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Six Billion and Counting — With so many people now sharing the planet, we need to do an even better job of resource conservation. Peter K. McLean believes that learning to love the great outdoors might be the first step.

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Short Stories by William H. Amos — This former faculty member, world renowned scientist, and author of dozens of books and articles in such periodicals as National Geographic and Scientific American, remembers baseball legend Babe Ruth, Percival possum (the family pet), and staring into the hypnotic eyes of a majestic barred owl.

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Exhibition Mania — JoAnn Fairchild catches up with six seniors who “survived” the rigorous English exhibitions. After churning out impressive papers, they’re eager to discuss the link between literature and life.

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In The Library

Librarian Shannon Hanover stands beside an eclectic mix of opera, classical music, Broadway show tunes and country music that belonged to the late Chuck Mandes. "I think it would make Chuck very happy to know that the students and faculty are listening to this music," Hanover says.

Rachel Mandes presented the CD collection as a tribute to her brother; the handsome oak cabinet was purchased with donations given in his memory.

From St. Andrew’s To St. Andrew’s—With Love
by Unique Fraser '96 and Emily Jensen '96

In this era of competitive job markets, rising inflation, increasing deficits and budget cuts, more Americans have become victims of unfortunate circumstances, losing their jobs, their homes, their families. It is increasingly common to see homeless people, especially in urban areas, sleeping on sidewalks, huddled in cardboard boxes under bridges, lying covered with newspapers on park benches or in train stations.

Recognizing the need for a clean, safe environment for homeless people in metropolitan Delaware, St. Andrew’s Church transformed their basement into a shelter during the winter of 1993-94. Called Andrew’s Place, it now accommodates 30 men and women.

Last November, five members of our senior class left campus on a cold, foggy afternoon. Our destination: Andrew’s Place, located at 8th and Orange Streets in the heart of Wilmington. We arrived, stomped the snow off our shoes, and nervously closed the door behind us, listening to the clamor of workers fixing the heaters. Not sure what to expect, we slowly climbed down the stairs into the basement. Our eyes wandered around the room, examining homemade quilts, various arts and crafts, and tables filled with people. We looked for homeless people, expecting unkempt and dirty characters. You know, the ones begging for money. Instead, we saw people in warm, clean clothes socializing with each other. They watched our unfamiliar faces as we walked in, their eyes following us as we began to serve hot soup and warm pieces of garlic bread.

While serving the meal, we looked into each person’s eyes, searching for something to say. They thanked us and eventually we, too, sat down, scattering ourselves around the room. Some of us talked about our classes, others attempted the latest *New York Times* crossword puzzle. One student even received help with a history paper. At the end of one table, a debate could be heard about the war in Russia. As we listened to a man tell about his family, eagerly showing us pictures of his children and grandchildren, a comforting peace radiated around the room. (continued on page 39)

English Teacher Wins Humanities Award

Will Speers won a prestigious $2,500 award in the Independent Study in the Humanities Fellowship Program from the Council for Basic Education (CBE). "This is a great testament to Will and to the School," said Academic Dean Tad Roach, "because these fellowships are highly selective, and they reflect the quality of scholarship at St. Andrew's."

Speers, who is also the Assistant Headmaster for Student Life, faced stiff competition in the selection process. His proposed study plan—African American Male Writers: Fathers, Sons and Inheritance—was judged and chosen from approximately 600 submissions nationwide; of that number, only 117 met the rigorous criteria for final consideration. He now joins an impressive group of 3,500 teachers who have earned CBE fellowships since 1983.

The Next Generation

By special invitation Peter Caldwell participated in a forum—The Next Generation of Teaching and Learning—that was organized by the National Education Association. At the Aspen Institute in Wye Mills, Maryland, Peter joined creative thinkers from disparate backgrounds (business, technology, media, education) to explore the future of teaching and learning. Caldwell, who is Director of Admission, has also been named to the Professional Development Committee of the Secondary School Admission Test Board (SSATB).

Beyond the Ballpark

Bob Colburn, who was inducted into the Delaware Baseball Hall of Fame in 1994, has been honored once again. Recognizing his 35 years of service, the National High School Baseball Coaches’ Association presented our Athletic Director with a Coaching Award at its annual conference last December in Anaheim, California.

In addition to Colburn’s contributions to athletics, he somehow manages to find time for teaching chemistry, advising students, and working with the Adaptive PE Program for handicapped children in the Middletown community.
ON WITH THE SHOW
On the heels of their European tour, Marc Cheban and the St. Andrew's School Concert Choir performed at Longwood Gardens over Easter weekend. Amidst a kaleidoscope of fragrant begonias, camellias, daffodils, lilies, roses and tulips, Cheban mesmerized the audience on the organ while the students sang three selections from the tour: Hoagy Carmichael's *Heart and Soul*, Bring Him Home from Les Misérables, and Cheban's most recent choral composition, Third Concert Piece.

TEENAGERS WELCOME
If you have them, we'd like to meet them over Homecoming Weekend, September 27 & 28, 1996. Alumni/ae children in the 8th and 9th grades are invited to chow down with students on Friday evening, spend the night in the dorms, go to Saturday morning classes and cheer the Homecoming games in the afternoon. Director of Admission Peter Caldwell will meet with alumni/ae families on Saturday morning to explain the application process, testing and financial aid. If you and your child would like to attend "An Insider's View of Boarding School Life," please call the Admission Office at (302) 378-9511, ext. 231, by September 16.

GROWING UP FEMALE
Third Form girls from St. Andrew's, Tower Hill, Tatnall and Friends School participated in a special program, "Growing Up Female," that St. Andrew's hosted in February. Sponsored and organized by the Committee for Women and Girls in Independent Schools, the workshop explored issues of sexism, racism, ageism and life cycles.

"We really liked the skits and the songs," commented Mary Vaughn '99 and Andrea Wun '99, "because they related to our lives so well. We also enjoyed meeting other girls our age and sharing our thoughts, concerns and hopes." Associate Chaplain Louise Howlett remarked: "It's important for women of all ages and races to have confidence in their own value—in their right to be treated with respect and benevolence."

THE SMART SET
Math Department Chair David Wang reports that Dave Myers '96 and J.R. Parsons '96 qualified for the American Invitational Math Exam (AIME) by scoring 100 points or more (out of a possible 150) on the American High School Math Exam (AHSME). "The AIME is the next round in the qualifying process for the U.S. Mathematics Olympiad," adds Wang. The following students earned AHSME Merit Roll commendations for earning scores of 90 or above as freshmen or sophomores: Mike Cordeiro '98, Lee Gormy '99, Mike Harney '98, Emmett Linsky '98, Barclay Satterfield '98, John Vassalotti '98 and Rob Ward '99. The School's team score—equalling the total of the top three student scores—earned St. Andrew's a Certificate of Merit.

HOMECOMING WEEKEND 1996
September 27 & 28

ANNUAL FUND UPDATE
"Participation is steady," reports Director of Development Chesa Profaci '80, "but we are $100,000 away from reaching our goal of $500,000."

Gifts received as of 4/16/96:

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The School's 1995-96 Annual Fund ends on June 30, 1996, so please make your contribution today. Call (302) 378-9511 and ask for Donna. Remember: Every gift at every level helps every student!

VI FORM RAFFLE PRIZES
During the December drawing, the Keyser family (Nelson '98) took first prize, round-trip airfare and skiing for a week in Sun Valley, Idaho (donated by Mr. and Mrs. Roy Chapin); the second place winners, Don and Jane Meads, walked away with a skiing vacation in Park City, Utah (donated by Mr. & Mrs. Tom Stephens '70); Sarah Parker held the third place ticket, a week's stay in sunny Puerto Vallarta (donated by Bob Shank '57).
Getting A Jump Start: Career Night

Alumni/ae from the ’60s, ’70s and ’80s returned to campus in February for Career Night. Meeting with fifth and sixth formers, they shared job-hunting tips, interview secrets, and strategies for success in college and beyond. Listed below are the experts in their fields.

Anne Rhodes Amos ’78 is a systems engineer for Lockheed Martin, creating worldwide information systems. Using extensive interview, work-up and follow-through techniques, Amos leads a team of 250 people who interpret and test what users want—and need. As part of a large corporation for over eight years, she has interviewed hundreds of “college placements.” In the process, Amos says she looks for a decent grade point average (3.4 to 3.9): "One would expect that you would apply yourself to your career in the same way that you applied yourself in school.” Urging students to apply for internships or summer jobs in their chosen field, Amos told them, “That’s almost required these days.” Her strategy for success? “Get your foot in the door, and then develop a broad base of experience and expertise.”

An attorney and partner of the Ocean City law firm of Williams, Hammond, Moore, Shockley & Harrison, P.A., Ed Hammond ’60 has literally dealt with everything from A to Z—Arbitration to Zoning. He has represented nursing homes, churches (free of charge), restaurants, fire companies, contractors, developers, hotel operators, doctors, dentists, amusement park operators, marina operators and merchants. In his work as the County Attorney, he has been involved in zoning litigation, jail litigation, writing and publishing a new County Code, lobbying in the State Legislature, land planning, landfills and sewers. Hammond is a devoted trustee of St. Andrew’s as well as the father of three alums.

Alec Hoon ’70 is an assistant professor of pediatrics at the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine at the Kennedy Krieger Institute. After serving his residency at Kosair Children’s Hospital in Louisville, Kentucky, he was a postdoctoral fellow in neonatology at British Columbia’s Children’s Hospital in Vancouver, a postdoctoral fellow in medical genetics in affiliated hospitals in Canada, and a postdoctoral fellow in developmental pediatrics at Johns Hopkins. He earned his M.P.H. at the School of Hygiene and Public Health at Johns Hopkins. An accomplished physician, Hoon has authored or coauthored eight publications, four book chapters and 16 abstracts as well as several letters.

His advice to students: “Get a good education. Be able to write and express your thoughts clearly. Be good with computers—get on the Web, get on the Internet information is exploding at an exponential rate. Learn how to work well with others and deal with interpersonal conflict.”

Pier Kooistra ’85 teaches English at the Montclair Kimberly Academy, a private boarding school in New Jersey. An energetic class agent for both St. Andrew’s and Dartmouth (where he was an Italian and French apprentice teacher), Kooistra relishes the great outdoors and actively promotes citizenship to his students through community service programs. The adventurous Kooistra—who was a grill cook in Vail, a delivery driver in France, an engineer’s assistant and plant mechanic at Ghirardelli Chocolate Co. in California, a metal shop worker/welder in Germany—drew a curious crowd.

Catherine Soles ’89 works for the Delaware Department of Child Mental Health in a residential treatment center (RTC) for emotionally disturbed adolescent boys. Soles started at the RTC as a youth care worker, moving up the ranks to youth care supervisor and, most recently, RTC Assistant Director/Therapist. She conducts family, individual and group counseling, and plans and coordinates treatment for half of the kids in the program. “It’s scary to have someone’s emotional life in your hands,” she told students. “It’s important to have compassion and to retain your objectivity.”

Michael Whalen ’84 scores music for advertising, film, television—everything: commercials for Panasonic, AT&T, Volkswagen, Diet-Coke, Dannon Yogurt, etc.; HBO movies, PBS documentaries (Sea Power, Nature’s Great African Moments, Phantoms of the Forest) . . . and more. Among others, his work has received a Clio award and a Bronze Lion at the Cannes Film Festival.

Showing students a videotape of a computer commercial he was working on at the time, Whalen encouraged students to act as producer. “We need music to create dramatic tension,” he explained. “The guy in the commercial has a technological edge, so let’s bring out his human side.”
Winter Wrap-up

For the second consecutive season, the Boys Varsity Basketball team skyed over the double-digit-win plateau, and they just barely missed the state playoffs. In 1995, the Cardinals finished 13-9 and captured the Independent Conference Tournament for the first time in School history. This year, with the league tournament discontinued, the team again finished with a surge, winning four out of its last five games to finish 12-9.

The Cardinals were led by senior guard Matt Bostic, who averaged 19 points and five assists per game. Bostic, who often dazzled the league with deft ballhandling and clutch scoring, was named to the Independent Conference’s first team for the second consecutive season and was the first St. Andrew’s player ever to receive All State status as he was named to the honorable mention team. Bostic has yet to decide what school he will attend next year, but it is likely that he will join Josh Pray ’95 in the ranks of St. Andrew’s graduates playing in college.

The 1996 team also received outstanding contributions from seniors David Smith, Eric Calder, Mark Mazzocco and Josh Morison. Smith started at point guard all season and provided outstanding ballhandling and unselfish play. Calder, a four-year varsity player, was the team’s best defensive forward and a solid rebounder. For most of the season, Calder played alongside Mazzocco, the Cardinals’ 6’7” center who averaged nearly ten points per game before being sidelined with an injury. Mazzocco’s four-game absence hurt the Cardinals in their midseason drive and likely cost the team a berth in the state playoffs. Morison was one of the squad’s key reserves, providing clutch scoring throughout the season.

The game that St. Andrew’s fans will not soon forget was a January confrontation with league rival Tower Hill. The Killers, still smarting from last year’s three-game Cardinal sweep (including the Conference championship game) arrived in Middletown for their traditional Saturday night contest. And it looked as if the talented Hillers would have their revenge as they jumped all over St. Andrew’s and led 22-3 early in the second quarter. With a stifling trapping defense, however, and outstanding play off the bench from ASSIST exchange student Sony Bures (Czechoslovakia), the Cardinals staged a miraculous comeback in front of a disbelieving packed house. St. Andrew’s (continued)

From the start of the season, the Boys Varsity Squash players consistently pushed each other to improve, taking their challenge matches as seriously as real ones. By the end of the season (10-0), all the top players—Randolph McEvoy ’97, Jeff Gable ’97, Curtis Snyder ’96, Carter Grant ’97 and Sam Cox ’98—competed in the Mid-Atlantic Tournament at Episcopal High School. In the first three matches of the day, all five players helped to place St. Andrew’s in the finals against Woodberry Forest. In an exciting match to break the 2-2 tie with Woodberry, Snyder completed his undefeated season record to give St. Andrew’s School its first Mid-Atlantic title in the ten year history of the tournament.

Charlie Durkin ’97, Rob Willey ’97 and Will Hamilton ’97 maintained control in crucial situations, playing exceptionally well against Gilman, Episcopal Academy, St. James Academy, Princeton Day, and Shipley. Juniors Sebastian Ramos and Ty Rayner deserve honorable mention for their noticeable improvement as exhibition players this season.

Season Awards: Sam Cox - Most Improved Player; Jeff Gable - Coaches’ Award; and Randolph McEvoy - Most Valuable Player, for his strong performance as number one.
The 1995-96 GIRLS VARSITY BASKETBALL team had its share of ups and downs this season, winding up 2-14. Over half the team was comprised of sophomores and a freshman, and co-captain Kate Sidebottom '96 was sidelined in the fifth game with a season-ending knee injury. In her absence, other players stepped into leadership roles, especially fellow seniors Megan Doherty and co-captain Jessica Reid. Reid, who averaged 8.1 points and 14.2 rebounds per game, will be sorely missed next year.

Game highlights include a 16-point victory over Wilmington Christian, a 3-point loss to Tower Hill, a 1-point loss to Friends, and a 10-point win over Middletown (final home game)!

Season Awards: Jessica Reid '96 - Team MVP, 2nd Team All-Conference; Megan Doherty '96 - Coaches' Award; Anne Close '98 and Penn Graves '98 - "Most Tenacious."

The WRESTLING team ended its season with a split record (6-6). The team repeated last year's statistics, winning 70% of its individual matches and outscoring its opponents in offensive points and pins. Four losses were the result of not being able to fill all the weight classes, and injuries to 112 lb. Nick McDonough '99 (6-0) and 160 lb. Phil Pinch '97 (6-3) really put a burden on the team's chances of winning.


Mike Evans placed fifth in the state tournament, with a 18-6 record. At the St. Andrew's Independent Tournament, six wrestlers made it to the medal round: Luke Bear, David Bass, Nick Barker, Paul Burnette and Mike Evans finished at second place; River Elliott '96 (171 lb.) placed third.

Season Awards: Mike Evans - outstanding wrestler, coache's award; Luke Bear and Paul Burnette - most improved wrestlers; co-captains Nick Barker and River Elliot - outstanding leadership.
With so many people now sharing the planet, we need to do an even better job of resource conservation. Learning to love the outdoors might be the first step.

In the next 10 minutes, the time it will take for you to read this article, our finite planet will lose at least three species of plants and animals. Another species, Homo sapiens, will increase by 2,000 individuals, 40 of whom will be Americans, the world champions of natural resource consumption.

Humans have been around for only a few thousand of Earth's estimated four billion years, yet our population growth has been exponential. Today, there are nearly six billion of us, with a doubling rate of 40 years. Our (continued)
growth and consumption have conspired to alter the landscape more than any other species. Most argue there is no true wilderness, none untouched by humans.

Although we have made some strides in recent years, generally our hand has been heavy, separating us from any natural balance and threatening our spirit and very existence: water shortage, pollution, DDT, PCBs, CFC, deforestation, forest fragmentation, loss of wildlife habitat, soil and fertile farmland, flooding, runoff, biodiversity decline. And everywhere so-called development. When will it stop?

The answer, in part, is not until we wake up to the contribution the natural world makes to our lives. Then and only then will we be able to act to preserve the magnificent plant and animal life God has so generously shared with us here on Earth. For me, and I was lucky, the seeds of such an awareness and appreciation were planted early.

I grew up in Charlottesville, Virginia, at the foot of the Blue Ridge—small, old mountains that flow into the piedmont on one side and the fertile Shenandoah Valley on the other. They were my backyard, reference points, constant companions and sources of contemplation. They were—and continue to be—beautiful and inviting.

I used to spend weekends with my best friend Edward and his family at their mountain place, just above Bacon Hollow, about two-thirds the way up High Top Mountain, one of the Blue Ridge's tallest at a bit over 4,000 feet. There we would climb large oaks and maples to enjoy views east over the piedmont. We would spend hours exploring the forest and its clearings, resetting chestnut rail fences, keeping the springwater lines clear, and checking nest boxes for bluebirds and purple martins.

Summertime found us at the mountain's foot, on the family farm, working and playing in hayfields alongside the Swift Run, a small river whose waters carry some of the mountain down from above. Work on the farm was close to the earth and plentiful; the grass always needed cutting and the hay and garden tending.

Summer's hot, humid days were relieved somewhat by extended skinny dips in the deeper, boulder-strewn holes of the Swift Run and by thunderstorms which left the air and mountain views clear for a day or two. In August, we followed the mountains north, along route 15, through Leesburg and across the Potomac River to a forested mountainside. There we'd hike to Big Rock in air that smelled of rich woods, and we'd spend hours perched on two large boulders pretending to fish, reeling in large catches of honeysuckle and other vines which crept around the rocks below.

August was Dad's time away from a busy medical practice. He and Mom would pack up the station wagon or camper and take all seven of us (obviously the result of the days before zero pop-

ulation growth) camping and hiking throughout the natural riches of America: the Great Plains, Yellowstone National Park, the Grand Tetons, the Grand Canyon.

Each fall, Edward's father, a colorful wildlife enthusiast, would guide a group of us to Rockfish Gap and Calf Mountain to witness the spectacle of bird migration: great numbers of eagles, ospreys and other raptors carried by northwest winds south for the winter—broadwings throughout September, osprey and eagles in late October, redtails in early November. Twenty thousand were sometimes seen in a day.

As I got older I didn't lose my love of the outdoors; if anything, it deepened. Outward Bound taught me minimum impact camping—to live lightly on the land. I scrambled among the boulders and faces of Table Rock, negotiated thick rhododendron hells alongside it, and soloed along rambling waters below. I took a month and hiked the Appalachian Trail from where it begins in Georgia to where it enters Virginia. It was hard; I lost 15 pounds as I could never manage to eat enough cheese, soup, and assorted "squirrel food" to keep me. But the vivid expression of May wildflowers, the march of spring up the mountain, the dramatic, expansive views from the treeless Balds atop the tall, blue mountains of Carolina are etched indelibly in my mind.

Summer stints as a backcountry ranger at Yellowstone also left me with intense memories: winds playing the lodgepole pines, their sweet evergreen scent interspersed with wafts of sulfur from a nearby geyser basin; a setting sun spreading its light across the cool, deep waters of Shoshone Lake.

For a couple of months one summer, my brother Chris and I perched behind spotting scopes for eight hours at a stretch, closely observing ospreys nesting on the Chesapeake Bay's western shore. Until then, I never knew ospreys in flight would shake like a dog after a
encountering a weakfish, a menhaden or oystertoad. Unlike bald eagles they take only live prey, occasionally catching two at a time with their needle-sharp talons. And when the fishing is good, they do a little dance to show nearby kin the distance and direction to the bounty. Or, perhaps most amazing of all, that they can travel thousands of miles south in the fall and return to the exact same nesting site the following spring.

There are many other wonderful outdoor experiences I could recount. And I am sure you have memories of your own: a clear view of a bald eagle, a red fox encountered on a trail, a second look at the shape and size of a maple, the feeding behavior of a finch, the scalloped leaves and brilliant white of bloodroot. These experiences shape our awareness and appreciation of Earth’s natural wonders. And our behavior toward the natural world in which we live.

The anniversary of Earth Day—April 20 this year—gives us an occasion to reflect. And perhaps cause to act. Get out there and hike and camp and hunt and fish and explore. I guarantee you’ll find it empowering. Find a mountain top where spring water is pure and sweet, the views are long, and where nature’s fury is sometimes unleashed. Go camping. Hike a piece of the 2,000-mile Appalachian Trail, check out an Outward Bound or NOLS course, set out a birdfeeder, grow a garden, plant a tree. Canoe Noxontown Pond and explore its recesses; admire its basking red-bellied turtles, the yellow spatterdock, the great blue herons. Read a good book on the front lawn but pause to listen, to look at the sky, to wonder.

Most important, realize that one person can make a difference. Only then will you be empowered to act: By carpooling to save energy, by eating less meat and lower on the food chain, by taking the train or riding your bicycle (the most efficient means of transportation), by turning off the lights and giving your stereos a rest while you’re out. By recycling your soda can and encouraging others to do the same and, in so doing, saving enough energy to power a television for eight hours. By writing a legislator and voicing your opinion. By making every day Earth Day.

Only then can you be the Rosalie Edge who, fed up with the slaughter of hawks and other raptors on a Pennsylvania mountainside in the 1930s, almost single-handedly provided the haven for migrant hawks that is famous internationally today as Hawk Mountain. Only then can you be the Jane Goodall whose pioneering study of African primates has given us insights into our behavior. Only then can you be the David Brower who, as president of the Sierra Club, saved the Grand Canyon and other parts of the Colorado River from dams and destruction. Only then can you be the Aldo Leopold, the Rachel Carson, the John Muir, the Anne Morrow Lindbergh, the Ansel Adams, or any of the others whose words and art lend perspective and bring us closer to the earth and its inhabitants. Only then can you, as an individual, make your contribution to future generations.


Art in Biology, taught by Peter McLean and art teacher Peter Brooke, is an interdisciplinary course that takes students into the field to study plants and wildlife. These drawings are from a set of postcards that are being sold to benefit conservation groups.

RIGHT: This young Black Walnut (Juglans nigra) shares an acre with several hundred others planted by students on the School’s rich farmland; drawing by Daniel W. Sheats ’95. • The White Crappie (Pomoxis annularis), the Pumpkinseed (Lepomis gibbosus) and the Gizzard Shad (Dorosoma cepedianum) were seined out of Noxontown Pond, put in a School aquarium, and drawn from there by Dan Sheats and Frederick C. Pinch ’95. • The Great Blue Heron (Ardea herodias) is often seen stalking minnows slowly through the shallows of Noxontown Pond; drawing by Jonathan B. Rickert ’96. LEFT: Rickert was impressed by this magnificent Bald Cypress (Taxodium distichum) in the center of the wetlands where Possum Creek empties into Noxontown Pond. He also drew the paw prints on page 7. The Raccoon (Procyon lotor) typically walks with a steady lumber, bringing the left rear paw beside the front right one.
I Remember Baybu-Rutu

One morning in mid-November 1934, as a 13-year-old student at Tokyo’s American School in Japan, I sat bored and listless in the lobby of Frank Lloyd Wright’s famed Imperial Hotel, waiting for my father as he spoke with an acquaintance. Shortly before noon, a tall, white-haired man, distinguished in black suit and starched collar, strode through the main entrance and my father’s friend waved and called him over.

“I wish to introduce Mr. Harold Amos,” he said, “and this is his son, Bill. Mr. Connie Mack.”

For weeks I had been reading about the American baseball team that had just arrived in Japan, led by Connie Mack of the Philadelphia Athletics, a name known to every American boy—even those living on the other side of the world. What made the event even headier was the presence of Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Jimmy Foxx, and other baseball greats who composed the team.

After a brief conversation with the two men, Connie Mack turned and asked, “Billy, are you going to the game this afternoon?”

“No, sir,” I replied. “We weren’t able to get tickets—even a couple of months ago.”

He looked at me for a long moment, then turned to my father. “Mr. Amos, will you leave Billy with us for the rest of the day? I think we can do something for him.”

My father did not hesitate; he nodded and grinned at me. My pulse raced. Was it possible I was going to be squeezed into Meiji Stadium which, with 60,000 seats, had been sold out long before? Even a spot in the highest bleacher would allow me to see heroes from the America I knew so little, yet of which I was a part.

Within minutes I was seated in the hotel’s elegant dining room with Connie Mack, who stayed long enough to see that I was eating a good lunch before excusing himself to attend to other matters. By the time I had finished, he was back and told me to come along.

We went down a corridor, passed through the heavy doors, and there, pulled into the driveway of a side entrance, waited a large open touring car. The door was held wide for us as he, then I, stepped in and settled into the back seat. Almost at once a huge and excitingly familiar figure wearing a golf cap and wrapped in a polo coat emerged from the hotel, loomed over the scurrying attendants, and climbed into the car, crushing the seat beside me. Babe Ruth! He looked down at me and held out a powerful hand as his tanned, round face broke into a smile. After an introduction from Connie Mack, Babe Ruth rumbled, “Hiya, kid. Let’s show ‘em how to do it.” As the car swept out into the street, Connie Mack arranged a robe across our laps to ward off the cold November air.

Other touring cars pulled in behind us carrying the entire All-Star team. Led by police with lights flashing, the procession began to roll, turned to go down the Ginza, Tokyo’s main shopping avenue, passing slowly between flag-waving crowds on our way to the stadium. Every time Babe Ruth waved the small American and Japanese flags clutched in
From Bill Amos' private album: personal notes from Connie Mack, including one with all the signatures of the All-Star team—Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, etc.

his hand, the roar of the crowd swelled to a crescendo, chanting his name over and over, “Baybu-Rutu, Baybu-Rutu, Baybu-Rutu!” Baseball, in 1934 already becoming the national team sport of Japan, was claiming its own gods. Above the din Connie Mack shouted at me to wave. I did once and the crowd roared back. Whoever I was to them, I had to be important seated between such major sports figures at the head of the procession. Somewhere in old newspaper files, or in a disintegrating newsreel, or in a dusty Japanese amateur photograph album, there must be at least one picture of a small over-awed boy, dwarfed between two baseball giants in the back of an open touring car, on his way to his own version of glory.

Inside Meiji Stadium’s locker room, I was temporarily lost among huge unclothed athletic bodies. I had never before seen, or even imagined, such large, powerful human beings. Their language was loud, colorful and unfamiliar, for at thirteen and living on the other side of the Pacific, I was far removed from their world. But they were uniformly kind. Each said hello to the small expatriate; some asked me questions; many gave me a pat as I wandered about in the concrete locker room, dazed and unbelieving. Lefty Gomez, who was soon to pitch, made me laugh as he clowned partly clad in front of me.

Someone took me to the dugout that looked out upon the towering wall of humanity that seemed to climb to the sky. I sat on a hard bench in the shade, shivering in the chill wind that swept across the great diamond, for I had no coat to protect me on this unexpected outing.

One of the players stood behind me and laid his hand gently on my quaking shoulder. “Billy, you’re cold.” It was a statement, not a question. I looked up into one of the strongest, kindest faces I had ever seen, deep-lined and compassionate. He took off his warm-up jacket, draped it around my shoulders, and said, “Keep this on during the game.” The jacket, enveloping me twice over, had embroidery on it, Lou Gehrig. I feel its warmth still.

Hours in the dugout flickered by. Players came and went, some clapping me on the back as they left, or winking at me as they trotted back in. Occasionally, one returned irritated by his performance. It may have been Joe Cascarella who introduced a new word to my vocabulary after he struck out. I used it experimentally at school with unfortunate results.

I have little recollection of the game itself. 1 (continued)
did not understand it well, for it was far more complex than the games we played at school. I don't know what the final score was, whether Babe Ruth or Lou Gehrig hit home runs, but I know who won. The Japanese players, skillful and quick, never had a chance. No one expected otherwise. They were up against America's finest players from teams across that distant land.

The next day school friends who had the foresight and luck to secure tickets confronted me.

"Amos, was that you in the dugout?"
"Yes."
"How come?"
"Mr. Mack invited me."
"He—asked—you?"

That evening I wrote a letter to Connie Mack thanking him, however a boy could, and told him of my incredulous schoolmates. I cut two pages from my autograph album, a battered book filled with doggerel and the labored signatures of childhood friends, and enclosed them with the hope perhaps he and Babe Ruth might each sign one.

A few days later the morning mail brought an envelope from the Imperial Hotel. In it was a handwritten letter from Connie Mack and the two album pages folded neatly in half. One of the sheets was another note from Mr. Mack and on the second, signatures of most of the team: Earl Averill, Lefty Gomez, Charles Gehrig, Lou Gehrig, Babe Ruth and ten others, including the trainer and an umpire. Only the name of Jimmy Foxx was missing.

Not long ago I pulled the album from a storage chest where it had lain for many years. Connie Mack's letter fell onto my lap. I turned to the two pages taped in place and read the names. Six are now enshrined in Cooperstown's Baseball Hall of Fame, but never more securely than in the heart of an aging man who as a boy had once been in the shadow of giants.

anything other than find its own way into the pouch and attach to a nipple. Once there, muscles around the lip of the pouch tighten and the little ones are safe from falling out. They nurse for a few months, after which they leave the pouch's enveloping protection, climb on their mother's back, and ride around on her for several weeks.

Before long they begin experimenting with the kind of food their mother eats—insects, spiders, mice, frogs, grains, mushrooms, nuts and fruits, and dead birds, snakes and small mammals they come across. Scavenging, moving about, and eating are nocturnal activities, and once in a while after midnight I could hear him scrabbling about in his generously large wire cage (originally constructed to house generations of monarch butterflies).

Rather than continue denigrating Percival, I must give him his due. His kind has survived remarkably well over eons of geological time. Specialties enhance an opossum's success, including a clawless opposable big toe that allows him to grasp branches and objects tightly with his hind paws. His bare, scale-covered prehensile tail is a fifth limb that has many uses, including a safety anchor in the trees. With apparently uninhibited taste buds, he will eat almost anything, converting it to low-octane energy.

I believed stories of an opossum playing 'possum when startled, but Percival didn't. I never saw him topple over in a trance, or collapse from fright. All he did was open that long pointed snout, bare his teeth, and hiss. The stupor an opossum enters when faced with a crisis in the wild is more than just opting out of a confrontation. Having lost consciousness, the entire animal resembles a motionless corpse, with withered crinkled ears, a naked tail, lips drawn back in a hideous grin, tongue lolling out. Its breathing and heartbeat drop precipitously. A predator that had been stalking the scampering opossum, now approaches this unappetizing mess, looks, sniffs, and goes on its way.

One spring day I shoved Percival into a box and took him to a tree at the edge of the woods. There I opened the top, and he crawled out, blinking in the sun. He hugged the branch he rested on, looked at me, opened his mouth impossibly wide, hissed, and climbed higher up the tree, using that naked, scaly tail to wonderful advantage. The next morning I looked in the tree, but Percival was gone—unlamented, perhaps, but no doubt happier in his ancient, unimproved brain.

Opossum delphis virginiana: This is Percival the moment he was released after his winter with the Amos family (late 1970s).

Owl Eyes

by William H. Amos

There was great excitement at our house this week. In the outside corner between dining room and living room, a tall lilac bush almost touches two windows. While I was eating lunch just inside, a shape darkened one window as a two-foot-long barred owl flew in, perched on a lilac branch, and turned to face me only a few feet away. I was thunderstruck and called Catherine, who went to the other window. Both of us took our binoculars and for forty-five minutes stared into the face and eyes of an extraordinary bird.

Barred owls are familiar to us. When we lived in rural Delaware, our house backed up to extensive woods. Barred owls lived nearby and hardly a day went by that we didn't hear them. The entire family would go out in the evening to call the owls, hooting "Who cooks for you? Who cooks for you-all?" The owls would answer and before long one or two would be sitting in the trees fringing the back lawn. Our sons walked the woods in daytime and when an owl tree was found, they would examine the ground beneath for dry regurgitated pellets of tiny bones wrapped neatly in mouse fur. These clean, non-odorous bundles told exactly what the big birds had eaten.

A century ago barred owls were more common than they are today, having suffered from habitat loss, also from the itchy fingers of hunters who, without laws to restrain them in the 19th Century, considered any bird of prey fair game. Early travelers reported hearing "conversations" of many barred owls, sometimes even a hundred, in wet forested river valleys.

The barred owl is only slightly smaller than its cousin, the (continued)
great horned owl. Our Stark District owl—we named it Wol, after A. A. Milne’s fictional owl—has been our neighbor for years. We hear it in nearby woods, see it fly down the tunnel of trees of Town Highway 10, watch it glide overhead and roost in maples shadowing our picnic table. But until this week, we have never seen it closer than 50 feet away in a tall tree. Harsh winters have a way of erasing behavioral barriers.

Wol soared into the lilac bush, fluffed feathers over its impressive talons, and stared down at the corner of the house where red squirrels and deer mice come and go into a crawl space I’ve not been able to seal. During the prolonged study Catherine and I made, the great bird often turned its head completely around to examine chickadees, nuthatches and bluejays at the nearby feeder, occasionally gazed up at the sky, but mostly it looked down at the snowbank against the house. Possessed of excellent hearing with flap-protected ears able to pick up the faintest whisper, the owl tilted its big head toward pathways hidden under the snow, listening for nearby movement. Later I found a spot in pristine snow where great wings had beaten the surface, and a previously invisible tunnel had been ripped open. A few spots of blood told the rest of the story.

We assumed every bird and small mammal in the vicinity would immediately leave for safer places. But chickadees continued their back-and-forth trips to feeders, bringing sunflower seeds to the lilac bush directly over the owl’s head. Husks of seeds even showered down upon the big bird, but it did not respond. The greatest insult, however, was when a red squirrel scampered up the lilac, sat directly behind the owl, and chittered brazenly. The owl, able to do nothing in the confines of the bush, did not even turn its head.

For me, the most memorable experience was when the owl looked straight through the window and directly into my eyes. It did this repeatedly, and we stared at one another for five minutes at a time. If I raised my binoculars, the owl’s head became much too large for the field of view, but I could examine details I had never known.

Obviously Wol had consumed a meal not long before. Its beak and breast feathers were tinged pink with blood, and Catherine thought it was time for it to do a little tidying up. But midday was cold, meals were scarce and far between, and the owl was more interested in food than appearances. Not that it was unkempt. Its handsome, banded body and flight feathers were in perfect condition. The contour of the domed head rounded, it looked like a cowl pulled tightly around the face of an inner head. The face itself, framed by a narrow dark band, was smoothly feathered and almost furlike. Straight dark bristles extended outward around the stained, yellow beak.

It was the bird’s glistening eyes that hypnotized me. They were charcoal brown, nearly black, and looking into them was like falling into the depths of two dark pools. When they looked straight into my own eyes, it was I who grew uncomfortable and blinked. I was humbled, for they revealed wildness, majesty, such belonging to a world I could not. When the owl finally did blink, the movement was slow and deliberate, unafraid, the feathered, long-lashed lids sliding down over the dark orbs before the bird redirected its stare. Once or twice Wol shook itself into a more comfortable position, then half-closed its eyes and dozed.

Despite notions to the contrary, owls see perfectly well in daylight. They also see much better in dim light than we do, mostly because of the peculiar, almost cylindrical shape of their eyeballs, which resemble the tubular light-gathering eyes of deep sea fish. Both eyes of an owl face forward, with only slight peripheral vision, so their perception is effectively stereoscopic and enables them to judge distance accurately. Because their eyes are immovably fixed in sockets, owls must turn their heads to alter their gaze, and can do so with almost 360 degrees’ rotation.

While staring at Wol as he listened and watched for prey, we wondered if ours was a once-in-a-lifetime experience. But the owl was so intent on the corner of the house, it was obvious the spot was already familiar hunting territory, a fact confirmed the next day when it returned at noon at the exact same perch. Later it flew into an old maple beside the sun porch, sitting at roof level silhouetted against the gray sky like a Robert Bateman painting. Will it come back today? We wait behind windows. The owl is hungry in this snow-clad wilderness, when most fuzzy morsels are sleeping deep in burrows or running through tunnels hidden beneath the snow. Carnivores ourselves whenever we eat fish and fowl, we are able to cheer on the great bird. The environs are overly supplied with mice and squirrels.

What have I taken away from this close encounter with a barred owl? Something I could not count on. I know now that after looking into the depths of owl eyes, life is unexpectedly more complete.
Meet six seniors who “survived” the rigorous English exhibitions. After churning out impressive papers, they’re eager to discuss the link between literature and life.

“During the 33 hours we spent in my classroom running the paper defenses, Monica Matouk, John Austin and I were impressed by some of the best presentations we have heard throughout the three years of this particular program. These exhibitions provide convincing evidence that our seniors have learned to become thoughtful, independent, creative and articulate students, ready for the most challenging undergraduate programs in the country.”

—Tad Roach, Academic Dean

By JoAnn Fairchild

If the exhibitions are a harbinger of what’s to come in college, then the Class of 1996 has good reason to feel confident. They managed to keep their cool during a demanding process, one more daunting than their regular coursework. Many of the books they read dealt with themes such as sexuality, social alienation, the duality of human nature—issues common to the literature on a college-level reading list, yet sophisticated topics for high school students in rural Delaware.

Take J.R. Parsons’ paper, “Defeat.” It begins: “Joseph Conrad’s message to
the reader of Victory is twofold: that human nature is, for the most part, to act according to our desires, and that ignoring that need to act will eventually kill anyone just as surely as if he had lived a full life.

What was J.R. thinking when he titled his paper? Axel Heyst, the protagonist, "is the antithesis of everything Conrad has tried to show as positive," explains J.R. Herein lies his "defeat," he says with a sigh. Throughout the novel, "Axel keeps coming so close to figuring out what life is all about, but he never does."

While the main character of Victory disappoints us by leading a passive life, J.R. takes the opposite tack. A surge of creative talent, he seems to spin in high gear 24-hours a day. One look at the lengthy to-do list on the back of his freckled hand exposes his hectic, over-scheduled existence. "I haven’t had a whole weekend off since junior year," he says without rancor, "and I haven’t watched television for the last three months." J.R.’s dizzying enthusiasm for life led Tom Sturtevant to describe him as "a college admissions counselor’s dream." They love to see all those activities and interests, says Sturtevant, who also teaches Third Form English. Depending on the season, a typical day for J.R. involves cross country, crew, theater, yearbook, polar bear club, concert band ... and working in the physics and chemistry labs. "I try to pay my own way whenever I can," he says, including his miscellaneous spending bill and "a hefty chunk" of his recent European tour with the concert choir.

It’s a frenetic pace, acknowledges J.R. "Once every three or four months I have ‘bouts of madness’ like Virginia Woolf," he freely admits, "but writing poetry helps."

Remembering the day the cast of Once Upon a Mattress struck the theater set (J.R. played Prince Dauntless), he says: "I felt the mood for poetry, but I didn’t have any words—or even the time." But later that night "all my ideas came together," he says, eyes darting behind big-rimmed glasses, so he sat down and wrote three pages. "I never wrote poetry until I came here, I never sang in a choir until I came here . . . and I haven’t heard of anyone back home (Bethany Beach) who is doing anything nearly as involved as this English exhibition," he marvels. As English teacher John Austin points out, "This is upper-level stuff." On the back of J.R.’s paper he wrote: "All in all a college-level performance of considerable brilliance."

Knowing what you don’t want to do is a big part of the exhibition process, insists Emmett Stinson. "I had a lot of interesting ideas that didn’t fit a 15-page paper," laments this complex young man, "so it was more a matter of exclusion than inclusion."

First impression: Emmett is personable, unerringly courteous, but a bit inscrutable. He manages to imply that there’s more to him than meets the eye. On the surface, he appears to be a typical teenager. When he isn’t reading, listening to music, playing guitar, writing songs, performing (he
starred as Oscar in our fall production of *The Odd Couple*), you might find him playing late night cards with his friends. Digging a little deeper, however, I discover that he's someone who needs to be involved in situations where he'll be challenged.

Talking about what drew him to Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*, he says, "It was a combination of books I've read in the past and a course I took on constitutional history." In Bobby Rue's English class he devoured *Ma Rainey's Black Bottom, A Raisin in the Sun* and *Soldier's Play*. Emmett believes these plays "do a great deal to illuminate aspects of racial relations" that are unclear to those who live in White suburban areas. They explore issues that occur in Black America, he explains, and from reading these works "it becomes clear how normal people can be put into horrible situations, often as the result of historical consequence."

Emmett is quick to credit former faculty member John Lyons for encouraging his fascination and disgust with race relations in America. It was in Lyons' advanced class that he learned about the events leading up to the creation of ghettos in the United States: the large numbers of Blacks (20 million) migrating from the agrarian south to the industrialized north . . . the 1963 Civil Rights laws, equal housing laws . . . the upwardly mobile moving out to the suburbs, leaving less educated people and few positive role models to help those who were left behind. "Ghetto situations today—drug and alcohol abuse, violence, crime—are the result of poor city planning 35 years ago," he observes, "and it disturbs me that no one really talks about this."

Emmett seems bent on challenging narrow nationalistic assumptions. He disdains people "who resort to stereotypes" and he's bothered by the backlash against affirmative action. "Prejudice, enormous gaps in income and opportunity between most Whites and people of color persist," he says vehemently, "and these are the real problems we need to be solving."

Circling back to the book, he points out that *Invisible Man* has a message for us all. "It ends with the line, 'Who knows but that, on the lower frequencies, I speak for you?''' What Ellison winds up saying is, "yes, this is a novel about an African man in America. But ultimately it's about the fact that everyone is forced into certain roles and expectations. Whether its your color or the way you dress or the way you look, because of your appearance society forces you into certain roles. It is important to have both an understanding of your identity and an understanding of what people expect you to be. And to try and find some sort of medium between.”

It takes just one conversation with *Andrean* staff members Charlotte Sanders and Hadley Robin to realize they have a level of awareness that goes beyond their 18 years. As if they've studied every book on this year's reading list, or perhaps have communed with some higher power, already they grasp what some of us never do: that in the mystery of life there are no definite answers or guarantees of happy endings.

Hadley, who intended to do her exhibition on Toni Morrison's *Beloved*, turned to *The French Lieutenant's Woman* after Monica Matouk suggested it. "Ms. Matouk knows I like to read," she explains, "and she has an idea of what I like to read." Hadley based her paper on the idea that John Fowles is advocating a theory about
how life is relativistic in a lot of ways. "We're not headed for any end truth or anything," she says with lively frankness. Until the dual conclusions, she thought it was a good book. 'The whole time I was totally duped into thinking what Fowles wanted me to think," she confides. "Then with the second ending I felt I was finally let in on 'the big secret,' and I could picture Fowles over there laughing at me, with those cloying violins playing in the background."

Her interpretation of "the big secret?" "Just that Charles wants to be this knight in shining armor, but he really isn't." Despite his feelings for Sarah, she explains, Charles remains "clueless" in the first ending. "He still cannot understand Sarah, let alone her framework or 'her parables.'"

With characteristic modesty, Charlotte tells me she just wanted "do something different" for her senior project. Choosing *To the Lighthouse* was logical, because she's always been intrigued by Virginia Woolf. "Woolf was really ahead of her time," she remarks enigmatically.

Prompted by my quizzical look, the junior corridor prefect elaborates: "In the middle part of the book, there's a description of time taking over the beach house where all the other action is taking place. Woolf writes about all these huge forces — God, nature, time —powers that we usually think of as operating in our lives. But then she rejects these big mystical forces. To find the answers to life's questions, Virginia Woolf wants us to look to the interaction between men and women. *To the Lighthouse* represents the whole of mankind, of womankind, and it's interesting — insightful — to have that window into relationships."

On the subject of time, I ask them why these books have withstood its test. Without missing a beat, Hadley contends: "Any book that stands the test of time addresses the questions of life that are always pretty much the same for anyone: Who am I? Why am I here? What's the meaning of life, love, family?" Charlotte reflects and then observes: "These books take a stab at those kinds of questions, and they all pretty much come to the same conclusions — no one really knows the answers."

Another question has lodged itself in my brain, so at the last minute I ask them to name someone they most admire. "My mother and grandmother are definitely strong women," replies Charlotte, "who stress the value of education, knowledge and being well-read." They're also happy and open-minded, she says with genuine respect, "and that's what I aspire to."

Hadley blurs out: "Tina Turner— that woman is my idol! And Oprah, and Maya Angelou . . . Basically I admire anyone who has been through a lot — incredible turmoil and pain that I cannot even fathom at this point in my life — and come out on top, survived, even triumphed."

When I repeat Hadley's remarks to Jonathan Moore, he nods his head firmly. "Absolutely. I respect people who have the courage to rely on themselves completely, and I think at some point in everyone's life you have to jump off and trust in yourself and your own abilities." Having a strong sense of self-reliance is crucial, he says, reminding me that it's one of the tough priorities of the exhibition process. "From the time you get the list of books and have to choose one, to the time when you hand in your paper and prepare to defend it orally, you are completely on your own," he explains. "It's good preparation for college, admits, but what's really important is that after all the "pain and anxiety throughout," it leaves you with "incredible self confidence and strength in your ability."

Like his peers, Jon is brainy, poised and well-spoken. What's strikingly different about him is his penchant for delving into the human psyche, his own included. Looking inward and asking questions is as essential to him as breathing, and helps to explain why he appreciated Dostoevsky's *Notes From Underground.*

"This book helped me to put into perspective my own relationships in society, with my friends and family. It forced me to examine what was still missing and to analyze what I could be working on to improve these relationships."

"How to relate to others—that's one significant thing we can all learn from reading Dostoevsky," observes Jon. The protagonist in *Notes from Underground* is "extremely depressed and isolated" from society, he explains.
"The one thing he needs so much, which is to connect with his colleagues and his peers, he is not finding. Paradoxically—through this isolationism—it gives us a picture of what we need and how important it is to find a sense of community, intimacy, love—all the things that play an important role in our lives."

Showing his sweet-tooth for philosophical speculation, he adds: "I think human nature changes very little over time. What we need from others, what we need out of a relationship with others, will always be the same. And how we base our emotions upon what love is based will always be the same."

The book was written in the early 1800s, Jon points out, but he sees no difference in the social trends of today. "The questions that [the protagonist] poses to himself are the same as the ancient Greeks posed—Why am I here? What purpose am I serving, or not serving, in society? What do I need to be doing to fulfill my purpose? These are things that remain constant."

By his own description, Jon considers himself introspective. "I think about everything with such intensity even before I put my thoughts on paper," he says in a low voice that lends its own timbre to the Concert Choir. Filling me in on the other details of his life, he says he likes classical music styles, National Public Radio, and talking with his friends. "I have a lot of respect for them—they're extremely intelligent—and there's nothing

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Seniors and their English exhibition topics:

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| Emily McAlpin       | Madame Bovary               |
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| Cormac McCarty      | Victory                     |
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I like more than discussing current issues, or issues brought up in class, from a philosophical, theoretical and theological standpoint.” After playing soccer for several years, this year he tried cross-country. The best thing about running? “It gave me extra time to think about life.”

Studying into the wee hours of the morning is nothing unusual for Jessica Reid, which is probably why she nearly slept through her photo shoot and interview. This lack of punctuality appears to be the only flaw in her remarkable character. Jessica radiates a powerful integrity and sincerity, and her lovely brown eyes reveal a generosity of spirit that is warm and reassuring.

The exhibitions are “very scary,” Jessica admits, peering kindly at me. “We all know how smart Mr. Austin, Ms. Matouk and Mr. Roach are, and we know they know the books better than we do.” But when it was all over, “I felt good,” she says, “like I had accomplished something really big.”

One day, when Jessica was having lunch with Ms. Matouk and Mr. Austin, they were talking about what she could do for her senior project. Remembering how much she liked Wuthering Heights, they suggested Anna Karenina. And after reading Tolstoy’s classic, Jessica could see why. “The power of love and the deep connection between people in Wuthering Heights was similar to the relationships in Anna,” she tells me.

I tell her how I was struck by the moment in the book when Anna looks at her husband’s ears and realizes she hates him. “Yes,” she says. “I wasn’t sympathetic toward Anna at first.” It was only later when she realized that “at her core Anna was a good person. She did what she had to do by killing herself.”

“But I was immediately drawn to Levin,” continues the sophomore corridor prefect. “He’s so giving in a lot of ways, and insightful.” Jessica admits she’d like to have that insight for herself. “Levin tries to notice everything and how it relates to his life,” she explains. “That made me step back and look at my life and ask myself, What makes me happy?”

Taking the bait, I probe, Well? “I feel the same way as Levin: friends and family,” she says with a bashful smile. She values her friends for “their strength and curiosity,” and divulges that she’s even closer to her brother since she’s come to St. Andrew’s. “A little distance can be a good thing,” she says jokingly.

“It sounds cheesy,” she adds, “but when she came to St. Andrew’s, I just knew somehow that this was the place I wanted to be—it’s right for me.”

Describing all her close friends—Megan Bozick, Hadley, Charlotte, Unique Fraser, Lindsay Allen, Kate Harrington, Allison Thomas and Alex Koprowski, she says, “I know I’ll have these friends for the rest of my life.”

For all her intellectual virtuosity (she’s headed to Harvard) and extracurricular accomplishments (concert band, field hockey, basketball and lacrosse), Jessica isn’t boastful. “If I don’t have a real passion for something,” she shrugs, “I just do well enough to get by.” Permit me to disagree. Where’s this ultra-achiever headed after the interview? “Clean my room, finish up Mrs. Mein’s paper for religion, write an article for the yearbook . . . oh, and I have a physics review due tomorrow . . . oh, and a Latin presentation.”

Sounds like you must know how to manage your time, I say. But she shakes her head, blinking. “No, somehow everything just gets done. A little less sleep . . .”

I have good feelings about all our seniors. The exhibition process allowed them a greater sense of personal discovery, giving them an opportunity to demonstrate the academic skills they have developed at St. Andrew’s. As they make their way along life’s unpredictable path, I wish them luck.
Kevin T. Kuehlwein '79 recently published his second book, *Constructing Realities: Meaning-Making Perspectives for Psychotherapists* (Jossey-Bass). Along with best friend Hugh Rosen, he coedited a provocative collection written by scholar-practitioners who offer timely perspectives on constructivism, social constructionism, postmodernism, and narrative psychotherapeutic approaches. The book deals with an exciting, fairly recent trend in the psychotherapy field exploring the notion of multiple realities, the flexibility of human construing, how we co-construct our worlds in interaction with one another, and how to achieve commitment to ideas/values even in the face of relativism. Says Kuehlwein, "It took 2½ years and I feel like a father with a newborn again. Baby pictures available on request!"

Kuehlwein is a staff psychologist and clinical associate at the Center for Cognitive Therapy at the University of Pennsylvania, and he is the coeditor of *Cognitive Therapies in Action* (1993, with Hugh Rosen).

The Alumni/ae Corporation Board, pictured above, met in February. Attending were board members, left to right: Dave Washburn '44, Lisa Kadick '75, Secretary Steve Donegan Salter '77, Rob Colburn '80, Herndon Werth '52, Anne Peterson '83, Barry Register '51, President Dale Showell '68, Keely Clifford '79, Michael Whalen '84, Jackie Mette '83, Vice President Chuck Shortley '71, Charlton Theus '45 and Michael Kadick '75. Minutes of the meeting are posted on the School’s Alumni/ae home page.

**California Roundup**

In January, Chesa Profaci '80 headed to the West Coast to brainstorm with alums. In Southern California she greeted Mike Brenner '83 and Joe Littell '42 at the home of hosts Bill & Vicki Bean, and she visited with Gus '37 & Nancy Trippe on the terrace of their home; in LA she caught up with co-hosts Leititia Hickman Green '80 and Gay Kenney Browne '78, Judd Burke '65, Paul Keeley '85 and Doug Pell '58; in Northern California she saw Mike Bateman '57, Mike Behrgan '79, Bob Clagett '70, Kevin Flaherty '74, host Maury Kemp '50, Bill Ku '74, Jenny Neal '82, Mary Neidig '91, John Parrish '66, Marc Taylor '77, Ned Trippe '68, Alexandra von Raab '91, Jolie Whitmoyer '91.

Moving?

Send us your new address and we'll go with you.

Mail to: Lynn Dugan
St. Andrew's School
350 Noxontown Road
Middletown, DE 19709-1605

Uncle Sam isn't really part of your family, so does he really deserve to get 45-50% of your estate? If you'd rather give the lion's share of your hard-earned assets to those you care about, please contact Chesa Profaci '80, Director of Development, to explore the possibilities of:

- wealth replacement
- tax-free assets & possible income
- minimizing estate taxes

St. Andrew's alumni/ae office
Phone: 302-378-9511
Fax: 378-0429
E-mail: sasalum@aol.com

Alumni/ae Directory

What's in a name? A lot, especially if it's omitted. The 1996 Alumni/ae Directory, mailed to all alums in March, inadvertently dropped the following names: Crocker, Malcolm '35 (DEC); Crocker, Quentin '38; Crockett, Heidi L. C. '81; Crosby, Robert T. Jr. '67; Crow, Brian M. '77; Crowe, A. Clements '54; Crowe, Harold E. '66; Crowley, Kathryn P. '91; Crowley, Matthew T. '88; Cruikshank, Ernest III '62; Crump, William A. Jr. '44; Crumpler, Charles R. '80; Crumpler, John C. '75; Crystle, Anthony B. '89; Crystle, Charles D. '86; Crucuzella, James G. '84; Culbreth, Polly Fittin '83; Cullen, Craig W. Jr. '82.

We apologize for the error, and plan to print an addendum over the summer. If you did not receive a copy of the new directory, please give us a call at (302) 378-9511.
1934

Frank Townsend
Hollylot, 12744 Old Bridge Road
Ocean City, MD 21842

Frank Townsend would like it noted that he, Bob Orr and Jerry Niles “continue among the living.”

1935

Frank Hawkins
7 Chadwick Terrace
Easton, MD 21601

Frank Hawkins attended his oldest sister’s 90th birthday celebration in Maine last summer. On the way home, he spent the night at Dave Bradley’s house in Dudley, MA. “Dave works every day during the week for the Massachusetts Highway Department, he is the priest for two Anglican churches near Dudley (keeps him busy all weekend), and in between he raises bees, remakes clocks and observes the stars on clear nights with a $2,000 telescope!”

Martha and Findley Burns spent two weeks in Italy in September.

1936

60TH REUNION
Ches Baum
PO. Box 71
Oxford, MD 21654

Ed Swenson has been recuperating from a hip operation and looks forward to seeing everyone at the 60th.

After settling into his new home, Ches Baum writes: Your class agent’s projected move from Florida back to Maryland took place earlier than expected and consumed most of his waking moments that were not involved with a coauthor in compiling a centennial history of the Church of the Good Shepherd in Punta Gorda, FL.

The latter factor might have been disastrous had it not been for Loring Batten, who had recently completed a similar publication for St. Stephen’s Church in Port Washing-

1937

John Parry
1039 Loyalist Lane
Mount Pleasant, SC 29464

Nancy and Gus Trippe traveled to Florida, the Caribbean, and the Panama Canal during 1995. It was their first ocean voyage together, except on Gus’s own “Tramps.” They had a great time and are honing their Spanish language skills for a longer trip into Latin America.

Busy remodeling their cottage, Nancy remarks: “Living on a beautiful nine-hole golf course with snow-capped mountains fore and aft entails extensive coordination with local, state and federal agencies involved in the process of transferring real property parcels to the local redevelopment authorities and Public Benefit Discount recipients. This means giving most of the property away at no cost in order to follow the Pryor Amendment and the President’s “Five Point Plan” to encourage job creation and recovery from anticipated loss of the military presence in the local economy.

1938

Buzz Speakman
Box 148
Smyrna, DE 19977

All fellow Cavaliers, be on the lookout for an article in The University of Virginia’s magazine about recollections of UVA pets, including Seal, Buzz Speakman’s dog while he attended the University.

Dave Harris is still working full time as a permanent status federal employee, grade GS-11, Base Re-alignment and Closure Analyst, at the former Fort Ord, CA. The job helps.” While Gus struggles to stay on an 8 handicap, Nancy is one of the leaders in the ladies’ golf club.

From June to August 1995, they visited their four children and seven grandchildren in Australia.

1939

Frank Williams
19 Williams Street
Rockville, MD 20850

A letter to the O’Briens from Dehn Welch reads: “Your Christmas cards bring back memories of my four years at SAS and the times that Edith Pell would write to each of the students after graduation...Now after many years, I am seeing more literature from the School. How things have changed, and among the notes are deaths of former classmates.

“I haven’t been East for awhile, but I intend to wander through my old town (Wilmington) within the next few years...SAS will be on the agenda. As for my life since I left the school, I spent four years in the Army during WWII. After discharge, I became a forester, working the rest of my career on the West Coast. Retired for some 18 years, I have managed some of our timberlands, taken up golf, and have been making an environmental habitat on the 33 acres we call home. My wife Virginia (of 52 years) and I live in a secluded section of Washington State on the edge of the Columbia River Gorge National Scenic Area, 20 minutes from the Portland Airport. Our children, Peter and Kathleen, are married with children of their own and live far from us: one in the Seattle area and the other on Maui.

“...My brother [George ’37]

Chesa Pofaf’80 snapped this picture of Gus ’37 and Nancy Trippe on the terrace of their garden.
1940

Bill Sibert
2028 Albert Circle
Wilmington, NC 28403-4273

Peter Megargee Brown and wife Alexandra Stoddard have started another season of book tours. They had “an overactive summer,” mostly publishing and cable TV work. Peter finished the manuscript of his fifth book, VILLAGE - The Lilac Tree, the Singing and the Gold - Living Well in the New Millennium, which contrasts cities and suburbia. One of the 40 chapters is on Middletown, DE. Alexandra’s fifteenth book, The Art of the Possible - The Path From Perfectionism to Balance and Freedom, was published in September by Morrow and is getting good reviews.

Andrew Cummings Sibert, born in August in Raleigh, NC, makes grandchild number eight for Jessie and Bill Sibert.

In the fall, Bill spoke to Paul White, who was still in a New York hospital after being hit by a truck while crossing the street in March. He suffered a broken leg, arm and two ribs and a ruptured trachea. It was hard for Paul to talk, but he said, “I’m on the road to recovery!” Bill writes, “I also spoke with his wife, Arden, who had a broken hip two weeks after Paul’s accident. Let’s keep them in our prayers and give Paul a call (hospital: 212-241-1281; home: 212-876-9208).

The Ballad of Tony

It was back in the year 1923
When Cuthbert Parrish said to his bride Margaret P.
“For a family, my dear, you know I’m quite eager
And so starts the tale of Tony the Tiger.

When September came ’round, Margaret also was spherical
and answered Pop’s wish in fashion hysterical.
Young Tony’s arrival made quite a commotion
The first of five sons to hit Mill Road like an explosion.

Next came George and Bert (don’t forget Caesar the Goat)
and Billy and Dickie, a lively comope.
They survived the Depression on Pop’s efforts agrarian—
No Depression could depress our youthful barbarian.

“Two-wheel Tony” loved all things mainly
But his real joy was the links with his buddy Stanley.
Tony and golf matched like pie a la mode,
Trophies and cups filled the house at Mill Road.

Then for his nephew, Uncle Morris had news:
“I’ve picked out a school, m’boy, called St. Andrew’s.”
The ensuing few years with Hopkins and Voorhees.
Were, to judge by the tale of Tony the Tiger.

Such as skunks, a beer trip, and card games galore,
And, of course, for the first time ‘round School shouts of “Fore!”
Dances, too, (one was covered by Life magazine!)
Where a young lady named Anne with Tony was seen.

WW II duty called—our boy couldn’t resist,
and Tony said, “Pop, I’m off to enlist.”
He couldn’t be dissuaded, persuaded or bought off.
Save for Bell’s Palsy, his butt might’ve been shot off.

In a year came his chance for West Point instead
Where a missing “ingredient” to Tony was fed.

WW II duty called—our boy couldn’t resist,
and Tony said, “Pop, I’m off to enlist.”
He couldn’t be dissuaded, persuaded or bought off.
Save for Bell’s Palsy, his butt might’ve been shot off.

In a year came his chance for West Point instead
Where a missing “ingredient” to Tony was fed.
It was added in full, and upon graduation
A disciplined “Loose” set forth for his nation.

But wait just a minute, every knight needs his maiden.
For Tony, Anne Riegel was heaven made-in.
Since not every girl’s meant for austere Service life.
Tony knew a good thing, and made her his wife.

A scene moves to Germany, the year ’46.
They didn’t waste time, just look at the pix!
Tony’s got a son, a fine lad named John,
and another on the way, who’ll be a “Longhorn.”

Army Air Corps life’s tough, lots of moves, not much money,
But they breeze through it all, making hardships seem fuzzy.
Son James joins the gang while Tony’s stationed at the Pentagon.
They all had a ball—from Honolulu to Avalon (N.J.!!)

Now an Air Force “full bird,” Tony retires to applause.
It’s hard to list all Tony’s successes.
He’s had commendations galore, but the thing that’s the best is,
Where Tony gets most of his well deserved kudos
Is from family and friends, for after all THOSE

Are the people who best knew Tony the Tiger
As a man of great humor, intellect, moral fiber,
Who’s taught his three sons to know right from wrong.
That’s a lot in today’s world, where Honor’s called an “old song.”

But if it’s an old song
Then we’ll all gladly sing
‘Cause in our books, Old Sport,
You’ve grabbed the brass ring!

“Stanley A. Welch, Chestnut Hill Academy classmate and longtime friend.

1941

55TH REUNION
Jan Wilford
Slippers Cove, P.O. Box 953
Easton, MD 21601

Jan Wilford is pleased to announce his marriage to Beatriz Zar Crowther on March 16, 1996, at Slipper’s Cove. Congratulations and best wishes to Inini and Bus!

Art Dodge’s letter to Jon Wilford reads: “Alas you remind me that this year is our 55th and as you all are gathered along the Noxontown, I will be looking into Yugoslavia (Slovenia & Croatia) from the mountains east of Gorizia and Trieste where my unit was stationed 1945-54. We have an active ‘alumni association’ [88th Infantry Division Association] of over 4000 members. As the president-elect of the Association died suddenly, I was tapped to take over; so in my official capacity, I will be visiting various cemeteries (Florence and Anzio) as well as regional reunions, etc.”

Being reelected (as Rector’s war-

den) to the vestry of St. James Church (PE) in Lancaster, PA, Art is finding some new and interesting challenges. St. James has a new rector/priest who is ordained in the Anglican Church and rather more British than American. Otherwise, Art is “blissfully enjoying two younger generations about [him] while continuing to do research work and developing new products in rubber.” He adds, “Chemistry is no longer as boring as it was for an undergrad. Likewise, I continue to serve as treasurer of the organization SOS Children’s Villages which presently has two facilities in the U.S.A. and several hundred around the world.

“I shall miss you all in June. Hopefully some of us may be together in the fall.”

Art is also on the Search Committee for Bishop Coadjutor of Central Pennsylvania and attended the 50th Reunion of the Class of ’45 at Williams (of which Jon Wilford, Henry
Chapel between 1940 and 1990 were members). Inc. Kentile of New York laid the father's company, Dodge Cork Co., replaced and Art's company, now called Dodge-Regupol, provided the original floor. The floor was recently done with tiles produced by Art's company. The floor was recently done with tiles produced by Art's son, Art III, manager of Gerbert Limited (his mother's business), which is the only firm left that produces natural linoleum.

News flash: After a conversation with Art in March, he really doesn't want to miss his 55th Reunion, so he is going to stop by if only for a few hours to catch up and see friends.

Tony Parrish's wife, Anne, went to his 50th Reunion at West Point last May and wrote to Jon Wilford: "...it was absolutely wonderful. The Memorial Service at the Cadet Chapel was so beautiful—the music, the gorgeous windows, the Regimental flags and commemoratives are really impressive in that vaulted gothic edifice. Bill Sibert '40 had the Episcopal part of the service, and a classmate of each company called out the names of those departed. Later the entire corps of cadets (with women) marched on the Plain and 'passed-in-review' in honor of the Class of '45 who were lined up and standing very straight for a bunch of 70 year olds. I was proud of 'em. It was an emotional experience for me, as Tony and I had a lot of good times on weekends up there when he was a cadet. Our son, Andy, went with me. He is Tony's namesake and very like him. Everyone knew just who he was!

"Maybe I'll get to SAS again one of these days, but that's where Tony and I first dated—so more emotional hang-ups! I still have the silver bracelet given as a dance favor with the SAS shield on one side with ARP and keep my eyes open for new tactics." Last year was a rough one for Tony Parrish's wife, Anne, went to his 50th Reunion at West Point last May and wrote to Jon Wilford: "...it was absolutely wonderful. The Memorial Service at the Cadet Chapel was so beautiful—the music, the gorgeous windows, the Regimental flags and commemoratives are really impressive in that vaulted gothic edifice. Bill Sibert '40 had the Episcopal part of the service, and a classmate of each company called out the names of those departed. Later the entire corps of cadets (with women) marched on the Plain and 'passed-in-review' in honor of the Class of '45 who were lined up and standing very straight for a bunch of 70 year olds. I was proud of 'em. It was an emotional experience for me, as Tony and I had a lot of good times on weekends up there when he was a cadet. Our son, Andy, went with me. He is Tony's namesake and very like him. Everyone knew just who he was!

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1946
50th Reunion
Ken VanDyke
347 Declaration Lane
Christianburg, VA 24073

Fred Claghorn is busy with his art and collections which include scrimshaw, pen and ink wash, lead soldiers, birds, etc. His plane collection is displayed in the Foundation for Aviation WWI in Princeton, NJ.

Jim Perry reports that he is going to retire after this election is over and write some more books.

After twenty-some years as elected councilman and mayor in Pound Ridge, NY, Jim Trippe and wife Nancy have moved to Somers, NY. After all those years, he writes that, “Much fun, and politics can be an honorable profession.” He looks forward to the big 50.

Words for all to ponder: Barry Benepe ends his bio statement for the upcoming reunion by writing, “The issue of the day, and of our lives eternally, is making wise use of our planet during the short time we piddle around on it.”

1947

Frank Giammattei
P.O. Box 4133
Wilmington, DE 19807

1948

Sky Smith
Rigidized Metals Corp.
658 Ohio Street,
Buffalo, NY 14203

After nearly 40 years in education, 26 as a headmaster, Jim Adams retired to the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina with his wife Lucia (sister of Wells Foster ’50). They continue to revel in Cashiers, NC, where 40 inches of the Blizzard of ’96 will be just enough to fill their pond this spring. Three other St. Andreans live nearby: Romney and Bill Bathurst ’50, Marcia and Dan Moore ’64, and Janet and King Young ’60.

Dick Broome, after a very hard hit, is back in tune and wants everyone to know he’ll be on deck for the 50th.

Rob van Mesdag continues to entertain SAS visitors. His London pad is available to all...and he accepts both American Express and Visa.

Judy and Sky Smith discovered South Africa in February. The trip included Johannesburg where they have relatives; Cape Town “to keep Bishop Tutu on track; Krueger Game Reserve—love that elephant smell and Sun City, a cross between Las Vegas and Disney World.” A letter upon their return compliments Laura Staffler’s article in the January 1996 issue of the SAS Magazine, “Where in the World is Jane Furse?”

They were also impressed by Elizabeth and Peter Anderson and what they have accomplished at St. Mark’s, our sister school in South Africa. Sky writes, “Peter’s cousin, John Rivett-Carnac, and his wife, Candy (Judy’s sister), drove us to Jane Furse for a rainy afternoon, considerably brightened by a delicious lunch and a tour of the campus. Kids that probably would never have a chance to better the opportunities, if any, of their parents and relatives, are given a high school education. A worthwhile building block for South Africa’s emergence from third-world status.” They hoped to touch base with Chuck Merriwether and Jim Adams after they returned in March.

1949

Wes Martin
St. Mary’s Episcopal Church
310 95th Street
Stone Harbor, NJ 08247

Barney Megargee retired in 1995 and moved closer to most of his children near Charlotte, NC.

In February, Joanne and Mike McSherry were “off to London Town for a week—just R&R and a lot of theater.” Mike writes, “It’s almost as cheap as going to NYC. We’ve had a cold winter here in Charleston, but nothing like you guys in the northeast. We were up at the Cape over Christmas and had a very white one, but lots of fun with the grandsons.” Mike’s son, Peter, is the father of twin boys and son Andy has one boy; Son John was married on July 8, 1995.

The ever-traveling Helen and Tony Tonian will wind up their year-long stay in Russia in June and return to Florida. They had a busy and eventful 1995. When they reached Russia, searching for a church was an experience. Finally they found comfort in the Anglican parish, St. Andrew’s, Moscow. Tony comments, “Are we consistent or what?” Helen began her struggle with Russian lessons. Her favorite expression: “ochen troodna,” meaning “very difficult.” Their cultural immersion was promptly launched. Tony says, “Moscow is rich with the performing as well as the creative arts—ballets, operas, symphonies, museums and art galleries. We made early contact with Igor, our ballet guru, who, between his international jaunts as a ballet judge guided us to see some excellent performances.” The Tonians met some relatives for the first time, saw many good friends and family, and even had house guests from the U.S.

Tony’s work continues to provide satisfactory results for IESC in Russia, including some personal pleasures. Last July, he was officially crowned as the Country Director (“not Russia’s Dictator”), traveling to a number of interesting outlying locations to visit the Volunteer Executives and their clients and regional IESC offices. While Tony worked, Helen toured the sights, museums, galleries and palaces.
With intermittent trips back to the States, they were able to see their children and grandchildren and visit Disney World. One sad trip in November, however, brought them to Philadelphia for Helen's mother's funeral.

1950
Stu Bracken
1401 Rose Valley Way
Ambler, PA 19002

1951
45TH REUNION
Barry Register
65 East 56th Street, Apt. 6B
New York, NY 10128

On the occasion of his fortieth reunion at Trinity College, Fred Starr was honored with the presentation of The Gary McQuaid Award. He is the third generation of Trinity graduates from his family and has achieved success both in college and the business world. After serving in the U.S. Army for two years, he joined Armstrong Cork Company, where he rose through the ranks over 24 years to earn the presidency of its subsidiary, Thomasville Furniture Industries in North Carolina in 1982. Since that time, he has successfully led the company to a leadership position in the furniture industry.

In 1991, Fred was honored with the Humanitarian of the Year Award from the Home Furnishing Industry for his work on behalf of City of Hope National Medical Center and its Beckman Research Institute in Duarte, CA. Recognizing Fred for his "industry leadership and noteworthy contributions to philanthropic and civic endeavors," the group established a research fellowship in his name. In addition, he serves as a trustee of University of North Carolina, on the board of directors of Wachovia Bank & Trust and the executive committee of North Carolina Citizens for Business & Industry.

Fred has been an important part of his family legacy and the College's history. His great-great-grandfather Jonathan was a Trinity founder and trustee, great-grandfather Jared was a member of the Class of 1856, and son Jonathan was a member of the Class of 1982.

Tom Osborn's son, Eric, joined the insurance agency his family founded in 1965. Daughter Regina was married at Rancho Valencia, CA, on September 30, 1995. Tom hopes to retire sometime in 1996.

Hume Horan enjoyed his year as a visiting professor at Howard University. He says, "Interesting to see U.S.A. from HU's perspectives. Still cycling—5430 road miles last year—off to a good start in '96. In April, daughter Margy '83 left for her Foreign Service assignment in Mexico City—consulate/political officer."

1952
Herndon Werth
434 East 58th Street, 6A
New York, NY 10022-2307

In April 1995, Herndon Werth was taking pictures of the filming of Sabrina, starring Harrison Ford and Sidney Pollack, right below his apartment. Due to a mixup with the elevator repairman, Herndon got locked out on the roof. So, while watching the movie, viewers may keep in mind that during the scene where Ford jumps out of the car (a beautiful Bentley) due to a traffic jam and runs around the corner to catch a helicopter from the 60th Street Heliport, Herndon is stuck on the roof, high above, and savoring every minute of this unique Hollywood-like experience.

A note from Sidney Brinckerhoff reads: "We have moved from the Arizona desert (almost 40 years there) to the sea breeze, fog, fir forests of western Washington—Bellevue, near Seattle. I became a grandfather (boy) on February 18, 1996. My second family includes a son Aaron (8) and daughter Ariana (5), wife Kathy, and boat Sea Walker."

1953
Tom Oliphant
RR 4, 254 Lynx Drive
Sedona, AZ 86336

Stephen Penn finally retired to his ranch in Smithville, TX, and started a Beefmaster herd. In November he went steelhead and salmon fishing with brothers Jon and Chris in Michigan.

In the June 5, 1994, issue of the New York Times, the organizational techniques of management consultant Harrison Owen were brought to light in an article entitled "Round-Table Meetings With No Agendas, No Tables." A companywide meeting was held at Rockport Company's (a subsidiary of Reebok International) distribution center in October 1993 in which hundreds of chairs were arranged in a circle around an empty bulletin board—no keynote speakers, no agenda, no reading materials, nothing. The reaction of most of the 350 Rockport employees who milled into the room was the same: "How is this possibly going to work?"

Harrison proceeded to explain to the group that anyone with a "passion" about any company-related subject, should write it at the top of a piece of paper and tack it to the bulletin board. Other people could then sign up for a discussion group about it. To the astonishment of the Rockport people, the plan worked.

Probably the only person who wasn't stunned by the Rockport meeting's success is Harrison. An Episcopal priest and self-described civil rights activist, he held various governmental posts before becoming an organizational consultant 15 years ago. He developed the concept of "open-space" meetings—where attendees break into ad hoc groups to discuss anything they think is germane—after years of hearing people wax eloquent about the good experiences they had at meetings outside of the prearranged sessions.

Harrison says, "The only times people held adult conversations seemed to be over coffee, so I created a format that was like one big coffee break." He got the idea from work he did in African villages, where meetings were always held in a circle. "Who ever heard of a family square, or a rectangle of friends?" he said. "The circle is the natural form of communication. You are not looking at the back of people's heads, or ignoring people at your sides."

Harrison has made a tidy business out of this concept. He and a handful of other consultants he has tutored have held open-space meetings for such diverse clients as the Presbyterian Church, Honeywell, the World Bank and emergency medical services groups.
1954

Church Hutton
4216 Holburn Avenue
Arlington, VA 22203

Church Hutton and his family ventured to Europe last summer. The trip, which retraced some of the places and routes in which Church served during the Cold War, was their first real holiday in ten years. They visited Luxemburg, Germany, Austria, Denmark and Norway. Church says his work has picked up considerably—consulting for The Defense Department on peace operations, special operations, and mission-to-task analytic models.

1955

Robert Robinson
104 West Market Street
Georgetown, DE 19947

Berle Clay writes, “See you at our 40th!”

Talk about a small world: J.D. and Mike Quillin ’57 with lawyer Ed Hammond ’60 sold a house to Dale Showell ’68, who was represented by Chip Gordy ’63. This was not planned in any way!

1956

40TH REUNION
Kes Court
1320 Harbor Road
Annapolis, MD 21403

Last May, Tony and Carole traveled to Denver to meet his cousin who is a retired airline captain. Their itinerary took them up into Wyoming, across into Mt. Rushmore and back into Wyoming for a week in the Grand Tetons. They took side trips to Yellowstone and down into Jackson Hole, WY. Tony comments, “Europe has nothing on the beauty of this part of America.”

Lynn and Les Fairfield’s first grandchild, Joseph Bruce Kreider (son of Katie and Andrew Kreider) was born in June 1995. They drove from Pittsburgh to Elkhart, IN, on the news of his arrival, and were able to hold him when he was 12 hours old.

Lynn and Les are enjoying their house in the country and their work. Lynn is teaching her usual sections of English Composition at Geneva College this fall, as well as three evening classes a week in the College’s degree completion program. Les is dean for extension studies in the church history department at Trinity Episcopal School for Ministry. He travels to places like New Mexico and South Carolina to teach, and says he is “looking forward to the day when Lynn will be free to travel also. The nest may be empty, but the schedules are full.”

Les writes: “The children are all thriving. Katie loves being a full-time mom, while Andrew serves as admissions director of the Menno-nite seminary in Elkhart, IN, from which he graduated last May. Jono (in Pittsburgh) continues to work for World Vision, the Christian relief and development organization, while he pursues his bachelor’s degree in the evenings—a heavy schedule for him (we’re proud). Nate finished his Master’s Degree in Geography and Regional Planning and is serving as assistant soccer coach at the Penn State University campus. And Matt is a sophomore at Wheaton College (IL), majoring in studio art and still aiming at missionary service in some capacity. He had a wonderful summer as a missions intern—an ‘outward-bound’ experience in the Adironacks, inner-city experience in New Orleans and cross-cultural work in Mexico.”

Jerry Wigglesworth
115 North Delaware Avenue
Manhattan, KS 66502

Dave Hindle’s note reads: “Thirty-two years at the same company and two more years of educating our youngest (Jill ’93), then perhaps thoughts of retirement. I remember that, when I was younger, only old people thought of retirement!”

Andy Adams
2201 S. Arlington Ridge Road
Arlington, VA 22202-2122

In January 1995, Bill Helm had a successful operation to remove a non-malignant growth from his

1958

St. Andrew’s German exchange student Matt Renner ’82 (second from left) visited the United States in December. He is pictured with, L to R: J.D. Quillin ’56, Michael Quillin, Jr. ’82 and Michael Quillin, Sr. ’57.

Congress and the Administration. Sam writes, “The flexibility of the private sector is a pleasant change from the bureaucracy of the federal government, but the work is no less challenging. I travel overseas quite a bit, pursuing projects and doing client work in Spain, Italy, the UK, North Africa, the Levant, the Persian Gulf and Central America.”

1959
neck. In March, he left Harvard Business School staff to become president of Work/Family Directions, a private Boston-based company that provides a variety of "work-life" services to the employees of large companies. Besides serving as Alumni Trustee for SAS, Bill is chairman of his Town's Finance Committee and has been treasurer of the preschool where wife Tina is director/head teacher. He "continues to play squash, tennis, paddle tennis and walk in order to maintain some semblance of fitness."

Andy Adams is well on the mend, able to walk almost without pain after his total hip replacement. He comments, "Once muscle gets fully back after years of little use, I will be much better."

1960

Carl Bear
P.O. Box 682
Bozeman, MT 59771-0682

On the occasion of its 35th Reunion, the class donated a large, oak seminarian table for Nan Mein's history classroom located in Founders' Hall. The table is dedicated to former history master and friend George Broadbent (1949-71) and commemorates with a plaque the many "pioneer and lively discussions" led by him both in and out of the classroom.

Brian Fisher writes: "Everything is well with the Fisher family. Last child is out of college, and now we are paying off the loans. I still enjoy my job after 31 years with IBM, am just completing my term as president of my church, still play tennis weekly, and I'm looking forward to our 40th Reunion."

1961

35TH REUNION
Howard Snyder
330 Laurel Lane
Haverford, PA 19041

Skee Houghton, a senior scientist at the Woods Hole Research Center in Massachusetts, was awarded an honorary degree by the University of Munich for his research on the causes of global climate change. In conferring the degree, the faculty of the 500-year-old German university cited Skee's landmark work in elaborating the basic principles of how forests—and the destruction of forests—affect the climate of the earth.

Skee's research has involved extensive study of carbon dioxide as a greenhouse gas, focusing on forest ecology in the Amazon basin and Siberia. He is a long-time collaborator with NASA in the use of satellites to monitor changes in land-use in those areas. His land-use studies in Latin America were praised by the university as "masterpieces of scientific work."

The Munich citation recognized Skee for presenting viable solutions to counteract the fatal reduction of forest areas, through concentrated efforts of reforestation and sustainable development: "He thus sets a challenge of unimaginable magnitude to forest scientists and forestry experts."

Randy Williams married Karen Noble on September 23, 1995, in Salisbury, CT, where they live on weekends. New York is home during the week.

The Hubert Financial Digest reports that Thurman Smith's Equity Fund Outlook was the top investor-oriented fund newsletter for the past five years. SAS alumni can receive a free issue by writing to Thurman at P.O. Box 76, Boston, MA 02117.

1962

Richard Baer
P.O. Box 426, 1706 Bay Drive
Kill Devil Hills, NC 27948

1963

Bill Pfeifer
126 Cedarcroft Road
Kennett Square, PA 19348-2421

John Schoonover
Schoonover Studios, LTD.
1616 N. Rodney Street
Wilmington, DE 19806

George Shuster won three national rowing championships last September in Minneapolis at the Masters' Nationals (Men's 8, Men's 4 and Mixed 8). He is in his fifth year as president and CEO of Cranston Print Works Company, the oldest textile company in the U.S. and largest textile printer.

Karen Noble and Randy Williams '61 were married in September 1995 at Trinity Church in Lime Rock, CT.

1964

1965

Harry Parker says wife Sue had four Christmas trees up last year, covered with ornaments from near and far—this year they'll have to add a fifth tree! Sue was president of the Hayward Chapter of the Association of California School Administrators. She got a plaque for being the best administrator in a multi-county area. She is Director of Special Education for the Hayward School District. After graduating from Castro Valley High School with a perfect academic record, letters in track and cross country and receiving the science prize and several scholarships, daughter Meg started at the University of California, San Diego. She is thinking about biomedical engineering as a major. Son Win (16) was a sophomore in high school this year. He's involved in basketball, track and cross country.

Harry's family made a couple of trips in 1995. In April they went to Zihuatanejo on the west coast of Mexico and then to Alaska in August. Although very hectic, Harry's private travel itinerary for his work as senior vice president of Mineral Resources Development, Inc., is very impressive. He started last year with trips to Montreal, northern California and Nevada. He made several trips to Chile and Peru, Myanmar, Alaska, Australia, Johannesburg, Zambia, London and Wells near Bath. He was in Zambia to finish reserve estimates for the Konkola Mine expansion (one of the great and largely unappreciated remaining copper resources in the world.)

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1966

30TH REUNION
John Reeve
P.O. Box 481
Harvard, MA 01451-0481

Andy Ringle says, "See you at Reunion in June—be there!"
Joe Hargrove
9739 Norris Ferry Road
Shreveport, LA 71106

Bill Holder
45 Goodnow Road
Princeton, MA 01541

Last November, Lory Peck received a phone call from Ed Diller, whom he hadn’t seen since 1971. After years of being a chef and restaurant owner, Ed is happily and successfully selling residential real estate in Lancaster, PA.

Lory writes: “I was going to D.C. to visit my mom, so I stopped along the way and had a great visit with Ed and his wife, Ellen. In too short a time, we tried to fill each other in on past 20-25 years. I showed him pictures of the 25th Reunion. He was impressed with Sawyier [Steve] and Be [Wimbert Gardiner, Jr.]. We ate a very good dinner at one of his old restaurants and promised to make our 30th. Anyway, I’m doing fine—same job (social worker/therapist at the Schuylerville County Mental Health Clinic), same house (Alpine, NY), same girlfriend.”

Dave Lyon’s planned move to Taipei did not take place last summer; but he and Maureen will be moving in July 1996 to Beijing, China, where he will be Consul General at the U.S. Embassy. At the time of his note in November, he was in his second year of studying Chinese full time.

1967

1968

1969

1970

Bruce Moseley left his position of curator at Fort Ticonderoga to become the executive director of the Oneida Community Mansion House in Central New York. The OCMH is new as a museum but an old institution. The 100,000 square foot building, constructed between 1861 and 1914, was the home of the 19th Century utopian Oneida Community that evolved into Oneida Ltd., the manufacturer of silver and stainless flatware. The building is a wonderful brick structure that houses a museum, a small theater, 35 apartments, eight bed and breakfast rooms, and a dining room. The OCMH is a non-profit organization with a for-profit subsidiary, the Mansion House Service Corporation, that runs the apartments, bed and breakfast and the dining room. It is truly a “living museum.”

1971

25TH REUNION
Chuck Shorley
10126 Silver Point Lane
Ocean City, MD 21842

25th Reunion Happens Only Once in a Lifetime! — June 14-16 — Hope to see you there!

Tom Hooper writes: “I understand that we’ve had a big response to the reunion from the Class of '71. We’ll have time to swap stories at the School and off campus—just the Class of ’71 and our families. There will be water sports, softball and other fun.” Some of the guys Tom talked to so far are:

Dixon Brown, a physician in Winchester, VA, plans to attend Reunion and will bring his son.

Cato Carpenter is with Alex Brown & Co., an investment bank in Baltimore.

Fellow “slim brother” Andy Hamlin is Director of Development at Princeton Day School in New Jersey. His wife, Kathleen, is a dean at Princeton University. One of their three children, Emily, is a basketball and ice-skating star.

Peter Hildick-Smith and wife Beth live in Tarrytown, NY, with their two children. They sent us a nice family photo at Christmas.

Jared Ingersoll is an attorney in Hanover, PA.

Frannie and Joe Pistell plan to come to Reunion. Joe is an attorney in Stony Brook, Long Island.

Gib Metcalfe hopes to join everyone for Reunion.

Jim Sumler is with Aetna Insurance and lives in West Hartford with his wife and family. He is looking forward to Reunion.

“Mr. Golf” Chuck Shorley plans to come up from Ocean City.

Via e-mail, Tom heard from cartoonist and Civil War movie star (Glory) Mike Hill, who hopes to come to Reunion.

Tom hopes Sheldon Parker, who is in construction in Williamsburg, VA, his wife and two teenagers will be able to join the celebration. Tom adds, “They moved to the U.S. about two years ago. Sheldon complained of creaky knees—a sign that we’re all getting a little older. A lot of us want to see him and find out about those Swiss bank accounts before next tax season.”

Scientist Dick Wieboldt lives in “quiet” Verona, WI, and Tom comments: “We’re still trying to get him back to complete our triple of Wieboldt, Parker and Hooper.”

Two of ’71’s California scholars, John Barber (in Saratoga) and Mark Rocha (in Northridge), have said they will try to make it, and we really hope they will. Mark returned to California State University, from a Fulbright, teaching at Universidad Simón Bolivar in Caracas, Venezuela. “All is well,” writes Mark. “I hope to make it to the 25th.”

Painter Rob Seyffert lives in New York City and has an art show in Paris during Reunion, but he may find a way to come and gamble with his class.

Steve Hartsell is on the list of expected Reunion attendees.

Regrets that they can’t make it for Reunion come from Pete McCagg, who is in Tokyo at the International Christian University, and John Wright, who lives in Portsmouth, RI, and is the head of a sailing organization. John has an annual regatta and can’t get away.

Geoff Milner reports: “It is now official—I am a staff attorney at my company [American Power Conversion, Cranston, RI]. I have been doing the work but had to keep things low key until official announcement. The work covers everything from contracts to HR to securities matters, so I am up to my...nose in alligators.”

Townie Townsend passed the bar exam in the fall of 1995 and is now an M.D. and J.D.

1972

Bill Beam
2242 Via Tiempo
Cardiff By The Sea, CA 92007-1216

Stew Barroll and Richard Cookerly ’78 and his father, Ernest, are pleased to announce the formation of Cookerly and Barroll, Inc., Attorneys at Law in Chestertown, MD.

Last told, Bill Bean’s travels included Bombay, India and Saudi Arabia.
1973

Sam Marshall
122 Kennedy Lane
Bryn Mator, PA 19010

Everett McNair
238 31st Avenue Court, N.E.
Hickory, NC 28601

Annabel and Johnny, children of Marcia Moore '75 and John Imbrie, enjoy playing with a stroller that belonged to Marcia's father when he was a child.

from the Class of '75, took a 20th anniversary winter camping trip.

1974

Henry Hauptfuhrer
313 Gaskill Street
Philadelphia, PA 19147

Henry Hauptfuhrer recently spoke with Ralph Scott, who is "alive and well, living in New Jersey." He sends his regards to the Class of '74. Henry hopes to get together with him and also Jon Spicer in the near future.

1975

Lisa and Michael Kadick
2 Juniper Road
Darien, CT 06820

John Brock is a chef at a restaurant in Ithaca, NY, and a consulting chef in another. He and Susan are building a home on their land, and they are also "working their butts off" raising what used to be called a "truck farm."

Ian '73, Gordon and Steve '77 Brownlee, along with seven others

1976

20TH REUNION

Ralph Hickman
4896 Sentinel Drive
Brecksville, OH 44141

Get psyched for Reunion! A stroll down memory lane (the class yearbook) reveals . . .

Charlie Quaile: "What is bitter to endure may be sweet to remember."
Sue Moon: "The difficult we do immediately. The impossible takes a little longer."
Valerie Snow: "Sometimes I wish I were a kid again. Skinned knees are easier to fix than broken knees."

1977

Steve Salter
3525 Bowland Road
Richmond, VA 23234

Daniel Rogerson and Shelby Ann Woodson were married on August 12, 1995. They live in Cordova, TN. Dan is employed by Federal Express.

Dave Pavlik, an electrical contractor, was severely injured in February. He was hit with 4100 volts and taken to Crozer Burn Center in Chester, PA. After being in a short coma, Dave was actually up and walking briefly the next day. Initially, he lost two fingers on his left hand and both arms were in casts; his condition was critical, unfortunately, and he had to have both hands amputated. His wife Katherine was usually at the hospital or with one of their eight children; they were often at SAS. Those of you who know Dave know he is a fighter. Rehabilitation, therapy and prostheses are the next steps. You may write to him at: 1307 Savannah Road, Lewes, DE 19958.

Charlie Wingate hooked up last summer with Rob Colburn '80, Kevin Kuehlwein '79, Ron Tostevin '79 and others at the Stotesbury and national crew regattas. Charlie is playing in his wife's band, making "avant-garde traditional" music and raising a precocious three year old.

Eve and Chuck Walton had their second daughter, Margo, on November 28, 1995. Chuck is with Duracell and Eve has her own children's clothing business. On weekends, Chuck is one of her best employees.

Tereza and Pete Jacoby welcomed Alexia Ester into the world last September. In addition to his paternal duties, Pete has moved from his former law firm to the White House, where he is a Congressional Liaison.

Jon Starr, Steve Brownlee, Bob Palmer and Steve Salter spent an evening roaming the streets of Annapolis in February. Among other things, they hatched plans for a second Chesapeake Bay fishing trip with Captain Greg "Boggsy" Morgan. The first trip netted enough fish for dinner, and the proceeds for hiring the boat were donated to St. Andrew's. More news of this worthy cause in future Magazines!

Marc Taylor checks in: "I am a biochemist with the research department of Behring Diagnostics, Inc., in Palo Alto (soon to be moved to San Jose). Much of my work involves developing tests for the early detection of osteoporosis (as well as cancer and heart disease). When I have time, I play drums and Latin percussion with various rock, jazz, blues, folk, and fusion bands for fun (rarely profit). Lately, I volunteer as staff percussionist for a local dance company. In a desperate attempt to gain some grace and style, I've begun taking dance lessons (salsa)."

1978

Ashton Richards
Episcopal High School
1200 North Quaker Lane
Alexandria, VA 22302

Sarah Hukill Berninger, Teacher of the Year for 1995, is pioneering team teaching in the high school in Woodstown, NJ. She teaches English, biology and history, along with coaching duties. She also designed
a coed home economics course.

Richard Cookerly and his father Ernest, along with Stew Barroll '72 are proud to announce the formation of Cookerly and Barroll, Inc., Attorneys at Law in Chestertown, MD.

In January 1996, the USS George Washington made the 11-day crossing of the Atlantic and entered the Mediterranean to relieve another aircraft carrier, the USS America. From there, she supported the Bosnian peacekeeping effort. The News Journal covered the preparation for this trip and in its December 14, 1995 issue, Lt. Cmdr. Garrett J. Hart of Townsend, DE, was mentioned in the article which included several servicemen from Delaware. Gary, a pilot in the George Washington's intelligence division, pointed out that taking the GW (as she is known to her crew) into the relatively confined Adriatic Sea was "risky."

From 1975 to 1979, 13 alumni (mostly the Class of '75) took week-long backpacking trips during their college Christmas breaks. Twenty years after their first visit to Spruce Knob, WV, most of the original participants returned to the scene. The "mountain men" hatched the idea at Reunion last summer, and penned the following ditty—

with apologies to their St. Andrew's English masters—after their adventure.

West-by-God or
"We didn't learn the first time"

The warmth of sunshine and camaraderie
lulled reunion gathered classmates in reverie.
A sweet siren call from the west was heard
"Spruce Knob" and "no-loft" became word.
The past was drawn to a focus
a grove of spruce the locus
was it still there?
that frozen lair
left 20 years prior
when only a fire
kept warm a glow
undiminished by 6 below.

Plans were laid in the Black Hills of the Dakota Sioux,
and the query went out "go, would you?"
With the Brownlee connection in Chey Chase,
a gathering was set at Ian's place,
roast turkey and Eastern Shore beer
ensured ample courage and cheer.

Packing provisions: "Potatoes!?" quick rice and oats
Advil and aspirin, Beam-Grant and Schlitz to toast.
Venison and beef burgundy, clam chowder and chili,
perked coffee, smoked oysters, (breakfast at Shoney).

The wives to the intrepid:
"Don't do anything stupid."

Snow upon the ground,
vines for swinging around.
River fords were treacherous,
thin ice and snow before us,
but Billy's bridge went across
with nary a person lost.

But an ominous sign from management authority
was anything but boring.
Logging did confuse the path,
leaving the glen where beauty's part shadow.

The tree that would not fall,
and marvel our bodies were able to answer the call.

Before leaving the camp, with hatchet was hewn
provided seats for all,
and coals for roasted spuds,
that were anything but dulls!

Icicle tails and water falls greased the trail
on the avenue to our Holy Grail.

Avoid and aspirin, Beam-Grant and Schlitz to toast.

Icicle walls and water falls graced the trail
on the avenue to our Holy Grail.
The navigators found the beaver pond meadow,
leaving the glen where beauty's part shadow.

Spruce Knob was at hand,
but 20 years hence, we'll gather once more
no one could refuse siren song in ear.

One final feast for grasping the moment,
was anything but boring.

A relict was found of that previous night,
not from within!)
Spruce Knob was at hand,

"motorized access will be a priority."

The last of the Geese flew round in hand
while making the plan for the last night's stand.

And though the years that will inevitably fly,
before leaving the grove, our safe little haven,
the past fast consuming the present.

The Strotbeck seed grew and carried the night

The warmth of sunshine and camaraderie
lulled reunion gathered classmates in reverie.
A sweet siren call from the west was heard
"Spruce Knob" and "no-loft" became word.

"Don't do anything stupid."

Snow upon the ground,
vines for swinging around.
River fords were treacherous,
thin ice and snow before us,
but Billy's bridge went across

Icicle walls and water falls graced the trail
on the avenue to our Holy Grail.

Icicle tails and water falls greased the trail
on the avenue to our Holy Grail.

Our local drugstore—a fully-paid trip for four to Walt Disney World.

Slight terrors of the night

Icicle tails and water falls graced the trail
on the avenue to our Holy Grail.

Icicle walls and water falls graced the trail
on the avenue to our Holy Grail.

For the last two weeks of June and hope to see many old friends."

1979

Keely Clifford
1397 Stonecreek Road,
Annapolis, MD 21403-1523

Dave Brown works for First Nationwide Bank and the home office is in downtown San Francisco. He reports: "I am enjoying my third year of marital bliss (1st wife) and have yet to spawn offspring. I spend my winter weekends tearing up the Lake Tahoe ski resorts and spend the spring, summer and fall plowing through the Sacramento golf courses. Spring is right around the corner and so is the running season. Time to shed the holiday meals."

Proud mother Betsy Beard Stillings writes: "My sons, Logan and Evan, are so photogenic that their picture won a contest through our local drugstore—a fully-paid trip for four to Walt Disney World.

The wives to the intrepid:
"Don't do anything stupid."

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vines for swinging around.
River fords were treacherous,
thin ice and snow before us,
but Billy's bridge went across

..."
From San Diego State University, Christopher Leone sends this note: "I am fine and in the last year of my studies for a Masters of Fine Arts in painting (even though I am a sculptor)." Chris and his wife, Jocelyne Prince (also a visual artist), plan to move back to Rhode Island after he gets his degree.

1980

Last spring, Carlyle Smith headed for Tornado Alley (Oklahoma/Iowa) to film Twister, an exciting movie about chasing tornadoes, directed by Jan De Bont (Speed). She works as assistant to producer Ian Bryce. Knowing she would be on location for six months, she sold her house, packed up everything in storage, packed up Bootsby, her cat, and Murphy, her black Lab, and left for Norman, OK. Carlyle writes: "I've seen many armadillos, stray dogs, cows, pigs (aren't they delightful to smell, especially after the rains?), large turtles, buffalo gns, mosquitoes, etc. The Heartland is just bustling with animal activity. . . . I've rarely seen such beautiful skies and sunsets as I did this summer. And the lightning storms are incredible, especially at night. They light up the skies as if it is daytime. The people were very nice and being a large film, we came, we saw, we conquered, and then the circus left. But, all in all, I had fun discovering a part of the country that I had never seen before. Kansas City is great fun. And my animals were fabulous with all the moving. Murphy is great on the set and in the trailer—he was there every day and became the cast and crew Twister mascot. Or as the locals would refer to him—"there's that Twister dog. I saw his picture in the paper." Bootsby didn't get the same kind of recognition—she stayed in every day."

On the way back to California in August, Carlyle was able to take a side trip with some friends to Santa Fe and the Grand Canyon. Then in the fall, she went to Palm Springs, Laguna Nigel, etc. before traveling to Chile for Thanksgiving with her mother. She has decided to improve her Spanish and go for some more trips down South. She's now living in Los Angeles (Sherman Oaks).

Nick and Mary Alves Sella celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary and their son's second birthday last year, but the highlight of 1995 occurred in February when Nick went full time with the family business, SellaWare, Inc. He loves being his own boss and is working harder than ever—there seems to be quite a market for computer consulting in their area. Nick is a member of the IEEE (a computer society) and he has joined a local organization called the Exchange Club, which meets with other area businessmen.

Mary still enjoys her job at The University of Alabama School of Social Work. Last April, she joined the Junior League of Tuscaloosa and looks forward to community volunteer work. In May, she drove to Charles City, VA, with her family to revisit her childhood home. They had a wonderful time reminiscing, visiting Westover Church and several plantations including Westover, Evelynton and Shirley.

After settling in, all's well with Judi Skelton Spann and family at their new home in Italy. Husband Bill loves his public affairs job. Three year-old son Dylan, who goes to foreign and American preschools, is beginning to understand his Italian teachers. Daughter Kristin (18 mo.) is "a little rascallion," says Judi, who keeps busy doing the "wife and mother thing."

1981

15th reunion

Eric Ellisen
111 Downs Avenue
Stamford, CT 06902

Residing in Asheville, NC, Gregory Gallagher is the publisher of the family-owned Aquaculture Magazine (in worldwide circulation).

Marcy and Karl Saliba are expecting a baby in August. Daugther Grace will be two years old on July 11. They live in Washington, DC, where Karl joined the Wonder Group.

Weighing in at 8 pounds 8 ounces, Hannah Jane Ellisen made proud parents of Jane and Eric Ellisen on November 25, 1995. Eric says she's the happiest, sweetest thing and has been sleeping through the night for a long while now. Hannah took her first plane trip in March, attending a wedding in Florida with her mom.

Lily Gewirz traveled to SAS in snowy February to pick up her dad, Michael Gewirz, after the winter board meeting. She ate lunch at the head of one of the big dining room tables, assisted by mother Cleo.

After six years as a dispatcher for the Cleveland Police Department, Glenda Johnson Green has started her own business designing T-shirts and sweatshirts.

1982

Paul Eichler
866 Monroe Terrace
Dover, DE 19901

Arraminta Ware
210 N. Church Street
Sudlersville, MD 21668

Geoff Batchelder and Jennifer Anne Coenen, of Crofton, MD, were married May 20, 1995. They share a small apartment with their cat Andre in the historic district of Annapolis. Geoff works in the library at The American University in Washington, where he also studies philosophy. He occasionally finds the time to play his guitar. Jennifer works at the Olney Theater in Montgomery County. Geoff writes: "I drop by the theater from time to
time. When I smell the paint and sawdust, I am reminded of bygone hours and friendly faces backstage at St. Andrew's. Greetings to all."

Mark Dinnick writes: "Kristine and I are expecting our second child in April. I am back in college again, attending the University of New Orleans in an attempt to get a master's in accounting. Survived yet another semester with a 3.5!"

Gretchen Rada Willingham and husband John are doing great in Georgia—they are expecting child number three.

Henry Dixon is in Hong Kong. David Quillin and Kimberly Johnson were married in New Orleans and spent their wedding weekend bicycling across Italy. Dave and Kim are making their home in Berkeley, CA.

Matt Renner was in the United States from Germany on business in December 1995 and visited his SAS host-parents, Sandy and J.D. Quillin '56. Matt is a computer salesman.

Cynthia Tostevin sends a cheerful "hi" to all from Anchorage. She is working for NorthCom (MTA Communications) as a business consultant for major accounts.

Jill Phillips Rogers and family moved from San Diego to Plano, TX. Husband Jeff retired as a naval aviator and now works for Texas Instruments. Jill writes, "With 3-month-old Jordan and 2-1/2-year-old Jeffrey, it will be nice to be near my parents."

Marnie Stetson is in her third year of law school at NYU.

James Brock lives in Buenos Aires. He has been in Argentina for several years, working for an ad agency. He enjoys his second job teaching English to adults, mostly professional people. His background in political science at Kenyon helps him enjoy their perspectives on life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

In April, Margy Horan left for her first Foreign Service assignment as a consular/political officer in Mexico City.

Chuck Schumacher sends an open invitation to anyone residing in or visiting the Baltimore-Washington area to come see the Orioles at Camden Yards.

Eric Gamble is teaching at Virginia Episcopal School, and Dave McNaughton, who works with his father as president of Keener Manufacturing Co. in Lancaster. Both seem to be well.

Lou O'Brien brought the girls varsity crew from Noble & Greenough School (MA) to SAS on their way back from South Carolina in March.

1985

Heather Morrow 135 Underwood Avenue Greensburg, PA 15601

Nada Saliba is doing her residency in anesthesiology at Brigham Women's Hospital, which is affiliated with Harvard Medical School in Boston.

Erica Stetson is working toward her Ph.D. in school psychology at the University of Denver. She and Brian are enjoying their home in the NC area. They have been teaching children with autism at a residential charter school (Golden Aspen). Boris and Erica are also working with school teachers who were trying to integrate children with autism into regular school programs. "There are lots of challenges," remarks Erica, "but lots of great support, too." Erica would love to hear from any schoolmates who find themselves in Denver (phone number: 303-777-1513; e-mail address: estetson@mercury.cair.du.edu).

Karen Anne Long of Clifton Park, NY, and David M. Phillips of Avalon, CA, were wed on September 30, 1995, at Friends Lake Inn in Chestertown, NY. Karen's uncle, the Rev. Robert Long, officiated. Dave's sister, Jill Phillips Rogers '93, served as a bridesmaid, and Austin Reed was the best man. After the recep-

1983

Boo Percy-Peterson 17 Notch Road West Simsbury, CT 06092

Tim Wainwright '84 with his new bride, Jenna.
A September wedding, pictured L to R: Jill Phillips Rogers '83, Karen Anne Long, David Phillips '85 and Austin Reed '85.

working on starting his own soft drink bottling company in Cincinnati. I visited with Alex Stancioff and his wife, Lysette, while interviewing at the Miami University Medical Center. Alex works in Strategic Planning for Ryder and has recently purchased a gorgeous house in Coral Gables. I currently share an apartment with Ross Ellis '87, who is also graduating from the medical school here at Columbia.

Margo Ellis is working 10-hour days at Dun & Bradstreet's Nielsen division. She moved into an apartment in Hoboken with a breathtaking view of the NYC skyline.

Kim Spire is assistant rector at St. Peter's in Washington, NC.

Peter Fallaw survived his first year as an English teacher in a large public high school outside Washington, DC. Peter comments, "Trying to teach over 150 not-so-motivated students every day can be frustrating, but there's never a dull moment. I look back with fondness at my classes of 12-20 students at SAS!"

Free-lance actress Dawn Hillman writes: "I'm still working in regional theatre and with my 4-year-old company, Chapel Perilous Theatre Ensemble. No, it's not religious. The name is actually derived from T.S. Eliot's The Waste Land, which we staged as our first production in 1992. Mostly I'm acting, but also directing occasionally, and auditioning for film and TV. Life is good. I live with my boyfriend of three years, Dennis McNitt, on Chicago's north side. We'll see you all at Reunion. I see Phil Smith '83 often. His company, Lookingglass Theater Company, is doing very well. David Schwimmer, star of the TV show "Friends," is also a founding member. Phil and David both attended Northwestern. Phil has also been doing some film and TV work in L.A."

Crawford Keenan lives in Baltimore, across the street from The Johns Hopkins University ('91). Since his senior year of college, he has been a lay Christian worker teaching the Bible to JHU and now to UB students. "Life is exciting and new every day!" he says. In May of 1995, he earned an M.A. in history at The University of Maryland, Baltimore County, writing his thesis on NASA's first deputy administrator, Hugh L. Dryden, and highlighting the relationship between theology and space exploration in his life. Now Crawford is studying at the University of Baltimore Law School.

"My wife and I are thankful for two years of marriage," he adds. "She's a Bible teacher and works at Johns Hopkins."

Aili Zheng and Matthias Lilienthal met in Köln, Germany, in December 1995. Aili spent one semester in abroad and then returned to the University of Delaware. Matthias studied for his M.B.A. in Passau, Germany.

After his fourth year at Columbia Physicians & Surgeons, Ross Ellis is looking forward to becoming an M.D. in May. He hopes to serve his residency in Boston.

Mike Hindle will spend six weeks in Italy this summer (immersed in renaissance art) on a fellowship from Indiana University. Next fall, he will teach a 200-level painting course at the University, fulfilling his fellowship requirement as he completes his M.F.A. degree.

1986

10TH REUNION

Heather Patzman
10111 N. Manton Lane
San Antonio, TX 78213

With plans for marriage in September 1996, Heather Patzman completed requirements for director of day care, working at a John Hancock Corporate Emergency Care Center.

In January, Suzanne DeMallie was halfway through her master's degree in physical therapy from the Medical College of Virginia in Richmond. She stated: "I am fascinated by what I am studying and feel blessed to have found a fulfilling, exciting career that is right for me."

Bill Brakeley is back in college and will get his degree in the spring. He works full time running a physical fitness center in Middletown, DE.

Ann Cutter has been living and working in Caracas, Venezuela, since she left the Peace Corps in 1993. She would love to hear from old friends. Her e-mail address is: acutter@cafscve.mhs.com

Greg Dorn is graduating from the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University in May 1996, and will begin his residency at the U.C.L.A. medical center starting in July. The program is five years of surgical training with one full year of research. His current research interests are in developmental biology, specifically kidney development, and his clinical interests are kidney cancer, bladder cancer, prostate cancer and surgical reconstruction.

Greg writes: "Most recently I have seen Chip Wheelock, who is an attorney in Atlanta working with the Italian Olympic Committee, and Scott Wallace (a.k.a. Smiley), who is..."
ing.” He is employed by Airborne Express.

In January, Cori del Sobral moved to St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands. She “decided that a move to paradise was definitely in order.” Cori writes, “As soon as I pass the Virgin Islands Bar Exam, I will be a practicing attorney with Bornn Bornn Handy—the Islands’ oldest law firm. For now, I am working hard at the firm and studying for the exam while sunning at Magen’s Bay (considered one of the ten most beautiful beaches in the world).”

Since completing his master’s degree in Cultural Studies/Critical Theory from the Communication Department at Ohio State University in Columbus in June 1995, Victor van Buchem traversed Europe a couple times between July and December. He ventured across the Atlantic to revel in Western European lifestyles, architecture, land, culture, art and food. His travels took him from a WWF volunteer work camp outside Bologna, Italy, to rebuilding an old stone farmhouse in the Ardeche in Southern France; from visiting his family in Holland to meeting an old skiing friend in Germany; from castles with moats to an English village fete on a small canal.

“All in all,” Victor writes, “I spent time in Belgium, Germany, Holland, France, Italy and England. But making a list of places I visited doesn’t even come close to capturing the meaning, the value, and the experience of interacting with people!

“Of course, the common question is, ‘What is your favorite place?’ For its beauty and history, I probably would say Assisi in Italy, but that depends on what I am looking for at that particular moment. I could never turn my back on my cultural heritage. Holland is the most comfortable place for me because of the common culture experience; plus, the absence of a language barrier makes for an easy time expressing ideas, getting to know people and appreciating the ways of my extensive family.

Though I spent a combined total of two months in Italy, mainly in and around Bologna, the only Italian I have picked up is that necessary to play basketball in the local park, i.e. numbers, plays and b-ball slang. I cannot wait to get back overseas, if only to enjoy pancakes in Holland, gelato in Italy and walk around streets and buildings that are older than the whole United States.

“Since returning to the states, I have immersed myself in academia once again. As an adjunct instructor in the Communication Department at Muhlenberg College, I teach Interpersonal Communication, Film Theory and Criticism, and Introduction to Mass Communication. I shall be teaching once again. As an adjunct instructor in the Communication Department at Muhlenberg College, I teach Interpersonal Communication, Film Theory and Criticism, and Introduction to Mass Communication. I shall be teaching here until the end of June, as I will also teach Film and Interpersonal in six-week summer sessions. I love teaching college, and truly enjoy the challenge of bringing ideas to the students in an exciting manner. Besides teaching, I am looking toward Ph.D. programs and playing ‘noon-time hoops’ with faculty, administrators and an old St. Andrean roommate Scott McClary ’90. Scott is an assistant basketball and softball coach at Muhlenberg.”

Bill Spire and his new wife, Heather, are happily settled at Cushing Academy in Ashburnham, MA.

From Indiana, Peter Hoopes checked in with the following: “After graduating from Wooster, I attended the University of Miami School of Music. I graduated from U.M. with an M.M. in Music Writing and Production. I married my girlfriend of four years, Sarah, on August 12, 1995 [the bride arrived in a horse-drawn carriage to the wedding]. We attempted to honey moon in Bermuda, but Hurricane Felix prevented us from going anywhere near that part of the Atlantic. So, our cruise ship sailed for the Bahamas instead. After the honey moon, we moved to Chesterton, IN, where we bought a house and have begun to settle in. I currently run my own music company, providing production and engraving services. I’m also looking for a more stable job in a production house. Any SAS alumni are more than welcome to contact me if they’re in the area: 1485 Admiral Drive, Chesterton, IN 46304. My e-mail is: pahoopes@mail.niia.net.
1990

Sarah Savage Hebert
1317 Gramman Drive
Richmond, VA 23229

Ridie Lazar
Box 2006
Kent, CT 06750

Roland Marquez is a research technician (neuro science) at the NYU Medical Center, Manhattan.

Austin Wheelock lives in Washington and works on Capitol Hill.

Brian Leipheimer completed his second year of teaching history at St. Stephens/St. Agnes School in Alexandria and will have a new position there next year as the associate college advisor. He is enrolled part time in the history department at George Washington University. Brian and Vienne Murray have wedding plans for July 27, 1996, in Williamsburg. Brian ran into Robert Mattson at GMU Law School and says he's doing well. He sees Hunter Old '87, who's engaged. He also sees Ashton Richards '78 at wrestling tournaments—"Mags" and his dog Granby are doing well at Episcopal High School."

Andrew Dennis had an exciting run doing restoration work for the World Monuments Fund at the Great Angkor Wat temple in Cambodia and then teaching science in Eastern Oregon. He is in Portland now, living with brother Mike, renting a studio/working on his art and cartoons.

Kevin Rogers teaches physics at Marvelwood School in Kent, CT.

Brian Tonks graduated from Brown University in December 1995. He enjoyed playing bass in three different bands at Brown and plans to continue playing music with "Grell."

Thad McBride spent the year in England, where he dabbled with professional soccer, tended bar at a Cambridge club and worked other menial jobs in order to eat.

Ben Biddle taught English somewhere in mainland China and is expected to resurface next summer.

Dexter Walter is in training with Dean Witter in Washington.

David Rich graduated from Swarthmore College last year with a B.A. in psychology. His plans to hike the Appalachian Trail fell through when he tore a ligament in his knee, which required surgery. He works as the lab coordinator in Neurolinguistics at Moss Rehabilitation Hospital in Philadelphia, and is waiting to hear about medical school next year. Recently, he was best man for Keith Howson who married Alexandra Bernbach. Austin Wheelock '90 attended the wedding.

1991

5TH REUNION

Kelly Hoopes
8 Sunny Dell Road
Elkton, MD 21921

Mary Neidig or
Alexandra von Raab
or Jolie Whitmoyer
2733 Bush Street
San Francisco, CA 94115

Mary Neidig lives in San Francisco and shares an apartment with Alexandra von Raab and Jolie Whitmoyer. Mary graduated from Kenyon College, Gambier, OH, in 1995 and works as a photo editor for Brown Trout Publishers.

Philippe Wheelock finished his senior year at Sewanee and was planning another major trip.

Scott Henderson lives in New York City and works as a financial analyst for Merrill Lynch. He writes: "In what little time I have, I sometimes bumps into Richard Vaughan '88 (who lives one block away) on the upper west side and I always frequent the cheesy bars with Jason Woody. Jason works at a financial services firm as well and sends his regards. Brett Hansen is still MIA up in Syracuse. I bumped into Chris Brown '90 recently at a bar in Greenwich Village. I learned that the singer with the dreadlocks on stage was fellow SAS alum Pete Salett '87. Apparently, he has a real following.

The following notes were submitted by Joy McGrath:

"Hello, everyone! After quite a lull, we have news from quite a few class-mates, thanks to e-mail: Ty Jones, Christos Adamopoulos and Chris Gaither are still at Hopkins and hopeful that the lacrosse team can rebound from last year's disaster in the Final Four. Chris G. returned to Australia with only minor injuries, while Chris A. is looking forward to studying law at Georgetown next fall. Ty is a first-semester senior this spring, biding time until he can retire to a sailboat on the Chesapeake."

Sarah Hammond checked in from the Bowdoin computer lab to say that if chemistry and crew don't drive her over the edge, she is psyched to take part in sister Zibby's '89 wedding this September. Christy Hard is graduating in May with a B.S. in civil engineering from Rice and will start working in June for Transcontinental Gas Pipeline Corporation, based in Houston. In her other life as Rice's preeminence Kirstie Allie figure, she manages Willy's (Rice's on-campus pub) and is coordinating the annual Homecoming weekend this spring.

Future oil baron J.P. Lopez also checked in from Rice. In July, he will be moving to New Orleans to begin working for Texaco as a reservoir engineer. In his spare time, he bartends at Willy's (the pub Christy manages) and is singing in a Rice production of My Fair Lady this spring.

Libby Moore is finishing her third year at UVA (double major in French and music) after a year off to work on a farm in France. She helped to resurrect the Virginia Women's Chorus and is now on the managing board. This summer, Libby is going to be an assistant French teacher at a boarding school in Virginia.

My own meager writing skills cannot compare to the fascinating passage zapped to me from Jenks Whittenberg, so here it is, in its original form: "I'm still at Trinity College. I will graduate in May with Jon Goldstein and Will McCormack. We are all doing fine. We fancy ourselves quite the sporting drivers. After a few rally laps around the Hartford streets, Jon managed to squeeze in a narrow victory in which he barely missed contact with an oncoming snowplow. His winning streak unscathed, Jon plans on taking his skills to Europe. I'm tossing my driving gloves out the window, planning to pursue a more symphonious lifestyle, that of a baritone bassist. Bitten by the thespian bug, Will plans on a life of scripted affairs and torrid love matches. In the meantime, we patiently await graduation and hope to hear from fellow Andreans." Thanks, Jenks.

Due to Kathryn Still's stellar leadership as captain and Theresa Rosas' brilliant playing, they broke the school record for the most wins ever by the Wesleyan squash team. (Too bad Theresa also broke her wrist.) It has been a banner year for Theresa, however, as she also won Wesleyan's Concerto competition this year. The housemates are enjoying their last semester at Wesleyan, despite the job-search rat race.

Sara Wilson reported from Wittenberg University—she's captain of the women's lacrosse team, a member of Delta Gamma Sorority, and will graduate next December.

Moving?

Send us your new address and we'll go with you.

Mail to: Lynn Dugan
St. Andrew's School
350 Noxontown Road
Middletown, DE 19709-1605

Name ____________
New Address ____________
Class year ____________
Tyson Kade has just finished a semester-long marine biology program at Duke. Right now he is taking four biology classes and trying to find a job (sound familiar?). He is looking to go into the environmental field and is otherwise just waiting for graduation, along with Cyrus Philpott and Emily O’Brien, whom he sees often. Emily also checked in looking to go into environmental marine biology program in London, bumping into Cyrus from Davidson. She spent last semester in London, bumping into Collin Harrington ’91 there and in Barcelona at the Olympic stadium. She also ran into Keil Mello at Wake Forest. Small world. Keil plans to be moving to that neck of the woods.

Steve Bohlayer had a smooth semester at James Madison University, picking up a job doing systems design work for Bell Atlantic in Silver Spring, MD. He would love to hear from any SAS alumni/ae who might be moving to that neck of the woods.

Quincy Brown says Princeton is going great. After graduation, she is heading out to San Francisco to work for an investment banking firm.

After an incredible year, Martine Conley is dreading graduation. With a degree in history and African Studies from Williams, she hopes to teach next year. While playing the waiting game, she is just enjoying the last few months of senior year.

Hardy Gieske is a junior at Duke, majoring in English and math. He is enrolled in two classes with Ginna Purrington ’94, and sees Jarrett Sell and Preston Few all the time. He will travel to Russia over spring break and be in Maryland for the summer. If anyone is interested in Dave Blanton’s opinion, Colorado is beautiful. He has been riding his mountain bike a lot and enjoying the nice weather. Hiking down a trail near Boulder last fall, he discovered Tim Gibb in the path (with dogs) and played some frisbee. He keeps in touch with Ian Forbes-Jones and spent a week with him and Chris Chesney ’91 last spring. Between bouts of studying, he spends a lot of time in the theater department.

Speaking of Ian, he writes that he spent last summer working for Teledyne Allvac. In the fall, he gave a talk to a large group at the Hamilton prospective student gathering in New York City. He looks forward to graduation in May from Hamilton College in Clinton, NY.

Elizabeth Hickok spent a wonderful semester in Thailand last spring and then trekked to Bali and Hong Kong before returning to Boston this year for her fourth year at the Tufts School of the Museum of Fine Arts Program.

Bug questions? Ask. Lori Unruh, who is majoring in entomology and Spanish at Cornell. This past January she went to Honduras with an agriculture class, studying indigenous farming systems in many villages. The experience was amazing! She even made a pitstop at the Chiquita banana plantation as well as visiting the Mayan ruins at Copan. Courtney Diggles is looking forward to graduating from Union College this year with a double degree in psychology and philosophy. She did a year-long internship with the admissions office and is contemplating doing more admissions work in the future. This summer she plans to relax at Bethany Beach with brother Kip ’94 and then head off to Europe and Australia with friends. A job teaching sailing for Club Med is in the works, too. Says Courtney, “I need to breathe in the fresh air before buckling down in grad school.”

Stephanie Gibson graduated this spring from the University of Virginia with a B.A. in classics and will travel out west for the summer.

As for yours truly, Joy McGrath: “I am doing nothing so impressive or international as most of you. I am finishing up my senior year at Harvard. I spend my free time tutoring, teaching Sunday School, teaching and coxing for my House’s crew program, and baking cookies for my dorm. I am looking for jobs in policy research in Washington, DC, next year, although thanks to Newt Gingrich, most programs are on a hiring freeze. Other than that, I am looking forward to a relaxing summer split between the Chesapeake Bay and Delaware beaches. Until then, I remain faithfully your bard. Please keep your news headed in my direction!”

1993

Keri Brenner
25 Moore Road
Branford, NY 10708

Frank Cravely
1730 Picadilly Lane
Raleigh, NC 27608

Abi White
2389 Astoria Court
Ft. Lewis, WA 98433

In January, Katherine Keltner wrote: “Everything is great at Dartmouth. Warren Lewis had another New Year’s Eve party in New York, where I saw Meg Musser, Megan Peters and many more from the Class of ’93. Even Rodney Rice [former SAS associate chaplain] was there!”

Jill Hindle will attend the Middlebury College Bread Loaf Writers Conference this summer. She is also planning a semester abroad next fall in Australia, studying the environmental impact of modern society on native life and culture.

1995

Blue-ribbon winner Jennifer Joseph competed in intercollegiate horse shows at Princeton this fall.

Mark Henderson went on a ski trip for Christmas in Jackson Hole with Nate Perry and started at Bates College in January 1996.

Paul Bramble played Division III lacrosse at Gettysburg College.

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**IN MEMORY**

**1944**

Thomas M. Tucker ’44, former chairman of Power Equipment Co., died November 20, 1995, at his home in Knoxville, TN, of liver cancer. He was 70 years old.

Tom worked with his brother and father at Power Equipment before becoming president and later chairman. He sold his interest in 1993 and retired.

He served in the Army Air Force as a navigator on B-17s in the 8th Air Force from 1943 to 1945.

Tom attended the University of Tennessee from 1946 to 1949, graduated with a degree in electrical engineering and was an SAE fraternity member.

He was active in St. John’s Episcopal Cathedral where he served as church school teacher, chapter member and cathedral administrator for five years.

He was also active in civic organizations, including United Way, Florence Crittenton Agency and Private Industry Council.

Tom is survived by his wife, Anna C. Tucker of Knoxville; children, Thomas M. Tucker, Jr., of Knoxville, and Louisa Tucker Parsons of Signal Mountain, TN; stepchildren, Marsha Herrmann of Knoxville, and Tamara Hahn of Toronto; and a brother, Donald M. Tucker of Knoxville.

Tom began at SAS in the second form and always kept a sense of himself as a founding father and elder statesman of the Class of ’44. At School, he was a leader and often a class officer. Loyal to his commitments, after graduation he served for many years as the only annual giving agent of the class ever had. His exhortations to us in the communications required by this role were an extension of his personality as we had known it in school: a serious facial expression, a dryly witty observation—Tennessee style—delivered deadpan but giving way quickly to a broad smile. Few words wasted. (I like to think this last characteristic owed something to W. H. Cameron’s instruction in verbal economy, but perhaps not.) Thus, his letter of 1981 urged his classmates:

*Now is the time.... Please do as follows: 1) Write a check. 2) Put the check in the enclosed envelope. 3) Seal the envelope. 4) Put the envelope into the nearest mailbox. 5) Say softly to yourself that good Tennessee expression, “I done good.”

Thank you—you are a good fellow."

Behind this humorous delight in pursuing worthy purposes without over-reverencing them lay Tom’s sharply independent and creative cast of mind. In fourth form year, this quality led him with several classmates to brighten the School’s mailboxes with a publication called The Rabble Rouser. (John Maclnnes gave us $2 to help with publication costs.) But eventually, alas, the paper incurred the displeasure of Bill Cameron because it competed for

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Rememering Howard S. Schroeder, 1910-1995, who died last September, Bill Amos writes:

When Howard Schroeder arrived in 1960 to begin a six-year term as visiting artist, St. Andrew’s welcomed into its midst an outstanding Delaware artist.

A Lewes resident, Howard commuted the 120-mile round trip every week to spend several days on campus. Because there was no arts department in those days, his courses were the only focal points of artistic expression and art history. Howard also offered private lessons to students who flocked to the third floor studio to be taught by this gifted and popular man. He encouraged the entire school community to appreciate art through periodic displays and exhibitions, and often took students to museums in New York City, Philadelphia and Washington. His influence was responsible for lifelong interest in the arts among many alumni, and at least one outstanding career in Kirk Varnedoe (1963), Director, the Museum of Modern Art, New York City.

Howard was an astonishing productive painter. His bay and canal scenes of Lewes constitute an ever-changing array of maritime images captured with an artist’s eye. Each evokes a glimpse, a season, a mood that others seldom grasp. He brought many of these wonderful paintings to St. Andrew’s to hang in the halls for a week or two, and upon returning from a painting trip to Portugal and Spain, he filled the auditorium with dazzling views of bright fishing vessels, beached on quiet shores.

Howard almost never painted St. Andrew’s scenes while on duty, for as an employed member of the faculty, he felt it was not right to produce art for sale to St. Andreas. There are only three known pictures of the School. The first, a woodcut used on the cover of a School viewbook, is also found in the 1994 biography, Schroeder: A Man and His Art, produced by his son, John R. Schroeder. Another is a large painting in summer colors of the garth and tower, commissioned in 1975 by the faculty as a parting gift to Bob Moss. The picture on the back of the winter issue of St. Andrew's Magazine was his only informal, spontaneous view of the School. St. Andrew’s—Winter is an Amos family treasure, hanging in our Delaware and Vermont homes.

Howard was an inspiration to all who knew him, on campus and throughout Delaware. He was president of the Rehoboth Art League; his works were purchased widely throughout the east; and many have hung in museums, including the National Gallery of Art. He appeared on national television, but always remained a humble and self-effacing man, passionate only in his art, love of family and dedication to teaching.

During years of summer residence in Lewes, Catherine and I came to know Howard and Marian in their home on Pilottown Road that was ablaze with his splendid paintings. His portraits are memorable, none more so than one of Marian in springtime, and his daughter, Carole, as a young child. Last summer, we visited Howard, bedridden and painting no longer. But he was at home, surrounded by dozens of paintings—his family, he called...
attention and talent with the School’s official newspaper, The Cardinal. So Tom devoted himself to writing all the personal descriptions for the 1943 yearbook.

Ironically, Tuck did not graduate with the class to which he was so loyal. At the end of our fifth form year, it was decreed when he and others, more than a third of the class, left school for military service. He became a B-17 navigator and flew 27 bombing missions during the final phase of the war in 1945. After that he earned an engineering degree at the University of Tennessee, entered his father’s construction and mining equipment distributorship in Knoxville, and devoted himself to the business, to his family, to the Episcopal Church, and to Knoxville.

Tom was an important friend to me at School. Later, seeing him at reunions at something like ten-year intervals, I always felt that he was the same Tom. He seemed to know exactly who he was, and to be true to it. He had no use for any false pretensions because he didn’t need them. He was a very good fellow. — Bill Davis ’44

To order Schroeder—A Man and His Art, please contact John Schroeder, 47 Edgewater Drive, Littleton, NH 03561, hardbound (coffee table style) book, with 140 pictures and an extensive text on Howard Schroeder’s life, is available for $50 (includes shipping and handling).

Summer Plans

Continued from page 40

Ann McTaggart will either be “acting in something” or attending Bread Loaf NEH Institute for Theater.

Tom Ockeen plans to attend a national meeting of American Association of Physics Teachers seminar on Teaching Introductory Physics using Interactive Methods and Computers.

Aime Claire Roche will be doing graduate work (classics) at the University of Georgia.

Kate Sharkey will be doing graduate work (mathematics) at the University of New Hampshire.

Lundy Smith will be teaching swimming, working at the University of Michigan’s swim camp, and attending the Olympic Games in Atlanta.

Will Spears has been chosen as a reader for the English Advance Placement exam. Tad Roach, Monica Matouk and John Austin have also done this duty.

Adam Stegemann and Shannon Hanover are planning an August wedding in New England.

Tom Sturtevant will visit colleges for St. Andrew’s before he and his family go to Maine to sail, read, and walk in the woods.

In June, Dave Wang will attend the Mathematics and Technology Conference at Phillips Exeter Academy with Dave Desalvo and John Lieb. Then he hopes to wrap up the first major draft of the textbook used in Precalculus Honors.

Helen Wolf will be the nurse at Camp Arrowhead on Rehoboth Bay.

At Andrew’s Place: Emily Jensen ’96 standing behind Nicky Fraser ’96

Homeless Shelter

Continued from page 2

St. Andrew’s School visits the people at Andrew’s Place two Fridays and Saturdays each month, from October to April. We usually stay at the shelter from about 5:15 to 6:30 p.m., serving hot soup, bread and dessert prepared by the School’s dietary staff and paid for by the student Vestry’s Sunday collections. It takes merely seconds for our volunteers to rid themselves of their initial apprehension and disperse throughout the room.

During the drive back to school, our conversation always drifts back to the people we met. As we retell a funny joke we heard, or an intense conversation we had, we begin to comprehend the importance of our presence at the shelter. Our volunteer work at Andrew’s Place has awakened a sense of appreciation not only for community service but for our capabilities to work together as a senior class. We give a part of ourselves often overlooked because we are so consumed by a life we think only exists inside the boundaries of St. Andrew’s. Volunteering at Andrew’s Place has helped many of us dissolve those misconceptions and stereotypes usually associated with homeless people.

Andrew’s Place has done something extremely admirable for the community at large as well as for the homeless people it serves. It demonstrates a genuine concern for humanity, a concern that is sometimes overlooked in our society today. The other organizations that continue to support Andrew’s Place deserve equal recognition because their time and effort are both helpful and quite admirable as well. The seniors of St. Andrew’s School ardently hope that their work at the homeless shelter will encourage the younger students to become eager about volunteering there when they get older as well as to increase their enthusiasm about participating in other service projects.

EDITOR’S NOTE: At the urging of Chaplain Carl Kurtz, Nicky and Emily submitted their story to the state diocesan newspaper. It was published in the March 1996 issue of Episcopal Life, Delaware Communion.
Faculty News

Teachers on the Move

We bid fond farewell to Arts Department Chair Peter Brooke and his wife Ruth who are returning to New England after 10 years. Peter plans to take part in various fellowship programs, hopefully in Ireland and Provincetown, Mass. He received a grant (the Individual Artist Fellowship) and $8,000 to paint from the Delaware State Arts Council. (Peter had a show in their Wilmington gallery in April and May.) He may teach in the future, but for now he wants to take a few years off to paint in the studio. While underformers will surely miss his supportive presence in the arts building, his senior advisees—Hadley Robin, Megan Bozick, Will Porter, Andrew Chang—confess they will survive without him, "because we, too, are graduating at the end of 1996!"

Richard Matusow (Spanish, soccer, tennis) is leaving St. Andrew's to pursue a master's degree in international relations. He is waiting to hear from Johns Hopkins, Tufts and Columbia. As a tribute to him, Aakash Dharmadhikari '98 writes: "Before meeting Mr. Matusow on the second day of school last year, I never took the time to get to know any of my teachers... He is a very thoughtful and understanding person who has the ability to motivate others... Everyone will miss you, Mr. Matusow, especially me. The School may be losing a great teacher, but I'm losing a great friend/"

Noah Kai Newkirk '98 says appreciatively: "I know that I will regret Mr. Matusow's absence when I return to the School next fall. I will miss his calm presence, lenient parenting, and cheerful attitude... and the opportunity to discuss with him not only the mundane occurrences of our daily lives but also the purpose of our existence (as we did late one winter evening)... I wish Mr. Matusow well on his journey away from St. Andrew's."

Lisa Schickel (biology, crew, swimming) has been accepted into a Ph.D. program in aquatic biology at the University of California, Santa Barbara. In recognition of her positive influence, Talley Smith ’98 and Nikki Mowbray ’98 say: "Last crew season, as members of the freshman eight, we got to know Ms. Schickel as a coach and as a friend. This year, as our advisor, she has generously given us her time and her caring guidance. Her relaxed demeanor and bright outlook towards life define her unique character. Ms. Schickel will be greatly missed by her students, colleagues, and especially her advisees."
Reunion!
Friday, Saturday & Sunday
June 14 - 16, 1996

Whatever you have planned for the summer of ’96, make sure you don’t miss this year’s Reunion. Set aside June 14 - 16 for a weekend of festivities sure to rekindle your St. Andrew’s spirit. Whether you are looking for old friends, athletic competition, or a relaxing weekend roaming the woodlands, fields and waterways surrounding the campus, there’s more than enough to do. Bring your friends and loved ones—come back to St. Andrew’s!

ACCOMMODATIONS
Alumni and guests will be housed in dorm rooms, and we make every effort to group classes together. Reunion classes will be given priority for on-campus rooms. Take advantage of our weekend rates! They include all meals and accommodations. Children stay with their parents; no pets allowed.

Dormitory living has not changed much! If you prefer, a list of area hotels, motels and inns is available from the Alumni Office by calling 302-378-9511.

REGISTRATION INFO
Deadline for reservations is June 3rd, 1996. A $10 late fee will be charged after that date. No phone registration will be accepted after June 10th. We cannot guarantee accommodations for walk-ins. Please make all checks payable to St. Andrew’s School. Visa/MasterCard accepted.

If you have any questions, contact the Alumni Office at 302-378-9511. Please complete your registration form and mail it by June 3rd to:

Alumni Office, St. Andrew’s School
350 Noxontown Road
Middletown, DE 19709-1605

Or, fax your registration to: 302-378-0429.

To register for the Golf Tournament, call 302-378-9511.

Reunion Registration 1996

NAME

CLASS

Spouse/guest

Children

Total number attending Reunion Weekend

WEEKEND RATE (Includes all meals & dorm rooms)

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<th>No. of persons</th>
<th>Adults</th>
<th>$100 per person</th>
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<th>Children 4 to 18</th>
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BABYSITTING - $5 per hour. Please call Fran Holveck by June 1st to arrange for a sitter: 302-378-9511, ext. 256.

DAILY RATES (Children under 4 are free)

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<th>Children</th>
<th>$10/child</th>
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<td>Saturday Overnight</td>
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<td>Friday Crab/Cookout</td>
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<td>Saturday Luncheon</td>
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<td>Group Supervision</td>
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(Total those w/private sitters)

TOTALS

Credit Card # _______ Exp. _______

Signature _______
Hand colored black and white photograph of Noxontown Pond, by Jonathan Moneta '97, on display over Arts Weekend 1996. One weekend each May, the entire School comes together for recitals, concerts, exhibits and theater. What emerges is a strong sense of the lifelong importance of the arts as something to be cherished, as an ongoing process of renewal and growth, as, ultimately, a goal of finding the inner expression of one's self.