Evert van Buchem Retires After 29 Years of Service
This particular Bulletin affords us the opportunity to look forward and backward, a valuable exercise for us and our new graduates. We can look back with our senior alumni who weathered World War II, look back on 29 memorable years with Evert van Buchem, and look forward with our female graduates and students to the future of coeducation and with the entire school to the future of our present students and students to come.

I am struck by the profound impact World War II made on the lives of our graduates who tell their stories in the following pages. One would never hope to encounter the trials which they endured in the 40's and yet, undeniably, something positive has come of it for those who survived. My sense is that their entire lives and value systems came into sharper focus after the war; many talk of floundering around trying to figure out what path to take before the war, and yet afterward they returned with purpose. Many returned joyfully to provide for their awaiting families; fulfilling what today seems like a simplified version of the American Dream. Life in many ways was simpler then, because the stakes were higher. Something about tragedy and suffering, about imminent death, made life simpler to live. Poet Wallace Stevens believes that death lends an urgency to life. Celebrating life, he says, “Death is the mother of beauty.” When the limits of existence are not so clearly defined we flounder.

How can young people choose which direction to take when the media and the entertainment industry make them think that everyone should be a movie star and have all the material possessions he or she desires? How can they easily accept who they are when they are told repeatedly that they can be stronger, more beautiful, virtually immortal? And while I would never wish a war on their young world, I do hope for some kind of catharsis or moral battle to bring the preciousness and beauty of life and freedom into focus once again. I have faith in the brilliance, energy and optimism of young adults today. If anyone can solve the problems which have festered since the war—pollution, poverty, hunger, homelessness—they can. But most of all, I wish for them to learn to embrace the simplicity and the tenuousness of life.
Evert van Buchem is retiring as classics teacher at St. Andrew's after 29 years. The number of student and faculty lives which have been touched, influenced, even changed by him is uncountable. The esteem in which he is held by all who know him is attested to by the astonishing outpourings of gratitude and affection he is receiving.

As so many of his acolytes do, I call him "Master." I tried calling him "Maitre" for a while, but he said my French pronunciation was so poor he preferred I speak only English to him. When I suggested that in either language he was an eminence grise, he laughed and said that to some pupils and occasionally to the headmaster he had seemed a bete noir.

This "gray eminence" began his education in a Jesuit school in Leyden in the Netherlands. He went on to Nymegen University. His father was classics professor there and Evert decided to teach classics, too. He earned his master's degree, then spent a year at Louvain in Belgium and at the École Normal Superieur in Paris. He spent the following decade teaching at three different schools in Holland. During this time he met Marijke, who was also a teacher. They fell in love, but Evert was not ready to make a commitment to marriage.

He saw an advertisement in a teacher's newspaper; a substitute was needed at Groton for a teacher taking a year's sabbatical. He answered the ad and was hired. He came to America for a year. He returned to Holland. Two years later he received a letter from Robert Moss. Bob Moss was looking for a classics teacher for St. Andrew's and had called Groton; he was told of the Dutchman who had filled in ably two years earlier.

Bob Moss hired Evert sight unseen, and Evert accepted without having seen St. Andrew's. Marijke told him that if he went to America he was not to come back to her. Evert and St. Andrew's were nearly a perfect match. But when he returned to Holland the following summer, he had already decided he wanted to marry Marijke. She remembers that when he appeared at her door, she was making strawberry jam; she asked him severely if he was serious. He vowed he was, so she told him in that case he could come into the house. They were married that summer, and the headmaster learned his bachelor teacher was returning as one of a pair when he received the marriage announcement (written in Dutch, of course).

The van Buchems lived on corridors for a few years and then moved to the house on Noxontown Road overlooking the pond. Their son Victor '89 was adopted when he was three weeks old. The van Buchems remember with amusement a visit from an advisee, Doug Andresen '73, who arrived, saw a bassinet, did a double take, and asked, "Have I been missing something?"

When they returned from their first sabbatical, Jon O'Brien asked Marijke to set up a pottery program. She held her first classes in the old wood shop in 1979. Pottery was begun as an activity, then it became a minor course, and finally it was made part of an art major.

Both Marijke and Evert were coaches while at St. Andrew's. Marijke coached volleyball, and Evert coached soccer for twenty years. It was the sight of him running down the soccer field that earned him his nickname. He became Scooby Doo to hundreds of students. It's an affectionate nickname still so familiar I used it as a clue in one of my crossword puzzles. The answer was "Evert" and I think every solver got it right.

Another word forever linked to Evert is "Blunder!" Always followed by an exclamation point, it is frequently applied to students who don't know their grammar. And he tests them with what he calls a "little quizzy."

I have enjoyed his friendship for many years. Begun with the discovery that we enjoyed reading...
A Tribute to Evert...

Before I was old enough to remember, there was a governor of New York who ran for President against Herbert Hoover. His name was Al Smith, but he was known throughout his political life as the happy warrior. Now I know almost nothing of Al Smith, but I have always remembered his nickname, the connotations as well as the denotations of which bring to mind a cheerful citizen, a good soldier, and a man of character and humor.

Whether or not Al Smith was any of these things is beyond my ken, but from the day I laid eyes on Evert van Buchem, he has been the happy warrior to me. Above all, he is the good citizen. Perhaps it is his deep intellectual and emotional ties to republican Rome and democratic Greece which make him thus. Among our faculty, his has always been a strong voice supporting fairness and democratic principles and procedures. And for 29 years Evert has never shirked a difficult job. He has been a tireless and energetic teacher, often preparing five different Latin sections and sometimes adding a Greek minor on top. No one who played soccer with him will forget Scoobie’s style as he swooshed across the field, arms at his side. And has there ever been a face more accustomed to smiling than Evert’s? It constantly becomes a jack-o’-lantern as wrinkles break into long smile creases and his eyes crinkle and light up.

Grace and dignity are other words which define Evert. He is from the old world, and he carries with him the best in form and substance from his Holland home. He may have a liberal’s heart, but his style has always been comfortably conservative. He is a gentle, thoughtful, kind person who chooses logic over passion, and he is always a gentleman.

Evert has been an important part of St. Andrew’s for 29 years. As with all the great teachers, he is utterly unique as a person. His retirement will leave a permanent hole for all of us who know him and love him. We will have other fine Latin teachers, but we will never find another happy warrior. For the hundreds of St. Andrew’s students who remember you with great affection, Evert, I thank you.

—Jon O’Brien, Headmaster

* * * *

I will remember Evert eating walnuts constantly during JV soccer matches and his politically incorrect Latin plays—some gave birth to future SAS theater stars, some had to bring in the police to quell the food fights!

—Will Speers, Assistant Headmaster for Student Life, Dean of Students

* * * *

“Scooby” will be sorely missed by his many enthusiastic Latin students. —Mel Brown, Modern Languages Department Chair

* * * *

Evert, as a charter member of the St. Andrew’s poker club, used to come to the meeting with his Dutch money (gilders) until we insisted he leave it at home. I questioned whether he understood the game at all, but he always won.

Evert worked at all levels of soccer during his years at SAS. Years ago he was coaching thirds, and the JV team, players he had worked the previous year, were having trouble scoring goals. They asked Scooby if he would come up and speak to the team. His plea was “score one miserable goal.” They did and began to win games after that, so it is said.

—Larry Walker, Music, Director of Bands

* * * *

When I taught a class in 20th Century U.S. History, I tried to liven up classroom discussions by bringing in outside speakers. Students are seldom aware that their teachers have had any life before St. Andrew’s; presumably we have been here since childhood, with a few years away at college. I was pleased when Evert offered to talk with the class, for I knew that he had been a schoolboy during the German occupation of the Netherlands during WWII. The students were amazed! Evert told story after story: hiding Jewish families in the attic and the terrible risk to all, daily life during the German occupation, the Allied invasion and the crucial battle for the bridge at Remagen. As Evert recalled how it felt to be a young teenage during WWII, the students were totally fascinated. I was grateful that he was willing to do this, year after year. His experiences personalized WWII for my students.

—Nan Mein, History & Religious Studies Teacher

* * * *

I had not been at St. Andrew’s long before I recognized Evert’s phenomenal grasp of languages. Quite early on, in an attempt to diversify the chapel services, I introduced the idea of a service for the students studying a particular language. One of the first was a service in Latin which Evert organized with great flair, producing a service sheet with lessons, a Psalm and a hymn in Latin. It was a great success and became a permanent part of the chapel menu for many years.

Of course, we all know his fluency in English, with that imitable intonation, but it is a marvel to hear him switch into German with a visiting parent, and then to French with a visiting Anglican Bishop of Haiti, before resuming his own language in a conversation with Marijke.

In addition to this command of several European languages is Evert’s immense knowledge of classical literature and language. As I have pursued my own specialty of New Testament study, I have from time to time come across Greek words or constructions that have been a puzzle, and it has been to Evert I have repaired. He has almost always had an immediate answer, and the discussions around the development (or degeneration) of later (koine) Greek from classical forms have invariably been enlightening. I shall certainly miss this walking Greek Lexicon!

—Simon Mein, Former Chaplain

* * * *

Speaking as one of the select few who taught in Evert’s department, I can say that he was an extraordinarily helpful and considerate department head! Evert is the most patient and good-natured person I have ever known. I am happy that Marijke and he will be my neighbors in Newark in the years to come, because I value their friendship very highly.

—Alice Ryan, Former Faculty Member; SAS Archivist

* * * *

An outstanding chairman of the dead language department, scholar and friend, Evert always managed a big smile at my all-too-frequent quip that Latin had died a merciful death.

—William P. “Roy” Ryan, Former French and Spanish Teacher, Former Head of the Modern Languages Department
I t is a tribute to the state of coeducation at SAS that the word itself has gradually disappeared over the last 20 years of its existence. In fact many students look surprised when asked about the present condition of male/female status at SAS. In their eyes it is a non-issue. But it is a constant concern for the faculty, especially those who have witnessed its development and have fought quietly to even out the differences and smooth the gaps.

Nan Mein has seen it all. Two years after she arrived in 1971, the School began to admit girls, and Nan has observed all the ramifications of this seemingly simple change. In 1973 there were 14 girls; now there are 124. Having once made up 10% of the student population, girls are now inching toward 50%. The position of females has evolved with changing times and a changing student body and faculty. Whereas once girls’ only option in athletics was to play intramurals, now they can compete on any of ten teams (cross-country, soccer, field hockey, volleyball, basketball, squash, swimming, crew, lacrosse and tennis) at the varsity, j.v., third or fourth level. Where once girls arrived on campus to an atmosphere of prejudice and intimidation (there were roughly three to four boys to every girl), now they have a more established place. Just in the last eight years the governing positions of the School were changed from a single position (often representing the majority—boys) to co-positions. Each committee is run by a girl and a boy and the School itself is run by two senior co-prefects.

Perhaps the greatest advance made by the School on behalf of the girls has been providing them with more role models and thus a more sensitive audience. When Nan arrived, she and Debby Muhlenberg were the only full-time classroom teachers. Now one third of all classes are taught by women. Women hold major administrative posts, including housemaster, director of development, department chairs, advisor to the Honor Committee and director of athletics. Also there are more varied role models among the women who live on campus. Many spouses whom the students observe day in and day out are professionals as well as wives and mothers. There are several teaching couples, both of whom are full-time members of the faculty. The message is clear for both boys and girls, that women have a real place at St. Andrew’s. And our sensitivity and awareness to the issue of girls finding a place here has never been more acute.

“One of the issues for us as educators is to provide a living and learning environment where girls can come to us. We want to foster their development as independent, articulate, self-reliant, self-confident women, no matter what kind of background they come from,” says Nan. Tami Maull ’77, a member of the first generation of girls at SAS, claims that “when we came, we did not come with a lot of expectations and goals of what we would do when we left.” Now she sees girls arriving with the same goals as the boys—finding academic and athletic success and getting into a fine college. She believes that the girls’ corridors have become the heart of their community—a place where they get bolstered up. Girls talk among themselves and with their prefects, proctors and dorm parents. This is where they develop the confidence of the self that they carry into the main building (Founders’ Hall is still where all the boys reside) and their classes.

Often the case is a kind of anti-feminism. “It’s just equality that we want,” says English teacher Elizabeth Roach. “We fight that negativism here.” Teachers—especially women teachers—have learned to be aware of even mentioning the word feminism. It instantly draws negative reactions from many students, boys and girls. While the English department has expanded and diversified its curriculum significantly in the last ten years, they work hard to present different writers as authors in search of equality (rather than ramming the often unread down their throats). This way students approach writers of color, women writers and other minorities more openly. Interestingly, Elizabeth has also found in her 12 years of teaching English at SAS that it is much easier for a male teacher to present a female’s written works than for a woman. Add to this the fact that many of the male teachers tend to be more in tune with women’s issues and perceived as more approachable to girls than perhaps the classic master in an all-male school in days gone by.

“One of the areas where we are slowly and increasingly improving is raising the expectations of girls about themselves and how they expect to be
treated,” says Nan. Typically, she finds by the V
back. “Many young women come to SAS with a
narrow and negative stereotype of feminism,” con-
tinues Nan, “so I seldom use that word in general
conversation. But when I ask girls, ‘Do you want
to be strong, independent women?’ the answer is
always a firm, quick and enthusiastic ‘Yes.’ As
with all education, we start where the student is,
show her the opportunities, provide a positive and
supportive atmosphere, supply encouragement and
occasional suggestions, and watch the growth.”
Elizabeth Roach observes that in the classroom,
SAS girls are “intelligent, engaged and, more and
more, are being recognized for that. Athletically,”
she adds, “there are still some issues.” It is true that
although the athletic offerings for girls nearly equal
those of the boys, girls’ teams still find that they
have a much harder time rounding up an enthu-
astic cheering squad, especially if their game is sched-
uled concurrently with a popular boys’ sport like
soccer or football. In fact, only recently was there
a separate athletic director for boys and girls.
Previously the boys’ athletic director (Bob Colburn)
had an assistant who was also the girls’ athletic
director. Now the governing athletic structure
reflects the students—the co-head approach with
both Bob Colburn and Gail LeBlanc.
The Arts program has blossomed with the arrival
of girls. Whereas once the arts were one of the only
available co-curricular outlets for the girls, the Arts
program has now developed into an important com-
mon ground where girls and boys work together.
The art department, consisting of four full-time
teachers—two music, one ceramics, one drawing/
painting and a part-time drama producer/director—
has evolved into one of the four foundations of the
School, right beside academics, athletics and com-

munity service.
Social issues may be the most deep rooted, most
subtle, and therefore the hardest to change. “After
20 years of coeducation,” Nan remarks, “I think
that the academic program, athletics and School
government are areas where coeducation really
works. It is in the students’ social lives where pop-
ular culture continues to constrict and stereotype;
everyone knows what a ‘good girl’ is and what a
‘real man’ is. Even the common speech of the cul-
ture prejudices discussion and conversation. At
SAS, our values are clear. In our treatment of
women and girls, we know that we stand above a
cultural lowest common denominator, just as we do
with our firm insistence on a strong Honor Code.”
Perhaps what we are really searching for is a kind
of common, uncharged vocabulary to discuss an
age-old issue that is evolving before our eyes in
new ways. “A lot of what we do is educate the
boys,” says Elizabeth, “who arrive, through no fault
of their own, with sexist attitudes. While we don’t
always see the results of our teaching here, we often
witness dramatic changes in our male graduates
later on at reunions and informal campus visits.”
Girls have added a new voice, a new point of
view to the classroom. Right alongside the boys,
they are athletes, leaders and intellects. But keep-
ing things even requires constant work and special-
lly tuned eyes and ears from the faculty. They try to
remain open to the recent research into the different
learning patterns of boys and girls; teachers view
this sensitivity as a major professional responsi-
bility. How are our girls doing? It would not be an
exaggeration to say great—for the most part, thriv-
ing. They are discovering healthy, sibling-type and
even competitive relationships with the opposite
sex. There is a lot of collaboration going on and a
lot of growth. With each passing year, girls become
more threaded into the fabric of daily life at St.
Andrew’s and more tightly woven into its history.

The first girls to complete five years at St. Andrew’s, Class
of 1980: Meredith Golde, Terry Henphill, Linetta Than Tu,
Susie Liefeld and Mary Alves.

Concert Band, 1986:
Dara Gelof ’86.

Sledding down the hill:
Amy Burnham ’83 and
Denise Collins ’83.

The following course will be offered to VI Form students as a Religious Studies elective:

GENDER ISSUES IN 20TH CENTURY SOCIETY

The course looks at history, roles, perceptions and expectations in a period of
changing views about gender. The pace of change has quickened since
1970. Gender differences and similarities are being written about by biolo-
gists, psychologists, educators, philosophers, theologians, poets and novelists.

An historical overview of assumptions about gender in Western civiliza-
tion, beginning with Greek philosophy, will be followed by a second major
unit which will include women’s theology and spirituality, changing per-
spectives of women in Biblical studies, and the role of women in the church-
es. The developing roles of women in American society will be studied
next, followed by women’s roles in Asia and Africa. Throughout the course
there will be readings of essays, poetry and recent studies dealing specifical-
ly with gender issues.
TWENTY YEARS OF COEDUCATION

An Overview —By Nan Mein

Twenty years ago, the first girls to attend SAS did not fill all the rooms in Pell Hall. The entire female student group could fit easily into our living room, and frequently did, for everything from serious rule-oriented talks to birthday parties to messy marshmallow roasting and s'mores making on a cold winter evening.

The School's goal during the early years was to integrate the small (but growing) number of girls fully into the life of SAS. The implementation of that goal would require hundreds of major and minor decisions, many of them made by the girls themselves. One of the early decisions concerned cheerleaders; I remember the flashing-eyed retort, "We came here to play sports and to compete." In the early years, some academic classes had a few girls; many had none. I was told that some teachers had to change their teaching methods; the camaraderie of the all-male classroom needed some modification. There was no lowering of standards; rather, our bright, highly motivated and articulate girls raised and sharpened the tone of class work.

With the construction of enough dormitories to bring the student body roughly to parity, the goal shifted slightly but significantly. We were no longer asking, "How can we best integrate girls and boys into (an all-male) SAS?" but "How should coeducation work so that girls and boys receive the best education?" Although Founders’ Hall and the portraits continued to give the appearance of a boys' school that had taken in girls, daily classroom life had a vigorous give-and-take. A "critical mass" of girl students in most classes made regular participation in discussions easier. As I would informally take the temperature year by year, girls said that in the classroom they were appreciated for their own abilities, were encouraged to speak and were listened to with respect. From the beginning, girls received academic prizes and honors diplomas out of proportion to their numbers. On the national mathematics exam, of the 13 students who scored in the honors range, the top student and five others were girls. In the Science and Mathematics Departments, careful nurturing of all girl students, not just the best, has produced a generation of women who are achievers in these traditionally male fields. Of 34 girls in next year's VI Form, 9 have registered for Calculus BC (out of a total of 14 students, 9 are girls), 13 for Calculus AB and 11 for Precalculus. The remaining girl is taking Calculus AB this year. In sciences, 9 out of 13 students in next year's Honors Physics class are girls, 4 out of 5 Honors Chemistry students are girls, and 9 out of 13 Advanced Biology students are girls.

Cooperative learning, begun in mathematics and language and now used in all departments, builds on girls' skills in communication and group work.

While girls were increasingly at ease and confident in the classroom, gender stereotypes continued to affect St. Andrew's as they did the country at large. Eight years ago, during a School assembly, Jon O'Brien called up to the stage the president and vice president of all forms and heads of all major School committees. The line of students stretched completely across the stage, and only one, the head of jobs, was a girl. This visible and dramatic inequity was the introduction to the announcement that in the future, all forms would be headed by co-presidents, and there would be two elected assistants, one of each sex. No more girl secretaries and treasurers. The major committees were to have co-heads, and the most prestigious position, formerly called "the head boy," would be held jointly. A student generation is short; now that we have no students who remember the old days, the system works well and provides access to leadership positions for girls.

Girls continue to affect the life of the School by the decisions they make. This year a group of V Form girls have met weekly to develop a sense of community. (See essay by Mandy Fischer '95.) The original impetus, a small incident of male chauvinism, has long since been left behind. The girls are discovering their identity as young women, and are finding that they themselves are strong, independent, confident, capable, caring. As a direct result of their planning, on two evenings the whole V Form met in small groups in faculty living rooms to discuss issues of gender and sexuality. An evening of single-sex groups was followed by an evening of coed discussion groups. Their work also has academic consequences. Next year one of the VI Form Religious Studies electives will be a course titled "Gender Issues in 20th Century Society."

Our hope is that St. Andrew’s students, male and female, will examine social stereotypes and will have the strength and support to choose their own roles rather than drift with the culture. We believe, as did the founders of St. Andrew's, that character formation is a major educational responsibility. We provide good role models and time for discussion with them. Our values are explicit. We take seriously our commitment to coeducation.
Kirstin and I called Mrs. Mein, searching for some sort of validation. She invited us over, full of concern. At Mrs. Mein’s house that first night, Kirstin and I twitched in our chairs, shaking away tears of frustration and guilt. Mrs. Mein listened, folding her knitting needles into each other. Understanding that this pain must be kept hidden behind the whites of our eyes, we locked arms and galloped home in the moonlight. That week was the first women’s meeting; Heather, Desiree and Kate eagerly joined us.

Kirstin leans forward, her eyes swallowing Heather’s syllables. She coats one hand with the other, intensely strong, young. Heather pets the black cat in her lap, her face lacking the pressure of Kirstin’s, but in no way cold. She is articulate and reasonable, reflecting her calm in the throb of her voice, the rocking of the leather chair, the stroke of her fingers up and along the cat’s back.

When the five of us meet on Monday nights, we throw around our passions like day-old date brownies, press fear like wildflowers in between the pages of Carol Gilligan books. We give each other booster shots of ego and affection. We have grown feminist toenails and elbows. We push our way through, understanding now that feminism is a sisterhood, a female spirit tangible in all of us, a wave pulling forward onto the sands of freedom and responsibility. It lights the room effervescent and charming. I make my own god; I construct me. And during construction, I have found sisters.

I chase foolish dreams.

Kate begins to speak. Her voice fizzes like Coke. Her large, inset eyes are strong and analytical, her forearms and fingers like a boy’s.

I am weak and thin-boned. My hands are small.

Desiree lights up the room because she herself glows. I watch the fire fill her cheeks, her chin stern, turned up like a child’s, her eyes of cobalt glass. She takes a sip of her tea, her eyes eager over the rim of her mug.

Kate’s story is vivid and brief. She played lacrosse in a boy’s league. She had to guard the boy with whom she was very much in love. I feel my face light up, giggling first. Soon the room follows, and we laugh sincerely, devilishly. Mrs. Mein cackles then billows, never stopping knitting, throwing her head back, sighing, shaking her head at Kate, shaking her head at the rest of us.

I ask about Greenham Common, England.

“We all held hands,” Mrs. Mein says, her eyes like lightning. Women held hands in a struggle to be heard.

We now hold hands.

And I am surrounded by voices; I am one of them myself. Feminine voices—curving around knitting needles, weaving symmetric rows, crackling like the fire, pressing like the hot mugs of tea we hold to our chests, soothing, wide-eyed, in awe like children, passionate like a thousand symphonies roaring at once, together making sense, together being heard, each string having a specific, beautiful part, holding hands. Together we become louder and less afraid.
Cultural Diversity Week

In April, the School devoted a week to focus on cultural diversity. Through a number of activities, presentations, speakers and discussions, we wrestled with several related topics and helped our ability to communicate about our differences. Some of the events included: an animated discussion of political correctness led by faculty members Nan Mein, Brad Bates and Terence Gilheany; and, a discussion with St. Andrew’s international students and students of color led by faculty members Peter Caldwell, Joan O’Brien and Tami Maull ’77. Several students shared their cultural backgrounds with the entire School through poetry and storytelling. To launch the week, Dean of Students Will Speers spoke in Chapel about the significance of multi-culturalism.

Headmaster’s Council

In April, twenty-nine alums from the “O’Brien Years” (1978-89) were invited back to campus for the first Headmaster’s Council. The purpose of the weekend was to hear back from alumni in an effort to fine-tune our current programs. Through roundtable discussions, faculty and student panels and presentations, information and concerns were exchanged between alumni and current students and faculty.

Princeton Model Congress

In December, 1993, nineteen St. Andrew’s students joined more than 600 students (35 schools nationwide) to participate in the Princeton Model Congress. Each participant wrote at least one bill before departing for the weekend conference. The purpose of Princeton Model Congress is to encourage lifelong responsible citizenship through studying public issues, writing legislation, and debating public policy in the nation’s capitol. The SAS members took part only in the Model Senate and House, not the Press Corps, Supreme Court, Cabinet or presidential programs. They did an extraordinarily fine job, winning the James Madison Award as the best delegation to the Model Congress. The honors went to the following students: Seniors—Rachel Burnette, Jon Williams, Elizabeth Reynolds, Stites McDaniel, Ollie Turner, Ian Clark, James Neal, Alex Nuti and Luke Thompson; Juniors—Sai Chavala, Elle Richards, Talley Wettlaufer, Conor Hanover, Kirstin Hill, Erik Heinle, Josh Wilson and Josh Tayloe; and Sophomores—Doris Short and Ginna Hamner.

Jay Blum ’84 adds to the Headmaster’s Council Discussion while Becca Wright ’82 looks on.

Kevin Neringer ’78 and Sarah Berninger ’78 involved in the discussion.
World Games

During Cultural Diversity Week in April, the student body participated in this event sponsored by the World Game Institute. Originated by Buckminster Fuller, the institute utilizes a creative, experiential approach to education. World Game Workshops use the Big Map (70' x 35') as a gameboard to simulate global problems, resources and regional interdependence. As participants interact on the map, they are charged with improving the standard of living in their region, and ultimately the world. The workshops take advantage of sight and sound through props and a full multimedia presentation. The planet becomes a living interconnected reality rather than a set of isolated statistics. Our particular workshop focused on cultural diversity. It allowed participants to see firsthand the challenges and benefits of trying to communicate, interact and reach mutual goals within a multicultural environment. The workshop provided a non-threatening approach to gaining an awareness and understanding of the challenges and opportunities of diversity.

Linda Pastan - Poet

Linda Pastan, poet laureate of Maryland, read her poems to the School and led workshops with students. Linda, who has received fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts and from the Maryland Arts Council, is on the staff of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference.

Advertising Awareness

Dr. Jean Kilbourne, internationally known media critic and creator of slide presentations and films, spoke to the School about Advertising and Addiction, discussing how advertisers, especially of alcohol and tobacco, sell addictions, not just products. Dr. Kilbourne was twice selected “Lecturer of the Year” by college associations.

Photojournalist/Watson Fellow Visits SAS

Suzanne Keating, a photojournalist who is a fellow at the Watson Institute at Brown University, presented a slide show/lecture on the crisis in the Balkans. Ms. Keating has done work for many major periodicals and newspapers. Currently, she is compiling her research from Cambodia, Africa and the Balkans into a book on women and war.

Mein Ethics Lecture

Dr. Toni Schiesler, former dean of the college at Cabrini College in Radnor, Pa., who is about to be ordained at Virginia Theological Seminary, was the first Mein Ethics Series lecturer. The annual lecture, created by the Gewirz family in honor of Simon and Nan Mein’s continuous contributions to the School on the occasion of Simon's retirement, also served as the closing program for Cultural Diversity Week. Dr. Schiesler used the metaphor of a quilt to suggest the way cultures need to react to one another.

American Invitational Math Exam

Four students qualified to take the prestigious American Invitational Math Exam (AIME): Kirstin Hill '95, Jiawei Li '94, David Myers '96 and Andy Slater '96. While none of our students scored high enough to reach the next level of exams, merely qualifying for the AIME is an honor.

Student Coaches

Several St. Andrew's students helped coach local twelve-year olds this past winter to win the Delaware State Cup in soccer. Each Sunday during the winter, the M.O.T. Red Fury practiced with their coach, George Bear, and a slew of St. Andreans, Kate Fisher '95, Roland Hughes '95, Andrew Pipes '95, James Pipes '95, Susan Prior '94 and Jon Rickert '96. Coach Bear believes the SAS students and facilities contributed to the team’s success.
In April, Peter Brooke and Peter McLean led a five-day camping trip along the Appalachian Trail in Shenandoah National Park, Virginia. They hiked 6-10 miles a day along one of the world’s longest foot trails, bisecting some of the finest natural areas remaining in the eastern United States. Students were responsible for daily decisions including determining the amount and direction of travel, finding water and shelter, planning meals and cleaning up. They recorded observations in a journal: forest floors blanketed in wildflowers, expansive views of the Shenandoah Valley and sightings of bobcat, black bear and white-tailed deer. “This opportunity,” says Peter McLean, “comes in response to a need to expose our students to situations and experiences rarely encountered in the classroom or on the athletic field.”

Dilemma, Plan and Pain: Hiking Along the Appalachian Trail

By Patricia Evans '94

Leaving St. Andrew’s at 9:30 a.m. on Monday, April 25, Mr. McLean, Mr. Brooke, Heidi Williams ’94, Katie Padden ’94, Susan Prior ’94, Ginna Purrington ’94, Jen Cheek ’94 and I headed for three days of outback living in the Shenandoah National Park in northwestern Virginia. We all packed 40 pounds of food, clothes, sleeping bags and pots and pans; bandannas and baseball caps covered recently-showered heads. A last trip to the bathroom and mailboxes ended our Monday at St. Andrew’s and began a three-day journey along the Appalachian Trail that guided us across the mountaintops of Bearfence, Big Meadows, Hazeltop and Hawksbill. We all returned late Wednesday night with a true appreciation and concern for the natural world, which included somewhat domesticated deer that would not run from cars.

One of two thunderstorms we experienced put us in the middle of nature for sixty minutes; in those sixty minutes we watched a serious storm overshadow the peak on which we stood, and its fury chased us down the mountain with pelting rain and hail. It began with a simple dark cloud covering most of the valley below. I told myself that the cloud would pass or simply empty before hitting the summit of Hawksbill Mountain, our destination. Looking west from the summit, I saw darkness, a very eerie, dark green. In a distant gap in the clouds, I saw the four ridges of the Massanutten Mountains, a separate formation of the Appalachians. A series of white clouds whipped over Hawksbill, followed by huge gusts of cold wind, lightning and thunder. The temperature dropped at least 25 degrees between the time when we saw the storm and its arrival. As the system broke, we hustled down the mountain to where the car was supposedly parked. Pelting rain hammered my neck, and my body quickly cooled. My feet ran, desperately searching for dryness. Upon finding the car at a parking area a mile south of where we came off the mountain, we all piled in and returned to Big Meadows to seek shelter and regain body heat.

One of the most unique aspects of the trip was the outline. The six of us planned exactly where we would sleep, eat and hike each day. Our plans were uninfluenced by previous trips or special agendas. The three days were our days to see mountains and nature that we could not see at St. Andrew’s. We planned a trip that traced about 18 miles of the Appalachian Trail, going from south to north, two nights at Bearfence, Big Meadows, Hazeltop and Hawksbill. We cooked rice and chicken meals and ate the chocolate gorp which melted at the tops of our packs. Weather permitting, we had the choice of sleeping in tents, shelters or under the stars; all options were open to us.

Through dilemma, plan and pain, we all kept on moving our feet up the path, one step further. It would have been so easy to say, “I can’t make it;” but what would we have gained? Without each previous and following step, 18 miles would remain in front of us. We traveled the same path that thousands of people have. We covered some of the same ground traversed by through-hikers, those who often take five months to travel the entire 2200-mile trail stretching from Georgia to Maine.

The feeling I had on my return from the trip was one of relaxation, even though I had a large amount of work waiting. The trip gave me new perspective on my work and place at St. Andrew’s. I discovered that surviving in the wilderness was much like living at St. Andrew’s. We keep working toward a goal, whether that goal might be a low time on a three-mile run, or an A on the physics test. I came to understand that pushing ahead was what kept me going, both at St. Andrew’s and on the Appalachian Trail. With each new step we came closer to our goal.
Faculty Farewells

Hervé LeGuilloux, Bill Wallace and Timothy Young are moving on.

Hervé is moving to Florida to teach middle school and A.P. French language and literature at Trinity Preparatory School in Winter Park.

Bill will be the associate director of admissions at Hebron Academy in Hebron, Me. His task will be recruiting, interviewing and enrolling boarding students in grades 9 through 12 and a limited number of post-graduate students. Donna, Bill’s wife, will work at home and in assorted school-related activities.

Timothy is moving to Colorado to attend medical school or a physician’s assistant program at the University of Colorado in Denver.

Former Baseball Commissioner Fay Vincent Talks With Students

Fay Vincent, father of Bill Vincent ’86, visited St. Andrew’s for three days in May, making himself available for informal discussions of his ideas and experiences. During Fay’s fascinating career, he has served as Baseball Commissioner, Head of Columbia Pictures and Tri Star Studios, vice president of Coca Cola, worked with the Securities and Exchange Commission and as a corporate lawyer in Washington, D.C.

Colburn Inducted to Delaware Baseball Hall of Fame

Bob Colburn is one of nine men, including New York Mets manager Dallas Green and former major leaguers Chris Short and Dave May, who have been elected as the first inductees into the Delaware Baseball Hall of Fame. Tom Lemon, a member of the committee who chose Bob and a development officer and baseball coach at St. Mark’s Academy says, “I don’t know where Delaware high school baseball would be without Bob. He is tireless and unselfish, and I speak for the entire Hall of Fame Committee when I say I salute him for all he has done.”

Induction ceremonies took place at the Delaware High School All-Star Baseball Classic in June at Daniel S. Frawley Stadium, where the Wilmington Blue Rocks play.

Faculty Summer Study

This summer several faculty members will pursue graduate degrees and professional enrichment across the county:

- Bobby Rue and Lundy Smith will continue to pursue the MA program in English at Bread Loaf School of English, Middlebury College.
- Brad Bates will continue the MALS program with a concentration in American history at Dartmouth College.
- Tami Maull ’77 will work on her master’s in school counseling and career guidance at Wilmington College.
- Camilla Denning will study French at Middlebury College.
- Gail LeBlanc will begin an MA program in sports management at Springfield College.
- Lindsay Brown and Mel Brown will attend the Northfield Mount Hermon Counseling Institute at Fountain Valley School, Colorado Springs, Co.
- Dave DeSalvo, Kate Sharkey and Dave Wang will attend the Exeter Math Conference.
- Tad Roach will attend a conference on technology in the classroom at Peddie School, sponsored by UNC Padua Corp.
- Lisa Twomey will spend five weeks in Saint-Jean-de-Luz where she will take courses in French literature and live with a French family.
- Carl Kunz will attend the Virginia Seminary Institute in School Ministry at Virginia Theological Seminary, Alexandria, Va.
- Eric Kemer will attend the 13th Biennial Conference on Chemical Education in Detroit.
- Chesa Profaci will complete a master’s in psychology at Washington College.
Sabbatical News

Tad Roach will spend his sabbatical next year working as head of the upper school at Nichols School in Buffalo. He will also attend seminars on the use of technology in schools and seminar teaching methods. In addition, he intends to visit a variety of independent schools during the 1994-95 school year.

Tom Odden will be spending the 1994-95 academic year in Clarksville, Va., where he and his wife, Judy, have recently purchased a home in the woods on a lake. Mainly, he will be keeping the vegetation and critters from overtaking the house, learning a little about bass fishing, cooking the catch of the day (Morton’s), reading for relaxation, computing for pleasure and camping.

More professionally, during the fall and spring, Tom will be working (thanks to a grant from Hampton-Sydney College) to present 16 digitized electronics workshops to high school teachers in various regions of North Carolina and Virginia. At North Carolina State, he will participate in a follow-up program which involves developing, evaluating and recommending computer courseware to other high school teachers. He will attend a digitized computer imaging program in Albuquerque, N.M., in July and will present a computer interfacing workshop at the national summer meeting of the American Association of Physics Teachers at Notre Dame in August.

Be A Host Family

Every year students come to St. Andrew’s from overseas. Although most of them are able to go home during major holidays, some stay in the United States for the entire academic year. We are looking for families who are willing to host these students for the Thanksgiving, Christmas and spring vacations. If you are interested in being a host family for any or all of these holidays, please contact the admission office. These students are wonderful kids with a wealth of experience, and appreciate the hospitality you share with them.

Prom Weekend

According to senior advisors Gail LeBlanc and Bobby Rue, this year’s prom was a great success thanks to a tent, which kept activities outdoors in spite of the weather. Friday night, the band, New Potato Caboose, kicked off the festivities. Saturday a candlelit dinner in the dining room was followed by dancing to disc jockey tunes. Then seniors and their dates were treated to the traditional midnight breakfast at the headmaster’s house, courtesy of Jon and Joan O’Brien.

Members of the IV Form pitched in to help make a house a home in conjunction with Chester Valley Habitat in Chestertown, Md., this spring.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Class of 1994</th>
<th>College Destination</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jason Bradley, Wilmington, DE</td>
<td>Lynchburg College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Erin Burnett, Mardela Springs, MD</td>
<td>Williams College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rachel Burnette, Morgantown, WV</td>
<td>University of Virginia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert Butler, Wilmington, DE</td>
<td>Clarkson University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morgan Campbell, East New Market, MD</td>
<td>Aurora University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jennifer Cheek, Pottstown, PA</td>
<td>College of William and Mary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ian Clark, New York, NY</td>
<td>University of Virginia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matthew Cranmer, Royal Oak, MD</td>
<td>Trenton State University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Remington Curtis, Palm Beach, FL</td>
<td>Vanderbilt University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marwan Dalloul, France</td>
<td>American University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alexis DeLee, San Antonio, TX</td>
<td>Trinity University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward Diggles, Chestertown, MD</td>
<td>Middlebury College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kenneth Ditzel, Seaford, DE</td>
<td>University of Virginia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samantha Doherty, Williamsport, PA</td>
<td>Wellesley College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>David Edelen, Chestertown, MD</td>
<td>Hofstra University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heather Evans, Lincoln, DE</td>
<td>Gettysburg College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patricia Evans, Laurinburg, NC</td>
<td>Davidson College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cosmo Fattizzo, Philadelphia, PA</td>
<td>U.S. Naval Academy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Megan Forney, Lewes, DE</td>
<td>University of Pennsylvania</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kathleen Forrestal, St. Davids, PA</td>
<td>Colorado College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jonathan Frank, Mickleton, NJ</td>
<td>Brown University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph Frazier, Rockaway Beach, NY</td>
<td>Williams College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stonier Grunow, Fair Haven, NJ</td>
<td>Hampshire College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anne Hance, Pottsville, NJ</td>
<td>Colgate University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jonathan Hauptman, Germantown, MD</td>
<td>Boston University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joshua Hayes, West Chester, PA</td>
<td>UNC—Chapel Hill</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caroline Hoogenboom, Beaumont, SC</td>
<td>Emory University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jonggol Jarupatrakorn, Washington, DC</td>
<td>Princeton University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cary Keifer, Hershey, PA</td>
<td>McGill University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anne Keller, Philadelphia, PA</td>
<td>Bryn Mawr College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Niegel LaBorde, Brooklyn, NY</td>
<td>Undecided</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jiawei Li, China</td>
<td>Grinnell College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>David Luyimbazi, East Africa</td>
<td>Middlebury College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrew Mahlstetd, Annandale, VA</td>
<td>Middlebury College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph McDaniel, Dover, DE</td>
<td>Hampden-Sydney College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles Meyer, Savannah, GA</td>
<td>Kenyon College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Morgan, Chestertown, MD</td>
<td>Brown University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Neal, Marydel, DE</td>
<td>U.S. Naval Academy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Nelson, Bethesda, MD</td>
<td>Colgate University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alexis Nuki-de Biasi, Wellington, SC</td>
<td>Gettysburg College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. Alysia Oakley, Wilmington, NC</td>
<td>Oberlin College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kathleen Padden, Erie, PA</td>
<td>Middlebury College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alethea Papson, Easton, MD</td>
<td>Trinity College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kathryn Pettus, Montgomery, AL</td>
<td>University of Puget Sound</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Susan Prior, Hilton Head, SC</td>
<td>Duke University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virginia Purrington, Raleigh, NC</td>
<td>Trinity College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alexander Rainert, New York, NY</td>
<td>Tufts University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elizabeth Reynolds, Wilmington, DE</td>
<td>Washington and Lee University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanley Roberts, Williamsburg, VA</td>
<td>Colorado College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alexander Robin, Waterford, VA</td>
<td>Barnard College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shanna Samarasinghe, Erie, PA</td>
<td>Harvard University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elizabeth Schneider, Dallas, TX</td>
<td>Dartmouth College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dominic Seiterle, San Antonio, TX</td>
<td>Brown University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jane Shepherd, Sissonville, WV</td>
<td>James Madison University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grant Shuman, Charleston, WV</td>
<td>Williams College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emily Snyder, Haverford, PA</td>
<td>Connecticut College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anna Stancioff, Washington, DC</td>
<td>Bates College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrew Techet, Raleigh, NC</td>
<td>Amherst College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dionne Thomas, Holliswood, NY</td>
<td>James Madison University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Luke Thompson, Lewes, DE</td>
<td>Hamilton College</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oliver Turner, Middleburg, VA</td>
<td>Northwestern Medical School</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deepak Voora, Erie, PA</td>
<td>Brown University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heidi Williams, Naples, FL</td>
<td>Princeton University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jonathan Williams, Newark, DE</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Some of our earliest graduates have shared their experiences in and around World War II with one another. Some were pilots, some spent their duty aboard destroyers, some were POW's; many of their comrades lost their lives. Here we have excerpted several letters which these heroes wrote to each other, with no notion of being published. What comes across through their stories is what a major role this time in history played in each of their lives, a time that is almost unfathomable to young people today who, for the most part, know unrestricted freedom. As John Parry '37 states: “Our grandchildren haven’t a clue as to what the war was like and how it changed our lives.”

**John C. Parry '37**

I never got to any interesting places in the Pacific—just isolated atolls and islands no one wanted. There were a lot of combat operations, but they lasted only a few days each, as far as I was concerned, and the time between was deadly boring: training in amphib landings, loading troops and equipment, reprovisioning, drills, drills, drills, and nothing around worth sightseeing. I did have one experience in the Aleutians during the Attu invasion in '43, and my sole claim to “fame.” The brass was unhappy about the battle taking so long, and after a few days, ordered the two-star Army general in charge relieved of command. Our admiral asked for a volunteer to take this dispatch up to General Brown in the field. He was in a foxhole about a mile up Massacre Valley, and I was to take the decoded message in my boot and have him sign for it in person. The only hitch was that the Japanese had infiltrated our lines between the beachhead and the General. It was a bitter cold and foggy night; I left at about 2330 hours with a rifleman escort who knew the way. We almost ran into a patrol (Japanese or GIs, I’ll never know for sure) but dropped flat before they saw us—either one would probably have shot first and asked questions later. I reached the General about 0100 and woke him up. He read the message without comment, signed for it, thanked me, and I went back to the beach without incident (all downhill, with a second escort).

So my dubious claim to fame is having been the hapless messenger who helped ruin a promising military career of a fine officer who was relieved in the field. We took the General back to Adak with us, and I think he wound up in charge of Fort Ord, Calif. Later the brass admitted they had been too quick to give him the axe, and I don’t think he was ever court-martialed. C’est la guerre!

Regarding the U.S.S. DuPage being hit by a kamikaze: earlier this month I attended the ship’s 50th anniversary reunion in Chicago, and heard again first-hand accounts of many of the survivors (about 100 showed up). Three of them had carried an unexploded 500-pound bomb that landed in the after welldeck and threw it over the side. Luckily it didn’t explode, though the plane, a “Nick” bomber, did explode (about 15 feet from me; I was at my GQ station on the Signal Bridge); it was 1915 hours and DuPage was acting flagship and guide leading three columns of attack transports out of Lingayen Gulf (P.I.) while zigzagging. There were 35 killed and 136 wounded; we buried the dead at sea off Luzon. Our expert helmsman didn’t panic, or we could have piled up 12 ships, which kept on zigzagging, without missing a turn. The ship astern said we looked like a fireball; five men were blown overboard and picked up by escorting destroyers. Though I was covered with blood, I did not have a scratch (it was from a 20mm gunner next to me). Why are some guys so lucky?

Our grandchildren haven’t a clue as to what the War was like and how it changed all our lives. It was something that had to happen, and thank God we were on the right side. What a waste of life and treasure!
SAS ALUMNI WHO DIED IN WORLD WAR II

David Ely Cain '34  
Caleb Cresson '34  
Malcolm Crocker '35  
George Bradford Patterson '35  
John Norvin Compton, Jr. '36  
Irving Oscar De Shong '36  
Charles Bixler Scott '36  
Richard Peter Richards '37  
James Noah Slee, Jr. '37  
Leonard Rice Brooks '39  
Carl Horace Upham Davis '39  
William Woodthorp Reade '39  
Horst Roloff '39  
William Dorsey Somervell, Jr. '39  
Arthur Stanley Brown-Serman '40  
Joseph Trippe Whitaker '40  
Thomas Gordon Dovell '41  
Malcolm Ford '42  
Thomas Marvel Gooden, III '42  
John Valentine Holman '42  
Donald Murray '42  
Johannes Bartholomeus Van Mesdag '42  
James Grant Barklie '43  
Samuel Lieberkuhn Shoer, III '43  
Charles Anthony Stoddard '43  
Donald Edward Fuller '44

Alan T. Baldwin '36

In 1943, I went into the Navy as an ensign having gone to Cornell for indoctrination. From there I was assigned to the amphibious forces—Pacific Fleet. I started out as communications officer in charge of about 20 radar and radiomen, signalmen and quartermasters on an L.S.T. The vessel was a 328-foot long, 50-foot wide flat-bottom landing ship that made "milk runs" carrying amphibious tanks, trucks, ammunition, fuel and troops among naval bases in the South Pacific.

It departed the United States for the Philippines in August, 1944, and two months later participated in the invasion and occupation of Leyte, an island in the Philippines. During that takeover, one crew member shot down a Japanese fighter plane dubbed a "Betty Bomber." The Japanese plane crashed in the water after 35 rounds of ammunition had been fired at it. If the plane hadn't been stopped, it likely would have targeted our ship. The USS LST #564 was supposed to be hidden from enemy attack by fog produced from the navy's fog machine, but something happened to the machine and we were sitting under the blue sky when someone spotted the plane.

I participated in three invasion landings in the Philippines (Leyte, Luzon and Okinawa), then the occupation and surrender of Japan. In January, 1945, the USS LST #564 helped invade and occupy Luzon in the Philippines' Lingayen Gulf and on April 1, Easter Sunday morning, we moved to the island of Okinawa Shima. Although we trained for the invasion of Japan, we did not go into the country until October, 1945.

We had our share of being strafed, under heavy air attacks by the Japanese, but came through it all with just a few losses. I came out of the war in 1946, kept my commission and joined a naval reserve unit in Danville, Va. I still hold the rank of lieutenant commander in the Retired Naval Reserve.

After the War, I came back to the Martinsville Du Pont Plant and have remained here. I retired in 1977, so have had 17 years of retirement. My wife, Peg, and I have been happily married for 53 years. We have five grown children (3 boys and 2 girls) and 11 grandchildren.

Alan Baldwin '36
Maryland Contingent at OFLAG 64. Bill Cory '38 is pictured third from the left.

William "Bill" R. Cory '38

My war material, in a sketchy form, goes something like this:

Joined Maryland National Guard 110th FA 29th Div., 1938.

Happy at W&L and planned to do Quantico (Marine platoon class - Pete Richards '37 was in this; killed at Guadal along with 90% of 2nd lieutenants) each summer for a commission upon graduation, when my favorite (and only) brother who was through St. Johns and in law school at Md, and a lieutenant in the 110th, informed me I was not going anywhere but Ft. Meade, and damned fast. So ended my glorious one (1) year at W&L. From Ft. Meade I went on usual pre-war maneuvers to the Carolinas; then having made progress (?) from private to 1st sergeant, I was sent to OCS (Feb.-May '42). I surely thought it would be Ft. Sill, but no, Ft. Knox. I didn't even know where Kentucky was in those days. Graduated in a full 90 days; assigned to 7th Armd Div. Camp Polk, La.; stayed a short time when reassigned to Ft. Knox for cadre duty to help form the 12th Armd Div. at Camp Campbell, Ky. Spent a minimum time there before shipping out for Scotland in search of the 1st Armd Div. Missed them (too bad it wasn't for good as you'll see when the story unfolds) and was assigned to 805 TD Bn II Corps in southwest England. Shipped out of Scotland in October '42. Torpedoed in Bay of Biscane; limped into, or rather towed into, Gibraltar for repairs and funerals of those lost in the action. (I had a large group of British soldiers under me at the time and had my first experience of a British military funeral. When it comes to parades or this sort of thing, no one can come close to matching their show.) Regrouped and landed D-Day, Nov. 8, at Algiers. After a short interval in the Casbah moved to the Tunisian front where Rommel took our measure rather rapidly - too little - too green against superior forces of three years' fighting in the desert. In perfect Oxford accented English, my captor gave the standard version: "For you the War is over." In this engagement, we were supporting the 1st Armd Div. units at battle of Faid Pass, the forerunner of Kassarene where our General was sent home, MG Fredendahl, and replaced by Patton.

I was by then two weeks in the bag, en route to Poland via Sfax, Sousse, Tunis—by air JU 52s at 80 miles per hour from Tunis to Naples. In May, I later (after the War) heard we shot down 80 in one day in the same area. When we were being "engaged" by the Desert Fox, we saw only Stukas, no allied craft at all. Various POW camps, Italy and Germany, before settling in at Szubin, Poland (Feb. '43). We always traveled First Class in 40 & 8s where the view was limited.

In Germany, I made a lasting friendship at Rothenberg Am Fulda POW Camp with a New Zealander named George Brown who had been there two years, having lost a leg fighting on Crete. Nine years older than me, we gave each other something quite intangible—hope for him that the U.S. was serious in helping, and wonderful for me as he taught me the ways of coping with prison life. We have kept up all these past 50 years.

My years at OFLAG 64 in Szubin, Poland, were spent mostly digging in the tunnel. Our group initially were 225, and this swelled over the years to 1500 at the end, although we didn't get any more POWs until well after Anzio/Salerno. We had War Dept. word (now declassified) not to attempt any escape to the East, particularly during the Warsaw uprising. Obviously, our people in Washington didn't know, or trust, what the Russians might do, as they were just sitting on the east bank of the Vistula letting the Germans destroy the uprising Poles without so much as lifting a finger to help. For us it was frustrating as we had grandiose plans to break out and take the route eastward away from the enemy (Sept. '44). In any case, there we sat; and when the Russians finally crossed the Vistula, there was nothing to stop them from routing the German Army. This precipitated a mass exodus of POW camps in the area under forced marches back into the heart of Germany. Four of us convinced our superiors "behind the wire" to let us seal ourselves down in the tunnel rather than take a forced march out from the camp in 35 below, wet, damp, snowy conditions (Jan. '45). The Germans searched for us for hours to no avail, and we ended up in an easy escape two days later, having arranged with a couple of our own who remained in
the local hospital as they were too far gone to make the march, and we supposed would only be a burden to the Nazis.

We met up with Russian troops about ten days later. We thought all was sugar and spice until at each rear echelon it became evident the Commissars were the bosses, not the military. At one point in Lvov in southeastern Poland, we were put in the local jail for a few days until a Russian newspaper correspondent who had had some contact with our Navy at Murmansk convinced the local Commissar to free us using simple logic: “If you discover that they really aren’t Americans, you can always shoot them. And if you find out they are what they say, it just might be a feather in your cap to treat them a bit better.” We then got a hotel room, first hot bath in two years and some good food of which we were sure the locals never saw. A couple of nights later, we were told that 45 Americans had arrived at the hotel. Thinking they would be more escaped prisoners, we were overjoyed even more to discover them to be our Air Force from Poltava in the Ukraine, 1500 miles to the east of Lvov. Within 2-3 days, we were on our way. It was Washington’s Birthday. There were only three of us as we had left one guy in the hospital in Warsaw with dysentery. From Poltava, which was at this juncture a supply base for the run from Persian Gulf Headquarters at Teheran to Moscow but previously a refueling base for shuttle bombing from wherever. Poltava was set up as a shuttle bomb base with 15th Air Force in Italy. The Russians sabotaged the only run—let the Germans bomb all our planes (Nazis claimed their most successful bombing of WWII).

We came home via Teheran, Lydda, Cairo, Tripoli, Casablanca, Azores, Bermuda, Miami A-1 Priority Secret Orders, etc., and when we requested next plane for Washington, were told priority ceased on U.S. soil, and that next train left from 36th Street Station. Had a lovely ride standing up between cars on a full-troop train! Mother and Dad met me at Union Station (Feb. 28, 1945). [Bill was home early—the POWs who survived marches from the camps were being liberated as late as May 1945.] Short war, easy trip home.

After duty temporarily at The Pentagon, was assigned to School Troops Ft. Knox to teach the young recruits about warfare?!! About a year later was reassigned to Pentagon in the Intelligence Division. In the meantime, had integrated into the Regular Army. Next duty was military attaché in New Zealand where I renewed my friendship with George Brown from the POW camp at Fulda and saw his first born, my godson. Only stayed there six months before being sent in the same capacity to Greece where I remained for two years in Athens and one year in Salonika. It was then August 1949 and I came home to Ft. Knox with a bad case of hepatitis. Took course at the Armored School and resided mostly in the hospital. This being my 4th tour at Knox, I finally fell in love with Kentucky and Caroline. We became engaged in April. I resigned my commission May 1 and went to work (probably for the first time!) at Cochran Foil Company. We had planned to get married in October, but the advent of the Korean War middle of June scared the bejesus out of us, and we moved the wedding up to July 29. I never got so much as a letter or phone call from the Army although I was ready reserve! Stayed with Cochran for about ten years, the last four of which were part of Anaconda Aluminum. Didn’t wish to relocate to Butte, Montana with two small ones, or to Chucachamati, Chilí, or even to 25 Broadway, NYC, so left to join local distiller making Old Fitzgerald, where I was happy until they decided to go big time, too, in selling out to Norton Simon. Both companies have since been merged, or sold many times over. I feel lucky, as some of my friends from those company days have had hard times with such things as “your job has been restructured, and is now obsolete,” etc. Having been charged with many duties at the little distillery, I decided to take a job with our label supplier (another family-owned business), where I remained until retirement in 1988. They are now part of Hiram Walker/Allied Lyons of London!

Back to POW life: We have all kept up through a periodic newsletter and infrequent reunions until recently when we all realized how old we are. So, we have reunions every year and this past October I hosted our 50th here in Louisville. As a mark for this one, we are publishing a book of Life Behind the Wire at Szubin, Poland. [240 pages—personal accounts of war capture and life behind the wire, escape secrets, etc.] I am donating a copy for the SAS Library.
George E. Brown, Jr. ’37

Although I wasn’t aware of it until lately, C. Edward Wolfe and I were classmates at the First 90-Day Wonder School on the U.S.S. Illinois (later changed to the Prairie State) in August of 1940. We graduated as ensigns and went to sea, he in the U.S.S. Nevada and I in the U.S.S. Chester, a beautiful clipper bowed heavy cruiser. I spent the year before the war started on her operating out of Pearl Harbor.

On December 1, 1941, the carrier Enterprise (Bull Halsey in command) took our squadron out to Wake Island to deliver some new planes. We were due back in Pearl on Sunday, December 7, at 0800 hours, but Admiral Halsey didn’t like the way we refueled destroyers on Friday and made us go through a dry run on Saturday which delayed our arrival in Pearl, on Sunday the 7th. Instead of being a sitting duck in P.H. we were about 25 miles S.W. of Pearl when the Japs hit Pearl at 0800 hours, thus I was saved by the delay since I was the main battery fire control operator—five decks down and MOT (middle of the target). A sure pigeon! I made the raid on the Gilbert & Marshall in February of ’42.

When we returned to Pearl for repairs due to bomb damage, my orders to sub school came in and I took off like a goat for New London, Conn. While in school, I became a Zebra—Stripes yet! (LTJG). Upon graduation in June, I shipped out to Australia and joined the U.S.S. Sculpin SS 191 in Brisbane. I made five war patrols in Sculpin sinking ten Jap freighters and tankers plus one “Q” ship. (Freighter loaded with beer barrels so she wouldn’t sink if hit by a torpedo and she was loaded with depth charges and guns behind false cabins.) We hit her with two torpedoes; but instead of sinking, she turned and came over and depth charged us. So we maneuvered around to her stern and gave her one up the flue! This took out her rudder screw and demolished her engine room. She couldn’t sink, so we left her there burning—a pretty useless hulk which would never again trap an unwary sub.

In November of ’43, we ran into trouble with a Japanese destroyer off Truk. After a gun battle which severely damaged Sculpin, I succeeded to command after the captain and exec were killed on the bridge and in the conning tower. I scuttled Sculpin and 40 men and three officers were picked up and taken to Truk. After beating the hell out of us for ten days, they divided us into two parties and put us on two converted aircraft carriers for passage to Japan. On the way, our sister ship U.S.S. Sailfish (formerly SQUALUS) sank the other carrier and I lost another 20 men and two officers (one man survived). So 20 men and one officer (me!) arrived in Ofuna, a secret questioning and intimidation camp outside of Tokyo where I spent the next year and nine months. One month before the war ended, I was transferred to a real prisoner-of-war camp and officially registered as a POW. This camp was originally for submariners and Marine Corps flyers—the ones that the Japanese hated the most. Pappy Boyington, Commander of the Black Sheep Squadron, was at Ofuna, too. (When freed, George weighted 108 pounds.)
Edwin “Ed” L. Sibert, Jr. '38

After graduation from St. Andrew’s in 1938, I wanted to go to Annapolis but was unable to obtain an appointment. Although most of the appointments were controlled by Congressmen, a few were awarded each year to Navy enlisted men on the basis of a competitive examination. To become eligible for this, I enlisted as a seaman in the Naval Reserve in the summer of 1938. I spent the winter of 1938-39 studying for the examination and drilling with the Naval Reserve.

Having passed the entrance examination with high enough grades to win a Naval Reserve appointment, I entered the Naval Academy in June 1939. During my first year, it was decided that we would be graduated a year early because of the increasing threat of war. Shortly before graduation in June 1942, I received orders assigning me to a new destroyer (U.S.S. Pringle DD477) then being completed at the Navy Yard in Charleston, S.C.

During the summer of 1942, I attended anti-submarine warfare school in Key West, Fla., and torpedo school in Newport, R.I. After that, I reported to Charleston in time for the commissioning of the Pringle on September 15, 1942. Torpedo officer was my first shipboard assignment.

We had a short shakedown cruise off Casco Bay, Maine. This was followed by a North Atlantic convoy run in the middle of the winter. We saw no enemy action on this one, but the weather was terrible.

After the convoy duty was over, we were ordered to the South Pacific by way of the Panama Canal and Pearl Harbor. In the spring of 1943 we arrived at Noumea, New Caledonia, where we were assigned to escort some supply ships to Guadalcanal. On the way, we were subjected to an air attack—our first enemy action. We suffered no hits and didn’t knock down any planes.

At Guadalcanal, we left the transports and joined a force consisting of light cruisers and destroyers based at Tulagi. During the next several months, we made numerous nighttime forays into Japanese-held territory to interrupt their supply lines, conduct shore bombardments and cover landings. Occasionally we were subjected to air attack or engaged enemy surface forces at night. While this was going on, I became the ship’s gunnery officer.

As we moved into 1944, we covered the landing on Bougainville and lent support to the troops that were in a beachhead at Cape Torakina. When that operation was wound up, we returned to Pearl Harbor to prepare for the Marianas campaign.

In early June 1944, we covered the initial landing on Saipan. We saw some air action and took some fire from enemy shore batteries. Mostly we provided gunfire support for the marines. Later we took part in the landings at Tinian and Guam but didn’t see much action there. At the conclusion of the Marianas Campaign, we were ordered back to San Francisco for a Navy Yard overhaul. The ship was in pretty bad shape.

When the Pringle arrived at San Francisco in September 1944, I received orders to a new destroyer (U.S.S. Miles C. Fox DD829) which was under construction in Bath, Maine.

After a brief leave, I joined the Fox’s pre-commissioning detail in Norfolk, Va. While there I ran into our classmate Bob Crane who was a newly commissioned ensign.

The Fox was commissioned in Boston in the spring of 1945 and I was her gunnery officer. After a brief shakedown cruise, we made our way out to the Western Pacific where we joined a fast carrier task force off the coast of Japan. The bomb was dropped and the war was over.

A few days after the war had ended, we entered Tokyo Bay and were there when the surrender ceremony took place. Shortly after that, I had a chance to go ashore for a look around in Tokyo and Yokohama. The devastation from our bombing was awesome.

After several weeks had elapsed, the Fox received orders to return to the United States. The crew was elated. At about the same time, I received orders to leave the Fox and report to a destroyer mine-sweeper (U.S.S. Doran DMS41) which was based in Kobe. I spent the next eight months sweeping mines in Japanese waters. Finally in the summer of 1946, we returned to San Francisco. We hadn’t been back long when new orders arrived for me. I was to be the executive officer of a brand new destroyer (U.S.S. William C. Lawe DD763) which was being completed in San Francisco.

The Lawe was commissioned on December 18, 1946. We were based in San Diego for a couple of months while we underwent shakedown training. Then we took off for a world cruise in company with an aircraft carrier and one other destroyer. The cruise was a wonderful opportunity to see the world and show the flag. By the summer of 1948, we were finally back in San Diego. Orders were waiting for me assigning me to Princeton University to teach navigation in the N.R.O.T.C. unit.

After two years at Princeton, I had made up my mind that I was not militarily ambitious, so I resigned from the Navy and embarked on a banking career.
George S. Welch '37

By Buzz Speakman '38

The first year that George Welch came to SAS, I was captain of the 125-pound football team. At that time, every boy of our 75 max. enrollment had to go out for football. We had three teams in those days: 125-pound, JV and varsity.

George came to me and told me he couldn’t go out for football because he would break his collarbone. Some of the guys from Wilmington who knew him said that he had broken his collarbone when pushed over a bed. I told George I had nothing to do with excusing him from playing football, that the School doctor would be the one to do that.

The upshot was that he had to come out for the team. He practiced with the rest of us. The first game of the season he was on the receiving team; the first play he came trotting over to me with an arm across his chest held by the other arm. “May I leave the game? I’ve broken my collarbone.” I was dumbfounded but led him over to the bench; he had broken his collarbone. George became waterboy for the varsity.

George graduated in 1937 and went to the University of Indiana. We would see each other on vacations in Wilmington. Christmas of 1940, George and another friend from Wilmington, Billy Shoemaker, had been accepted as aviation cadets having completed their two years of college. Bobeye Smith ’38, myself and another friend from Wilmington whose parents were away had an all-night party for George and Bill. We put them on the train for Texas the next morning.

The next we heard of George was in every paper in the country after Pearl Harbor.

I was home on leave in the spring of 1942 when I ran into George at 10th and Market in Wilmington, all dolled up in a white Air Corps dress uniform. He was on a big bond tour of the U.S. We repaired to the Brandywine Room and George told me what had gone on at Pearl over several drinks.

One, he and Lieutenant Kenneth Taylor were on weekend leave at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel and had not been to bed as Air Force magazine contends. He and Taylor commandeered a taxi and drove around Pearl City to a gunnery field on the North Shore at Haleiwa, a grass strip, where his squadron had a few P-40’s.

Lieutenant Welch is generally credited with shooting down the first Japanese aircraft in the Pacific War, followed seconds later by Lieutenant Taylor’s initial victory.1

George was fresh from Washington, D.C., where he had been decorated by President Roosevelt with the Distinguished Service Cross. George said General Hap Arnold, Chief of the Army Air Corps, told him that he would have gotten the Congressional Medal of Honor but we were not at war with Japan at the time. George was credited with four confirmed victories but said it was more like eight, as the others were over the Pacific and could not be confirmed.

In 1942, George was assigned to the 36th Fighter Squadron, 8th Group, flying P-39s in New Guinea. Lacking maneuverability, rate of climb, and altitude capability, the P-39 was no one’s choice for air combat. Despite those handicaps, George shot down a Zero and two “Val” dive bombers on December 7, 1942, the anniversary of Pearl Harbor.2

The P-39 was one of the worst planes we had to fight air combat. On Guadalcanal, when they knew a Japanese raid was on the way, the P-39’s took off and scattered to avoid being shot down or destroyed on the ground.

In New Guinea, Pappy Gunn converted the P-39’s with a beehive bomb rack used to bomb the Japanese on the Kagoda Trail over the Owen Stanley Mountains, together with the P-39’s 37mm cannon. One book I read credited George and his P-39’s with a large help in stopping the Japanese in front of Port Moresby. For him to shoot down three planes with the P-39 was a tremendous feat of airmanship.

Better things were to come. For his third combat tour, [George] joined the 8th Group’s 80th Fighter Squadron, equipped with P-38’s. On June 21, 1943, he destroyed two “Zeke” fighters over Lae, then two months later, downed three “Tony” fighters near Wewak. Now a captain, [George] was moved to 8th Fighter Group Hq. His biggest day came on September 2, 1943, when he dropped three Zeros and a “Dinah” bomber. With sixteen victories, George Welch ended his combat career among
the top thirty-five Army Air Forces aces of World War II and stood tenth among aces in the Pacific. He was one of the few pilots to score victories flying three different fighters.1

Before his third tour, George wrote that the P-38 was a dream—all you had to do was shut down one engine and the plane would slow roll across the sky—hands off!

George became a test pilot for North American Aviation, not as a military pilot, but was stationed at Edwards AFB where he was known as a character.

I heard from people in Wilmington that on the big public test of the new F-100 in front of a large assortment of “big wigs,” generals, etc., at 29 Palms, Ca., a North American test facility with a new flight center of hand-hewn beams and large tinted glass windows. George brought the plane flat out right over the runway, breaking the sound barrier and shattering all the glass panels and hand-hewn beams—damaged the building totally!

On October 12, 1954, George was killed testing the F-100 Super Sabre in a compressibility dive—the wings folded back over the cockpit and made exit impossible. He will be remembered by many only as the first Air Force pilot to shoot down an enemy plane in the Pacific War—one of the great heroes of Pearl Harbor. Fewer know of his later combat tours, marked by the same courage, skill and determination he displayed as an untested pilot during his country’s first hour of World War II.2


Walter “Buzz” W. Speakman ’38

I went to the University of Virginia for three years but figured I wouldn’t be able to finish without being drafted. So I enlisted in the Air Corps in Sept. of 1941, after I had been turned down for cadets’ physical—never have figured why, as I passed so many after that. I was sent to aviation mechanics school at Keesler Field, Miss. I was one of the first there and construction was like in a boom town. In December, 1941, I reapplied for Cadets and was accepted. But they only took the cadets that they had signed up. I didn’t get to go for another nine months. I had graduated from mechanics school and sent to Mobile, Ala., to wait and wait.

Finally, I went to Maxwell Field, Montgomery, Ala., for Pre-Flight where I met a fraternity brother from the University of Virginia—so we roomed together through advanced flying school. Primary was at Helena, Ark.; washout rate was high. Basic was at Gunter Field, Montgomery, Ala. We heard they were washing out single engine cadets in advanced flying schools at a terrific rate, turned out to be 45%. I didn’t believe it and went to Craig Field, Selma, Ala.; our rate was 55%. I ground looped a P-40 on my first solo and was in the majority that washed out.

On to Smyrna, Tenn., a B-24 school for graduated cadets. There I flew as aerial engineer with some guys from Primary and Basic. I ran into Bill Somervell ’39 who was a flying instructor in B-24’s. I was a mechanic/aerial engineer with the rank of private, and he was a captain. I had last run into him at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill in the spring of 1941. I was there with the UVA lacrosse team. I only had two rather short conversations with Bill. The school squadron lost 8 of 11 B-24’s in accidents in a very short period—all fatal. So the Air Corps decided to replace all instructors and send them overseas.

They loaded them all on a B-24 and we saw them off; we were by the runway. The instructors all crowded around the waist-gunner windows. This changed the center of gravity on the plane, and they all had to rush forward to keep from crashing during takeoff. According to the crew who flew them, it was a close call.

Bill was sent to India to fly the Hump. He was flying the transport version of the B-24, flying gas over the Hump. He was killed when his plane exploded in the air right after takeoff.

I saw liaison pilot training notice on the bulletin board and ran all the way over to HQ with my log book, and I was on my way to Waco, Texas. In Waco, we flew L-4’s, practiced circular and short field landings and takeoffs. My graduating class was 43-L-14, Oct. 14, 1943. I ran into Bobeye Smith ’38 in a hotel in Waco. He was a graduate of OCS in tank destroyers in Camp Hood, Texas. We sat up half a night catching up on what had happened since the summer of 1941.

We were sent to Lamesa, Texas, in west Texas, for advanced liaison pilot training. The train we got on must have been left over from WWI. It was a steam locomotive that spat cinders through our open windows; the seats were cane. At noon, the train stopped and they told us we would eat lunch across the street, which was dirt and about 100 feet wide—it was the only street and one-sided. We all, civilians and G.I.’s, went across to a large building with a big false front, board sidewalks and building unpainted. Inside was a long bar on one side, tables and a dance floor. They placed a large thick plate in front of us with a nice thick rib-eye steak, black-eyed peas and another vegetable, coffee and biscuits. Dessert was a large slice of apple pie. Service was quick and food was good. I asked the waitress how much the meal was and she said, “Two bits.” I asked, “You mean 25 cents?” “Yes.” I’ve never forgotten it!

We flew L-5’s at Lamesa, civilian flying school.

Walter "Buzz" W. Speakman '38 today.
The country was a flat mesa with not a tree in sight. When the wind blew, the tied-down L-4's and L-5's would lift off the ground and be flying restrained only by their three-point tie-downs. I went to Statesboro, Ga., with the 127th Liaison Squadron—more like a pilot pool. This was the first time we ran into guys who came in with civilian time, guys close to 40 and some married (old-old). We stayed in Statesboro in two liaison squadrons, the 127th and the 156th. They were sending some guys to Burma. We got fed up when they sent a bunch of liaison pilots to glider pilot school.

After the glider pilot school fiasco, nine of us that called ourselves the "Raunchy Nine" told the 1st Sergeant we wanted to be on the next list to be shipped out. We were sent to Thermal, Calif., not far from Palm Springs and became part of the 4th Fighter Recon. Squadron, a wonderful outfit that had been in existence since WWI. After a short sojourn in the desert, they shipped the whole outfit to Lakeland, Fla. There we became part of the 3rd Air Commando group. Hundreds of liaison pilots from all over the country were included in this group.

Two or three weeks later they put the "Raunchy Nine" on a train to Raleigh-Durham Field, Raleigh, N.C., where the 163rd Liaison Squadron was stationed. From there we were sent to Aiken, S.C., in Oct. 1944. Finally they decided to round up all the liaison pilots everywhere and sent us to combat training at Brownwood AAB, Texas, and Camp Hood, Texas. We really shot short field landings, dog leg road landings and we really piled up the hours. Finally shipped out to Hunter AAB, S.C., then off for ETO on a Dutch liner for England. Then on to Germany with the 153rd Liaison Squadron as replacements. By this time the war was winding down. Before the end of the war, I flew to a former German air base at Wetzlar which was a base for a P-47 group. I was sitting on the tire on my L-5 when a jeep drove by; it was driven by Curly Rogers and there was instant recognition between us. He was in my cadet class 43-E and we had seen each other last at Advanced Single Engine at Craig Field in May 1943. In less than two years Curly had become a full Bird Colonel! We talked and talked; he said he got to be group commander because he was the last one left. I know it was more than that, but he really had some stories to tell.

In July 1945, I was detailed to fly an Intelligence Officer from the 29th Division to all the prison camps in the territory we were giving to the Russians on Aug. 1. He told me he was a teacher at Episcopal High School in Alexandria, Va., a prep school. I said, "You had to know Lukey Fleming who came to my school, St. Andrew's, from EHS." He asked me if I had known a Horst Roloff '39. I said yes and that I had his address in Berlin but the street is bombed out, and I couldn't find it. His reply: "He's dead!" It appears he was questioning the 29th Division POW's—the first batch of real Waffen S.S. that had been captured. When the line got to his table, Horst spoke in perfect English. When questioned about how he spoke such perfect English, he said he had gone to a small prep school in Middletown, Del. The officer didn't really believe Horst, so he asked him to name the masters at SAS. When he named Lukey and Pat Fleming, he knew he was telling the truth. His peers (fellow S.S. men) that were standing in the line began muttering. So the officer said, "I want to talk to you later. I'll get back to you." Later he heard some shooting in the cobblestone courtyard of the Caserna. They had made all the S.S. men squat in this square with armed guards. On checking on what had gone on, it appeared that one of the S.S. had stood up and started shouting about "the decadent Americans," the usual blather that the S.S. mouthing even in combat against the U.S. troops. The fellow happened to be Horst. The officer knew that it was peer pressure, the way that the Waffen S.S. discipline! The guards were combat vets and from the 69th Division. The guard who killed Horst had a brother that had been massacred at Malmedy. I gather nothing was done to the guard. Horst's picture is in the War Room of St. Andrew's with the Iron Cross around his neck in a Wehrmacht uniform, not in S.S. uniform.

Earlier I was at our flight field at Leipsic, one of the few with concrete runways. Out on the runway, I saw a German man. I went out to the man who was about 50 or 60 years of age and asked him what he was doing there. He told me he was waiting for his son who was flying in. This was one night that all the Germans who could get out of Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia were flying anything out, even shooting people to get out. Of
course, we didn’t know that at the time. At almost dusk, I heard an airplane. A FW190 came down and landed on the other end of the runway. I could see a pilot hop out, unfasten a panel on the fuselage and help a guy out. Then he fastened up the panel, got back in the airplane (he had left the engine running), and took off past us. I wasn’t about to fire at him with my 45. Sure enough the old man ran up and hugged his son and off they walked. We never figured out how they knew how to make connections, but things like that were happening all the time.

It was a hell of an interesting time. We had very little supervision for quite a while, especially if you were out on detached service. I flew everywhere, landed everywhere. I went to Berlin and Vienna and even got to Budapest and Copenhagen. I was finally shipped to Wetzlar AB and on my way home. It took 19 days on a liberty ship in the rough North Atlantic.

I went back to the University of Virginia on the G.I. Bill and graduated with a B.S. in commerce in 1947. I got more out of my last year at UVA than in the previous three.

I spent 25 years in Women’s Specialty Shops and 20 years as senior budget analyst for the State of Delaware. I have been active in SAS alumni activities since the advent of Jon O’Brien as headmaster and was the first Alumni Term Trustee.

I am retired now and love it. My wife, Virginia, and I have been married for 42 years and have three wonderful children and four grandchildren.

Augustus “Gus” S. Trippe, II ’37

My war career was long—1939 through 1946—but as an early arrival, I spent the entire war training others. So I never fired a shot in anger. I started with the New York 7th Regiment, the oldest regiment in the United States.

I was a private in the famous Seventh Regiment of New York. This was a National Guard Regiment which I joined in 1939. They were federalized, I think, in late 1940 by which time I had made corporal. I finished up as a major commanding the 1st Battalion, 11th Regiment, 5th Division, which was under orders to proceed to the Far East for the assault on Japan when the war, thankfully, ended.

I’m much impressed with John Parry’s World War II activities. I know many of the places where he saw action, particularly in the Philippines where I went in October, 1946, and started a shipping and trading operation. So I had operations in Samar, Leyte, Lingayen Gulf, Palau, Saipan and Guam. In fact, I had an office in Guam and a regular shipping service between Guam, Japan, Hong Kong and the Philippines at the outbreak of the Korean War.

Because I was using a chartered Norwegian 4,000-ton ship, the Boss Navy guy called me into his office and said, “Hey, the U.S. is at war. We can’t have a foreign ship plying our waters, so you’ll have to leave.” He then added, “But, to ease your financial loss and to help us, we just happen to need a shipload of war material taken to Shimonoseki across the Korean Strait from Pusan. We’ll charter your vessel for a single voyage—delivery, Guam; redelivery, Shimonoseki—for $100,000. How about it?” This was a real saviour and got me out of trouble.

I have a lot of material on my operations in Australia and the Far East where I lived and had an office for almost a half century. I finally retired in March, 1993, when I snapped my Achilles tendon playing tennis. At one stage I owned four cattle stations (called ranches in Texas), which were as large as Delaware, Rhode Island and much of the Eastern Shore in Maryland where I grew up. Of course, developing these properties kept me poor; and if I hadn’t had a very profitable cement company, large fishing company and trading business I would have floundered. I was awarded the “Order of Australia” by the Queen in 1986 for my contribution to commerce and industry. This was one of my proudest moments. A miracle, really, considering I think I still hold the record at St. Andrew’s for being the most misbehaved student for all time. I think I was suspended twice for smoking and I remember “borrowing” the housemother’s car one evening with five others and was the only one caught as we returned the car to the garage. I was driving.
IN MEMORY

C. Seymour Masterton '40

Charles Seymour Masterton, 72, of Oak Park, Ill., died December 28 in Ohio State University Hospital after a brief illness.

Seymour was a retired freight traffic controller.

He is survived by a sister, Mrs. Isabell M. Brown of Columbus, Ohio.

Harding Hughes '41 thought of Seymour as a classmate of his who stayed at St. Andrew’s only a year or two and didn’t graduate. He hadn’t seen or heard from him since they knew each other at school.

As an SAS student, Harding recalls that Seymour counted Hillsborough, N.C., as home, a very small town near Durham, which has considerable rich history from colonial days and where Seymour’s father was rector of the Episcopal church.

Seymour was a likable but also unusual person. Harding enjoyed knowing him, the only fellow North Carolinian (according to his recollection) in the entire School during his four years. Two things stand out in Harding’s memory:

1. Seymour’s hobby. A deep-dyed-in-the-wool North Carolinian, he sought to memorize the name and location of every city, town, hamlet and crossroads in his native state. And he came close to achieving his unusual objective.

2. Seymour’s leisure-time (Saturday) activity: hiking. In those days, a school rule required a student leaving the campus to put his name and what he would be doing on a list located on a bulletin board adjacent to the headmaster’s office. Mr. Pell would examine the list and write his initials to approve absences. Early Saturday morning, Seymour would write his name on the list and “hiking.” Mr. Pell, a vigorous, outdoorsy gentleman, would examine this and happily insert “WPII,” his trademark.

Nobody asked Seymour what kind of hiking. Late Saturday nights he would return with tales of hitch-hiking over much of Delaware and parts of neighboring states. There weren’t many automobiles around in those days. Seymour was admired.

Anthony R. Parrish '41

Tony Parrish died on March 12, 1994, at Fleet Landing Retirement Community, Atlantic Beach, Fla. He was a retired colonel in the U.S. Air Force.

Tony graduated from and earned his pilot’s wings at the U.S. Military Academy, West Point, in 1945, flew in the Berlin Airlift, and for the Military Air Transport Service during atomic weapons testing programs in the Pacific. He was a distinguished graduate of the Air Command and Staff College of the Army War College, and earned a master’s degree in business administration from the University of Texas. He served in the J-5 Staff in the Office of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and held the Air Force Distinguished Service Medal among his decorations and service awards. Upon retirement after 24 years of active service, he served as the administrator of the Jacksonville Health Planning Council and on the Board of the Visiting Nurse’s Association before earning a master’s degree in political science from the University of Florida. He then taught for 11 years at Florida’s Pasco-Hernando Community College.

He is survived by his wife of 49 years, Anne; sons John ’64 of San Francisco, Calif., Anthony, Jr. (Andy) ’66 of Miami, Fla., and James of Sterling, Va.; brothers George of Fernandina, Fla., Cuthbert, Jr. of Hatboro, Pa., William of Norristown, Pa., and Richard of Lansdale, Pa.; and four grandchildren.

Tony’s son Andy ’66 recalls some of the fond memories he and his family share: “Anthony R. Parrish was a member of the Class of ’41 and always a devoted St. Andrean. John and I have the most wonderful memories of SAS with Dad. He loved Fathers’ Weekend (back when Fathers’ Weekend usually meant sincere repentance on Sunday morning). He spanned the generations of the School’s faculty. John’s advisor was Lukie Fleming—the same as Dad’s. When I showed up for my first dinner as a lowly II Former, it was at the Voorhees’ table. Mrs. Voorhees’ first words to me were: ‘You must be the new Parrish. Sit up and don’t slouch.’ Bull Cameron and Mr. Hillier also made it clear to John and me that being ‘sons of an alumnus’ brought extra scrutiny.

“At Dad’s memorial service at Fleet Landing, which was well attended by military career officers like Dad, we all sang the St. Andrew’s hymn, just as he would have wanted.”

Edward G. Echeverria ’43

Edward G. Echeverria, 69, a retired senior urban designer with the World Bank who directed the reconstruction of numerous areas destroyed by natural or man-made disasters, died of cancer December 14, 1993, at his home in Washington.

Ned was born in Tarentum, Pa. He graduated from Tufts University, where he majored in engineering, and received a master’s degree in city planning from Columbia University. During World War II, he served in the Navy.

From 1949 to 1963, Ned was an urban planner in Central and South America and then India, where he worked for the Ford Foundation for six years. He worked for an architectural planning firm in New York for three years before moving to Washington in 1966.

Ned was employed by an engineering company in the Washington area and then started his own business, Planners, Inc. He ran it until 1975, when he joined the staff of the World Bank.

At different times, he worked to repair earthquake and flood damage in Mexico, Colombia, China and Turkey. He worked on the reconstruction of war damage in Nicaragua, Mozambique and Angola after their tragic civil wars. He retired in 1987 but continued as a consultant until his death.

Ned was a member of the American Planning Association. He also was an oceangoing yachtsman and a member of the advisory board of the Nantucket Island, Mass., where he had a summer residence.

Carlos ’48 writes about his brother: “Ned, to the end, was an incurable romantic who was a sailor. A dynamite combination. He seemed to be able to deal with space and time with great success.”

As concerns space, he was able to utilize room to accommodate all the requirements and needs of his various projects. As concerns time, he made other people’s time his time. He was never too busy to listen, to offer solutions, [and wasn’t one] to turn down a request for a just cause.”

The note on the program from Ned’s memorial service on December 17 reads: “The overwhelming focus of Ned’s work was to improve the living conditions of the poor, to provide housing and sanitation, and to preserve the natural environment. He was an engineer with the highest social and ethical principles.”

Ned is survived by his wife of 45 years, Paula Echeverria of Washington; two daughters, Diana Echeverria of Seattle and Consuelo Echeverria of Pittsburgh; a sister, Juanita E. Kenda of Honolulu; and one brother, Carlos P. Echeverria of New York.

John B. Shober, Jr. ’45

After a ten-month bout with cancer, John Shober died in April, 1993.

John came to St. Andrew’s as a III Former, became a class officer and prefect and lettered in football and crew. He left St. Andrew’s late in the fall of 1944 to enter the service. John and his wife of 25 years, Patricia, were residing in Mobile, Ala.

Constantine B. Simonides ’52

Constantine, 59, died on April 24, 1994, apparently of a heart attack, in Leonard Morse Metrowest Medical Center in Natick, after he collapsed while playing tennis.

Constantine was the vice president and secretary of the corporation of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He had been a corporate officer of MIT for ten years. He was also the vice president of the school for 24 years with responsibilities that included admissions, personnel, public relations, athletics and MIT Press. For the past five years, Constantine was the chief strategist in the school’s successful campaign to convince the U.S. Justice Department that MIT’s cooperation with other colleges in granting more than $25 million of need-based scholarships aid to its students was not a violation of the Sherman antitrust act. The Justice Department dropped the case last December.

Born in Athens, Greece, Constantine first came to the United States as a VI Former at St. Andrew’s. He attended MIT and earned a bachelor’s degree in economics at Boston University and a master’s degree in business administration at Harvard University.

He became a U.S. citizen in 1959. Constantine was a Wellesley town meeting member and a trustee of Babson College in Wellesley and Buckingham, Browne and Nichols School in Cambridge.

Constantine was revered as a colleague and friend, who, as MIT president Charles M. Vest said, “infected MIT with warmth and humanity.” He treated everyone equally and respectfully. He cautioned students against accepting the “myth” of America as a melting pot, a term he said is no longer useful “because it does not encourage the existence of differences.”

Constantine is survived by his wife, Betty Lane; two sons, Ted of Palo Alto, Calif. and Ira Philip of Wellesley; a daughter, Cynthia Simonides of Boston; a sister, Julia Cotsarides of Athens, Greece; and one grandson.

With fond recollections of his classmate and friend, Will Johnson writes:

Constantine was part of our family, and by that I mean that he was, of course, a big part of the St. Andrew’s family; and I also mean that he was an integral part of my family—the family of Dr. and Mrs. Philip Johnson of Fairmont, W. V. He was so much a part of our family that I had the impression that he must have come to St. Andrew’s shortly after I did, in 1947. But there is a note written by Walden Pell which states that he picked up the first War Memorial Scholar at the train station in the fall of 1951 and was, no doubt, at the station in Wilmington, through which Constantine and I were destined to pass for Christmas and other vacations.

I don’t remember exactly when I met Constantine, but I know that early that year we were both assigned to the Pells’ table in the dining room. We were seated across the table from one another, and I remember asking about his family and school in Athens. We struck up a fast friendship; and when Christmas vacation approached, I invited him to come home with me. With a change of trains in Washington, we rode in a sleeper car directly from Wilmington to Fairmont. (Now only coal cars go to and from Fairmont on the rails.)

My family and all our friends quickly welcomed Constantine to our fold. An early highlight of the Christmas season
was a costume ball at the Fairmont Field Club. Mother made a shiny sash, and we found some medals (Dad had enlisted in both World Wars); and Constantine went to the dance as the Greek Ambassador—most resplendent and striking. Constantine loved people and conversation. He savored the essence of thought, be it a neat concept or a good joke; and his enjoyment was evident and contagious. In the days following the dance, we received almost more social invitations than we could handle.

One special treat was the invitation Constantine, my twin sister Jeanie, my brother Phil '49 and I received to the home of Mr. Spiro Gotses, a Greek man who owned and managed the Palace Restaurant, at which Dad usually had lunch, in downtown Fairmont. It was the first time Jeanie, Phil or I had ever been in the home of a Greek family. Mr. Gotses was a gracious host and served us our first ever delicious baklava and mavrothaphne.

Constantine also spent a couple of summers with us in Fairmont. Dad was plant physician for the Owens, Illinois, Glass Bottle Manufacturing Plant in Fairmont, and he obtained summer jobs for Constantine and me. I think we earned $1.21 per hour for some very hard work. We were “glue boys,” and our job was to spot glue the flaps of bottle cartons and load them on a large, heavy hand truck and haul it to a shipping dock. Constantine learned and adjusted to everything very quickly. At one point, Constantine was briefly perplexed and asked me why a lot of our co-workers kept calling him “buddy.” I explained that it was just a term of friendship and acceptance, something like New Yorkers calling each other “Mac.”

We worked a swing shift, sometimes starting early in the morning, sometimes early in the afternoon, and other times early in the night. After work, we would get in my old car and head for home, with perhaps a stop at the Dairy Queen or a drive-in for a burger and shake. Other times, we just went home, took a shower and ate supper.

My mother, Jean Billingslea Johnson, a brilliant woman and a former high school English teacher, and Constantine soon became great pals. They would review items of interest, grammatical and otherwise, in the morning paper, and Mother would show and explain many things around the house and yard. Constantine must have remarked about some of the flowers in the garden, because Mother invited him to speak to the Green Hills Garden Club about flowers in Greece. Constantine could master any subject and be very clear and interesting in speaking about it. The ladies were, of course, delighted to meet and listen to the charming, young Athenian prince about whom they had heard so much. At one point, Constantine was launching into a statement about pansies, and the word didn’t come out quite right. He asked whether the ladies knew about “pantsies.” As Mother related the story, no one chuckled, but a few ladies did glance at each other; and all professed that yes, they did know about “pantsies.”

Constantine and Mother developed a strong bond of respect and affection. Mother always made admirable efforts to expose us children to different foods; and one evening we had stewed onions, little ones, about a half inch in diameter. When Mother served my sister and me, I think we did our best to decline gracefully; but Constantine expressed interest and pleasure in trying some. My sister and I probably exchanged grimaces, but we knew we were witnessing a moral experience, a display of respect, devotion and guts that we have never forgotten and for which we held Constantine in the greatest respect, if not awe. Mother was keenly pleased when Constantine asked if he might consider her his “American mother.”

Constantine was well placed at the table to converse with Dad, and years later, Constantine told me that he had always remembered some of Dad’s sayings, probably bits of West Virginia folk wisdom, a lot of which I don’t remember myself. One saying Constantine particularly liked was: “Never make excuses. Your friends will understand. Your enemies will make the most of it.”

Fortunately, during those summers in Fairmont, all was not work. We regularly met with many good friends at the pool of the Fairmont Field Club, and I’m sure we also frequented the Municipal Pool at 12th Street. In the evenings, we sometimes double dated at a drive-in movie. We often enjoyed reviewing our impressions of the pretty girls we saw at the bottle plant, at the pool or elsewhere around town. Fairmont had a lot of pretty girls and that was a sort of summer compensation for going away to school, though it may not have been “compensation” with a big C.

I like to think that Constantine’s sojourns in Fairmont helped him develop his judgment of people, including pretty girls. He did manage to identify the prettiest and best girl in the Boston area.

Winning her, of course, was all his own achievement, but some contribution to his acumen actually came from Saint Andrew’s, boys’ school though it was. On vacations, Missy and Lili Pell would come home, and when those beautiful blonde girls walked into the dining room with all the physical radiance and grace of both of their parents, it was a stirring moment for each of us boys. I was pretty sure that they were the closest things to angels that I would see for a long time (or at least until I could get back to Fairmont and see Sally Spencer). In analyzing our conceptions of what a real lady is, I’m sure all of us boys in school with Constantine would include the examples of those esteemed faculty wives.

Constantine valued excellence in all things. He not only appreciated excellence, he sought it. I remember once we were preparing for a trip, maybe just a picnic. Constantine and Mother must have repacked the car trunk four times before it was just right. Constantine told me that when he was assisting Howard Johnson, at the Sloan School, or in the president’s office, they developed a distinctive style for speeches; and Constantine said he used figures of speech from classical Greek rhetoric.

Over the years, we maintained contact pretty well. Constantine was the godfather of Jeanie’s younger daughter, Meg. Constantine and Betty came to my wedding when I married Georgia, and I attended their wedding. Actually, since I had a car and Constantine didn’t, I drove him and Betty on their honeymoon to Cape Cod. Fortunately, I did manage to stay out of the way, and we all enjoyed being at the Cape.

The last time I saw Constantine was at the wedding of Jeanie’s older daughter in Cape Cod. Georgia and I flew to Boston and then on to the Cape. We were having lunch in a restaurant when I looked up and saw Constantine coming through the door. During our conversation, we recited together a Greek phrase he had taught me years ago. We had a good laugh and a great visit at the reception later in the day.

Prince, ambassador, vice president—no title can suffice. For us Johnsons and other Fairmonters, the name of Constantine says it all. It says so much that I am sorry not to be able to capture better in words some of the wonderful times we shared. If Constantine could hear me now, his great, rich smile would begin to form; and soon he would chide me to remember what my dad said about not making excuses. Jeanie and I and others will go on remembering things and enjoying the thoughts. So we don’t say good-bye to Constantine, just “au revoir,” because I do believe that in this world without end we, who love Constantine, will see our buddy again. After all, we are all part of the same family.

van Buchem continued

the same sorts of books—mysteries and thrillers—broadening into a shared love of serious music, with many opera trips enriching the mix, and then serving as faculty troublemakers (the headmaster at a farewell dinner told Evert with a grin that he had been a trouble maker for 17 years and now was passing the mantle to me).

The van Buchems will be moving in July to a house in Maryland near Newark. Marijke wants to set up her own studio. They will travel. We will reunite frequently for concert and opera going. The mark they leave not only on me but also on everyone who has known them is indelible.

More Tributes continued

I will miss Evert’s contributions to all areas of school life at St. Andrew’s. For years he has been a favorite teacher and advisor for students here. I remember him best scrimmaging with his JV soccer team, appearing briefly, calmly and gracefully after the madness of a later play, and teaching his classes with a distinctive enthusiasm and flair. Because of his great spirit and love of the classics and his students he is the kind of boarding school teacher who is, in the end, irreplaceable.

—Tad Roach, Assistant Headmaster for Academic Affairs; Academic Dean

Evert always has been uniquely able to share his wit, scholarship, cosmopolitan interests and keen sense of the important and unimportant and a big heart with all who know him. Consequently, he has had an indelible effect on everyone at St. Andrew’s. We are lucky to have had him here for the past 29 years, and are fortunate that his influence will remain since it is part of the hundreds of alumni who comprise the essence of the St. Andrew’s community.

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

'34
Class Agent: Frank Townsend, Hollylot, 12744 Old Bridge Road, Ocean City, MD 21842

During Reunion Weekend in June, St. Andrew’s celebrated with the Class of 1934—the School’s first 60th Reunion Class! Congratulations to Jerry Niles, Bob Orr and Frank Townsend.

'35
Class Agent: Frank Hawkins, 7 Chadwick Terrace, Easton, MD 21601

Frank Hawkins reported that his nephew, Neil Miller ’96, had a good year on the J.V. baseball team. Also, Frank’s wife, Helen, is ill and requires that he spend lots of time with her; thus, he has not been able to speak with his classmates.

'36
Class Agent: Ches Baum, 524 Marlin Drive, Punta Gorda, FL 33950

When Alan Baldwin was called to inform him that the 50th Reunion of the USS SST (landing ship tank) #564 was in the making, Alan told the organizers he couldn’t travel any distance due to weekly chemotherapy sessions. The reunion was moved to Martinsville so Alan could attend—quite a tribute to Alan! April 1994 marked fifty years since the formulation of his crew at the Amphibious Base in Little Creek, Camp Bradford, Va. Twenty of the original crew with their wives attended, coming from as far away as Yuma, Ariz., Providence, R.I., Niagara Falls, N.Y., Massachusetts, Mississippi, West Virginia, Pennsylvania and Connecticut. The celebration honored Alan, who served as the ship’s communications officer. (See “War Stories,” page 14).

A note to the School from his granddaughter Judiann and her wife, Bill Evans’, was called up yonder.” The roll call to Alan Baldwin was answered by a cheerful and vigorous voice (Alan’s) on the answering machine. But I learned from Charley Thackery (q.v. infra) that Alan had talked with him a couple of months ago about a projected trip to the east coast of Florida, and that he (Alan) was doing well but couldn’t stop off to visit with Charley because of a tight schedule imposed by the doctor who is managing Alan’s chemotherapy. Loring Batten’s most recent editorial work was the compilation of a publication celebrating the 75th Anniversary (in 1993) of the Family Consultation Service of the Episcopal Diocese of Long Island. He added to the volume a parallel column showing worldwide events contemporaneous with events in the history of the agency. Loring’s long and effective career as an editor has led him to be philosophical about the unsung quality of the editorial contribution to publishing. “Lots of bosses,” he says, “think that editors are just a nuisance inserted between author and printer.”

Baum (just to preserve the order in which our names were called on the banks of the Noxontown) reports this important SAS news to the household at 524 Marlin Drive, Punta Gorda, Florida: Talley Smith, Phebe Ann Baum’s granddaughter and daughter of Neil Miller and his wife, Helen, is ill and requires that he spend lots of time with her; thus, he has not been able to speak with his classmates.

Bill ’38 and Caroline Cory visited Buzz ’38 and Virginia Speakman at South Seas Plantation, Fla. in March 1994.
Novemver: "I was excited to learn from you that Kirk Varndoe is a member of St. Andrew’s class of 1963! Marie and I went up there for a meeting the end of October but unfortunately he was not on hand then, so I have yet to give him the old grip. But, believe me, I will look him up as soon as possible for I hold him in very high regard as a pro in his field."

Charley Thackery (whose correct address is: 3392 N.E. Causeway Boulevard, Jensen Beach, FL 34957; phone: 407-225-4431) is actively supporting pending legislation in Tallahassee intended to make regulations affecting riparian rights uniform throughout Florida particularly as they regard the trimming of mangroves, the vegetation that is so critical to the state’s ecology. Twenty-five or six years ago he and a handful of others started in various donated spaces services that were to lead to the formation of the Church of the Advent. Over the years, Charley has served on the vestry in various functions including senior warden. This year he is much involved with a building program to meet the parish’s expanding needs.

Sid Whelen, in a recent letter described a concern of his that to some extent must be shared by all of us, although, unlike Sid and Mary, I feel that my diminished physical capacity affects mainly my recreational rather than my vocational life: “Say, Baum, . . . I hope you personally are not aware of it yet, but Mary and I feel a great decline in our strength. We are aging! Never thought it would happen. Fortunately, we are in good health, except for some joint problems, like—for me—shoulder and feet. Mary wants to be done with apple farming responsibilities. I feel we need to be active with younger people, especially children—how we can do this is yet to be seen.”

In March, George Brown ’37 came up from Naples to South Seas Plantation to visit Gin and Buzz Speakman for a day. He had planned to take them out on his 32-foot wooden Chris Craft, but the seas were so rough that he had to turn around and go by car. On March 27, Caroline and Bill Cory also visited the Speakmans. Buzz writes, “This was the first time we had met Bill’s very charming wife. They had planned to visit the next day but had to fly back to Louisville the next day due to a medical emergency in the family. It was a really fun reunion and nice to meet Caroline and see Bill again after our 50th Reunion in 1989.

“On April 6, I flew to Atlanta and then went by rental car to Cartersville, Ga., to attend the East Coast gathering of the International Liaison Pilot Association (ILPA). Most pilots came in their restored ‘L’ planes and after the gathering flew in mass to Lakeland, Fla., to attend Sun ‘N’ Fun, 850,000 and 8-10 thousand planes, second only to the EAA gathering in Oshkosh, Wisc., each year. I was the only WWII ‘L’ pilot at the gathering.

“When I was introduced to Bob Powers, I asked where he and his son-in-law, Ed Stocklein, had flown from. He replied, ‘Duchess County, N.Y.’ He lives in Pound Ridge, N.Y. I told him a classmate of mine from SAS, Fred Schaettler, lived there. It turned out that Fred was Bob’s golfing partner for many years. Of course, he knew Jim Trippe ’46 and his son also an alumnus of SAS. When I said Gus Trippe ’37 was on the network of SAS and we were in touch by letters, he said he had met Gus a few times when he visited Jim.

“Later that afternoon, Bob told me they were flying back from Sun ‘N’ Fun by the East Coast and that he planned to visit friends in Charleston, S.C. I said that quite a few SAS friends had retired to Charleston, and we had an alumnus, Cap Ball ’37, that had always lived in Summerville, S.C. He said that Cappy had been Westvaco’s chief research scientist (Bob’s company) and also a friend. Small world!”

George returned to Buzz’s home for a weekend visit on April 23 on his way from Florida to Washington, D.C. for a dinner honoring Captain Edward L. Beach, author of Run Silent, Run Deep—a most decorated World War II submarine commander and the first man to take a submarine around the world underwater. George remarked on parting that he had seen more of middle Delaware during that weekend than in his four years at SAS. They were able to stop by SAS, and George was shocked at the growth of the trees.

Bill Hopkins’ wife, Nel, had a stroke; and he does all the housework, while taking care of her. His only transportation is a bicycle.

Friends of Buzz Speakman ’38, Ed Stocklein and Bob Powers, stand with Bob’s restored L-5 Stinson—the type of plane Buzz flew in World War II.
Class Agent: Bill Sibert, 2028 Albert Circle, Wilmington, NC 28403-4273

Paul White was cited at Tropica in New York at the SAS Metro Stop in April, recalling some "Boilermaker" plays.

Described as "hale and hearty," Bill Sibert informs us that Ben Houston has been found at his long established residence in Princeton, N.J.

Bill also ran across some information on Joe Whitaker, who was a paratrooper and killed in a plane crash during World War II. When he was killed, his wife, Elinor, was pregnant and so his son never saw Joe. His widow and the boy (Joe, Jr.—named after him) lived in Chicago. In 1947, Elinor was remarried to the Rev. Thomas K. Chaffee, Jr., an Episcopal priest, in Chicago. Joe, Jr. looked on the Rev. Chaffee as his father. He was sent to Shattuck-St. Mary's School in Faribault, Minn., and to the University of Virginia. He recently retired after a career as a partner in La Salle Partners, a commercial real estate firm in Chicago. He and his wife, Pam, live in Faribault, where he is working on a real estate project for Shattuck and Pam is in the school development office.

Alexandra and Peter Brown were in the midst of a book tour in April for Alexandra's 12th book, Making Choices: The Joy of a Courageous Life. Boston was their 53rd city after beginning the tour in San Antonio in January. The book is in its 5th printing. In each city there are 3-4 events, TV, radio, book signings at independent and chain bookstores. This summer they will take off in Stonington Village, Conn., to complete books they have been working on separately for five years: Alexandra's The Art of the Possible and Peter's Living Well in the New Millennium—Peter states, "It's an impressionistic, unscholarly attempt to see how we can evade anomie, anarchy, apocalypse and ennui."

Class Agent: Jon Wilford, Slippers Cove, P.O. Box 953, Easton, MD 21601

Dot and Harding Hughes had some celebrating to do last year. Harding's note reads: "During 1993, our four children saw to it that we enjoyed our 40th wedding anniversary and my 70th birthday!"

After managing to stay out of the hands of doctors and hospitals last year, Peg and Peter Nalle did their usual traveling. Peter sent the following great account of their escapades:

"We did a CCA cruise in Baja, Calif., on the gulf last February, and it was truly great. Weather fine (little short on wind) but at our age we don't care. The bare boat charter was a joy. It came from the MOORINGS group at La Paz. The boat was very clean, ready on time, provisioned with what we had asked for and everything worked. They also took care of our reservations and hauled us around. For Mexico, this was a miracle. After the cruise, we drove around looking at some of the old missions and mines. The deal I have with Peg is that we alternate mines and missions. The missions were, of course, Spanish from the 1700's, some mines were early Spanish but most were French from the mid-1800's. The last one stopped work about 1950. All were very interesting and old. The only sour note in the whole trip was Cabo San Lucas. It is a huge tourist trap and a total mess. I remember it 30 years ago as a charming little six-house, one-street fishing village with a jetty where sometimes one could get diesel fuel but never gas. Now it is all ugly condos, huge yacht basins with gold plated mega yachts, awful restaurants and souvenir stores that specialize in dirty T-shirts and porno postcards. Except for that, we had a truly great time.

"In June, we did a trip up and down the coast of Norway on a small mail steamer. Lots of fun. Good crew, food and people. We would make three or four stops a day, sometimes for hours, sometimes for 15 minutes, depending on the amount of cargo that had to be unloaded. At times we would jump ship and take a bus to the next stop so we could see the land and villages. On the way over, we spent a few days in Copenhagen and had dinner with an old HBS [Harvard Business School] classmate.

"We did no other trips of import except I went to Russia to see the copper-nickel mines at Norilsk. Norilsk, until not long ago, was an infamous gulag. 300,000 or so slaves. Their life expectancy was three years. Starvation, sickness or accidents killed them in. The mines and smelters are 1550 miles east of Moscow and 275 miles north of the Arctic Circle. There is no rail or road access. All goes in by air. Two months a year freight can go in by riverboat from Murmansk along the top of Siberia and up a small river. It is 40 Below all winter, three months of no sun and the worst pollution that I have ever seen. The place makes old-time Sudbury look like a garden spot. The ore runs 18% Cu, 6% sulfide nickel and many tonnes average between 1/2 and 1 kilo of platinum per ton. They still lose money. There were seven of us on the trip, and the idea was to see what clever thoughts we could offer. It was hopeless. The gulag mentality is still to firmly entrenched. Safety does not enter their heads. No hard hats, safety shoes, safety glasses or respirators were used except hard hats in the mines. I guess they used hard hats so they would have a place to hang their lamps. Looking at oversize ore chunks on a grizzly in one mine, I asked how they were broken up. The manager told me, as we looked at the oversize, that their blasting technique was such that they never made oversize. He then turned his back and walked off. I suppose that in the old days if he admitted it, he would be shot.

"We are off to Hawaii with a small group of friends and will go on tour to Smith College and other places in Massachusetts. Ellie is co-president for the women's group at their church and belongs to a quilting club that meets once a week. They sail a little in the summer and cross-country ski in the winter. As Ellie states, "We never tire of the beauty that surrounds us."

Henry Parker is now International Insurance Advisor to Chubb & Son, Inc. He retired on January 31, 1992, as senior vice president and managing director of Chubb & Son, Inc., Warren, N.J., having built and managed Chubb's International Division for 25 years. Henry's consulting responsibilities include Chubb's new ventures overseas, relationships with insurance companies managed by Chubb, and relationships with foreign governments.

Henry currently serves as a director of the National Foreign Trade Council. He chairs the International Committee of the American Insurance Association. He is a director and immediate past chairman of the International Council of the United States. He is a board member of the Industry Sector Advisory Committee on Services (ISAC) of the University of Maine and courses in computer, oceanography and geology. He is treasurer of St. Thomas Episcopal Church in Camden. His real interest is singing with and being vice president of the Down East Singers, a choir that has given a series of concerts and will go on tour to Smith College and other places in Massachusetts. Ellie is co-president of the women's group at their church and belongs to a quilting club that meets once a week.
Sandy Beard '45 visited Jack Rood '45 at his home in November, 1993. Jack Rood enjoyed a good visit with Peggy and Sandy Beard in November, 1993, when they stopped by Jack's home in Arizona as part of their swing through the Southwest's attractions: Bryce-Zion National Park, Grand Canyon National Park, Capital Reef National Park and the Taos-Albuquerque artists' domain. Jack writes of their new home outside of Prescott, Ariz.: "Although we live high on a mountain road, Prescott is small enough so that we can drive to the dentist, doctor and the market in five minutes. Our house is backed up against the Bradshaw Mountains—similar to L.A.'s San Gabriels but more heavily forested. At 5800 feet altitude, our house is relatively cool in summer. Winter nights are cold, 20F temperatures, but days warm to 50F. Snow is frequent but does not stay too long. Rather than melting, it just seems to evaporate. From our south-facing deck we see exquisite cloud formations and stars as big as saucers at night. The view is particularly spectacular after a snow. As I took my walk this morning in 25F chill air, the sparkling snow crunched under foot. Made me a little nostalgic for my youth in Vermont, New York, Maryland and Delaware... We think we will stay."

John Cook writes, "Massachusetts seems like a suitable place for Christmas, but Dorothy and I are headed for L.A. instead. Dorothy is to win an award for research excellence from the American Society of Zoologists, and I am along as head cheerleader!" Peggy and Sandy Beard were also able to visit with them in Tennessee during their travels last fall. John says that he would have recognized Sandy had he seen him on the street. And Sandy Beard writes: "Peggy and I had a nice evening with John Cook and his delightful wife, Dorothy, last October at their home in Oak Ridge, Tenn. Their extraordinary art collection alone is worth a visit. Later in the fall we enjoyed visiting Jack Rood and his gracious (and fun) wife, Jean, at their new home at Prescott, Ariz. We see Doug Lovell and wife Alida (both witty) fairly often. All of the aforementioned are possessed of undiminished spirit and spark. All praise to Gattie Jones and our 50th!"

Gattie Jones received nice Christmas letters from Bill Howlett, Bill Hearn and Dwight Dunlevie. Bill Howlett still has business responsibilities, but he and Eleanor spend a good deal of time in the hills of West Virginia, in Puerto Rico, and Elderhostling in Equador. Bill Hearn has been retired for a time (1991), and Peggy retired at the end of 1993, so they may well change their lifestyle this year. Dwight and wife Barb both teach in California—Dwight less than full time with seventh graders in a private school, and Barb full time with public school fourth graders.

In 1986, Bill Hearn started the ball rolling for a case that will bring $24 million to Delaware. An article, "Delaware duo's claim to fame," appearing in the February 6, 1994, issue of the Sunday News Journal, Wilmington, Del., explains how Bill, a Delaware Division of Revenue employee at the time, and attorney David Epstein "found that the nation's largest brokerage houses—many of which are incorporated in Delaware but based in New York City—were handing over to New York huge sums they had accrued from stockholders who had long since disappeared and money for which no owner could be determined."

Having retired from the State Department several years ago, Beau Nalle writes: "I was recently asked by the Turkish government to be a member of an international delegation looking at wildlife refuges/bird preserves they have established. Needless to say, I accepted with alacrity and had a ball. The work they have done is very impressive; I urge any bird-minded reader to give serious thought to a trip to see the birds of Turkey—very interesting. Y'all come—I've sold my boat, but there must be something to do in D.C.—go to the zoo and see your 'Congressman' in action!!"

Sylvie and Bob Schelling escaped the Canadian winter briefly by fleeing to the Deep South. After attending a "mini-reunion" in San Antonio of Bob's Princeton graduating class, they moved over to Lafayette, La., and spent the weekend with long-time friends from France who reside there. While in South Louisiana, they were joined for some good Cajun food by Marty and Gattie Jones. Phil Couch is enjoying writing since his retirement. He is working on a book, Guide to Performing Arts in North America. Ted Libby is retired in Ridgefield, Conn., and enjoys paddle tennis and tennis. Wife Nancy is a tutor at a local elementary school. Recently retired from the University of Kentucky, Jim Rooney is working on a book about horse pathology—he calls it his "Dead Horse Book."

Dick Davis also retired, last year. Bill Hays has four grandchildren now. His diabetes has caused poor circulation in his legs.

Helen and Frank Giammattei were among the group gathered in Wilmington in April for the SAS Metro Stop.
Tony Marshall's "venture into a start-up partnership business fared poorly but the exit was painless."

Tony accepted some consulting work and joined the board of a new Alzheimer's organization. Helen continues her work at church above all, the wonderful contact with warm, friendly and hospitable Russians." He spent the Orthodox Easter in Zagorsk, a monastery town on the outskirts of Moscow. After a few days in Moscow and St. Petersburg, Tony left February 14 for Perm, Russia, for his rotator cuff surgery in April and was soon off to visit relatives in Philadelphia and Massachusetts and his 40th class reunion at Washington College in Chestertown, Md.

"Family visits are delightful with a lot of laughs and remembrances."

He and Helen traveled to Mexico and Puerto Rico, but most of their travels were domestic, including trips to Dallas to see son Greg '78, wife Laurie and their two children, Christina and Eric. "The trip was "a truly rewarding experience in all aspects—business, culture, sightseeing and, above all, the wonderful contact with warm, friendly and hospitable Russians." He spent the Orthodox Easter in Zagorsk, a monastery town on the outskirts of Moscow. After a few days in Moscow and St. Petersburg, Tony left February 14 for Perm, Russia, for his rotator cuff surgery in April and was soon off to visit relatives in Philadelphia and Massachusetts and his 40th class reunion at Washington College in Chestertown, Md. "Family visits are delightful with a lot of laughs and remembrances."

Tony Marshall spent some time with other St. Andreans in New York at the April Metro Stop. Mary says that she's seen SAS from the air and hopes one day to land in Middletown for a visit!

Fred with his world of furniture and Sue is absorbed in her travel business. Last year, they traveled from coast to coast and points in between; and they were invited to several Thomasville store openings in various parts of the country. In addition to business trips and travels to see relatives, they spent a week's vacation in Curacao, part of the Netherland Antilles, just off the coast of Venezuela. Fred went scuba diving each day, and Sue liked the duty-free shops. They both enjoyed touring the island. Although they love to travel, they love being home, especially since two of their children and their spouses are living near them in Greensboro, N.C. Daughter Anne '79 and husband Dave Mahood moved from Boston two years ago. Dave manages an office furniture business in Greensboro and Anne is in the marketing department of the NBC-TV affiliate in Winston-Salem. Last year they bought a house in Sedgefield, which, as Sue puts it, "should keep them poor and remodeling for a long time to come!" Son Curt and his wife, Liz, moved to Greensboro last July. Curt had lived in Tucson for 11 years and Liz is a native of Arizona. Curt works for a civil engineering firm and Liz for a local furniture store. Son Jonathan '77 tried Greensboro a few years ago and now has a home in Annapolis. He works for Universal Furniture, which is part of Masco, and sells in the Washington/Baltimore/Northern Virginia area.

Ed Clattenburg is still successfully running his own insurance agency in Baton Rouge. Dick Corbin reports that after three more years of professorial activity, he will retire to the farm.

Dr. Hall Downes is also an active professorial out in Tonya Harding Land (Portland, Ore.).

Frank Draper has opened his own investment counseling firm; so all of you with money to spend, give him a call.

At last report, Dave Foster was babysitting his two grandchildren in his spare time from selling insurance.

Tom Osborn escaped the worst of the California earthquakes in January out there in Rancho Santa Fe.

In the dead of winter, Tom Robinson was breaking ice in the Delaware River, which he says he can do until he is 70!

Barry Register was one of the co-hosts of the April Metro Stop in New York. Thanks to his calling invitations, the event was a great success.

Sue and Fred Starr are keeping quite busy—

By the time you receive this Bulletin, Reunion will have come and gone. George Baxter hopes that everyone who was able to attend had a good time. He is anxious to hear about any news from all of his classmates. Please contact him at his Yardley, Pa., office at 1-800-213-2783.

After being temporarily disabled following a stroke, Bill Brumbach has fully recovered and is enjoying golf and fishing. He retired from the accounting business and has been in Florida for eight years. Bill has three grown children and two grandchildren.

John Campbell was ill last year, is now fully recovered and retired. He wishes all of his classmates well. Robin Williams said after Dead Poets Society that "John Campbell, former history teacher at Detroit Country Day School [where Robin went to high school for three years under John] was the main inspiration for my character, Mr. Keating, in Dead Poets."


Tony Clark retired from IBM after 30+ years and started a small business.

Clem Crowe is skiing and having a good time after retiring from teaching school.

Great schedule. I specialize in much smaller craft. Headed for Bermuda in June with sons Will '84 and Charles on a Swan 47 sloop; expect to see Lyndon Clay. Have enjoyed sailing with my children, or as Blackburn Hughes used to call it, 'pêres and heirs.' I am still a real estate broker, but want out. Got my Coast Guard master's license last year." Taking advantage of more than 30 years of experience on the water, Bill is embarking on a new venture as a professional charter captain.
Doug Evans started an oceanographic firm 25 years ago, which works with the oil industry to develop off-shore deposits, studying waves, currents, tides, etc., to design structures. He charters Texas A&M boats to go out every 3-4 months into the Gulf of Mexico to see what currents and oil drilling are doing there.

Bill Ferguson retired after 25 years as a Mercedes Benz dealer and eight years in the U.S. Marine Corps. He is living in his dream cottage and retirement home in the Ozarks.

Bob Herring is practicing veterinary medicine in New Jersey. He is in good health, has three grandchildren and was looking forward to the 40th Reunion.

All's well with Jim Speer, and he'll "be at the 40th Reunion this time."

Kate and Skip Webb run a political consulting firm (from presidential level to local dogcatcher), which works all over the country.

Shack Kenney is in good health, is practicing veterinary medicine in New Jersey and has three grandchildren.

'55
Class Agent: Robert Robinson, 104 West Market Street, Georgetown, DE 19947

An article entitled "A master's hand guides ship" in the The Philadelphia Inquirer on February 6, 1994, describes a night in the life of a maritime pilot in navigating tricky waters to protect lives and cargo. Pilot George Macintire is pictured climbing back onto the launch boat after completing his assignment of navigating the British tanker NCC Najron into the Big Stone Beach anchorage in the Delaware Bay.

Former House Speaker, Maryland House of Delegates, R. Clayton Mitchell was hired as an adviser by Baltimore Gas and Electric Co. (BGE) and engaged to represent the company as a political consultant, giving advice on government issues. Elected to the House of Delegates in 1970, Roy resigned the General Assembly post in December, 1993, to spend time with his family and be able to undertake business projects. But before vacating his position, Roy succeeded in having his top aide, Susanne Brogan '75, appointed to the commission.

Larry Bateman has been a manufacturer's representative (salesman) with Hamilton Watch for 13 years.

Howe Lagarde teaches at Exeter School in North Carolina.

'56
Class Agent: Ken Court, 1320 Harbor Road, Annapolis, MD 21403

Former faculty member Ralph Chamblin sent us an article written by an Albuquerque, N.M. free-lance writer, Kay C. Lamb, for the Albuquerque Journal, December 19, 1993. On a stopover in Ocean City, Md., Kay wanted to find some Maryland crab cakes. J.D. Quillin, a native of the area, was elected by The Ocean City Visitor Center to help her. J.D. offered to take her up in his plane or out in his boat, but Kay "settled for a meeting with the Chesapeake retriever who is his hunting and fishing companion. The family [hotel] business offers J.D. the flexibility he needs to spend time hunting and fishing in the Chesapeake Bay area, and he hopes to keep at it for many years to come."

'57
Class Agents: Bob Shank, Bill Wood
Class Correspondent: George Brakeley, 98 Winfield Lane, New Canaan, CT 06840

Dot and Bob Shank helped host the Wilmington Metro Stop at the Waterworks Cafe in April. "What a fun time! George Brakeley remembers: While the Second Form no longer exists at SAS, it was part of our years at the School. Four of us stayed the course for a full five years—Les Fairfield, Bill Nickols, Mike Quillin and Bob Shank. Others came and went during the later years, many of whom remain active members of the class, like Pierre Goiran and Charlie Marshall, for instance. Some other names to conjure with: Dave Baxter, Phil Arth, Chris Cole, Charlie Hulick '58, Henry Levinton, Page Bartholomew, Ron Beach, Perry Walter, George DePue and the ever famous Serafin Diaz Diaz. Betcha you haven't thought of those names for a while!"

'Hick Rowland was on hand at the Wilmington Metro Stop in April.

'59
Class Agent: Andy Adams, 2201 S. Arlington Ridge Road, Arlington, VA 22202-2122

Ed McCabe made his second appearance at a Metro Stop in New York in April. Anticipating Reunion, he had lots of stories to share.

'60
Class Agent: Carl Bear, P.O. Box 682, Bozeman, MT 59771-0682

Randy Williams is back in the computer trade, working for a consulting company called Read Decisions in Darien, Conn., which was just acquired by the top industry-watch company, Gartner Group. Randy travels a lot these days, so beware of a phone call and drop-in visit!

'62
Class Agent: John Craighill
Class Correspondent: Dick Baer, P.O. Box 426, 1706 Bayview Drive, Kill Devil Hills, NC 27948

Kathy and Larry Court "are doing great—trying to stay ahead or at least even with [sons] Brian '92 and John '92. Brian was successful in making his second transfer in as many years and is now being challenged at William and Mary, playing lacrosse and studying hard. John spent last summer working in Idaho with Dave Foley '93 and continues to hold his own at Cornell."

Mona and Tim Bayard were among the St. Andreans on hand in Wilmington for the April Metro Stop at the Waterworks Cafe.

On May 28, 1994, Captain John St. C. Craighill was relieved of his command of the U.S.S. South Carolina (CGN 37) in order to report to his next assignment as executive assistant to the Director of Space and Electronic Warfare (N6), Office of the Chief of Naval Operations in Washington, D.C.

Bill Pfeifer, the Rev. Jesse Gaither, Rusty Capers and John Schoonover attended the dedication of a new ultralight Dirigo girls' eight named "The Class of '63." The shell represents the Class's 30th Reunion gift, supplemented with generous donations by SAS

On May 28, 1994, Captain John St. C. Craighill was relieved of his command of the U.S.S. South Carolina (CGN 37) in order to report to his next assignment as executive assistant to the Director of Space and Electronic Warfare (N6), Office of the Chief of Naval Operations in Washington, D.C.

John Schoonover '63 and Rusty Capers '63 prepare to christen the "Class of '63" with pond water. The shell was a gift from members of the Class of 1963 in honor of their 30th Reunion last June. Several parents of current rowers also helped make this new girls' shell possible.
crew parents. A little later in the afternoon, the girls rowed to victory against a strong 
Atlantic City crew. The previous night Bill 
visited Dick Crawford and Roger Walke in 
Washington, D.C., who are doing well, as is 
Jerry Soderberg, whose schedule keeps him 
quite busy. 

George Forbes joined John to co-host the 
Wilmington Metro Stop at the Waterworks 
Cafe in April.

'64
Class Agent: Barry Sabloff
Class Agent/Correspondent: Curt Coward, 
2087 Hunters Crest Way, Vienna, VA 22181- 
2841

John Rogers earned an MBA at the 
University of Denver after military service in 
Vietnam (lieutenant, Army Corps engineers). 
He is managing director for Hach Chemical 
Company and lives in Fort Collins, Colo.

'65
Class Agent: Lee Tawes
Class Correspondent: John Morton, 119 
Huse Drive, Annapolis, MD 21403

Andy Haynes warns: "A voice from the past 
comes to me: 'YOU BOY! You have 12 
months to get ready for the 30th. Fail not, at 
your peril.' Others take heed."

'66
Class Agent: John Reeve, P.O. Box 481, 
Harvard, MA 01451-0481

Buck Smith is enjoying his second family 
(Rebecca, age 4—SAS Class of 2008, and 
Vivian, age 2—SAS Class of 2010) with wife 
Lidia and son Andy. Buck practices tax law 
and estate planning in Georgetown and 
Wilmington, Del., with Young, Conaway, 
Stargatt & Taylor.

It has been verified by a reliable source that 
Jim Rogers is not missing, is quite well and 
living in Columbus, Ohio. He enjoys news 
from SAS. Jim is the legislative director for 
the ACLU (American Civil Liberties Union) 
of Ohio, which criticized sentencing, saying 
not enough is being done about prison crowd-
ing. Jim's views on the situation were cited in 
an article, "Churches and ACLU criticize rec-
ommendations on prisons," which appeared in 
The Columbus Dispatch on December 14, 
1993.

'67
Class Agent: Jay Tolson, 2010 N. Lincoln 
Street, Arlington, VA 22207

Joe Hargrove has announced the formation of 
his new professional law corporation, 
Hargrove, Pesnell & Wyatt (formerly 
Hargrove, Guyton, Ramey & Barlow, L.L.P.), 
located in Shreveport, La.

Off to London, Henry Smith, who has run 
the Bank of Bermuda's retail banking division 
for ten years, will head the bank's European 
operations from July 1, 1994. The move to 
London, the hub of the bank's European oper-
ation, provides the opportunity to learn new 
banking skills and equip him to move through 
the banking hierarchy in Bermuda on his 
return in two or three years' time. 

Debbie and Steve Moulton are living in 
Chesapeake, Va. Steve is a technical director 
for ManTech Services Corp.

'68
Class Agent: Bob Prier
Class Agent/Correspondent: Bill Holder, 45 
Goodnow Road, Princeton, MA 01541

"It was good to see everyone at the 25th 
Reunion," according to Lory Peck. "Let's see 
more at the 30th."

Kit and Peter Washburn had their seventh 
child in February, 1993—a daughter named 
Summer. Congratulations and good luck!

'69
Class Agent: Charlie Kolb
Class Correspondent: Peter McGowin, P.O. 
Box 2051, Mobile, AL 36652

Scott Beard lost touch for awhile when he 
retired from the Army and moved. He and his 
wife, Gabriela, have settled in Winterbach, 
Germany.

Aline and Steve Noble moved to Brussels 
from San Jose, Costa Rica, in August 1993. 
They both work at the U.S. Mission to the 
European Communities.

Freda and Ken White announce the birth of 
their first child, Shawn Kenly White, on 
January 14, 1994. Ken is chairman of fine art 
photography and associate professor at the 
Rochester Institute of Technology. Due to 
teaching a college summer course each June in 
New Mexico and Utah, he will not be able to 
make Alumni Weekend Reunions.

'70
Class Agent: Tom Stephens, 501 Peacock 
Court, Naperville, IL 60565-4164

Allen Chesney and Christina Elizabeth 
"Betsy" Baker were married on August 7, 
1993, at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in 
Chattanooga, Tenn.

After 20 years in the Navy, Chris Lambert 
retired on July 1, 1994.

Steve Naifeh recently visited the School 
and spoke to small groups of students about his 
experience at St. Andrew's as well as sharing 
some college and career perspectives with the 
VI Form. Steve and his partner, Greg Smith, 
have written 17 books including the biography 
of Jackson Pollock, a famous painter, and the 
more commercially successful manual, How to 
Make Love to a Woman, which has been trans-
lated into 27 languages including Turkish and 
Hebrew.

Steve lives in Aiken, S.C., and is involved in 

a project of restoring the 60-room Whitney-
Vanderbilt Estate Joye Cottage. He is the vice 
president of the Woodward/White Publishing 
Company that publishes biennial reference 
works, such as Best Lawyers in America and 
Best Doctors in America.

'71
Class Agent: Gib Metcalf
Class Agent/Correspondent: Chuck Shorley, 
10126 Silver Point Lane, Ocean City, MD 
21842

Cathy and Andy Washburn are still at 
Pomfret School with son Alexander (7). Andy 
teaches math and coaches football, girls' bas-
ketball and boys' crew. Hopefully, after tak-
ing his crew to Henley, Andy plans to go on 
sabbatical leave to the Caribbean aboard their 
30-foot sailboat to wherever the wind takes 
them.

On December 16, 1993, Andy was featured in 
a Norwich Bulletin (Conn.) article, "Teacher 
Demonstrates Plight of Homeless." By spend-
ing four nights sleeping on a foam pad inside a 
carboard box tucked along the cold stone 
wall outside the Pomfret School chapel, he not 
only had a greater appreciation of the warmth 
and comfort of his own home, he made 

passersby aware of the disadvantaged—home-
less, hungry and disabled.

Townie Townsend graduated from the 
University of Maryland Law School on May 

In April, Tom Hooper came in from 
Montclair to join St. Andreans at the Tropica 
for the New York Metro Stop.

Chuck Shorley reports: John Barber and 
wife Miao live in Saratoga, Calif., with their 
two-year-old son, Stephen. John works for the 
U.S. Geological Survey as a marine geologist. 
His work has taken him to Crater Lake, Ore., 
Alaska, Hawaii and Spain.

Gary Cobert continues to work for 
National Geographic in Washington, D.C. 
He seems happy in his work but ready for a 
vacation.

Alumni Author
CHARLES E.M. KOLB '69: 
White House Daze: The Unmaking of 
Domestic Policy of the Bush Years, 

In this scorching attack on his White 
House enemies, Kolb speaks for the 
activist conservatives.... Compulsory 
reading for politicians of either party.— 
Gilbert Taylor

(Reprinted from November 1, 1993 copy 
of Booklist.)
Gib Metcalf will leave Princeton University for a position at Tufts. He's excited about the change as it will be a job which places more emphasis on teaching students than research. In anticipation of our 25th Reunion in a couple of years, we would appreciate learning the whereabouts of the following class members, who are listed as lost: Ed Ardery, Bill Bacon, Larry Bateman, Dave Bramble, Bill Bryan, Larry Eubank, Dave Lambert, Colin MacRae, John Parke, Henry Rust, Hugh Silcox, Bjarne Strikert, and Boyd Vandenberg. Please call (410-213-2055) or fax (410-213-7272) Chuck with any information.

'72
Class Agent: Bill Bean
Class Agent/Correspondent: Dave Harms, 334 Pelhamdale Avenue, Pelham, NY 10803

Bob Lightburn was elected as a director of the Culpeper Soil and Water Conservation District from Madison County, Va. Bob states: "We work to help people learn how to take care of the soil and water whether they rent 1/4 acre or own 1,000 acres."

Lawyers Stew Barroll and Phil Hoon represented the Coalition for the Preservation of Chestertown, Md., in the hearings against Wal-Mart in April. The panel voted for Wal-Mart's megastore.

'73
Class Agent: Sam Marshall, 122 Kennedy Lane, Bryn Mawr, PA 19010

Bruce McKillip dropped in at the April Metro Stop in New York. He says a visit to campus via Amtrak is a possibility.

'74
Class Agent: Henry Hauptfuhrer, 313 Gaskill Street, Philadelphia, PA 19147

John Beardall started a consulting engineering practice in May, 1993, in Irvine, Calif. He and wife Anne have two children, Jesse (1) and Hal (2). John would love to hear from SAS alums in or visiting South California. In addition to being the author of the acclaimed book, How to Manage Workplace Derived Hazards and Avoid Liability, Charleston C. K. Wang serves as vice president and general counsel to Environmental Enterprises, Incorporated, a nationwide, full spectrum environmental service and consulting company based in Cincinnati, Ohio, and also heads up the Environmental Assessment Group there. He holds an adjunct faculty appointment at the University of Cincinnati, where he teaches courses on management and governmental-business relations. He previously engaged in federal service as an industrial hygiene compliance officer of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA), U.S. Department of Labor. He conducted research at the National Institute for

Occupational Safety and Health (NIOSHA) and also performed product research and development in the private sector with the International Division (Japan and Philippines Sections) of the Proctor and Gamble Company. Charleston has a multidisciplinary background in law and science. He earned his Juris Doctor from the Salmon P. Chase College of Law, Northern Kentucky University where he served as associate editor of the Northern Kentucky Law Review.

In preparation for the Reunion, Jack Schreppler, Henry Hauptfuhrer and John Eisenbrey met up at the April Metro Stop in Wilmington.

'75
Class Agent: Ralph Neel
Class Agent/Correspondent: Louise Dewar, 21 Vreeland Place, Oceanport, NJ 07757

When we heard from Ray Guastavino in December, he noted that he was "on [his] eighth year at Accu-Weather Inc., State College, Pa."

Chris Kennedy returned to Alaska to become an attorney general for environmental matters.

Watching their one-year-old son, Johnny, enjoy the holidays made it a very fun time for Marcia Moore and husband John Imbrie.

Jon Rodgers shared some stories about extra curricular activities at the April Metro Stop in New York—must have been that creative streak he practiced at SAS that got him to BBDO working on Pepsi.

John Crumpler recently visited St. Andrew's and spent time with the VI Form to stop in New York—must have been that creative streak he practiced at SAS that got him to BBDO working on Pepsi.

Andrew and spent time with the VI Form to discuss his college and career perspective as well as share some of his experiences he had as an SAS student. He also spent time with two IV Form classes. John lives in Raleigh, N.C., with his wife, Lou Anne, and daughters Courtney (3) and Calleigh (1). After doing ten years of government and political work in Washington, D.C., and North Carolina, John is presently the president of the Make a Difference Foundation that emphasizes the moral development of adolescents. He is currently working on a documentary with Dr. Robert Coles, a renowned child psychiatrist, that will air on PBS in the fall of 1994.

Susanne Brogan was appointed to the Maryland Public Service Commission by Maryland House of Delegates Speaker R. Clayton Mitchell '55 in November. Susanne had been Roy's top aide before he resigned his position to spend more time with his family.

'76
Class Agent: Valerie Klinger
Class Agent/Correspondent: Ralph Hickman, 4896 Sentinel Drive, Brecksville, OH 44141

Lauri and Tom Washburn and daughter Whitney (8) are at The Rectory School, Pomfret, Conn. Tom is dean of boarding students, teaches math, and coaches soccer and basketball. Lauri runs a day-care center at the School.

After a four-week stay in Turkey, Richard Hunt and Mary Wilford traveled to Crete, where they were married in June, 1993. Richard served in the U.S. Navy and graduated from Drexel University, Philadelphia, Pa., majoring in mechanical engineering.

Sam Shields and his wife, Margo, were married two years ago in Columbia, Md., in a ceremony performed by Saint's father, who is an Episcopal priest. Sam is teaching English in Japan.

Besides his growing family of four children, Charlie Qualle has his own business.

Scott Stanard stopped by to visit in April at the Wilmington Metro Stop.

A contractor in Massachusetts, Stoney Cantler has two children, ages 1 and 6 years. No longer "lost," it was good to hear from Michael Stephanides: and he would enjoy hearing from other St. Andreans. His address is: 220 Riverside Drive, Morganton, NC 28655.

'77
Class Agent: Steve Brownlee
Class Agent/Correspondent: Steve Salter, 3525 Bowland Road, Richmond, VA 23234

Andrea Maybee has a daughter, Elizabeth (1) and a son, Andrew (5).

Last fall, Greg Morgan and his partners started a computer reselling business called Cutting Edge Computers, Inc., in Salisbury, Md.

Charlie Wingate reports that son James was born February 1, 1993. He's a big boy so "he's definitely going to be rowing in the middle of the boat."

On May 21, 1994, Steve Salter and Karen Louise Donegan celebrated their marriage after a wedding ceremony performed at Saint Barnabas Episcopal Church in Richmond, Va. Congratulations to the happy couple!

'78
Class Agent: Ashton Richards
Class Agent/Correspondent: Tom Schreppler, P.O. Box 748, Chestertown, MD 21620
Ellen Nelson and husband Mark are teaching at The Hill School and making wind-surfing waves in Washington State and at their other home in North Carolina.

A note from Cathy Shields in Alpharetta, Ga., reads: "I've just finished my MBA from the University of Richmond—transferred from Richmond to Atlanta in the fall of '93—am loving the weather and am working on lowering my golf handicap."

Many members of the class were on hand at the April Metro Stops. Bill Mott, who is living a little south of the city, stopped in at the Tropica in New York. Linda Ferris and Mike Welsh were in Wilmington at the Waterworks.

Lisa Oleson Meagher is a second grade teacher for the Baltimore County Public Schools in Maryland. She and husband Brendan have a son, Declan Gareth Oleson Meagher, born July 12, 1993.

Last year was the first time Gary Hart was able to come back to SAS for a reunion weekend, and he had a great time.

'79
Class Agents: Janet and Bill Luke, 2418 Riddle Avenue, Wilmington, DE 19806

From Waterford, Va., Irish Grandfield writes: "Jackie and I are now blessed with three daughters. Sara was born at home on June 26, 1993. It was a wonderful experience to be at home. Sara joins Kathleen (7) and Megan (4) in a very busy house."

Matt Ruggiero graduated from the University of Maryland, College Park, with an MEd in TESOL (Teaching English to Speakers of Other Languages) on May 19, 1984. He will also be certified to teach ESOL in public schools. He is currently seeking work at the public school, college and university levels domestically and overseas.

'80
Class Agent: Robin Gage Lilly
Class Agent/Correspondent: Rob Colburn, 18 Judson Street, #12B, Edison, NJ 08837

All's well with Mark and Letitia Green in Torrance, Calif. Their daughter, Meagan Diane, was christened at St. Francis Episcopal Church, where Letitia is a member of the vestry. Virginia Olson Ashpole '79 and her husband, Mark, are Meagan's godparents. They all live in Los Angeles, and Letitia thinks it's so much fun having her old roommate so close and to share having children born just days apart. Virginia and Mark's son, David Gustav, was born five days after Meagan. The Greens also have a son, Kelvin (2).

According to sister Maria '82, Ivan Antonow "married a very nice girl from Sofia, Bulgaria, in March [1993], and they are very happy."

Martha Richards Vaciukas writes: "We are doing well. Emily is four and growing like a weed. We are expecting Baby #2 in early June.... I'm still at Wharton in the Executive Education Division. The job is pretty interesting—I have clients in Singapore, Thailand, Chile and Mexico as well as the States."

In December, Claire Nevin-Field will receive her masters in science in nurse-midwifery at Penn. She works at the Strawberry Mansion Health Clinic; and after graduation, she will be practicing in West Chester.

Judi Skelton Spann returned from two years in Japan last October. Her husband, Bill, is stationed at the Pentagon. Judi is "enjoying life as a full-time mom to Dylan (1) and excited to be expecting another baby in September."

Rob Colburn, Bill Thomas and Chesa Profaci got together at the New York Metro Stop in April, while Dan Nolte represented the class at the Wilmington Metro Stop.

'81
Class Agent: Eric Ellison, 111 Downs Avenue, Stamford, CT 06902

Lizzie Bleke and John Christopher Clark were married on November 20, 1993, in Atlanta, Ga., and are living in Macon.


The Delaware Insurance Commissioner named Fred Townsend Jr. run a group of 18 prestigious hotels, from Paris to San Diego. Grand Heritage Hotels is Over 500 scullers and sweep rowers from 25 regional clubs will compete over an 1100-meter course considered by many to be the finest in the country. This year the Club that garners the most gold medals will be presented the Dead Poets Trophy. Many of the events will be sponsored by individuals and corporations. Refreshments are available throughout the day and admission is free. The Regatta is sponsored by the Wilmington Rowing Center. For information call John Schoonover '63 at 302-656-0135.
with a historic hotel theme."

Eric Ellisen, Charles Chesnut, Neil and Suki Roher, and Jim and Amy Currie had a
great time catching up at the New York Metro Stop in April. Eric and Jane Hughes
(Episcopal High School '84) were married in Jane's hometown of Ponte Vedra Beach, Fla.
Charles works for "I Have a Dream" Foundation in New York City. Amy has a
new address in Summit, N.J. and a new job at Cosmopolitan magazine selling advertising.

Mark and Dana Henning had a son on
August 2, 1993—Zachary Raymond Henning.
Scott Zweifach works for a foreign currency trading company in New York. He
informed the Alumni Office that he is the proud father of twins, Sasha and Scott, born in

Jonathan Hunt is at Johns Hopkins.
Henry Burden is an electrician in New Park, Pa.
Todd Golde received his MD/PhD in Alzheimer’s research. He is serving his resi-
dency at the University of Pennsylvania for the next two years as an assistant professor.

82

Class Agent: Arraminta Ware
Class Agent/Correspondent: Paul Eichler,
866 Monroe Terrace, Dover, DE 19901

Janet Washburn married Barry Acker on
August 27, 1993, at the Samoset Resort in
Maine. She and her husband are living on
Orcas Island (one of the San Juan Islands) in
the Puget Sound (East Sound, Washington).
The island is a beautiful area with whales,
otters, deer and lovely mountain scenery.
Following a job with a bank, Janet is the editor
of a Seattle magazine about boarding schools
in the U.S. that will go all over the world to
inform the Alumni Office that she is the
proud father of twins, Sasha and Scott, born in

Maria Antonow is working in the
Department of Surgery and Traumatology in
Wesel, a town close to Emmerich, Germany.
The job is quite interesting, but she likes
orthopaedics better and would like to go back
into that area of medicine this year. Maria saw
Janet Washburn in the spring of '93 when
she came to Cologne representing her school
as an admissions officer.

Moscow was the scene of a reunion for
Perry Yeatman and Jeff Lilley during the Christmas holidays. Jeff has been living and
working there for nearly three years as a corre-
spondent for the Far Eastern Economic
Review. Perry happened to be there on a
"look/see" tour to evaluate a possible future
career move, which has been confirmed.
Perry said, "It was great to see Jeff again.
He undoubtedly made my Christmas merrier.
It’s clear the St. Andrew’s network works."

Perry was appointed Chief Operating
Officer of Barson-Marsteller’s (world’s lead-
ing marketing, financial and corporate commu-
nications firm) operations in Russia. In this
capacity, she will play a key role in working
with the Russian government to further
progress the country’s plans for economic
reform and privatization. Perry moved to
Moscow in March to take up this newly creat-
ed position. For the past three years, she has
been a vice president for the company based
out of Singapore where she headed up the cor-
porate/public affairs businesses. She was
selected for this new position based on her
long-term interest in Russia and her success in
working with other high-ranking government
officials including President George Bush,
Lady Margaret Thatcher, former Secretary of
Defense Dick Cheney and former National
Security Advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski as part
of the Citibank Leadership Campaign. Perry’s
work has received local, regional and interna-
tional recognition from professional bodies
including the Public Relations Society of
America and the International Association of
Business Communicators.

Becca Bailey Wright’s note reads:
"Arraminta Ware, Anna "Willie" III and I
had a great time one cold day in January hav-
ing lunch with Lyndsey (Pilar) Wyman
and her two adorable kids.” Willie bought a house
and owns three dogs. Lyndsey has her own
business, and she and husband Peter have two
children, a girl (3) and a boy (1-1/2).

Mary O’Shaughnessy Doherty teaches
fifth graders in Madison, N.H., while husband
Dan guides climbs and treks nearby and works
for a carpenter.

Keith Cavanaugh is living in the
Washington, D.C. area, runs his own sports
publishing company and sees a lot of SAS
alumni around town.

J.W. Clements has a position with General
Motors (GMAC) in Michigan as a senior ana-
lyst of financial planning with the Financial
Services Department. J.W. and wife Stacy
have one child, Logan McKnight Clements
(2-1/2) and another child due in July.

Woody Cullen is working for Paine Webber
in the currency trading business in Philly.

83

Class Agents: Nancy Beth Garrett, Jill
Phillips Rogers
Class Agent/Correspondent: Boo Percy-
Peterson, 17 Notch Road, West Simsbury, CT
06092
Cynthia Tostevin is "still hangin' out in Chicago!" She's employed by the Smith Corona Corp.

Ann O'Shaughnessy Yardley is teaching and dorm-parenting at Fryeburg Academy in Maine.

In her new job as program manager at the Lincoln Park Zoo, Hunter Fite develops educational programs and exhibits for Chicago's underserved school children and loves it. She's still painting, too.

Now a housewife in Alpharetta, Ga., Polly Fitton Culbreth attended Parson's School of Design in New York and received her BBA in marketing.

Darius Mansoory, who owned a bar in Wilmington and sold it, moved to Atlanta.

Andrew Oliphant is working with an actuarial firm as an analyst. He recently bought a horse and is engaged to be married in October.

Charlotte Dixon is a curator for a New York Public Library but is looking to be a professor at Haverford. She bought a brownstone on 86th Street in New York City.

Caroline Paxton works for a multi-media production company and writes and produces graphics for presentations.

'84

Class Agent: Mike Whalen, 9 Pinecliff Road, Chappaqua, NY 10514

Anne Horton writes: "I have just completed my fifth season with the S-K-I ski resort group. I presently hold the position of sales director at Bear Mountain Ski Resort in Big Bear Lake, Calif. (one of their subsidiaries)."

"On June 26, I plan to be married to Barry Pius. An eastern transplant like myself, Barry also works at Bear Mountain as the CFO. We're planning on being married at my parents' house back east in the Vermont countryside of Middlebury. Our honeymoon plans call for a big dose of scuba diving and waterskiiing down in Turks and Caicos in the Caribbean."

"I'm sorry to miss my classmates at our tenth reunion. It still feels like I was at SAS just yesterday. If any of you live in L.A. or plan to be in the area, look us up at Bear Mountain Ski Resort in Big Bear!"

Mara Burnett and Pier Friend were in New York at the Metro Stop.

'85

Class Agents: Anne Gammons, Graham Houghton

Class Agent/Correspondent: Heather Morrow, 135 Underwood Avenue, Greensburg, PA 15601

Dejda Stancioff has been in Bulgaria since August, 1992, when she began a seven-month seminar in Bulgarian language. Then she started her job in Sofia, Bulgaria, at the Open Society Fund—Sofia, a humanities-oriented foundation with "cousins" all over Central and East Europe, started by the great Hungarian-American investor, George Soros. Dejda has two jobs in the foundation. One job is like that of an overseas advisor providing general information regarding U.S. education and higher education study in the Information Center. She meets with students two days a week and helps them decide about financial aid options, weeds through application forms and Peterson's Guides, etc. The other half of her job is related to community development, with a "clubs" program designed to strengthen community responsibility. Last year Dejda worked to help all the clubs get international contacts for their various initiatives. This year she is working as a project manager for seven projects, changing a technical high school into a tourism high school, training young people in service industry and building a new infrastructure for the field which is just becoming privatized at this moment. Dejda says, "It's hard because I'm working alone, with my 'experts' in the field, but definitely interesting." She's happy, speaks Bulgarian pretty well and hopes to be back in the States sometime in July.

Steven Gewirz writes from Washington, D.C., that Austin Reed is in Montana (Bozeman), and Steven was to visit him to ski at the end of February. Oh, Steven—Caroline Paxton '83 says, "Hello."

Eric Lawson-Smith writes: "I am keen to remain in touch with my fellow graduates from the Class of 1985 and would look forward to hearing from any of my friends from St. Andrew's who may be passing through London." Since he hasn't been in contact for some time, he wanted to give an update on his current activities and latest contact address: "In April 1990, I departed the U.S. (where I was employed by Prudential Investment Corporation) to take up an associate position with U.S.-based bank J.P. Morgan (JPM) here in London. My principal responsibilities at JPM have been the solicitation and execution of mergers and acquisitions assignments throughout the public takeover of the clothing manufacturer Hugo Boss by our Italian client Marzotto SpA to the sale of the UK's most prestigious health farm for a multinational client!"

"At the beginning of this year I had the dubious honour of being promoted to the level of vice president within JPM's European Mergers & Acquisitions practice. I refer to it as a dubious honour since it involves substantially more travel, stress, sleepless nights and so on but is proving to be a continual and rewarding challenge. While I now have overall responsibility for JPM's mergers business in the European metals, mining and building materials industries, I continue to work on a bizarre array of projects. For example, I am currently leading two teams, one of which is privatizing the Czech Republic's national telecommunications operator in the former negotiating and finalizing a $200 million development for a new international air passenger terminal at Prague's Ruzync airport."

"Meanwhile, on the personal front, I am pleased to report that my long-standing interest in dance music is now paying dividends. With a close friend, I have established a record label here in the UK ("One Big Happy Family"), which has already had some underground success—but no chart positions!—with our first and second releases."

Eric's address and phone numbers are: Flat 6, 29 St. Stephen's Gardens, London W2
HARRY TEAR '87 AND JENNIFER BRADBURY WERE MARRIED IN CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA, ON MAY 29, 1993. L TO R: CHRISTA TEAR, HARRY, JENNIFER, HARRY TEAR AND CHRISTA MIDDLETON.

5NA, United Kingdom; work: (011-44)-71-325-5290, home: (011-44)-71-243-1714.

Louisa Potter is living and working in Cape Town, South Africa.

Pier Kooistra loves teaching at The Montclair Kimberley Academy in New Jersey. He's becoming more active in outdoor education and community service education to promote active citizenship.

Wendy Downing is a chef at a San Francisco restaurant.

'E86

Class Agents: Craig Kiker, Matt Traina, Lucy Zimmer
Class Agent/Correspondent: Heather Patzman, 18 Sheafe Street #1, Chestnut Hill, MA 02167-2102

Craig Kiker is living in Portland, Ore., and is engaged to marry Stephanie Outman in August, 1994.

Heather Patzman is in graduate school at Boston College working on her master's in early childhood education. She hopes to be a kindergarten teacher soon. She loves Boston and would like anyone who plans to be in the area to look her up.

Bill Vincent is working as a private reading and writing tutor for dyslexic students in the Baltimore area. He sees Ben Dunn, Peter Fallaw and Brian Kotz every now and them.

Syracuse, N.Y. is Margo Ellis' place of residence these days. She was named business analyst for the northern New York division of Ralphs Purina.

Marie Nash took pre-med courses at the University of North Carolina and plans to take the MCAT in August and apply to medical school.

John Gordy received his Master of Business Administration degree in March, 1994, from the University of Denver in Colorado. He is employed as financial officer at Ocean Petroleum Co., Inc., Newark, Md.

'S87

Class Agents: Chase Hill, Trevor Orman, Kibbey Perry

Class Agent/Correspondent: Jill Willock Studdiford, 2 Anchorage Place, South Portland, ME 04106

The University of Virginia Chapel, Charlottesville, was the scene of the marriage between Harry Tear and Jennifer Lynn Bradbury on May 29, 1993. Don Fletcher, Harry's SAA roommate, was the head groomsmen; and Brad Rathbone attended. Harry is finishing his final year at the University of Georgia, Lumpkin School of Law, graduating in May '94; and Jennifer will receive her MBA in June.

Ross Ellis ended his second year as a medical student at Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons. He'd be glad to loan a bullet-proof vest to any St. Andrews who'd like to visit at 168th Street in New York.

Kibbey Perry graduated from The University of Georgia's Grady College of Journalism in 1992. With a Broadcast News degree, she joined the ranks of such Georgia alums as PBS'S Charlayne Hunter-Gault, CNN's John Holliman and NBC's Deborah Roberts and Deborah Norville. She interned in Atlanta at CNN and local news stations before landing her full-time job in television. Kibbey worked on a free-lance basis on a variety of video productions, including projects for Habitat for Humanity International, Billy Graham and, most recently, The National Football League. In the process of free-lancing, she started a production company called Second Story Productions, which produced projects for the Girl Scouts of America and had plans to complete a video for the Peace Corps by July. Initially, Kibbey worked on the talent end of things, interviewing, hosting and voicing for news programs and corporate video. Now she hosts the Atlanta high school sports once a week, while she pursues her career in educational television. She works full time as a producer for Atlanta's Channel 16, creating educational programming. On her "off" hours, she tries to build the clientele at Second Story Productions.

Kibbey gathered some notes on classmates:

Karen Pupke is teaching elementary school in a private school in Philadelphia. Kibbey ran into Chase Hill a couple of summers ago on the train in France, and she is teaching English in a private school in Charlotte, N.C. Duke Snyder is working in accounting and is living in Philadelphia. Jud Wolfe graduated from Emory and is taking some additional course work there, preparing for a graduate program, hopefully Duke. Jill Willock Studdiford is well, working hard, and enjoying the married life in Maine. Manish Agarwal is interning this summer for the U.S. State Department in Swaziland. Len Wayne is studying at the University of California, San Diego, preparing for a physics degree.

Mary Dunton, Peter Salett and Rich Snyder were all on hand in New York at the Metro Stop in April.

Vicki Klumb is getting married to Stewart O'Neil on October 8.

Hamilton Sloan is on the move (Albany, Ga., Panama City, Fla., Gainesville, Fla.) with CARQUEST Management Training Program.

Heather Mallory has been traveling around the world. She visited Mongolia, China, Indonesia, Siberia, (swam in the Baikal) New Zealand, Australia and Hong Kong. She is now living in Paris, where she bumped into Brandon Mathews '88, John Chamberlin '88, Karsten Robbins '88, Chauncy Gardner '89 and Mica Court '89. She also visited with Hugo Heriz-Smith '85 and former faculty member Alice Ryan during their recent trips to Paris.

AN INSIDER'S VIEW OF BOARDING SCHOOL LIFE

Alumni Children in the 8th and 9th Grades are Invited to an Overnight and Campus Visit

HOMECOMING WEEKEND
Friday, Sept. 30 – Oct. 1

Attend Friday evening dinner with students, spend an overnight in the dorms, go to Saturday morning classes and Homecoming games. Saturday morning, Director of Admission Peter Caldwell will meet with alumni families to explain the application process, testing and financial aid.

Please contact the Admission Office between September 12 and 26 if you and your child would like to participate.
On March 28, 1994, Julie Herbert and Christopher Michael Wahman were joined in holy matrimony. Congratulations to the newlyweds, who are living in North Augusta, S.C. Matt Crowley has taken up residence in Cleveland and is selling canvas products for the Astrup Company. He's definitely creating a new image. To quote his mother, "The Jeep is gone/the Escort is in; gone are the post-midnight revels/now he's in bed by nine; but the Celtics are still No. 1 in his heart—some things never change!" Matt saw Dave McCrystal and Leif Christoffersen at Peter O'Brien's wedding.

Leif Christoffersen will be in Africa until October, 1994, and would love to have mail: CARE - Kisuwa, P.O. Box 88, Kisuwa, Kenya, AFRICA.

Dave McCrystal is going to the University of Delaware in Newark working on his MBA in international business. In 1990, he traveled to England for an internship and was able to see the British Open and Wimbledon. Dave started his own business making and selling coupon books which serve the local area. Dave is interested in working for a growing international business. If you have one, give him a call.

The following is Dan Hermes contribution to the class notes:

Dan is living in an apartment in Leesburg, Va., and working a nine to five job. He has not been to other countries this year, he's not doing any volunteer work, and he spends most evenings cutting out coupons and making crank calls.

In January, Dan met unexpectedly with T.C. McCarthy at the Leesburg Correctional Facility. They exchanged stories and compared tattoos. They made plans to make bail and drink Guinness at Shenanigan's, the local Irish pub, but wound up spending the night in a cramped cell drinking Mad Dog 20/20 with Mr. Bojangles.

Dan has been seeing a lot of Ann McTear (Bill McTear's youngest and most talented sister). At least, he makes plans to see Ann. They arrange to attend concerts at Wolf Trap, go to the mall together, and sometimes he cooks her famous Moroccan Lamb for her. But she never shows. "She's a lot like Bill," says Dan.

Now that there has been time to think back about the golden years on Noxontown Pond, "There are many things I miss about St. Andrew's," remarks Dan, "but what I miss most is not having to pay bills."

T.C. McCarthy informs us that: "Athens, Georgia is God's country. It's the home of Strickland's Soul Food and Deli (best fried chicken in the world) and the ultra-famous Taco Stand—not to mention the non-stop musical extravaganzas. The other day I ran into Harry Tear '87 and discovered that he attends the University of Georgia as a third-year law student. He looks like a lawyer. Harry informed me that he was accepted into a very competitive program which enables a select group of law students to actually litigate in local courtrooms by the time of their third year, before they get their degree. I was impressed."

T.C. was awarded a Fulbright to study geology in Australia and left at the beginning of July. He will work there "with the petrographic analysis legend, Ron Vernon, at Macquarrie University in Sydney and conduct my field and lab work there for a year. This research will provide the necessary material for a dissertation and hopefully a few papers on the side. In the mornings, I shall surf. The really neat thing about this project is that it involves a topic in granite research that spawned a 50-year row between Australian and American geochemists: the origin of mafic enclaves. It's a living. I've also been granted a University Non-teaching Fellowship which is given each year to a few lucky graduate students." T.C. took Russian classes with the Russians exploit their mineral resources—"if they ever settle down. Besides, somebody has to keep good environmental lawyers like Kathy Bunting in business."

T.C. keeps close tabs on Oliver Wilcox ('Rocket Boy'), because "if there is one lad who is destined to succeed in anything he tries, it is Ollie. After returning from his Fulbright funded research trip to Spain, Oliver applied to graduate schools in Middle Eastern studies and learned Arabic and French during his spare time. I am not kidding. Oliver was soon snatched up by Georgetown, one of the most prestigious Middle Eastern departments of the world, and offered a scholarship. Well done, Ollie."

"Alex Houghton is in the home stretch at St. Lawrence (I think it's St. Lawrence—it's the college way up north near Canada where everybody is impatient and has never tried fried okra.) After amassing years of experience as a legal assistant, he plans to attend law school."

T.C. says Marlies Patzman '89 is doing extremely well in the frozen industrial steppes of Troy, N.Y. In April, Marlies was to visit T.C. for the Athens Jazz Festival and the Twilight Criterion, a huge bicycle race ($10,000 purse), with hopes that the Motorola team would be racing against at least one European team.

Art Butcher was one of the St. Andrews present at the New York Metro Stop in April. Now for the information gathered from those who replied to the questionnaire sent out by Liz Baxter and Jen Hurtt:

Van Barker is living in Salt Lake City, Utah, and working for SportAmerica as the corporate services director. Since leaving St. Andrew's, Van has expanded his horizons. He misses the "fellas" from school. Van adds: "Anyone driving across country or stranded in Utah is welcome to crash at my humble abode."

Rick Patzman is living in Boston ("Coolidge Corner area for all you Bostonians") and working for Keane, Inc. as a business systems consultant. He went parachuting from 10,000 feet and recommends it to everyone. If you're on the Cape this summer, give him a call.

Tom Akre is currently living in Alexandria, Va. He works for Friedman, Billings & Ramsey Investment Management as assistant funds manager. While working toward a B.A. in biology (to be finished in the winter of 1995), Tom is looking for a job in conservation biology, ecology (awareness). The most mystical, exciting and peaceful two weeks of his life were spent on the Galapagos Islands, while on an Earlham College senior seminar trip.

Beth Succop is studying ornamental horticulture in Boulder, Colo. During the summer, she will be serving an internship at Longwood Gardens in Kennet Square, Pa.

Oliver Wilcox has been living in Washington, D.C. (not North Carolina) working for "a G-man with a shiny brand new Ford." He is studying Arabic and French. Ollie is "on par," "off the skids," and headed for the Georgetown School of Foreign Service next year.

Also in our nation's capital, Cori del Sobral is attending Georgetown Law School while looking for a job in Minneapolis, Chicago or D.C. She was able to spend a most excellent summer in Scotland. She sees Tom Akre, Susan Stoops, Manish Agrawal and Oliver Wilcox on a regular basis. Cori misses the jonquils (those yellow flowers) on the main lawn at SAS in the spring, getting to sleep in while in the infirmary, and getting 12 people in a canoe. She would like to credit Mr. Liefield with the fact that she is able to get up, shower and don full business attire in under 15 minutes.

And yet another Washingtonian, Kim Egan is working as a paralegal for the law firm of Covington & Burling. Her parents have moved to Jordan (in the Middle East), and she hopes to take her next vacation there. Kim is pleased that she and Susan Stoops have become good friends.

Residing in La Jolla, Calif., Anne Margaret Baxley is a graduate student at the University of California—San Diego, where she is working toward a PhD in philosophy, and doesn't miss Pappy's Pizza. She saw Susan Richmond all the time at Wellesley, and sees Whitney Lockhart, whenever their travels put them in the same place, and Eddie Chang '83, who is also at UCSD getting a PhD in comparative literature.

Living in Prescott, Ariz., Scott Hacking is going to school for fine arts and creative writing. Scott misses Scooby, Dr. Chapin, the rope swing and the smoke shack since graduating from SAS. He occasionally sees Tom and Ollie at New Year's—"Liz Baxter wants to know, 'What are the rest of us—chopped liver?!'"

After graduating from Tufts University in 1993, Chris Chalmers moved to Atlanta, Ga., and is working for Granton Marketing as campaign manager. He enjoyed seeing T.C.
McCarthy in Athens, Ga., this year. Ling Ma Lu and husband Daniel reside in Cedar Grove, N.J. Ling is consulting for Andersen Consulting. After graduating from college, she took a two-month vacation to Hong Kong and China. Ling doesn’t miss the shack.

Alice Duffee Coneybeer is a student at the University of Pennsylvania and working for Cultural Heritage Research Services as a research intern. She is hoping to find a job in historic preservation. Alice misses the lawn and pond at SAS.

John Moore is a self-employed painter and a student in Wilmington, Del.

Jen Hurtt lives in Hoboken, N.J., and is an investment analyst for Prudential Capital Group. She enjoyed a bike trip in Colorado the summer after her senior year of college. She ran into Richard Vaughan on Halloween at the firehouse at 85th and Columbus in New York. He was the “Egoist” man and she was a pumpkin.

Mike Hindle is an artist, who does not wish to get gratuitously sentimental, in Woods Hole, Mass., and “will probably head back for a Masters in painting.” He spent his junior year of college in France—four months in the south and six months in Paris, where he spent time with former faculty member Mark Green in an internship at Parsons School of Design. He met John Chamberlin atop a medieval wall in Lacoste, where they “conquered the valley of Lubron in ancient Provence.”

Denise Stroud has done many exciting things since leaving St. Andrew’s and is now with Thomson Financial Services in Boston, working as an accountant/finance administrator. She sees Jennifer Jones and Steve Arms ’87 frequently.

In Philadelphia, Liz Baxter is working for the International Visitors Council as a special projects manager, writing mostly. She’s looking for a job writing for Conan O’Brien. Liz feels the most exciting opportunity she had was studying at the University of St. Andrew’s in Scotland her junior year.

Jeff Trabuado can be found in Alexandria, Va., where he is working for E.J. Bell & Associates as a systems consultant. He has enjoyed mountain biking in Canada and sky diving since graduation from SAS. Having a readily accessible community, being able to relax, and sunbathing on the garth are the things Jeff misses most; he doesn’t miss the rules. He sees Kellie Mitra and Leif Christoffersen as often as possible. Jeff states: “Although not realizing it at the time, St. Andrew’s provided a great chance to know some very interesting people. He adds, "The working world is tough—seems like work, sleep and paying bills. Am I the only one!"

Heather Hillman would like to take a vacation to New Orleans, Chicago or Asia. She is working for Woodrock, a youth service organization, as a youth advocate. She learned to scuba dive, traveled to Australia and swam with sharks. Now that she’s living in Philly, Heather tries to see Squig Gubb, Laurie Farr and Liz Baxter when she can. She sees Art Butcher at family gatherings or holidays. Heather ran into Scott Hacking at a student environmental activism conference in rural Illinois when he was going to school in Louisiana and she was going to school in Rhode Island.

Laurie Farr works as a child care provider for Liz Baxter’s aunt in Philadelphia. She is applying to school for child clinical psychology. Laurie sees Susan Stoops, Cori del Sobral, Paul Rogers ’87, Duke Snyder ’87, Oliver Wilcox, Art Butcher, Rick Patzman and Whitney Lockhart.

Susan Stoops, “a paralegal par excellence,” works for Covington & Burling in Arlington, Va. After attending law school in the fall of 1994, she would eventually like a job in art law. Her next vacation will be to the Central American archeological ruins. While studying in Italy for three months during her senior year, Susan climbed to the top of Trajan’s column in Rome. Unexpectedly, she was waited on by Casey Zimmer ’89 at Slade’s American Bar & Grill in Arlington. Susan misses the simple things like Kathy Bunting’s Earth Cruiser, and she appreciates the great friends and great education she found at SAS.

As a “glorified secretary/assistant,” Alix Beith works for an environment directorate in Paris. She is going to school in London (LSE and London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine—1994-95) for her master’s in health planning and financing. Alix realizes, when she still sees a lot of St. Andreans—Karsten Robbins, John Chamberlin, Chauncy Gardner ’89, Mica Court ’89, Heath Mallory ’87, Simon Cherniavsky, Ari Ellis ’89 and Brandon Mathews—that a strong bond was created. She ran into Molly Sorge ’90 outside a rest room at a bus stop in midwest Australia, a place of a few hundred inhabitants. Unfortunately, they only got a chance to say a quick hello, exchange some news and say good-bye.

As a Peace Corps teacher in Gambia, Lainie Thomas’s house was actually a mud shack with a leaky grass roof. Occasionally huge torrential clouds of locusts came through the village to eat the crops. She was surprised to meet Mary Horan ’90 there. They “made bagels, pushed buses out of deep mud, hiked through the Dogon country in Mali, wrote stories for the alum magazine, and made the Gambia a happening country." At the time of her writing, Lainie missed a lot of things about St. Andrew’s, like running water, electricity, malaria-free mosquitoes, English speakers, termite-free housing, change of climates, and accessibility to ice cream and pizza. Makes one appreciate the simple things in life, doesn’t it? But gee, Lainie does have mango trees, peanut stew, monkeys in the trees and hippos in the lake—never had them at SAS. She will be returning to the U.S. in July.

The consensus shows that a high percentage those questioned do miss the lawn, pond, spring, friends, Mr. Liefeld, the Earth Cruiser, rope swing and canoe crazies. They don’t miss the jobs, Saturday classes, breakfast sign-ins, the dress code, chapel and all the marks derived from the aforementioned.

Jen Hurtt lives in Hoboken, N.J., and is an investment analyst for Prudential Capital Group. She enjoyed a bike trip in Colorado the summer after her senior year of college. She ran into Richard Vaughan on Halloween at the firehouse at 85th and Columbus in New York. He was the “Egoist” man and she was a pumpkin.

Mike Hindle is an artist, who does not wish to get gratuitously sentimental, in Woods Hole, Mass., and “will probably head back for a Masters in painting.” He spent his junior year of college in France—four months in the south and six months in Paris, where he spent time with former faculty member Mark Green in an internship at Parsons School of Design. He met John Chamberlin atop a medieval wall in Lacoste, where they “conquered the valley of Lubron in ancient Provence.”

Denise Stroud has done many exciting things since leaving St. Andrew’s and is now with Thomson Financial Services in Boston, working as an accountant/finance administrator. She sees Jennifer Jones and Steve Arms ’87 frequently.

In Philadelphia, Liz Baxter is working for the International Visitors Council as a special projects manager, writing mostly. She’s looking for a job writing for Conan O’Brien. Liz feels the most exciting opportunity she had was studying at the University of St. Andrew’s in Scotland her junior year.

Jeff Trabuado can be found in Alexandria, Va., where he is working for E.J. Bell & Associates as a systems consultant. He has enjoyed mountain biking in Canada and sky diving since graduation from SAS. Having a readily accessible community, being able to relax, and sunbathing on the garth are the things Jeff misses most; he doesn’t miss the rules. He sees Kellie Mitra and Leif Christoffersen as often as possible. Jeff states: “Although not realizing it at the time, St. Andrew’s provided a great chance to know some very interesting people. He adds, "The working world is tough—seems like work, sleep and paying bills. Am I the only one!"

Heather Hillman would like to take a vacation to New Orleans, Chicago or Asia. She is working for Woodrock, a youth service organization, as a youth advocate. She learned to scuba dive, traveled to Australia and swam with sharks. Now that she’s living in Philly, Heather tries to see Squig Gubb, Laurie Farr and Liz Baxter when she can. She sees Art Butcher at family gatherings or holidays. Heather ran into Scott Hacking at a student environmental activism conference in rural Illinois when he was going to school in Louisiana and she was going to school in Rhode Island.

Laurie Farr works as a child care provider for Liz Baxter’s aunt in Philadelphia. She is applying to school for child clinical psychology. Laurie sees Susan Stoops, Cori del Sobral, Paul Rogers ’87, Duke Snyder ’87, Oliver Wilcox, Art Butcher, Rick Patzman and Whitney Lockhart.

Susan Stoops, “a paralegal par excellence,” works for Covington & Burling in Arlington, Va. After attending law school in the fall of 1994, she would eventually like a job in art law. Her next vacation will be to the Central American archeological ruins. While studying in Italy for three months during her senior year, Susan climbed to the top of Trajan’s column in Rome. Unexpectedly, she was waited on by Casey Zimmer ’89 at Slade’s American Bar & Grill in Arlington. Susan misses the simple things like Kathy Bunting’s Earth Cruiser, and she appreciates the great friends and great education she found at SAS.

As a “glorified secretary/assistant,” Alix Beith works for an environment directorate in Paris. She is going to school in London (LSE and London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine—1994-95) for her master’s in health planning and financing. Alix realizes, when she still sees a lot of St. Andreans—Karsten Robbins, John Chamberlin, Chauncy Gardner ’89, Mica Court ’89, Heath Mallory ’87, Simon Cherniavsky, Ari Ellis ’89 and Brandon Mathews—that a strong bond was created. She ran into Molly Sorge ’90 outside a rest room at a bus stop in midwest Australia, a place of a few hundred inhabitants. Unfortunately, they only got a chance to say a quick hello, exchange some news and say good-bye.

As a Peace Corps teacher in Gambia, Lainie Thomas’s house was actually a mud shack with a leaky grass roof. Occasionally huge torrential clouds of locusts came through the village to eat the crops. She was surprised to meet Mary Horan ’90 there. They “made bagels, pushed buses out of deep mud, hiked through the Dogon country in Mali, wrote stories for the alum magazine, and made the Gambia a happening country." At the time of her writing, Lainie missed a lot of things about St. Andrew’s, like running water, electricity, malaria-free mosquitoes, English speakers, termite-free housing, change of climates, and accessibility to ice cream and pizza. Makes one appreciate the simple things in life, doesn’t it? But gee, Lainie does have mango trees, peanut stew, monkeys in the trees and hippos in the lake—never had them at SAS. She will be returning to the U.S. in July.

The consensus shows that a high percentage those questioned do miss the lawn, pond, spring, friends, Mr. Liefeld, the Earth Cruiser, rope swing and canoe crazies. They don’t miss the jobs, Saturday classes, breakfast sign-ins, the dress code, chapel and all the marks derived from the aforementioned.

Jim Bruin ’89 and Tomas Pisky ’89 enjoyed a Maine lobster feast while visiting the Washburns in August, 1993.
John Little graduated from Rhodes in May, spent six fantastic weeks in Europe (favorite sights: Chartres Cathedral, St. Peter's Basilica and all of Switzerland), and is now working part time for a marketing firm in Memphis. He is trying to get into marketing, development or politics on a full-time basis.

Tosh Crystal is living in Charlotte, N.C., and working as a courier while he looks for a writing or editing job in Virginia or the Carolinas.

Storm Trosdal is at Jacksonville University in Florida and has finally settled on a music major and was composing a symphony.

Susan Willock searched for an elementary teaching job in the Portland, Maine area with no success but is substitute teaching for two local school systems and works in Freeport. Since moving to Maine, she's run into a few familiar SAS faces: Victor van Buchem, Chuck Panaccione '88, Sarah Hammond '90, and Tina Aquilla '93.

Stationed with the Navy in Florida, James Borghardt started flight training in February and hopes to be in the air within a year.

Gordon Terry is living in New York City "painting continuously, doing wonderfully and generally having an exciting time."

Colin Murray writes that he is a lieutenant in the United States Marine Corps and will eventually be attending flight school. He is getting married this October and says, "I am really excited about that and can hardly wait."

Tomas Puky, who is living in Germany, began a new job this summer in Austria. He spent a weekend with Tore Olson and said they had a wonderful time together. Tomas mentioned that Sophia von Rundstedt '91 is also living in Germany and studying law.

Alec McCandless finished his senior year at the University of Otago in New Zealand. He hopes to work towards a PhD in philosophy next year.

Amy Wilson is teaching physics, coaching and living in a dorm at the Taft School in Connecticut. She will be spending her summer in New York City taking classes and then will return to Taft again next year. In her free time, Amy has taken up running. She hopes to run in the New York City marathon next November. She and Marlies Patzman spent New Year's Eve together in Boston. Marlies, who is also teaching at Emma Willard School, will be spending her summer on Cape Cod working in a kitchen. She aspires to be a chef and/or own a catering business and plans to attend culinary school sometime next year.

Bill Spire is working in the admissions department and living in a dorm at the Berkshire School in Western Massachusetts. Chauncy Gardner has been living in Paris this year.

Lee McGill and Emilie Sinkler are both working in New York City.

Kelly Garrett is living in Alexandria and works for the First Virginia Bank. Living in Raleigh, W.V., Sara O'Connor is taking a year off before going to medical school. Westport, Conn., is home for Kristen Zilling, where she works at Smith Barney.

Gretchen Bensinger's senior year at Princeton was busy but fulfilling. She played field hockey and then "slaved away on her senior thesis." Gretchen often saw Khalid Al-Faisal, who joined a jazz/hip hop dance company which was one of the most popular shows on campus. His fall performance was a huge hit. Those classroom dances at SAS were only the beginning for him. Gretchen also heard from Jen Boynton, who was captain of the lacrosse team at Tufts this year. C.C. Davies plans to teach next year in public school.

Linda Schneider graduated from Drew University in May with majors in psychology and special education. She was varsity lacrosse coach at Madison High School.

Catherine van Ogtrop has another year at the University of Delaware. She had "an awesome job as head coach of Newark High School's girls' lacrosse team." She sees Taylor Cameron, who is working at a bank in Maryland, all the time.

In the purpose of mind in erasing his name from the "Lost But Not Forgotten" list, Giles Borghardt reported in with the following update: "I have endured four snow storms here at Syracuse University and have come out of the experience practically unscathed! As many might remember, I came to the University to study photography in the art school. Well, apparently my hunger outweighed my program, and I found it necessary to add another major. So, this spring I found myself graduating with two majors—Art/Photography and Art/Video. You can see that my energies had to be diverted temporarily, to complete both of my programs of study in four years. I have not forgotten my old friends, however, and I try to keep tabs on everyone through Ridge Lazar, whom I see occasionally at my favorite night spot, Hungry Charley's, a comfy little bar with a lot of character."

Claire Hall finished her last year at Davidson. T.C. McCarthy '88 would like to hear from you, Claire, and learn about what's going on in your life.

Callen Hurtz graduated with a major in anthropology. He rowed on the varsity lightweight eight and thoroughly enjoyed his last days of school at Harvard.

Earl Walker completed the 1993-94 collegiate wrestling season by placing third in the NCAA Division I Championships and being named an All-American wrestler in his second year at Boston University. Earl completed the season with a 37-3 record, a 13-0 dual meet record and was named the winner of the Gordon Mickey Cochrane Memorial Award as the male athlete of the year at Boston University. During the season, Earl won individual championships at the Big Northeast Conference Championships, the Coast Guard Tournament and the Syracuse Classic, where he was named the Outstanding Wrestler. In June, Earl left for a nine-day trip to Germany as a member of the U.S. Coaches Association team; the team will wrestle freestyle against top European wrestlers.
the East Coast.

With a major in psychology, Laura Shaffer works with families and education through the Intervention Program in Durham, N.C. She is interested in daycare, plays the flute and sees Hardy Gieske '92 often.

Anna Vocino is part of a professional comedy group at Emory University. She spends her leisure time playing with her weasels, making copies in downtown Atlanta, and is lead singer of an up and coming band.

Sally Voorhees lived off-campus at the College of Charleston. She and Wade Cooper '89 meet weekly for coffee.

Philippe Wheelock lived in Barcelona for a year and then went to Africa for six months.

Joy McGrath is featured in the Sunday Crimson and an interview and photo in The Harvard Class of 1949's newsletter recognizing just five freshmen who epitomize the Harvard ethic by combining academic excellence and community service. Joy is the first person from her small town of Smyrna, Del., to attend an Ivy League institution. Her receiving the award lead to her profile appearing in the Harvard Class of 1949's newsletter and an interview and photo in The Harvard Crimson Sunday magazine.

Richard Trotsdal is at Jacksonville University in Florida with his brother, Storm '89, where he is a philosophy major.

At the University of Delaware last fall, Lori Linrub received a scholarship from Southern States Cooperative, Inc., after being recognized for her outstanding achievements.

Jenny Hughes has been busy at Wellesley this year. She made the lacrosse team along with five other first-year students and played second goalie "under an old lax veteran who was a junior." Jenny is firmly set on a double major of art history and studio arts for next year.

In the spring of 1993, Joy McGrath was awarded the Saltonstall Prize at Harvard which recognizes just five freshmen who epitomize the Harvard ethic by combining academic excellence and community service. Joy is the first person from her small town of Smyrna, Del., to attend an Ivy League institution. Her receiving the award lead to her profile appearing in the Harvard Class of 1949's newsletter and an interview and photo in The Harvard Crimson Sunday magazine.

Joy is featured in the Sunday Boston Globe Magazine, February 13, 1994, in an article entitled "Seeing the Light" by Mark Feeney about how to get involved in volunteer work. The article begins: "This past December, Joy walked into a Harvard Square bookstore to buy a Christmas present for her father. But when the Harvard sophomore left the store, she carried not only a copy of the Alexander Dumas novel she had been looking for but also a green flier." That flier described how to help when the Harvard sophomore left the store, while making a play, another player smashed into his knee, damaging it. He hopes to be able to play next season after some rehabilitation. He is considering a transfer for his junior year.

At Trinity this year, Kearney Harrington played field hockey (her team made it to the NCAA final four—a first in Trinity College history!) and lacrosse. Kearney sees "many SAS alums around campus and everyone is doing well up in Hartford."

Jaime Edwards played soccer in the fall at Guilford College. The last week of March, while making a play, another player smashed into his knee, damaging it. He hopes to be able to play next season after some rehabilitation. He is considering a transfer for his junior year.

While at Davidson College this year, Frank Crawley was the president of the Crew Club, working in the sports medicine department and for the technical crew. He received his Eagle Scout award in a small ceremony in Raleigh, N.C. on January 2, 1994. Frank writes: "I have spoken to other members of our class via e-mail. If any of you have e-mail, please write me and let me know how you are doing. I'm at frcrawley@davidson.edu and I can't wait to hear from you."

Adrian Keevil sang with The Bakers' Dozen at Yale University this year. Adrian and Frank, with some assistance from Dave Skaff and Jaime, saved Lindsay Brown and Louise Howlett's dog, Cody, from the icy waters of Noxontown Pond the Sunday morning of the Winter Musical weekend in February.

Wes Fling says, "UNH is easy," and he is likely to transfer to William and Mary.

Rob Hargrove played the tuba in the Princeton Marching Band. He is trying to kick the "lazy habit" but loves Princeton.

A J. Henry Esser Scholarship recipient, Mike Pignatello loves Columbia and New York: "I can't believe I might have gone anywhere else." He volunteers on weekends and participates in other cultural activities.

"Keeping too busy, doing too much," but enjoying Wesleyan, Rachel Ruane is in a unit council for social activities and on a pro-choice committee.

Jane Shaffer loves Vanderbilt and sees SAS alumni all the time. She works for the Vice Chancellor.

In October of last year, Robin Underwood began his first term of civil engineering at the University of Birmingham in England. "Although there is a lack of rowing at Birmingham," writes Robin, "I am not being idle, and enjoy running, cycling and swimming; perhaps this is a result of the SAS Triathlon. I have also taken a course in lifesaving.... Away from sport I have become involved with the running of the hall where I live, I have made some good friends, work the bar, and have just been appointed to the Summer Ball Committee."

Lisa Rich had a great year at Gettysburg College with a Poly Sci and Women's Studies double major and a Spanish minor. She completed her training and was certified as a counselor advocate to battered women in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Lisa also teaches English to a woman who lives in town.

Tim Fallaw's college choice was Colorado College, not Connecticut College.
Members of the Girls JV Basketball Team—1990s style!

Photograph by Linda Farwell