.

The new facility houses generous editorial and layout space for school publications. From 1978 to the present, a sequence of three editors, Carolyn B. Stegeman, Donna Kinney Speers, and finally JoAnn Fairchild, brought distinction to a wide array of school publications, from the stunningly beautiful *St. Andrew's Magazine* to catalogs, fund-raising notices, headmaster's newletters, and other handsomely designed and well-edited periodicals. At last the magnificence of the school itself is captured in appropri-

ately handsome publications.

This essential department achieved major status with the hiring of Franchesa M. Profaci (1980) as director of development in 1990. All development and public relations activities are now under one roof and one administrator. Chesa, formerly an assistant editor of *McCall's* magazine and experienced in college development work, has a strong business sense and the ability to "promote stewardship, financial support, interest and involvement among alumni, parents and friends of the School."

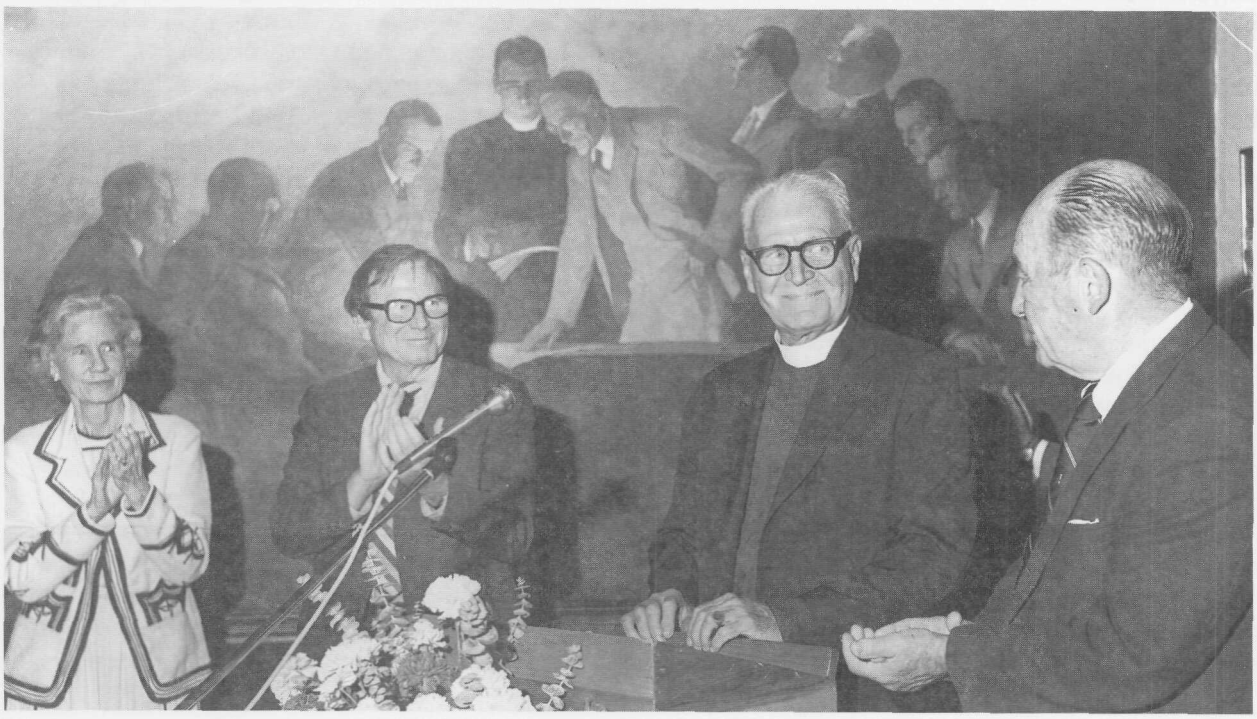
In celebration

St. Andrew's School celebrated its fiftieth birthday on the weekend of Alumni Day, October 1980. I was asked to organize the occasion, which had three components: a religious celebration, the anniversary itself, and an academic conference later in the year. For one committee to bring off the event was clearly impossible and it quickly broke up into seventeen subcommittees, each with a specific function. Larry Walker arranged a glorious fireworks display; Bob Colburn coordinated a monster pep rally and every possible athletic event—field hockey, volleyball, soccer, football, and cross country. Denny and the Dunipace Pipe Band's kilted pipers marched across the fields in honor of Scotland's St. Andrew and St. Andrew's School, then deafened everyone in the field house during the noon banquet. Familiar faces from the past—former staff and faculty, their wives and children, alumni—swelled the crowd to over five hundred. Former faculty member Ches Baum (1936) finished The First Annual Road Race ahead of many twenty and thirty years his junior. Simon Mein and Sandy Ogilby conducted both memorial and celebratory services with the participation of the two previous headmasters, the Reverend Walden Pell II and Robert A. Moss, accompanied by choral music led by Marc Cheban. Art teacher Cole Carothers created a fiftieth-anniversary logo that has since been used on a bronze medallion, mugs, glasses, shirts, stickers, and publications. A new "old school tie" was designed and a colorful scarf with the St. Andrew's griffin was modeled by Karin Lindfors (1981) in the *Cardinal*, which published a special edition with a cardinal-red banner. The *St. Andrew's Bulletin* went to full color, showing Waldy Pell on the cover and with remarks by all three headmasters. Concerts and lectures were scheduled throughout the year. It was quite a birthday party.

Denny and the Dunipace Pipe Band marching across campus during the anniversary ceremonies.

A huge celebratory bonfire was followed by an hour of elaborate fireworks that illuminated pond and school.

Marka duPont, Bob Moss, Walden Pell, and Felix duPont, Jr., at the Fiftieth Anniversary ceremony in front of the N.C. Wyeth mural depicting Waldy, Felix's father, and the first Board of Trustees.



The Shack

Until 1957, boys sixteen or over could smoke, with written parental permission, in upper-form common rooms at certain hours. Violations were common, penalties severe, so at the request of pleading students and an exasperated faculty, Turner Construction Company left behind its blueprint shanty to provide a refuge for student smokers.

Nick Denton (1957) complained in the *Cardinal*: "Alas and alack, black shades of woe/we tar-breathers now to the smoke shed must go."

The Smoke Shack, as it was initially dubbed, stood among tall trees east of the New Wing, about where Pell Dormitory now stands. It was moved about from time to time. Jon Smith's (1965) "graduation-day project of relocating the smoke shack on the front circle" consisted of dragging the shed to the main entrance of Founders' Hall. Student participants claimed that night watchman Paul Crawford held a flashlight for them when the going got tough.

At 2:00 A.M. one night in 1960, corridor master Art Timmins looked out of his window to see flames enveloping The Shack. Timmins called the headmaster who, with his wife, found the entire sky lit by the conflagration. The Smoke Shack was destroyed, but soon a better small building (formerly a dressing room for swimmers) was provided in the same location. Not for long.

Bob Moss wrote Bill Cameron in 1966: "Can we arrange for the Smoke Shack to disappear over the summer? It is a monstrosity and it will be out of place when the new faculty house is completed. I think smokers had better just repair to the lower level of Rally Point and there fight the elements."

Moss did not realize that students were not limited to The Shack; there was always the bell tower. An alumna reports, "Senior girls lived on the second floor of Gaul Hall, and we used an empty room as our common room and indoor smoke shack."

Pell Dormitory with its attached faculty quarters caused the removal of The Shack, but not to oblivion. The small building was dragged to the boathouse gully, where it remained for many years, known to later generations as the Out-Shack, in contrast to the several short-lived In-Shacks. Its story is summarized by Rob Colburn (1980):

> The history began in October 1979, when the "Shack Chronicles" were begun. This was a scroll of blank industrial paper on which anyone who felt like it could record thoughts of the moment, song lyrics, quotes, etc. The chronicles have been kept continuously (except for gaps where scrolls got lost or accidentally thrown out, e.g., Sept. 1985) ever since 1979. The scroll itself was kept in an old F# organ pipe from an organ that had been refurbished.
>
> The main Shack pastimes were talk and frisbees. Another matter of importance that occupied a great deal of time was the Illegals vs. Legals question. Illegals were the ones either without smoking permission or who were supposed to be in athletics. Their presence was a problem. On one hand it was never Shack policy to deny anyone anything; on the other hand, the Legals might suffer disciplinary action if Illegals were caught.

"The Shackies had certain signals for determining what they were doing, whether legal or illegal, and for the approach of faculty or security," Bentley Burnham (1983) explains. And Louise Dewar (1975) admonished younger girls, "Don't go down to The Shack to smoke a joint when any faculty member walking home can see you and smell it."

Colburn continues,

> Another big event was the opening of the new In-Shack. Until May 1979, there had been, in addition to the Out-Shack or Shack itself, indoor smoking areas (In-Shacks). These had been located first on A (Sherwood) and H (Lower Moss) corridors, later in the basement of Founders' Hall. Between June 1979 and January 1981, there was only the plywood Out-Shack.
>
> Because [Shack members] had made it a point always to maintain good relations between The Shack and the administration, or because of the boldness of the request [for a new In-Shack], Mr. O'Brien granted the request. The old Green

Dragon—a concrete bunker unused since the late 1960s—was available. If the Shackies were willing to go to the trouble of cleaning it out, they could use the former septic tank bunker as a winter In-Shack. Two backbreaking and very cold January days later it had been transformed by red lights, benches, tapestries, black lights, and paintings on the concrete.

The In-Shack caught fire dramatically early one morning in December 1985. Inside was completely charred and once again the plywood Out-Shack was the only game in town.

> That "horrible little building played an important part in my life between sport seasons. It was set off from the visible part of the school; it had no comforts. Our group used to slip out there every chance we had during the day. No time period was too short, no day too cold or wet. Maybe it was the implied disapproval of the school. While we were in The Shack, we were able to resist authority and demonstrate independence from the system. I don't smoke now and haven't smoked for well over twenty years, but I think if I could return to The Shack with that group of friends, I would light up with no regrets."
>
> —Ollie Pepper (1962)

Letitia Hickman (1980) describes her fellow Shackies:

> The Shack empress/emperor was the senior who had the longest time with smoking permission. What kind of child comes from parents who would give their child smoking permission at sixteen? In my case, my mother had seen enough of my "brassiness" (putting it mildly) to know that if I didn't have smoking permission, I'd probably be thrown out. So she gave it to me. Probably this was the case with most kids with smoking permission.
>
> The majority of the Shackies came from parents who already knew they smoked cigarettes, suspected they smoked pot, and just kept their fingers crossed that their children would not get caught. These "underworld" kids had already dealt with some major trauma in their lives and creating and maintaining an underworld was exciting and fun. They were usually the most artistic kids in the school and were not prone to the rigors of athletics (though many exceptions to this can be found).

Most students participating in interscholastic athletics did not smoke. "Smoking was the Great Sin," said one student, "and no boy did *not* smoke illegally at least once."

"I wasn't particularly interested in cigarettes," says Louise Nomer (1980), "but it was the cool thing to do. I attempted to smoke, but I never inhaled, and once I became a senior and smoking was legal, the glamour was gone." Bentley Burnham (1983) "once looked at a cigarette, crammed it into my mouth, chewed it, and spat it out." Sic transit the glamour of smoking.

The Shack, 1969.

Chapter 9

Tenure, Duties, Amenities

The challenge of a small school just getting started in the early 1930s attracted men of strong character and intellect, drawn to the vision shared by the founder and the twenty-eight-year-old headmaster. Several of them formed the backbone of the school for many years: MacInnes, Cameron, and Schmolze remained the longest.

The war years were lean. Only Walden Pell, Granville Sherwood, Bill Cameron, Howard Schmolze, Dan Holder, Craik Morris, Lukey Fleming, and Dick Barron remained to help wartime replacements settle into faculty slots. Most of the newcomers left soon after the war's end. By the late 1940s, John MacInnes, Hamilton Hutton, Coerte Voorhees, Dick Hillier, Pat Schoonover, and Ches Baum had returned from military service. With the faculty augmented by a handful of young veterans embarking upon civilian careers, the school resumed its old momentum.

In the late 1950s and into the 1960s teaching was not held in high regard, and Bob Moss had difficulty acquiring a solid faculty. The pool to draw from was woefully inadequate, especially in science, math, and the classics. Personnel files from the period contain very few applications. One teacher felt he was in the driver's seat:

> I am currently a science teacher in the Philadelphia area. I am considering changing my position, but only if I am offered a position which involves teaching students who are good students.
>
> Kindly do not send me any forms to fill out, unless you have some definite job prospect under consideration, for I am overburdened with work this semester.

Phil Tonks (1963) felt that "Bob Moss had a reputation of bringing in teachers who were off the wall. They were strange in one way or another and he had a propensity for bringing in foreigners. Perhaps he thought they were better educators." At times Moss did go out of the country to find teachers with proper academic qualifications, but their fit to an American school was usually imperfect, sometimes disastrous. (A notable exception was Adrian van der Westhuysen, a talented and highly respected South African mathematics teacher also trained in physics. Van was able to remain for only one year, 1965–66.)

In the late 1960s and early 1970s increasing numbers of young Americans were attracted to teaching, and with them Moss began building a stronger faculty.

In the next two decades Jon O'Brien had to compete briskly with other front-rank schools for outstanding candidates. In this he succeeded brilliantly. "Jon O'Brien's selection of faculty is one of his strongest points," Dave Washburn observes, and Bob Stegeman agrees: "When we interview people and ask them to come, they come."

They don't always stay, however. O'Brien is firm in his belief that "pedagogy and curriculum are nowhere near as important as the character, sensitivity and intelligence of the teacher." A new teacher who doesn't measure up or show signs of growth is counseled on his or her way. O'Brien, like Moss, is quiet about the reason and publicly sends the person off with genuine good wishes.

Whom to hire?

Hiring the right person is like trying to find the right piece in a jigsaw puzzle. Academic, coaching, dormitory, and other needs may send a headmaster in search of a bachelor to teach both Spanish and geometry, coach lacrosse and squash, and serve as

The schoolmaster takes in the whole business of the school and does not confine himself to his specialty. He knows what is going on in the school because he tries to identify with it all, and develops his own interest in whatever is the current interest of the boys.

—Robert A. Moss

dormitory supervisor for fourth formers. He may also advise the Camera Club, plan dining-room seating, and serve on the Decorum Committee. At least a third of his weekends must be totally devoted to the school.

The newcomer is a Spanish scholar. Because he plays tennis well, he is willing and able to hold a squash racquet. He has taken enough math courses to teach geometry, and played lacrosse briefly in high school. He has an old Instamatic camera somewhere at home, and is healthy, personable, and quickly popular among students and faculty. Here is a potential success story.

If his social life outside of school enables him to woo, wed, and bring a wife to campus, the new teacher is a reasonable bet to remain for many years. The headmaster must then focus upon his wife's abilities and needs, inviting her to join the faculty or occupy an essential role in other school functions. Keeping the two of them challenged, satisfied, and rewarded takes a perceptive and skillful headmaster.

Until the early 1950s, hiring faculty at St. Andrew's School was not dependent just upon scholarship, experience, and interest in schoolmastering. On the eve of his graduation from Trinity College, Howard Schmolze was confirmed an Episcopalian by the Right Reverend Philip Cook, bishop of Delaware, a Trinity alumnus, who recommended Schmolze to the new school just getting under way in his home diocese. Had not Schmolze been an instant Episcopalian, he would never have gotten the job. To be considered, an applicant had to be a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Even after Coerte Voorhees had taught at St. Andrew's for nineteen years, the Diocese of Connecticut was asked to certify that he had been confirmed—this to allow him to be officially a member of the St. Andrew's School Chapel.

After World War II the rule was occasionally relaxed. Davis A. Washburn (1944) was an early example. On July 8, 1951 Walden Pell wrote Bill Cameron (who was in charge during a period of Pell's illness), "I don't know whether you've gone any further with Dave Washburn, but I believe the Personnel Committee gave us the green light on the Church side of things; viz: that if Dave joined the Faculty in any permanent sense, he should consider becoming a regular member of the School Chapel. This would mean that he would eventually consider Confirmation."

Washburn became a stalwart member of St. Anne's parish in Middletown, singing in the choir and serving as vestryman. Dave, Ellie, and their five children were active and committed Episcopalians.

William Day Scott, Jr. (1934) was the first alumnus to return to St. Andrew's to teach in 1938, followed by Ches Baum (1936) in 1940, Rev. George W. Culleney II (1934) in 1944, George Broadbent (1941) and Dave Washburn (1944) in 1951.Will Johnson (1952) joined the Modern Language Department in 1958. Rob Pyle (1963) served as assistant to the headmaster in 1971–72. Dexter Chapin, Rob's classmate, was on the faculty in the 1980s, and Chip Burton (1966) and Peter Washburn (1968) both taught briefly.

Walter Liefeld (1954) returned in 1972, first as librarian, later in varying capacities for twenty-four years. Ashton Richards (1978) arrived in 1983, and four years later Eddie Chang and John Austin (both 1983) came back to teach and coach; Chang for one year, Austin for three. Austin returned in 1994 with a permanent appointment. Chesa Profaci (1980) was appointed director of development and coach in 1990 and Tami Maull (1977) returned in 1991 as director of

annual giving and a three-term coach.

Alumni who return to teach fresh out of college may find the transition perplexing at first. Ashton Richards (1978), who remained nine years, recalls, "My initial impressions coming onto the faculty only five years after having been a student were, first, being greeted by the faculty with open arms. But I was really surprised how some of the old ways that were in place when I was a student had fallen by the wayside. At first I was somewhat right of Attila the Hun as far as student conduct was concerned." His Hunlike approach soon gave way as he recognized and accepted the new ways of a new generation and the school's evolution to meet them.

For the first women teachers there were no benchmarks or traditions to guide the way. Other than experienced professionals Nan Mein and Eleanor Seyffert, most were fresh out of college, with limited exposure to the classroom and no experience whatsoever in a hitherto all-male bastion. Some taught boys only a few years their junior.

A few colleagues and students criticized Bob Moss for coddling the new female teachers, but in fact the young women needed and actively sought his advice and guidance. The environment was so foreign, even after girl students arrived, that the first women faculty did not remain long. Laurel Swett, a gentle music teacher who conducted the choir, was the very first in 1972, and she endured a great deal of thoughtless and impertinent behavior by older boys. She was followed the next year by English teacher Deborah Muhlenberg, a dynamo in a small package who remained three years. Wendy Allan succeeded Laurel Swett as music teacher, and girls' athletic director Diane Stetina (later Diane Long), a miracle-worker with girls who had never handled a field hockey stick, held her own against anyone. Pat Orris (biology) and faculty wives Carol Melcher (drama) and Laurie Moss (dormitory supervisor) assumed their roles in 1974, Deborah Flagg (English) and Kathleen Zechman (music) in 1975. From then on the complement of women teachers—often faculty wives—gradually increased to fifteen classroom instructors in 1988, a figure that has remained more or less steady ever since.

Laurel Swett, the first full-time woman faculty member.

Why do teachers stay?

For some teachers a boarding school is a refuge from the world outside. They may remain on campus during vacations and forgo sabbatical leaves until forced to take one. The headmaster knows precisely how they will react in a given situation, for their continued presence is a constant. Alumni count on seeing their familiar faces in familiar surroundings. These teachers are valuable—but only if they are a small minority.

For teachers who remain productive, imaginative, and closely involved with changing student generations, long tenure is a great reward, for within such a professional life lies a renewing process. Several years ago I wrote,

> The start of school was the most exciting moment of every year. Each new class appeared to be the best I had ever seen. Students' intellect knew no bounds, neither did their industry. They were handsome, well-groomed, polite. The slow awakening commenced in mid-fall when they proved not to be dissimilar from other classes I had known. There were the clowns, the laggards, the fascinated and the disinterested, the leaders, the uncertain, the well-ordered, the ebullient, the untidy, the easily depressed, the exceptionally able. As always in the past, close ties were soon established between teacher and student, a few out of desperate need, most out of shared recognition of the goal. Each year built toward that grand climax of completion. If a single student failed, it was my failure as well.

And there was always that astonished sense of fulfillment, "He *passed* the exam! He learned what it was

about after all!" Every year we discovered radiant talent unfolding in young minds as they absorbed what we were able to offer.

Faculty have their troubles, especially in the form of complacency or a sense of earned superiority. "We are the greatest people in the jungle, we know it is true because all of us say it is true," the monkeys proclaim in Kipling's *Jungle Book*. Such self-congratulatory convictions, rare among students, occasionally crop up among clusters of faculty myopics who, in their dedication and hard work, believe no other school compares with theirs. It takes a jolt from an administrator for them to regain perspective.

Not one of the myopics, Ches Baum threatened to suggest to Bob Moss the creation of the position of "New England Rover." The fortunate holder of this position would travel among New England schools and flash word back to St. Andrew's whenever he discovered a promising educational innovation.

Faculty in doubt

How a new teacher is treated in his first years is crucial. Nearly in tears after a conference with Bill Cameron, one young teacher spilled out his anguish to me. "Mr. Cameron told me what I teach and what I do in class is less important than anything else in school." Far from wishing to hurt the young man, Cameron was simply expressing his own views of the hierarchical importance of one subject over another—but a promising young teacher had lost faith in his work, and left within another year.

How new, inexperienced faculty get along with students can be another source of woe—and of support. Compassion and cruelty meted out by teenagers may go hand in hand and vulnerable faculty can flourish or suffer accordingly. A girl writes of a struggling young teacher who had a bad stutter: "He tried hard to be 'pals' with everyone and never quite succeeded. Students used to sneak into his classroom before class and write 'Fleet-footed Achilles' all over the board and he would come in every time and try to read it out loud. It was terribly unkind, but he jumped into the hole all by himself—he always tried to read it out loud before he erased it."

"A faculty member who tries to be 'one of the kids' is doomed. The faculty was too young," remarks Letitia Hickman (1980). "It is said the younger they are, the more energetic, creative and understanding of kids. But this was not true. Older teachers were not agitated by a different kind of student, a student with a voice, or one who was pushy or shy or whatever children can be. The young faculty seemed to have little comprehension of the traits in kids because it sparked their defenses. They had not yet learned objectivity. They were too close to the things we were doing to allow us into their world."

An alumna writes of Debbie Muhlenberg, one of the first young women teachers: "She was a nice per-

The schoolmaster

For all the efforts over the centuries to reduce education to a system, schoolmastering stubbornly remains an art, and the schoolmaster the artist. Each year his school is founded all over again, each year he makes a new start with new material before him, and each year he visualizes a new and somehow different result. And he enters upon his task with no sure promise of success.

The schoolmaster does not attract attention to himself but rather to what he values, and *this* is what he offers his students. The function of a schoolmaster is to train a boy in the values, and skills of civilization.

Learning, particularly under pressure, can be a very lonely experience. The schoolmaster makes himself available to boys. He is there to listen to them, to provide release and reinforcement just by giving them himself and his time.

Many a schoolboy's life has been profoundly and permanently affected by the impact of an enthusiastic teacher. Let the schoolmaster be a missionary for his field, and let him conceal neither his ardor for it nor his concern that his students share with him its value and importance.

The art of schoolmastering is to know the right time and the right way to get out of a boy's path so that he can continue on his own, and now is able to launch out for himself. The schoolmaster knows he has done his job well when he is no longer needed.

—Robert A. Moss
(gleaned from addresses to the faculty, 1958–74)

TO MY VALENTINE
1949

"The Registrar! The Registrar!
"Where the hell's the Registrar?"

Mr. Pell has lost the grade book—
Mrs. Mac can't find the "new look"!
The Hawk has squared the obtuse angle
Of Cameron's participial dangle!
Hag-Hag" wants to get in touch
With Robert Banquo, very much!
Mr. Amos just gave six ringers
To a boy with slippery fingers!
And Chester Baum is in a tiff—
Morris split an infinitif!

Maples forged his own initial—
Tillie says it's not official!
Voorhees' son can't find his father,
Hillier's in a weekend pother!
And John Macl just blew a gasket
Which Fleming tossed into a basket!
But the biggest crisis of them all
Took place when Schoonover "dropt the ball"!

Oh Registrar! Sweet Registrar!
Before they finally go too far
And move Aloisius K. Van Tine
Please! Won't you be my Valentine!

—Howard Schmolze

son, but terribly lonely at St. Andrew's which was not a place a single woman could have any kind of normal social life. When she left, she had a pizza party for the senior girls and told us she was very glad to be leaving." This was not Debbie's public face. The *Cardinal* quoted her as saying what she would most miss about St. Andrew's was "students popping in for help or talk. One is never lonely here and I most like knowing there's somebody around to talk to if you want. Being a corridor 'master' gave me a chance to live with students." Male or female, single faculty in an isolated boarding school have difficulty finding a rewarding social life, and often leave because of it.

When a St. Andrew's faculty member had a real problem, solicitous response by those in authority was humane and effective.

Why did they leave?

Faculty, who labor in the academic vineyards, may be the prime bearers of a school's mission. They can make or break a headmaster, and of all adults are closest to students. A headmaster must never cease trying to understand their needs, their attributes, their failings, their successes, their disappointments and frustrations. He must be analytical and tough enough to ease out those who don't belong. Bob Moss described one teacher by writing, "Students say 'he just isn't where we are.' Another 'lacked confidence, spoiled his classes, can't discuss things openly with students.'"

It was a two-way street. "You get to see their lives and they get to see yours," explains Russell Chesney (1959). "The teachers at SAS thrived on interaction with students in a remarkable way. You can go to them for help in a class, with a project, for a late night snack, to discuss difficulties with your friends, or to see if they want to play tennis or baseball. You gain insight to the adult psyche that soon will be yours." Dexter Chapin (1963) is "still discovering things he did not realize he had learned at St. Andrew's. There is a hidden underpinning that continues to surprise."

If there were faculty at St. Andrew's who did not "gladly teach," they did not stay long. Teaching—good teaching—is not easy. A few masters were harassed by students they could not control and a few were uncomfortable being assigned classes outside of their specialty. Some wanted to continue teaching, but at other schools. Some with no teacher training whatsoever took instantly to the task from the first day they faced a class. Most learned their techniques in the classroom, progressing as students responded. "We receive more from our students than they do from us," says one.

Young faculty, trying on teaching for size, aren't expected to remain very long. With senior faculty solidly entrenched above them, some seek greater freedom to grow. Tom Pike accepted an invitation to join a new school as assistant headmaster, with the responsibility of developing a new curriculum. He later became head. Others enter business or go to graduate school.

Some younger faculty simply do not care for certain aspects of school life. Robert A. Rudd, an able physics and mathematics teacher, confessed in his letter of resignation, "The mandatory attendance at Chapel, which I originally felt to be a point of acceptance of the position, has manifested itself as a duty which I feel I cannot carry out."

Losing those a head depends upon can be worrisome. Jon O'Brien wrote retiring business manager Norman Thornton in 1982: "How sad it is to be sending you your last job description sheet. I break out in a cold sweat every time I think of having to replace you."

Why do senior faculty occasionally leave before their time?

Some went to day schools to be free of the twenty-four-hour responsibility required in a boarding school. A number of established St. Andrew's faculty moved on to become headmasters—Coerte Voorhees, Jim Ten Broeck, David Leech, Webb Reyner, Chip Snowden, Charlie Zimmer, and Jim Brown. Others took administrative positions that opened the way to headmastership. St. Andrew's has suffered occasional premature departures among some of its most valued and respected senior members, among them Edward Hawkins, Black Hughes, Dick Hillier, Ches Baum, and George Broadbent (whose departure is described in chapter 6).

In the summer of 1959, in his nineteenth year at St. Andrew's, Edward Hawkins suffered a mild stroke. It weakened him physically and his effectiveness was on the wane, and it became apparent to Moss that he must ask Ed Hawkins to retire. It is one of a headmaster's most difficult duties to meet such a problem head on, and Moss dreaded the moment; but when it arrived, the aging Hawk grasped his hand, tears in his eyes, and thanked him for a decision that he was unable to make for himself. He retired to Middletown where he bought a house, filled it with his antiques, and lived comfortably for eight more years before succumbing to another stroke.

Blackburn Hughes, another nineteen-year veteran, returned to his beloved Charleston and took up teaching in a day school, where he subsequently had a long and distinguished career. Bidding him farewell at commencement in 1967, Bob Moss said,

> Mr. Hughes... is a schoolmaster's idea of what a schoolmaster is.... While he has been a member of the St. Andrew's faculty he taught seventy-four sections of English and ten of French. (Not all at once!) He has served as a corridor master for nineteen years. He was associated with and usually the director of the Criss Cross Club for eighteen years, advised the Camera Club for two years, was advisor to the Class of 1951 and the Class of 1964; always an athletic coach, he produced two undefeated JV football teams, one undefeated tennis season and his tennis teams, including this year's, won seven state championships. Mr. Hughes has served on the Discipline Committee, the Honor Committee, Social Activities Committee, the Athletic Committee, the Academic Committee and the Admissions Committee. He was a member of the faculty committee which planned the new gymnasium. I will stop the list there and simply call your attention to the fact that it is not the length of the list that is significant, but the versatility of the man who produced it. More to the point is the calibre of the man himself: a Christian gentleman, the schoolmaster himself.

To Hughes Moss wrote more personally. "When I begin to count up the various ways you have influenced the school and helped me and shoved out the frontiers, looked after individual boys (particularly lost sheep), coached an amazing collection of good teams, when I see all that you have done during my years here, I realize that some time has passed since we first met. It is time in which you have made a major contribution to the growth of the school and, believe me, I have thanked my lucky stars for your presence."

Dick Hillier felt out of touch with the times and the "demanding and inquiring students of these days." He wrote Bob Moss: "Having spent more than half my life at St. Andrew's, it is with considerable reluctance that I take this step. However with changing mores and school objectives it has become increasingly apparent that I have become a pedagogical anachronism here, and being unwilling to continue in

> One of the reasons athletes make good teachers is that they have plenty of experience in dealing with victory and defeat.
>
> **—Bill Cameron**

an oppositional capacity, I feel that I should find employment elsewhere." He said the school was changing and that rightly a headmaster should shape it in his own style. He was uncomfortable with "the gradual shift from a strict rule-oriented school discipline to a more personalized diplomacy-oriented discipline."

Chester Baum also found himself caught up in the torment of the sixties. This outstanding English teacher expresses himself eloquently in a letter written many years later at his fiftieth reunion at St. Andrew's.

> Why did I leave St. Andrew's at the end of the sixties?
>
> At four A.M. over-simplification is as good a sedative as any other. Early birdsong tells me that the night has been irretrievably lost. I say to myself, "I left this place 16 years ago because of drugs, sex, and rock-and-roll." I go back to sleep.
>
> One of the merits of the study of literature is that it helps us learn that we can never specify completely the motives for any given human act. We can speculate whether "motiveless malignancy" accounts for Iago's behavior and search for twists in the psyche of Roger Chillingworth that correspond to his physical deformities, but after we have exhausted our ingenuity, we learn that ... we cannot produce a definitive answer to the question: "Why did he do it?" Drugs, sex, and rock-and-roll are simply words that associate themselves naturally with a revolution that has unfolded in the second half of our century, a revolution that has led many people to question their continued usefulness and happiness in their accustomed situations...
>
> After 1963 rock-and-roll seemed to become the lingua franca of the young, and by the time of Woodstock in 1969, it had become the passionate center of their lives. People my age were variously bored, repelled, or frightened by it.
>
> The folk-singer precursors of rock give us some notion that music is becoming an important part of the idiom of the young. I bring Loudie Wainwright as a fifth former into a fourth-form English class to explain with his guitar and song what is meant by "the oral transmission of popular ballads."...
>
> Some years later I find myself on the sixth form corridor to protest the shattering reverberations that had reached clear across the gully to disturb my peace. The percussive wail of acid rock leads me to the door. I open it and am immediately assailed by stroboscopic light. I am aurally and visually overloaded, unable to issue stern schoolmasterly reprimands, reduced to accepting meekly the explanation that all this is simply a testing of sound and light equipment to be used at an upcoming dance.
>
> I recall one dance for which Gibby Kane... procured a band composed of some of his contemporaries from Princeton, New Jersey. They come complete with groupies. What are we supposed to do about them ? Conversation, even shouted, is impossible above the noise of the band. I cannot distinguish feedback from electronic enhancement. Suddenly I feel that I am in a foreign land where something important is going on that I cannot take part in or even understand because I cannot speak the language....
>
> Rock-and-roll... was the clarion announcing that penicillin, Kinsey, and the Pill had done their work, and the sexual revolution was now complete....
>
> I became an advocate of co-education at St. Andrew's School, but the purely intellectual nature of

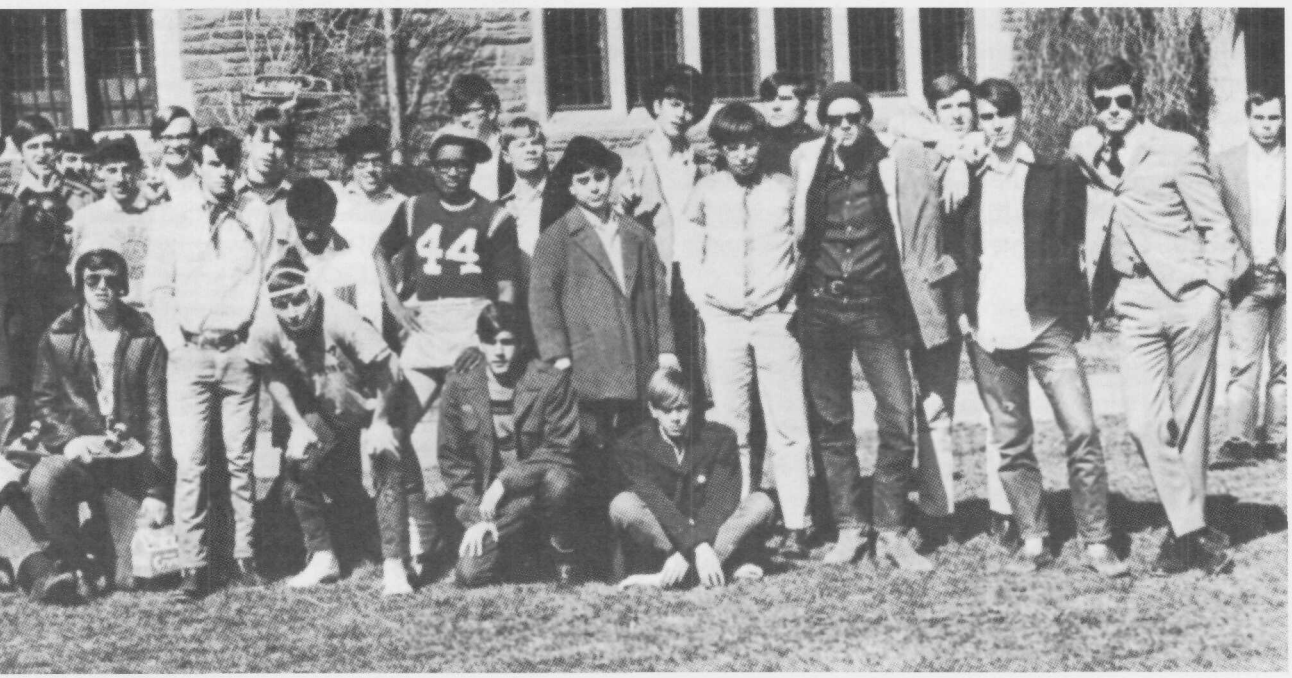
my advocacy betrayed itself in the condition that I insisted our sub-committee put in its report: girls should be at full parity (numerical included) with boys. In retrospect I can see that the urging of an impossible condition stemmed from a deep disinclination to try to form parietal regulations governing boys and girls at a time when there were deep divisions among the faculty about such matters as the length of student hair, study-out policies, "dirty" books in the library, late lights for sixth formers, and three-term participation in athletics.

It had begun to occur to me that if I continued to work with the young, I would prefer to do so in an environment where I would have no obligation to control their behavior outside the classroom.

If the young had excluded me from their communication through rock and had dismissed as (in the word of that day) "irrelevant" my notions about sex, they bewildered, frightened, and angered me in their ready acceptance of intoxication by drugs other than alcohol....

The anger I felt in this disputatious period would not have been so strong without the catalytic force of the war in Viet Nam. I can remember arguing vehemently and (on my side) bitterly with Bill Cameron and Bob Moss about our involvement in southeast Asia. I was also angry at those young people who, though not directly affected by the war in Viet Nam, used it as an excuse for their self-indulgence. Now I realize that my anger stemmed from the frustration inherent in this situation: as a schoolmaster who would be fifty years old at the end of this revolutionary decade, I felt that I could no longer enter the lives of the young without becoming a kind of hypocritical buffoon....

So I acted upon one-third of Timothy Leary's famous precept and "dropped out." I could not "tune in" to Jimi Hendrix's Woodstock rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner," the quintessential expression of youthful revolutionary effrontery in 1969, and I chose not to "turn on" with illicit mind-altering drugs. St. Andrew's School obviously found the answer to coping with drugs, sex, and rock-and-roll, for the school not only survived but prospered during the decade of the seventies, when the revolution most affected kids in secondary schools.



Promises denied

Throughout school history homosexual faculty have served in every capacity—teacher, advisor, coach, dormitory supervisor—their orientation usually unknown to most in the community. They were accepted, relied upon, sought as friends, indistinguishable from their heterosexual colleagues. With rare exceptions, personal orientation and private behavior made no difference in terms of employment or tenure, nor in effectiveness as professional boarding school faculty. "Some of our best masters were homosexual," Chester Baum (1936) states. "When we were an all-male school, we followed a kind of 'don't-ask-don't-tell' policy regarding the faculty." True, although headmasters have an awareness denied most others, and keep a weather eye on their faculty's on-campus lives.

Faculty who were known to be gay or lesbian were as discreet and as committed to absent partners as any other monogamous adults. In three quarters of a century, only one male faculty member has been asked to leave for unacceptable behavior involving a young boy, an action that would have been taken just as decisively had the affair been heterosexual. The incident was witnessed by another student (1966), who "at the time was fairly nonchalant about the whole episode—so what if some people like to do that sort of thing?" Later he recognized that any sort of seduction of a minor was unacceptable. Once known to the school administration, sexual activity between faculty and students has to be dealt with, even if a heterosexual affair eventually results in marriage.

Like any residential community, St. Andrew's has had a gay minority among its students as well as its faculty. Faculty–student intimacy was either absent or rare, or of a low level. "There were indeed homosexual tensions added to all the other tensions [St. Andreans] experienced," Baum remembers. Such tensions were not pervasive, but they were not uncommon either. An advisee of his, "a cherubic kid if ever there was one, used to chuckle about having his bare bottom paddled by a master, and none of us thought much about it one way or the other."

In the school's early years and until recent decades, when the extent and perhaps the genetic ordaining of homosexuality came to be understood and generally accepted, those predisposed to gay relationships tended to be at risk in society—although historically less so in a cloistered boarding school than in society at large. Traditional boarding schools were entirely monosex, and crossing the Atlantic from England came a long history of close male-to-male school friendships, developing in the United States, as Baum says, "an intensity similar to the sorts of relationships that went on in British public schools." In the late 1940s one of his advisees was expelled for unspecified homosexual acts. "Schools cannot contain kids who behave sexually in a manner markedly different from the way patrons of the school say they behave," Baum explains. "Waldy and I were so distressed by the circumstances that I was deputed to visit the boy's family and explain the school's action."

With the advent of coeducation, endless and often fruitless faculty discussions revolved around heterosexual intimacy; but little was known about gay and lesbian students. Homosexual activity among students was barely understood by their peers, and never discussed by the faculty. A member of the class of 1975 recalls "the camaraderie among boys. We were so very close, doing everything together. There was quite probably even some kind of sexual attraction, although it was never a conscious one."

Once AIDS began cutting down young people, and before this terrible disease began occurring in the heterosexual population, homosexual lifestyles were tragically illuminated by sickness and death. From the mid-seventies on, a number of recent alumni died too young, two of them from a single class, and we began hearing of the deaths of a few former faculty. In an earlier era the cause of such grievous losses might have gone unrecognized within the school community. Today we understand and mourn that the school and the world are deprived of some of the best and most promising among us.

Compensation

Despite the enormous endowment that allowed improvements in buildings and grounds, salaries had never been generous. Before Bob Moss arrived, Bill Cameron established individual faculty salaries based upon tenure and merit and affected by arbitrary weights he assigned to each extracurricular activity, sport, committee assignment, and level of participation. In 1958 St. Andrew's faculty salaries were

in fifteenth place among sixteen well-known northeastern schools, and at $5,220 only half the average of faculty salaries at Phillips Academy, Andover. Only Pomfret—a school with modest funding—offered lower wages. Periodic surveys carried out by Norman Thornton in the 1970s showed faculty salaries hovering around fourteenth place among the same Eastern independent boarding schools.

It was not until Jon O'Brien arrived that faculty and staff salaries began growing. Parity with comparable schools could not be achieved overnight, but the school took advantage of the 1980s wave of inflation, and after eight years, the salary scale rose close to the top of all schools in the country.

When faculty questioned salaries, the response pointed to their many perquisites. Housing and other benefits were difficult to assess; in the 1960s a value of $3,000 was estimated for those living in St. Andrew's houses and eating meals in the dining room. Laundry and the education of faculty children, including custom van service to Wilmington schools, added to the total. But their worth had no affect upon pensions, which were based purely upon salaries.

The Internal Revenue Service periodically attempted to look into the perquisites received by boarding school faculty throughout the country; St. Andrew's underwent a full-scale audit in 1975. Faculty breathed a sigh of relief when it was determined that their perks, especially scholarship aid, were not taxable.

Into the 1950s, the pension system was little short of a disgrace. In 1956 an attempt to rectify the situation with an outside consulting firm resulted in out-of-the-frying-pan-into-the-fire changes that incurred widespread displeasure among faculty and staff. Four years later senior employees were at last allowed to have a voice in how their past investments were to be used, in or out of the new plan. Fine-tuning continued for many years until the pension plan eventually became equitable for all employees.

From its early days St. Andrew's has generously supported further faculty training or special opportunities and programs. A faculty research fund established in 1962 helped books to be published and exhibits mounted (see chapter 6) .

Summer-school tuition was paid in full, as were most board and room expenses. In the 1950s a number of faculty attended graduate school at the University of Delaware, living in luxury on an all-but-empty St. Andrew's campus. Sultry summer evenings were spent playing ferocious games of wide-open croquet across three athletic fields.

Special events were also underwritten. Two spring break zoology field trips to the Florida Keys in the early 1960s allowed six students to explore coral reefs and mangrove shores. Trustee J. Bruce Bredin arranged for me to go on a six-week Smithsonian expedition to the Lesser Antilles, with University of Delaware tenured faculty receiving generous stipends to teach my classes. ("I wish my undergraduate students were as keen as these boys at St. Andrew's," one full professor said.) Bob Moss and Sandy Ogilby took a group to Haiti in 1963, a precursor of several other visits a decade later. In 1984, trustee Kippy duPont (1955) accompanied a large group of students and me on a zoology and biology expedition to the Ecuadorian Andes and the Galapagos Islands.

Black Hughes and George Broadbent attended Harvard in pursuit of their Masters of Arts in Teaching, expenses paid, as had Ches Baum before them. Hughes and Broadbent received their degrees in absentia, and enjoyed a unique award ceremony at St. Andrew's. Hughes wrote, "After being plied with suitable drink with some sort of wonderful ragout that Lois [Voorhees] cooked up, Coerte [Voorhees] presided as a sort of Commissioner of Education and awarded special degrees as we stood in their living room, making a couple of new Masters of Arts completely official."

Before Bob Moss's arrival, sabbatical leaves were permitted every seventh year. One could leave for half a year at full pay, or take an entire year at half pay. With a small faculty and not much turnover, sabbaticals came up too frequently for the school's good and replacements often were not experienced or entirely reliable. Moss saw this and in 1961 instituted a new plan of every *twelfth* year off, with one and one-quarter year's pay. Faculty who came after the new system was in effect had to subscribe to it, but senior faculty had the option of electing the old plan or the new. As one who took one of the first kind and two of the sabbaticals at longer intervals, I can vouch for the superiority of the latter.

The headmaster reviewed sabbatical applications, balanced against other requests and departmental needs, and approved all that demonstrated academic and/or intellectual advancement. Few were denied, and those were mostly postponed for staffing reasons.

Masters should wear coats and ties until 2:30 P.M.; otherwise it is impossible to enforce dress regulations

—Notice to faculty 11/8/71

Boarding school faculty have endless responsibilities beyond the classroom. One that rolled around with the alphabet was Master of the Day, or MOD (masters' wives styled themselves "CLOD," or Coffee Lady of the Day). Until the late 1950s, this meant being everywhere, doing everything—attending all meals and chapel, keeping lateness records, reading announcements at meals, keeping study hall and, at one time, eighth-period special study. Dress, decorum, and permission for a student to walk or bike to Middletown or to ride in cars were all the MOD's responsibility. In the absence of the headmaster, assistant headmaster, and senior master, he was nominally in charge of the school. On Saturdays, marks work-off was part of the job. It was a long day, but the near two weeks between stints were duty free. Partial relief appeared when a BOD (Boy of the Day), always one of a MOD's Sixth Form advisees, was designated. Eventually the senior prefect began reading meal announcements and select sixth formers might take night study hall, especially during faculty meeting nights or on other special occasions. If a faculty member could not take his assigned period of day study hall, a senior advisee or other sixth former would take over, sometimes gleefully wielding power and dispensing disciplinary marks for the slightest (sometimes imagined) infractions. Adjustments and changes occurred over the years, with experiments such as the appointment of a Master of Ceremonies who took attendance and recorded lateness at meals as well as eighth-period study hall, but little else. Drawn from the nonvarsity coaching pool, the MC was a relief to coaches, who had to be in the gym well before practice or games began.

In the fall 1992 issue of the *St. Andrew's Bulletin*, Evert van Buchem remembers one Sunday when he was MOD. "Back then, the food was generally not that good on Sunday evenings. Toward the end of the meal all two hundred boys started beating on the tables and shouting, 'Alka Seltzer, Alka Seltzer!' like a scene from *Oliver Twist*. I was the only adult there to respond."

Saturday night movies could be riotous affairs, with the sound track obscured by shouting and ribald comments to the accompaniment of the tinkling of soda cans as they rolled down the concrete floor. On one occasion, Don Dunn had enough, and ordered the projection squad to turn off the machines. It didn't endear him to the student body, but it got his message across.

Until the early 1950s the Master of the Day struck a little desktop bell to mark the end of a meal. At least once a week its tinkle was muted to an inaudible clank due to being stuffed with wadded paper napkins. Some of us then arose and hammered the huge metal milk pitchers with knife or spoon, but one impatient teacher used a knife on a glass tumbler full to the brim, with predictable results. It was only after Dr. Efrain "El Toro" Garcia presented the school with a

Christening St. Andreans is a tradition. Its heyday was in the BG (before girls) era, when bestowing names taxed imagination and relieved boredom. Labels had tortuous origins, were funny, impertinent, or cruel; they evolved from habit, appearance, reference to a public figure, a play on words, something said or done.

Only a few will identify all of the following: Zop, Uncle, Vultch, Madame Vultch, ChiChi, Bull, Bunkie, Ersk, Jasper, Hunch, Vince, Flash, Twitch, Scoobie, Ogo, Bugeye/Bugsy, Daddy-G, Slimey Limey, Uncle Wriggly, Beemis, Poof, Fiasco, Turkey, Op, Bellicosi, Pops, D-Bar, Maddog, Fats, L.C., Rue-Rue, Peppino, Big O, Rat, Big Daddy, Buckwheat, Po-Po, Ducky, Lardo, Hello Betty, Pedro, Wilbur, Greasy John, Jellyfish, El Toro, Goose, Bug, Lefty, Double, Wigman, Boredom, Pretty Boy, Ferdie, Happy Jack, Cheeb, Rocky, Munchkin.

Faculty children were christened Little Erp, 3D, the Blister Sisters, J.D., Pebble (son of Rocky). Staff were not exempt: Walter the Weird, Nehi, and every security guard from the beginning of time was Midnight. Student names ranged endlessly—Dufus, Mudlock, Mlah, Froggy, Mercedes, Manimal, Dudeman, Wedgehead, Og, Mission-Impossible, Diesel Dave, brothers Bobo and Obob, Univac, Wolfman, Bunker Hill, Epitome, Stump, Wormbait, Mo-Lesster.

large bronze ship's bell, in 1954, that meals could reliably be brought to a halt. Faculty announcements to be read by the senior prefect at times were scribbled hastily. Coerte Voorhees stumbled over his syntax with this one: "Please check on the list in the Faculty Coffee Room, meals and number of family present which you intend to eat in the dining room."

One of Howard Schmolze's announcements brought delighted laughter: "St. Andrew's students will be welcome at the dog show to be held across the lake on Saturday. If they identify themselves as from St. Andrew's, they will not have to pay a fee."

Student pranksters often tried to slip in announcements of their own and eventually Roy Ryan began reviewing every piece of paper before it was read aloud. He intercepted more than a few that might have caused reactions ranging from mirth to chaos.

Students neglected to read the posted weekly calendar, and often weren't aware which teacher was MOD. To solve that problem, in the 1980s, a tall varnished oak pedestal topped with a St. Andrew's cross painted on a baseball was placed on the MOD's table. The baseball was later replaced by a sculpted shield.

MOD performance was uneven at best, and students knew it. Rules were flouted at the least opportunity, especially on weekends. The faculty handbook had been written to cover most eventualities, but not everyone read it or remembered its contents.

Even before coeducation became a reality, supervision and planning of student activities deserved increased attention. In the spring of 1973, after a year in which student misbehavior had escalated to unacceptable levels, Bob Moss appointed a committee to look into faculty responsibilities. The faculty received a detailed statement of "on duty" expectations and was henceforth divided into teams, with senior members successively in charge of each week. Defined faculty responsibilities were to attend all meals (except breakfast), chapel, and whatever social or athletic events occurred (except the regular movie, which the MOD covered). In addition, faculty drove vans to the horse farm, social services, and the like and provided emergency transportation, chaperoned dances "away" by rotation, and provided "presence."

When "big band" music still was the norm during the fifties, dances at St. Andrew's were no chore for faculty who attended in tux or white tie, their wives dressed in formal gowns. Waltzes interspersed the familiar swing music, and Walden Pell made sure every wife was treated to a headmasterly whirl as he swept through the crowd of student dancers. But the sixties with their ear-shattering music saw an end to that, formal attire disappeared, and faculty attendance dropped off.

One invention yielded disproportionate rewards despite its low-tech origins. It involved taking off the chrome tops to the transparent glass salt and pepper shakers and placing a paper napkin diaphragm across the bottom of each cap, but not before filling the metal cavity with either salt or pepper. The tops were then exchanged, so when one used the transparent glass pepper shaker, salt came out, and vice versa. The challenge was to see how long a person—hopefully faculty—would shake before he figured something was wrong. This was supposed to be a measure of intelligence versus dull-wittedness. It was said one faculty member, wagging his head in perplexity, shook and shook, day after day.

In 1973–74, with the arrival of the first few girls, a degree of civility returned—and student–faculty relations improved noticeably. The new duty system worked effectively, even though no one realized how important it would become when coeducation became a full-fledged reality in subsequent years. By the time Jon O'Brien became headmaster, the team system was a part of faculty life, although

Faculty on the sidelines at a formal dance, 1959. Back row, l to r: Bob Moss, Huldah Moss, Ches Baum, Phebe Ann Baum, Marianne Cameron, Catherine Amos, Chris Boyle, Lois Voorhees; front row, l to r: Black Hughes, Mary Ella Boyle, unidentified, Coerte Voorhees.

he found a need for fine-tuning and strengthening its organization.

The dining room

Meals were conducted in precisely the same fashion for over forty years before significant changes were made. Eight boys, assorted by form, were assigned to each table, presided over by a faculty member and his wife or one of the sixth formers, who served every dish. Faculty became adept at analyzing a dish's capacity to make ten portions and were as incensed as the boys when it appeared the kitchen had skimped. When this seemed to be the case, waiters were sent out at once for seconds, although the rules stated they should not do so until at least six boys had cleaned their plates and all tables had been served.

Today we might find fault with such regulated meals; but manners and civility reigned. Until rules relaxed in the 1970s, no one graduated from St. Andrew's without learning table manners. Boys who didn't know how to hold their forks learned how to do so. They never failed to pull out a faculty wife's chair and they waited to begin eating until everyone was served. If only one or two rolls or cookies remained, they waited until the head of the table raffled them off.

Every faculty member had a favorite raffle style. Howard Schmolze's raffles were by far the most imaginative, tortuous, and *loud*; Bill Cameron's were direct and to the point; language, history, and math teachers used esoterica from their specialties. Lending even greater credence to my reputation for inventing "Jap" tests, I drew from my Far Eastern upbringing until I ran out of ideas and settled upon biological minutiae.

Faculty were guinea pigs, expected to sample different size milk and water pitchers and pie servers. Minutes of a 1956 faculty meeting noted that "faculty are encouraged to try out the method of eating dry cereals from their special boxes."

Seatings were shuffled every three weeks. By the luck of the draw, some tables were quiet, but most sparkled with humor and interest—except at breakfast, which for any sane person is a time for inner reflection without having to listen to the jabber of second formers, all bright-eyed first thing in the morning.

Faculty wives and daughters were the only females in the dining room, and any woman under thirty tended to be a subject of fantasy. A rare young female visitor to a meal prompted one boy to say to an annoyed faculty wife, "Gee, it's nice to see a woman in the dining room." Genuine affection existed between many wives and boys, whom they treated as part of an extended family. Some surrogate mothers took their roles seriously—Lois Voorhees could be heard several tables away as she pointed out the errors of fork mishandling or grabbing second biscuits without asking first. Others more or less disregarded the boys. One woman tormented them by allowing her little daughter to provide a plate of food for her doll, reducing the source of supply for starving boys. When the meal was over, this provident mother emptied the doll's plate plus any leftovers on platters into her capacious waterproof handbag to take home (presumably for Pluto, the ugliest and most irritable dog on campus.)

This woman became a legend at school. Every evening as she swept regally into the dining room several minutes after grace, the boys at her table leapt to their feet, their benches—all four of them—toppling crashing backward like cannon shots, but she never flinched. It was a salute. One day, though, her chair was firmly wired to the massive legs of the refectory table. No one was able to pull it out.

Patty Morris, a kind, highly intelligent woman from one of Delaware's most prominent families, the

> Food is not to be transferred from one table to another without the mutual consent of the heads of tables concerned, and the exchange is to be made through the waiter. Individual scavenging is reprehensible.
>
> **—Notice, September 10, 1971**

> The very first thing I remember about St. Andrew's as an underformer was sitting near the master's end of the table, while the sixth formers sat as far away from him as possible, so they could talk about him, I guess. My first lunch we had ice tea, and I tried to squeeze some lemon into my glass, and I squirted Chester Baum right in the eye. I was scared to death, because the man looked like he could kill you with a look anyway.
>
> **—Chuck Shorley (1971)**

Pyles, always engaged boys in lively conversation, but seldom remembered their names. One evening after grace, she turned with a bright smile to a sixth former who had been at the table for a couple of weeks and asked, "And what school do you go to?" Such "Patty-isms" were savored and repeated with delight for years long after she had gone.

Students quickly sized up faculty in the dining room, knowing at which tables one had to be on guard and which were informal. The men might or might not back up their wives when it came to manners and propriety. Some were real martinets, others jokesters. There were rules aplenty to enforce. Scavenging from tables where food remained was a heinous crime, practiced indiscriminately and often with surreptitious faculty backing. Students had their own set of rules: "He who kills it fills it" applied to pitchers of milk, juice, or water. And not every master interfered with upper formers teasing a new boy by sending him to the kitchen with an empty milk pitcher, instructing him to ask the kitchen staff for a "pitcher squeezer" so more milk could be had.

Counseling a boy is a way of being his friend
—Robert A. Moss

"The thing which kept me from homesickness that first year was the close relationship with 'Ducky' and Ellie Washburn, who treated us advisees like family," writes Henry Hillenmeyer (1961). As with all long-term faculty, the Washburns' commitment to students never changed. Louise Dewar (1975) remembers "Dave Washburn telling me that if I got homesick I was welcome to come to his house; that he had a piano I was welcome to play or I could just sit out on his porch if I wanted to. I never took him up on his offer, but I've never stopped being grateful for it." Louise may not have been homesick, but Becca Bailey (1982) suffered. "My first memories of SAS are of intense homesickness—*and* of gradually fitting in. Mrs. Niles bringing me Oreos and milk to make me feel better—Mr. Carpenter telling me how impressed he was with my goal tending in field hockey. And all of a sudden, I was special."

"Schoolmasters are in a wonderful position to help boys resolve [their] difficulties, for they occupy a position which is both close enough to be trusted and yet one step removed from parents and family. By giving a boy an opportunity to feel at ease with one adult, to discover a person inside an authority figure, and to verbalize common (but to the adolescent threatening) feelings, the counselor gives the boy what he needs most: a maturing experience," Bob Moss said in 1964.

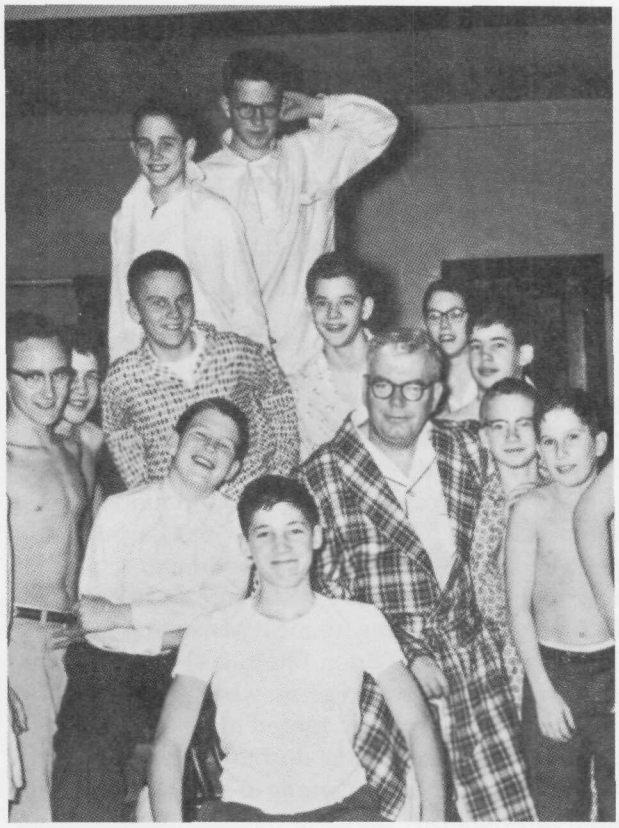
> Bill Stevenson (1962) remembers the day Mike Donovan (1960) placed a whoopee cushion on Lois Voorhees' dining room chair, "resulting in a resonating Brooklyn raspberry and screams of pubescent laughter. Donovan was a mean son of a bitch, but that evening he gained entry to the SAS Chutzpah Hall of Fame."

Helpful relationships are even more important at times of illness. Debbie Kingsley (1984), who was in poor health for much of her abbreviated school career, remembers how compassionate and supportive faculty were, including frequent personal comforting from Jon and Joan O'Brien. She looks back to that difficult time as a start to regaining her health.

Sometimes bonds are forged almost by happenstance. When a new girls' dormitory was not ready for occupancy at the beginning of school, several faculty families put up girls in their homes. Amy Burnham (1983) and her parents unloaded their station wagon at our doorstep and we carried her bags, loose shoes and stuffed animals upstairs. Ebullient Amy had no problem with the switch in homes. Bounding up the stairs, she met me at the top and exclaimed, "Well, I guess now I'm all yours!"

Four years later, following graduation, Amy flew through our front door and again met Catherine and me on the stairs. Embraced in a typical Amy bearhug, I listened to her say, "I had to come back to see my first home at school one last time—and to see the two of you." Were we community—or family?

Certain faculty and students inevitably remained distant, their only communication "a dialogue of the deaf," Dave McWethy (1965) remembers. But a potential thaw was always possible. Edward Hawkins, seen by many as stern and remote, was important to the students who penetrated his austerity. Tony Jeffcott (1957) calls him "one of the brightest, deepest persons I've ever met. He didn't deal with emotion; he dealt strictly with facts. He was a loner. Yet what he did to help me and set me straight was one of the greatest things that could happen."



Ed Hawkins and his Fourth Form charges in the South Dorm.

In my own time at St. Andrew's, I had nearly two hundred and fifty advisees. Most of the time the job was simply a matter of keeping close check on their activities, entertaining, handing them their grades individually at each marking period, taking them shopping (keeping tight rein on their finances), and in general being a friend and surrogate parent. For a few advisees, Catherine and I served more essential roles. Sometimes we were a secure base when a student's family was breaking up in divorce. One girl came back from a weekend at home where she had experienced date-rape, but had concealed it from her parents. Another feared she was pregnant (she wasn't). One boy became deeply involved with drugs, a desperate escape from a terrible home situation and sadly beyond our help. Some called us "Dad" and "Mom"—and do to this day. Some of our St. Andrew's "children" made me pull my hair in frustration, others were affectionate, impertinent pranksters. The real parents of Buck (1961) and Randy (1964) Brinton gave us a well-deserved sterling silver *double* jigger, engraved "Nine Years of Brintons."

"We weren't included in some things that ran the school, yet we knew we were an integral and important part in our husbands' lives and even as the womanly figure in the boys' lives," Mary Ella Boyle recalls. "It was nice to be a woman who could help boys learn to treat women nicely. If they didn't learn it from the women at a boarding school, they wouldn't have learned it. There were times when we wanted to be more a part of things; it was also a relief not to be part of the workaday world."

Steve Flaherty (1978), one of three Flahertys I had as advisees over the years, was the only student I ever knew to chew tobacco. Neither coaches, faculty, girls, nor his advisor could persuade him to give up the habit. On his graduation morning, as girls in their finery and boys in blue jackets and white ducks and roses in their lapels came down the chapel aisle for the baccalaureate service, Steve reverently placed in my lap a thick bundle of one hundred flattened Red Man packets, neatly tied with a blue ribbon. Felix duPont's face, across the aisle, was a study in perplexity.

Friendship flourished beyond an assigned advisor-advisee relationship, Jeff Stives (1960) knew. "Every one of the masters took someone under his wing. That's what made it work so well." In retrospect, it is difficult to remember which students were advisees, and which were not, our friendships were so close. All of us valued student friends, some of whom we never taught in class or coached in a sport. "The closeness of the faculty to the students and their concern and involvement in the lives of students was one of the most amazing things about SAS," says Gail Wright (1984). "Almost all the students were close to at least one faculty member, and most were close to more than that. And the faculty were there for everyone. The chance to become friends was open and a very real possibility for all."

In her commencement address, May 30, 1985, Nan Mein distinguished "objective love" from friendship.

> It can only be given in the context of other people, in what is called a community.... You will find countless examples, big and small. Think of the number of times a faculty member has stopped work to take you into town, the number of tutorials you've had from faculty and other students, the coaches who, hour after hour, have patiently helped you. Think of the number of

faculty homes where you are welcome, the number of boxes of faculty Kleenex you've gone through. And think of the glorious times when you've said, "Oh! At last I understand!"... and the teacher who had led you and helped you then rejoiced with you and praised you.

No administrator could dictate the dual role faculty have played throughout the school's history, but tradition allowed newcomers to learn from the manner in which senior faculty carried out both their responsibilities and their personal commitment. Richard "Skee" Houghton (1961) recognized that "the masters were professional, no-nonsense teachers when it came to academics and caring, wise adults when it came to educating growing and almost grown children."

Black Hughes reflected on a subject "that commencement orators love to expound on—of people going out in the real world. I think young children are in the real world the very moment they are born, even though they don't have to contend with very much. Whatever the world presents to them has to be handled and they're in the world right from the start. I've always been a great believer in the young, even when we went through a difficult time following the Vietnam War when we were upset about hair and clothes and everything that stood between us and learning." For almost every student in school, Blackie was advisor and friend.

The October 1975 issue of the *St. Andrew's Reporter* (a small publication started in 1971 by Bob Dobson that kept families and friends of the school up to date and provided a forum for comments by the headmaster and others in authority) was devoted to "The Faculty: Experience & Concern." Capsule biographies of the teaching and administrative staff provided personal background the catalog could not. The idea developed over subsequent years to become a large, heavily illustrated companion to the handsomely designed catalog and *St. Andrew's Magazine.* It is the first of the three they examine, parents claim, for here are the men and women directly responsible for their children, in and out of the classroom.

Jon O'Brien calls his faculty "men and women chosen for their parenting skills. Young and old, married and single, scholars, athletes, and artists, people with broadly cast interests, they offer our students extraordinary companionship on their journeys to adulthood." In loco parentis is the solid foundation upon which St. Andrew's School is built.

Amenities, perquisites, and largesse

St. Andrew's was a welfare state for faculty families during its first thirty years. When our cars were close to empty, we would leave them, keys in the ignition, near the main garage. During the morning, Steve Foley would drive each car to the pump, fill it, report the minuscule charge (at cost) to the business office, and park the car by the main building (Founders' Hall). It was a blow in 1959 when this perk was canceled and we actually had to get gasoline in town at full price and on our own time. To compound the hardship, laundry processing of diapers and hand ironing of women's and children's clothing were discontinued; faculty pajamas and underwear would no longer be pressed, nor would sheets be sorted. Even buttons would no longer be sewn back on! What were we to do?

Not all the news was bad: bachelor faculty's maid service would no longer be charged to them.

Between terms, the kitchen was open for faculty families. We ate there from the first faculty meeting a week before students arrived and again until final grades were in, often almost a week after they had left on vacation. With time, these too diminished almost to the vanishing point.

With the boys gone, the meals were prepared for adult palates, with fresh Chincoteague oysters always a part of the fare, and occasionally lobsters. The kitchen outdid itself with holiday banquets (see chap-

I recall a particular weekend, when having looked at my *one* red tie, the one with the Balinese dancer on it, for the last time, Uncle George [Broadbent] dragged me off to a men's shop in Wilmington to get a preppy green number with little brown foxes on it. I wore that tie until it rotted from the gravy stains (from the bangers and mash!). Like many other guys before me and like my class, which chose him as its advisor, I was taken under his wing and directed toward a life of doing the "right thing."

—Marshall Craig (1962)

ter 4). Until the early 1950s, elaborately decorated tables were set in a huge U presided over by the seigneur, father to us all, Walden Pell. When that plan was discontinued, individual tables were set for each family, fare so plentiful that even after we filled the table with children and visiting relatives, there were plenty of leftovers to take home.

One early practice that cost little reaped immeasurable reward. As Christmas vacation approached, the school gave a large party for all faculty and staff children, with refreshments served by students. For once in the year families—department heads and cooks and groundsmen, faculty and staff wives and maids and housekeepers—socialized as friends while dozens of children waited for Santa to call out their names, then sat down at gaily decorated tables for ice cream and cake. There were always a few extra gifts without name cards for children who had not been on the list, and Santa would apologize that the cards had come off during his long ride from the North Pole. Santa Claus invariably was the largest sixth former—Hardy DeVoe (1950) was great in this role—and in the original auditorium with its wooden tarpaper roof he could be heard tromping overhead. "Austerity measures" in 1960 did away with one of the school's most heartwarming traditions. Staff were invited to the beautiful Christmas service, but only a few came and informal contact with faculty families was lost until the 1960s, when Bob Moss arranged a joint meeting with refreshments for staff and faculty before students arrived in September. One maintenance man said it was the first time he had ever eaten with a member of the faculty. Later on Moss established a festive picnic for all employees at Rodney Point at the end of the year, a tradition Jon O'Brien has made sure continues.

When a faculty member or his wife was ill, the kitchen sealed enormous steaming-hot portions into a stainless-steel vacuum pack and sent it home. A few of us shamelessly sometimes felt indisposed when we needed to grade papers or simply take a break from routine. When the practice was eventually discontinued, some who had grown used to a small but appreciated perquisite felt the world had taken a turn for the worse.

In the early years, many faculty children were fed by maids at home, and Waldy Pell made all children, regardless of age, welcome at Sunday midday dinner. After his departure in 1957, more complaints were heard the following autumn when it was decreed that no children under four were permitted in the dining room. For the first time faculty families were divided at dinner, no doubt to the relief of student waiters who had to clean up after small children had finished dawdling through their meals. Because of increased enrollment, two years later families were asked to attend dinner on a rotating, scheduled basis. Young children were seldom again seen in the dining room until well into the O'Brien years.

Faculty families in the 1940s and early 1950s were a fecund lot. But fecundity was not equated with equality. Walden Pell awarded the school a full holiday for every boy born and only half a day for a girl. The postwar baby boom put an end to that; the school could not afford so much time off. At least four families had five children apiece and there were plenty with three and four. When the baby production was in full swing, families were provided with mesh bags especially designed for diapers. We took the bags to the laundry and they were ready, clean and fragrant, each evening (see chapter 4).

Perhaps the most appreciated perquisite of all was scholarship aid to faculty children to attend other independent schools. In February 1958, the trustees approved free transportation to Wilmington schools for St. Andrew's children, the idea having been suggested the previous June by Bill Cameron. A special minibus driven by a member of the maintenance staff (the Blue Bomber, piloted by Roland Gibbs) was provided (see chapter 4). In 1970, twelve faculty children were enrolled in independent schools, and the Faculty Children's Education Fund appropriated by the trustees grew accordingly.

For twenty years, Broadmeadow School in Middletown always enrolled a number of St. Andrew's faculty children. They and many local youngsters went easily from a good preparation at Broadmeadow to St. Andrew's. The idea for establishing Broadmeadow began one evening in Webb and Carol Reyner's living room with Bob Moss and Alice Ryan exploring the need for an elementary school in the region. Not the least of reasons was Moss's wish to keep faculty with young children, for the local public schools were a source of dismay at the time. Broadmeadow was incorporated on November 12, 1965, with four of its eleven trustees St. Andreans. Carol Reyner was appointed principal. The school grew, for a time including a high school, but in 1989,

as tuition rose and applications fell, the entire enterprise folded.

Apartments were fully furnished when necessary. Some were altered to suit the occupants. When we lived in the south end of the Annex, as our family grew larger the duplex apartment kept pace. Rooms were added as children arrived until we inhabited eleven rooms, eight of them creeping like a giant amoeba along the second floor, eliminating rooms from the central unit. The original bath was so tiny, the old study was converted into the largest, most elaborate bathroom on campus. Inspecting it upon completion, Bill Cameron christened it the Baths of Caracalla.

The same apartment was later occupied by the Boyles, who pointed out the living room was very small, so the east wall was pushed out to create a large and gracious room. When the Baums lived in the same place, the upstairs sleeping porch was converted into a spacious study. Such improvements were not uncommon. Both wings of Gaul Hall were raised to provide full second floors with additional bedrooms and baths.*

In 1958 when we moved from the Annex condominium into the first great stone house on the main drive, we purchased material for curtains—but not for window-seat cushions—and the laundry made dozens of draperies and covers at no cost to us. The house had some eighty casement windows. There were five bedrooms, three baths, a powder room, three fireplaces, a paneled study, a sunporch, a sleeping porch, a covered flagstone terrace, a large kitchen with separate breakfast room, a pantry, utility rooms, a recreation room and more. The formal living room and dining room were showplaces. Two other faculty homes of the same vintage were even larger. The first faculty were allowed to design whatever they wished, and a smoldering rivalry induced one man to have a bigger house than his rival's huge manse.

Prior to our move, the house's entire interior was painted and papered and new appliances were furnished for the kitchen. A water-damaged game room in the basement was completely rebuilt and the house heating system improved. We lived in that house for twenty-six of our thirty-seven years at St. Andrew's.

Until the early 1960s faculty usually knew where they were headed with respect to housing. Turnover was so slight, seniority meant everything. If one successfully passed beyond the informal tenure watershed, both job and housing were secure for life. Each person's rank in the pecking order was known and families could look toward ever larger apartments and eventually a house. Once in a house, faculty did not move about. Houses and their plots became known by their semi-permanent occupants' names: Voorhees Point (Trapnell Alumni House), Hillier, Schmolze, Fleming, Cameron, and so on. Bringing in a senior teacher beyond the established rank and awarding him and his family a separate house was unheard of.

When Bill Cameron was acting headmaster, he brought a potential handicap to school betterment to the attention of the Board of Trustees. The minutes of the Personnel Committee,** September 20, 1957, reads:

> Mr. Cameron stated that housing seniority has always been based on length of residence, regardless of merit or experience gained elsewhere, with the exception that where a master was adequately housed, he would not be moved regardless of his position on the seniority list.
>
> This system has the advantage of ease of administration but presents a handicap in the procurement of experienced personnel, who, under ordinary circumstances, would not leave present positions to take a place at the bottom of the housing list at St. Andrew's. The following system of housing seniority was proposed:
>
> 1. That the personnel of the School, for housing purposes, be divided into four classifications, ranking in seniority as follows:
>
> I Headmaster
> II Titled Personnel
> III Department Heads not included in Classification II
> IV Teaching Personnel

*Careless school architects were still at it. In the central unit, a combination bath-toilet had doors whose knobs interlocked with one another. A faculty wife trapped in there had to be rescued by removing the hingepins of both doors. And misplaced perforated soap dishes dropped sludge on the floor.

**In 1957 the Personnel Committee consisted of chairman Richard Trapnell, Albert Nalle, Judge Rodney, and Emile duPont.

2. That within each classification, personnel will be ranked on the basis of compensation.

3. That personnel adequately housed, regardless of seniority, will not be moved.

Four days later this was presented as fait accompli in faculty meeting.

All the original houses were built with live-in maid's quarters. At three dollars a day in the late 1940s, private maids even worked in faculty apartments in the main building. But by the 1950s, servants' rooms in most of the houses were either filled with children or used by the family in some other fashion.

Despite such extravagance, faculty felt no guilt or privilege. Those who arrived in the 1940s simply fell into a pattern that had been established twenty years earlier. We worked hard, felt we earned what we were given, lived in a world different from that outside—a world unimaginable only twenty years later. Salaries, although adequate, were not munificent. The headmaster topped the list at $15,000; senior faculty ranged about half that and those with little experience received $2,000. But perquisites were lavish and we could buy a new mid-line car for $1,000.

Trustees in Wilmington, who never visited the campus but saw only requests by Walden Pell for additional funds, eventually came to view the faculty as grasping. Long-time privileged faculty saw measures taken during the early Moss years as an onset of "austerity," rather than a necessary elimination of costs that were difficult to justify. Cutbacks did not represent insensitivity, however.

Faculty fatigue and needs are always on a headmaster's mind. Bob Moss regularly took faculty to dinner and the theater in Wilmington, and entertained them often at his home, where stimulating conversation attempted to avoid in-house problems. At Jon O'Brien's urging, in 1982 the trustees established a fund for renting a hotel room in a major city (of one's choice) for faculty to get away from school for a long weekend.

Amenities for faculty did not end with housing. Until the mid-1970s, the faculty enjoyed the use of one of the loveliest rooms on campus: the faculty common room. Today it is a classroom, with only its handsome carved fireplace and a couple of armchairs as reminders of its past. In its heyday, it was decorated with heavy draperies, rich rugs, and assorted upholstered sofas and armchairs. An inlaid game table saw occasional use for checkers and chess, and the walls were hung with large Howard Pyle engravings and assorted paintings, some of them very old.

On cold winter evenings after chapel a boy prepared a fire, while a member of the kitchen staff or another student wheeled in a cart bearing fresh steaming coffee, hot water for tea, often cookies. Coffee in demitasse cups decorated with the school seal was served from a magnificent silver urn on a huge silver tray, poured either by Edith Pell or, more usually, by the wife of the MOD. Demitasse spoons, like all school cutlery, bore a St. Andrew's cross. It was a time and place for civil and stimulating conversation with men and women of the school community. Guests found it a gracious interval before an evening program commenced.

Students were excluded. Not that they seemed to mind in the 1940s and 1950s, but by the late 1960s, when student–faculty relations were eroding nationwide, Bob Moss was keenly aware of this. The faculty invited sixth formers to join us. At first it was a welcome occasion, but soon the original tone wore away. The boys began surging into the room in large numbers, taking over almost rudely, and had to be reminded not to consume everything in sight before faculty wives had their coffee. Within a month Chris Boyle, speaking for many, expressed displeasure with boys' behavior. Reminders helped, but after a while many of the wives and some of the faculty stayed away and the tradition began to collapse. Later, the students lost interest and came in fewer numbers. The room's old ambiance never revived.

After girls arrived, Bob Moss created a social room for students in the old biology lab next to the dining room. It was painted in bright colors and equipped with comfortable furniture and a large window seat and was irreverently christened by students The Lizard Lounge. But the pattern repeated itself: the room received less use after the novelty wore off. Boys and girls found other places to socialize in their free time. When Jon O'Brien arrived, the room was infrequently occupied by students. More classroom space was needed, so the old faculty common room and adjacent master's library were converted into history rooms. The Lizard Lounge became a utilitarian faculty lounge.

As the bygone faculty room was lost, so too were some of its contents. The silver tray, a gift of the Fa-

thers' Club, vanished, and the great silver urn, donated by the class of 1961, was placed in storage. Monogrammed demitasse cups and spoons eventually disappeared from use, so often taken as "souvenirs" that their stock was depleted. The same fate befell monogrammed silverware, plates, and cups. Some years later I discovered the large vertical Howard Pyle engravings of Erasmus and other medieval figures in a broom closet and removed them to the science library, where they hung for many years until it too was converted into a classroom in the late 1980s. Once again these treasures were found in a closet, by Tom Odden, who sent them back across campus for proper storage.

Two other rooms were faculty territory. One was the faculty library, used more for committee meetings than for serious reading (there was hardly a worthwhile book in the room). The other was a unique and cherished room unlike any other in school history. What is now the War Memorial Room was a smoke-filled cubby known as the Pouting Room, filled to capacity after every meal by faculty. Along one wall oak shelves held notebooks and textbooks. It had been designed expressly as a faculty workroom, separate from the adjacent faculty library. In the faculty lounge across the hall wives sat in gracious array pouring coffee for themselves and the occasional master who dashed in for a quick refill. Disdaining the dainty demitasse cups, masters often kept larger monogrammed cups in the Pouting Room, which meant they seldom were washed.

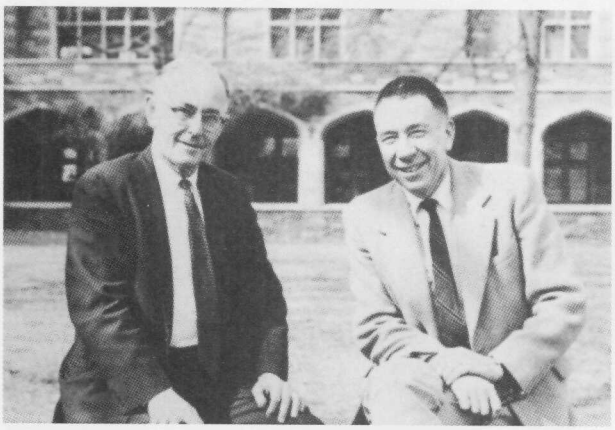
Seats around the small square table in the little room were ordered by tradition. Bill Cameron had his chair; Lukey Fleming with his mountain of papers had his; Ed Hawkins glowered from his; Coerte Voorhees, Dick Hillier, and Craik Morris generally had prime seats, but swapped around and seldom were territorial. We lesser figures perched on the windowsill, leaned against the wall, or tentatively occupied chairs recently vacated, quick to relinquish them to the rightful owners. Only Chester Baum, who fitted somewhere between the grand and the novice, dared to keep his seat, if acquired, against all odds.

Debates flowed endlessly. His awesome intellect kept well honed, Hawkins had a surgical intensity that destroyed most opponents. Voorhees was a pixie, prying and needling and loving every minute of it. Fleming sat correcting papers, eyes brightening as he followed the ebb and flow of argument, then deliver-

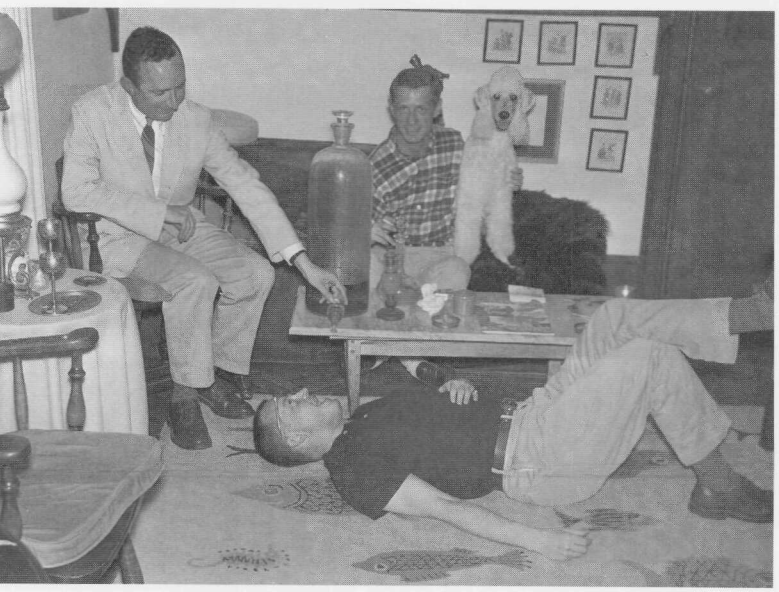
Black Hughes at the Thanksgiving Bachelor's Party.

The Pouting Room in the early 1950s. Lukey Fleming reads; Black Hughes perches, not yet senior enough to earn a seat; Howard Schmolze lectures him; and the legs belong to Bill Cameron.

Tea with Uncle George.



Dick Hillier and Ches Baum on the eve of their departure.



Jim "Straight Arrow" Reynolds, Jack Vrooman, Zephyre, and a thirsty George Broadbent.

ing lethally aimed jabs.

Cameron was a knight brandishing a broadsword. His inevitable, almost daily downfall often was at the hands of gentle Craik Morris, the liveliest mind in the room. His thoughts skipped along ever faster as Cameron, defending a stand with deafening assertions, finally roared off down the hall in inadmissible defeat. We stayed out of his way at such a time.

The Pouting Room was seldom disturbed, but one year it was periodically invaded by faculty wives from across the hall, led first by Pat Fleming, followed by loyal troops including Catherine Amos, Isabel Chamblin, Lois Voorhees, and others. The men grumbled, gave way, bided their time, then, when the novelty wore off and the women returned to more civil surroundings, took back what was rightfully and traditionally theirs.

Lesser midmorning perks eased a school day's frenetic pace. During break when students were getting their milk and cookies at the school store, faculty gathered in the dining room for coffee, tea, cheese and crackers, and occasionally herring. (Originally faculty had gone to the kitchen for their snacks, but they made such a mess the cooks and other kitchen staff complained and they were evicted into the dining room.)

Faculty get-togethers were frequent, from major parties including everyone to small groups consisting of families with young children, bachelors, or senior faculty. The bachelors' party (begun in 1949 by Hughes and Ten Broeck, then joined by Broadbent and Vrooman) was an eagerly anticipated occasion for many years. After the boys had left on Thanksgiving break, the bachelors had an open house in the Sixth Form common room. The pièce de résistance was a huge dish of authentic Swedish meatballs prepared by the large, elderly Swedish nurse, Agnes "Nellie" Nelson. Activities ranged from epic poems that needled colleagues, to Isabel Muir Chamblin and Bill Cameron doing the Highland fling and Scottish sword dance, to ice-cube battles the length of the dormitory corridor between Gertrude Ten Broeck and Bill Amos.

Bachelor masters living in the main building (Founders' Hall) as dormitory supervisors got together often. If one of them was not MOD, they could prepare Sunday lunches, Black Hughes remembered, "that lasted from noon till six with a most magnificent array of dishes—and things that came in lovely pale

green bottles. It was our heyday."

Unless, like Jack Vrooman and his poodle, Zephyr, they were lucky enough to have a small apartment, bachelors often had to share quarters. Rooming together came easily for Hughes and Ten Broeck. Friendships that began with sharing apartments frequently became lasting ones. Tad Roach and Will Speers, who arrived in 1979 as young bachelors just out of college, were a pair of cut-ups who kept students and other faculty on their toes, never knowing what to expect at assembly or on corridor. Fifteen years later, as family men with growing children and wives on the faculty, the two men remain on parallel tracks as assistant headmasters of St. Andrew's—with Tad Roach as headmaster designate in 1997.

The alumni look at faculty

Contributors to this book were asked how St. Andrew's affected them and why this school should exist. They wrote, called, spoke in person, and taped their thoughts.* Bill Helm (1959) said,

> Why should the school exist? St. Andrew's is one of the few institutions of which I am aware that is *small* enough to foster intimacy and personal caring, yet wealthy enough to attract quality staff and to provide an environment for learning that is rich in content and variety (from chapel to library to boathouse to science labs). Its location removes one from the temptations of the city, yet *is* accessible. There is room today for quality, values, excellence—all in a relatively small package. Thanks to the duPonts (and subsequent benefactors), and to men of vision and patience, a small number of boys were set upon the road to manhood in a very special environment.

Comparing his education with that of his brother at St. Paul's, John Seabrook (1976) wrote: "The big difference is that I received a disciplined, rigorous, thorough grounding in the basics of grammar, of algebra and elementary calculus, of chemistry and of course of lab procedure—and he did not. I was trained to think logically and he wasn't.... Looking back it seems the shadow of old Aristotle fell over many of those SAS classrooms, whether in the science building's zoology lab, or down in the cellar where Ducky Washburn taught math, or in Chris Boyle's room where I learned to diagram sentences. It was about as traditional an education you can get outside of England."

> Rocky Ryan had formulaic comebacks for every occasion:
> Student, "Excuse me, sir..."
> Ryan, "What for? Did you step on my foot?"

Nevertheless, Seabrook continued, "SAS presented a pretty narrow range of possibilities about how to think and what kinds of thoughts were permissible. Maybe this was partly conscious, a matter of educational theory—teach them a system of thought, and once they've learned it they can use it to think their own way. It's an approach which, on the whole, I'm in favor of, though it has its drawbacks. It emphasizes structure over embellishments."

Taking direct aim, Tim Shannon's (1964) "impression of SAS was that it was the intellectual/ academic analog of a martial arts training school." Peter Laird (1961) found in St. Andrew's a sense of "order and structure, a clearly defined set of values and knowledge, not process as we've come to understand education, but *knowledge*—a clear set of knowable facts." Laird found this "an avenue to higher achievement that was an accepted, foregone result of four or five years there."

"The primary reason I went to St. Andrew's was to get a good education. I got all that I bargained for, and more. I don't remember taking any 'easy' courses," says another student. And another: "The work load was demanding, the standards high. I can't think of a single instructor who was unqualified for the material he was teaching."

For most, the effectiveness of a St. Andrew's education was first evident in college. Robin Carper (1984) wrote, "Freshman year at Princeton makes the work at St. Andrew's seem like it should be work for grad school." Bill McClements (1981) said, "Academically the place could not be beat. I remember at the start of my first year the state of panic I was in. Would I make it there? I worked harder those first two semesters than I have for any similar stretch of time in my life.

* See Coda, page 366.

> The most precious gifts teachers can offer their students are the examples of their own lives.
>
> —Jonathan B. O'Brien

Some of the courses I took there were as good as any I had in college, [giving] me a base from which I was able to build."

Frank Merrill (1971) compared his experiences. "When I got to college and sat in classes of 200 or more, it made me appreciate the ten to fifteen that my St. Andrew's classes averaged. A high point was the ready availability of the faculty if you were having a problem. It was great to be able to grab a master at dinner and ask to meet with him for a few minutes after the meal." Dexter Chapin (1963) is still discovering things he didn't realize he had learned at St. Andrew's. "There is a hidden underpinning that continues to surprise."

Life is full of compensations—even for schoolmasters

—Ian Hay

Engaged in the ancient, altruistic, and nurturing act of teaching, the lives of St. Andrew's faculty are illumined and enriched during careers which, for Howard Schmolze, lasted forty-four years. But academic pursuits are only a part of St. Andrew's teachers' lives.

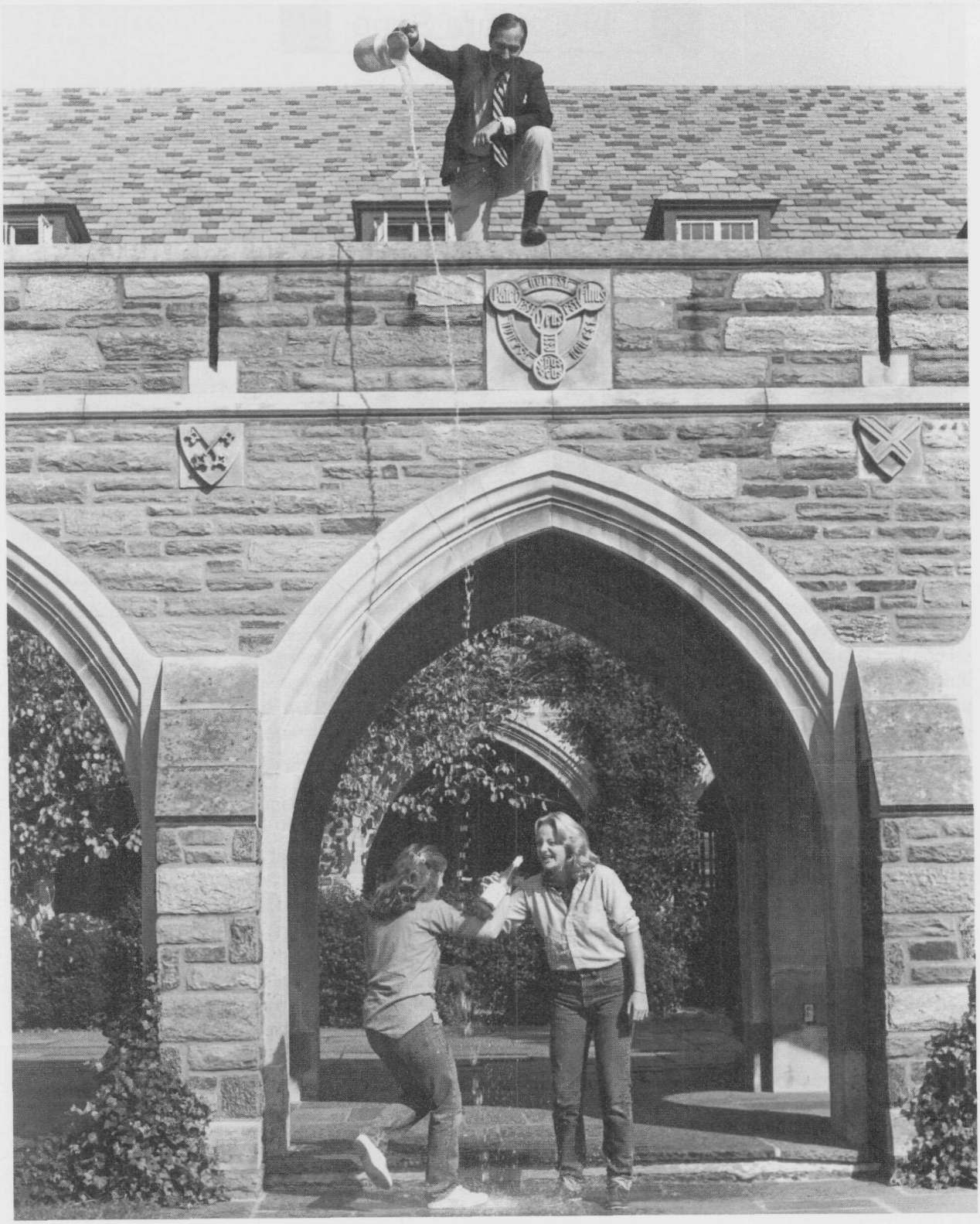
Some are refreshed by hiking the school's woodland trails, sculling on the pond, hunting fossils along the Delaware–Chesapeake Canal, exploring the tidal Appoquinimink waterway by canoe, conducting archaeological digs for colonial and Indian artifacts—most often in the company of students. An alumnus of the mid-1960s touched upon one teacher's motivation. "My appreciation of the tranquillity and beauty of Noxontown Pond was enhanced by a teacher who was in love with and fascinated by all its life forms. For someone to excel in a subject one must have a quasi-religious reverence for it—an attitude compounded by fascination, awe, and wonder. He had this attitude. All outstanding teachers have a similar love for the subjects they teach."

Blackburn Hughes, for nineteen years a central figure at the school, looked back long after his departure and said, "The whole life at St. Andrew's was one of excellence, its emphasis was upon teaching people to take care of themselves, on gaining their independence, on being able to manage time. It's been a great guide to my subsequent career and I've been one of the main beneficiaries of the St. Andrew's education."

Speaking of his St. Andrew's teachers and the need to remember them, Bill Helm (1959) observes: "People are always central to any history—perhaps the only 'reason' for history." It is impossible to imagine Howard Schmolze, Nan Mein, Lukey Fleming, Larry Walker, Bill Cameron, Evert van Buchem, Webb Reyner, Elizabeth Roach, Tom Odden—a few of a great many—being told how to teach, how to occupy their time other than by engaging young minds and encouraging latent talent. To this they devoted their lives, understanding well that a teacher's reward is sharing knowledge with those awakening to the riches of learning.

The consequences of a lifetime in teaching were clear to Erasmus: "To be a schoolmaster is next to being a king."

Robin Gage and Tracy Riddle (both 1980) receive blessings from a matured headmaster.



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Throughout history and in much of the world today, sports remained apart from academia. Game playing in schools goes back only a few centuries, only among boys, and mostly in England. It was an uneasy relationship at first. In 1466 an English schoolboy kicked a ball in the wrong direction through a school window and was given "six yerkes with a byrchen rod on the buttocks." Games peculiar to, and restricted to, specific schools appeared in later centuries, as was the case with Rugby football originating at Rugby school in 1823—a game not played against another school until 1897. Each school had its own set of rules and games might be tailored to campus features, architectural arrangements, or limitations that lent them both dimensions and names. In each school one group of schoolboy participants battled another group, with few rules but almost surely an intent to overwhelm the opposition, sometimes spilling blood and breaking bones.

By the late eighteenth century, groups of boys in neighboring English schools occasionally began competing with one another in slightly more agreeable fashion by following a simple set of agreed-upon rules. While the schools themselves did little or nothing to encourage or recognize such contests, pride in one's school generated an intense desire to win. Matches and races remained officially banned into the early nineteenth century. As time passed, teams were unofficially advised by a few enthusiastic faculty who in earlier years had been players themselves. Rapport grew between boys and masters where formerly there had been harsh discipline and restrictive authority. Despite an ill-defined role, the first "coach's" experience counted.

It was only toward mid-century that approved interscholastic games spread throughout England, with all their attendant features—school colors and costumes, school recognition and pride in winning teams, honor paid skillful players. Passionate athleticism appeared; heroes were created and gentle nonparticipants reviled. The excitement of games, the obsession for winning, soon jumped the Atlantic to appear in American schools and colleges. Abner Doubleday's supposed invention of baseball at Cooperstown, New York, in 1838 is pure myth. Oliver Wendell Holmes played baseball with his friends while at Harvard in the 1820s, a game almost identical to the English game of "Rounders," described in *The Boys' Own Book* published in London in 1828, and mentioned as "baseball" thirty years earlier by Jane Austen in one of her novels.

The first game of intercollegiate American football, derived in part from Rugby, occurred on November 6, 1869, with Rutgers defeating Princeton 6 to 4. Games between academic institutions were soon under way as Columbia, Yale, and Harvard joined the football competition.

Due to a lack of facilities, equipment, and a defined role, athletics in most American public high schools had to wait until the twentieth century was well under way. Previously only a few of the older independent schools in New England engaged in interscholastic competition.

Arguments supporting scholastic athletics in the late nineteenth century included basic truisms: Exercise is good for growing bodies; physical skills and coordination develop with practice; cooperative teamwork and interdependence are potentially valuable in later walks of life; a winning institution is "superior" to the vanquished one. Confidence and security increased with successful teams and seasons. George Orwell described English football as a kind of organized fighting in which "large, boisterous, knobbly boys knocked down and trampled on slightly smaller boys...a continuous triumph of the strong over the weak." Jonathan Gathorne-Hardy, author of *The Old School Tie* (Viking Press, 1978), saw games as canalized aggression, now "civilized" and given distinctive or descriptive names.

In the nineteenth century, athletic enthusiasts found chivalry and "manlyness" in sports; they praised the self-denial some games required of their

members. Games were seen as forces against sin. Sin, in their eyes, was chiefly the sexual impulse that reaches powerful heights in adolescent years, although no one on either side of the Atlantic openly acknowledged the role homosexual experimentation played in cloistered all-male boarding schools. Gathorne-Hardy describes a view commonly held in the early twentieth century: "Games trained mind, character, and body for anything. It trained you for war." He goes on to point out that there is no actual evidence for this axiom, although it is deeply inculcated in minds around the world. One St. Andrew's alumnus declares that athletic training and interscholastic competition prepared him for combat in Vietnam.

Today's highly organized school games are residual evidence of an amateur cult that once treated contests as gentlemanly affairs, dismissing professionals playing for money and livelihood as boorish. Initially this attitude, derived from England, was limited to private schools and colleges in New England. Later, when all schools engaged in sports, large American public schools became athletic powerhouses that few independent schools could contend against, and class distinctions in athletics vanished. Some small, independent schools, struggling to survive athletically and in the public eye, occasionally recruited promising athletes. St. Andrew's was once falsely accused of this, and one of its traditional rivals was shown to have done so.

That sports and classroom learning are inseparable was argued by Bill Cameron, who wrote: "On the athletic fields a boy learns more of the actualities of life, of self respect, of respect for others, of the value of hard work, of the fine meaning of competition, than anywhere else in school."

Victorious wrestlers hoist Coach Webb Reyner.

In season or out, football high jinx take place on the front lawn.

Chapter 10

Pain and Glory

The girls' varsity volleyball team should have been winning handily, but it was not. Its captain, Sarah Stivers (1983), had been removed from the game after an initial lackluster performance. Sarah was a tall girl with more power to her delivery and spikes than most men, and she was capable of blasting any schoolgirl opposition into oblivion. But not today. And there was no adequate substitute for Sarah.

Coach Larry Walker remembered advice given by Webb Reyner, one of the great teaching coaches in school history: "Never put anyone in unless there is no question in your mind he's ready."

"Are you ready to go in, Sarah?" Walker asked.

"Sure, Coach," Sarah replied casually. Walker sat back and bided his time. She wasn't ready. A few minutes later he repeated his question.

"Yeah, Coach, I'm ready." She still didn't go in. The game went from precarious to calamitous. Sarah began to fidget. "Hey, Coach, I'm ready," she said. Walker didn't reply.

The opponents were slamming balls down upon increasingly ineffectual St. Andrew's girls. Leaping to her feet, Sarah began shouting. Quietly, Walker asked again, "Are you ready?"

"You bet your sweet ass I am!"

Sarah catapulted onto the floor, and almost single-handedly reversed the scoring. Girls across the net cringed and wilted.

Who won the game? The team? Sarah? Larry Walker? Webb Reyner, with his sage remark years before? The record book shows a St. Andrew's victory by a team that pulled itself together under adroit leadership. That is what matters.

Lou Holtz, head football coach at Notre Dame, asserted there is no such thing as a team—there is only a group of disparate human beings with differing abilities, personalities, and dedication. Each season a team must be built anew, utilizing the talent and experience available. Its members at first compete with one another, each striving for a place on the team. Only later do they temporarily bond together to contest the field against opposing teams.

When it comes to intrasquad competitiveness, St. Andrew's has a built-in problem. In the May 1979 *Cardinal*, varsity baseball pitcher Mike Lilley (1979) wrote:

> St. Andrew's is a small school. Forty boys tried out for baseball this year. The varsity kept twelve of them, distributing the rest to the JV and Junior teams. Coaches did not have the luxury of choosing from a large pool of prospective players. Most of this year's players knew that they were going to be varsity players before the season began. Because there was little or no fighting for positions, the players were not forced into giving that extra effort that a player needs to reach his potential. When it came down to close game situations, most of the players were not used to giving what it takes to win.

Every team has its own personality, which emerges slowly and vanishes quickly after the season is over and its members revert to their day-to-day individual selves, following other interests, spinning off into different activities and to other places.

"That athletics would form the major portion of the extra curricular program was a foregone conclusion," wrote Bill Cameron about the school's early years. "American tradition dictated that the accent was to be on games and contests rather than mass calisthenics, that values beyond 'body building' were to be sought. The game was to be an object in itself."

In the early years, football and baseball were played on converted farm fields. Rowing interests among certain trustees, especially Felix duPont, Sr., and Allan J. Henry, dictated the school's lakeside location. Wrestling appeared early because a charter member of the faculty was a wrestler and a few canvas wrestling mats had been donated to the school. Practice and meets were held in a temporary "gym" in the basement of Founders' Hall.

Basketball had to wait until 1935 for a real gym. When a new young faculty member with experience

What is given in the abstract by other necessary agencies of instruction is given concretely in athletics.

—William H. Cameron

in the game arrived in 1947, soccer was played informally between the end of the football season and Christmas vacation, then became an interscholastic sport in 1951. Track emerged sporadically when an occasional instructor or two (Ralph Chamblin and Art Timmins were among the first) showed enthusiasm. After the original gym was built, squash courts were available for recreational and intramural purposes, and only in the late 1940s did squash become an intermittent interscholastic sport. Blackburn Hughes, who coached the team for many years, was followed by John Moses. After his departure in 1972 the sport again became mostly intramural until a young faculty couple, Elizabeth and Mark O'Brien (no relation to Jonathan O'Brien), both players of championship caliber, took over, and a challenging interscholastic squash program again developed.

One of the most dramatic changes in the athletic program occurred sixty-two years after the school's founding. Meg Miller, the first nurse, stoutly opposed competitive swimming, calling it unhealthy. She was backed up by early basketball and wrestling coaches, who knew such a small school could not support three varsity winter sports. Whenever a pool was suggested, every few years during the next half century, identical arguments ensued, although some faculty agreed a recreational pool might be permissible if it were circular or bean-shaped, making competitive swimming impossible. Today's new Olympic swimming pool is spawning a generation of aquatic athletes.

Because of its claimed character-building attributes, for the first quarter-century football was the only *required* sport at St. Andrew's. It also was the first field sport, followed by baseball in the spring, on ungraded fields where crops had grown not long before. Other sports were elective, and few in number. Students with limitations in health, coordination, or physique were asked to be football team managers in the fall, but could opt to join a winter work squad that kept the school's many fireplaces supplied with wood and performed other useful functions around the campus and along the pond shore. Rejoining the athletic roster in the spring, they might be baseball managers, tennis players, or coxswains.

Until girls arrived, other than soccer, squash, and cross-country running, interscholastic sports were limited to football, basketball, wrestling, baseball, tennis, and crew. Liberal 1970s attitudes loosened requirements, and new sports and a variety of alternatives to athletics appeared. Volleyball, field hockey, and girls' crew were immediate results of coeducation, and in time both boys' and girls' cross-country, lacrosse and swimming, as well as girls' soccer, grew into full-fledged varsity sports. Outsiders are astonished that so small a school fields more than twenty varsity teams. Almost every SAS graduate has participated in several different sports, and most sports have been distinguished at one time or another by league, state, and national championships. Bill Cameron once pointed out, "If a boy carries away from the program nothing but a fondness for exercise and a sense of sportsmanship he will have taken something of value. One thing he is sure to have learned—that a daily shower doesn't hurt!"

There were exceptions to such modest goals: two All-American soccer players, an Olympic gold medal winner in the U.S. women's eight, an Olympian in men's crew, several national champion wrestlers. "The greatest of St. Andrew's athletes is probably Paul White (1940), who captained and played fullback on the eleven of 1939, was undefeated as a heavyweight wrestler (won every match with a fall), and rowed on the crews of 1939 and 1940," one coach wrote in the early 1950s. Over the next half-century he would have had serious competition from a growing number of young men and women.

Alumni recall their days in athletics fondly, but imperfectly, looking back upon the most gifted team members in awe, yet failing to recall what they actually did. Henry Hillenmeyer (1961), an outstanding athlete himself, was "captain of a very average bas-

ketball team that was saved once again by the sterling performance of Stan Thompson (1963), one of the most gifted athletes I have ever seen." Almost everyone in the early 1960s remembers Thompson and agrees with Jon Smith (1965), who calls him "the most naturally gifted athlete in my SAS days." Most of the players and the games they played fade away, yet a glow of pride remains in having been part of a close-knit team and perhaps an outstanding season. Alumni remember more clearly a coach's effect upon their lives. Discipline, pluck, and stamina developed under dedicated coaches serve well in the military, in the boardroom, and in times of upheaval. Hillenmeyer has "thought many times since, in these times of the furor over the role of athletics, how well placed sports were in the SAS scene."

For a while some sports are in their tidal ascendancy, on their way to glory in state and national championships; others are in a slump. Wait a bit. Tables turn and the great teams of some sports are no more, while those that had floundered soar to the top. Wait again and an entirely new rhythm of victory and loss develops. Except when a new sport begins and for a while lacks seasoned players, every part of the athletic program is in flux and teams point with pride to their years of triumph, or euphemistically speak of their "building years."

The building years

Sports occupy less than 15 percent of a student's week; weekday practices take two hours or less and Saturday games and matches never exceed three. Yet attention to athletics consumes a far greater slice of school life.

Within a school team bonding sometimes becomes extreme and intersport rivalries occasionally take a regrettable turn. Bentley Burnham (1983) remembers: "Cliques abounded in school. [Some] team members thought they were God's gift to the world and to the game." Championship teams of any sort were justifiably proud of their accomplishments and cherished a camaraderie that allowed them to savor the aftermath of success.

Sometimes coaches generate elitism among team members. During the 1970s, daily flouting school rules, one coach extended practice time. If team members didn't appear for those extra hours, their places might be taken by others. The bonding was strong, intra-team competition fierce. Every team member appeared at the "voluntary" practices, shrugged off other students at meals, took on superior airs, until the student body, faculty, and administration had enough. It was the headmaster's job to break up the team's cliquishness, which he did clumsily—an act that did not endear him to its members and coach.

"The popular, athletic guys seemed to represent the spirit of St. Andrew's," recalls John Seabrook (1976). "At SAS they were the most visible, influential people on campus. If you weren't a part of that group, you were an outsider; there wasn't enough room for more than one culture."

In 1957–58, when he was in charge of admissions, acting headmaster Bill Cameron felt the heat from coaches who wanted teams that could *win*. He wrote, "Weary of defeat, our coaches claim that we regularly reject anyone who looks muscular. Not so! We have never turned away a reasonably intelligent boy who is an athlete. But we seem unable to strike the lovely mean which must somewhere exist between those who walk with knuckles on the ground and those who move with ease in sidereal space."

When Sheldon Parker (1971) was interviewed in his tenth-grade year in 1968, Cameron paraded him through the dining room where the faculty gathered for mid-morning coffee. Even at this tender age, Parker was a well-assembled six foot four, still short of the height he would attain on a championship basketball team in 1971 before going on to college varsity and professional basketball in Europe.

Playing a game for its own sake can have a restorative and energizing effect. In 1971 "there was limited contact between students and faculty and no leadership in the upper forms, no discipline," writes Lyles Glenn (1974). His Fourth Form "sensed how they could improve things." Hickman, Berrigan, Glenn, and others proposed after-dinner softball games with students and faculty playing on teams together. There was an enthusiastic response. A trophy was constructed consisting of athletic tape wound around three or four tiers of Coca-Cola cans, with a softball on top. Its presentation was always a highlight on athletic awards night.

Touchdown!

"When I characterize the athletic experience at St. Andrew's, my memory zips instinctively to football,"

says Jon Smith (1965). "Nothing else quite captures the *dailyness* of that experience as well as the epic cycle from strapping on all that crisp armor to peeling off a soggy undershirt at the end, barely having the strength to do so. In no other sport was I ever so young, such a formless mass to be hammered into an athletic tool with well-defined function. And while all sports stretched me to my limits of endurance, no sport made me feel so good to reach the end of a practice as football."

Kirk Varnedoe (1963) reflects on football's residual effects. "I don't need to know anymore how to make a trapblock, but some basic lessons—commitment to excellence, demanding more of yourself, preparing well, facing up to your fears—these things I use every day."*

Those who originally planned the athletic program had a clear vision. In *St. Andrew's School: A Brief Review, 1957–1958*, Bill Cameron expressed the rationale: "There is great virtue in being knocked about. And there is virtue in knocking about too. But the greatest of these virtues is to learn that if one is to knock he must not resent being knocked; that no man should allow himself a privilege he will not grant to others or allow in others a privilege he will not allow himself."

Unless he had a medical excuse, every boy in school experienced knocking and being knocked until soccer became a bona fide varsity fall sport in the early 1950s. Some believed getting knocked around on the soccer field was a poor substitute for football, even though it was demonstrated repeatedly that football players who transferred to soccer were woefully short on wind and endurance and felt naked without their protective armor.

"The aura of chivalry which surrounds [football], the glamour of battle and blood, of fortitude and courage, of guile and honesty, of self-control and self-denial, make it appealing to priest and warrior alike," wrote Cameron in *St. Andrew's School: A Study* (1955). "And if the warrior's doctrine of getting there *first, hardest* and exploiting an opponent's weakness *to the full* gets in the way of the Beatitudes, the Priest has only to remember St. Paul: 'Know ye not that they which run in a race, run all? But one receiveth the prize. So run that ye may obtain!'"

Getting there first, hardest meant occasional injuries. Bill Helm (1959) relates: "Sports were important to me, but 1958 also marked the beginning of the end of any serious participation on my part. I broke my leg in the St. Alban's football game that fall, and due to some poor medical attention, I never fully recovered full mobility in my ankle. Undoubtedly, the remote location of SAS contributed. Middletown's doctors were not big city pros!"

In 1952 another boy was taken out of a football game with what the town doctor diagnosed as a bruised thigh, even after a second examination. The boy went to classes and meals on crutches in great pain. After two days the school nurse took him to Wilmington, where he was found to have a compound fracture of the femur.

After Bob Moss arrived, in 1958, a doctor was required to attend football games and be available for any emergency, as well as holding regular office hours in the school infirmary. The medical scene in Middletown improved and soon offered competent care by physicians who had close ties with Wilmington specialists and privileges at major hospitals.

Six-man juggernaut and Senior Eleven

The initiation to the "knock-about sport" began with the smallest boys playing six-man football in two teams, the Vikings and the Achaeans. Blackburn Hughes was introduced to this wide-open variation by fellow coach Bill Cameron, who appeared every day in hunting garb, while Hughes "went out in a disreputable Kent sweater."

When a talented little player appeared, Hughes had to manipulate the team. "One player, Donnie O'Brien (1953), was so good he couldn't be quarterback, for if he had taken the ball, he would bowl everybody over—Fenner McConnell (1952), Stephen Voorhees (1953), Morgan Herrlich (1955)—touchdown after touchdown."

Six-man games were gridiron battles in miniature, everything scaled down to almost half adult size. Chuck Olson (1974) describes his early impressions. "I was one of the smallest second formers, about five feet tall and weighing in at an awesome eighty-nine pounds. One of my greatest impressions as a second former was the phenomenal size of the seniors. They were giants. Of course, as I grew older,

*From an interview with Donna Kinney Speers, published in the 1987 winter *Bulletin*.

they got smaller and smaller. (I grew a foot while I was at St. Andrew's.)"

As the smallest youngsters grew and coach Hughes gained experience, both graduated into the ranks of the Senior Eleven squad, which was large enough to divide into the Reds and Whites, each comprising a lightweight team and a heavyweight. In 1963 the team names were changed to the traditional Vikings and Achaeans. Heavyweights played first and last quarters, lightweights second and third. In the early 1950s, Blackburn Hughes was responsible for one squad, Ralph Chamblin the other. After Chamblin left in 1955, Chester Baum (1936) and Will Johnson (1952)—among the earliest alumni coaches in school history—managed the Senior Eleven team to its first interscholastic victory in five years, defeating Sanford 28–6. When Hughes retired from coaching in 1963, Sandy Ogilby shared the team with Ches Baum, orchestrating years of highly entertaining games.

Senior Eleven coaches took their competition seriously, for each year a pennant would be awarded on Prize Night to the winning team. One of their most important games was played each year on Fathers' Weekend. Ches Baum's Vikings had an excellent quarterback, Jim Rayner (1967), who in one game was not performing as his coach hoped. Baum's blast, containing an unwise choice of words, was heard all over the athletic fields. An agitated gentleman sitting in front of me on the bleachers turned and asked who the loud fellow was. I muttered to *Mr. Rayner* that it was the coach, Mr. Baum, caught up in the fervor of the game.

Marshall Craig (1962) vividly remembers "Chester Baum invoking me to 'Get down, get down!' as I pulled from my guard position on one of the traps or end sweeps that marked our brand of play. During Senior Eleven days, Chester used the shaft portion of a decapitated squash racquet to thwack us athwart our trailing edge if we failed to get down. That training paid off in varsity play." Rewards were not necessarily delayed, however. Tennis ace Peter McGowin (1969) remembers "scoring a touchdown on Fathers' Weekend playing Senior Eleven football for Mr. Ogilby. I was as proud of that as any of my achievements in tennis."

"I don't think I've ever had more fun in any athletic activity than I did in intramural football," recalls Bob Amos (1975).

Intramural A - football with coaches Ches Baum and Art Timmins.

It was very competitive, and we worked hard, but at the same time there wasn't a lot of pressure, and it was easy to get caught up in the pure joy of the game. A lot of future stars were in Senior Eleven, like Bruce Abbott who became an outstanding varsity quarterback. Abbott and I had one crazy time trying to throw off the other team. We were all in biology, so we went out there and instead of "Set, down, ready, go!" we used biological terms, with chloroform as the hike word. It was, "Set, amoeba, chloroform" and we just took off while the other guys fell to the ground yelling, "What's going on?" We ran right through them.

Sandy Ogilby always ended the season with a party for the Achaeans in his apartment, where between cookies and soft drinks he read aloud a limerick written for each member of the team. Family memorabilia include the following:

The Vikings tho' strong couldn't tame us,
And one of the reasons was Amos,
For he outran them all
When we gave him the ball,
Dive left was the play he made famous.

Sportswriters for the *Cardinal* enjoyed unleashing hyperbole when describing Senior Eleven games: "The mighty Achaeans and Vikings clashed in their first game of the '64 season. The Achaeans stomped their opponents by an overwhelming 32–0 drive." But they were deprived of a favorite subject when intramural football teams ceased to exist in the early 1970s. Some boys stayed with football to increase the JV and varsity rosters, others went to soccer or different fall sports and activities. When the Viking and Achaean rivalry was a thing of the past, football as "sheer fun" vanished.

JV

Football became serious at the JV level with its own schedule of interscholastic games. It even merited notice in the *Cardinal:* "On November 3, 1958, the St. Andrew's junior varsity football team became the second undefeated team in the history of this school." Some years they were as good as any small high school might send onto the field.

Jon Smith (1965) "played on the undefeated JV team my Fourth Form year under Hughes and Gammons. If football could be freeze-dried and served to boys with exactly the right taste, that season would be it. We were platooned—not by offense and defense, but by quarters. If it was the second or fourth quarter, George Cole and I would be the guards on offense, the linebackers on defense. First and third quarters we sat. It was basically a team of quick little guys, few of whom would have any success at the higher varsity level where muscle took over. And we had the best place-kicker in school, T. Gibbs Kane (1965)."

Smith describes Kane's spontaneous bid for fame.

After the season ended and we had won all our games with scarcely a nervous moment, the coaches decided to have a photo day (both were keen photographers) to capture the memories. Mr. Hughes somehow managed to get up on a goal post to take some "aerial" shots. Kane, twenty or thirty yards out, said "Watch me hit Blackie," teed the ball up, and did precisely that. Hughes, already perched precariously and with some pretty expensive camera equipment, was absolutely furious, and all the more so because we were all laughing so hard.

T-Gibby rushed up to say "I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" but Mr. Hughes said, "That's just the trouble, you're *not* sorry," and refused the apology.

And perhaps he was right, as Gibby must have been flushed with pride at such perfect aim; but on the other hand Kane had certainly discovered his remorse, and Hughes recovered his dignity by the time he descended from his perch.

The Athlete
Playing in the dirt
Some ruleless childish games
Dancing happily on the ashes
Of heroes gone
He grows and learns
To make his place
His cleats leave small
Marks in the ancient earth
Deepening with
His rising force

—Ned Silver (1975)
From longer poem published in the *Andrean*, 1973

Six-man football—George Baxter tells it like it is.

In such a small school, almost any boy could be encouraged to play football, and almost everyone did. Marshall Craig (1962) explains, "SAS allowed a shortish, slowish, uncoordinated-ish fellow like myself to play in a varsity sport. For those of us who were not gifted, it was a long apprenticeship, leading from senior eleven, to JV football and, finally, to the big time, where, as a fifth former, you held blocking dummies for your more skilled classmates. Then, one early football practice, you would find yourself on the starting eleven. You might have gotten there through attrition, but that didn't matter; you had paid your dues."

Varsity

"Our sports program was not very good and our football teams were horrible," admits Will Grubb (1959). "Walden Pell used to march around after a football game and end up down in the locker room where we were sitting, gnashing our teeth. He'd come in as though nothing had happened and say, 'Don't worry, boys, you're building character.' When Dr. Pell left the room one Saturday, coach Chester Baum claimed in a fit of exasperation, 'Oh, to hell with building character—I just want to win a ball game!"

Baum (1936) stands out as one deeply involved with football throughout his long tenure. In 1950 the *Cardinal* published an editorial, "Of Lugs and Coaches," quoting him.

> When you first begin to coach, you believe that brilliant plays are the thing—that if only you can conceive something new and startling and brilliant enough in the way of a play, your fortune is made. Disabuse of this idea is rapid. Next you put your faith in systems. You believe that a system is the thing, that if only you have a system brilliant enough, a brilliant season will inevitably follow. One season is usually enough to dispose of that. Finally you realize that all a coach needs is eleven big lugs who want to play football. And then you have the secret of success. There is no other formula.

The editor took issue: "Eleven big lugs (more would be better) are a help. Systems are a help. And plays are a help. Eleven men can't do just anything. But a coach is a help too. As a matter of fact, it is he who makes the big lugs want to play football, teaches them the brilliant plays, and devises a system that will best realize their capabilities."

In the fall of 1957 an auspicious change in the athletic program had been made by the appointment of Webster C. Reyner as director of athletics, with football as one of his two coaching responsibilities. His inaugural game was with the soon-to-be-powerful Middletown High School team, the first time the two neighboring schools had played. St. Andrew's won decisively, 19–0. The rest of the season was downhill, with three losses to Tower Hill, Wilmington Friends, and Archmere Academy, then a walloping by little Sanford Prep, 45–0. A tie and another loss followed to end the season. Reyner had his work cut out for him.

In 1958 the old IAC (Interstate Academic Conference) league was dissolved and a new league of independent schools was formed, the Quindependent Football Conference (soon known as DISC, Delaware Independent Schools Conference), consisting of St. Andrew's, Archmere, Tower Hill, Wilmington Friends, and Sanford Prep. These schools were thereby designated as St. Andrew's official rivals.

That same year Reyner revolutionized the team's offense with the University of Delaware's famed Wing-T. With a record of four wins to three losses, 1959 proved to be St. Andrew's first winning season since 1952. Webb Reyner's influence was felt throughout the entire athletic program, with three times as many sports contests won as lost. Coaches

and players alike felt a new optimism. The next year other Delaware high school coaches followed his lead in football and began introducing his program. It worked.

In 1960, as clear underdogs, the team took on Alexis I. Du Pont High School. "Nothing went well for visiting A. I. Du Pont except the playing of its 45-piece band, as St. Andrew's rolled to a 32–0 upset victory," the *Cardinal* exulted. "Sophomore Stan Thompson led the Cardinals in rushing for 106 yards and two touchdowns, one coming on a 22-yard pass from quarterback Henry Hillenmeyer." Hillenmeyer (1961) passed and handed off to Thompson (1963) and others to widen the margin of victory, and "the game ended with Dick Steele (1962) intercepting an A. I. pass." The following week, the Cardinals crushed Sanford 50–0.

Under Reyner, St. Andrew's demonstrated it could play any team in Delaware. His contribution to football morale was enormous, and teams depended on him. He produced two independent school championship teams, and laid the groundwork for a third.

In his ninth year, 1965, St. Andrew's took the independent school championship for the first time since Dick (Pop) Hagerty's team in 1941, three years after John MacInnes's famous undefeated "Boilermakers." Once was not enough for Reyner, and his team won the conference co-championship (with Tatnall) in 1968 after a successful season of six wins and only one loss. "We may not have come home with the bread, but it is the best looking half-loaf I've seen for a long time!" Bill Cameron exclaimed gleefully.

The next year St. Andrew's had an undefeated season under Reyner's former assistant coach Dave Washburn, who with Bob Colburn filled in while Reyner was on sabbatical leave. Together the three men amassed a streak of thirteen straight victories unmatched in school football history.

Games and rivalries

Although rivalries between the country's oldest independent schools reach back into the last century, new rivalries today between younger schools develop instantly into "traditions." For St. Andrew's football the first opponent was Wilmington's Tower Hill, whose "seconds" team won the day in 1930. That game was soon followed by one with Wilmington Friends. Sanford was a tiny school but often had talented players, one of whom in the early 1950s used a heavy plaster arm cast to great advantage.

Tower Hill was not only St. Andrew's first and most lasting rival, but too often its nemesis. It was always a major game for each, remembered more for one or two events than the score or even who won. Marshall Craig (1962) savors his role: "All former SAS guards of my era may recall how sweet it was when a trap play was called and you came into the opposite tackle hole to find a Tower Hill linebacker, standing up, gazing into your backfield, licking his chops at the prospect of the oncoming SAS halfback. If things went right, he would finally come down on the nearby varsity baseball field."

Jon Smith (1965) describes the first days of football camp.

> My senior year the football team returned to campus in scandalously poor condition—or at least so we were told. Coach Reyner was openly disgusted. He worked us mercilessly. To this day I've never known if we were as awful as he said, or if the whole training camp was an elaborate psychological ploy—Reyner was certainly capable of it. In any case, one day early in the season we were hitting the seven-man sled, with Reyner aboard. He was taunting us, trying to get a little more excitement into his ride. Suddenly he called for a break, and with his best dramatic timing said, "I have been coaching here for years... and that sled... has never... been hit that hard." It was the first positive thing he had said since the start of camp, and it had an enormous impact on morale. We went on to have the best season in many years, including at long last a win over Tower Hill.

Twelve long years saw a monotonous regularity of

Football records to 1990:

Longest field goal:	Brian Kotz (1986) 43 yards
Most yards passing:	Andy Reynolds (1968) 811 yards
Most yards rushing:	Henry Smith (1967) 699 yards
Most touchdowns:	Spencer Knapp (1967) 8 touchdowns

AMNESTY!

WHEREAS The St. Andrew's varsity eleven on Friday, **November 6, 1964** did travel to Wilmington and did there, between the hours of 3:00 P.M. and 4:30 P.M. work a sound defeat upon the Tower Hill varsity eleven on the field on honor, 22–8 and

WHEREAS in the course of that conflict Bunker Walker, Captain, suffered a black eye, D. Smith, Tackle, a wrenched knee, and Loudon Wainwright a fit of inspiration which with assistance carried him to two touchdowns, and

WHEREAS T. Burton proved himself a man of many devices and Cadwalader brought great discomfort and spread great dismay among those who sought to impede him, and

WHEREAS a fierce line opened great holes, blockers blocked and tacklers tackled with determination, vigor, and great effect, and

WHEREAS the defense defended with the ferocity of lions and the courage of heroes, H. Smith and J. Rayner alone and between them accounting for 27 tackles, and

WHEREAS the coaches showed themselves sapient masters of tactical stratagems, the grand gambit, and those subtle acts of low cunning so necessary in the face of an alert, courageous and determined adversary, and

WHEREAS these by what they have done have brought glory upon themselves and have torn from us the mantle of mourning we have worn patiently and stubbornly through twelve years of defeat,

BE IT KNOWN THAT, on this day Saturday, November 7, 1964, and the day following, none shall work off conduct marks, that those on bounds, for these two days shall be released from bondage, and that marks totaled on Monday, November 2, 1964, while they shall remain on the record, will not be counted when conduct averages are cast to determine departure day for Christmas.

Thanks be to God. Amen.

Respectfully submitted,

William H. Cameron

defeat at the hands of the Tower Hill squad, with a string of disheartening scores—14–45, 6–26, 0–26. The long-awaited turn of the tide occurred in 1964. As the *Cardinal* told it, "The entire St. Andrew's Student Body migrated to Wilmington on a misty and foreboding afternoon to witness a historic athletic event. For the first time in twelve years, the SAS Varsity Football team... defeated the fabled Tower Hill eleven in a 22–8 pounding."

Webb Reyner's inspired coaching was a major factor in the victory, the first over Tower Hill since 1952. Assistant coach Bob Colburn describes the team's homecoming,

> It was a cold, dark night as we drove into the main drive and something of a let-down, for no one was around. We rolled down the windows and sang "As the Saints Go Marching In," but no one was in sight. Suddenly the area in front of the school was lit up with fireworks, and Bill Cameron was running from launching pad to launching pad setting off rockets, as were all the students from whom Bull had confiscated fireworks over the years. And when we entered the dining room late to dinner, there was a standing ovation.

The effect upon team members was even greater because of the surprise element. Fireworks of any sort were strictly illegal. Bill Cameron confiscated and stored them for his own personal use, usually saving them for faculty parties. "Mr. Cameron had been saving all his confiscated fireworks to celebrate *that* one," writes Ed Strong (1966), a key player in the game. Ed was astonished that the stern chairman of the Disciplinary Committee would stage "an illicit fireworks display as the team bus returned from the decade's first football win over Tower Hill." That event sticks in his memory more than being elected to the First Team, All-State, and All-Conference.

In the next nine years only once did St. Andrew's fail to beat its oldest rival, winning with scores soaring to 46–0 and 48–0.

The players

Even if youngsters failed to grow into Chester Baum's big lugs, the years of training at lower levels had their effect. Jon Smith (1965) "adopted an attitude in tackling that Webb Reyner clichéd as 'reckless abandon.' I had this crazy idea that if you feared pain

less than the other guy, you would defeat him." Much of the time it worked.

Henry Hillenmeyer (1961) recalls his start at an illustrious athletic career:

> Having arrived as a third former at 5' 5", I came back for early football in Fourth Form at 5'11", weighing in at a rail-thin 135 pounds. The experience was hell. I can remember having a splitting headache for two weeks, day and night. I won a varsity letter, however, starting at defensive corner linebacker and playing third string quarterback.
>
> By Sixth Form year, I came back to early football camp at 6'1" and 155 pounds. Webb Reyner and Ducky Washburn greeted me at the door with "We hope you've been throwing a football this summer, because a passing offense is our only hope for this season." This disturbed me more than a little, since I had not touched a football all summer; the only thing athletic I had done was play golf. We had lost most of the offensive starters the previous year and we were so small that Webb and Ducky confessed after the season that they wondered if we would win a game.

On the contrary, Hillenmeyer and his team lost only two, to league champion Archmere and to arch-rival Tower Hill.

Not everyone took to football, although most recognized its value at the lower levels. Jerry Fogle (1967) admits, "I viewed intramurals more as a refuge for the sports-ignorant than for the inept, although there was plenty of ineptitude also. I quickly assumed the perpetuated role of nonresponsible nonathlete, and the system was quite willing to have a corps of such cast-offs."

Except for occasional social and academic events, there are few opportunities other than athletics for students of one school to visit another. Comparisons are made and cross-fertilization of ideas on a variety of subjects occurs whenever teams from one school are on the campus of another. Often this is a healthy exchange, sometimes not. The headmaster of Wilmington Friends once demanded an apology from headmaster Bob Moss for failure to prevent exuberant St. Andreans from parading an ape effigy around the field at half-time, a sign around its neck identifying it as a Friends football player. Despite such occasional outbursts of partisanship, St. Andrew's has had long, close relationships with many regional schools, including Wilmington's Tower Hill, Friends, and Tatnall schools. Earlier ties with St. James in Maryland, Landon and St. Albans in Washington, and Episcopal High School in Virginia had to be dropped from the schedule because of distance and travel fatigue.

Tatnall was a girls' school until the early 1960s. Hilarity erupted among St. Andreans when Tatnall went coed and began playing football and other male sports, but Tatnall quickly became a force to be reckoned with and the joking died away. At a school meeting in November 1967, Bob Moss presented a new St. Andrew's–Tatnall trophy, a miniature cannon given by trustee Henry Belin duPont. Whichever school won it would keep it for the following year, firing it off at the school's touchdowns. When at St. Andrew's, it was known as the "Tatnall Cannon"; when Tatnall had won it, it became the "St. Andrew's Cannon." The school that won it three years in a row would retain it permanently and the losing school would have to buy a new one to perpetuate the series.

Senior prefect Joe Hickman (1974), a key member of a formidable team, describes a memorable Fathers' Weekend in 1973:

> Under coach Denny Madigan we finally beat Tatnall and captured the cannon trophy again—and thereby a story unfolds. On Sunday morning Bob Moss heard from the Meins that the previous night had been a long and difficult one with their small son, Andrew. Lyles Glenn and I, oblivious to what had happened the night before, decided to end Sunday noon dinner with a blast, rather than the usual "dong" from the bell.
>
> After reading the announcements, I walked to the mural end of the dining room, opened the door, and set off the cannon into the dining room. Unfortunately the Meins' table was nearby and I still remember the look on Simon Mein's face as he carried infant Andrew bawling through the battle haze. The whole Fathers' Day crowd cheered as Bob Moss dragged me through the dining room by my ear. Mrs. Moss, who literally had the best seat in the house as the cannon was blown off behind her, jumped from her seat, then sat back down in the smoke and continued her meal, smiling.

In the fall of 1977, St. Andrew's defeated Tatnall School for the third consecutive time and the cannon was permanently retired to the trophy case.

Varsty football team celebrates undefeated 1969 season with coaches Colburn and Washburn.

Pushing to the limit

Webb Reyner's final season was a winning one—just barely. In 1971 interim coaches Bob Colburn and Dave Washburn had few experienced highly trained players left to work with and the team suffered seven straight losses.

Under new head coach and athletic director Denny "Maddog" Madigan, football once more entered a period of "rebuilding." The team's fortunes began to return with two winning seasons and two seasons with an equal number of wins and losses.

Madigan was fearless, both for himself and for his teams. In 1973 he scheduled a game with formidable St. Mary's, a team that outweighed St. Andreans in every position. The *Cardinal* reported, "The Annapolis team was expected to be big and good. They were. However, the spirited Saints sent the monster packing back to Maryland with a score of 14–6."

Madigan's confidence and outlook on what *could* be accomplished never wavered. A *Cardinal* reporter once asked if he thought the powerful Wilmington Friends School team was unbeatable. "Absolutely not!" replied Maddog. "They are definitely a team that can be beaten and as long as someone has to do it, it might as well be the Saints."

During Madigan's first season, the October 1972 *Cardinal* reported that varsity football was "making a brilliant comeback" with a 5–1 record. "Preseason camp proved to be a grueling affair as Head Coach Madigan whipped the young Saints into shape."

After Denny Madigan left to coach at the Maritime Academy, Dan Lohnes was hired as director of athletics and varsity football coach. Bob Colburn found him "low key; he inherited tensions between various sports and helped restore equilibrium." But he and the school were not a good match and he left after his second year.

In the fall of 1977—*on a Sunday*—Lohnes sent Bob Colburn and Dave Washburn to scout a game in Camden, New Jersey. He told them to ask for directions once they got there. Finding the field took some time, but they finally got there—only to learn it was the wrong date and there was no game to scout. The two assistant coaches decided to even the score. When they got back to the campus, around 5:00, they persuaded faculty wife Mary Ella Boyle to come to the Colburn home and act as a telephone operator. She rang up Lohnes and got him to accept a "collect call" from Atlantic City, even though he had difficulty with her "New Joisey" accent. Colburn relates:

> I told him that Dave and I had gone to Atlantic City on the way home and the car had developed carburetor trouble and could not be fixed until Monday morning, but that we were with friends of mine who were in a hurry to take us out to dinner so I couldn't talk long. I asked Dan to call Ellie [Washburn] and Dot [Colburn] and Jon O'Brien to tell them the situation and quickly said good-by before Dan could question me further.
>
> Fifteen minutes later I was eating supper in the main dining room when Dan came in. He walked by,

stopped, came back, walked away, then returned again to say, "You're not here. You are in Atlantic City." I replied, "What? I'm right here, Dan. Have you gone off your rocker?" He never sent us out to scout on a Sunday again.

After Lohnes left, Bob Colburn, always ready to fill in wherever and whenever he was needed, took over coaching varsity football for two years, then assisted as two other coaches tried unsuccessfully to improve the team's fortunes. Bob Colburn came back after Len Dwinell, then Frank Pergolizzi, had dismal seasons. Colburn's third year was a winner, the first for twelve years. At the start to one of his seasons, Colburn "read aloud what the Wilmington papers thought of the St. Andrew's football team. With only six returning senior lettermen, the team 'would be in for a trying season.' Colburn added, 'I agree, Mr. Journalist—we'll be trying all right—trying to prove you wrong!'"

In 1986 "Old Dependable" Bob Colburn was succeeded by John Lyons, former collegiate Little All-American and a coach at Middlebury College, who coached the St. Andrew's varsity for the next nine years.

A white refrigerated cell

When almost every other part of the original gym was gutted and redesigned while the new gym–field house was built, the squash courts and the overlooking spectator gallery remained untouched. Despite numerous design flaws, the old gymnasium had distinction and the squash courts are as excellent today as when they were built over sixty years ago.

For twenty-five years the courts served primarily as recreational facilities and for intramural competition. The first intramural tournament was held in the winter of 1948–49 and for fourteen years thereafter. Squash coaches—when there were any—were also the tennis coaches. It was Blackburn Hughes who began scheduling his squash players to compete with other teams, gradually transforming squash into a full interscholastic varsity sport in 1963, followed four years later by a junior varsity squad. It was slow going at first. As the March 1961 *Cardinal* reported, "For the first time in four years and twenty-two matches, the St. Andrew's squash team won a match and went on to win four more."

Hughes has described how it was when the team was first organized, with Edward Hawkins as an assistant coach. "Ed Hawkins gave yeoman service. We needed a team, but squash was open to only a select few. If you weren't wrestling, or if you weren't needed in basketball, if you had limited potential and could get permission from the pope, the bishop, parents, grandparents, Walden Pell, and the director of athletics, you might be able to get on the squash courts."

In the early days of competition squash teams usually consisted of very few boys, but those who played were enthusiastic. Rusty Capers (1963) gives credit to the man who provided him with a lifelong sport: "Blackburn Hughes was very, very helpful in teaching me to play squash, which to this day I play very well." The paper reported in February 1963 that squash "under Mr. Hughes was off to a good start," and then a month later actually supplied a small headline: "Squash Makes More History," citing Capers and Rob Pyle (both 1963) and Gibb Kane (1965).

When Hughes left, squash went into eclipse, even though a capable coach, John Moses, was assigned to the sport. Ten years later, the June 1977 *Cardinal* reported on a resurgence: "The SAS interscholastic squash team has been revived. Not only did Mr. O'Brien approve, he stated he wanted to form a girls' team as well. The new coach is Mr. Mark O'Brien (no relation to the headmaster), former captain of the Princeton varsity team and winner of the Rhode Island Squash Championship."

Because of the large numbers of students signing up and a difference in their interests, two levels of squash were organized, the informal Silver Lake Racket Club and the interscholastic squads. Success wasn't achieved overnight. In 1978 the boys' squash team met with "minimal success," and according to reporter and state champion player John Lilley (1980), girls' squash was "at a considerably lower level." Nevertheless, the girls' season that year was considerably more successful than the boys'. Mark O'Brien might have been a Rhode Island champion, but it was his wife, Elizabeth, an outstanding player in her own right, who produced the better teams.

In 1980, under new coach Tad Roach, boys' squash won an interscholastic meet for the first time in two years. The girls maintained their winning ways under Will Speers. With lopsided victories they beat Tower Hill, Swarthmore College, and the Wilmington Country Club. The May 1980 *Cardinal* had new hero-

ines: "Mr. Speer's squash squad pulverized almost every opponent they faced.... This powerhouse lost only one match." Amy Burnham (1983) became a state champion. St. Andrew's has produced eleven state champions, five boys and six girls.

For a long time Tower Hill had the only other high school team in Delaware, where squash was clearly not a high-profile sport. Returning home from a game late one afternoon, the team stopped at a fast-food store for personal refueling. Robin Carper (1984) answered a question by the girl behind the counter: "What is squash, anyway?" Robin replied, "It's a game we play with a little green ball that doesn't bounce, in a white refrigerated cell with walls that seem to close in steadily—but at least we usually win."

If squash remains mysterious to many, there is ample evidence it has succeeded at St. Andrew's. One of the happiest examples is that of Ann Chilton (1985), an award-winning player at school, who returned to the faculty as a teacher-coach after playing four years of varsity squash at Princeton. Those sixty-year-old courts have done well.

Go-o-o-o-a-l!

When I arrived in the fall of 1947, having grown up abroad with no football experience but years of soccer behind me, a decision was made to offer the game on an informal basis to upper formers between the end of football season and Christmas, later expanded through the winter term. After three years, it became an interscholastic sport—with no budget and no uniforms. For recognition, the best players could hope for was a team picture in a school publication. Played with zest and occasional great skill by such boys as Bermudean Lyndon Clay (1952) and Charley Barclay (1954), future captain of the University of Virginia soccer team, the soccer program began slowly building toward a full-fledged varsity sport.

The *Yearbook* was not allowed to publish a photograph or an account of this athletic stepchild until 1951, the fifth year soccer had been played for a full season—and it was 1957 before soccer players could earn numerals or letters, for fear attraction to the sport might affect "*real* sports." It is a small miracle that any record of soccer's early days remains. Registrar Howard Schmolze, who kept scrupulous records of school activities, wrote one year, "Tho' Mr. Amos was asked for the information several times, he failed to submit it for the Records Book." After this admonishment, the coach *did* enter opponents and scores.

Despite occasional severely cold weather and a sufficient accumulation of snow to make practice a futile though fun-filled exercise, soccer remained a winter sport until 1954–55. With twenty-seven boys on the squad, soccer had a winning season that year. I went on sabbatical leave and librarian Nolan Lushington took over coaching responsibilities, and soccer was moved to the fall, where it belonged.

"In 1955 [soccer] will assume varsity status as a full alternative (for older boys) to football," the headmaster told the faculty. It was about time, but a degree of resentment persisted among football devotees, players and coaches alike. Not so fast, said some, and the *Catalog* stated: "In the fall there are two major sports, football and soccer. However, all boys except fifth and sixth formers are expected to play football unless excused by the School authorities, in which case they may play soccer."

In 1960 Nathan Joseph, graduate of Cambridge University, who taught developmental reading at St. Andrew's, reached the boiling point, and gave "a few ringing comments concerning soccer and its place at St. Andrew's," the *Cardinal* reported. "He deeply scorned the opinion that soccer is an easy way out for boys too lazy to try out for football. He professed there was a good deal more speed, agility, and endurance required for soccer than for football."

Over the next seventeen years seven coaches—including another Englishman, Peter Maddison, who had grown up with the game—helped soccer to consolidate a permanent and reputable position in the fall sports roster. In 1958 the Car*dinal* reported, "New Soccer Squad Has 2 Wins, 2 Losses, 1 Tie" under co-captains Art Haycock (1959) and Brian Fisher (1960), with Hunter Harris (1959) in the goal. One of the losses, to persist for many years, was to Pennsylvania's Westtown School, a soccer powerhouse that did not dilute its fall season with football or other major sports.

The 1959 season under coach Buff Weigand was notable for the young sport, with 8 wins, 2 losses, and 1 tie. The *Cardinal* exulted: "Fu-Sang 'Charlie' Chan, a fifth former from Malaya... became over-excited and spirited the team to crucial victories over rival Delaware and Pennsylvania teams." From then on, Duncan Denny, Tim Rodd, and Battle Hamilton pro-

duced teams that won nine or ten games out of eleven or more each season.

Coach Duncan Denny had formidable talent to work with. Phil Tonks (1963) recalls, "We had a strong group in our class who didn't want anything to do with football, but wanted to play soccer—Schoonover, Capers, Hughes—not big enough to play football, but did very well at soccer. Dexter Chapin played fullback and intimidated anybody who was foolish enough to come up against him." In 1961 skill and intimidation again inspired crowing by the *Cardinal*: "The soccer team, by defeating Friends Select 3–1, set a new St. Andrew's record for most consecutive victories in an athletic season." One record engendered another. The 1966 season under coach Tim Rodd produced nine wins and two losses, with captain and goalie Fritz Hoffecker allowing only eight goals all season. Two years later coach Peter Morse's team won its first independent conference championship. Now the big guns were about to appear. Battle Hamilton's team posted a 10–4 season, but it wasn't until Rob Pasco arrived that St. Andrew's soccer entered its glory days. By the time he left, his teams had won fifty-eight games and lost twenty, and two were tied. The team won the conference championship in 1973, 1975, and 1976, and entered the state competition.

Pasco's 1972 team gave up 11 goals, but made 47, 30 of them by a single player, fifth former Allan Marshall (1974) of Bermuda. The next year Marshall, with Jerry Sock from The Gambia, Walter Birkholz from Germany, and Delaware talent Greg Moon (all 1974), made 55 goals and clinched the independent conference championship with twelve wins and one loss. More than anything else they wanted to win the state soccer tournament. The *Cardinal* reported on an unforgivable act of exclusion by state soccer authorities: "As the only undefeated team in Delaware competition, it seemed as though SAS was a shoe-in for the State Soccer Tournament; but the dark hand of dirty dealing reached out and deprived the team of its season-long goal of State championship competition."

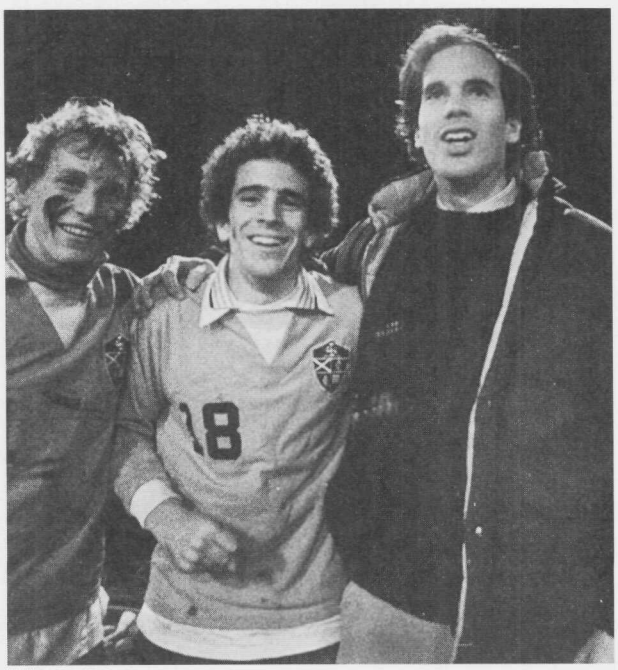
The assumption was that St. Andrew's was a certain winner of the state crown, but coaches of the other teams muttered about "foreigners" and "recruiting" and disallowed entry, despite the school's protests and documentation showing that all three non-Americans had applied to St. Andrew's purely out of scholastic reasons. The school knew nothing in advance of their athletic interests or abilities, but all three were superb, highly experienced players. Greg Moon from Delaware was their equal, and the rest of the squad was unusually strong. National interests were not so timid, however, and selected Allan Marshall for the All-American First Team. As the newspapers reported, Marshall was "the first Andrean and allegedly the first Delawarean to receive the honor."

After the school's "big four" players graduated, and succumbing to pressure, the Delaware coaches' association reversed itself in 1975 and allowed the school to enter the state tournament for the first time. St. Andrew's did, losing in the semifinals, but that year and the next won the independent conference. The year following, the team again went to the States, led by Greg Moon's younger brother, Doug (1977), who was a consistent goal scorer elected to the All-State team.

International soccer - Coach Rob Pasco, 1st team All-State, Jerry Sock from The Gambia, 1st team All-American Allan Marshall from Bermuda, 2nd team All Conference and Honorable Mention All-State Walter Birkholz from Germany. Marshall also was 1st team All-Conference, All-State, and All Mid-Atlantic.

By 1978 Rob Pasco was gone and after two losing seasons, soccer went back into high gear under coach Phil Thornton, ending the season in second place in the conference. Captain of his soccer team at Amherst and All-Ohio Soccer Team, Thornton was putting together an outstanding St. Andrew's team. In 1979 he was assisted by Tad Roach, who had just graduated from Williams College, where he played varsity soccer, was voted most valuable player, and received the Coaches Award. Never had the squad received the attention of two such experienced players working together. In 1980 St. Andrew's once again entered the Delaware State Soccer Tournament and lost 2–1 in overtime in the final game with Caesar Rodney High School. One of the team's outstanding players was John Austin (1983), who later returned to teach and coach soccer.

When Thornton left in 1981, Roach began an outstanding coaching career that continues to this day, assisted by his good friend Will Speers, another experienced player from college days. Roach's first year as head coach was memorable as the team won the States in one of the most thrilling games—the newspapers called it an "upset"—Wilmington had ever seen.



Soccer state champs John Austin, Brian Shockley, with Coach Tad Roach.

Although St. Andrew's had been in the state tournament before, the school sensed this year something special was afoot and the entire student body and faculty turned out. St. Andrew's was in a field of eight other teams, and won the first game over Caesar Rodney, 2–0, with goals by Austin and Bob Tarburton (1982). Next they played tournament favorite, William Penn, which was 13-0-1 for the season, with only four goals against them all season. William Penn had breezed through its opening game 7–0, and was ahead of St. Andrew's 1–0 at half-time—then Austin made two goals, one a penalty kick and the other with an assist by Tarburton. The probable stars of the evening were John Rath (1983), who controlled William Penn's star, and goalie R. J. Beach (1982), who made great saves.

The final game, against Concord High School, went scoreless until the first overtime, while co-captains Bob Tarburton and Hugh Marthinsen (1982) kept hammering at the Wilmington team. Marthinsen scored in the first forty seconds, followed in short order by Brian Shockley (1983) and Peter Orth (1982), with St. Andrew's winning 3–0 and its first state championship. Years later Marthinsen said the goal he scored was "my proudest moment next to graduation."

It wasn't only the players who rejoiced. Kevin Grandfield (1982) recalls, "During my senior year, the soccer team took the state tournament. It was exciting and I always felt a part of it—not that it was only the team's glory, but that it was all of ours."

Achieving such a level of play and statewide recognition meant a well-earned pride, but a few saw it differently. One member of the class of 1983 observed, "It turned many of us off to see them going off by themselves, leaving their classmates behind." The October 1982 *Cardinal* offered a balanced view: "Last year, one and only one group of individuals on campus attained the title of being 'arrogant to the highest extreme.' That same group of people also attained the title of being state champions."

The game meant different things to different people. One of the great players on that team, John Rath, admitted, "For me, soccer was a way I kept my sanity—a lot of the people on the soccer team felt that way. You could go out there and be crazy for a little while."

Phillip Gerard (1973), now an author and a member of the Lake Forest College faculty, found lasting value

in his soccer experience. "I am thinking of Don Colburn, who made English class into a free-for-all for ideas, and who insisted I play JV soccer when I wanted to go the easy route with the PCs."

Under Tad Roach soccer at St. Andrew's flourished as never before, consistently winning and playing in one state tournament after the next. The soccer program expanded, both in number of levels—three games being played simultaneously was not uncommon—and the creation of a girls' soccer squad. Girls' soccer is beyond the scope of this book, but got an auspicious start with Will and Donna Speers, later with former Princeton star Darcy Caldwell, who joined the faculty in 1991.

Bump, set, spike!

For the first three years after their arrival, girls had only field hockey as a choice for a fall sport. Suddenly, in 1976, there was intramural volleyball, which the *Cardinal* called "one of the least recognized intramural sports in school." Not for long. It was sufficiently promising and attracting enough interest to be considered for interscholastic status.

In 1977 a team was formed and coached by English teacher Chris Boyle with the assistance of Willem Kramer, a sabbatical replacement from Holland for Evert van Buchem. The October *Cardinal* reported: "With hard work and determination, [volleyball players] have steadily improved their skills and their enthusiasm for the sport. More and more people are becoming interested in the team's steady progress. The team appreciates the growing number of fans who turn out for home games. The girls' volleyball team won its first game against St. Hedwig's and upset the more experienced Tatnall girls. Congratulations to St. Andrew's newest team for an impressive contribution to the athletic program." There was good cause for praise, for the team tied with Tatnall for the Independent Conference title.

The following year Marijke van Buchem joined Boyle as coach and for part of the season the team led the conference, ending with a respectable 6-6 record for the season. In 1979, Chris Boyle's last year as coach, twenty-two girls went out for the team.

With little experience in the sport, but a determination to learn both basics and fine points, Larry Walker took over as coach in 1980 and proved to be one of the outstanding and most popular coaches of his time. One team member explained, "St. Andrew's volleyball is an entirely new sport! We play harder, but have more fun." With both varsity and JV levels, the latter coached by Marijke van Buchem, volleyball was solidly entrenched in the sports roster and kept drawing larger and more enthusiastic crowds with every game.

Finally in 1981 came the dream of a conference championship. It was not to be, but it was close—second place. The *Cardinal* wrote of the team and its captain: "Stivers, with an awesome display of brute force, is a major spiking threat. What makes this team a winning team, what puts this team above any other in the Conference, and what holds this team through rough times, is its winning attitude. The volleyball team has a personality unmatched by any other—Coach Walker will vouch for that. Long live the Tubs and Twinkies!"

Two years later, the team achieved another first: it represented St. Andrew's in the state championship tournament, as well as taking another second place in the Delaware Independent School Conference. The team went to the States again in 1986 and by 1987 the squad had solidified, with twenty-five girls eager to play under Walker and his new JV coach, Wanda Whitney. Lindsay Brown, Olympian rower who also closely watched volleyball at the Olympics, took over coaching the St. Andrew's team in 1988. Lela Demby (1984) could have been referring to any subsequent season when she borrowed from Frank Sinatra and sang, "It was a *very* good year!"

Pin! Pin! Pin!

An extraordinary victory of spirit occurred in an almost totally inept wrestler, José Walewski (1974). Large and poorly coordinated, José had little will to be a contestant; but he was the only heavyweight available. He lost almost every bout, but at least the team did not have to forfeit his weight bracket. For some reason Walewski hung on. There were times when coach Denny Madigan was frustrated, knowing there was something in the boy that had not yet awakened. He yelled at him in practice and once held him against the wall shouting in his face—and the youngster went out and tried again.

At the end of the season in José's senior year, St. Andrew's was wrestling arch-rival Tower Hill, a home match for that school. The afternoon's success

for either team came down to the last match: if the St. Andrew's heavyweight was pinned, we lost; if he was not pinned, we won. There was no question in anyone's mind that Walewski would lose to a formidable champion wrestler: the question was, how? Time after time Walewski's shoulders grazed the mat, and each time he fought, straining up an inch or two. The gymnasium went wild. The clock seemed to stand still. When the third period was finally, agonizingly over, José Walewski had not been pinned and St. Andrew's had won. The first person to embrace him was Denny Madigan.

Many alumni remember wrestling as an almost mystical experience. After practice or match, every muscle in a wrestler's body ached and was either flaccid or cramped in fatigue. Who brought such an activity to St. Andrew's and to Delaware two decades before any other school entered the picture?

Until halfway through the school's first year, Delaware knew nothing of wrestling. Bill Cameron brought with him experience in the sport and a desire to introduce it to the school. With no gym, working in a cramped area in the basement of Founders' Hall and on a few rough canvas mats, the first wrestlers learned rudiments of an ancient sport. In the opening season, 1933, the team lost one match and won none. From that point the program began to be built and over Cameron's twenty-three years of coaching, winning records increased. His last team, in 1956–57, were the state champions.

This championship was more widely significant: it was Delaware's first interscholastic wrestling tournament, in many ways the result of Bill Cameron's influence. Cameron's command of wrestlers and their sport is the stuff of legend, reaching into the last years of his life, long after he had given up coaching. At a gathering in Baltimore in the 1960s, two alumni commented on "Bull."

First alumnus: "I never did well in English until I took up wrestling."

Second alumnus: "I never did well in English until I gave up wrestling."

Marshall Craig (1962) can "remember Bill Cameron now as he was then in his sixties, dressed in sweat pants and shirt, out with Web Reyner and the wrestling team, practicing moves. He locked up with Tom Stewart-Gordon, who made Sonny Liston look effete, as if Tom were a rag doll." More than a few alumni share similar memories to those of a wrestler who wrote Marianne Cameron after her husband's death, "I recall the occasions of wrestling meets when he'd give me a resounding slap on my back as I went to face my adversary. His sole purpose was to stir up my adrenaline to the point where I'd tear my adversary limb from limb." Having made the varsity his first year under Webb Reyner, Chris Arensberg (1961) recalls, "I had some early successes and after each win, when I would receive a 'Well done' from Cameron, I would wonder why this Olympian figure would even have noticed my puny efforts."

"The small gym doubled for years as the wrestling match arena that was barely large enough for the rough, cruel canvas mats that produced awful abrasive burns on bare arms and legs," Will Grubb (1959) writes. "Spectators wedged in to sit on the few metal folding chairs available, or on the floor directly on the edge of the mat, in danger of being hit by the contestants if they flung themselves in that direction. Others hung over the metal rail balcony." The room's reflective solid masonry walls acted as an acoustical amplifier and after a match spectators left with ringing ears. After major additions and alterations to the gymnasium in 1963, the spacious new wrestling arena, designed by Webb Reyner, provided ample bleacher space, but did nothing to lessen the roar of much larger crowds.

The St. Andrew's spectators were known throughout the state as the most boisterous of all. They stamped on the bleachers, shouted with glee when one of their gladiators triumphed. Now and then a wrestler would be given a nickname emerging from his wrestling career, and that name would be shouted in unison until the building shook. Tim Shannon (1966) remembers, "Warren Hoffecker's (1964) nickname was Troll and when he participated in a wrestling match, which he usually won, everyone would chant, 'Troll! Troll! Troll!'" Schoolwide support of the team was unlike anything seen before. Peter McGowin (1969) was accurate in saying, "When we wrestled Tatnall for the championship, *everybody* signed a school list and was there; only a few faculty members were unaccounted for."

Wrestlers in the Madigan era claimed that in the din they heard just one voice, that of their coach, whose *"Moooooove it!"* was generally loud enough to be heard across campus. Apparently the noise generated by St. Andrew's supporters penetrated the consciousness of opponents, both on the mat and on the bench, be-

Wrestling in the old gym basketball court.

cause complaints were often aired, with little effect.

One of the cherished rewards for outstanding wrestlers was the Mamo Prize, given by Joe Mamo (1947), a Maltese who had wrestled for St. Andrew's. The huge solid silver trophy is displayed in its own special illuminated case, and until the late 1970s, when supplies ran out, each wrestler who had his name engraved on its base also received a personal miniature silver replica, a small treasure in itself.

In 1956, Webster Clark Reyner, a senior at West Chester State Teachers College, learned from his wrestling coach that St. Andrew's needed a faculty member who also could coach football and wrestling. He wrote to Walden Pell: "My main interest is in wrestling. As a wrestler I was captain of the varsity at West Chester and won three state titles, being undefeated for two years in succession." Bill Cameron, taking over as acting headmaster, had been trying to get another young man with a strong football background, but when he and Reyner began exchanging letters, the younger man's wrestling career became very attractive to the man whose life had been wrapped up in that sport. Cameron wrote Reyner in October 1956 that he was obligated to hear from the other candidate, but he supplied him with all specifics and clearly was seriously interested in him as one who could take over the wrestling program, as well as the other duties. The delay was greater than anticipated, but on March 8, 1957, the other man declined and Walden Pell instantly sent a telegram to Webb Reyner offering him the position. Toward the end of the long letter that followed Waldy couldn't resist chortling, "Incidentally, our wrestling team won the Delaware State championship last Saturday with eight straight pins in the finals!"

On March 18, 1957 Webb Reyner wrote Pell accepting the position. The single most important appointment in school athletic history had been made.

As wrestling coach, Reyner picked up where Bill Cameron had left off. In his first year St. Andrew's

again won the state championship, taking ten firsts and one second out of twelve places. They repeated winning Delaware's newly begun state tournament through 1960, four years in a row, but by then the large public high schools had developed teams and small schools with a lesser turnout were in for a long drought. Independent schools, however, formed their own league in 1963–64 (Delaware Independent Tournament, or DIT), and over the next twenty-two years St. Andrew's took the Delaware Independent School Conference (DISC) crown thirteen times.

St. Andrew's had always wrestled out-of-state powerhouses, from the District of Columbia to Pennsylvania. In 1961 politics and rules interfered with St. Andrew's dominance within the state when the ruling body of Delaware's interscholastic sports, the Delaware Secondary School Athletic Association (DSSAA), ruled that entrance to the State Wrestling Tournament would be on the basis of individual records. This ruling drastically reduced the school's chances for a fifth straight victory at the tournament, the *Cardinal* pointed out, for schools that were "state powers with larger and easier in-state schedules" had qualified twice as many boys as St. Andrew's. "Fine [SAS] wrestlers have been excluded from a tournament containing wrestlers that they have beaten handily."

In every four-year student generation there has been at least one preeminent wrestler. Noel Wright (1951) stands out in my own early memories. Ten years later there was Dick Steele (1962), about whom schoolmates, faculty, and coaches write repeatedly. Webb Reyner, interviewed by the *Cardinal*, said, "'Mr. Cameron and I consider him one of the greatest wrestlers St. Andrew's has ever produced." In addition to the inspiration that he instilled in the team as co-captain, Dick also compiled a perfect 10–0 record and was awarded the Mamo Prize. Dick would no doubt attribute his wrestling success to Messrs. Reyner, Cameron, and Baum, and rightly so. We consistently produce the state's finest wrestling teams because we have the finest coaching.

Marshall Craig (1962) recalls

> the glory days of SAS wrestling. There was such tumult and exultation as the entire school bussed to Newark to catch the finals of the State championship. We would march into the arena to the strains of "When the Saints Go Marching In," singing lustily and proudly. The quintessence of SAS wrestling was captured in Dick Steele. When he went out on a mat, splendidly emaciated and El Grecoesque, eyes reduced to black holes, all skin and muscle, his will seemed indomitable. He was so awesomely intense and internalized, as if he was wrestling in another dimension, in another plane and time. The outcome of the match was a foregone conclusion.

Phil Tonks (1963) remembers Webb Reyner as a master tactician. "My junior and senior years on the wrestling team, when Bill Pfeiffer (1963) was captain, there was nobody on the team who weighed more than 170 pounds. Reyner used to take three of us who weighed about that to the match and would wait until the 167-pound match to decide which one of us was going to get thrown to the wolves. We called ourselves the Hamburger Group." Peter McGowin (1969) epitomized self-sacrifice to a greater good. "I was pinned in five straight wrestling matches—some sort of record. Meigs Green (1969) used to hope I would be pinned again, finding that more enjoyable than the team's winning or losing. All the while I took great pride in putting on the uniform each Saturday. Mr. Reyner and Mr. Baum made me feel that whatever I could do was good enough. All of my coaches taught well and challenged us to succeed. "

During Webb Reyner's last years at St. Andrew's, headlines in city and school newspapers proclaimed over and over what readers had come to expect from his teams:

> St. Andrew's Wrestling Sweeps Slate
> First Undefeated Wrestling Team In St. A. History
> Unbeaten Team Captures Two Tourneys
> Six Grapplers Sent To State Tournament
> Wrestlers Remain Unbeaten In Fifteen Straight Matches
> First Perfect Season In School's 35-year History 11-0-0.
> 21 Consecutive Victories
> Streak To 22

When the Reyner era came to an end in 1971, the school wondered, Will we ever see the like again?

Dennis R. Madigan, a graduate of Ithaca College and Springfield College's graduate school, was a member of the United States Wrestling Coaches Association. Loud, determined, and utterly fearless, he was unlike any other faculty member the school had

seen. Certainly he did not epitomize the gentlemanly faculty coach—although the qualities of a gentleman lay not far below his rough exterior. Other coaches immediately took sides and the boys were wary, but Madigan sized up the situation and plunged ahead. The wrestling team had graduated almost all its experienced and most able members. Only three lettermen were left around whom to build a team, and they were products of Webb Reyner's coaching methods.

A shameless recruiter and proselytizer, Madigan quickly found boys who would listen. The February 1972 *Cardinal* reported: "Most of the new team had little or no experience, so to outsiders the 1972 prospects did not look good. But Mr. Madigan knew better. The mastermind of them all, he began molding his creation by ordering unique shirts: The Comeback Club. With a group of aspiring wrestlers and his own talent, values, and ability, Mr. Madigan set out to live up to the name of the club."

One of those who showed up at the first wrestling session was an undersized third former with no experience whatsoever. Bob Amos (1975) says of Madigan, "He took this scrawny little kid and instilled confidence in him to become a two-time conference champion—that may be small potatoes, but they're still potatoes."

Amos, a four-year varsity wrestler and co-captain of the 1975 team, believes,

> The best explanation of Denny Madigan had to do with that first T-shirt he got for us, "Never Be Less Than The Best." Obviously not everyone can be the best, but what he meant was never be less than the best you can be. As long as you were doing absolutely the best you could do, then he was behind you and proud of you. Times when I did not live up to my full potential, he let me know it. He was ruthless, but he always came around. The biggest lesson I ever learned was that I could do what I always wanted if I put faith in myself and worked hard and had a kick in the butt by someone who knew me well enough to know when I was slouching and when I wasn't. He *always* knew. He imbued me with the confidence that I could do whatever I set my mind to do.

Another member of the Comeback Club noted, "People said Madigan's whole motivation was to win at all costs. Obviously they did not work with him. Denny loved to win and winning was important to him, more so than other coaches. It wasn't so much a win as doing the best you can."

Not everyone was interested in going out for wrestling Madigan's first year. Chuck Olson (1974) was one. "When I was a second former, Coach Madigan told me in the dining hall he could make me a champion wrestler if I wanted to be one. I remember the omnipresent hunger of wrestling season, the grueling practices, the anoxic pain in my muscles after wrestling matches. I remember the cross-face cradle, and how shocked some of my opponents were after they got pinned. I remember winning with Coach Madigan. It was great."

Winning with Madigan. His first year was one of those well-known "building years," but his second year was a winning season with the conference championship. The next year the team won all except one tie, and the last two of his career at St. Andrew's, for a total of four conference championships, crowned with a state championship.

In his last year, 1976, Denny Madigan was selected Wrestling Coach of the Year by his fellow Delaware coaches, in recognition of three unbeaten seasons, a 50-9-1 five-year record, and the state championship. The latter was an astonishing achievement, for St. Andrew's had accumulated enough points to win *before* the finals; every St. Andrean could have lost in the finals, and still their school would have won the state championship. Despite a record of a great many consecutive wins, of winning the States in resounding fashion, of producing winning teams every season after starting with a handful of inexperienced boys who showed up the first day of his first wrestling season, and being named state coach of the year, Dennis Madigan was never to become a long-term part of St. Andrew's.

Madigan left St. Andrew's in May to coach wrestling at the Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, New York. His post was assumed by his able junior varsity coach, Jake Zeigler, who produced four conference champion teams during his nine years as head coach, although as defending state champions and with ranks of experienced wrestlers depleted, St. Andrew's placed third with only one individual champion. Ashton Richards (1978), who wrestled under both Madigan and Zeigler and for three years was junior varsity wrestling coach with Jake Zeigler, took over as head coach in 1985. With an increased variety of sports and activities available to St. Andreans, the focus on wrestling softened and the days it accounted for the greatest wintertime excite-

ment vanished. The influences of the great wrestling coaches—Cameron, Reyner, and Madigan—were not lost. Wrestlers from each era echo one veteran who explains, "When I think back over the successes I've had in my life since St. Andrew's, things I'm proud of, when I think of the one person I'd like to see to say, 'Thanks,' I think of my wrestling coach—not for what happened back then, but for what's happened since."

Fearless goalkeepers

Early in the fall term of 1973 girls were on the playing fields for the first time. The last corn fields within the main campus had disappeared as one athletic field after the next was surveyed, graded, and occupied. Football, baseball, and soccer now were joined by field hockey, coached by Diane Stetina, a gifted athlete and architect of the girls' entire athletic program.

Few if any of the first girls had ever played field hockey; many had not even seen the game. Sticks in hand, they ran out and proceeded to learn how to play.

Marcia Moore (1975) reported in the December *Cardinal*:

> The first hockey game in S.A.S. history was played to a 2–2 tie, Wednesday, October 3, 1973.
>
> Despite the obvious disadvantage of being a first-year team, the S.A.S. girls played a fine game, showing real hustle and teamwork. The Broadmeadow team scored both of its goals in the first half. S.A.S. dominated the second half, as Debbie Davis and Gretchen DeGroat each scored a goal to tie the game. Although Debbie Davis made a goal for the Saints in the first half as well, it was called back for "dangerous hitting."
>
> Miss Stetina, the girls' hockey coach, was pleased with the progress that the team had made. "For our first game, we played well. We were aggressive, and that's what we want to be."

The opening season, consisting of JV games that were as much scrimmages as true interscholastic competition, ended with three wins, one tie, and one loss. Diane Stetina had built a team that the following year would be ready to play the school's traditional rivals in sports.

In 1974 the new varsity field hockey team started off with one win and two ties over much more experienced schools, and ended the season with a record of 6-2-2, a pattern that would be repeated during the next two years. A junior varsity, coached by a woman from the University of Delaware, Linda Cunningham, meant from then on the varsity would be supplied with experienced players. The fourth year of the new program, 1977, Diane Stetina Long (now married), produced a formidable team that won ten games, lost none, and tied two, and was DISC champion. That meant St. Andrew's went to the Delaware State Field Hockey Tournament, where they lost in the semifinals, ending the season with a record of 11-1-0. It was an astonishing achievement after only four years of varsity play.

When Diane Long left St. Andrew's, Betsy Baetjer, who had played varsity field hockey for four years at Northeast College, had two less successful seasons, but admired the girls who played so well. The October 1979 *Cardinal* quoted her, "Ann Kern and Becca Bailey are to be commended for their fearless goal-keeping; neither has ever played goalie until this year."

Elizabeth Roach, one of the outstanding coaches in St. Andrew's history, clinched the independent school conference championship her first year and took the team to the States in 1985, 1986, and 1987, where it won its first game each year. From then on field hockey, the first girls' sport at St. Andrew's, was a force to be reckoned with in Delaware. The girls played their hearts out, giving of themselves so vigorously that many followed Letitia Hickman's (1980) example, who "used to sleep on the hard, muddy floor of the hockey bus on the way back to school."

Running till it hurts!

Loping in free and easy rhythm, hair flying, the runner displays the timeless grace of the human frame in motion. Running is the most naturally elegant of human actions, and in the woods and fields of St. Andrew's, pure beauty.

During its early years, whenever interested faculty were available and boys had permission not to go out for an established sport, St. Andrew's had occasional seasons of spring track. Events consisted mostly of running, for there were no facilities for pole vault and those for high jump and broad jump were primitive. Lines on a grassy field served as a track.

An intramural track meet was held in the spring of

1957. Seniors and juniors jumped, put the shot, threw javelin and discus, and ran relays and various distances from dashes up to the mile. Most years there was none of this.

The October 1972 *Cardinal* reported, "For the first time in its history, St. Andrew's has a cross-country team, under the direction of Mr. Don Dunn. Many of the runners began training weeks before school opened, some of them all summer, and they have been consistently improving their running times with daily, often grueling workouts."

Competition this first year was at the junior varsity level, but it proved so successful and popular that the next fall there was a bona fide varsity. Following Dunn's plan and under his supervision, a path had been cleared through the woods, although in the early years the course was short and poorly graded. Each year it was improved and lengthened, until by the time coach Don Cameron took over from coach Bobby Moss in 1982, it was a long, scenically varied path, up and down as much as the coastal plain alluvium permitted, and a first-class challenge. Spectators cheered runners on from vantage points along the course, until they vanished into a woodland tunnel, at various bends and hills in the forest, along open fields, and a hundred yards along either side of the path at the finish.

Cross-country running is difficult to see in its entirety and is complex in its determination of a winning team. An individual runner compares his or her time with past performances and with those of others; but each runner is a part of a team whose combined record establishes which school wins. Computations take several minutes after the last runner finishes.

In 1974 the team "opened its season with twin victories over Hun School and Penn Charter, taking five of the top twelve places." The following year, St. Andrew's won the DISC championship after a 10-5 season. "One definite plus for the cross-country program at St. Andrew's is that the team has a very good home course to run on, probably the best in the conference." said the *Cardinal*. "This is largely due to Mr. Dunn over the past two years."

In 1976, when Bobby Moss, the headmaster's son, inherited the championship team, most of its outstanding runners had graduated, and losing seasons plagued the team for several years. Certain individual runners prospered, however; Paul Kress was the first St. Andrean to place in the top ten runners in the Delaware Cross Country Championships. Lack of team success did not lessen the popularity of the sport. By 1978 twenty-six boys ran on the X-C squad—but its composition was about to change.

In 1979 history teacher Ashley Smith coached a brand-new team. "Girls' X-Country Strides Into First Year," the *Cardinal* headlined. The team did not win a match in its first two years, although its captain, Tracy King (1980), was "an inspiration to the whole team." Had others on the team been close to her level, each season's outcome would have been different.

Two new and seasoned coaches, Jake Zeigler for the girls and Don Cameron for the boys, took over in 1981 and 1982 respectively. Zeigler gave his nine girls "much needed confidence," and Cameron provided a "great lift to the varsity," providing "innovative workouts, such as Virginia lie-downs and Franky-nice-guys"—whatever they were! Both coaches were experienced long-distance runners, Cameron having competed in a variety of marathons over the years.

The girls' team began getting results as a result of hard training. Boo Percy and Ann O'Shaughnessy (both 1983) describe their daily routine: "We begin at the bottom of the gully and sprint up that not-so-short hill to the top. Then we run around the science building, past the student center, to the second set of stairs where we descend that flight and climb the first. Once at the top we run back to the second set of stairs, run down them, and begin the loop again. Twelve times!"

Max Terry and Mike Collins (both 1985), explained, "'Remember, men, make it hurt!' These famous words of coach D. P. Cameron echo through the mind of the cross-country runner as the race nears the end. By now we are physically and mentally drained by the rigors of the course. The pain has faded away, leaving only numbness and nausea. When the finish line is in view, we kick into our final sprint, determined to catch that next runner. Those tortuous three miles finally end and a wave of relief fills the body. A feeling of satisfaction for having run a good race takes over."

From 1981 to 1988 the two teams competed in the States six times, three for the girls and two for the boys, placing as high as a division championship in 1988 and never below ninth among the twenty-nine Delaware teams. By "making it hurt" St. Andrew's cross country had become an established sport with a solid record.

Hoop Dreams

"Basketball was average," says Will Grubb (1959). "But the things I learned on the courts and athletic fields are with me to this day. Recently when I was making the transition from being a trust banker to a stock broker, there were stressful times. The lessons I learned on the basketball court from Dave Washburn helped me get through those times. The primary rule is, you never give up and when things are really pressing and times are hard, you reach down inside yourself and try a little bit harder. That's a good lesson in life."

At the beginning, basketball was not part of the athletic program. Not only were there no hoops until 1935, there was no gymnasium. The new gym's design was unfortunate, with "an unusually small basketball court and a much smaller room used for underform basketball practice," writes Grubb. "Separating the main basketball court and the squash courts was a gallery that overlooked both. On the basketball side, spectators watched games from under arches of the gallery and behind wrought-iron balustrades. All the kids would be up there hanging over the railings. The gym's walls were tile and fifty boys could sound like a thousand. It was exhilarating to play in front of the school with all that noise. The walls were right along the sidelines; if you went in too aggressively on a lay-up, you might crunch yourself against the wall." Canvas wrestling mats hung on the walls provided some protection, but Matt McDermott (1951) "crunched" once too often, putting his kneecap at right angles to the rest of his leg. Whichever architect shoehorned basketball into the gym may have been concerned over the appearance of the neo-Gothic exterior; he surely never played basketball.

The old court was the scene of many a spirited contest. W. Lewis "Lukey" Fleming was a coach Marshall Craig (1962) has never forgotten. "In the winter months he coached rip-roaring basketball squads, one of which in 1948 won the Interstate Academic Conference (I.A.C.) basketball crown. His antics rivaled those of 'Bones' McKinney of Wake Forest. There was in particular one old fedora that endured several seasons' stompings, poundings, and squashings but finally succumbed to the years and was clandestinely done away with by Mrs. Fleming."

Fleming was followed by Jim Ten Broeck, one of four basketball coaches in St. Andrew's history whose teams won more games than they lost.

Karinne Tong's girls' teams excelled and Charlie Zimmer's short-lived coaching career in boys' varsity basketball resulted in two conference championships. Coaches with the longest careers on the court included Lukey Fleming, Dave Washburn, and Tad Roach, all of whom produced teams that sometimes won league titles. Dave Washburn was never lacking in determination. He coached basketball for twenty-one years, winning only 30 percent of the games; but the winning seasons showed what was possible. His 1970–71 team was the only other one to win a conference championship, hardly a surprise considering the towering Jim Sumler and Sheldon Parker (both 1971).

In the 1968–69 basketball season, fourth former Parker was already six foot four, and well coordinated. With him and Sumler, who stood well over six feet himself and was a gifted athlete, it was clear we had a nucleus of a winning team to come. That season St. Andrew's ranked third in the independent school conference, moving to second place the following year. It was during Parker's and Sumler's Sixth Form year that the team, with other gifted players including the coach's son Andy, captured the DISC championship. The *Cardinal* singled out "three-year stars Parker and Sumler" and their classmates Washburn, Mark Rocha, Gardner Rogers, and others who had played consistently and well. "Parker dominated every game by scoring and rebounding, consistently playing up to his fantastic potential.... Sumler used his size and strength to score and rebound equally well, while being recognized as the premier St. Andrew's defenseman."

It was not to last. The outstanding players graduated and St. Andrew's basketball dipped to an all-time low the next year, suffering fourteen straight losses without a single win. Two years later the *Cardinal*'s sports page headlined a familiar fact: "Basketball Has Tough Year." It was Dave Washburn's last year as coach after two decades of dedicated effort.

A bit of comic relief helped turn the spotlight away from one disappointing season after the next. In the 1960s nonvarsity sixth formers challenged a pick-up faculty team, although seldom successfully. The *Cardinal*, seldom impartial, had occasion to rejoice one year when the headline pronounced, "Studs Trounce Flabby Five":

The underdog upperclassmen penetrated the faculty's smoke screen to walk away with the first victory, 46–42, in years. At the outset it appeared the Pedagogues held an insurmountable height advantage: the starting forwards, Ed "Sewer-water" Moore, "Prince" Reyner, and Chris "Smoke-stack" Boyle averaged 6'5". In contrast, the microscopic back court duo consisted of Larry "Sweet Larry" Walker (5'6") and Dave "Showboat" Washburn (5'5").

When the first girls' basketball team, the Redbirds, had a successful season, the *Cardinal*'s male editors and writers got away with the headline, "Hot Chicks."

Nevertheless the basketball doldrums continued. Playing under coaches Peter Tower for three years and John Niles for one, the team won only four games and lost fifty-eight. In 1978 a new teacher, Charlie Zimmer, a Duke University basketball fanatic, took over and fortunes began to rise. His first two seasons saw such a startling improvement that despite a 9–8 record, the independent school conference voted him Coach of the Year. In his third and last year at St. Andrew's, the basketball team won the conference and ended its season with a 14–5 record, the best since Jim Ten Broeck's 1950 conference champions, 14–2.

Tad Roach took over in 1981–82 and from then on basketball's seasons were of a predictable sort—some wins, some losses, "fun all the same."

Redbirds

The winter of 1973–74 saw girls on the basketball courts for the first time. They were fortunate to have Diane Stetina as their coach. Single-handedly she created a master plan for girls' sports in the years ahead. With only thirteen girls on the entire squad, some with no previous experience, her first basketball teams lacked expertise, but made up for their shortcomings in enthusiasm and pure energy. They were encouraged by an explosive all-male grandstand that had an inhibiting effect upon even the most aggressive opponents. The huge field house turned into an acoustical resonating chamber that shook to its foundations whenever the new girls' teams took to the floor. "One remarkable aspect of the games is the support of the team by the student body," the *Cardinal* noted during the first season. "There has been one away game and three home games at each of which there was a staunch cheering section and many spectators." The second year, the paper exulted, "The Redbirds have done it again! ... Their wings are strong and sturdy."

Diane Stetina married William Long in 1975. After her departure three years later, a succession of male

Coach Diane Stetina's first girls' basketball team.

Mary O'Shaunessy (18), first female Senior Prefect, charges in girls' lacrosse.

coaches took over until 1984. Although 1980 was a losing season, coach Len Dwinell told the team, "You played a better game than the scoreboard showed." With that kind of positive coaching, girls' basketball attracted increasing numbers and the 1983–84 team, coached by Bill Pruden, was co-champion in the independent school conference with Tower Hill, posting the best record ever with a 16–2 season.

The smack of sticks

Lacrosse is the only sport at St. Andrew's to have begun with a girls' squad, followed later by a boys' team (which played its first season in 1990, beyond the scope of this book). Like other new sports becoming established as part of the varsity athletic program, girls' lacrosse started in 1978 as a junior varsity squad to build experience. In its first year the team entered the Broadmeadow Tournament and found that it could compete at the interscholastic level. The following year it played a full varsity schedule under coaches Betsy Baetjer and Barbara Nowicki. With barely enough players to fill the team—only fourteen on a squad for a team of twelve—they again entered the Broadmeadow Tournament and placed fourth out of eight schools competing.

While Baetjer remained as head coach and Nowicki her assistant in 1980, others volunteered to help—to the point of confusion. The *Cardinal* commented, "The coaches have had to contend with teaching lacrosse to a team filled with newcomers, while the players have had a tough time trying to decide which one of the five coaches, and conflicting opinions, they should listen to."

Hoover Sutton, who began his six-year coaching responsibilities in 1981, started each season with a three-day camp. The majority of players still were beginners learning a technique entirely new to them; many had never even seen a lacrosse game. But by 1983 lacrosse had become a familiar addition to the athletic program and "along with the sound of oars cutting the water from across the pond there is heard the smack of stick against stick and leather against ball."

Stroke!

Spring brings more than the voice of the turtle. Every afternoon the pond's watery sounding board rings with the anguished cries of coxswains driving their four or eight oarsmen and oarswomen to greater feats. On Saturday afternoons, schools with other colors add their voices. Before rowers are clearly in sight, the teams can be distinguished by the rhythmic bawling of their coxswains.

When Felix duPont and his friend Allan J. Henry—both former oarsmen—went looking for a site upon which to build a school, a pond was an essential requirement. They considered several bodies of water, including Silver Lake in Dover, but Noxontown Pond, surrounded by farms and undeveloped woodland, was the best.

Crew was at first a recreational activity, not part of the athletic program. Boys the first year rowed clumsy green-and-white wooden rowboats when the pond was free of ice, and in winter exercised on indoor rowing machines. The first shell did not arrive for another year.

After two years, when track failed for want of participants, crew joined baseball and tennis on the school's athletic program. St. Andrew's was the only educational institution in Delaware to offer the activity. While other rowing schools outside the state would eventually become St. Andrew's opponents, the newcomers were not yet ready for competition. In 1932 and 1933, Walden Pell, another past oarsman, coached intramural crew. It was he who dubbed the clubs Achaeans and Vikings, names that would apply to intramural football as well. In 1933 his crew rowed two experimental races with other schools, winning one and losing the other.

When faculty member Daniel S. Holder took over as head coach of crew in 1934, it was the start to an

outstanding fourteen-year career, and to an astonishing sixty-year string of successes and championships as well. In 1936, 1940, 1941, 1942, and 1943, Holder's crews won the King's Cup at the Stotesbury Regatta, and in 1943, 1945, 1946, and 1947 the National Schoolboy Regatta. After Dan left, in 1947, the sagging green boathouse bore a bronze plaque in his honor, which today remains embedded in a concrete marker near its original location.

Coerte Voorhees took over, dividing the first eight into two fours, his first boat winning the King's Cup at the Stotesbury Regatta and the 1948 Nationals. The crew then set its sights on a far larger goal, usually out of reach of a secondary school: the Olympics. Distressingly bad luck prevented this extraordinary schoolboy four-with-cox from representing the United States. Shortly before the trials on Lake Carnegie at Princeton, the stroke, Jim Metts (1948), developed a huge carbuncle on the palm of his hand that eliminated him and his crew. St. Andrew's course time had been consistently better than the crew from the University of Washington that finally was chosen.

The school has since produced two Olympians in crew: Gardner Cadwalader (1966) in Mexico City in 1968, and Betsy Beard (1979), who coxed the United States' eight to first place and a gold medal in the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles.

Crew holds enormous appeal for many St. Andreans. Forty-two years after the first shells took to water, applicant Don Harting (1974) visited the school. "What I remember best about my first visit to St. Andrew's was watching an eight-man racing shell land at the crew dock. I wanted to go to St. Andrew's so I could row."

"Sports were the emotional center of our SAS universe," says Bill Stevenson (1962), and "crew was the ultimate. There was a brotherhood of pain in the shell not unlike boot camp."

Some who weren't involved in the crew program would agree with Bill Helm (1959): "Many more of us probably wish we'd been involved with crew—even at the twenty-fifth reunion a couple of years ago, it was clear how the oarsmen had developed a special loyalty to each other, and to Dave Washburn."

Alumnus Davis A. Washburn, who graduated in 1944 after attending St. Andrew's for a single year, joined the faculty in 1951. He had gained enough crew experience under Dan Holder to row on the University of Pennsylvania lightweight crew. For his first six years at St. Andrew's he coached intramural Club Crew with Walden Pell, with one stint at the varsity level. When Coerte Voorhees stopped coaching after 1957, Washburn was assigned varsity crew, the start of a long career.

The 1957 crew was "unimpressive," reported the *Cardinal*. The major news concerning crew was the planned demise of Club Crew the following year. In this last year the Vikings, coached by Dave Washburn, defeated the Achaeans, coached by Walden Pell in his last year at St. Andrew's. The *Cardinal* mourned another loss: "The passing of Club Crew boat number 14 is sorely grieved by all. This boat, constructed near the turn of the century, went on to wherever all crew boats go on the afternoon of May 21, 1957. At the end of her last practice, she lost her keel while being lifted out of the water and slipped from the straining fingers of eight Achaeans to crash onto the dock."

Two years later at a dockside christening ceremony, four new shells "were named after ladies having close connections with St. Andrew's rowing. The two eights were named Edith and Marian, after Edith Pell and the wife of former crew coach Dan Holder. The smaller fours were named Lois for coach Coerte Voorhees' wife, and Eleanor Washburn, wife of the current coach."

The new boats deserved better housing and launching facilities. A new boathouse was years away, but in the fall of 1960 the old floating dock and partly finished earthen dock were replaced by a paved expanse in front of the crew house, with a pier dock extending out into the cove. A new floating dock reached out farther to allow launching and landing of several shells simultaneously. A proper paved road was built down the hill with fill from soil removed from the athletic fields as the JV football and soccer fields were graded.

Dave Washburn, a stern taskmaster, gave himself wholeheartedly to his duties, still leading strenuous pre-practice calisthenics the year before retirement in 1991. He brooked no departure from school rules. "I'll never forget when Ducky caught me smoking the day the season was to start," says Hunter Harris (1959). "For that I ran an extra mile every day of the season." Washburn's forte was consistency, a demanding regime, and the belief that there was nothing more important than crew during the hours allotted to it—and sometimes beyond.

Washburn loved the word "perfection," and it was toward this goal he strove while putting together a winning combination of teenage rowers. Boys who otherwise were not outstanding athletes, but who had strength and determination, fell under the spell of melding into a single unit whose sole purpose was to propel a delicate boat faster than anyone else's. Dave maintained that his years of coaching produced many near-perfect crews .

Tim Bayard (1962), a Vietnam veteran, "was one of the long-distance SAS oarsmen, rowing something like 1,200 miles during my four years at school." He writes: "Crew was the epitome of SAS spirit: unrelenting hard work to compete in the most grueling sport of all against much larger schools and colleges. What I got out of rowing at SAS got me through the army. I found a sense of my own strength, endurance, courage, and self-worth in four years of crew. The three years in the military couldn't touch it. It was a sort of life discipline."

In 1968 the St. Andrew's varsity boat came in third in the Stotesbury Regatta and placed third in the nation in the American Scholastic Rowing Championships in Philadelphia. The junior eight won both Stotesbury and the Nationals in 1969, and two years later the senior eight won at Stotesbury, the first time since 1943. In 1971 St. Andrew's had the best schoolboy crew in the United States and this provided a springboard for the crew's first trip that summer to the Royal Henley Regatta in England.

Les Rameurs

Lurching from potential to kinetic,
Speed and power in equilibrium.
Banging on her fragile feather sides,
Her human ganglion screams for speed.
Eight muscle sets pull and pull again,
On all or nothing fight to fly.
Her eight painted wings sparkle, catching light,
She clips the surf with rhythmic wavelets
Out of focus to her eye.
Up and out her body lifting,
Soaring low, and smooth, and sure.
Dipping, sliding, splashing, gliding,
Homeward in the wind.

—Kurt Benz (1974)
in the *Andrean*, 1973

Practices, occasional high jinx, prerace jitters, and the joy following victory tend to be remembered more vividly than the events themselves—the culmination of long hours of practice, passed in a haze, performed by near-automatons honed to the peak of ability. Even when exhausted, students seldom missed a bit of fun. Hugo Heriz-Smith (1985) remembers when Don Dunn was dockmaster. "After a race, coaches Virginia Golder and Ashton Richards were bringing their respective crews in. Mr. Dunn stood on the dock in chest-high overalls, signaling like a flight deck landing officer how the shells should approach the dock, but the two crews teasingly disregarded his directions. Furiously jumping up and down, he yelled 'I am the dockmaster! I am the dockmaster!'"

"Ducky Washburn had a Donald Duck head mounted on the coaching launch as he drove along pushing boats through their quarter-mile sprints," Jay Hudson (1977) recalls. "'Awll right, men, let's rat-tat-tat for a quarter mile.' We had some unusual prerace practices such as Mark Govatos (1977) telling Gino stories to keep our nerves down and marching the boats out to assorted music such as 'Trucking' by the Grateful Dead."

Crew has been described as an art form in which individual human components subordinate themselves to the whole, creating a superorganism coordinated by a "human ganglion," the coxswain. Small, male or female, not necessarily muscular, the coxswain is as vital to a winning crew as the powerful, smoothly coordinated rowers he or she faces and drives. Weight and muscle are of little use unless oneness and precision are achieved.

Pluck out a single individual from the whole—Ernie Cruikshank (1962), for example—and you have the epitome of all oarsmen. A degree of specialization unnoticed by spectators is essential, especially in the stroke and the bowman. The long hours of practice and miles rowed (a coach's favorite statistic to impress an audience) are necessary to fine-tune a boat. Competition for a seat in a shell is intense and under a coach's eagle eye there is always the possibility of a replacement.

"The old boathouse was the clubhouse for the most exclusive clique at school, and we loved it," Tim Bayard (1962) remembers. When the old building was demolished he thought "it should have been preserved inside some kind of cocoon before subsiding into Noxontown Pond."

Close bonding, essential in forming a crew, can isolate oarsmen from their schoolmates. Although wary of elitism, a coach may give the impression of fostering it—with potentially calamitous results. One crew member recalls being puzzled and upset when the headmaster admonished the entire crew squad for being "cliquey," and asserted that they had lost whatever community respect they had gained. While overstating his conclusion, Bob Moss spoke for many students and faculty. Athletes in other sports had even complained in writing about the crew's on-land behavior, although every one of them was supportive of the team's performance afloat.

Dave Washburn did not foster elitism, nor did he attempt to eliminate it. He believed that his boys were the best and he wanted them to know it. In this he was not unlike other outstanding coaches of different sports, such as wrestling, soccer, and field hockey, when championships drew near and were won. The confidence and pride he instilled in them persisted into their adult years.

Behind a somewhat brusque exterior, Washburn was kind and helpful to hard-working but confused students in his math classes. His crew boys received even greater attention, especially if they found boarding-school life and the intensity of athletic competition difficult. Hunter Harris (1959), a fine oarsman from a modest background, now an executive in Chicago, calls him "the father I didn't have."

Henry Hillenmeyer (1961), one of the school's all-time outstanding athletes, recalls "the profound effect he had on my life. He took a scrawny kid from West Virginia and made him into a great athlete. I never really believed I was that good, but he taught me to believe in myself and to always try harder—then still harder. Not until I reached the finals of the United States Olympic Trials in 1964 while at Yale and then captain of the Yale heavyweight crew did I realize I really *was* a great athlete."

The races most likely to stick in mind were those toward the end of the season in which regional and national championships were decided. Hope, anxiety, and sometimes despair were felt. There was a major race in the 1960s when a key member of the St. Andrew's crew was not allowed to participate because of academic restrictions. This was not uncommon in the athletic program and was clearly understood by all, but other members of the crew felt punished for something over which they had no control. The boy's replacement, a good oarsman, still feels he was responsible for St. Andrew's failure to win.

Sometimes an entire crew had only itself to blame. "The event most vividly etched in my mind was the day in the spring of 1974 in my Sixth Form year when the varsity crew failed to qualify for the finals in the National Schoolboy Regatta on Noxontown Pond," Don Harting (1974) recalls. "We were overconfident and tried to save our energy for the semi-finals. With two to qualify, we came in third behind a 'slower' crew by a few hundredths of a second. The lesson I remember learning was, 'There's no such thing as an easy crew race.'"

Every successful athletic program has its superstitions. Washburn's rubber ducky on the coaching launch was a revered talisman, and the custom of tossing a winning coxswain into Noxontown Pond's murky waters was never neglected. But Ted Johnson (1982) reveals an additional, more secret ritual. "The entire varsity crew peed into the pond the night before each race in the hope that it would smooth the waters or impart a magic chemistry recognized only by SAS crew shells."

Girl champions

Boys' varsity crews often won the Nationals in early years , but as large public schools began taking up the sport, with a hundred or more powerful bodies competing for a few seats in each boat, St. Andrew's saw fewer male championships.

The girls' record was almost meteoric. When twenty-seven girls arrived in the fall of 1973, it was a foregone conclusion they would have an impact upon the athletic program. The number of boys available for sports would be reduced, and new sports would appear. Since girls were rowing elsewhere in the country, it was assumed a few might be lured to participate in the St. Andrew's program. What actually happened was not quite according to expectations.

In a May 1974 interview with Dave Washburn, the *Cardinal*'s Kevin Flaherty asked a question that was on many minds.

> Q. You once expressed a concern that coeducation would bring about a decrease in athletic manpower and perhaps lead to diminished athletic success and even a deterioration of morale. With almost

55 girls here next year and the total student population limited to 200–210, the future of sports looks pretty bleak to a lot of people right now. Looking at it realistically, isn't it inevitable that sports are going to decline at St. Andrew's?

A. It depends on the boys that they accept. They may have to go about looking for students in a different sort of way.

Washburn forecast academic success *together with* athletic success. What he couldn't predict was the achievements of girls in both areas. Of the first twenty-seven females enrolled, eighteen opted to row, excelling in crew and winning a new cup donated by T. C. Williams in a three-way race including Upper Merion. Prior to that first season, most of the girls had never even seen a crew race, let alone been in a shell. Old rowing hands at St. Andrew's and among the alumni shook their heads.

After years of being a rigger, Ward Wallace knew as well as anyone what made a successful crew. The races that first year were specially arranged, but when it came to future seasons and interscholastic involvement under the rules binding all schools, he could not continue being a coach, for he was not a teacher. A petition generated by students and subscribed to by several faculty failed to alter facts and he had to withdraw. Faculty member Bob Moss, Jr., was appointed in his place to coach the first official varsity girls' crew. In late spring 1975 a *Cardinal* reporter wrote, "The five wide-eyed girls walking around campus are not in love; they are just overwhelmed at having placed second among six other boats in the [Stotesbury] Regatta on Saturday, May 17." The next year a banner headline placed them first ("Girls' Boats Take Stotes—Boys' Eight Petit Winner"), only weeks before the girls' senior eight went on to win the Nationals—in its *third year*.

The T. C. Williams coach, who had ninety girls out for crew compared to the two dozen at St. Andrew's, professed little interest in the Ward Wallace Cup, which he called a "jinx" (referring to a belief that Wallace Cup winners lose the Nationals).* The girls' varsity acquitted itself well during Moss's other eight years of coaching, again winning at Stotesbury and the National Scholastic Rowing Championships in 1984.

In 1982–83 "B-Moss" was on sabbatical leave and a one-year replacement had to be found. Just graduated from Princeton, where he had been co-captain of the varsity heavyweight crew, Phil Jacobs joined the faculty. It was an instant match. The girls responded to his new techniques with an undefeated season in the spring of 1983. They won at Poughkeepsie and ended by capturing the National Scholastic Rowing Championships. Two members of the varsity boat, Boo Percy (1983) and Lou O'Brien (1984), credited "the remarkable change in the girl's crew to the tremendous coaching of Phil Jacobs.** He has put a *new mentality* and confidence into the minds of each rower, making us pull not only for ourselves but for him."

The *Cardinal* described the "intense training and rowing instruction; learning a different technique; two days at Princeton racing their Women's Freshman Eights; then Williams College varsity and JV—we 'walked on' both. The real victory came when the varsity raced T. C. [Williams] for the Ward Wallace Cup. Feeling it was only right to win the cup back for Ward in his last year at SAS, the varsity raced impressively and won by half a boat length (this was the first victory over the Northern Virginia crew in almost four years)." The girls' varsity record at the time this was written was 5–0.

Because of the girls' showing in 1983, Jon O'Brien, the trustees, and parents of the rowers made it possible for them to go to England with the boys' crew, which was already entered in the Henley Regatta. Henley had no history of allowing female rowers to compete in this hallowed event, so the St. Andreans arranged to enter individual races and two other, more accepting regattas.

In one "head-style" race composed of men and women, the girls finished fourteenth out of forty-four crews, the first thirteen crews all being men. St. Andrew's was the fastest women's crew on the river. In the Weybridge Regatta they rowed as a four, losing only in the final to the Oxford Boat Club crew. After

*This trophy was established in 1975 by Ward Wallace.

**Phil Jacobs had a major effect as well upon the 1983 boys' crew, which recaptured the Walden Pell Cup for the first time since 1971. The *Cardinal* explained, "The prime factor behind these victories is winter training; a large number of rowers worked all winter with Mr. Jacobs conditioning and strengthening themselves for the upcoming season. This, coupled with an intense drive to win, has given coach Washburn a fast crew."

a full weekend of racing, the girls collected "plenty of 'hardware'" as a result of their victories.

What was it like for a young woman to row so successfully? "In crew practice we worked physically for two and a half hours with all the same intensity that you use in everything at SAS," Marnie Stetson (1983) explains. "Our coach asked a lot; he would ask us to row a piece at 100 percent. When it was over, and we thought maybe, just maybe, we had a little left, he would ask us to row at 110 percent. Never questioning the feasibility of it, we would undertake the task with what little strength 17-year-old arms and backs had and make up for it with determination."

Between 1976 and 1984, the girls captured three national championships at the varsity eights level; the boys won four championships at the junior fours level and one senior pair with coxswain. The boys' record was awfully good, and that of the girls was a little better.

The Nationals and Henley

Calm and protected from the wind, Noxontown Pond was a superb body of water on which to row. Lanes were straight and easily marked. It would be an ideal location on which to hold the Scholastic Rowing Association Regatta, the "Nationals." Coaches from other schools and members of the Scholastic Rowing Association (of which Washburn was an officer) agreed. Colleges and universities recognized its advantages, for as early as the 1940s the Cornell University crew would arrive to practice during spring break while Lake Cayuga was still icebound.

Convincing the school and local residents was another thing. Opposition expressed fears of interference with academic priorities, an anticipated onslaught of people on campus, disruption of a neighbor's boat livery, heavy traffic on a narrow county road, parking problems, disturbance of the pond bottom with a potential ensuing fish-kill, litter, poor sanitation, and more. The reality was that Noxontown Pond was one of the best regatta sites in the eastern United States, and that problems foreseen could all be solved. Most of them were addressed in the May 8 and May 22, 1972 faculty meetings, when Dave Washburn explained several arrangements that had already been made. The faculty voted to cancel Saturday classes and the registrar's office volunteered to prepare a special schedule for the school. The first of many National Schoolboy Regattas might soon be hosted by St. Andrew's.

The school was well known when it came to the Nationals. Locally it had first won the King's Cup on the Schuylkill in 1935 and 1936. Back in Dan Holder's

The 1971 varsity crew, here in practice garb, was the first St. Andrew's boat to enter the Royal Henley Regatta; they reached the finals, and returned home as the second best schoolboy crew in the world.

day, then when Coerte Voorhees was coach, the school had won the Nationals in one varsity shell configuration or another five times. In Dave Washburn's time prior to 1972, three junior crews had won national championships. It was a prestigious rowing school—an additional strong argument in favor of being a host to the biggest school rowing event in the country. The final decision to hold the Nationals on Noxontown Pond was made jointly by St. Andrew's and the National Schoolboy Rowing Association in the spring of 1972.

The June issue of the *Cardinal* devoted much of its front page to the May 26 event. Kevin Flaherty (1974) wrote:

> They took to the water on Friday morning, May 25: all kinds of shells, practicing for the races. By Friday afternoon there were five hundred oarsmen; the races were tremendous. Six shells in nearly every race, three hours of excitement. Mr. Colburn at the P.A. system, authentic music before and after the races. Nothing like this on Noxontown ever before. St. Andrew's became something new.
>
> Saturday's weather was just beautiful and bright and cool. A crowd stretched over a quarter of a mile, from Rodney Point to the finish line. Mr. Washburn directed and coordinated, getting the proper crew into the water on time....
>
> The distant clacking of wood on wood. The drone of motors. The powerful splashes of water. The cheering, yelling, screaming crowd. The excitement grows. The volume grows. Suddenly, there they are, through the trees, nearing, going by. Fifty-four straining bodies, forty eight pulling oars. Finally the finish line, the end of a long mile, a white flag rising or falling at the finish of each boat.

So far as is known, no St. Andrew's crew has ever accomplished what a competitor's quad (without cox) did in those first Nationals: it shot right over the spillway of the dam, coming to rest at a 45-degree angle as rowers tumbled out or leaped to the dam's slippery rim. No one was hurt and the shell was hardly scratched.

The pond was so close to a perfect setting, the regatta had been so well run, that in a meeting on Friday evening the coaches unanimously agreed that the 1973 Scholastic Rowing Association Regatta should again be held on St. Andrew's School's Noxontown Pond—as it has been six or seven times since.

There came a time when St. Andrew's crew records were sufficiently consistent and outstanding for boys and coaches to think of trying their skills at the Royal Henley Regatta, the most prestigious rowing event in the world. The June 1971 *Cardinal* recounted the varsity's successful season: "With a Stotesbury victory under its belt, the St. Andrew's first boat traveled to Syracuse, New York, to compete in the National Schoolboy Rowing Championships on May 21. The first boat was edged out by Ridley College of Canada, the same crew that won last year's nationals. Carrying with them the impressive credentials of being the best crew in the United States, the big eight will travel to England to row in the Henley Regatta on July 4 and 5."

The Athletic Department budget had no funds for sending the boys, the shell, Dave Washburn, and Ward Wallace to England, but friends and alumni made the dream come true. The St. Andrew's contingent arrived in the small town of Henley along with more than two hundred other crews. After three victories, the St. Andrew's crew was in the finals, racing against Pangbourne College. As the October 1971 *Cardinal* reported in retrospect, "The sturdy British crew got off to a good start but the Saints kept up. For the length of the course the Saints put every effort into this final race. It was just not enough. Pangbourne won the Princess Elizabeth Cup."

Twelve years later, having won five out of six races on Noxontown Pond and the Northern Virginia Regatta, St. Andrew's was ready to try again. The crew practiced at Princeton, then won two events in England at the Reading Town Regatta. St. Andrew's beat two New England crews and the University of Bristol. They were ready for Henley, where they won three in a row to reach the finals. On July 2, 1983, a prominent headline in the *Wilmington Morning News* read, "St. Andrew's Wins In Henley." On the following day, an even larger headline on the first page of the sports section blared, "St. Andrew's Crew Reaches Henley Final."

The results were almost identical to the earlier venture abroad. On July 4, a Wilmington headline read, "Del. Crew Thwarted On Thames, St. Andrew's Edged In Henley Regatta."

The boys' eight member crew from St. Andrew's School in Middletown lost by two lengths Sunday to defending champion Eton College in the final of the high school age division for the Princess Elizabeth

Cup in the final day of the Royal Regatta at Henley on Thames, England.

St Andrew's, which won four consecutive races to advance to the final, led for the first half of the 2,200 meter race (1 5/16 miles) on the river Thames. But the bigger Eton squad overtook the Cardinals with one half mile remaining and claimed the championship.

The St. Andrew's crew knew how well they had done. Mike Zimmer (1984) said, "We were the dark horse, the unknown quantity, and we rowed a *race* against the best high school crew in the world—Eton College. At one point we were winning, but they turned out to be better."

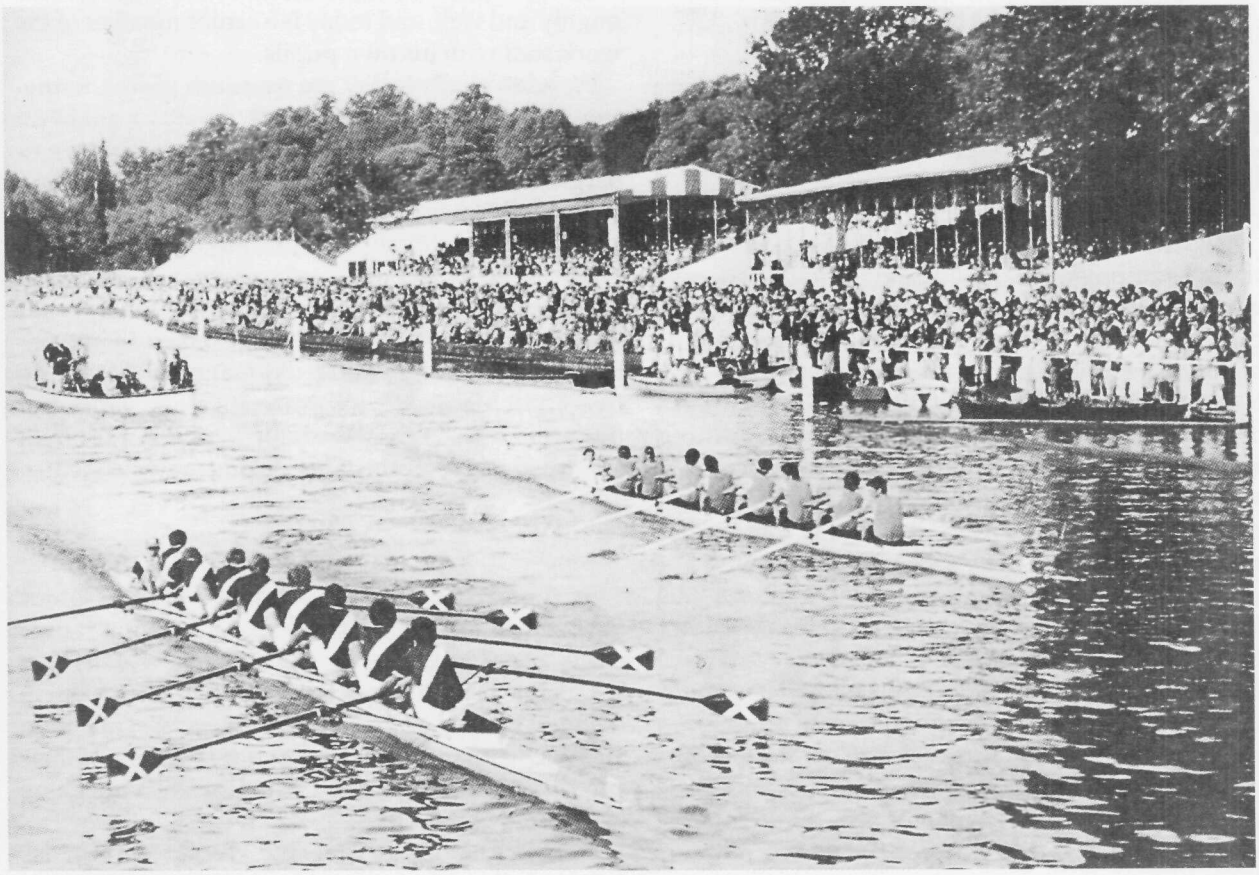
With an enrollment of 1,400, Eton College had 800 out for rowing, while St. Andrew's at the time had 60 boys in the crew out of fewer than 200 students in the school. Eton's championship crew averaged 200 pounds, St. Andrew's 163. It was a remarkable achievement for such a small team.

Two years later St. Andrew's tried again. The varsity eight, undefeated late in the 1985 season, had beaten ten crews and was the first to hold the Walden Pell Cup, the Kershaw Cup, and the Noxontown Plate simultaneously. They were preparing for the Stotesbury Regatta and the Nereid Plaque. They went overseas once more in an attempt to capture the elusive goal of being the best in the world.

Immediately prior to Henley, they rowed in another minor English regatta. Bob Scacheri (1985), coxswain and on-board reporter, tells a harrowing tale.

> After a successful season of rowing, we went to Henley, but first entered an English regatta at Marlow. We were a much better crew [than those competing]. Marlow turned out to be a disappointment, to say the least.
>
> In the first heat, we lost by two seconds to St. Paul's of New Hampshire; we rowed a terrible race. We then entered a 500m sprint where we hoped to redeem our-

The splendor of Henley in 1983, when the boys' varsity again rowed, and the girls' first boat competed in several other English regattas.



selves. By now pouring rain had reduced the boat field into a swamp and we were forced to leave early for the start. When we arrived, we were told to proceed upstream and return in 12 minutes, which we did. The umpire then complained of delays and sent us upstream again for 15 minutes. When we returned, we found the race had been run without us. The umpire apologized but said he could not help. So we rowed back to the dock. On the way, the current caught our bow and pushed us broadside into the starting rafts. We became entangled in the anchor lines and punctured one of the rafts with our rigger bolts. It sank instantly, leaving the starter swimming. Meanwhile an umpire in a boat threw me an anchor line hoping to pull us off. Unfortunately he failed to hold onto the other end. We eventually escaped only to be harassed by an intoxicated Englishman who was opposed to our use of the dock. He challenged me to a fist fight, but decided against it in view of my stature. We rowed back to Henley for two hours in a driving rain.

The next week at Henley we won our first two races and then lost in the semifinals to the eventual winner, Hampton College. We rowed our finest race of the season and led all but the final 300m of the race.

Dave Washburn's hair had turned a premature gray years earlier.

Riggers

More than most sports, crew depends upon sophisticated equipment, maintained to the highest degree of effectiveness. Until recent years shells were delicate, thin-skinned wooden vessels, objects of great beauty. One misstep by an oarsman could mean a foot right through the tender hull and days or weeks of patching so strength and exterior streamlining were restored. No crew program could be successful without highly skilled technicians to keep hulls and rigging in perfect condition. St. Andrew's had a succession of three of the best riggers in the business.

John Jester was an original member of the school's staff and had to learn being a rigger on his own. John was constitutionally unable to make or repair anything other than the absolute best; he could have built the finest crew shells in the country from scratch. He was a quiet man, given to occasional low-decibel outbursts when his efforts went awry. Jester's young assistant, Ward Wallace, a man of different temperament but thoroughly deferential to the master, learned his trade over many years of apprenticeship. After he was sure Wallace could handle the job, John Jester retired, whereupon Wallace became the new master rigger with his own young assistant, Davey Staats (son of the beloved maintenance foreman Dave Staats). As years passed, history repeated itself and Ward Wallace retired in 1983. Beth Williams wrote in the October *Cardinal*,

> After twenty-six years' service to St. Andrew's, Ward Wallace—maintenance man, boat medic, and especially friend, says "so long." Every spring the small boathouse has served as Ward Wallace's headquarters. His skill and dexterity in repairing shells has helped us to many a victory. Before every tough practice and race he gave us incentive. After a tough loss he was there with a supportive smile—and after an exhilarating win it was a boisterous "yahoo!" to the victors. To see his grin after the 1983 women's varsity boat won the Ward Wallace Cup made all the work worthwhile.

Davey Staats had learned the art of rigging thoroughly and well, and today is a senior member of the work staff with his own pupils.

Wooden shells today are museum pieces, sometimes thought to possess some mystical quality a man-made synthetic never could. Hulls now are fiberglass and require different maintenance and repair. Modern oars also differ, but outriggers and slides have essentially the same mechanical designs.

No one keeps records of mishaps and disasters that befall a crew program, but the odds-on winner would have to be in Coerte Voorhees' time when an inattentive coxswain rammed the old mahogany coaching Cris-Craft broadside, his powerful eight skewering the larger boat straight through. John Jester brought both shell and motorboat back to like-new perfection.

Ad in

As soon as a court was available in 1931, senior master Granville Sherwood began training tennis players, and in 1939 and 1942 the team won its first IAC banner. Excellent player-coaches followed, but in the long history of tennis at St. Andrew's, one man and one woman stand out, not only because of their successes, but because of the importance the game has played in their lives.

"Tennis. That's been my game," Blackburn Hughes

said flatly in an interview. He arrived in 1948 and until his departure nineteen years later was the epitome of tennis. Besides coaching at St. Andrew's and South Carolina's Porter-Gaud School, he ran a tennis camp every summer in the Catskills in upper New York State.

During much of Hughes's career at St. Andrew's, the Reverend Edward Hawkins, no mean tennis player himself, was a coaching colleague. "Ed Hawkins was always a stout companion of the faith. We worked hand in glove in coaching tennis. But then he could teach everything—as he always told us he could." Together they produced consistently winning seasons. Hughes's long career resulted in seven state championships and 115 wins. After Hughes left, in their much shorter terms of coaching tennis Rob Pasco, Tad Roach, and Bill Pruden all produced winning tallies in boys' tennis, but it is unlikely anyone will ever equal Blackie's record.

Only after bypass surgery did Hughes begin thinking of retirement, after thirty-seven years of coaching youngsters. In musing about his life, he said, "Tennis leads me to love, love leads me to goddaughters—who play tennis—and back to love of tennis again." He was a man whose capacity to love was never exhausted; it was bestowed upon players, classroom teaching, dramatics, junior football, dormitory life, teaching colleagues, and friends.

In 1967 the Delaware Lawn Tennis Association inaugurated an annual "Coach of the Year" award. The first recipient, elected unanimously, was Blackburn Hughes, a member of the DLTA Board of Directors for seven years.

Another of St. Andrew's great coaching success stories began in the spring of 1982 when Elizabeth M. Roach, bride of two-year faculty member Tad Roach, took over the girls' tennis program. With four years of varsity tennis at Mt. Holyoke College, she was exceptionally well qualified to develop a consistency the team had lacked.

Diane Stetina Long had started the girls' tennis program in 1975, but there were few experienced players and as is so often the case with a new sport, her two were "building years." Only Cathy Shields (1978), the school's first singles player, had any previous experience at serious tennis. But that was substantial. In 1978, only the fourth year of girls' varsity tennis, an impressed spectator wrote, "Photographs will not do, for only in the mind's eye is it possible to capture the precision and grace of Cathy Shields" as she won the first girls' individual state championship for St. Andrew's. Anne Montesano (1986) was the next, eight years later.

> How many people can ever say they were a champion? Certainly I never would have been, had I not been asked to be in athletics. But not just for those of us who were able to be "champions," because athletics were for absolutely everybody.
>
> **—Peter McGowin (1969)**

Each year the girls' team improved until it won its first state team championship in 1987, then repeated in 1988. By 1991, ten years after taking over, Elizabeth Roach's record stood at an astonishing 123 wins to only 26 losses. She was selected that year as Delaware's Coach of the Year for girls' tennis.

Her outstanding record was not simply a matter of statistics, but an ability to demonstrate how to succeed in a game that for her was a lifelong love. Her girls played to please her as much as to win for themselves and for the school. Elizabeth has five more state championships to win to equal Black Hughes's record, and admirers have no doubt she will.

1967 Champion Tennis Team.

Her husband, Tad, coached boys' tennis through 1986, winning state championships in 1985 and 1986, following Bill Pruden's state championship team the year before, 1984. In 1985 alone Roach's team record was seventeen wins with no losses, with an individual record of eighty victories to three losses. That was the year Paul Keeley (1985) did not lose a single set, duplicating a feat by Gil Allen (1977) in 1976. State champion Allen had a stunning five-year record of eighty-four wins to five losses and three consecutive undefeated seasons.

Over the years individual St. Andrew's players, girls and boys, always placed high in various tournaments and regularly won individual championships—achievements that remained with them throughout their lives. "I was no great athlete," Peter McGowin (1969) says, "but I *tried*. There were so few of us, we somehow felt needed." Jon Smith (1965) recalls, "I had never had a racket in my hand, but I obviously had to have one to play JV tennis. Sheer terror made me a fairly good tennis player from the start, and also led to my peculiar style of play: form meant nothing to me, I simply chased down everything on the court and batted it back somehow until my smoother-stroking opponent would lose patience and make mistakes. I couldn't *afford* mistakes."

No runs, no hits, no errors

"The Great American Game," baseball, was the first spring sport to be played at St. Andrew's in 1931. Every boy coming to school, then or now, has played the game at one level or another. Walden Pell was the first coach, followed by three other members of the faculty. In 1947, when I came, historian Hamilton "Ham" Hutton was head coach, succeeded two years later by business manager Cortlandt "Pat" Schoonover. An independent conference was won in 1950 by one of Pat's teams, and again in 1957 by his successor, Buff Weigand. A sporadic few winning seasons aside, baseball for the first thirty years was not notably successful.

One of the outstanding appointments to faculty and coaching staff was made in 1960 when Bob Colburn, a Haverford College graduate, who was working on his master's degree in organic chemistry at the University of Delaware, joined the faculty. Colburn was not only an experienced player, he was in love with the game.

Bob's wife, Dottie, served as statistician, chief critic and advisor, scout, and unofficial assistant. Rare was the game where she was not found on the bleachers with her clipboard, recording statistics. No sport in St. Andrew's history has so meticulous a summary and running analysis as baseball. Simply by inspecting the official school records, one can instantly see where Bob Colburn took over. Whenever he could not be present, his ardent colleague coach, music teacher Larry Walker, continued in the same vein. And the "farm teams" of the junior varsity, coached by chaplain Sandy Ogilby, always supplied talented and experienced younger players to fill the slots left vacant by graduating seniors. (Not long after luring Ogilby away from Pomfret School, Bob Moss called him "the best junior varsity coach I have ever seen." He never changed that opinion.)

Bob Colburn's long record includes a sprinkling of conference championships, and no state championship team, but it demonstrates year after year a consistency and reliability uncommon in high school sports.*

When Colburn became the head coach of varsity baseball in the spring of 1961, the hope was for a reversal of fortune from Weigand's 2–12 record the previous year, or at least a show of gradual improvement. Still not on the winning side, Colburn's first year came closer to breaking even, and the team placed sixth in the independent conference. His second year the team won twice as many games as it lost and placed third. "Varsity Baseball Runs Up Best Season In Years," the June 1962 *Cardinal* boasted, and printed inning-by-inning accounts of two winning games, one with arch-rival Tower Hill. Colburn's fourth year showed his effect. At the end of a 12–1 season, the school paper exulted in June 1964, "Cardinals Seize DISC Championship."

St. Andrew's won the independent school crown again in 1976, and once more the following year. The 1977 season included a spectacular game, described in the April *Cardinal*: "If you want to talk about drama, forget all about the school plays. Friends held a 5–4 lead with two outs in the top of the seventh inning. The Saints had the bases loaded, and their last hope rested on Steve Salter, who owned a dishearten-

*Until 1993, St. Andrew's policy did not allow baseball teams to compete in after-term tournaments.

ing .000 batting average. With a conference loss but a few pitches away, Steve cracked a grand slam home run, and the Saints went on to win 9–5."

Colburn's masterful illustrated treatise, *St. Andrew's School Baseball Program* , a 103-page manual on every aspect of the game privately printed in 1969, leaves no conceivable situation unexamined. Members of the varsity are expected to study it carefully, for each player's position is explained in text and illustration, and his priorities are laid out in unambiguous terms.

Bob Colburn believes team playing and good sportsmanship are more important than winning. "Sports can teach many things, from commitment to common values," the *Middletown Transcript* wrote after an interview. He seems oblivious to infrequent poor seasons or disappointing players. "If the kids play as hard as they can and they come up on the short end, we don't consider they've lost." With a lifelong passion for the game, he has instant recall of high points in a particular game or season and the feats of individual players. Like any baseball aficionado he can rattle off statistics of thirty years ago as easily as yesterday's:

> Most no hitters: Larry Court (1962) pitched two.
> Most home runs: Sandy Dillon (1964) hit five.
> Most innings pitched: Terry Wild (1965) pitched seventy-seven and a third.
> Most strikeouts in one 7-inning game: Bill Brakeley (1986) 18, including the first ten; Brakeley had an unequaled season record of 126 strikeouts.

May 1976 saw Colburn's hundredth win.

More than any other coach in St. Andrew's history, Bob Colburn has been a "coach for all seasons." Now senior master, he has been both head and assistant coach of football and for over thirty years baseball's head coach. In 1978 he became director of athletics, then director of all "co-curricular programs." Recognition outside the school began in 1979 with his twelve-year presidency of the Delaware High School Baseball Coaches' Association, and he has thrice been named Delaware Coach of the Year. When summer comes, he coaches at the Grand Slam Baseball Camp and works for the Delaware Special Olympics.

On Wednesday, June 8, 1994, Bob Colburn and eight other Delawareans were the first inductees into the Delaware Baseball Hall of Fame.

Lyles Glenn clouts a homer.

Ken McCullough (1961) wrote to his old coach, "You were someone we could always count on as a friend, a gentleman, and as an example. Those traits continue to spread in many lives."

How are skills learned? By experience. How, then, are they taught? By coaching.

—Theodore R. Sizer

Large public high schools employ highly trained specialist coaches, complete with baccalaureate and master's degrees in physical education. A small, independent school can seldom afford such specialization. Boarding school faculty must fill many shoes. A Latin teacher may also be responsible for a soccer team; an English teacher spends spring afternoons on the tennis courts. A French teacher with virtually no background in rowing produces a national championship girls' crew. All three teachers are experienced and effective in the classroom, all are energetic and dedicated to their athletic responsibilities, yet without such assignments their innate ability to coach sports might go undetected. A perceptive headmaster not only finds such men and women, he is able to persuade them to come to his school.

Although they handle teams and athletes in dissimilar, even conflicting fashion, outstanding teacher-coaches are remembered by many graduates as major influences in their lives. Henry Hillenmeyer (1961) writes, "Dave Washburn must have taught a lot of St.

Andreans the importance of will, effort and belief in oneself. He taught discipline and insisted that all his athletes be team players. I can still remember the tricky 'prayers' he used to have instead of pep talks before athletic contests—thoughtful little gems that caused you to gather up your strength and your presence of mind for a superb effort."

St. Andrew's has been fortunate in having outstanding teacher-coaches starting with MacInnes, Holder, Cameron, and Voorhees. Ches Baum was an early alumnus coach, followed by Washburn and a succession of others that continues to this day. Almost every faculty member in school history has had coaching responsibilities at one level or another. Teacher-coaches are the strength of the athletic program.

Another kind of coach is the college-trained professional or near-professional, whose role as director of athletics is to oversee the entire athletic program and be personally responsible for at least two major sports. The strength of the overall program was determined and shaped by Webb Reyner, Denny Madigan, Bob Colburn, and Diane Stetina Long, four superb coaches who possessed vision and unlimited tenacity in pursuit of their goals.

Until the late fifties, St. Andrew's coaches went their separate ways, reporting to no single office or authority. They came together as a group only at a term's end when they awarded letters and numerals and entered ratings in the registrar's office. Scheduling conflicts frequently arose, arbitrated by the registrar, Howard Schmolze, who staunchly defended academic priorities. If a coach was inept or unhappy in his athletic duties, only the headmaster could effect a change, at the end of the school year. Each coach made his own schedule, contacted the schools he wanted his team to play, arranged for transportation, and decided who would receive awards at the end of the season. Each coach submitted his own financial needs to the business manager (and invariably received every penny, for no one was in a position to judge such specialized expenses).

All this changed in 1957, with the arrival of Webster C. Reyner, just out of West Chester State College, the school's first athletic director. Young as he was, Reyner knew exactly what needed to be done. *He* would be in charge. An athletic committee would be created on which all varsity coaches and some others would sit to review arrangements preceding and during the season, and when it drew to a close. *He* would make arrangements for transportation, talk with his alter egos at other schools, have maintenance personnel repair athletic apparatus and line the fields.

In its May 11, 1957 issue, the *Cardinal* introduced Webb Reyner and his wife Carol to the school. Readers learned instantly here was an outstanding athlete, a captain of the varsity wrestling team at Lower Merion High School, captain of the freshman football team at West Chester State Teachers College, a college wrestling champion, YMCA champion in 1956 and second in the Middle Atlantic championships. Moreover, Reyner came to St. Andrew's with a solid physical education and coaching background—qualifications entirely new to a school that had since its beginning relied upon autonomous teacher-coaches.

At the end of the academic year 1957–58, acting headmaster Bill Cameron described to the trustees the importance of the new position and of the man who filled it.

> Some misgivings were heard when we decided last year to obtain as an athletic director a man who made a career of athletics, a profession of games. If we had in mind a man whose only object was to win at all costs the misgivings would have been justified. What we were interested in finding was a man whose object as a coach was to teach boys how to play games in the spirit we have always played them and whose object as an administrator was to coordinate the activities of his colleagues, none of whom was in a position to manage much more than his own area.
>
> In Webb Reyner our hopes have been more than justified. We have in him a man who is all that we could expect in a young dedicated athlete, in a skilled coach and an able and learning administrator. In 1957–58 the two teams with which he was directly connected—football and wrestling—showed definite improvement in the record, in the skill with which they played and in the spirit with which they addressed their opponents. He has taken over the maze which is an athletic schedule, organized the coaching staff, brought new ideas to our plant development. He has presented us with a comprehensive and complete athletic budget and given us a complete cost account of the athletic operation—something we have never had before. In short he has done all that we have expected him to do, done things that we have never suspected needed doing and pitched in with great good humor and great good will wherever he was needed.

Reyner's impact upon the entire school was enormous. Always ready to listen, work out thorny problems, serve as arbitrator, and have a bit of fun, he was popular with students, staff, and faculty. He taught earth science to second formers with verve and excitement—once recreating an out-of-control volcano on a tabletop. He went through the meticulous planning of the new gym and a few years later was invaluable to the Science Department as it tackled plans for a large new laboratory and classroom building.

"Webb Reyner made order out of chaos in the spring term sports program," the *Cardinal* editorialized in December 1960. "Weeding out a cluttered crew, clearing the tennis courts, and straightening up the baseball diamond, he has introduced the most ingenious of his reforms. This program not only serves as an introduction to the spring sports for the younger members, but also reduces the burden of carrying uncompetitive older boys on a squad. St. Andrew's became a respected name in sports in Delaware and will remain so as long as Mr. Reyner continues his long-range planning."

With the personal and financial encouragement of Bob Moss, Reyner enrolled in the University of Pennsylvania's Graduate School, College of Physical Education and Athletics and on August 14, 1961, completed his master's thesis, "A Suggested Athletic Program and Facilities for St. Andrew's School." The ninety-one-page study was worthy of publication and use as a guide by any secondary school. For St. Andrew's, it meant an intelligent appraisal and realistic organization of the entire athletic program. After discussing objectives and needs at length, it examined physical and psychological characteristics of different student age groups and grades. Reyner laid out each season's activities, from varsity sports to recreational Ping-Pong and fishing.

The study struck straight to the heart of the inadequacies of the school's physical facilities. Long before the first approach was made to the trustees to consider additional and improved facilities, Reyner had mentally constructed an entire plant, marshaled arguments for every detail, and developed a contingency plan to fall back upon should the ultimate goal be unreachable. A new gymnasium was no longer a distant dream.

Acceleration toward new athletic facilities had been another man's hope as well. When first looking at St. Andrew's, Bob Moss recognized the abysmal state of its facilities and their effect upon the program. Should he be hired, he told the trustees, both program and facilities must be among the first major improvements to the school and plant. Eight months after taking charge, he wrote to Felix duPont, "I soon learned of the faculty's concern over the lack of adequate space for the winter sports program," and went on to explain in detail what the specific problems were. "I have further thought that the over-crowding of the gymnasium produces an unhappy effect on the School morale in the winter term." That effect was demonstrable. The original gymnasium had been planned for an eventual enrollment of 135 boys, while the present school already numbered 156 and was growing, with a predictable increase in the future.

Moss arrived in the fall of 1958. Although they agreed in principle and shared priorities, at first Reyner felt uneasy with the new headmaster. Bill Cameron had hired him a year earlier, and he believed rumors of Cameron's probable permanent appointment as headmaster were reliable. Reyner felt he owed his allegiance to Cameron, not Moss. But that was an early reaction. The two new men rapidly hit it off and worked energetically together on common goals. Years after Reyner left St. Andrew's to head his own schools, he and Moss maintained their friendship and swapped stories and headmastering ideas back and forth. Reyner knew at first hand that any headmaster occupies a hot seat that cannot be shared with others.

Webb Reyner astride the horse his wife, Carol, won on national television.

Bob Moss told the trustees he had already "urged Mr. Reyner to institute a thoroughgoing study of our athletic program and to visit some other schools which have recently made additions to their gymnasiums and presumably have given their athletic programs a thorough study." Aware of some of the existing limitations, the trustees encouraged the study.

Many years later Webb Reyner recalled: "Bob said we should have the best possible athletic program in the country and I should plan the facilities around that program. He helped me go for my master's degree and I used that subject for my thesis. Bob and the trustees built the facilities I suggested down to the last bench. I met with the trustees and they first said we would have to cut back as the bids were too high. I said that was fine and showed what we could cut from the program. They didn't want to cut anything, so they went out and raised the money."

It was on October 1, 1962 that the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees "moved, seconded and unanimously carried that the plans, layout and materials for the new gymnasium be approved and that authorization be given to request bids and award a contract for the project up to $851,500."

Reyner had his hands full with architectural plans for the completion of the gym and its use. Moss's instructions were clear: facilities at St. Andrew's had to be dictated by program and need, not the other way around.

Excitement built among the student body as construction began. The *Cardinal* described Reyner's visits to other boarding schools with new gymnasiums and recounted his steps in presenting his "evaluation of the present athletic program to the Athletic Committee," following which "Mr. Moss enthusiastically presented the entire program to the trustees who studied it carefully, then approved it and authorized Mr. Reyner to develop a plan for remodeling the old gym and creating new facilities."

By June 1963 construction was so far along it was possible to give tours of the new facilities, heightening student and faculty anticipation. Finally came the dedication ceremony, with remarks by a panel of speakers, the headmaster, Dick Trapnell as chairman of the Board's Building Committee, Felix duPont, and Warren Hoffecker, senior prefect. Hoffecker read off the contents of the cornerstone: an autographed photograph of the Second Form; a photograph of the dedication of the school on November 1, 1930, given by the Third Form; a pennant and recording; a Fourth Form scroll with all signatures; a Fifth Form ring inscribed "Class of 1965"; a Sixth Form photograph and a phonograph record, "Life's Too Short," in honor of their advisor, Blackburn Hughes; a copy of Reyner's thesis; a coach's whistle and a clipboard with the fall term athletic schedules; a school list with each student's fall term sport shown; a road map to competitor schools; a statement of academic restrictions affecting athletic participation; and issues of the *Cardinal*, the *Andrean*, the *Yearbook*, the *Handbook*, and chapel prayers.

Instantly the gym was in use. On February 13, 1964, Bob Moss wrote to Bill Cameron, who was on sabbatical leave in London: "The new gym has proven its worth. Last Saturday there were five athletic contests held there, four of them simultaneously. Junior basketball played a game in the morning and in the afternoon two wrestling matches and two other basketball games were held with spectators at all of them."

While Reyner's program revisions were already in effect, his colleague coaches still tended to operate largely as they had in the past, independent in day-to-day coaching if no longer responsible for scheduling and expenditures. Guidelines for practice times had not been reliably established and were seldom adhered to. Class and laboratory absences had been regulated more by the registrar's office than by coaches, resulting in frequent friction and misunderstanding. Rules, attitudes, techniques, discipline, and respect were only a few of the matters Reyner addressed.

In his first year he created an athletic committee composed of all head coaches and the headmaster, with other administrative officers and health personnel invited to sit in as the need arose.

Telling other experienced coaches how to do their job and what was expected of them was a minefield of tradition, powerful egos, and sensitive feelings. Only a Webb Reyner could have taught coaches their trade; a less considerate man would have made a fragmented situation worse. He began holding classes for coaches, using a superb text he had written in preparation: *The St. Andrew's School Coaches' Book* (1968). It codified the entire program, addressed every conceivable detail, helped veteran coaches, and was a bible for newcomers.

The 110 topics discussed in the *Coaches' Book* leave

nothing to the imagination. It identifies objectives and needs, then moves on to more concrete matters: medical needs, methods and principles, physiological aspects of coaching. Headings are provocative: "Conformity Is Not Surrender," "Senioritis," "Players Reactions to Adverse Conditions," "Stopping for Snacks on Away Trips." More predictable sections comment on "Endurance," "Teaching the Beginner," and, probably the most essential of all, "Need for a Sense of Humor." Those who coached under Webb Reyner's watchful and friendly eye, as well as coaches of other generations, revere both man and book. Long after Reyner left St. Andrew's, portions remained in use, revised by Bob Colburn to suit current conditions.

The man's character and the joy he demonstrated in his work were evident to all. His "wide-eyed enthusiasm for a new offense, or even just a new option in an option play, gave him a sort of Christmassy delight," writes footballer Jon Smith (1965). "In his optimism he was invincible, even after repeated vincings. He was always on his feet, always on top of things. Once when he was giving Bob Colburn a hard time about something at practice, Colburn in mock-anger hurled a football at his feet. Reyner stood his ground, opened his legs slightly, and *caught* the football between his ankles."

No one appreciated Webb Reyner more than his headmaster, Bob Moss, who took the young man's measure and freed him to do the work by which he is remembered. Moss writes: "He created bona fide athletic programs for athletes and nonathletes alike, wrote the coaches' book to bring uniformity in method and set a moral tone. Webb helped organize liaison with the infirmary, the school, and the headmaster, and especially other coaches whom he taught each year in coaching seminars. He was a superb representative of St. Andrew's at DISC meetings. Coaches at other schools and other headmasters had great respect for him."

After fourteen years at St. Andrew's, in 1971 Reyner accepted a headmastership elsewhere, the first of several in a long and distinguished career. He became known as a "school saver," whose experience, wisdom, and pleasant manner helped him pull disparate factions together, compassionately weed out deadwood, and bring in new talent.

With Reyner's departure imminent, several teaching faculty were candidates for the position of director of athletics, but they were valued as classroom teachers and had no training in managing an entire athletic program. Following Dennis Madigan's appointment, resentment among a few—but not all—aspirants intensified, and were directed sharply at the new man, whose professional background and manner were unlike those of traditional teacher-coaches.

In all the school's history, there has been no more colorful coach than Reyner's successor. When Madigan, a product of upstate New York's wrestling and football hierarchies, arrived, it was evident he had enormous shoes to fill—but his brash self-confidence told him he had to measure up to no one other than himself. Powerfully muscular, Madigan was physically able to do anything he asked of his athletes, and more; Reyner described him as "built like a fire plug." The departing athletic director advised the new man about every detail of the job, reviewing the program and his responsibilities to the school. He spoke at length about the kinds of boys who were to be Madigan's charges, and described the coaching staff, identifying who would be helpful and would not. The new man knew from the outset where the strengths and pitfalls lay.

The road was rocky from the start. Madigan was rough and tumble, not a product of a college preparatory boarding school or an Ivy League college. It was difficult for some whose lives had been spent in such settings to accept a man who did not see athletics as gentlemanly exercise and courtly contest. His loud voice, his aggressiveness, made them uncomfortable. During his first year when he was assistant varsity football coach, Madigan's experience led him to identify players on the team who were using drugs, a fact at first vehemently denied by at least one head coach. The school was turned on its ear when proof of drug use was obtained and mass expulsions followed, with affected parents and some faculty first blaming Dennis Madigan, then zeroing in on Bob Moss.* Student leaders writing in the *Cardinal* were more objective and critical of those schoolmates who had brought their fate upon themselves.

Madigan's coaching methods, so different from

*While drugs and those involved had been identified but not found in one critical search, the expulsions were specifically for the illegal use of alcohol, with which a core group had been apprehended.

those of his colleagues, further alienated him from some coaches—but inspired others. His assistant wrestling coach, Jake Zeigler, employed many of his mentor's techniques, continuing the team's winning ways for years after "Maddog" had left the scene.

Madigan was determined to get the most out of his athletes, and he did. He loved his boys and knew exactly how far he could push them. Nothing was too much to do for them. He was generous to a fault, spending large sums of his own on special warm-up jackets and sloganed T-shirts the school budget would not support, treating boys to special meals, and enabling those with financial restrictions to have the best, to travel home when personal funds were inadequate. During his years at St. Andrew's, only two boys quit his wrestling teams. Others may have wanted to, but they stuck it out, often growing suddenly into manhood as they found they could compete and survive—and prove this to their coach. Many alumni kept in touch with him after his departure.

Dennis Madigan had a sensitivity unknown to most St. Andreans, a hidden life he never spoke about. He was recently divorced, often lonely. He frequently went north to comfort a relative in need. During vacations he worked long days and weeks to help victims of flood and other disasters in nearby states.

Madigan decided to move on as early as 1974, but waited until the spring of 1976 to submit his letter of resignation. His most exciting experience in his five years at the school, he told the *Cardinal*, was "seeing the overall athletic program at St. Andrew's gain the admiration and respect of everyone throughout the state of Delaware and surrounding areas." He accepted a bid from the Merchant Marine Academy to coach wrestling at the collegiate level, where his winning record continued and he was recognized as New England Coach of the Year.

It was Denny Madigan's uncanny ability to understand and motivate youngsters that many remember best. Lyles Glenn (1974) describes the spring of his Fifth Form year:

> Because we had some problems with drugs on campus that spring, Coach Madigan led a seminar on drugs. He taught us about some of their ill effects and identified some of the drugs. It was educational, but looking back on it, that was not the real purpose of the meeting. Of the hour and a half we were in class, half an hour was devoted to drug education and the remaining hour was devoted to motivating us for the coming fall sports season, challenging us to become physically able to compete at our best level. It was a great catalyst and inspiration for us to stay in shape during the summer and come back in the fall, ready to go. We did just that, and when we returned in the fall, everybody was in remarkable physical condition. That did a lot toward setting the tempo and the mood for an exceptionally up-beat year.
>
> A lot of the underformers began to realize that anything less than the best—Madigan's favorite slogan—was not going to be good enough. Despite some of his peculiarities, Denny Madigan was immensely significant to a number of us.

Many years later they remember the man and the debt they owe him. Several expressed almost identical statements. "More than anybody else in my life, Mr. Madigan instilled in me the confidence that I could do whatever I set my mind to do." There are those who remember receiving letters from him when they were in college, saying, "Whatever you do, I'm proud of you."

Madigan returned to campus briefly the September following his departure. When word circulated of his unexpected presence, students left whatever they were doing and flocked around him. But he was aware of being persona non grata to some faculty, and not wanting to cause embarrassment to the new headmaster, Jon O'Brien, he soon left.

While to many onlookers his outbursts were unacceptable, Madigan's self-control was apparent to those who worked with him and competed on his teams. One team member, traveling to upstate New York for an athletic camp, discovered clones of Madigan everywhere; but at St. Andrew's his bullying ways were misunderstood.

Bob Colburn remembers Madigan as "a superb coach, with extraordinary technical knowledge for getting things out of the kids. Athletics were everything to him. At first he did not place academic values so high, but his priorities changed."

Two short-term directors of athletics followed Madigan, Dan Lohnes and Frank Pergolizzi, before Bob Colburn was appointed in 1978. Like other longtime coaches, Colburn sees a continuity of purpose within the athletic program. For him sports are as crucial as bricks and mortar, as in need of constant skill-

ful attention as his popular and demanding science courses and schoolwide academe. As director of program and of athletics, he also focuses his interests upon his coaching colleagues as they "develop techniques for teaching fundamental values on field and court." Alumni look back to Bob Colburn as a coach epitomizing the best in stability, in wisdom, in a can-do effectiveness; as a friend with an easy humor. The man, the school, academics and athletics, are inseparable.

As coeducation approached, a few coaches grew increasingly concerned about the effect girls would have upon the overall athletic program. In the December 1973 *Cardinal*, editor Kevin Flaherty (1974) interviewed Dave Washburn.

> Although math teacher and head basketball and crew coach Davis Washburn is a "strong supporter" of coeducation, he has one serious reservation. He fears that the planned total reduction of nearly 20 percent of the male population to make room for the girls, "could possibly put athletics in a hopeless situation." At its worst he sees St. Andrew's having for perhaps three years only "limited athletic success."... If this were to happen, he claims, "The school would become unattractive to guys with athletic interests and consequently the type of athletic population would change."
>
> Such a situation could have "catastrophic effects," according to Mr. Washburn. "One third of the life here is athletic. I have seen what athletics can and have done." He believes strongly that athletics are a good thing, especially because of the opportunities for self-evaluation. "If the school were to become non-athletic, I think some of the faculty might well see it as an unsuitable place to be occupied."

Washburn's worries were unfounded. Whatever small effect a slightly diminished male population may have had in the first year or two of coeducation, the athletic program grew and flourished for both sexes, the girls adding luster of their own.

Despite a briefer span in school history, girls' athletics benefited early on from the expertise of two extraordinary women coaches, Diane Stetina Long and Elizabeth Roach. Stetina, brought in by Bob Moss to establish and organize girls' sports, accomplished precisely that and left her permanent mark on the program. Her early field hockey teams, composed almost entirely of girls who had never held a hockey stick, rapidly improved until by the time she left in 1978, they had won 78 percent of their games. In the 1980s, Elizabeth Roach's field hockey teams inched up from a 40 percent success rate, and her tennis teams won 57 percent of their matches by the late 1980s.

Diane Stetina Long was a fine athlete in her own right, with an outstanding college career at the University of Delaware. She towered over her young charges, inspiring but never intimidating them. Laura Waters (1975) wrote in the *Cardinal*:

> She is here to set up an athletic program which is both educational and competitive. Her resources include twenty-seven girls. Sports to be attempted include hockey, basketball, gymnastics, softball, tennis and, with Mr. Washburn's permission, crew. Miss Stetina has had experience in college and high school with hockey, volleyball, softball, and basketball. She will be teaching a health course for girls and, if she becomes a full-time teacher next year, will also teach Driver's Education. She is an alive and aware element in the school and is a good influence on the faculty in favor of the underprivileged girls.

In the years ahead Jon O'Brien made sure that a majority of women joining the faculty had wide athletic experience supplementing their intellectual and academic interests. Among them were captains of college teams, some with national and international experience, and champions in one sport or another.

Each year, as faculty retire, depart, or devote their time to different school duties, a headmaster faces a difficult challenge. Each year he must fill a variety of recently vacated slots. If an applicant can sculpt, be a backup on the organ, and help with dramatics, so much the better. For every composite role in school affairs, there must be someone able to fill it, although the mix will change with the versatility of an individual. Those rare times when the right woman or man does not seem to exist test a headmaster's dexterity in assigning new duties to faculty already present. Bob Moss and Jon O'Brien were unusually skillful at balancing such needs with individual interests and abilities.

Experience is not always essential. A classroom teacher takes on a coaching role and is hooked before he realizes it. For musician Larry Walker and clergyman Sandy Ogilby, coaching became as vital a part of their long careers as their primary responsibilities. In *Horace's Compromise* (1984), a book that emerged af-

ter a two-year study of American high schools, Theodore R. Sizer points out a duality: that good academic teaching is in fact coaching, and that good coaches are good teachers. "Ironically," he observes, "it is the athletic coach, sometimes arrogantly dismissed by an academic instructor as a dumb ox, who may be a school's most effective teacher of skills."

A special meaning

"Athletics were a release from the problems of the day," writes Ollie Pepper (1962). "They gave me a sense of belonging that I often lacked in the dorm. As part of a team, it didn't matter which group I belonged to; it only mattered if I did or didn't make tackle or win a wrestling match. The teams at St. Andrew's helped me find a place for myself at the school, and helped me become a responsible adult. I learned how to work with others to accomplish common goals."

Letitia Hickman (1980) remembers excitement and joy in competitive sports: "Athletics held a special meaning. The thrill of seeing Mr. O'Brien at a game made us play harder. There was always the lesson of teamwork compared with individual excellence and the pain and glory associated with both."

Parent, student, teacher, coach—all have a rationale from which to argue the importance of athletics in a school, often as a proponent for a particular sport or two. A broader statement requires one whose responsibilities run the gamut of school affairs, something no individual faculty member, coach, or student is capable of seeing. Such a person—parent or trustee—cannot be from outside the school. In short, only a headmaster has both the vantage point and the vision to see "a harmonious or satisfying arrangement or proportion of parts."

In his annual report to the trustees for 1966, Bob Moss wrote, "Athletics call forth from a boy a commitment which is especially suited to his stage of life. It takes the form of willingness to meet physical challenge, of subordination of himself, loyalty to his peers, pride in the school. The most important thing about it is that he involves himself deeply as a person in what he is doing: while he is engaged in athletics, most of him, perhaps all of him is engaged. It is commitment in existential terms. From this it is not a long step to the realization that *all* life is commitment, and that at the highest level it must involve one's whole self."

Cathy Shields puts her all into a shot on goal.

Owls, forts, and poison ivy

In the 1950s and early 1960s, a wilderness existed between Founders' Hall and the maintenance building. The ravine was transected by an elevated wooden catwalk passing through dense woodland where Second Form science students practiced surveying and collected salamanders. There was no driveway descending into the gully, no science building, and the boathouse was an ancient, sway-backed wooden structure. The sulfurous Green Dragon hung high on the hillside. It was an untouched woodland, full of flowering dogwood and towering beeches—and poison ivy threading among honeysuckle.

The wooded fringe rising above steep pond banks is as close to virgin forest as one can find in central Delaware. Not harvested for two-and-a-half centuries, it serves as farmland windbreak and game refuge, oak and beech giving a sylvan echo to Robert Frost's maple and birch. Until this woodland acquires a Frost of its own, St. Andreans have something to say.

"The woods were a refuge, a place to go—except for the time my girl got poison ivy," writes an alumnus. He adds, "They were the only place I could be alone with her—just to be alone, having a place where we didn't have to worry about other people. We were *kids*!"

Sometimes there was traffic of another sort. One alumnus of the 1970s says "some very nice people were into drugs, and went off to the woods to do it." Another from the same era recalls that some students "had gone past experimentation" by using drugs late at night in the woods.

Dave Strong, Terry Hartsell, and I as second formers built our first fort around a wild cherry tree. It was made from scraps of wood and pieces of carpet pilfered from the dump. It was a nice fort until that year's third formers—Carl Melamet, Steve Amos, John Spicer, and Bob Dunn—decided that the wood from *our* fort would vastly improve *their* fort. Because they were third formers and much larger, we didn't have much say in the matter. So there we sat dejectedly, surrounded by some ratty bits of carpet, watching that caravan walking off with our fort, like ants from a picnic.

We packed up what little was left and continued past the dump, to where the gully ended. There we built what would be, until our senior year, our best fort. Partially dug out of the hillside, it was small but entirely waterproof, well camouflaged and very comfortable. We had wooden benches inside, candle lanterns, even a wood-burning stove fashioned out of an old 55-gallon oil drum and a piece of down-spout. Terry, Dave, and I probably spent every free weekend we had out there. We'd smoke our pipes (in all

> With smoking being against the rules in the woods, it was easy to be bad without using liquor or drugs. From time to time certain faculty members would hike far into the woods trying to catch students. In retrospect it seems strange for adults to spend their weekends prowling through the woods trying to catch teenagers smoking. The excitement was being able to engage in normal teenage behavior away from the oppressive presence of searching faculty.
>
> —Greg van der Vink (1974)

honesty, just tobacco), cook hotdogs, and explore the area. One favorite activity was taking our wrist-rocket over to the dump looking for rats. Usually we'd end up shooting bottles or old windows—anything that would make a spectacular explosion.

Around the point opposite the school was a beautiful little spot with moss on the ground and dogwood trees. It was here that Dave and I (as fourth formers) got caught smoking by Mr. Colburn. We were rolling pipe tobacco in papers and it must have looked like we were smoking pot. Dave and I thought the whole incident incredibly amusing; there was a kind of status attached to having a smoking D.C.—it meant you were "initiated."

Just up the lake from this spot I smelled pot for the first time. In fall of 1970, Terry and I saw several fifth formers sitting on a log in the cove. Terry told me it was pot we smelled and after they left, we searched fruitlessly for evidence. This was also the spot where I witnessed Tip Rogers (1975) trap and skin a squirrel. For a city boy from Chevy Chase, this was heady stuff indeed.

To this day, the next cove out belongs to "The Corn Holers": Ian Brownlee, Victor "Little Nipper" Mikunas, Jamie Clark, Greg Kesterson, Rob "Sunshine" Thomas, and others. In 1970 they were fourth formers and the scourge of the woods, preying upon anyone who was unlucky enough to cross their path. Nothing could strike terror into the heart of a lowly second former (or third or even fifth) like the sight of those Vikings across the corn field. Upon sighting their prey, loud war whoops would announce that the hunt was on. I don't remember being *really* threatened, but the scare was real.

Farther along, in the third gully, in the fall and winter of 1974, Bill Shields and Lars Alfather created an engineering marvel known as The Swing. Using a heavy-duty chain, they hung a rope from a branch about forty-five feet above the forest floor. Then they built a ten-foot wooden platform from which to launch oneself. The ride was incredible. No matter how many times you went out on it, it was always with a lump in one's throat. [Editor's note: A few faculty used it too, including a middle-aged biology teacher.]

Following this gully into the fields was a spot where our class held Saturday night "dog" roasts, sometimes with as many as thirty-five people. Nearby was a row of sweet corn we used to pick and cook in the husks.

Across the lake, beyond the crew's starting docks, Dave, Terry, Lars, Bill Shields, and I built our last and finest fort. Actually this was something of a senior class project. In the area now occupied by the paddle tennis court, the school stored heavy green boards used to assemble bleachers. One Saturday night, three of us paddled canoes up the lake. Meanwhile, eight guys loaded up as many green boards as they could hold and began the long march over the fields. It took an hour or more and arms were stretched to the breaking point. Then we used the canoes to transport our booty across the lake, where we stashed them until we were ready to begin construction.

Borrowing a technique from Fort #2, we dug into the hillside and used the excavated dirt to build a front terrace supported by a log wall. Sawing our boards to the proper length, we built a solid roof and walls. We even transplanted a couple of young pines to our patio. The foundations to the fort are still there.

—Gordon Brownlee (1975)

Gordon's bonfires and feasts became a tradition. With a dozen friends, Flip Hunt (1978) and Tyler Johnson (1976) carried food and drinks, and "built a huge bonfire in the woods one night, and we all leaped back and forth through it like Indians, whooping and yelling." A heavy rain ended the revelry. "Tyler held up a huge orange blanket and walked in front, while everyone else followed under the blanket, calling ourselves the Orange Canoe. We crowded into a large metal culvert near the dump to wait out the storm, wedged in like sardines. We sat in the mud until the rain stopped, then emerged looking like giant bugs. We sang all the way back to the dorm."

Rob Colburn (1980) tells of "specially named places such as Refrigerator Place, the Evil Place,

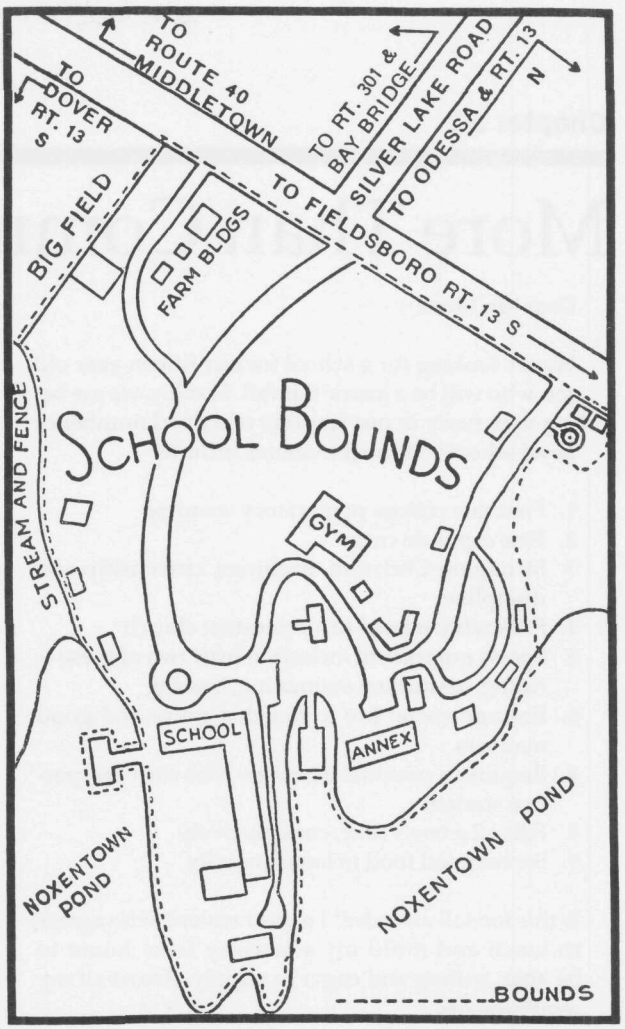
and most of all the Tree of Life. Refrigerator Place was a gully out in the woods where old refrigerators had been piled to stop erosion. The natural/artificial juxtaposition was striking. The Evil Place was another gully, in which some deer carcasses were found. The heads and antlers had been taken as trophies; the rest of the meat left to rot. Life, Tree of (from Milton's *Paradise Lost*), was a resolute beech tree near the pond whose evenly spaced branches lent themselves to climbing and whose siting lent itself to contemplation. There was a tradition that no matter how dangerous the climb or unskilled the climber, the tree will never let anyone fall. Regular walkabouts were made to these places as if they were sacred groves."

Young naturalists explored what the woods concealed. Nick Denton (1957) found snakes when others saw none, and Chip Welling (1972) placed nesting boxes for wild birds. Bob Amos (1975) "went through the woods looking for owl nests with another guy who was really into owls—we would climb pine trees to find their nests." Solitude and quiet reverie were sought as well as excitement. Gordon Brownlee cherishes the memory of Skeleton Point "overlooking the T-dock. It was a peaceful spot, with the pines and rhododendrons. I spent many hours there by myself just thinking. I was always amazed how quiet the school was on the hill across the cove."

Faculty, too, find strength and renewal walking the shoreline under huge oaks and beeches. Many of us came to know the trails, the land forms, wildlife, and forest plants. A few students and the biology master reclaimed pockets of farm fields that today have returned to woodland. Throughout his headmastership, Jon O'Brien has found time every week to explore the narrow wilderness encircling the pond, coming to know the vast natural land holdings of St. Andrew's and becoming the most effective steward of all.

Bill McClements (1981) puts his finger on the glory of the school when he says, "The most striking facility at St. Andrew's is the land it is built on."

Amen.



School Bounds Map from a 1950s *Handbook*. Note misspelling of Noxontown Pond. The New Wing had yet to be built, its place occupied by the old tarpaper auditorium. The fence was to keep farm pigs out, not to keep students in.

The winter Work Squad helped clear forest from the mid-campus gulley before the science building was constructed.

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