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cover: Goalie for the State Soccer Champs, R. J.
Beach ’82, is carried off the field on the shoulders of
fellow students.

St. Andrew’s

The St. Andrew’s Bulletin is a magazine published by St. Andrew’s School for its alumni, parents and friends.
from the headmaster

Every once in a while a school produces an extraordinary team. Such was the case at St. Andrew’s this past fall. Because we thought our alumni would like to hear about this unusual group of players, we have featured the 1981 varsity soccer team in this issue of the Alumni Bulletin.

Few, if any, will accuse St. Andrew’s of being a “jock” school. While we take athletics seriously, we do not recruit athletes. The School’s academic standards are, I believe, generally considered to be of the highest order. How, then, did this small, independent secondary school produce a team which won the soccer championship of the State of Delaware? How significant was this feat? What effect did the accomplishment have on our community? These are a few of the questions I would like to explore briefly.

How does any team win a championship? Let’s start with luck, for without good luck, even the best of teams will often fall short of the mark. St. Andrew’s soccer team had its fair share of good fortune. There were few injuries this season, and all our players were in good health for the tournament games. The absence of one or two of our finest players could have altered the outcome.

But teams need more than luck to become champions. They also need good coaching, and I seriously doubt if two finer coaches than Tad Roach and Will Speers can be found at any school. They know the game of soccer, they have the ability to transmit their knowledge to their players, they are enthusiastic and they believe that every game can be won. The rapport which developed between them and their players was certainly a major reason for the team’s success.

But we must be honest. No matter how fine coaches are, they don’t produce championship teams without fine players, and this St. Andrew’s team had some of the finest soccer players in the State of Delaware. Two, both V Formers, were voted to the All State Team. Others were voted to the All Conference Team. Still others, who did not receive such honors, were, in the opinion of coaches and others, equally deserving of recognition. In short, the team had some extraordinarily talented players.

Luck, good coaching and a core of brilliant players—even a team which possesses these three ingredients often fails to produce a spectacular season. Depth is perhaps as important a factor as any of these, and it is in this department that St. Andrew’s was particularly strong. Our coaches were able to substitute often, and those who fell into this category responded magnificently when called upon.

But more than any other ingredient, what distinguishes a champion from other fine athletes may well be “heart.” (Sports writers often use the word “character” to describe a team which possesses such qualities as desire, determination, a will to win, a never-say-die attitude, togetherness, courage, pride, etc.) To be sure, some teams win championships without this ingredient, and others who possess it have modest seasons. But it is safe to say that the St. Andrew’s soccer team would not be State champions if it had not been driven by one of the biggest hearts I have ever seen.

To summarize, allow me to fall into the jargon used by Mr. Cosell and other sports announcers. This team “had it all.” Luck, good coaching, superior talent, depth and heart.

How significant was their accomplishment? In athletic terms, it makes the feat of the 1969 New York Mets seem puny (and that from a Mets fan!). It had all the drama of a David vs. Goliath story. On its way to the championship, St. Andrew’s, with a male student population of 123 in its tenth, eleventh and twelfth grades, defeated three of the larger public high schools in the State of Delaware. Caesar Rodney (male tenth through twelfth grade enrollment in excess of 600) went down 2-0 in the quarterfinal round. William Penn (the largest high school in the State with male tenth through twelfth grade enrollment in excess of 1,000) lost 2-1 in the semifinals. And Conard, the perennial State champion (male tenth through twelfth grade enrollment in excess of 600), succumbed 3-0 in the final game. While each game was superb and filled with tension, the semifinal victory over William Penn was perhaps the most unexpected. William Penn’s team deserved its pretournament reputation of being the best team in the State. Undaunted during the regular season, it had allowed only four goals to be scored against it during the entire season, and no more than one in any game. Only magnificent efforts by all St. Andrew’s players enabled our team to triumph.

By any standard, the accomplishment of this St. Andrew’s team must be ranked with the finest accomplishments of St. Andrew’s teams of the past. I am sure that those alumni who shared similar seasons and experienced similar moments will easily recall them and understand the intense exhilaration which swept through our players and their fans when the trophy was placed in the hands of Tad Roach.

I have already hinted at one of the effects the team’s triumphs had on our community. A wave of intense euphoria swept the School. We were all proud—proud of our team, proud of our School, proud of ourselves. When the final whistle blew, ending the final game, the entire School burst onto the Baynard Stadium field, engulfing players and coaches. We laughed, cried, cheered, slapped each other on the back, jumped about, whooped and expressed our joy in innumerable other equally physical ways. (Normally stable, conservative and highly respectable Trustees were seen bouncing about like teenagers.) It was wonderful.

Yet perhaps what is most significant in the long run was the School’s ability to place the event in perspective. We went back to work the next Monday. Fall Term exams began on that day, and the players and all their fans returned to the job at hand. I do not mean to imply that the achievements of this group of young men have been forgotten. Far from it. Those who played and those who cheered will never forget the 1981 soccer season. It is a frozen moment of brilliance. Yet the players know and the rest of us know that sports are but a piece of the mosaic of education at St. Andrew’s.

As St. Andrew’s alumni, you would have been proud of our 1981 soccer team. I hope the pictorial essay contained in this Bulletin helps you to share the drama and excitement of its achievement.

—Jonathan B. O’Brien
'82-'83 Admissions enjoys busiest season ever

The Best

What are the best of the preps? Professional guidance counselors, private school administrators and the writers of guides to the schools were consulted to name the top five prep schools in the country. They settled quickly upon an elite list of New England boarding schools. These five have the best in education and tradition, healthy endowments of $20 to $55 million, and scores of distinguished alumni to carry the school banner.

The experts were also asked to name some "sleepers." These prep schools are often overlooked in the rush to the more famous schools, although they offer some unique assets that rival the best. Five notable sleepers were chosen as the prep schools likely to cultivate national reputations in the years ahead.

Top Five


Phillips Exeter Academy. Exeter, N.H. Est. 1781, coed, 990 students. Andover was such a hit Samuel Phillips Jr. built a second highly principled school. Many of Exeter's seniors go right to the sophomore class at Harvard. Grads: four current governors, including West Virginia's John D. Rockefeller IV, writers John Irving and George Plimpton.


Five Sleepers

St. Andrew's School. Middletown, Del. Est. 1930, coed, 230 students. Guidance counselors can't say enough. A school with unlimited potential, particularly due to a $21 million endowment from the Delaware du Ponts and 1,450 acres of forest and farm land — and for so few students.

The Lawrenceville School. Lawrenceville, N.J. Est. 1810, all boys, 685 students. If the school goes coed, it is chosen most likely to rival the top five. A space age field house and a new $12 million computer center, neighbor to Princeton University.

The Hill School. Pottstown, Pa. Est. 1848, all boys, 495 students. Very traditional and respected for not giving in to a relaxed student lifestyle. Known for "unyielding demands for excellence" from students. Average math SAT score for seniors last year was 650.

St. George's School. Newport, R.I. Est. 1896, coed, 310 students. Campus sits on a knoll looking out to sea. Its appeal — aside from wealth, locale and smallness — is a "clean-cut" reputation for structured curriculum and student life. "It's like stepping into the 1950s or 60s in a positive way," said one observer.

Blair Academy. Blairstown, N.J. Est. 1848, coed, 324 students. Blair has ridden its athletic prowess to national prominence already. They average four or five state championships, one national title, each year. Nearby New York City adds enough sophistication to round out the picture.

Following a record-breaking '81-'82 admissions entry, the office this fall has been inundated with inquiries, visits and applications. All three categories have seen significant growth in the early months of the admissions season. Through the month of December, inquiries ran 39% ahead of last year. Applications were up a startling 50% from '81-'82 and (how could we get busier than last year) even visits to campus increased 15%.

Continued excellence in publications materials, more aggressive outreach efforts and super "grapevine" activity seem responsible for much of the growth. Though still early to predict, this year has all the markings of another fine entry year in admissions.

Interest in SAS is spreading to New England as the accompanying November 8, 1981 Hartford Courant magazine article illustrates.
Goals won't come easy in soccer semis

If any team is capable of an offensive explosion, however, it's powerful conference champion William Penn in its meeting with St. Andrew's. However, the Saints will be a rougher and tougher foe to manhandle than mild-mannered Seafof was. John Austin (25 goals) as the Saints' target man, Hugh Mathisen and Peter Orth roaming midfield and R.J. Beach (10 shutouts) in the nets will help to give William Penn a spirited struggle.

MILFORD — St. Andrew’s pressured Caesar Rodney the entire second half and scored two goals in the final 10 minutes for a 2-0 win in the opening round of the Delaware High School Soccer Tournament at cold and windy Milford High Thursday night. With the wind at their backs, St. Andrew’s outshot the Raiders 10-1 in the second half and 20-13 for the game.

"The key thing for us is we have tough kids and they just don’t give up," said Coach Tad Roach.

"We have been looking for this game all year and now we are looking for William Penn. St. Andrew’s has never won a state championship and that’s what we want," said Austin.
is getting longer, tougher...

We got the talent, we got the poise,
We got the fans makin' noise...
Kevin Grandfield '82
Pep Rally

St. Andrew's marches through Colonials
"Once we went up 2-1," said sweeper Ned
Groves, "we put John Rath on any player
dangling free. That gave me the oppor-
tunity to mark up on any dangerous
play in our end."

Trustees Raymond Generaux and Felix
duPont and his wife Marla are among the
fans at the finals of the State Soccer
Tournament.

Evening Journal Nov. 18, 1981
St. Andrew's booters upset
William Penn 2-1
No one counted on a little private school
like St. Andrew's having that good a soccer
team.

Considered by most to be a heavy un-
derdog Tuesday night to unbeaten William
Penn, St. Andrew's scored twice in the
second half to upset the Colonials 2-1 in the
rain and become the first Independent
Conference school to reach the finals of the
Delaware High School Soccer Tournament.

... It was fullback John Rath who
became the real hero on this damp evening.
Rath, a junior shadowed Gary Pearcy all
night, shutting out the multi-talented
William Penn center forward who had
scored 26 goals this season. Pearcy never
got off a decent shot from in close. Mid-
fielder Bob Tarburton fed the streaking
Austin a pass about 40 yards out on the left
side and the skinny Cardinal forward
zoomed downfield. "We kept running and
running," said Austin. "It finally

photographs by Fred Comegys, Wilmington News-Journal
Soccer final a "guaranteed" struggle

Concord High Coach Ken Horne insists his team wouldn't want it any other way. When his Raiders meet St. Andrew's at 8 Saturday night in the finals, a guaranteed struggle awaits them. You don't come to beat an easy team," he said before the tournament that said Horne: "It's no fluke that they got there, the tournament that the Cardinals went the dark horse. FINAL SHOTS: R.J. Beach attended Concord as a 10th grader.

Roach's team eyes Concord

"We spent last night savoring the win, and now it's time to think about Concord," said Roach.

"This has sort of been a three-year program, and since I've been here we started to pick up some steam. (Ex-coach) Phil Thornton and I played together (against) in college in Massachusetts and we really have the same system. We've put that together over the last three years and after he moved on, we've kind of kept the same spirit."

Roach said that assistant coach Will Speers can also claim a large part of the Cardinals' success.

The 1981 State Soccer Championship Team

Kneeling, l to r: Chris Profaci '82, Bruce Colburn '82, Ned Groves '82, Mark Dinnick '82, co-captain Bob Tarburton '82, R.J. Beach '82, co-captain Hugh Martinson '82, Peter Orth '82, Alan Berkstresser '82 and Jay Smith '82.

Standing, l to r: Jay Cogswell '83, Brian Shockley '83, James Brock '83, Alan Aikens '84, Bret VonUrf '83, Tim Wainwright '83, John Austin '85, Darius Mansoori '83, Chris Martin '83, Eddie Chang '83, John Ruth '83, Matt Herndon '83, Jeff Dau '83, Andrew Liefeld '83, manager Janet Washburn '82, head coach Tad Roach and assistant coach Will Speers.
St. Andrew's wins 1st State Soccer crown

...before close to 1,200 fans the Saints went marching out with a 3-0 victory over Concord High in double overtime.

As they had done in the two previous tournament victories, the Saints’ offense came to life with rapid-fire precision, dumping two goals past the Raider defense in the first 10-minute overtime, and then added the final goal 1:31 into the second extra period.

The 1981 soccer season was a rewarding and refreshing experience even before the State Tournament began. Never have I been associated with a group of young men who took so much delight in the spirit and competition of a team sport. Their courage, determination and belief in their own ability to rise far beyond their own expectations made this team awesome. They were a group that I will always remember with pride and admiration.

Tad Roach
Bill "Bull" Cameron

St. Andrew's Faculty 1931-1971
Assistant Headmaster 1953-1969
Acting Headmaster 1957-1958
1968-1969
Director of Admissions 1969-1971
Ten years ago the recollections about Bill Cameron elicited by our request in the Fall 1981 St. Andrew's could have been arranged chronologically and printed without comment. It is hard to believe that two generations of St. Andreams have known the School without the presence of Bill Cameron, but they have, and it is chiefly for those who did not know him that we have built some editorial bridges between the remarkable expressions of respect, admiration and love from those whose own histories of St. Andrew's School will always include the "lengthened shadow" of William Heron Cameron.

Chester Baum '36

We lead off, then, with Bill Cameron's first experience of St. Andrew's School as he recounted it in part of a Founder's Day chapel talk some 36 years later:

I first saw this School, very briefly, about four on a bitterly cold and lowery afternoon close to 6 November 1930. From the nether end of a vast expanse of field, the main building stood, raw, many windowed and naked. The field was fresh-harrowed, dry, frozen and swept by a gray northeast wind. Not a shrub, not a blade of grass, not a tree anywhere in sight except in the bordering gullies; nothing but cold, empty, windswept field. Off to one side, one lone house, the one I now live in; on the other side, where it is now, the garage, empty (save for one car, a Chevrolet runabout, the rumble seat open). No light anywhere, nor anyone to be seen. It might have been a prison at lock up time—or worse.

I had come on impulse. No one was expecting me. If I had followed impulse, I would have left.

But like a cat wedging its head in a salmon can, I pulled open the great oak door and walked into a bleak reception hall. There I found the housemother, a worried, birdlike little woman. She wore a pince nez attached to a chain which came out of a small button reel pinned to the left shoulder of her dress. She said that I must come to see the duty master, that there was no one else available, that it was an off afternoon.

I followed her down a dusty, drafty, unbelievably cold front hall. Doors suddenly opened and slammed shut on either side. Between the openings and the shuttings, heads poked out. The heads seemed all alike—white, suetlike, oversized lumps, startled black eyes, electrified black hair standing on end. From the bowels beneath came muffled shouts, bursts of feet slapping on concrete, shrieks and brief silence. I thought, "A swimming pool; how nice!" Then I thought of the cold and the leathery quality of the sound. It had to be a game: the hunters and the hunted. The hunters, I thought, are after the suet-heads, and the kills are quick and frequent. I was right.

We found the duty master, covered with quilts, propped up in bed, smoking a pipe, apparently unperturbed and unconcerned. He shared with another master the apartment opposite the East Dorm. We talked for awhile. He told me that some several days before, the School Chaplain had been out sailing with the housemother and a boy, that the boat had turned over and that the Chaplain had died of a heart attack while trying to reach shore for help. They had buried him only a few days ago.

It was clearly no time for a visit. I left. I swore I would never come back.

I came back January 3, 1931.

It was just as bleak, just as cold, just as dusty as I remembered it.

It was cold only partly because it was January. The great cause of the cold was lack of heat. The heat was turned on in short bursts only three times a day: when the rising bell rang, at lunch time and at supper. That was it.

It was dusty because every casement window and every door leaked, and the wind never stopped blowing across the bare, open fields. Fifty boys with fifty brooms could not have kept ahead of the dust.

But there were only 34 boys—18 second formers, 16 thirds. They were not all suet-heads, but most were small, and most of them were alike in one respect. They were perpetually disheveled and dirty. They were disheveled and dirty either because they hated soap and water or because they were resourceful, or both. Why resourceful? Twenty-six of them lived in the South Dorm, then a cavernous barn where the ceiling was the underside of a roof twenty feet above the floor. In winter a damp washcloth froze stiff in minutes and remained frozen until thawed in a basin of hot water. Worse, the rising bell rang at 6:30. Breakfast was not until 7:00. What boy was going to crawl out of a warm bed into that early cold dark when he could fly out at 6:55, throw his clothes over his pajamas and make a bleary breakfast at seven? What was the risk of being sent up to wash—even with soap—as against standing naked, temperature twenty, at half-past six of a winter morning for the sake of a fresh shirt and a wash?

The other eight—eight of the larger
sort—lived in the West Dorm, the room now devoted to Sacred Studies but then a sleeping place and a base for raids and riots. No trace of occupancy survives except a few painted-over dents and scars in the ceiling.

The East Dorm was empty and usually locked.

Not all boys were dirty all of the time. Some of the group were smooth. Two brothers from Brooklyn acquired a kind of eminence by letting it be known that they were cousins to Clara Bow, a reigning queen of the silent screen, otherwise known as the "It" girl. The others came from less distant places and were less grandly connected; but all of them, from whatever place, had apparently fashioned their ideas of away from home living from Our Gang comedies, Tales of Frank Merriwell, the fearless Yalie, and gangster movies.

My first encounter with this group vis-à-vis came when I went into the South Dorm to quell a riot shortly after 9:15, the hour when the inmates knelt by their beds for a moment of prayer, led by the Headmaster, before lights out. A stentorian bellow brought sudden silence, and then, over that silence and out of that dark came this Cagneyesque response: "Oh yeah? Sez who?"

And so to bed, Day No. 1—the first of 7,839 days, after due allowance for time off for good behavior.

The fact is that little except the daily schedule had any shape or form. Even that was subject to sudden change, as when someone got the bright idea that three classes before breakfast might be good for the soul.

Discipline thirty-five years ago was a rough and a sometimes ready thing, improvised to meet the occasion. Much—everything in fact—depended upon where and by whom you were caught. If downstairs and by the Headmaster, then to the study for prayers or penance of a churchly sort, for the man had a boundless and honest Christian faith. Only when sorely tried did patience falter and the wrath of the righteous smite the ingodly: five of the best, well laid on.

Above stairs "Turn the other cheek" had other connotations. There the cat caught the mouse, belabored his posterior with bare hand or belt or shingle or anything else not absolutely lethal, and turned him back to bed. There, doubtless, the mouse—like other mice after him—nursed a sore backside and dreamed dire revenge. For variation and in gallant moments that cat displayed the chosen instruments and offered the mouse the choice of weapons. It made no difference. The mouse always caught it—in the end.

How the cat caught the mouse is a trade secret—but a sound can be as clear as a fingerprint. One rhythm is not another.

Actually, marks were given out and a record kept, but there was no standard, no predictable consequence. The list was a kind of emotive temperature chart, that was all. Some boys ran high fevers. The Cagney character once drew 175 in a single day.

One of those 18 second formers was Stan Felver '35, now a professor of English in the California state university system. At
Bill Cameron looked as if he might well have been a highlander, in kilts, painted blue, and leading the charge at Culloden.

He seemed *ferocious*. But, of course, he was a glorious fraud. Underneath that tough skin, he was warm, generous and kind.

I should say he was one of several exceptional people at SAS in those days, the likes of which we will never see again. We all had our favorites among Holder, Sherwood, Fleming, Tonks and Cameron.

They were so tough. Sherwood pulled his aching tooth with a pair of pliers. Holder could drink all night and scream at the crew squad all day. Fleming gave people nervous breakdowns in French class. Cameron could take on his whole wrestling team and they couldn’t pin him.

Fleming was the toughest hock I ever knew. Cameron may have been the best, but it was my misfortune never to have had him. I accelerated to graduate early and go into the Marines and so I missed VI Form English. I regret it still.

Always, though, long after I was gone, he would let me know what he thought of what I had written. “Perry,” he would say, “you are close to mastering the simple declarative sentence.”

Bill Cameron was a great man.

Jim Perry ’46, editor
*The Wall Street Journal*

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The time of Bill Cameron’s death, Stan wrote a poem that conveys how quickly Bill brought his kind of order to that place he had found without “any shape or form.”

The images and allusions in Stan’s poem establish in small space themes that will be enlarged in the reminiscences by other hands that are to follow:

**FOR WHC**

It was after the sudden death that he came
In the darkest part of Winter,
Bringing peace among the sleepers,
A strength among us, a direction.
He was gruff, abrupt,
Hiding warmth behind the grim smile at wrongdoers;
As the chalk flew in his classroom,
His “Hey boy! Where’s your paper?”
Attested care for each and zest:
For good work; for poetry.
And for the tuned body—
He was stubborn about that—even when
Charlie O’Leary, old wrestling pro,
guzzler and works foreman
Threw him easily, match after match.
I thought, as I watched him pinned,
of those tenacious workmen
And the “huge ball of masonry”—Crane’s lines
(He read the poems to me once),
And I wished for enough years to share
The Randy jokes that I knew he told.
His gift was green for boys.
He believed in them (mostly),
And knew ways to help let them grow.
Take him for all in all, a large man,
a lucky time
In the Spring of my beginning.

**One of Bill’s techniques for “bringing peace among the sleepers” is described by a recollection of Howard Schmolze, whose career as a master at St. Andrew’s brought him into 40 years of what he describes as true friendship with Bill Cameron:**

On my first visit to St. Andrew’s in the spring of 1931, I saw Bill Cameron at work. That night at SAS lights had just been put out and Dr. Pell, John MacInnes, Bill Cameron and I were talking very quietly in Bill’s sitting room—the entrance door was wide open so that Bill, the then sole dormitory master could hear any talking or disturbance that might start.

Suddenly it started—lots of noise! Bill and the others hurried into the South Dorm—Bill was the leader and I was the tail-end. As suddenly as it started, the noise stopped—dead silence.

We turned and slowly filed back to Bill’s quarters. Then, just as suddenly a barrage of apples flew by the heads of the outgoing faculty. The apples splattered against the walls and dormitory alcoves in their various degrees of ripeness. There was silence.

Upon our return to Bill’s study, Bill was not with us.

After a bit Bill returned and reported to Mr. Pell, “Sir, here are the culprits.” Two youngsters preceded Bill into the study. They were then told to stand at attention—straight as ramrods—while the Headmaster severely reprimanded them for the disturbance and then sent them back to bed.

A short while later Bill told us that he hid in the dorm, knowing that his suspects would be quietly boasting to their dorm-mates of their bravado in throwing the apples.

Bill brought with him to St. Andrew’s the nickname “Mingo,” acquired at the Episcopal High School, where, as a letter from Junius B. Fishburne, pastor of a St. Andrew, shows, Bill had already developed his capacity to instill life-long loyalty in the people he taught:

Just graduated from Penn State with a major in English, Bill (then known as “Mingo”) was told to teach French.

Fortunately W. Lewis Fleming (“Luke”) had been teaching French at the School for several years. He befriended Bill by tutoring him at night. In his classes, Bill stayed on assignment behind Luke. Luke used the blackboard more than usual and it was not erased until after Bill’s class the following day.

I had the good fortune, or misfortune, of being in Bill’s first year French class. In one French story the French boy “stared vaguely into the distance.” Bill commanded me to stand up and stare vaguely into the distance. This I did with some success, greatly relieved that I had not been asked to speak French.

Subsequently Bill went to St. Andrew’s. Later he persuaded his friend Luke to join him there. Because of them I sent my son, Cary ’63, to St. Andrew’s.

Perhaps it was Bill Cameron’s capacity to give us tasks that brought the academic matter at hand into our immediate lives—enlivening a dull exercise by commanding us “to stand up and stare vaguely into the distance”—that allowed him to implant in our otherwise unperceptive minds even the most arbitrary dicta of the traditional grammarian. His concern that the infinitive be preserved intact is illustrated by Walden Pell’s story of his daughter Lili’s childhood memory of an incident in the Cameron household: “Marianne had gone shopping. When Bill returned, he found a note from her. Reading it, he exclaimed, ‘She split an infinitive, the old witch!’ ”

*Jon Wilford ’41, a businessman on Maryland’s Eastern Shore, testifies to the persistence of lessons learned from Bill Cameron with special emphasis upon the split infinitive:*
Bill was certainly convinced that I would never be qualified to write anything. He gave me an exciting final week before graduation by telling me there was no way he would pass me in VI Form English. But sometime during that week, Dr. Pell took him out to the woodshed and pressed my case. Even though he wouldn’t believe it now, some of his teaching did stick—particularly the part about the very fatal effect on our language of the split infinitive. In this regard I have known for years that I was at least more eloquent than Walter Cronkite and most of our presidents. Forty years after graduation I found myself next to Charlie Murphy at an SAS dinner counting the split infinitives of a younger SAS faculty speaker who had never known Bill. So, as in my case where Bill’s seed fell on poor ground to some benefit, it is no wonder that that same seed was so successful where it fell on good ground.

Walter Phillips ’59, editor of the Carteret County News-Times in Morehead City, North Carolina, doubtless remembering Cameronian adjectives about brevity, sums up what all our respondents have to say: “He was a fair and judicious headmaster, an excellent teacher and someone I shall never forget.”

In the recollections that follow, persons who knew Bill Cameron specify what made him unforgettable.

Findley Burns ’35, a retired United Nations diplomat:
I have many recollections of Bill Cameron, all of them fond: his warmth under the bustling exterior, his absolute rejection of fakery and humbug, his twinking sense of humor. I can see him now wearing overcoats indoors all winter long because he viewed the School’s thermostats as set too low. I owe to him my appreciation of Shakespeare and above all knowledge of English grammar and composition which stood me so well in later professional life.

In the mid-1960’s, Bill and Marianne spent a sabbatical year in London. At that time my wife and I lived there when I was serving in the U.S. Embassy. One evening we invited the Camerons to a performance of the Royal Ballet. Marianne was delighted since she enjoyed ballet but had never been able to get Bill to a ballet. He considered ballet, if an art form at all, then

“One could not help but be attracted to Bill Cameron. He was the archetype of a schoolmaster. At once gruff and benign, Bill’s concern for students and his love for his School were instantly evident. He took under his charge the training and nurturing of those in need, making them an exemplary model.”

Nolan Lushington, former St. Andrew’s School librarian, now director of the Greenwich (Connecticut) Library:
Bill was steadfast in his belief in the value of a widely varied collection of books and was strong in the belief that the SAS Library should be open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week even if it meant that a few books had to be replaced each year.

In 1954 we both agreed to begin selling paperback books and I decided we should make our own rack. I was very pleased when Bill actually joined me in the construction.

Holly Whyte ’35, author, educator and sociologist:
Bill Cameron was a maddening editor. He was dilatory, for one thing. I would give him all the copy for the Cardinal, but only when there were a few days before it had to go to the printer. This was so he wouldn’t have time to hack up the copy. But he delayed and delayed. When I pressed him on the matter, he would shoot me a bullying scowl. In good time, Whyte. In good time.

But the worst was when he finally did get around to editing. The copy really shouldn’t have been tampered with at all, since I wrote most of it myself or edited it closely. And very carefully too. The copy was rich with similes and metaphors and sophisticated allusions, there was a knowing use of felicitous slang phrases to liven things up and the intricate sentences were crafted for rhythm and effect.

The man had a tin ear. He hated the similes and metaphors. He crossed out my best grace notes, sometimes whole sentences or paragraphs. Where with my light touch I had written about the lads and lasses went to trip the light fantastic, he had drawn a heavy line through—in anger, to judge by the pencil scratch—and written
in "dance." The marginal comments were brutal; so was the final declaration: "This is awful! Who!"

So it went. At length, I resolved to humor him. I began to leave out my best writing. I put in fewer metaphors; after a while I didn't put in any at all. I didn't craft involved sentences; I gave him the simple ones he preferred. It was a shame to have to do this but I had to kid him along. Before long, just as with others he similarly browbeat, it became a habit. To outwit him one had to outwit himself.

One day, as he handed the Cardinal copy back to me, he said, "This is all right." I was stunned. This was fantastic praise. I still cherish it.

John Parry '37, head of his own public relations firm in Mount Pleasant, South Carolina:

I'll never forget Bill Cameron. For the past 35 years I've earned my living using the writing skills he helped me discover. He was an exceptional man, a great teacher and a wonderful human being.

BILL CAMERON AND THE MASK & WIG

One Saturday back in December, 1939, the University of Pennsylvania's venerable Mask & Wig Club brought its 52nd annual musical production, "Great Guns," down to Wilmington for matinee and evening performances at the DuPont Theater. As that show's dyed-in-the-wool villain, Bingo Bill, I was a bit more excited than usual about this particular performance, since it was here that I had seen my first Mask & Wig show, while a fifth former at St. Andrew's a few years before, and I knew there would be a noisy and appreciative contingent from the School in the balcony for the matinee.

The show went off without a hitch, and the laughter and applause were all the hamiest ham could wish. I had my big scene, the Act I Finale, in which the entire company sang the praises of Bingo Bill while I was carried to center stage on the shoulders of two hefty dancers. The applause for that number seemed especially long and loud, but it was not for many years that I found out why: the St. Andrew's contingent, to the last second former, believed that my Bingo Bill was a caricature of Bill ("Mingo") Cameron, and the lyrics of that song had been about him!

"I came to believe that he knew what makes teenaged boys tick better than anyone else in my experience and he certainly was a great schoolmaster and wordmonger."

As a final tribute before leaving the theater for the bus ride back to Middletown, the St. Andrews, some 75 strong, gave a rousing School cheer for Bingo Bill and John Parry. Unfortunately I never even heard it; I was already in our madhouse dressing room, peeling off Bingo Bill's handlebar moustache...

Peter Brown '40, attorney-at-law with the firm of Cadwalader, Wickersham and Taft in New York City:

On a gray day in September, 1935, Bill Sibert '40 and I met for the first time at the Wilmington railroad station and, petrified, took the single engine railroad car to Middletown for opening day. We were met by housemother Michaelis' flying coffin which whisked us to the School. Emerging from the car with our baggage, we were approached by a tall, broad-shouldered man in dark glasses who demanded: "Who are you and what do you think you're doing?" We said we were new second formers and had just arrived. The man scoffed and said: "Both of you get into the dorm. I'm not going to let nurse either of you. Tomorrow afternoon I want you both to report for wrestling in the basement. Boy, do you understand?" We said we did. We had met Bill Cameron.

In the course of five years at the School and numerous meetings on holidays at different places, Bill Cameron became a close and genuine friend of each one of us. He was our dormitory master when we suffered the indignities of the East Dorm in 1935-36; a bachelor and then newly married. He was our wrestling and junior football coach, the quintessential tough-soft guy. He inspired us to speak English. His interest declined to sub-zero on hearing about a physical complaint, yet the slightest improvement in any area of life brought instant approval and encouragement. Bill Cameron was a great leader and a great man, to which he would reply: "Baah! Such rubbish, boy . . ."

Bill Sibert '40, rector of Holy Trinity Episcopal Church in Fayetteville, North Carolina:

In January, 1937, I was a 3rd former at SAS and having problems with "the system." I had been put on bounds. Somehow I had been talked into going to Middletown (off bounds) by several of my classmates. On the way back from town, who should stop to offer a ride but "Big Bill" Cameron. He knew I was breaking bounds and I knew he knew. That night I was called into the Disciplinary Committee: Waldo Pell, Bill, Granville Sherwood, John Maclinnes and Ham Hutton. They in-
formed me of my sins and told me I was being sent home for a week of suspension after which I would be on bounds till June. This was very bad for me because my Dad was head of the Disciplinary Board at West Point at the time. I called home and was told I would be on bread and water for 7 days. As I was getting ready to leave for the train the next day, Bill came up to me and said, "Slugger, stay in shape for wrestling. Whatever else you do, do 30 push-ups, 100 sit-ups; work on bridging!" It was his way of saying I was still an acceptable person which at 14 is pretty important to hear.

We all loved him! He was a true friend and counselor over the years. When he and Marianne left, an indefinable something went with them.

**Frank Giannatti '47, a DuPont Company executive in Wilmington:**

I was not one of Bill Cameron's stellar English students! However I did have the privilege of taking his IV and VI Form English classes. What an experience!

During my IV Form year, Bill would give us an occasional vocabulary test at the beginning of class. After we corrected the tests, he would collect them and glance over each test as he paced back and forth in the front of the classroom.

When he came to mine (I had three out of ten words correct), he stopped, looked at me with those magnificent twinkling eyes and exclaimed in his slow, deliberate drawl, "Ah, Gi-ma-tie (he used the soft G, not the hard G), thy - mind - is - stagnant!!!"

I'll remember those words until my dying day, but I have been trying to keep my mind from stagnating ever since.

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**One late spring day at St. Andrew's, Bill Cameron confessed, quite sheepishly, to several seniors in the Coffee Room that he had fallen into Noxontown Pond the previous Sunday afternoon while asleep in a rowboat off Sherwood Point. "How could that have happened?" asked the astounded seniors, for Bill Cameron was renown for his strength and agility. "Well, boys, I'll tell you: I dreamed I was wrestling the captain of the Pennsylvania team, a huge coal miner from Lehigh. I flipped him over my shoulder to pin him down and suddenly found myself six feet under water."**

**Tyke Miller '47, a Wilmington surgeon:**

There are many stories about Bill, but my most vivid recollection during the school year was the night before graduation when he called me into his office and said, "Miller, has any college been unfortunate enough to have accepted you?" He knew that I had been accepted at Dartmouth, but went on to state that I had made a 64 in 6th form English with 65 as passing. I pleaded with him for the extra point (which he well intended to give me anyway), after assuring him that I would not mar his reputation as a secondary school English teacher in Hanover. I got a B in English at Dartmouth.

I was on the wrestling team for three years at St. Andrew's and never won a match, but was never pinned. Mr. Cameron had taught us to bridge. He introduced high school wrestling in the State of Delaware and would go off to other schools and learn new holds from other coaches. He returned to St. Andrew's and in the living room got Mrs. Cameron down on her hands and knees and try out a new reverse that he had learned.

I loved him as did all of his students and feel that of five men in my life, including my father and grandfather who have had profound influence in the development of my life, Bill Cameron would be one of the five. I thank him.

**Tom Quirk '53, vice-president of Chemical Bank in New York City:**

A group of students was leaving to attend a mixer dance with a girls' school. I believe the school in question is Gunston Hall, but memory fades over the years. Anyway, as we were about to board the bus, Bill fixed us with his eagle eye and in classic Cameron roared: "Rah! Boys, remember no overlapping grips."

It so happened that at that period of time I was sitting at his table in the dining room, and the next morning Bill was there bright and early. As we filed in, he motioned for me to sit at his end of the table and exacted a full account of the events of the dance. His final remark was: "You did not heed my comment on the overlapping grips, did you?"
Steve Garrison ’58, vice-president of a management consultant firm in Dallas:

During one year at St. Andrew’s, I had a real crisis of faith. It was probably standard for a person of my age and interests, but it gave me a real problem with getting through St. Thomas Aquinas’ Arguments for the Existence of God. Bill Cameron and I started a discussion on several of these Arguments at the dinner table which continued through dinner, out to the Common Room and then finally to his residence and far into the night. Finally the old man started weakening, gave into several of my points and we ultimately reached a compromise that accepted some arguments but also relied a great deal on pure faith as opposed to rationality. I left his home that evening somewhat in awe that this man with such a great and powerful mind would feel the need to compromise with a fifth former. It was not until many years later and many times of mulling over this episode that I understood this compromise was a fabrication that he designed to fit my emotional and spiritual needs at that time in my life and bore no resemblance to his own, more carefully thought out religious beliefs.

Sandy Ogilvy, associate chaplain and religious studies department chairman:

I should say that Bill’s religious life was shaped and informed by his love of language, particularly the traditional liturgies of the Book of Common Prayer. He preferred the formality and eloquence of these services which he attended regularly, but what struck one most forcefully, I think, were the beliefs which he lived by day in and day out: man’s need for humility before something greater than himself, which was his way of speaking about God, and the conviction that Man’s greatest and most prevalent sin was in hurting others.

Mrs. A. S. Walker, Washington, D.C., a parent of a former St. Andrean:

After depositing my son, David ’65, at St. Andrew’s for the beginning of his five years at St. Andrew’s, I said a prayer of gratitude that this fatherless son was going to have the wonderful influence of this dear man, Mr. Cameron.

It was only a few days later when the telephone rang at our apartment in Washington, D.C. and the excited voice of my son said, “Mother, Mr. Cameron says I have to eat chicken with a knife and fork!”

Webb Reyner, former athletic director and wrestling coach at St. Andrew’s, now headmaster of Houston Academy, Dothan, Alabama:

I feel you could write a book on William H. Cameron. Bill had a talent in helping people reach their potential. He was extremely tactful and very positive. One example that stands out occurred in 1968 when we had an undefeated football team and we were playing Tatnall for the last game. We wanted a film of the game and wanted to use the phones for the sidelines, but since the game was being played at the Tatnall field, school officials told us we couldn’t use their tower. When we had the team assembled after the last practice, Bill came over and said, “Well, we’ll just build and take our own tower.” That was the last bit of momentum we needed to help us successfully complete the undefeated season.

Bill was particularly fond of wrestling and was called the “Father of Wrestling” in Delaware. He was keenly interested in our competition with the Episcopal High School as he had been a former teacher there. After the long trip home from Alexandria, Bill would ask me to come over to his house, sit down and sip the Bass Ale which he held for very special occasions, and then go over every detail of every match. Really loving the students, he got extremely excited.

“I believe Bill certainly left life a lot better than he entered it; he taught so many students and colleagues things that they, in turn, are teaching others throughout the country.”

I think anyone who worked with Bill has “flash thoughts” of him. I frequently think of him—leaning against the goalpost watching practice, or sitting in a very relaxed manner in the bleachers at wrestling practice. Occasionally, he would call me into his office after lunch, and, getting down on the floor, show me a new move that he thought might help us in our next meet.

I believe Bill certainly left life a lot better than he entered it; he taught so many students and colleagues things that they, in turn, are teaching others throughout the country. The effect of this is rather magnifficent when you come to think of it.

After being a headmaster for eleven years now, I think many of the lessons that I learned from Bill Cameron I have shared with others. I feel that many of his standards and attitudes have been perpetuated throughout this country.

Chip Snowden, former master at SAS, now assistant headmaster of St. Paul’s Episcopal School in Mobile, Alabama:

It was my good fortune to have been able to begin my teaching career at St. Andrew’s School. I came directly from college, with a newly minted diploma and an even newer wife. A callow youth, not too far removed in age from the boys I was supposed to educate, I was in immediate need of an exemplar or two.

One could not help but be attracted to Bill Cameron. He was the archetype of a schoolmaster. At once gruff and benign, Bill’s concern for students and his love for his School were instantly evident. He took under his charge the training and nurturing of those in need, making them an exemplary model.

Bill was a craftsman of the English language. His writing had an unparalleled uniqueness and deliciousness. Whether fashioning a report from the Discipline Committee, an advisor’s comment about a noteworthy student or writing to a prospective student, Bill framed each sentence with a special style. It was when writing letters to students that the School could not accept that Bill exercised great care. He felt a sympathy for the boy and his family and always personalized his comments. No one turned down for admission ever felt any less a person when the letter came from Bill Cameron’s pen.

Bill was active and involved in every aspect of the School. He attended classes, Saturday night movies and all athletic contests. His first love was wrestling, which he coached for many years at St. Andrew’s. Even into his sixties, he would often attend practice, sometimes donning a sweat suit and working out with a boy.

I was fortunate to have been able to work with Bill in admissions. It was a good training ground. An Admissions Committee meeting was more than a consideration of which new students to accept. In those halcyon days when the School was full by April, all aspects of the School and its needs were considered. Places were offered dependent upon what the applicants could offer the School and what the School could furnish. Bill took very seriously his task of providing the School with a well-rounded, productive student body. This meant that sometimes we would intensely consider a marginal student with a great deal to offer in a particular area. If Bill felt the boy was worth a risk, he could be very persuasive. In practice, Bill was usually correct and some of the School’s greatest contributions would never have been admitted without Bill’s special interests.

Any list of adjectives that could be used to describe Bill would be lengthy for his attributes were legion. He was above all a man of dignity, who held for himself and those around him the highest standards of decorum. Bill was a man of pride, pride in his students and his School. He was a man of great charm and warmth, whose caring attitude put people at ease quickly. But, there was in Bill a little of the imp, too. His love of fireworks and his spontaneous call of a great event to be celebrated through a pyrotechnical display were fueled for with great anticipation by both masters and students. Either from the T-dock or the large plot of land in front of the main entrance there would be a tumult of fierce explosions accompanied by a mammoth display of color in the night sky. The word would pass quickly, “Bill has some fireworks!”

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At the School’s invitation, nearly 30 alumni and parents of St. Andrew’s spent a weekend on campus, coming to know, in more depth and detail, School policies, routine and philosophy. The insider’s perspective gained through discussion sessions with students and faculty brought today’s School closer to alumni and parents participating. Seminars on the sciences, arts and humanities, college placement, admissions and School finances featured School faculty leadership. Cocktails, dinners and concert choir recitals provided a respite from the busy schedule. A second SAS Today weekend is planned for late April. The School hopes to continue the weekends, two a year, and to encourage its alumni and parents to take part in learning how SAS maintains its commitment to excellence in education.

Student concerns are voiced by student representatives as parent Jim Lilley and alumnus Gibbs Kane ’65 and his wife Tory listen.

Parents, Sally Lilley and Robert and Leslie Blum, ask the academic dean and several department chairmen questions about the science and humanities courses.
Seniors Jeff Lilley and Hugh Marthinsen have a frank talk about student life at St. Andrew's with SAS Today participants.

Director of Admissions and Development John Niles provides the guests with a detailed look at the admissions of St. Andrew's as alumni George Gillet '43, Phil Lounsbury '43 and Chester Baum '36 listen.

Louisa Hemphill '78, Frank Williams '39 and his wife Marianne enjoy a free moment between sessions with the faculty.
Homecoming — CI

After a two-day workshop for reunion class agents, John Hodgdon ’47 and Stew Smith ’67 take time to enjoy the varsity soccer game.

The gathering of several members of the class of ’74 before the homecoming game led to the evening bash at Joe Hickman’s house. L to r are: Pete Miller talking with Sandy Ogilby, Bill Brownlee ’44 talking with Joe Hickman and Marianne Hickman talking with Greg Vink and Rick Yach.

Following an in-depth look at the School’s finances and a presentation by the college admissions office, SAS Today participants relax at a final luncheon at the Headmaster’s house. L to r: Frank Williams ’39, George Gillett ’43, Gibbs Kane ’65 and Kathryn and Gardner Cadwalader ’66.
Class Agent Weekend

The five-year reunion program adopted by the Alumni Board has changed the nature of reunions for future years. Reunions will be held in June so that full use of campus facilities and more time to socialize with old faculty and classmates can be enjoyed by returning graduates. This fall class agents for reunion and non-reunion classes met with Jon O'Brien, John Niles and alumni office personnel to begin reunion and annual fund planning.

Friday and Saturday meetings were held to map out strategy ensuring the '81-'82 Annual Fund goal of $100,000. Following Saturday morning’s meetings, a full day of SAS sports activity ensued. An informal soccer match on Sunday between SAS alumni and the '81 Delaware State Soccer Champions capped a full weekend schedule. A large crowd of alumni enjoyed good weather and an SAS football victory (24-0) vs. Morristown Beard School from New Jersey.

The weather and location were perfect for the pregame tailgate picnic that Bill Hammond '64 and Rick Williams '62 and his wife Gretchen enjoyed.

The non-reunion class agents gathered for a morning session with development director John Niles to discuss the annual fund's goals and strategies.

After the class agent session Saturday morning, Frank Hawkins '33 from Arlington, Virginia joined the spectators at the football game.

Stew Barroll '72 tried to take the ball away from varsity soccer player Eddie Chang '83 in Sunday's alumni-student soccer game.
William Cameron aged well. In 1969, he was acting headmaster and a role model for Mr. Chips to look up to. He intimidated with dignity—his concentrated gaze would part your hair—and he carried the full weight of English public school mythology.

If anyone else put you on the carpet, it was petty and demeaning; when Cameron disciplined, it was the avenging sword of tradition, a tradition that many of us with brothers in riots of social revolution found meaningless. But he gave it credibility.

If you walked the straight and narrow, you were only apprehensive in his company. Empire was built on discipline. Rules and regulations were the stuff of men. They were his rules, but such drama. Disciplinary actions were a combination of covert and public execution. The tension would build until the committee’s findings were publicly posted. With wit and scattered Latin, he would condemn with such contempt that we would sign in relief that we, at least for the moment, had done no wrong.

He was a unique man to know. The times will not allow more of the same.

Phil Persinger ’70
Playwright

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At a boarding school, Saturday night can be deadly, especially in the winter. Bill often took it upon himself to enliven things. One night, in the middle of dinner, a strange sound came from the Common Room end of the building. Around the corner and through the dining room came a bagpiper—in full regalia. He played for us through dinner and buoyed us all. Another favorite time for the piper to visit was on St. Andrew’s Day. If it concerned Scotland, Bill usually held it in high esteem.

It is impossible to fully explain what Bill Cameron means to me personally. He was one of my models; a noble and honorable man, a man after whom we named our second son. I sought to emulate him without copying him; to allow his influence to affect me. No one could imitate him and there will be only one like him in my lifetime.

Powell Pierpoint ’40, a partner in the law firm of Hughes, Hubbard & Reed in New York City:

My major impression of Bill Cameron will surprise many who knew him well. I think he was a very humble man. I came to believe that he knew what makes teenaged boys tick better than anyone else in my experience and he certainly was a great schoolmaster and wordmonger. However, I am left with the abiding impression that he did not take himself very seriously—not nearly as seriously as he ought to have done.

As a personal and drinking companion he was a delight. He had a great sense of style and deep learning that was as far from pedantry as one can imagine. But best of all he had a genuine wit of the finest kind: very quick, very dry and never exercised at the expense of anyone else.

Although history has persuaded me that I am not a very astute observer in this area, I think Bill and Marianne had a very good marriage. Their persiflage was steady, pointed and affectionate. As you may have gathered, I still miss them.

Art Dodge ’41, president of Dodge Cork Company in Lancaster, Pennsylvania:

To make even a small contribution to the story about Bill Cameron is for me the opening of the depths of heart, the probing of the most intimate of memories and re-examination of over 30 years relation to the man... the individual who, perhaps, more than anyone else influenced the molding of my mind and the recognition of what it is for one to “have a right spirit within me.”

We were friends. We had an understanding. He constantly demanded of me alert and imaginative responses in class after class.

Bill Cameron’s teaching was memorable in that it was not only instructive (logic, syllogism, memorizing much that represented the English language at its very best, concepts of thought and structure) but more important, he taught one how to think. I well recall as a fourth former the crude attempts to write about that which was far away and imaginary. I was the first boy at St. Andrew’s from the farming country of Lancaster County and he demanded, time after time, that I write about what I knew, however little it might have been. He taught us the difference in definitions of drama as conceived by the Greeks, the Elizabethans and George Bernard Shaw (that which would hold the attention of an audience for 45 minutes or more!). We learned that poetry was the ultimate refinement of thought and that brevity was not only the source of wit but, skillfully used as with the imagist poets, “clear, precise and superbly final.”

Whether on the wrestling mat or the distillation of a thought to be worthy of his attention, he demanded and encouraged you to do your best. It was a challenge and a pleasure to please him because you knew it wasn’t easy. You can imagine, perhaps, the satisfaction which Peter Nalle ‘41 and I had to write at the end of our final exam paper that which I think is written on a certain tombstone in the British Isles:

“Yea, I am Donne, ye’ll get no more of me
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart”

I may have missed a word but the memory of getting an A on a term exam from Bill is still a high point in my life as was being the first boy at St. Andrew’s to be exempted from a term examination by him.

As the School was so much of Bill’s life, so was he so much the life of the School. I guess there were boys who didn’t like him, for me that’s a tragedy. I loved him.

For those of us who were close to him, we realized that much of his life, energy and purpose was possible only because of the super lady, Marianne, whom Bill was lucky enough to have as a wife and who, with her great Yankee charm, restraint and strength, had all that was needed to bear and forbear.

A smile on Bill’s face was like sunrise on a winter desert. First would be the suggestion of a wrinkle around the eyes and as creases began to form at their sides as he struggled to maintain self-discipline, his lips would compress till mirth would conquer, jaw dropped and deep “heh, heh” would roll out.
Ken McCullough '61 from Iowa City writes:

I must admit that initially I was intimidated by the mass, real or imagined, of Bull Cameron's slightly hunched form moving furtively about the corridors of the School, and of his brusk manner—he could have been one of the caricatured masters in Mervyn Peake's gothic novel Gormenghast. He was the archetypal authority figure around SAS in those days, and I doubt seriously that he has yet been upstaged. I was intimidated also by the tone in which he addressed each one of us as "boy"—reminiscent of Olivier at his most menacing. The voice was cultured, always controlled; he never raised it—he never had to. And if we made it to our sixth form year Mr. Cameron deigned to call us by our surnames—a lofty honor indeed. I don't recall how he distinguished between the Smiths in our class—Smiths D., J., P. and T.—probably he didn't. Whenever Mr. Cameron was officiating at the presentation of an award and would enunciate one of our names, for example "Randolph Leigh Williams," it was as if that gentleman were being summoned from Olympus. It always amused me then, and it still does, thinking back on it.

Around an all-male boarding school, as it was in those days, there was always a certain measure of cynicism in the air, and the pecking order was very much in evidence. One of the manifestations of this cutting edge was the giving of nicknames—you could be either canonized or, as was more often the case, cruelly branded. Mr. Cameron's nickname falls into the former category; we were in awe of him not only because of his bearing but also his great strength. Once, in the winter of my fourth form year, at a time in my life when I basked in the delusion of being a hale and hearty athlete and all-around curmudgeon, I came across Mr. Cameron trudging through the snow toward the maintenance building with a tree over his shoulder. Not a log, mind you, but a tree, that he had chopped down and limbed and was bringing over to have cut into lengths to be used as firewood. The tree appeared to weigh well over three hundred pounds. Mr. Cameron was an "old man" and I, as I said, was a tough nut; I stepped forward accordingly and said, "Sir, would you like some help with that?" He turned his intense blue-gray eyes on me over the rims of the reading glasses which he always wore and said, "No, Boy, I can handle it."

I remember, also, that when I had a brief fling at wrestling, Mr. Cameron, who still assisted as a coach, was my partner for one afternoon. I was strong, but had little finesse; hence, I'd taken to using variations of the bear hug as my takedown. But there was no way that I could throw Bull Cameron—strong as a bull literally, and with perfect balance. I imagine he'd have fared well against Buntah (Tom Stewart-Gordon '61), our equivalent of Dan Gable.

Gentlemen of the Session 1970/71
Greetings,

And my thanks to all of you—the one hundred and eighty rogues and rascals who contrived the great greeting scroll I found waiting for me when I came home Saturday, February 13, about one in the afternoon, after an absence of nearly two weeks occasioned by an indisposition now happily believed dispatched.

And my most particular thanks for the brave pot of yellow daffodils which accompanied the scroll; for if you must know (and I suppose you must lest age and the over-lay of rumor and heresy put a worse construction on it), the daffodil was the favorite flower of a taurine figure, Ferdinand the Bull, famous in another day, a great favorite of all children under five. One Saturday in the winter of 1940 or thereabouts, a particular Ferdinand found his way from the nursery to the gym and so to a wrestling match we happened to win against all expectation. Ferdinand from being a toy became a totem and from being a totem became a nickname and to this nickname cling vestiges of Ferdinand the Bull's once-being, amongst them a certain fondness for rascals, rogues and daffodils.

Happily and gratefully,
W. H. Cameron
(The Bull)
now laid up
but not laid low
St. Andrew's School
Valentine's Day 1971
About those reading glasses that I've already mentioned— whenever my mind would wander in study hall, as it did frequently, to such things as Kim Novak in that dance scene with William Holden in the movie “Picnic,” or to one of the “good” passages in Lady Chatterly's Lover or to what my blind date would be like for the upcoming dance we were having with The Baldwin School (since we were matched by size and other physical attributes, I always wound up with a girl who was 5'8”, 160 pounds and had a heavy beard), my eyes would come to rest on the master's desk, across the vastness of the room (rhymes with gloom), and there would be Mr. Cameron peering at me over the rims of those glasses—it never failed. I'm sure he practiced that “look that kills” at home in the mirror; it lent him an air of absolute omniscience.

I have memories of him in the classroom, too, of course. I was a good writer, though somewhat undisciplined, but I fared most atrociously in Bullet Cameron's sixth form English class. I got a 65 on one paper, mined Roget heavily for the substance of my rewrite, but I'd gotten a 63 on the rewrite. His only comment was, “Throw away that thesaurus, Boy.”

Near the end of that year, when Advanced Placements were upon us, I asked Mr. Cameron if he thought it would be a good idea if I took the Advanced Placement test in English. He told me basically that it would be a waste of my time, but to give it a shot if I felt strongly about it—a subtle challenge which I accepted. When the scores came back, and I had done remarkably well, Mr. Cameron wrote a letter to my parents expressing his pleasure in my performance, admitting that he “didn't think the lad had it in him.” I've always assumed that this was his way of congratulating me.

Two more things come to mind regarding his presence in the classroom—one is the habit he had, after he'd written something on the blackboard, of tapping his fingers on the board. He had large hands and for some reason left his fingernails a bit long. It sounded as if he was clicking his claws on the board to accentuate the point he was making. Another image comes to mind here: the book Cézanne's movie “The Beauty and the Beast”—a most noble but threatening figure.

The other thing I remember is an incident which, once again, bears out his seeming omniscience. We were coming in to class on a warm spring day and Mr. Cameron was at his desk grading papers. He didn't look up as the bell rang. I looked over at Andy Fairfield '61 and noticed that he had his head down on his desk and that he had placed on the floor next to his desk one of those plastic facsimiles of vomit. I couldn't believe it. Andy, who'd always been the paragon of decorum, seemed to be flirting with disaster in these waning moments of his academic career at SAS. Why was he tempting fate in this way? All of a sudden, still without looking up, Mr. Cameron said, with a disinterested sneer, “Fairfield, pick that thing up and take it to your room.”

Probably the strongest single memory I have of him is on that day when the new wrestling mats were unveiled. The mats were bright crimson polyurethane and had a white bull in the center circle, and replaced the dowdy and abrasive canvas mats. The new mats were dedicated, of course, to Bullet Cameron. Buck Brinton '61, the captain of the wrestling team that year, called him forward and made the presentation. In retrospect, it sounds a bit corny, but it was a very touching moment; we all cheered and although it was not manly behavior, I remember that tears welled up in my eyes. I should mention that Mr. Cameron had singled Buck (or Bucko, as he called him) out as his sort of mascot. Buck was one of my close friends at SAS, and a fellow prankster, mischief-maker and invertebrate insomniac. And he had problems in sixth form English. That Bullet Cameron approved of him meant that by association he approved of me.

Bullet Cameron was exacting, yes, but only because he cared about us. He was one of a breed of men that you don't find around much anymore, in our generation. Some of him, I hope, rubbed off on us. I think of him often, and it is always with gratitude.

Simon Weatherby '58 from England writes:

My first memory of Bill Cameron is coloured by the fact that I was arriving in the 6th Form at St. Andrew's straight from an English public school. It was my first exposure to the U.S.A. Everything was strange and I was in a state of barely subdued panic, not noticeably reduced by my introduction to my new headmaster, Bill Cameron. “Bull” seemed an apt description. He greeted me with that half-scowling, half-humorous expression he assumed; a square, strong, apparently uncompromising man. He soon made it clear that he was not prepared to be easily impressed by anything English. And yet long before the end of my year at St. Andrew's I regarded him, and have regarded him ever since, as the finest schoolmaster I ever met, and one of the finest and most memorable of men. He seems to me to have had all the virtues you could possibly desire in a headmaster: immense integrity, humanity, humour, ability to inspire awe, enthusiasm. I departed from St. Andrew's one of his most fervent admirers, yet regretting that I had never persuaded him to relent on the subject of England.

Bill came to Europe in the summer and fall of 1963 and spent a major part of his sabbatical in England. He and Marianne took an apartment in West London, to which they kindly invited me to dine with them. After dining Bill and I sat up late.

Modern Bard brings Iliad alive at SAS

Early last fall thirty-five year old Frank F. Fowle III, alias “The Bard,” brought his one-made show of Homer’s epic poem of courage and virtue, the Iliad, to St. Andrew's. The oldest surviving Greek poem, the Iliad describes many of the events in the tenth and final year of the Trojan War.

Mr. Fowle's $125 investment in a used set of “Great Books of the Western World” first introduced him to Homer. Then, in a law class in 1978 at Washington University in St. Louis, he became inspired after hearing actor Richard Burton's recording of Coleridge’s “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.” After memorizing the poem and performing it at school, Fowle knew what he wanted to do. When he graduated in 1979, Mr. Fowle tried to maintain a dual career, but after a year he gave up the law because, according to him, “acting is more fun.”

Mr. Fowle has made over one hundred performances of books I, XIV, XVI and XXII of the Iliad since then, traveling over 50,000 miles in just this past year to bring Homer’s tale to college and high school students all over the country. In only a simple black uniform and with his voice as his only prop, Fowle portrays such heroes as Achilles, Hector and King Priam with great emotion and vitality. Fowle makes the characters come alive; it is easy to see why Homer was a spoken rather than a written poet.

While he entertains, Fowle educates also. He stresses Homer’s ideals of virtue and courage, believing that “virtue is the only way to true happiness,” and that “courage assures justice.”

Most of the students here had little idea of what to expect from Fowle, yet most gave him an instantaneous standing ovation at the close of the performance as he portrayed the dying Hector.

Although his income is menial and traveling has had its toll, Mr. Fowle really enjoys what he is doing and he hopes to be an inspiration to others.

Jill Chase ’82
Student Editor, Bulletin
Community Gala held at Everett Theatre — SAS students, faculty and staff get involved

One Sunday afternoon, SAS students accompanied Larry Walker, chairman of the arts department, into Middletown to help clean up the Everett Theatre in preparation for a gala held February 11th. The Associated Community Talents committee of which Jon O'Brien, Norman Thornton and Larry are members, arranged a program at which The Country Grass Band (led by Davy Staats, a carpenter at SAS), The Delos String Quartet from the University of Delaware and gospel singers performed.

The purpose of the gala was to test community interest in bringing performing arts programs to this area. The Everett Theatre, built in 1921, was once the site for minstrel and variety shows and until recently, a movie theatre. The committee hopes to be able to provide future quality performances that interest the residents of this area.

Michael Loening Outing Club Formed

During the Fall Term, the Michael Loening Outing Club was organized by teachers and students interested in camping, hiking and other outdoor activities.

The Club was named after Michael T. Loening ’50, the son of Mrs. A. Felix duPont, Jr., wife of the President of St. Andrew’s Board of Trustees. An avid outdoorsman, Michael was killed in a 1977 private plane crash in the mountains of Idaho, where he had lived since the late 1950’s.

Funds to support the activities of the Club were given to St. Andrew’s by the Chichester duPont Foundation. The Club immediately purchased three Timberline tents, which will enable its members to camp in such areas of the mid-Atlantic as Assateague Island and the mountains of Western Maryland and Northern Virginia. The first trip, taken last fall, was to the area of the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia.

St. Andrew’s new “long” weekend policy, which offers two weekends of two days, two nights duration during the Fall and Spring Terms, will enable the Outing Club to reach areas of interest which the past weekend policy effectively prohibited.

Generous donation from Mr. and Mrs. John Mayer helps create “The Pottery”

With brushes, brooms, boards and ingenuity, Marijke van Buchem, the SAS maintenance crew and students have transformed a basement room of the main building into a bright new pottery workshop. Generous help also came from friends of the St. Andrew’s arts, Mr. and Mrs. John Mayer of Greenwich, Connecticut, who made funds available for the purchase of a new high-fire kiln and an electric pottery wheel.

Marijke, wife of classical language department chairman, Evert van Buchem, will be the resident instructor. She has had a great deal of experience with ceramics and is excited about the possibility of sharing her interests and talents with SAS students. She credits former art instructor, Eleanor Seyffer, as the person who first encouraged her to create a pottery studio at St. Andrew’s and knows she will be pleased to see its realization.

This year ceramics will be taught during club time on Saturday mornings and, it is hoped by next year, offered as a minor in the art department.

Marijke van Buchem talks with Jon and Joan O’Brien at the pottery studio open house. All visitors had to make a clay cup before they could drink their refreshments.

Brooks Robinson signed his autograph for Amy Burnham ’83 and chats with athletic director, Bob Coburn. Bob arranged the visit of the retired Baltimore Oriole to talk to the students and faculty about his career in baseball.

Times have changed — SAS students now get the daily New York Times at breakfast.
Fritz Hoffecker '67, waterman, businessman and free-lance writer on Maryland's Eastern Shore:

Many of my memories of Mr. Cameron came from the five years I spent as a member of the Disciplinary Committee, which he chaired. I had always assumed that the administration of justice was a serious and dull science, but Mr. Cameron managed to turn it into a lively and often humorous art.

One of my favorite trials occurred in the fall of 1965 when, as a junior of the IV Form, I sat in on the trial of P____, a new student so young and fresh that the authorities had relegated him to an obscure alcove in the South Dorm.

Coming from a somewhat sheltered childhood, where food and clothing appeared by magic, P____ had not yet mastered the intricacies of balancing his school checkbook. Finding himself overdrawn by some undeterminable sum of money, but in dire need of candy at the School Store, he blithely proceeded to cash a bad check and walk away with several thousand calories worth of chocolate and corn syrup. In an attempt to cover his tracks, he signed the check illegibly, hoping that it would be charged to the account of some other unfortunate soul.

Alas, merciless eyes in the business office deciphered his scribble, and he was brought before the court.

Though he pled ignorance, the evidence led us astute jurors to find him guilty, and soon the bailiff led him in to receive his sentence. This was always administered by Mr. Cameron himself, often in a tone of voice so frightening that the culprit would fidget and sweat like a man facing the chair.

In this case it didn't suit the Chairman to charge P____ with something so mundane as "writing bad checks." Instead, he told the nervous boy that he had been charged and found guilty of "calligraphic obfuscation." P____ was awarded twenty-four marks and was seen walking them off diligently the following Saturday. His penmanship improved.

Events showed me that Mr. Cameron was far from being only a short-sighted disciplinarian. As background, I have to inform younger readers that Mr. Cameron was an avid fan of our football team and that, for some obscure reason, he placed Tower Hill as the most loathsome and abominable of all our opponents. As a member of the soccer team, I had traveled up to Wilmington on the same day that our footballers finally managed to whip the boys from "The Hill." As we all returned from the games in the late evening, the St. Andrew's campus greeted us with a fireworks display unmatched since the bombing of Fort McHenry. Since firecrackers and explosives of all sorts were strictly banned from campus, we worried a little about the fate of the poor student who had perpetrated this outrage against Western Civilization. Surely he would be hauled before the Disciplinary Committee and Mr. Cameron would dish out one of the stiffest penalties on record.

But as the following week rolled on, no charges were brought against anyone.

Soon we all learned that the source of the pyrotechnics was "The Bull" himself. He had been saving the Roman candles for twelve years, awaiting this glorious moment.

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drinking Malt Whisky, reminiscing about St. Andrew's and talking about all the books we had read—or in my case hadn't. I felt like Boswell sitting at the feet of Dr. Johnson during his visit to the outlandish highlands of Scotland. I persuaded them both to come and stay with my parents in the country and while they were there, I and my future wife Caroline took them to see Stonehenge. Luckily I took some photographs to remind me of the occasion. It was a windy, bitterly cold late autumn day with some snow on the ground. It was almost the last occasion I was ever with Bill. He stands in the middle of Stonehenge, looking as strong and rugged and unshakeable as the stones and just as enduring in my memory and affection.

Stan Felver's "As the chalk flew in his classroom, / His 'Hey, Boy, where's your paper?' / Attested care for each and zest:/ For good work, for poetry." adumbrates what the other respondents have had to say about Bill Cameron's love for the language, written, spoken, read. Bill's own description of his first encounter with the School is a good sample of his rare ability to write public utterances that read well even after their occasion has passed. What he wrote so well, however did not come easily. Walden Pell quotes something Bill once wrote to him: "I don't know why it is, but writing is sheer agony to me. Brief reports are bad enough—a novel would be a nightmare."

What a nightmare it must have been, then, for Bill to have his own book of grammar (who would have thought Woolley, Scott and Tressler inadequate?), agonizingly compiled over a long summer on Monteghan, stolen. But stolen it was when a suitcase containing only the copy of the manuscript was taken from the jimmied trunk of his car, which he had parked briefly in New York on his way back to Middletown. But how liked Bill Cameron to savor the irony of the thief's opening the suitcase to find an English grammar handwritten on yellow foolscap.

The corpus of Bill Cameron's writings exists for us today in Disciplinary Committee Proceedings. Why, many of us ask, did this enormously talented man devote so much "sheer agony" to writing about the misbehavior of adolescents? As one reads what Fritz Hoffecker '67 and Phil Persinger '70 have to say about Bill Cameron and his disciplinary system, one finds the question answered. Disciplinary Committee Proceedings are not burlesques of the great world without St. Andrew's, nor are they farcical representations of the small world within (although some of the descriptions of harmless misadventures are delightful farce). They are the wit of an ironist, who knows that in judging one is judged and that both sides are entitled to a little fun in the game of justice.

Thus by including at the end of this recollection of Bill Cameron one of his most widely applauded Proceedings (the defendant has been given a pseudonym), we close as we began with Bill's own words about the place he loved and served so well.
DISCIPLINARY COMMITTEE PROCEEDINGS
1:25 p.m., April 19, 1962, Rm. #34

THE DEFENDANT: T. Silkpurse, believed to be the Phantom

THE CHARGE: As Silkpurse, T.: disturbing the Study Hall from without by assuming Phantasmic robes and leading the master in charge of Study Hall on a merry chase.

As the Phantom: Having disturbed the Study Hall from without on four other occasions since the beginning of term.

THE FACTS: On Tuesday, April 17, 1962, at approximately 9:35 p.m., the Defendant in his dual nature (half man, half phantom, one and divisible) lurked in the vicinity of the Study Hall waiting the proper hour to spring one of his appearances on the Study Hall. However, the Study Hall Master, forewarned by past experience, fully alert and fully determined, stationed himself by the Study Hall door. When he heard the Phantom's malevolent and unearthly laughter, he rushed out fearlessly resolved to lay the unknown by the heels. This he did after a chase of approximately 600 yards over a ragged course which ended on the circle in front of the main building. When divided the Phantom stood revealed as a mask, a cloak and T. Silkpurse.

THE PLEA: T. Silkpurse as Silkpurse, T: guilty as charged.

THE PENALTY: None. After due deliberation the Committee came to the conclusion that T. Silkpurse despite his protests to the contrary, was in fact possessed of a spirit greater than he and was responsible neither for the act with which he was charged nor the plea which he entered. The Committee is pleased to say that it now believes T. Silkpurse no longer possessed, but from this time forward fully responsible for his acts.

THE PLEA:

The Phantom - the spirit which possessed T. Silkpurse and others on other occasions and in possessing them has six times to the certain knowledge of the Committee disturbed study halls, thrown dorms into utter confusion and otherwise behaved as a malevolent and malificent spirit is obligated to behave by the terms of his existence:

None. The Phantom stood mute, as, except for unearthly groans or sepulchral maledictions, phantoms must stand. But that he was in court few can deny, at one time at the door, at others seated on the shoulders of Silkpurse, T. unseen.

THE VERDICT: Guilty of all abominations ascribed to him.

THE PENALTY: Death at the hands of the common hangman, who is directed to burn him, that no blood (if phantoms have blood) be shed, to bury his spiritual remains at a place where three roads meet, and to drive a stake through whatever passes for a phantom's heart, so that even as a phantom's phantom he cannot rise again.

The Chair is happy to report that the sentence passed has been carried out in full.

The Committee hereby declares that whatever phantom henceforth may appear is but a gross and earthly imitation of what was once a diverting spectacle or spectre, and that it will be treated as other earthlings are treated when they misbehave.

The Committee further asserts that should any such imitator appear and disturb the necessary routine operation of the School by upsetting study halls or unnerving dormitories or corridors or otherwise seriously interfering with the peace of others as individuals or the School as a whole, it will not hesitate to invoke the blanket penalty to bring the offender to book.

COMMENT: The Committee realized and the community must realize that in this case we were faced with the more than natural - with a spirit on the one hand, which at will, after the manner of spirits, can choose to appear in many forms in many places, or in one form or in one place, and with a body on the other. It is further characteristic of spirits that they can make themselves visible to some and invisible to others and this at the same time; that the body it chooses as host may know or not know himself possessed; and that the spirit may possess any at will.

One thing is certain: We dealt with the strange, and that we had to deal with it in a strange way - a way as dark and as strange as the world from which the spirit came.

One thing more is certain: once this spirit is laid it cannot rise again. It can be followed by conscious imitators.

And if this is strange, it is strange but true, as all truth is strangely true.

Seriously, the Phantom has afforded a diverting interlude. He has behaved with restraint. But this, as can any diversion, has grown stale. What follows can be only cheap imitation lacking the spontaneity which made the original act fun; dull, leading only to excess.

A wise actor retreats from the stage with his honors still upon him.

A word to the wise should be sufficient.

W. H. Cameron
Chairman
Disciplinary Committee
The Chamblins trade easy chairs for mud hut in Liberia

Former SAS modern language teacher (1947-1955), Ralph Chamblin and his wife Isabel have pulled up stakes in Shelby, North Carolina and have gone to Liberia with the Peace Corps.

Early in February, Ralph and Isabel Chamblin arrived in Liberia, a poverty-stricken West African country with about 2 million people, for a two-year stay as member of the Peace Corps—and a dramatic change in their lives.

"We will probably live in a mud hut," Isabel said before they left. "We might have electricity and we might not. We won't have any running water. We're only allowed to take 80 pounds each with us and that has to include enough clothes for two years."

The Chamblins' acceptance into the Peace Corps is more than just a story about bright-eyed people wanting to help the less fortunate. It's also the story of a couple pulling up stakes and going off on an adventure at a time when many of their peers are thinking of settling down to quieter lives.

Isabel Chamblin is 57 and Ralph is 59. "If Miss Lillian can do it so can we," Ralph joked, referring to former President Jimmy Carter's mother, who served in the Peace Corps in India when she was in her 70's.

"We started thinking about this 35 years ago when we were married," said Isabel, a former math teacher who until recently worked as a program analyst at M. Lowenstein Corp. in Rock Hill.

"I had always talked about the possibility of going into the ministry, of doing something to serve mankind," added Ralph, a teacher specializing in French and Spanish who worked in the Shelby, N.C., school system.

"We just couldn't do it any sooner," Isabel said.

Isabel's job in Liberia will involve teaching other persons how to instruct math. Ralph will teach English to junior and senior high school students. Although English is the official language of the country, most Liberians speak it as a second language.

The Chamblins were excited, although still mostly in the dark about details of their arrival and stay in Liberia.

They weren't sure, for example, exactly to which region of the country they were being assigned. But they were told it would be a rural area.

The Chamblins know they'll be giving up many things they've been accustomed to. For instance, the most common food in Liberia is "chop," a concoction of rice and peanut soup or rice and pumpkin or rice and okra.

"I hate the same thing over and over," Ralph said with a laugh. "I may go bananas with that 'chop'!"

Isabel has some concerns about the availability of cigarettes, but she said with a shrug, "If they don't have them, I'll just have to quit. You can get used to anything."

She liked to think about the things she wouldn't miss. "If I have a dirt floor, I won't have to scrub floors," she said.

Most of all, the Chamblins liked to think about the things they might accomplish, the lives they might affect.

"The thing that will bother us most is the poverty," Isabel said. "You can hear and read about it, but it's not like seeing it."

"One of the challenges—and also one of the things that worries me—is can the little bit we do really help. We like to think it will."

The above is a reprint of an article which appeared in the Observer (Charlotte, North Carolina) describing their decision. The article was written by Sue Anne Pressley, Observer staff writer.
news of former faculty

On the last Saturday in April, the Wilmington Kennel Club is dedicating their annual show in Howard Schmolze's honor.

Dennis Madigan was elected New England Wrestling Coach of the Year for 1981. His team, the Massachusetts Maritime Academy Buccaneers, also won the New England championships. Still living in Falmouth, Mass., Denny and his wife became parents of a son, Robert William, on November 22nd.

Guy Ramsey, an assistant coach for the 1980 SAS football team, has gone big time! He is a player for the Denver Broncos although he spent most of the 1981-82 season on the injured reserve list. We’re all looking forward to seeing you play, Guy!

Appointed a new Realtor Associate for Vitalie Real Estate of Brigantine, N. Jersey in November, Roy Ryan plans to concentrate mainly on real estate for the time being. If you’re interested in a vacation on the Jersey shore, Roy’s the man to see.

Lois Voorhees, wife of G. Coerte Voorhees, former classics department chairman, has found a new mid-life career as an antique print colorist. Colorist is a term used for those people who used to apply color to engravings. Currier and Ives added a new dimension to their prints with the application of color in certain portions of the pictures.

Lois also does color restoration using the special media techniques on the prints sent to her from collectors and dealers throughout the country.

Of particular interest she says, are the early prints of maps which she has been asked to color. Lois also finds pleasure in the research regarding the artist and his techniques.

SAS Alumni row in the Head-of-the-Charles Regatta

On a blustery Sunday in October, four St. Andrew’s alumni could be found rowing a three-mile course up the Charles River in Boston.

Dave ’44 and Tom ’76 Washburn (right) rowed a double and Andy Washburn ’71, a single, for the None Such Oar and Paddle Club and Clay Locke ’79 rowed for Yale. The occasion was the famous Head-of-the-Charles Regatta.

Alumni and friends gathered near the Harvard Boat House with their tailgate picnics to watch the races. It is hoped that the event will be just the first of a traditional fall gathering of the New England SAS’ers!
in memorium

William S. Potter, former SAS trustee and czar of Delaware Democrats

St. Andrew's trustee from 1945 to 1980, William S. Potter died at his home in Centreville, Delaware, after a long illness. He was 76.

In Delaware, Bill was also well-known for his activities in the Democratic Party: for a quarter-century as state Democratic chairman and then as Democratic national committeeman.

By the 1970's Bill was largely out of politics, but he remained active as one of the state's leading corporate lawyers. He was a senior partner in the firm of Potter, Anderson & Corroon, a firm that dates back to 1826.

He was a director of the Wilmington Trust Co. and represented duPont family members in and out of court. His firm also represented utility companies that do business in the state.

Born and raised in Clarksburg, W. Va., he was 19 and still a student when he made the political contact that ultimately led to a legal and political career in Delaware.

It was during the 1924 Democratic National Convention in Madison Square Garden that Potter, then a student at the University of Virginia, met Andrew Gray, the Wilmington lawyer whose firm Bill joined in 1927 after receiving his law degree from Virginia. Three years later he married Alice H. Harvey, daughter of Renee duPont and Leroy Harvey. Mrs. Potter died in 1977.

As his law career developed, Bill worked his way up the political ladder—as committeeman, district chairman and ward leader in the old 7th Ward of Wilmington. In 1939, he received his first major political appointment as a member of the Delaware Racing Commission.

In 1942, he was elected Democratic state chairman, a post he held until 1945. During those same years, he was president of the Delaware Bar Association.

Bill retired as a law partner in 1975 and became counsel to Potter, Anderson & Corroon until 1980. He had been chancellor of the Episcopal Diocese of Delaware since 1963.

He was a member of the board of visitors of the University of Virginia from 1967 to 1979. A chair at the University's law school was endowed in his name last October.

He was also a director of the Henry F. duPont Winterthur Museum since 1952. He was a director of the Delaware Racing Association, Delaware Park Inc., the Copeland Andelot Foundation and the University of Virginia Law School Foundation.

St. Andrew's will always remember him for his many years of service as well as his wisdom and warm and kind sense of humor.

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William T. White, Jr. '40 posthumously honored as the Muskegon "Business Leader of the Year"

After the untimely death of William White '40 in a plane crash last summer, the Muskegon Area Chamber of Commerce honored him posthumously by awarding him "Muskegon Business Leader of the Year."

The former president of Webb Chemical Service Corp., Bill packed his 15 years in Muskegon with a long list of community activities. At the ceremony he was lauded for his many service contributions, especially his devotion to Mercy Hospital where he served as chairman of the finance committee and oversaw a $9 million expansion project. Other community credits included directorships on both the state and local Chamber of Commerce, a trustee of the Muskegon County Community Foundation, a member of the Muskegon County Economic Development Corp. and various offices at St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

The award was accepted by Bill's widow Margaret. He is survived by a son Bill '78 now a junior at Dartmouth, and four daughters: Mrs. James (Barbara) Hiddema of Holland, Mrs. Richard (Christine) Booth of New York City, Mrs. Mark (Susan) Walters of Cedar, Michigan and Miss Linda White of New York City.
class notes

We want to hear from you and about you. Send us notice of births, engagements, promotions, vacations, deaths, hobbies, interests, dubious achievements or your comments on life. All will be included in this section. Please share with us any information or resources which you think other SAS graduates would like to know about. We will be happy to send you addresses of your friends. Just write the Alumni Office and your request will be answered promptly.

Laurie Moss
Class Notes Editor

'34 Francis J. Townsend, Jr., M.D.
Route 1
Ocean City, MD 21842

'35 Franklin Hawkins
4502 North Ditmar Street
Arlington, VA 22207

'36 William B. Evans
106 Walnut Lane
Elkton, MD 21921

Several months ago, Bill Evans and his grandchildren, Susie and Billy Bloom, stopped by the School for a tour and a visit—future alumni, maybe?

'38 Frank L. Bate
550 Broad Street
Newark, NJ 07102

'39 George A. Dunning
230 Rex Avenue
Philadelphia, PA 19118

At SCOPEX '81, a show put on by the Mount Nittany Philatelic Society of Penna., Horace Harrison's exhibit, 'Canada's Registry System, 1826-1911,' received the Grand Award and was eligible to compete in the World Series of Philately. In the latter part of October, Horace was a juror for ROCPEX '81 in Taipei.

After completing more than 36 years of federal service, Vernon Ragland retired in July, 1979, from the Department of the Interior, U.S. Geological Survey, Topographic Division. He was the principal administrative officer of the division, an organization responsible for the mapping of the United States, its territories and Antarctica.

'40 John M. Barroll
Box 322
Easton, MD 21601

Jesse and Bill Sibert would love to see any St. Andrews passing through Fayetteville, North Carolina on the north-south trek.

'41 Anthony R. Parrish
3 Jamaica Street
Sugar Mill Woods
Homesassa, FL 32646

Peter Nalle reports he is doing well as a mining consultant. It leaves him time to sail and cruise worldwide.

'42 SAS 40th REUNION
JUNE 18, 19, 20

Since November, 1980, Ben Fowler has been in San Diego. Last summer he visited the Pacific Northwest and the Canadian Rockies. Ben caught up with Noel (Austin) Dalton '43 when Noel was visiting San Diego last spring.

'43 John C. Kinahan
3215 Fordham Road
Wilmington, DE 19807

'44 Thomas M. Tucker
14 Hillvale Circle
Knoxville, TN 37919

'45 James A. Bacon
1310 Cloncurry Road
Norfolk, VA 23505

'46 David O. Bellis
115 South Roling Road
Springfield, PA 19064

'47 SAS 35th REUNION
JUNE 18, 19, 20

'48 Duncan C. Merriwether
2 Bundy Park
Savannah, GA 31406

'49 John F. Perry II
8204 Sharlee Drive
Manassas, VA 22110

In October, 1981, Barney Megargee was promoted to Middle Atlantic regional sales manager for Eastern Fine Paper. He's hoping this will make visits to SAS easier and more often. So do we!

'50

'51 David C. Bryan
Box 418
Centreville, MD 21617

On February 1st, Win Schwab became chairman of the board of Strawbridge & Clothier in Philadelphia, having previously served as vice-chairman and chief financial officer. When Win retires as chairman in February, 1983, he will continue as a financial consultant and director for Strawbridge's.

In November, Tony Towner and his family relocated from Louisville, Kentucky to Caracas, Venezuela where Tony has become the manager of strategic planning and business development for General Electric's ANDEAN countries business division. The whole family was excited with the move even though it required the arduous task of sorting through years of nonessential memorabilia, better known as accumulated junk!
Reveling in rugby at 46

Nursing bruises, Dr. Bill Howard ’52 says it’s “a good conditioning game.”

A few years ago, Bill Howard remembers, it took until Tuesday to heal after a tough Saturday afternoon rugby game. Nowadays it’s Thursday before the bumps and bruises begin to fade.

“When it takes a week, it’ll be time to quit,” he quipped.

Bill, director of the emergency room and medical director of the sports medicine center at Union Memorial Hospital, is probably the oldest A League rugby player in the area. He plays “prop” for the Baltimore Rugby Club.

“It’s the position nobody wants to play,” he said of those players who help brace the “hooker” or faceoff man in the “scrum,” or opening play of a rugby game. “You have to have a certain attitude to play prop,” he said of the position, which is equivalent to a football lineman. “You could say tricky or surly.”

“The old saying is that you play prop after you lose your speed, agility or your mind. I started as a prop 20 years ago and I’m still playing prop because I never had speed or agility.”

At 6 feet 1 and 195 pounds, Bill was once considered fairly large by rugby standards. However, the sport has attracted larger players as it has evolved in this country, and now he often spots opposing players several inches and 25 to 40 pounds.

“They’re not only bigger and stronger, but they’re apt to make you hurt more too,” he said. Unlike football or ice hockey

players, rugby players do not wear protective padding. There are no fancy training rooms with advanced heat and sound equipment, so they learn how to ice down deep bruises and superficial cuts and to take aspirin as an anti-inflammatory agent.

Although he’s hardly a candidate for a geriatric ward, Bill says he has considered dropping to a lower level of play, although those thoughts have usually disappeared by game day. “There is a higher risk of injury,” he admitted. “You are not as flexible at 40 as you are at 30 and you’re more apt to tear things.”

Bill traces part of his strength and stamina to long hours of throwing hay bales and other heavy work on the family farm at Wilna in Harford county. “I never left the homestead,” he said of the 240-acre spread where he raises beef cattle, hunters and jumpers and the required feed crops.

After attending Bel Air High School briefly, he transferred to Gilman School and finally, “when my mother thought I was too expensive to keep at home,” to St. Andrew’s.

After graduation from SAS, he attended Duke University and dropped out to join the Army. He completed undergraduate studies at Johns Hopkins University and graduated from the University of Maryland Medical School.

Bill runs about 25 miles a week but does not lift weights or follow other conditioning programs. “I just don’t have enough time,” he explained, referring to 80-hour hospital work weeks, farm chores, commuting and whatever family life he can squeeze in with his wife and three children, aged 12 to 22.

He does not recommend that anyone try to learn how to play rugby after age 30 because it is so grueling. “There are no substitutions. You have to run the entire 80 minutes, or about eight miles a game.”

Bill hopes to play another five or ten years and then move to another sport, probably tennis or running.

Excerpts reprinted with permission from the Baltimore Sun, Sunday, January 4, 1981
Clayton Mitchell '55 likes to garden

Clayton Mitchell '55 was recently described in a local paper as "the tall disarming legislator" who represents Kent County in the Maryland House of Delegates. He has spent almost 20 years in politics and says he "loves it."

A former county commissioner, Clayton has been in Annapolis since 1971 and while he represents Maryland's smallest county (16,500 population), he has been chairman of the Eastern Shore delegation since 1974.

But he is equally at home on the farm making sure his strawberry patch is producing.

A native of the conservative stock of the Eastern Shore, he lives with his wife Teel and their three sons: Clay, 18; Chris, 17 and Mike, 11, in the large, frame, two-story house in which he grew up overlooking the gently rolling terrain near the beautiful Sassafras River.

And while he must attend committee meetings in Annapolis throughout the year, Clayton keeps his roots deep in Kent soil, proudly showing a visitor a large garden where spinach, string beans and tomatoes are growing along with the large strawberry patch, blueberries and raspberries.

A sports buff, Clayton was a baseball pitcher at SAS. He plays softball on the legislative team in Annapolis and works with Little Leaguers in Betterton.

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In Washington, D.C., Tim Bloomfield is practicing antitrust law with Dunnells, Duvall, Bennett & Porter.

'58 Rev. L. R. Harris, Jr.
1411 Oak Grove Road
Upper Marlboro, MD 20770

Jerry Wigglesworth has given up his law practice to become a full-time lamb and cattle rancher in Bellvue, Kansas.

'59 John P. Jaeger
1114 Hampton Garth
Towson, MD 21204

As the European finance and administration manager for Digital Equipment Corp., Bill Hdm is enjoying living in Geneva, Switz.

Russell Chesney has been promoted to professor of pediatrics at the Univ. of Wisconsin and has been elected to a six-year term on the American Board of Pediatrics, sub-board of pediatric nephrology.

In June, Liz and Andy Adams will be returning to the U.S. after a four-year tour of duty in West Germany. According to Andy, they went to Germany under protest, and "what a mistake that protest was! It will take years to fill in the claw marks we will make on the runway as we are dragged out of here." Liz enjoys her teaching and Andy enjoys the circuit military judge business. Last year alone, they travelled extensively, visiting Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Greece, Turkey and Yugoslavia, not to mention Germany. How we envy you!

On December 7th, Walter Phillips and Susan Jones Collins were married.

'60 Carl B. Bear
702 Clair Martin Place
Ambler, PA 19002

Congratulations to Judy and Steamer Walk on the birth of their son, Peter Warriner, born on July 24, 1981. Judy and Steamer also have a daughter Elisabeth.

A man of corporate accounts for Pan Am in New Jersey, Chuck Johnson and his wife Suzanne had a son, Charles F. H. IV, on April 7th.

'61 Charles E. Hance
Howell Brook Road
Pottsville, NJ 08979

Howard Snyder, his wife Mimi, two children, two dogs and one bird are settling into Philadelphia life and enjoying it. Howie is a surgical associate at Children's Hospital. His wife Mimi has started the two-year M.B.A. program at Wharton. According to Howie, "She wants to run the chemical industry instead of just being a research chemist. In a couple of years she should be supporting me!"

'62 Thomas F. Bayard IV
2401 Riddler Avenue
Wilmington, DE 19806

In Florida, Marshall Craig has started a new business—distribution of window insulation film. He is also serving on the boards of two minority development organizations: St. Petersburg Economic Development Corp. (SPEDCO) and a local community action agency, Pinellas Opportunity Corp. (POC).

Last April, John Craighill was selected for the rank of commander and has moved from Idaho to Virginia Beach. John is now assigned as reactor officer on the USS Nimitz in charge of the nuclear propulsion plant.

'63 Charles H. Heckscher, Jr.
66 Aldrich Road
Portsmouth, NH 03801

Phil Tentsky retired from the Alumni Office last fall. Prepared for the winter, he tells us that he had his firewood already piled high to help heat his 1850 farm house on 14 acres in Vermont. He was looking forward to a winter of cross-country skiing.

John Schoonover has been appointed executive director of Recreation, Promotion and Service, a non-profit organization which sponsors the annual Brandywine Arts Festival.

In the July 6th issue of Time, Kirk Varnedoe was given credit for his outstanding essays in the catalogue for the "Rodin Rediscovered" exhibit at Washington's National Gallery. His particular essay discussed Rodin's drawings and the role of photography in his work.

'64 Barry M. Sabloff
594 Spruce Street
Winnetka, IL 60093

In Buffalo, N.Y. on November 27th, Warren Hoffecker was married to Andrea Ann Grochol. Warren's brother Frank '67 served as best man and Randy Brinton was an usher. Warren will continue to live in both Washington, D.C. and Jubail, Saudi Arabia.

A note from Harry Parker told us that he has two children: Wintrop, 2 and Margaret, 5.

Recently promoted to vice-president of Johnson and Higgins of Ohio, Al Day is manager of the employee benefit plan department.

Still a partner in the law firm of Bell, Coward, Morrison & Spies with Rick Spies, Curt Coward was recently elected to the board of Air Virginia, a regional airline based in Lynchburg.

On September 12th, Cordelia and Stephen Munroe became first-time parents to a son, David Andrew.

'65 O. Lee Tawes
5 Stormoway
Chappaqua, NY 10514

Donalee and Barry Griswold were married on May 30th. They have a daughter Courtnay.

'66 Timothy W. Peters
1314 Deer Lane
Lancaster, PA 17601

Gardner Cadwalader has been named an associate in the firm of Francis, Cauffman, Wilkinson & Pepper, architects and planners. Gardner and his wife Katie joined us for the first SAS Today gathering in October. While here,
Gardner couldn’t resist a paddle up the lake! A recent note from Ken Wilson filled us in on what he’s been doing. After college, Ken intended to go into physiological psychology, but the draft board was “hot on his heels” and grant money was on the decline, so he went to medical school at UNC. Ken graduated in 1974 and after a year in pathology, he spent three years doing house staff training in internal medicine and then two years as a fellow in infectious diseases. He is now on the faculty in infectious diseases at the Univ. of Michigan at the VA hospital. Ken’s wife Joanne is on the staff of the University Hospital in the division of gastroenterology. They have a two-year old daughter Nora and are expecting another child.

Tom Hooper ’71 and wife Diane buy Greenville radio station

As of January, WHYZ-AM, Greenville, South Carolina’s only jazz and soul radio station, has new owners—Tom Hooper ’71 and his wife Diane. The sale of the station makes WHYZ the only black-owned radio station in the Greenville market. Tom is president and general manager and Diane is business manager. WHYZ is a daytime (sunrise to sunset) station geared to the needs of the black community. Because of its powerful signal, the station is heard in 19 counties in South Carolina, North Carolina and Georgia. Tom says he hopes to bring a lot of energy to the job.

Tom, a graduate of Amherst College, received his M.B.A. from Harvard Business School. For two years, he worked as an accounts executive for ABC Radio and most recently worked as an accounts executive for WPAT-AM and FM. Diane, a graduate of Smith and New York University Business School, worked as a financial planner in New Jersey. Needless to say, both Tom and Diane are well-prepared for their new endeavor. Also on the horizon is a new Hooper due in May.

So, if you’re in the Greenville area, tune your dial to 1070 for your listening pleasure!

publication, a novel, is due out sometime in the spring under “whatever title and pseudonym Dell gives it.” Keep us informed, David.

In a recent note from Scott Beard, he said that “The Army has very graciously consented to my enrollment in graduate school.” He is in a two-year master’s degree program in European history at the Univ. of California at Berkeley. Scott expects to finish in June. 1983 after which he will teach European history at West Point for a few years.

Tom Coleman is married to the former Donna K. Norell and they have a son Erik, 2 and twin boys, Joshua and Frederick, born in October. Tom is vice-president and director of economic analysis and planning at the Chicago Board of Trade.

William H. Barney 1710 Peters Road Troy, OH 45373

Having not had a vacation in two years, Phil Persinger took time last summer and sailed his Blue Jay from New Rochelle, N.Y. to Montauk Point and back. Living in New York City, he is still setting type (just about everything from parts of the book to stock quotations to medical texts). Phil has just finished a new play and is looking for a publisher.

Working for National Semiconductor Corp. of Santa Clara, Cal. as a senior production control planner, Bob Clagett has announced the December 4th birth of his son, Casey Allen, who will, he hopes, attend SAS in about 12 years! Bill Barney had a very busy spring last year—a new job in April (Hochman & Horwitz Co., CPA) and a new baby daughter, Elizabeth Anne, in May.

Now working for the investment banking firm of Rotan Mosle, Kent Sweezy is calling Dallas home. Principally he’s involved with raising both public and private capital for small and medium-sized companies. Needless to say, many of his clients are energy-related concerns!

Charles H. Shortley 4100 Coastal Highway Ocean City, MD 21842

Geof Milner is an employee relations administrator for Texas Instruments in their Johnson City, Tenn. plant. He says that adjusting to the Appalachian culture has been a big learning experience. He’s enjoying the area’s beauty and expected to go wild boar hunting in December.

Dick Wieboldt is presently working for Exxon in Baton Rouge, La.

Mark Rocha is a Republican candidate for the U.S. House of Representatives in California’s 37th Congressional District and is keeping quite busy!

On July 18th, Joe Pistell and his wife Frannie became proud parents of a son, Timothy Beard. In Mount Airy, N. Car. on August 9th, Dixon Brown and Harriette Lu Campbell were married. Dixon is senior resident at Baptist Hospital in Winston-Salem and his wife has entered Wake Forest law school.

On September 1st, Andy Hamlin became the director of development at Lawrenceville.
School, leaving his post as director of annual giving at St. Lawrence Univ. We're delighted to have you nearby again, Andy.

Townie Townsend graduated last May from the Univ. of Maryland School of Medicine. Townie joins his grandfather and father as the third Francis J. Townsend, M.D., whose careers have already spanned 81 years.

In his fourth year of teaching science at the Choir School of St. Thomas in New York City, Bob Lightburn was married to Cecilia McCrossan on August 1st.

Samuel R. Marshall
Whitehall Apts. #208
Lancaster Avenue
Haverford, PA 19041

German Amaya is working on his master's degree in metallurgical engineering at the Univ. of Florida at Gainesville.

Continuing to work for Pioneer Hi-Bred Int. in the research division, Tom Ishler recently graduated from the Univ. of Delaware with a degree in computer science.

Robert P. Rementer
300 South 3rd Street
Denton, MD 21629

Marianne and Joe Hickman enjoyed entertaining a group of classmates after alumni day in September.

Last May, Lyles Glenn graduated from the Univ. of So. Car. law school and was admitted to the bar in November. He is presently the law clerk to senior U.S. District Court Judge Robert W. Hempfill. Lyles will also serve briefly as a law clerk to Judge Robert F. Chapman, Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals.

In 1978, Steve Baldwin graduated from Washington and Lee, received a commission through ROTC and then spent the next three years with the 82nd Airborne Division at Fort Bragg, N. Car. as an air defense officer. Last July he left the service and is now attending business school at William and Mary.

A graduate of Georgia Tech with a BSCE degree, John Beardall is living in Houston, working for C-E Crest as a structural engineer in onshore and offshore oil and gas structures. He has been married for a year.

Pete Duncombe is a master's candidate in chemical engineering at SUNY in Buffalo.

Chuck Olson recently received his master's in molecular biology from Stanford and is presently working for Introgenetics, a company which markets computer software for recombinant DNA scientists.

According to Jack Schreppier, he and Eric

Socializing at halftime are from l to r: Russ Boyle '74, Tom Hooper '71, Bill Amos, Joe Hickman '74, Sam Marshall '73, Marianne Hickman, Rick Vach '74 and Pete Miller '74.

Football game spectators include from l to r: Marianne and Joe Hickman '74, Sandy Ogilby, Ralph Hickman '76 and Greg Vink '74.

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Howard managed to “bluff their way through” the Delaware bar exam and have joined rival Wilmington law firms! On September 28th, Bob Rementer became the father of a daughter, Kristin Lynne.

Matt Kramer is in his third year of graduate study and his first year at Penn State where he is working toward a Ph.D. in psychology.

Another lawyer in So. Car., Rob Wendi is working as the law clerk to the Honorable Clyde Robinson, a circuit court judge in Charleston. Rob graduated from the Univ. of So. Car. last May and was admitted to the bar in November.

Steve Amos has been appointed head aviculturist at the new National Aquarium in Baltimore. He is in charge of the rain forest section of the Aquarium.

75 Elizabeth Duggins Peloso
396 Anglesey Terrace
West Chester, PA 19380

In July, Gordon Brownlee joined Brakeley, John Price Jones, a firm which serves as fund-raising consultants to non-profit institutions (one of its clients is SAS). Living in New York City, he has been assigned associate program director to the Great New York Council/Boy Scouts of America capital campaign.

Dave Strong is an engineer for Westinghouse in Pittsburgh.

At MIT, Dwayne Breger is finishing his master’s program, studying primarily solar energy technology, economics and implementation strategies.

Bill Shields has settled back in Easton, Md. and is working for Preston Trucking Co. He liked the idea of having a goal to reach for the annual fund!

Paul Keyser is still at the Univ. of Colorado in Boulder working on his Ph.D. in physics, playing Dungeons and Dragons and reading fantasy.

76 Terrell L. Glenn, Jr.
Madison Hall
Virginia Theological Seminary
Alexandria, VA 22304

Jim Dunn was an honor graduate of the Air Force Basic Military Training School at Lackland AFB in Texas. In March, Jim will graduate from the technical training center at Keesler AFB in Mississippi with a specialty in communications. His preliminary orders call for him to be stationed in West Germany.

75 SAS grads to marry

On March 20th, Lisa Galloway and Mike Kadick, both of the class of ’75, will be married in the chapel at Fort Myer in Arlington, Virginia. They will live in Washington, D.C. where Lisa is in the editorial division of the National Geographic Society and Mike is a financial analyst with Blue Cross/Blue Shield. Best wishes from SAS.

Ralph Hickman is presently working for A.C. Nielsen Co. in Cleveland.

Living in New York City, Laura MacDermott is in her third year at the Juilliard Theater Center and is loving it. She was looking forward to touring with Wind in the Willows this winter. Last spring Laura spent some time with Kerstin Hallesland who was in New York briefly. Kerstin and her husband Jan are living in Cambridge, England at the present time.

On September 5th, Sue Moon was married to Philip Struthers in Dayton. Trisha McGow was a bridesmaid for Sue, and Bryan Skib and Valerie Snow also attended the wedding. Sue is still working for Dayton Power & Light as a financial and accounting analyst. She is two-thirds of the way through her MBA at the Univ. of Dayton.

Mike Kuehlwein is finding MIT challenging, Boston, exciting and New England, cold. He has just begun work on his Ph.D. in economics.

On August 13th, Tom Washburn was married to Lauri L. McGrew. Tom is teaching math, coaching soccer, lacrosse and hockey and running a dorm at the Rectory School in Conn. At long last, we have heard from Gretchen DeGroot Root, who is living with her husband Ken and son Chris, age 2, in Oso, Wash. on the banks of the Stillaguamish River. Essentially homesteading, Gretchen and Ken lived for a year and a half without electricity and phones; the river was their continual supply of running water and a wood stove, their heat. However, primitive conditions have given way to electricity, a septic tank and a phone. They still garden with a year’s worth of food in mind, can, raise animals for food and fly-fish in the summer. Gretchen even washes clothes by hand! In her spare time, she is now a partner in a store nearby that sells handmade goods.

‘77
Deborah S. Davis
Trinity College
Ferris Athletic Center
Hartford, CT 06106

Richard Kelly is presently studying biochemistry at Harvard. Last June, Mark Gervais graduated cum laude from Occidental College (Calif.). A dean’s list student, Suzanne Knorr Schlafer graduated from F&M in May with a major in American studies.

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Carolyn Matthews caught us up on some happenings. Bill White is at Dartmouth after having taken a year off to work in a brokerage firm in the New York City area. Jeff Chase ’78 is planning to attend medical school after graduating from Williams. And Carolyn decided not to row last summer. She worked for a veterinarian instead and last August entered medical school in Richmond.

‘78
Garrett J. Hart
1315 Morro Re Oakland
Apt. 5B
Durham, NC 27705

Still attending the Univ. of Maryland, Tom Sewell’s ROTC training last summer took him to Ft. Bragg, N. Car., Ft. Benning, Georgia and Ft. Irwin, Calif., proving to be an eventful ten weeks! He expects to graduate in May, 1983. We enjoyed seeing Tom on alumni day.

Also back for alumni day were Rich Costello and Tom Schrepper. Rich is an aide to David Levinson ’53 in his campaign to become a U.S. Senator from Delaware. Tom left at 4 a.m. the morning after alumni day for Davenport, Iowa! He is attending school there to become a chiropractor.

A senior at Lynchburg College, Molly Brogan was a standout for the hockey team of which she was a co-captain. A special education major and a dean’s list student, Molly expects to graduate this spring.

On December 5th, Martha Scherer was married to Edward John Lube in Columbus, Ohio. Martha graduated from Wooster after the fall semester.

A senior at Syracuse, Axel Amaya is majoring in industrial engineering. His brother Ted is in the class of ’86 here at SAS.
Presently a sophomore at William and Mary, Carrie Waters is contemplating a major in the sciences or biology as well as working part-time for a veterinarian in Williamsburg.

On the move are Robin Gage and Terry Hembree. Robin has transferred to Brown from Wellesley and Terry is spending the spring semester in Rome (Italy). Eric Gordon has entered his freshman year at the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs.

Last fall, Judi Skelton played on the varsity volleyball team for Washington College and was preparing for crew in the spring.

Last summer, Barbara Baker was one of six summer interns working for nine weeks in Sen. William V. Roth’s Washington office. According to Barbara, “In this job I really felt a part of the government. When you take a course and read about it, it’s different from being involved and really understanding it all.” Barbara researched the nuclear export policy and read a lot of the Senator’s mail. She said that the first day they handed her a stack of letters and she had to go through them and pick out the important points! “It showed me how quickly things have to be done!” Barbara’s experiences have given her a much better perspective on government; “people are really down to business.”

The Class of ’81 was well-represented at their first Alumni Day at the Rodney Point reception.

Chandler Luke played on the JV hockey team for Trinity last fall and Bill McClements made the varsity golf team at Williams. Todd Golde visited Bill for the Williams-Amherst weekend.

Amherst won the football game, but William(s) won the drinking contest!”
Lou Hamilton stopped by in December on her way home for Christmas. She said she loved Davidson and found it very demanding, yet so personal. Having moved from Frankfurt to the nearby town of Langen, Sandy Ghantas is busy with his 13 courses and getting acquainted with new teachers and students! Last summer he worked as a security guard at the Frankfurt opera house. Rahna Rizzuto was one of nine Hawaii recipients of a Rotary Youth Foundation scholarship for her freshman year at Wellesley. Rahna was installed in the cum laude society and at graduation from Hawaii Prep last May, she received the Senior Scholar award (highest academic standing in her class), the James Rizzuto Calculus Prize, the English Prize and the Heftel Foundation Award. Congratulations, Rahna! Back for alumni day, John Cullen told us that he is enjoying Denison and is a columnist for The Denisonian.

Also back for alumni day was Karl Saliba who is a freshman at the Univ. of Richmond. He was also here to cheer on the soccer team at the State Championship. Karl’s sister Nada is in the class of ’84 here.

Who's your nominee for the 1982 Alumni Award for Outstanding Service? Do you know a classmate who deserves this award?

The Alumni Association wishes to recognize the achievements and contributions of an alumnus or alumna to public service. Because it is believed that the presentation of such an award can have an important impact on present SAS students, the award will be presented on graduation day in May. If you would like to nominate someone, please write your choice below and send it to the Alumni Office.

I nominate ____________________________ class
because ___________________________________________
_______________________________________________

signature

Tailgate with us in...

• Philadelphia at the Stotesbury Cup Regatta
  Saturday, May 15th

• Middletown at the Scholastic Rowing Association Regatta
  Saturday, May 22nd

Past winners include:
1948  24 sons of St. Andrew’s School (WW 2)
1949  William Hollingsworth Whyte III ‘35
1950  Findley Burns, Jr. ’35
1951  Chester Earle Baum, Jr. ’36
1952  William Day Scott, Jr. ’34
1953  Peter Megargee Brown ’40
1954  Alexander Hemphill ’40
1955  George Schwartz Welch ’37
1956  Francis James Townsend, Jr., M.D. ’34
1957  James Ross MacDonald ’40
1958  Henry Leftwich McCorkle II ’41
1960  Richard Watkins Trapnell III ’36
1961  Patterson Keller ’49
1962  Powell Pierpont ’40
1963  Dr. Robert Kellogg Crane ’38
1964  Andrew Turnbull ’38
1965  Loudon S. Wainwright, Jr. ’42
1967  Col. William Cary Sibert ’40
1968  Edward F. Swenson, Jr. ’36
1970  Dennis C. Blair ’64
1971  George A. Broadbent ’41
1973  David Neeson Levinson ’53
1974  Edgar Raymond Miller, Jr., M.D. ’47
1976  William D. Rogers ’44
1980  William Hollingsworth Whyte III ’35

omission: Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Waters’ name was inadvertently left off the donor list of present parents. We are indeed grateful for their support and regret the omission.

Jeff ’82 and Mike ’79 Lilley were photographed with President Reagan, Vice-President Bush and their parents when their father was appointed Director of the American Institute of Taiwan. This is a new post that carries with it ambassadorial rank.
What do you think?

Can we count you in as a participant in the ’81-'82 Annual Fund?
the SAS reunion formula

\[ 9R \approx 3d \times X^i \]

\[ R \approx \text{REUNION CLASS ALUMNI + FAMILIES} \]

\[ d \approx \text{FRIDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY - JUNE 18, 19 & 20} \]

\[ X \approx \text{CRAB FEAST • FAMILIAR FACES • COUNTRY MUSIC • MOVIES • EARLY MORNING JOG • COMPUTER GAMES • TENNIS • HORSESHOES • BADMINTON • CREW RACES • CANOEING • SAILING • SWIMMING • KIDS MINI-OLYMPICS • SKY TOURS • SOFTBALL GAMES • CARTOONS • DECADE COCKTAIL PARTIES • ANECDOTES • MEMORIAL SERVICE • BRUNCH ON THE LAWN • SORE MUSCLES • FAMILY FUN • HANDSHAKES • NICKNAMES • HUGS • MEMORIES • PROMISES •} \]

\[ i \approx \text{YOUR INPUT} \]

5th 10th 15th 20th 25th 30th 35th 40th 45th