INSIDE:
ST. ANDREANS AROUND THE WORLD
DISCOVERING PATAGONIA
STRANGER IN A MUSICAL LAND

PLUS:
FALL SPORTS HIGHLIGHTS
CLASS NOTES
WINTER 1997

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ON THE COVER
New York photographer, Peter Freed, captured the composition notebook of Michael Whalen '84.
HEADMASTER'S NOTE

I have challenged our faculty to develop innovative teaching and assessment strategies that capture the true potential of the intimate classroom. One particular direction is already clear and distinctive: St. Andrew's continues to develop programs that explore the possibilities of the Oxford tutorial system and what educational leader Ted Sizer has come to call the exhibition. Elizabeth Roach's article in this magazine describes such an initiative very well. Because our goals are to teach students to understand, to exhibit mastery of complex analytical thinking, reasoning, reading and writing skills, we must assess students in particularly intensive ways. We believe the tutorial system that enables a student to develop, defend and ultimately revise his/her own work in the presence of a teacher is the very best method to teach well, to develop education for understanding. We also believe that students need to learn how to assess the quality of their own work in a mature and sophisticated manner. A visitor to St. Andrew's will still see the distinctive seminar classes designed to develop student participation and engagement. But often the visitor will see a small group of students working actively with one or two members of the faculty. In addition, we continue to explore interdisciplinary initiatives within our curriculum. This year a group of nine students meets twice a day with history teacher Brad Bates and English Department Chair John Austin in the American Studies seminar. As we continue to study ways to celebrate our small size and ability to know our students very well, more teaching innovations will continue to flourish at St. Andrew's.

Finally, the small school gathers each week as a full school community in our dining room, theater and Chapel. That sense of unity and identity enables us to remain true to our mission, true to our responsibilities as an educational institution of faith and learning.

Headmaster
EDITOR’S NOTE

St. Andrew’s alumni, faculty and students have traveled to the farthest reaches of the world, and, in this issue, we feature several of them who have journeyed far from home and returned with amazing stories to tell.

Michael Whalen ’84 writes about recording with a Czech orchestra and bringing his uniquely American music to a global acceptance and understanding. Steve Amos ’74 discusses his museum’s partnership with a museum in Patagonia. He brought his array of talents and interests to a region he came to find was like his own in rural Vermont. Susan Myers ’98 sought and found a community service project in a Spanish-speaking country and learned the difference between material possessions and true happiness. Beth ’84 and Ian MacNairn journeyed to the war-torn Republic of Congo over the summer with Catholic Relief Services to write human rights literature and to return displaced people to their homes.

While exemplary, these St. Andreams are also typical of the people who have spent their formative years here. On this issue’s cover is a photograph by New York photographer Peter Freed of a composition by Michael Whalen. The words that come into focus are cresc. poco a poco: crescendo building little by little. The students at St. Andrew’s develop and build toward crescendo like a musical score until they are adults venturing into the world.

They grow here, face challenges and conquer them. They gain enough confidence to say, “I can do anything, go anywhere and make a difference.” And they have.

What students learn at St. Andrew’s, they can apply to the larger world. As you read the following stories, you’ll find a similar compassion for others and a courage to test and push the limits of the isolation human beings often feel.

As Michael Whalen sings in a Slovak saloon, he feels a powerful connection; when Steve Amos sees the destruction the Itaipu Dam has brought to a pristine region of Paraguay, his heart goes out to orphaned children digging through trash for scraps of food; and while Susan Myers reads a bedtime story, she doubts her ability to change the situation but not her feelings for young Carolina.

The people who come to St. Andrew’s shape what St. Andrew’s is. We hope you enjoy these few stories that represent many others.

—David G.W. Scott
Editor

LETTERS

CONCERNING THIS GRIFFIN/DRAGON THING...

Continuing the discussion which has appeared in the Magazine about gryphons (I shall use the original Greek spelling) and dragons, I figured I would weigh in on these matters of mythological zoology.

While the SAS gryphon does bear common traits with its near cousin the dragon (dragons and gryphons both have beaks), they long ago diverged on the evolutionary tree. Our gryphon has paws on its rear feet and talons on its front—dragons would have talons on all feet. Some gryphons have a complete set of hooves or paws, and gryphons—like dragons—can have either two or four feet.

The Welsh dragon, being amphibian, has two. Ornithologically, gryphons are eagles with mammals’ (usually lion, but never dolphin) bodies. Most have wings, though some subspecies—such as the kiwi gryphon—are ground dwellers. Gryphons can be distinguished from dragons by the gryphon’s lack of scales, but from a distance are easily confused with sphinxes. Gryphons—although more elusive than sphinxes—are less willful, and unlike sphinxes and dragons, are not man eating. Sphinxes and dragons in the wild live in caves or burrows; they are territorial and will tend to lay in wait for the unwary traveler.

Gryphons prefer high places (e.g., the roof of the Philadelphia Art Museum) and, possessing keener eyesight, tend to fly away before one can get close enough to photograph them.

Aha, you say, but where are the SAS gryphon’s wings? Easy—they are folded neatly along its back, ready for use in the manner which any sensible raptor keeps them when not preening or flying.

Gryphons came originally from Mesopotamia (2370 BC) and are related more closely to the phoenix than to dragons. Gryphons were popular in Rome—appearing on sarcophagi, rings and in some of the more fashionable restaurants. The Franks were fond of them, too—there is a 7th Century seal from Piccardy showing one drinking from a fountain. Gryphons do not make very good pets in urban areas—they need lots of open space; they not only molt but shed as well, and their beaks and talons will do a number on your furniture. Gryphons traditionally symbolize vigilance and ferocity.

The St. Andrew’s School colors were originally going to be—like Scotland’s—blue and white. However, when Walden Pell made his first visit to the site of the School by rowboat in June, 1929, in the company of Felix duPont and Allan Henry, they saw white egrets and a cardinal and took the colors and mascot from those.

—Rob Colburn ’80

Editor’s Note—While we appreciate Rob Colburn’s keen knowledge and irrepressible wit, we do not mean to denigrate any serious study of St. Andrew’s history as it pertains to understanding School heritage. Rob’s remarks are printed here in good fun.

Editor
Roach installed as 4th Headmaster

In the Chapel filled with students, faculty, staff, family and friends, the Board of Trustees installed Tad Roach as the fourth Headmaster of St. Andrew's School on December 3.

Dr. James H. Maddox, Director of the Bread Loaf School of English, shared his impressions of Tad's work in graduate school and urged St. Andrew's students to work to close the emerging gap between rich and poor Americans, those able to afford and attend good schools, those unable to find educational opportunities in a nation of prosperity.

Tad's response affirmed his 19-year commitment to the School, his deep sense of gratitude to the Board of Trustees, faculty, staff, students and alumni body.

PREP FOR PREP 9 FAMILIES VISIT ST. ANDREW'S

On two beautiful days in October, St. Andrew's welcomed Prep for Prep 9 students and their families. Prep for Prep 9 is a leadership development program of which St. Andrew's is a charter member.

Started in 1987, Prep for Prep students have come to St. Andrew's and thrived here.

"Prep for Prep kids have contributed in many significant ways to the fabric of the St. Andrew's community," Admission Director Peter Caldwell said.

Prep for Prep 9 Director Peter Bordonaro traveled with the families and got to check up on a few of the Prep for Prep graduates who were preparing for the end of the fall term at St. Andrew's.

"We are committed to each student's success," Bordonaro said. "St. Andrew's makes us feel as welcome as any school possibly could.

Prep for Prep 9 recruits seventh graders for placement in a consortium of schools. The students go through a rigorous screening process to be accepted into Prep for Prep and then go to summer school before their eighth-grade year. During the fall, they travel to many of the schools to decide which school best suits them and their families.

Bordonaro said the program has come full circle with St. Andrew's alumnus Randy Slaughter '92. Slaughter is now working in the Admission Office at Westminster School, and worked to accept a Prep for Prep student this fall.

"The fall trip is astounding for its warmth and welcoming nature," Bordonaro said. "There was a sign in one of the dorms on a student's door welcoming the Prep 9 kids. It was clearly genuine. The student went all out to make the students feel wanted there."

HEADMASTER TRAVELS WITH A CLEAR MESSAGE

In addition to his on-campus duties as Headmaster, Tad Roach traveled to New York, Washington, D.C. and Berlin, Md. this fall for receptions with members of the St. Andrew's family.

Tad's message as the fourth Headmaster of St. Andrew's School was clear: "My goal is to protect and develop St. Andrew's position as the best small boarding school in the country. We remain absolutely committed to an educational philosophy that celebrates the full potential of a residential school. Our faculty's commitment to excellence in the classroom remains strong and sustained. We have joined a national consortium of independent schools studying innovation and excellence in teaching. Even more important to me are the personal qualities and parenting skills our faculty bring to their work with our students. I believe a boarding school faculty must be dynamic, inspiring role models for young people. Our student body today is an outstanding one. They are bright, optimistic, hard working and committed. Our commitment to financial aid remains strong. I believe our socio-economic diversity continues to be a major reason why student life at St. Andrew's is so positive, so interesting, so exciting."

Tad's travels continue this winter in the Southeast, with receptions planned for Greensboro and Charlotte, N.C., Charleston, S.C. and Savannah and Atlanta, Ga.

TURKEY TROT IS A WINNER FOR ANDREW'S PLACE

On the first free Tuesday afternoon after the sports seasons were complete, what were St. Andrew's students and faculty doing? Loafing, resting on the laurels of a superb athletic season?

No. Many of them participated in the 3K St. Andrew's Turkey Trot sponsored by the St. Andrew's Student Vestry. On a bright and sunny November afternoon, the Turkey Trot was revived to raise money for Andrew's Place, a soup kitchen for disadvantaged people in Wilmington.

"It was a lot better than we expected," Vestry Treasurer Emily Caruthers '98 said. "Over 200 people participated,
and there was good music at the finish line. The whole thing was really spirited.”

A turkey dinner prepared by Louise Howlett and Lindsay Brown was the prize for first place male and female students. The winners were Nils Schallner '99 and Ann Woods '01. First place faculty members, Ian MacNairn and Donna Speers, each received a fresh turkey for their efforts. Many other faculty members hobbled and gobbled across the line as well.

A special incentive was provided by the relay team of Mr. Roach, Mr. Sturtevant and Mr. Speers. For each student who beat the team, an extra dollar was donated. Thirty swift St. Andreans crossed the line in front of the venerable group to raise an extra $30 for Andrew's Place.

Over $600 was collected, and ARAMARK concluded the festivities by serving a turkey dinner that night.

STUDENTS PASS THE GAVEL AT YALE MODEL CONGRESS

Twenty-two St. Andrew's students traveled to New Haven, Conn. in November to take part in the Yale Model Congress, and two earned Honorable Mention for their participation.

Mike Evans '98 and Jessica Dillon '01 received Honorable Mention Awards at the annual event which is run by Yale University students. High schoolers from around the country meet in committees of 15-20, learn parliamentary procedure and write bills.

According to advisors Brad Bates and Mike Hyde, the discussions were intense.

"It was exhausting. The kids did a lot of work," Bates said. "The debates were incredibly meaningful. Topics such as same-sex marriages and environmental issues were introduced."

Of the 22 different committees that St. Andreans were on, 14 had bills that passed committees. Mike Evans' medical ethics standards bill passed the Senate, but the weekend was over before his bill had a chance to be signed into law. He found people in his committee serious about work.

"There were several people opposed to others in the group. They weren't very well liked by the end of the weekend," Mike said. "I think I brought people together when we needed to get things done."

Jessica Dillon made a conscious effort to be involved.

"I talked every chance I could," the Third Former from San Francisco said. "I went back to the hotel and researched other people's bills to have arguments to bring up the next day."

FIRST GRADUATE SCHOLARSHIP CREATED BY TOWNSEND

In honor of her husband Francis J. Townsend, Jr., MD '34, Lillian Townsend has created the First Graduate Scholarship for students from the Eastern Shore of Maryland. A loyal steward of the School, Frank Townsend received the first-ever St. Andrew's diploma in May, 1934.

"For years I thought Frank was the first because of his brilliant academic career," said Lil Townsend. "It wasn't until years later that I learned that it was because Mrs. Pell had picked his name out of a hat!"

Of course, Dr. Townsend was also a good student. Mrs. Townsend presented Tad Roach with 1492 shares of Mercantile Bankshares Corp. at the reception for Mr. Roach in December at the Merry Sherwood Plantation in Berlin, Md.

"St. Andrew's has a long history of strong students from Maryland's Eastern Shore—and a deep commitment to need blind admission," Roach said. "It is very gratifying to see these two foundations of the School supported—especially by someone who has watched St. Andrew's throughout its entire history."

"The Townsend gift represents a touchstone affirmation that a student may come to St. Andrew's by virtue solely of his or her academic qualifications and good character. Establishing a scholarship of this magnitude is one of the greatest gifts a person can make for the gift will literally transform the life of a deserving student," Roach said.
Mini-exhibitions reinvigorate teaching

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S A SENIOR IN COLLEGE, I remember talking to a woman who had been an English teacher at Miss Porter’s for 25 years; she told me that I would never like correcting papers. I remember being confused by her statement, but by the next fall, I fully understood.

It is not so much the act of correcting papers—for in fact, often students present in their papers original and exciting readings of texts which are interesting and provocative—but the frustration of making the same corrections on the same papers over and over again, of writing long comments which may or may not be read, let alone understood, of not really knowing if the student will respond to your critique in a constructive way, of being completely detached from the student at a critical point in the learning process. I have tried many strategies to close this gap, to find some assurance that the process is working. But I have never experienced so much satisfaction as this fall when Monica Matouk and I combined our classes for what we called mini-exhibitions.

An exhibition is a way for students to demonstrate their abilities by orally defending, discussing and developing their ideas. The English Department has been doing mini-exhibitions for the past few years to help prepare the students for their senior English exhibition. After dividing our classes into groups of three, we ask students to consider the papers’ thesis, evaluate the quality of the argument, and explore ways to improve or refine the argument. We also encourage the students to engage in a rigorous discussion during the exhibition, an exploration of ideas, a collaborative approach to improve and refine the papers’ arguments.

I have tried this instruction in different ways for many years, but this fall, I could actually see the students experiencing epiphanies; I heard them articulate their understanding clearly and logically. And this is really the key to the process: students must come to the recognitions themselves. I must question them in a way which allows them to articulate their strengths and weaknesses as writers and thinkers. It makes me, as a teacher, accountable for explaining my criticisms, my suggestions clearly and thoroughly, for making sure that my comments are not vague. In turn, the students often make teachers see the works of literature in new, dynamic ways; because of the intimate setting, the conversations are more in depth than a larger class discussion. Paper correcting becomes a dialogue, rather than a process which separates students from their teacher.

Each group of three acquires a slightly different dynamic which makes the process challenging and interesting. One student suddenly understands the flaws in her King Lear paper and beautifully articulates what she needs to do to synthesize her argument.

Two boys engage in an intense intellectual conversation about the complexities of a husband-wife relationship in Irving Layton’s “Berry Picking,” each building on the other’s ideas with excitement and illumination. Three girls make the exhibition entirely their own by discussing Sylvia Plath’s “Tulips” so intelligently and with so much sophistication that Monica and I simply listen and learn in amazement. One boy relentlessly pushes two other boys on the weaknesses in their arguments until they begin to see more clearly the flaws in their logic. One boy is frustrated about his paper but determined never to be exposed like that again; the same boy prepares thoroughly and relentlessly for his next exhibition and critiques his and his peers’ papers on The Sound and the Fury with enthusiasm and poise. A girl, upset when she recognizes that she does not have an argument at the beginning of her paper, is excited to discover her main idea in her final paragraph. All these moments—whether exhilarating or frustrating or upsetting—are intense, and it is precisely this intensity which makes the learning so tremendous. Each student walks away from the exhibition having learned something fundamental about writing and thinking. Certainly, exhibitions force students to think critically about their own writing no matter how strong or weak the paper.

This process is not always fun, not always enjoyable, but it is certainly satisfying and even exhilarating because of the learning which results from putting yourself entirely on the line in front of both your peers and your teachers. In any kind of performance—athletic or artistic—the most fulfilling moments occur when you risk, give yourself entirely to the performance, expose yourself, push yourself. It is a bit painful, a bit uncomfortable, a bit scary, but the result is usually a heightened sense of your potential. And because paper correcting is dynamic and collaborative, I too feel that I am getting closer to my potential as an English teacher.

—Elizabeth Roach

Elizabeth Roach works with a student on a mini-exhibition.
Physics teacher concludes fall term

One of the most surprising things about teaching at St. Andrew's for Physics teacher David Onn was being able to recognize students by their voices.

If he was asked a question as he wrote on the board in his Physics Honors class, he could finish what he was writing, turn and answer the student directly.

Accustomed to years of teaching University of Delaware physics lecture classes of over 150 students, Onn was surprised to find how quickly and personally he got to know the St. Andrew's students.

On loan from the University for the fall term as an interim replacement for Tom Odden, Onn finished his work with the Physics Honors class at St. Andrew's at Christmas. Professor Onn has a sabbatical this spring from the National Science Foundation software package for physics classes at St. Andrew's.

"I've really enjoyed working here," Onn said. "There are a lot of things I'm interested in doing."

And he has done a lot. He was a guest in Terence Gilheany's Religious Studies class, lecturing on the Philosophy of Science.

"The University is so big that my daily contact with people is almost entirely with physicists," Onn said. "St. Andrew's is a diverse environment that I really enjoy."

Onn said he learned valuable lessons at St. Andrew's.

"I was in a big-class teaching mode. I had lost the feeling of how to work with smaller classes," he said. "Having worked with smaller groups will bring benefits to my larger classes."

Onn sees challenges for high school students when they go to colleges and universities. Adapting to larger classes, communicating almost solely electronically with teachers, and adjusting to a higher pace of work will challenge students at the next academic level.

But the St. Andrew's students bring important abilities to their university experiences.

"St. Andrew's students do have a great advantage in communication skills, written and oral," Onn said. "These are already much stronger than many college students."

Teaching at St. Andrew's has been so positive for Onn that he thinks others from the University will want to teach here in the future.

"There ought to be a stronger interaction between St. Andrew's and the University of Delaware," he said. "These are two institutions that are good examples of their kind. If something comes up in the future, I would be very happy to return to St. Andrew's."

ROB CARTER: HE LOVED ST. ANDREW'S

By Tod Roach

It is an honor for me to say a few words about Rob Carter this afternoon. The news of his death was a devastating blow to our School—to our faculty, staff, student body and Trustees—for Rob's life, Rob's personality, Rob's leadership, Rob's expertise made a distinctive difference to St. Andrew's.

As we have come to accept the reality of his passing, our thoughts and prayers are directed to Carla, her children and Rob's extended family. And our thoughts have turned from grieving to a sense of gratitude, a sense of appreciation that we knew Rob in this life.

Rob arrived at St. Andrew's six years ago. Within a matter of months, Business Manager Elliott McBride understood that Rob possessed remarkable abilities with all kinds of mechanical chores. One example is typical: After a series of days when the School's phones were malfunctioning and the phone company could not seem to solve the problem, Rob lost his patience, opened a phone box along the road outside the School campus, and promptly fixed the problem.

Just last year, in recognition of his great talents, skills and leadership ability, Rob was appointed Director of St. Andrew's Physical Plant. This was a complex, difficult and challenging position for a young man of 34. Many of the members of Rob's staff were older than he, and many had worked at St. Andrew's for most of their careers. Naturally, many wondered whether this new young man was up to the task.

He was. With a sense of humanity, a sense of collegiality and collaboration, and a sense of excellence, Rob led his program brilliantly. Our staff responded to his leadership with great excitement, inspiration and diligence. Our campus has never looked better.

I treasured Rob's presence at St. Andrew's more for his gentle smile, quiet sense of humor, and humility than any other virtues. It was my deepest hope that he and I would be able to work together at St. Andrew's for many years to come, for both of us inherited jobs as relatively young men last year.

Above all, Rob loved his family. His commitment and dedication to St. Andrew's was in large degree inspired by his desire to provide for his beautiful family. He was, as Pete Connolly said, "a wonderful family man." He cared deeply about providing for his children and specifically about providing them with a good education.

All of us at St. Andrew's loved Rob Carter. Let us aspire to lead our lives with the same qualities of warmth, humanity and dedication that he possessed. We direct our prayers and express our love to Carla and her three children. Please know that you will always be part of the St. Andrew's family.

Editor's Note—Rob Carter was the Director of the Physical Plant. His death on November 19, 1997 stunned the staff, faculty and students. Tad Roach spoke at his funeral service and made these remarks. The Board of Trustees have established an educational fund for Rob and Carla's three children. Contributions are welcome. See obituary on page 42.

ST. ANDREW'S MAGAZINE 7
Boarding Schools: Two Views

By Daniel T. Roach, Jr.

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VER THE LAST YEAR, there have been two items exploring current issues in boarding school education. One was an article published in The American Scholar last fall. The writer was David Hicks, former Rector at St. Paul's School. The other piece was a speech delivered by Rick Hawley, Headmaster of University School in Cleveland, Ohio. Both articles describe a crisis for the American boarding school, a crisis in admissions, a crisis in academics, a crisis in student life, and a crisis involving the mission and purpose of such schools.

Hicks notes:
1. Parents fear that boarding schools have lost the ability to handle the hidden culture of alcohol/drug use, bullying and sexual activity on campus.
2. Parents have begun to ask why they should invest $20,000 for a residential school when the private day school near home has a tuition of $10,000-$12,000.
3. Boarding schools no longer seek to develop leaders in the world of government, business and other professions.
4. Boarding schools no longer teach in distinctively innovative ways.
5. Boarding schools no longer protect students from the power and lure of the public culture; therefore, students at boarding schools do not gain refuge from the culture—they become even more immersed in it.
6. Many boarding schools have become day-boarding hybrids; such schools empty on weekends—chapel, Saturday classes, weekend activities have disappeared.
7. In their rush to market themselves and fill beds, boarding schools have sold themselves as places designed not for education, for strenuous effort, but as places of fun, enjoyment and diversion.
8. Boarding schools no longer celebrate their heroes, their traditions; they no longer react to behavior that is inappropriate.
9. Boarding schools have placed more emphasis on students' need for self-esteem and counseling than on values like hard work, perseverance, effort and dedication.

Hawley delivered his remarks on boarding schools last April. He argues that the excesses of the 1960s and 1970s led boarding schools to submit to a new permissiveness on campuses. Gone, argued Hawley, were the old expectations about:

...scholastically demanding, rigorously graded courses, Saturday classes, required athletics every season, required religious observances, special expectations of conduct and dress, common meals taken family style, supervised study periods, student lights out, and curfews.

In their place, Hawley describes a new era in independent education, the era of the school as an institution dedicated to a pleasing, amenable education for its customer, the parent and child. The school no longer sets a clear, coherent direction. Instead, in Hawley's words, "we take whatever children we can and prepare them for whatever might come up." It is the "niceness" of these schools, their willingness to please that removes the edge, the tone of rigor, high expectations and energy great schools embody each year.

Hawley concludes his article with an account of one boy's visit to several well established New England boarding schools last year. To the father and son's surprise, the boy went through several interviews in which he, the candidate, was asked to tell very little about himself or his experiences. Instead, the admissions office extolled the virtues of the campus, the facilities.

The 14-year-old boy toured student canteens and game rooms rigged out in multiple tiers as in a ski lodge. An enthusiastic hockey player, he was shown around elaborate new rink complexes, and, at two different schools, was shown multi-million dollaratoriums and attached fitness centers, each of which was touted as the finest in New England.

In his article, Hawley notes:

But in my heart, I know that St. Andrew's is not about marketing; St. Andrew's is not about facilities; St. Andrew's, unlike so many schools described by Hicks and Hawley, has a soul, a vision, a mission and a purpose that is one of humanity and opportunity.

Our religious foundation reminds us that our greatest goal as a school is to prepare students to live lives of compassion, charity and service—our religious foundation compels us to place teaching for character, teaching for integrity, teaching for justice at the very heart of our work each day. Tony Jarvis, Head of Roxbury Latin School, phrased this idea well when he said: "the great school understands that it has a great mission: it exists principally to prepare students for life."

The essential quality of St. Andrew's remains that of a teacher and student working together in intimate settings, close enough to meet and confer morning, noon and night. Our teachers must be inspirational enough to make learning in a classroom, living in a dorm, playing on a team, singing in the choir, performing in a concert or play, a turning point not only in the student's St. Andrew's career, but in the student's life itself. It is crucial therefore that St. Andrew's remain small, all boarding, with teachers and students living together in a community that gathers regularly in our Chapel, theater and dining room. It is crucial, too, that St. Andrew's remain a school of opportunity, where middle class students, where lower class students find educational resources that enable them to head into exciting new collegiate and professional directions.

When school size, a commitment to a complete boarding school experience and a residential faculty combine, a distinctive level of education takes the facilities. They seemed like spas."

It is easy to become caught up in the facility game. As the world of admissions becomes more and more a world of marketing and establishing superficial impressions, gleaming new facilities can win the hearts of the 12-13-year-old candidate who hears grown men and women plead for his/her attention and favor.

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It is easy to become caught up in the facility game. As the world of admissions becomes more and more a world of marketing and establishing superficial impressions, gleaming new facilities can win the hearts of the 12-13-year-old candidate who hears grown men and women plead for his/her attention and favor.
place, one that is remarkably different from the day school model or the large boarding school model. If we continue to seek to reach the true potential of such a school as this, we can become the boarding school equivalent of the very best small liberal arts colleges in the country. For in developing a faculty passionate about and committed to their fields, dedicated to the unique combination of excellent teaching and dynamic advising and parenting, we will create a school that, in the end, markets itself. The work our students produce, the lives they lead here and in their collegiate and adult careers will speak for themselves.

Small boarding schools that consist of faculties that understand the importance of innovative teaching and good parenting should flourish in the world of 21st Century America. Students in this era need a refuge from the onslaught of a media culture that seems determined to reduce them to a mindless passivity, pursuit of materialism, selfishness and superficiality. Students in this era need good parenting; as two person working households continue to grow, as families move more and more rapidly from one place to another, as families wrestle with separations, divorces and conflicts, students need opportunities for friendships with peers, opportunities for real relationships with adults, community service, old fashioned amusements like playing catch or touch football, paddling a canoe, taking a hike in the woods. Students need the structure and stability of communities that expect the best from them—their best efforts in school, citizenship, the arts, athletics and community service. Students need to learn about heroism, about service, about humility, about courage, dignity, honor and grace under pressure.

Students need, too, the opportunity to reflect on the eternal questions of life and death. They need to learn how religion can help them to understand their lives in a wider context. They need a sense of the divine, the transcendent. They need a sense of perspective, a sense of direction, of hope, of purpose.

I believe this generation of students needs to be encouraged to become more resilient, more enduring in the face of hardships and disappointments. An educational consultant I know well recently convened a meeting between boarding school teachers and directors of admissions from three prestigious colleges. After hearing complaints from the college counselors, one director of admission described his feelings in roughly the following way. We are not particularly impressed with your kids. They are not intellectually curious, tenacious, creative or resourceful. We are interested in students who have these characteristics. If you show us that your students have such qualities, we will gladly take each of them.

"I have explicitly challenged our students this year to work deliberately on their own capacities for endurance, resilience and stamina."

Tad Roach
Headmaster

Just last week, an old friend told me of a conversation she had just had with a long standing headmaster of a New England boarding school. "How have things changed in your career as an educator?", my friend wanted to know. The headmaster said parents and students had changed. They no longer seemed able to accept frustration, disappointment or failure at any level. If a child struggled in a class, it was the teacher’s fault. If a child did not make a team, it was the coach's fault. If a child broke a major rule, the child and parent blamed everyone but the student.

I have explicitly challenged our students this year to work deliberately on their own capacities for endurance, resilience and stamina. They need to learn how to react to adversity, how to rise to the challenge of a demanding class, rehearsal, practice or situation. As a caring, compassionate school and faculty, we have to be careful not to jump too quickly to their rescue, to their defense.

Mr. Hicks and Mr. Hawley at times seem to yearn for a return to the spartan simplicity of the old boarding school model, the one described so well by Bill Cameron in Headmaster Pell's history of the School: cold, dark corridors, cubicles, questionable food, senior power, authority and hazing. I prefer the enlightened world of coeducation, of the kind of warm relationships that characterize the faculty-student relationships of today. But whenever we become concerned with the market, with the superficiality of much of the boarding school business of today, we need only to read the graceful clarity and simplicity of A. Felix duPont's words written in 1929:

The purpose of St. Andrew's School is to provide secondary education of a definitely Christian character at a minimum cost consistent with modern equipment and highest standards.

St. Andrew's stands for a commitment to living lives of charity, service, compassion, empathy, humility and honor. May these be the hallmarks of the School we celebrate tonight and in the future.

Editor's Note—These remarks were delivered by Headmaster Daniel T. Roach, Jr. to the Founders' Forum on September 20, 1997.
The football team started out the season undefeated in its first three games. And then injuries came. Quarterback Geoff DeWire ’98 (broken leg), and halfbacks Paul Burnette ’98 (knee) and Frank Reynolds ’98 (concussion) were all lost at some point in the season.

In the first four games of the season, the Saints scored 60 points. In the last four, crippled with injuries, they managed only 15, scoring no points in the last two games.


But this team never quit, and finished with a 4-4 record. With opening wins over The George School, Princeton Day School and West Nottingham Academy, the Saints were on the march.

“This was a great group of seniors. They never gave up despite the adversity they faced,” Coach Hyde said. “They showed great leadership considering the circumstances.”

The Saints got their first Conference win since 1991 when they edged Tower Hill on Parents Weekend, 3-0. A field goal by Jamie Granum ’98 and a strong defensive stand in the second half keyed the victory.

Against Friends, the Saints were tied 12-12 in the fourth quarter when a tipped pass was caught for a touchdown. The Saints lost 20-12.

Three players were named First Team All-Conference: Chuck Johnson ’98, Frank Reynolds ’98 and Geoff DeWire ’98. The Saints had four other players named to the Honorable Mention All-Conference Team: Sam Cox ’98, Austin Middleton ’98, Paul Burnette ’98 and Jonathan Downs ’99.

FIELD HOCKEY HAS RECORD-SETTING SEASON

The field hockey team made the only mark on Tower Hill’s championship season. Tower Hill went undefeated, winning the state title against William Penn. But it was St. Andrew’s who tied the Hillers in September, 1-1, and then pushed Tower Hill to the brink in a thrilling 1-0 state tournament quarterfinal game.

“In that tournament game, we prepared a special strategy for them,” Coach Mel Bride said. “We moved Anne Close, to defense, marked their two best players and built an offense around Heidi Pearce.”

Along the way, St. Andrew’s went 11-6-1, setting a School record for the number of wins and number of goals (48) in a season.

One of the highlights of the season was the 3-1 victory over Ursuline Academy in a first-round state tournament.
game played at St. Andrew's.

"The kids were really fired up, but remained poised," Coach Bride said. "We thought with the whole school watching we might have trouble, but the kids were focused."

The Saints had lost to Ursuline earlier in the year, 4-1, and had revenge on their minds. Goals were scored by Robin Juliano '99, Heidi Pearce '00 and Clay Farland '00, but the most valuable player was goalie Julie Teach '00 who made 14 critical saves.

Throughout the season, senior captain Anne Close '98 led the team in all aspects.

"On the field, she had speed, strength, tremendous field coverage and great stick work," Coach Bride said. "Off the field, she was by far the best captain I've ever had. She stepped into the role of the only returning senior with authority and led the team from day one."

Anne was one of the team's scoring leaders with eight goals and one assist from her midfield position. Heidi Pearce lead the team with 14 goals and eight assists, and Robin Juliano contributed 11 goals and three assists.

The Saints were anchored on defense by Julie Teach. The sophomore goalie recorded 140 saves and had only 24 goals against. Five times she shut out the opposing team.

The Most Valuable Player Award went to Anne Close, with Julie Teach receiving the Most Improved Player Award. Heidi Pearce was honored with the newly created Most Dynamic Player Award.

**GIRLS' SOCCER SETS MULTIPLE RECORDS**

At the end of last year's girls' soccer season, Head Coach Bobby Rue went to Girls' Athletic Director Gail LeBlanc and asked her for the toughest schedule she could get. Coming off a 9-1-1 season, Rue knew that the 1997 girls' soccer team would be something special.

The team finished 10-2-1, breaking the record for number of wins while beating two teams they had never beaten before: Unionville and Severn.

Because St. Andrew's girls play soccer in the fall and the rest of Delaware girls play in the spring, the team had to challenge itself with no Conference or state tournament to strive toward.

"We have the type of team where every starter could be All-Conference," Rue said. "Six or seven of the players would definitely be All-State caliber."

P.J. Bugg '98 led the team in scoring with a record-setting 11 goals. Beth Calder '98 scored nine goals, and Penn Graves '98 had 10 assists from her center midfield position. The goalies, Rains Paden '98 and Susan Clarkson '00, recorded 10 shutouts and had only given up three goals from field play going into the final game. Anne Willis '98 anchored the defense, often shutting down the opponents' best player.

With ten seniors, the team was dedicated to being the best.

"They were tough on the field. They did everything I asked them to do," he said. "They were relentless in every situation they needed to be."

Penn and Beth were given the Lasting Contribution to St. Andrew's Women's Soccer Award.

"They are both great players because they dedicated themselves as soccer players throughout the year," Rue said. "They were great captains. The kids couldn't have respected them more."

**BOYS' CROSS-COUNTRY FINISHES 6TH IN STATE**

Morgan Scoville '00 and Ben Harrington '99 both finished in the top ten in the State cross-country meet at White Clay Creek State Park to lead the Saints to a sixth place finish out of 20 Division II schools.

Ben, who received the team's Most Improved Runner award, busted out of a pack of runners with an excellent second half of the race.

"Ben was running in a big mob and could have finished 15th or 20th," Coach Lindsay Brown said. "He passed a lot of runners with more experience. He showed great determination and toughness."

Coach Brown said that Ben was pushed all season by Morgan.

"Morgan raised the level of competition and Ben responded," Brown said. "In most years, Ben would be a very good No. 1 runner. We just happen to have an exceptional No. 1 runner in Morgan."

The season was highlighted by a second place finish in the Conference. Morgan was named Second Team All-State.

"We had fine individual efforts and good team scoring," Brown said. "We should be strong next year with so many returning runners."

The Saints graduate Mike Evans '98, Casey Choepke '98 and captain Jamie Carrington '98.

**GIRLS' CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM PLACES THIRD IN STATE**

After winning the DISC title at the end of October, the girls' cross-country team had one more hill to climb: they had to prove themselves in the State meet.

They did just that by running as a team, something they had done all season long. For their efforts they finished third in Division II. It was the best finish ever in a State meet by an SAS girls' cross-country team.

"This is the best we've ever done in a single season," Coach Terence Gilheany said. "The key to our success is the positive, energetic attitude of the girls. We have a good time.
and that helps us go fast.”

St. Andrew’s finished third as No. 1 runner Meaghan Keeley ’99 finished 18th out of 120 runners. She had set the St. Andrew’s Invitational course record on Parents Weekend and led the team into the state meet.

“Plenty of teams had their top two runners above Meaghan, but our team was fast throughout,” Gilheany said. “Our fast pack made the difference. There was no weak link on the varsity squad.”

Health was top priority to the team. Many practices were not running practices. The team exercised in the pool, rode bikes and got nutrition information from Assistant Coach Lisa Bates.

Gilheany also praised his seniors for providing leadership. Sophie Stenbeck ’98, Emily Caruthers ’98 and new senior recruit Barclay Satterfield ’98 led a team that performed and improved steadily throughout the year.

**BOYS’ SOCCER CHASED CONFERENCE TITLE**

The boys’ soccer team sought their fourth straight Conference title and a trip to the State tournament, but wound up falling just short.

“Having graduated every starting player from last year’s team, I thought we had little hope of competing for the Conference title,” Coach John Austin said. “We were in the hunt for the title and a tournament berth until the final game of the season.”

Michael Cordeiro ’98 led the team and the Conference in scoring with 12 goals. Two of the season’s most important came off Michael’s foot in the 2-0 win over Tower Hill on Parents Weekend. The Hillers were then ranked No. 7 in the State and had handed the Saints their first Conference loss in three years earlier in the season.

“Michael only had four games under his belt coming into this season because of debilitating injuries,” Austin said. “To my mind, he was the dominant player in the Conference.”

In the final game, St. Andrew’s faced top ranked Salesianum School. Michael Harney ’98 started in goal and kept the Saints in the game with several spectacular saves. Late in the second half, Salesianum scored a goal on a deflection and won, 1-0.

Cordeiro was named First Team All-Conference and First Team All-State. Sweeper Whitt Hance ’99 was also First Team All-Conference and Third Team All-State. Joining Michael and Whitt on the All-Conference team were Dan Mones ’99 and Jonathan Marvel ’00.

The Saints placed five players on the Second Team All-Conference. They were goalie Andrew DeSalvo ’00, Emmett Lynskey ’98, Andrew Meeks ’00, Luke Baer ’98 and Jeff Rosenthal ’99.

**VOLLEYBALL TEAM BUILDS ON VICTORIES**

Starting the season with a new coach, some new players and coming off a 1-12 season, the volleyball team had nowhere to go but up.

With wins over Middletown and Westtown, and a strong showing against Sanford, the girls ended the season 3-12.

Coach Mai Mok spent the early part of the season getting used to the team as the players adjusted to her style. A varsity volleyball player at Yale, Ms. Mok brought real volleyball experience and an enthusiastic dedication to the game.

“Once we got used to each other, we concentrated on technique,” Mok said. “Because they had the athletic ability they picked up the basic techniques quickly. Then we started working on strategic aspects of the game.”

One of the highlights of the season was the win over Westtown.

“It was nice to win at home,” Mok said. “The girls felt like they could show people that they had ability and were good.”

Another highlight was the Sanford match. Although the girls didn’t win, they challenged the top Conference team.

“Sanford is an excellent team and we gave them a run for their money,” Mok said. “The girls gained confidence that they can give the best team in the league a really good game.”

The Most Valuable Player Award went to Caylei Fujas ’99 and the Coach’s Award was given to sisters, Anne and Angela Caswell ’99. Lorinda Laryea ’00 was selected for the Most Improved Player Award.

Senior captain Tucker Ballard ’98 also got praise from Coach Mok.

“Her is always a conscientious player, student and person,” Mok said. “If I wasn’t getting through to the team, she could translate.”
ALUMNI NEWS

JAMES M. PERRY HONORED FOR LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT

James M. Perry '46 was honored by the National Press Club with its 1997 Fourth Estate Award for lifetime achievement in journalism on October 30, 1997. Perry, a senior special writer in the Washington Bureau of the Wall Street Journal, has been covering national politics with the Bureau since 1977.

“The selection committee called Jim Perry a towering figure of political reporting,” said Richard Sammon, President of the National Press Club, “and one who richly deserves such an award.”

Perry is renowned for furthering the careers of journalists who have crossed his path and is among those who helped invent the political-writing beat. He was with President John Kennedy’s entourage when he was assassinated in Dallas and later traveled with Lyndon Johnson to Vietnam.


ST. ANDREANS FLOCK TO THE HEAD OF THE CHARLES

The 1997 Head-of-the-Charles Regatta in Boston was the biggest (5,600 competitors from all over the globe) in the Regatta’s history. Already the largest crew regatta in the world, this year’s HOCHR, which was extended to two days, ranks as the densest concentration of oared vessels since the Battle of Salamis. Plenty of St. Andreans were on hand at Magazine Beach and along the course as participants and spectators. Among those seen were Steve Billhardt ’83, Rob Colburn ’80, Alexandra Cox ’97, Megan Doherty ’97, Veronica Erard ’97, Liz Ferrell ’97, Holly “Intensity” Fling ’97, Morgan “Awesome” Foster ’97, Logan “I Want To Cox a Resolute” Greenlee ’97, George Hutton ’97, Carey Koppenhaver ’90, Jonathan “Officially Starboard” Moneta ’97, Elizabeth O’Brien ’84, Stuyvie Pell, Will “Straight Course” Porter ’96, Natalie Reese ’97, Betsy Rivinus ’93, Kerry Rohrer ’91, Simon Saddleton ’97, John Schoonover ’63, Dominic Settle rle ’94, Tom “Let’s Get Some More Powerbar Samples” Stephens ’97, Katie Thomson ’97, Dillon Twombly ’96, Andy Washburn ’71, Lindsey Willis ’96, Dan Wolf ’96 and Michael Zimmer ’84. (Our apologies to anyone who was there and whom we didn’t list.)

The St. Andreans who raced turned in some impressive performances. Among the standouts: Katie Thomson took a gold for Princeton’s Youth Four. Morgan Foster took silver for Brown and Holly Fling took a 4th for Radcliffe in the Youth Eights. Stuyvie Pell took 4th in the Veteran Sculls. Dominic Settle rle, rowing for the Hanover Correctional Facility Crew (a.k.a Dartmouth College), took 5th in the Champ Four race.

Congratulations!

PETER MEGARGEE BROWN PUBLISHES NEW BOOK


This fascinating book explores one of our deepest desires: To find in this tumultuous world—Where to live? and How to live?

In 40 provocative essays Peter Megargee Brown takes us on a search for the ideal location to live in beauty, safety, health and civility. He experiences firsthand the Mega-Cities, sprawling Suburbia and enduring Villages, sifting with telling penetration for suitability, security and vital happiness. How can we discover our own spirit of place?

With both originality and insight, the author shows how most cities of the world are increasingly breaching the ancient social contract that assures citizens personal security and a human-scale environment essential for our basic biological and environmental fulfillment.

In a virtuoso six-year study of human habitation since the beginning of history (from trees to skyscrapers), Brown contends with humor and perspective, that the place to be and live is ultimately the Village, whether here or abroad.

The author paints a persuasive and colorful picture of how order, natural beauty and love can best be found and enjoyed in the Village. This invitation to live in our own Village becomes an intriguing challenge in trying times.

(Reprinted from book jacket.)

ALUMNI AUTHORS CALLED TO CONTRIBUTE THEIR WORK

The Alumni/Faculty Shelf has proved to be a handsome addition provided by an anonymous donor to the renovated Irene duPont Library. The shelf already contains a collection of works produced by St. Andreans. If you find someone conspicuously missing from the following list of authors, please let the Development Office know:

Amos, William H. (Faculty)
Atalay, Bulent ’58
Baum, Chester ’36
Brown, Peter Megargee ’40
de Branges, Louis ’49
DeSalvo, David (Faculty)
Felker, Stanley ’35
Foster, Roy ’67
Harned, Joseph ’57
Horan, Hume ’57
Kemer, Eric (Faculty)
Kuhlwein, Kevin ’79
Naifeh, Steven ’70
Pell, Walden (Faculty)
Seabrook, John ’76
Speakman, Walter ’38
Tolson, Jay ’67
van Valkenburgh, Holland ’59
Varnedoe, Kirk ’63
Whyte, W. Hollingsworth ’35

GET CONNECTED

If you would like to connect with SAS alumni on the Internet, please check the SAS web site for e-mail addresses, which are updated on a regular basis.

Following this issue, e-mail addresses will not be published for alumni in the Class Notes Section of the Magazine. So, please make sure to contact the Alumni Office to have your e-mail address listed.

SAS Web Address: www.dca.net/~sas
User Name: sas
Password: grad

REUNION 1998—JUNE 5-7
Register early on-line!

ST. ANDREW’S MAGAZINE 13
The city of San Carlos de Bariloche shines in the Patagonian sun. In the foreground is Lake Nahuel Huapi.

A museum curator and scientist found how much Patagonia was like his Vermont home.

March 30, 1997—After two and a half days, five flights, and nearly 15,000 kilometers, my Aerolíneas Boeing 727 banked to the right, and I was finally able to see my destination and home for the next six weeks—San Carlos de Bariloche, a city of nearly 100,000 nestled along lake Nahuel Huapi in the foothills of the Patagonian Andes in southern Argentina. Although my trip was only now officially beginning, nearly three years of planning, plus a lifetime of travel preparedness, had gotten me to this point.

Subsequent to my graduation from St. Andrew's School in 1974, my academic and professional interests in science, and particularly tropical ecology, have taken me repeatedly to Latin America. I never really considered any other option than a career in the biological sciences, due both to my dad's influence (former SAS science teacher, Bill Amos), and the instruction and support given me by my advisor/mentor Dr. James Barrow at Hiram College in Ohio. But little then did I recognize how much I was prepared by teacher Peter...
Discovered

Seyffert’s patient ministrations during my four years of Spanish at SAS. Weekly Spanish vocab tests and the menial conjugation of verbs did have their payback!

In the winter of 1995 the Fairbanks (Vermont) Museum and Planetarium received word that it had been selected to participate in the International Partnerships Among Museums (IPAM) program of the American Association of Museums. IPAM was founded to foster training/mentoring programs between U.S. museums and foreign partners. Our partner was El Museo de la Patagonia, located in San Carlos de Bariloche. Geographically situated at nearly the same longitude and latitude as Vermont only in the Southern Hemisphere, with a collection of ethnographic, historical, and natural science collections mirroring our own, and with specific interests in education and natural history dioramas, it was uncanny how close our match was with this museum.

My specific goals for this partnership were to advance the knowledge of the Fairbanks Museum’s foreign bird collections from this region and develop a curriculum on the cold-climate regions of the Americas to be offered to Vermont’s elementary schools.

In contrast to the Spanish influence of much of the rest of Latin America with which I was so familiar, blue-eyed, blond-haired, and fair-skinned people of German, Italian and Swiss descent greeted my arrival in Bariloche. Nonetheless, I was completely immersed into Argentine culture, with not a word of English to be spoken anywhere.

My partner for the exchange, Claudio Tam Muro, is a second generation Argentine and a transplanted porteño—what many Argentines call natives of Buenos Aires. Tam is the Curator for El Museo de la Patagonia and an artist and architect by training. He was interested in the IPAM partnership due to the possibility of seeing American museum exhibition techniques, but more importantly, to receive some training in the fabrication of dioramas, or animals shown under lifelike circumstances in their natural habitats. His visit to New England prior to my trip had accomplished much of what he had hoped.

Tam’s Museum is administered by Parque Nacional Nahuel Huapi, named after the lake which is only steps from the Museum’s doorway. Nahuel Huapi means “big lake” in the language of the indigenous people of the region, the Mapuche. Through its collections and exhibits, the Museum was established in 1934 to interpret the nature and ecology of the park, the largest in the system of nearly 30 Parques Nacionales de Argentina.

Parque Nacional Nahuel Huapi contained an incredible diversity of habitat, perfect for my needs in studying the diverse avifauna of the region and preparing my education curriculum. The park is huge—one of the largest in the Argentine system. It was founded by Francisco “Perito” Moreno in 1934 as the crowning jewel of a future parks system modeled on that of the United States. The Museum displays an old newspaper caricature of Moreno striding across the Patagonian steppe with a Teddy Roosevelt doll clutching a teddy bear in his other (Roosevelt founded the U.S. National Parks system only a decade or so previously).

Over 1,080,000 hectares are included in Parque Nacional Nahuel Huapi today, ranging from blustery, dry Patagonian steppe, through a transition agricultural zone into forests of cipres (cedar) and evergreen and deciduous species of Nothofagus, or false-beech trees. Above this zone is the altiplano, or high plateau alpine community, and finally the jagged peaks of the Andes, including the glacial-capped Cerro Tronador. Within this varied habitat lie Lago Nahuel Huapi,
600,000 hectares in size, numerous other smaller lakes and hundreds of rivers and streams.

There are a multitude of endemic species of animals and plants in the park, including the
pudu, an extremely rare house cat-sized deer, the notro, a vine capable of flowering even in winter, and los arrayanes, peculiar trees with orange, felt-like bark thought to be the artistic origin for the forests in Walt Disney’s movie, Bambi. Other habitat specialists found here include the torrent duck (my all-time favorite bird), Andean condors, imperial cormorants, buff-necked ibises, the ostrich-like lesser rhea, wild guanacos (ancestors of the domestic llama), gato montés or Geoffrey’s cat, the green-backed firecrown (a non-migrating hummingbird which remains in the area even in winter because of the flowering notro), pygmy marsupials and many counterparts to an ecological system quite familiar to those of us living in the eastern U.S. and particularly New England.

Over the course of the first three weeks, I traveled extensively through the Park by auto, bus, boat and by foot as an official guest, studying and photographing each ecological zone and its peculiar flora and fauna. Of particular interest was how the process of convergent evolution—geographically separated and unrelated species taking on the same roles in similar habitats—had played out here. A species of hawk, the chimango, had replaced the common crow as scavenger and carrion eater. A species of giant grebe or maca, had replaced the loon on the lakes. Species of rayadito, members of the woodcreeper family, had replaced chickadees and nuthatches.

I traveled to several very distinctive areas of the park, including one of the northwestern bays, Puerto Blest, only several kilometers from the Chilean border. With the area surrounding this bay sloping rapidly upwards into the high Andes, and with the peculiarities of the wind current dropping excessive amounts of rain here, a very special ecological community has formed—the Valdivian rain forest. Constantly damp and foggy, with glacial lakes pouring their frigid waters over rocks and crags to Nahuel Huapi below, the cool air is laced with moisture.

Over 4000 mm of rain falls each year in Puerto Blest, a perfect environment for plants. Ground mosses grow over one foot thick, while every available surface—the ground, fallen trees, even branches—is coated with lichens, bromeliads, maidenhair ferns, wild fuschia, parasitic plants, rare orchids and narca, a plant with one-meter wide leaves—a surreal sight of texture and color. Darwin’s frog, a strange and rare species and one of only a handful of amphibians in the region of Patagonia, can be found in the small vernal pools, and the giant Magellanic woodpecker finds a multitude of insect prey in the rotting trunks of coihue trees, towering one hundred feet or more and six to eight feet in girth. Where rock slides have scraped the land clean, hardy coihue grasses, dense and bamboo-like, take hold and begin the eventual process of successional renewal.

The smaller mountain lakes here are milky in color—glacial ice from nearby Cerro Tronador grinds the rock into flour-like consistency, and summer glacial run-off combined with frequent rain showers washes the flour into the lakes. Consisting primarily of rugged granite, immense cliffs serve as seasonal homes for nesting Andean condors. Although it was autumn here now and the condors had moved on, I could sense their presence among these high, lofty spires of rock.

A unique area within Parque Nacional Nahuel Huapi is Isla Victoria, a 17,300 hectare island in the massive lake with evidence of native settlements long preceding Spanish exploration. Originally owned by a wealthy Argentine by the name of Anchorena, the island became his private paradise. Although the island is home to various unique native tree species such as the monkeypod, he added sequoias, spruces, firs, sugar maples, paper birches and a host of other trees from across the globe, and stocked the island with game such as red deer, black bears, and boars. Peacocks even paraded around the island in true Victorian fashion. Upon his death, he passed the island to the Park system, where it has become a favorite tourist destination.

There were two marked remembrances which I had of Isla Victoria. Here was a natural laboratory in the testing, overrun by thousands of visitors each year severely impacting any bona fide study. The several historical sites were in ruins. Anchorena’s house, once a beautiful clapboard New England cape, was deteriorating badly from neglect, and an area of cliffs with hieroglyphics called Painted Rocks was now covered with modern graffiti. The parks system is
sadly wanting for money for security or interpretation to highlight these fragile reminders of the island’s past, a problem which frustrates Tam and the education staff. Yet even more noticeable is the lack of any sense of responsibility or accountability by most of the island’s visitors.

To get a real sense of the most prominent ecological habitat of this land, the Patagonian steppe, I took a day trip to the east of Bariloche on one of the highways that web out from the mountains to connect other communities many hours’ distant. Parque Nacional Nahuel Huapi contained only limited areas of steppe due to the park’s proximity to the lakes and mountains. Within 20 kilometers though, I was in the midst of another world.

With gravelly rocky soils formed from erons of Andean erosion, and dry, blustery winds that rocked my rental car, there is little doubt that life here is difficult, at best, for plants and the animals which depend upon them. Yet, with careful observation, there is an abundance of life evolved to this inhospitable climate.

Now rare rheas, smaller South American cousins to the ostrich, run at breakneck speed at the first sign of humans, zig-zagging with vestigial wings outstretched for balance rather than flight. Guanacos, ancestors of the domesticated llama, roam the steppe looking for appropriate forage. Chinchillas dustbathe near rocky scree. In isolated lagoons, an abundance of waterfowl, including ducks, geese and the elegant black-necked swan, plus ibis, grebes and flocks of Chilean flamingos, gather to feed. Among plant tussocks can be found partridge-like tinamou, actually miniature relatives of the rhea, and their nests of glossy lime green or purple eggs. An occasional hawk or Andean condor would cruise the skies, seeking out their life’s sustenance, the carcasses of those that were too weak to withstand the steppe’s harsh environs.

The lifeblood of the Patagonian steppe are several species of drought resistant grasses and hardy shrubs. While helping to secure the soil with deep tangles of roots, grasses also provide critical forage and moisture where there is little water, while the shrubs provide shields for wildlife from the strong winds, blistering heat or bone-chilling cold. These hardy plants, although nondescript to many, support the delicate balance of life of the steppe region. Their own adaptations—dwarfed height to protect from searing winds, small, waxy leaves to avoid evaporative water loss, and in many of the shrubs, toxins to control foraging—allow a successful existence.

As part of my research identifying ecosystems for the education curriculum, I warranted myself a three-day trip over the Andes into Chile to see Chiloe Island on the Pacific coast. As I crossed the Andes and began my descent into Chile, I had magnificent views of this area’s contribution to the Pacific Rim—the highly volcanic and earthquake-prone region of Chile. Snow-topped, conical volcanoes lined up one after another, stretching off into the distance. My continued descent paralleled scores of fast-flowing torrents racing their way down out of the mountains. In many respects, Chile is USA in miniature, mirroring our west to east. One moment I was in the Pacific northwest, the next in agricultural Ohio, then in the quiet lakes and rolling hills of Vermont, and finally either the mid-Atlantic or Maine coasts. But a closer look at the flora and fauna made me stop and say, nope, wrong continent.
Chiloe Island is the second largest island in Latin America and home to the Chilean Parque Nacional Isla Chiloe. The island is known for two famous occurrences—the strawberry that is today cultivated around the world was discovered here, and the H.M.S. Beagle, carrying naturalist Charles Darwin, stopped here for supplies and for Darwin to explore.

After a night in the coastal town of Puerto Montt, where mountains of woodchips, formerly Chilean forests, were being loaded onto Japanese freighters, I took the ferry to Isla Chiloe, accompanied by lobos marinos (Southern fur seal). A dramatic change from mainland Chile, the island is sparsely inhabited, with small port towns and fishing villages replacing larger urban zones—much like what coastal New England must have been like a century ago.

The native people of the island, called Chilotes, are distinct in appearance from mainland chilenos, and are considered “inferior”—a completely unfounded bias based upon their resistance to change. A striking people, Chilotes have lived here, mostly in isolation, adjusting in the process to strong winds, lots of rain, but little snow. To combat normally dreary weather, Chilotes paint their houses, boats, even their cars when the time comes, incredibly vibrant and clashing colors—a practice I’ve seen in northern climes such as Iceland and the Canadian maritimes.

Nearly dividing Isla Chiloe in two are a series of lakes, filled by drainage originating from a east-west range of mountains on the north side. The island is dangerously close to becoming two islands—only one meter separates the lakes from the Pacific. Parque Nacional Isla Chiloe includes much of the mountain range, the lakes, and approximately 200 kilometers of pristine Pacific Ocean frontage.

I arrived in the small community of Cucao, where Charles Darwin spent time before his celebrated trek to the Galapagos Islands, far to the north. The walk to the shore took me through more arrayán forest with that orange felt-like bark, through a band of salt-tolerant heathers, across a wet sandy meadow scattered with giant-leafed ñarca plants, over the more familiar dunes with dune grasses, and onto the broad sweep of sandy beach upon which break Pacific Ocean waves. Quahog shells littered the beach, and kelp gulls, the Patagonian equivalent of herring gulls, dotted the waves and beach.

Arriving just at sunset, I sat and took in the fading light while listening to the rhythmic pulsing of the waves. I slipped back in time one hundred and sixty years, imagining the Beagle moored not far from shore, and Darwin stooping to pick up an isolated shell or a piece of rock off the beach. Brought back to the present by a screeching gull, this place made me think how far, over 15,000 kilometers and an ocean apart, I really was from home and how much I missed sharing this rare experience with my family.

Before I knew it, my time was up in Patagonia. There was so much that I had been able to accomplish, yet so many more interests initiated without resolution. Strong friendships had developed between Tarn and myself, and even our families had hit it off long-distance through the amazing technology of e-mail. Tarn and I wondered aloud if we would ever see each other again, but resolved that someday, we would.

He headed back to the Museum to begin a new grant-funded project, and I was now off on one final adventure—a visit to the Argentine tropics and Iguassu Falls.

For years, during my research and studies of tropical rain forests, I had read about Iguassu Falls. Seeing the movie The Mission only furthered my resolve to get there one day.

To use the words awesome, impressive or completely overpowering just cannot do justice for Iguassu. My visit there was as close to the pinnacle of my professional interests in tropical ecology as I have yet come. The falls, if they can be compared, are Niagara Falls, only twice as high, four times as long, and without the hype and glitz of tacky souvenir shops, fast food restaurants, and cheap motels. It is still surrounded by pristine forest, with the exception of one hotel, nestled into the landscape a reasonable distance from the falls in order to not interfere.

Wildlife was quite prevalent, and bird-watching was excellent. Toco toucans and plush-crested jays were as common as...
crows throughout the park. The Brazilian merganser, thought to be extinct for a half-century, has been sighted several times this decade. But of most interest to me was the dusky swift, a specialist which lives only here in Iguassu and one other nearby site. Nesting behind the falls, I could watch as they circled in the air above the falls feeding on insects, and then dove down to two-point vertical landings on the cliffs. Incredible birds.

Near the small dusty town of Puerto Iguassu lies the three-boundary region for Argentina, Brazil and Paraguay. Standing on one promontory, one can see all three countries. While here, I also felt it important to visit Itaipu Dam in nearby Paraguay, the largest hydroelectric project in the world at this time (China is building one bigger). While feeling overjoyed at the pristine nature of the forests around Iguassu, I was completely disheartened over what I saw only 40 kilometers distant, and I worry for the fate of these rare and delicate ecosystems.

Promoted as a wondrous piece of industrial development, the dam has caused the destruction or flooding of thousands of square miles of tropical rain forest. It is a project of gargantuan proportions and horrifying in its consequences. Building the dam, and the cheap nature of electricity now resulting, has caused the creation of as close to Satan's domain as I ever wished to experience—the Paraguayan city of Ciudad del Oeste.

Identified as a free-trade zone, the city is now a material mecca for much of southern South America. Cheap electronics, black market tapes, junk toys, cigarettes, plastic flowers, cheesy jewelry and watches, even condoms were being hawked from thousands of street vendors. Crime must be paramount, for I saw security police frequenting every store with anything of value, and bars on every door and window. Trash and waste were everywhere—I watched as young children were digging through garbage piles for plastic bags, unbroken items, fighting over food scraps unearthed from the piles. My journal related, "What this massive, grand project of Itaipu has brought, in reality, is the total disregard for and degeneration of humanity, replaced by the sole need for material gain. I even experienced this first-hand, as one young street urchin reached through the window of my car to snatch the hat right off my head. Rather than being angry, I was despondent over how this once pristine environment had changed over the course of only three decades."

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Such stark reality was the end of a dream-like trip for me. The memories of Patagonia, and of the other places I visited, will be with me always. Even 15,000 kilometers and a language apart, I found the people, the wildlife and the lands of Patagonia not so different than our own. There will always be respect and disrespect in human culture, yet the timeless processes of evolution and adaptation will continue, no matter the geographical limitations or the environmental stresses placed upon our world by the human race.
BY MICHAEL WHALEN ’84

O N A CHILLY APRIL EVENING, New York City’s JFK International Airport swirls, sweats and swarms like a chaotic hive of humanity. Deep inside this tempest, I find myself in a corner waiting room listening for the boarding announcement just minutes before my second trip to the Czech Republic. Scanning the crowd poised to board, there are some of this group who seem to have an air of mystery about them. I myself have always longed to be one of those mysterious “traveling people” - but the only mystery in my life is my music and what forces me to pursue it to all corners of the world.

Two years ago I recorded my first classical CD, Afraid of Thunder, in The Czech Republic. The record was released in early 1997 and it quickly sold over 10,000 copies. Big numbers by classical standards, but just for comparison, it’s about the same number of units that a major pop artist sells in an afternoon! I was surprised by the good reviews and offers of commissions to write pieces for performing groups. Afraid of Thunder featured “Noxontown Adagio,” a nostalgic anthem about my memories of SAS. The short piece was well received by St. Andreans, and it was played on classical radio for months. The reaction to Afraid of Thunder was far better than I ever imagined. After years of writing music for film and television scores, a brand new door to my career opened, and I found myself at the beginning of a new challenge - my own music.

Since my first days working in New York over ten years ago, my very aggressive dream has been about finding my own artistic freedom. Freedom means ownership. So, ownership in this case means I must pay for recording myself until a record company will buy or license the project from me.
When friends hear I am going 8,500 miles away to record, they say, “Why on earth are you going there? Aren’t there people in America who want to record your music?” The answer is, sure — at a very high price. So, why go to the Czech Republic? Answer: very good quality recordings at a very low price.

These days, record companies are spending less and less money on new classical releases trying to reduce their financial risk after decades of declining sales of classical titles. Enter places like The Czech Republic, Slovakia, Russia, Hungary, Estonia and Poland as the new recording “hot spots” for new classical music. Because American, British and German musician wages have increased far faster than the production budgets to pay them, producers have been forced to find new and innovative ways of getting a good quality product at a realistic cost. For example, it currently costs less than a tenth as much for me to record in The Czech Republic as it does to use the same size orchestra in New York. Czech musicians are very well trained and are eager to play new music. They have a rich tradition of supporting new music which continues today without the artistic restraints of the former Communist government but sadly without any financial assistance. Therefore, they are as happy to accept the work (read: hard currency) as we are to have them do the gig.

On the plane, I study my scores and jot notes on my laptop to remember for the sessions. I also try to prepare myself for Ostrava. Just the thought hurts my lungs and brings back the memory of that strange chemical taste to the back of my throat.

I arrive in Prague about 7 o’clock in the morning. In the tram on the short trip to the terminal, I notice that the remnants of the Communists that seemed so overwhelming during my last trip two years ago are rapidly disappearing. A new German-styled airport is rising to replace the gray Socialist hulk that currently is the terminal. The inside of the airport is now dotted with colorful signs that help me navigate my way through customs to the baggage claim. I get my bag and speed downtown in a cab to spend a day touring the city.

The trip into the city is a study in architectural and historical contrasts. The outside of Prague is circled by crumbling offices that were hastily built in the 1960s and ’70s. Suddenly, you go down a sharp hill and see the old city before you. Golden in the sunrise, the ancient spires, bridges and towers welcome this visitor warmly. This is the Prague you’ve heard about. After going to my hotel, I eagerly set off to explore the incredible sites of this ancient city.

In front of the airport terminal building the next morning, I meet my “insurance policy” for this recording—New York Philharmonic clarinetist, Mitch Estrin. Walking from the curb side, I see Mitch wandering around outside the airport after just coming off his own very exhausting flight from New York. He says, “Well, it’s a lot nicer here than I thought it was going to be. I thought it was going to be really bad—like Russia.” I was so relieved to see him. I brought Mitch in as a soloist who would get my six days of sessions off to a good start. We talked and laughed for a while and then boarded our teeny, tiny plane for the one hour trip to Ostrava.

Ostrava is a city of 350,000 in the far east of The Czech Republic in the region of Moravia. Moravia is the birthplace of the great Czech composers Janáček and Dvorák. There is a rich artistic heritage in Moravia which exists apart from their Czech cousins. It also happens to be the home of the largest iron and steel works in Europe. The pollution is physical in Ostrava. The factories overshadow the town, and they work day and night to keep up with world demand for cheap steel. Risking serious long-term medical repercussions is just one of the hazards of chasing my dream and saving a buck. Ostrava is where I will be recording.

After barnstorming the countryside, we arrived in Ostrava shaken but not stirred. Mitch and I were met by the conductor of the orchestra, Dennis Burkh. Dennis was the one who originally told me about recording in Eastern Europe. I had met him through my friend in New York, and he told me about his group, The Janáček Philharmonic Orchestra. His long experience in opera and vocal music led him here to Ostrava where he became music director of the JPO 15 years ago. He was the first American to have a major conducting post in Eastern Europe. Dennis had conducted Afraid of Thunder, and he has a good feel with my music. As we entered Ostrava, I was reminded how far this city is behind Prague in shaking off its Communist legacy. Slowly, beautiful old buildings are being restored, and dynamic new structures are changing the city’s skyline. We arrived at the newly remodeled Hotel Imperial and checked in.

Upon arriving, Mitch had already received several messages. Some students at the Ostrava Conservatory of Music had learned of his trip and wanted a master class with him on clarinet. He was very impressed and touched. We had the orchestra manager find the students and bring them to the hotel. The recording sessions were not going to start until the next day. After settling in for a few hours, Mitch, Dennis and I set off for finding the nightlife of Ostrava. Having lived in the Eastern bloc for 15 years, Dennis told us not to get our hopes up.

We, in America, take so much for granted. Even though the winds of economic change are blowing in The Czech Republic, many people are worse off financially.
The Janácek Philharmonic Orchestra performs new work by Michael Whalen in the Dum Kultura in Havasov, Czechoslovakia.

The Janácek Philharmonic Orchestra, forms new*

than they were under the Communists. A typical person in Moravia makes about $5,000.00 a year. Thankfully, the cost of living is still low, but one can see the new rich Czechs and other foreigners coming in and changing what was a closed economy into a free market economy. These foreigners demand the things that the West has and are willing to pay for them. A meal for the three of us at a local pub was about 1500 crowns (about $50) which is a fortune in this part of The Czech Republic. Even in the relatively quiet corner that music occupies this economic world is changing. There is much talk about all the Czech orchestras unilaterally raising fees to the level of other European countries. I fear that if the orchestra rates go up too much people like me will find the next cheap place to record and the Janácek Philharmonic and all the others will have no work, no badly needed foreign currency, and ultimately, they will have to go out of business.

The first piece we were to record was “The Shadows of October” which is scored for string orchestra and solo clarinet to be played by Mitch. I went downstairs to the recording booth with Jaroslav to monitor the balances. The building is gray, tired and it is clear that this facility is still grudgingly owned by the Government. The entire orchestra was busily warming up and buzzing around. The recording engineer, Jaroslav Stranovsky, was up on a chair adjusting a microphone. When he saw me walk down the auditorium stairs, he yelled “Hey, you American boy!” (He doesn’t speak English at all.) We hugged, and I was very happy that he found time in his busy schedule to do this recording after doing such a great job on Afraid of Thunder.

Mitch said, “Look at all the string players. Wow!” Usually, classical and film score recordings in America use the bare minimum in terms of orchestra personnel because of the high cost. Here, we had 26 violin players. It was certainly going to be a full and rich sound.

Dennis led the orchestra in a first run-through of the piece. It sounded amazingly good. First run-throughs are very emotional times for composers. It is at that moment when a piece is born, and one can determine immediately whether it is good or bad and, truly, whether it will live or die off the theoretical world of the score and work in an actual live performance.

Mitch played the piece masterfully. After three hours of recording, the piece was completed and the orchestra tapped loudly on their stands with their bows for Mitch’s beautiful playing. We began on the next piece, “Plain Songs.” Mitch joined me downstairs and said, “This is a very together orchestra–they obviously have been playing together for a long time because they listen to each other.”

“Plain Songs” is a much more difficult piece scored for string orchestra. Dennis and the group attacked the first movement like Marines hitting a
beach head. The orchestra, however, didn't quite get the piece right away so we decided to use the rest of the day's time to rehearse and start recording the next day.

When we returned to the hotel, the two clarinet students who had contacted Mitch were waiting in the lobby with two friends. We invited the group up to my room, and we asked them if they all spoke English. "Yes, we speak English" said Pavel, a tall, proud, slender boy of 20. "We went to the recording today," said Pavel.

"You did?" I said surprised by the nerve of sneaking into a closed session uninvited.

Reading my surprise, Pavel said, "Yes, we should have asked, but we all had money for the bus, and we wanted to see Mitch play it was beautiful. My friends who are composition students wanted to meet you Maestro Whalen."

"Well, what did you think of the piece?" I asked in my best not-fishing-too-much-for-a-compliment voice.

"Well, we all agree that American music is very idiosyncratic. What makes American music sound like that?" asked one of the students.

"Our history, wide open spaces, our need to describe the indescribable beauty of a desert sunset or a Rocky Mountain morning, and the sound of American folk melodies and jazz," I said.

"You mean like Dvorak uses Moravian folk melodies in his music?" said Pavel.

"Yes," I said smiling with recognition. "That's exactly right. Now, if Dvorak only knew some jazz." We all laughed. We talked for an hour, then the students had to go back to school for class. I promised to send them the translation and the whole house was finished fieldstone walls, wandering fields and groans perfectly into Czech to tell the orchestra that I needed another take.

After the next day's recording, Jaroslav and I set off for Slovakia.

Jaroslav is about 35. A husky, barrel-chested man who smiles easily, has great audio engineering skills and is an incredibly hard worker. He has recorded orchestras all over Eastern Europe and his reputation is slowly spreading across Germany and Austria. Even though we could not communicate in words, since meeting a year and half ago, we were immediately friends. He could interpret my hand signals, score scribbles and groans perfectly into Czech to tell the orchestra that I needed another take.

"Don't worry," said the interpreter, "his sister is an English teacher and will be your translator."

"Oh, great," I said with trepidation.

As we drove to Slovakia, I noticed that all the roads in The Czech Republic look like they were never used compared to the roads in the New York area. In the Communist days, the army and high-ranking party officials were the only ones with cars. Everyone else used the buses, trolleys or walked. Now, cars zipped along the tree-lined roads like any other part of Europe. Gazing out the window, the world around me seemed more familiar and less otherworldly. Perhaps, I had lost a little of my American pretension because I was getting to know the people who lived here. It also helped that this was not my first time in this remote area.

It is hard describe the difference between the Czech Republic and Slovakia except one is on the economic fast track to be an important European player in the 21st Century, and the other is not. This distinction is noticeable immediately after the border check point going into Slovakia. Farms and Socialist era structures co-exist in a surreal mix of bucolic and ridiculous. As we entered Jaroslav's village, I felt like I was going back further in time, before the era of the Communists to the turn of the century — the 19th Century!

Rustic wooden cottages, dirt roads, fresh water wells, outhouses, newly finished fieldstone walls, wandering chickens, goats, cows and children.

"My country," Jaroslav said with a proud smile in his best English. "Incredible," I said, not prepared for the beautiful vistas, the perfect snow-capped mountains or the blue skies. What a change after the dingy surroundings of Ostrava! I stood there for some time taking in a picture that will never leave my mind.

As we entered the small cottage, his sister Anna greeted me with a "How are you? How was your drive?"

"Oh God, English! Thank you for speaking English."

She laughed and said, "Well, I wish I spoke better, I am going to practice on you!"

Anna's husband, Joseph, was also there and greeted me warmly. Anna said, "Sit down, sit down. I have prepared you a snack after your long ride."

In a corner of the kitchen was an old-fashioned, wood-burning stove with pots on the boil and pans at the ready. It was clear that she didn't just whip up our snack. She gave us soup, pasta, broiled chicken, salad and cookies for dessert. After finishing, I jokingly said, "So, when do we eat?" She translated and the whole house was laughing.

After lunch, they showed me the rest of the house. I met Jaroslav's mother. I met his other brother. These are warm, informal and incredibly kind people. They asked me many questions about the United States.

The next day, while Mitch flew back to New York, we pressed on finishing all three movements of "Plain Songs." After the fourth day, Jaroslav asked me (through an interpreter) if I would like to go with him to his country house in Slovakia for the weekend. I said, "Well...sure—that sounds fun."

"We will whip up our snack. She gave us soup, pasta, broiled chicken, salad and cookies for dessert. After finishing, I jokingly said, "So, when do we eat?" She translated and the whole house was laughing."

After lunch, they showed me the rest of the house. I met Jaroslav's mother. I met his other brother. These are warm, informal and incredibly kind people. They asked me many questions about the United States and New York City, in particular. Anna took notes so she could use my answers in her English classes. About the same time, they put a small glass of a clear alcohol in front of me and said, "It's the local drink. It's made from apples and prunes."

Smiling because I knew there was no way for me to not drink this, I gulped it down. Within minutes I felt an intoxicating wave wash over me. Having not yet recovered, Jaroslav and Joseph decided it was time to take a walk. We walked for 45 minutes down very rough, wooded terrain and came upon a small pub in a village.

As we entered the dark and forbidding bar, Jaroslav said, "Old...
Communists," and motioned to the 20 or so men sitting at the small tables in the back of the room. They were dressed in their Communist work outfits and seemed like they were pretending that their government hadn't changed. Maybe they hoped that if they stayed in this smelly bar for one more round, the government would change back. Jaroslav announced to the bar that his friend was an American. Immediately, we were surrounded by ruddy-cheeked men, anxious to talk to a real American.

Suddenly, we began drinking the local lager and that led to an incredible game of charades so I might communicate. Just then, the bartender said, "You sing?" I said, horrified, "Uh, no," shocked that he spoke some English. "Sing, sing," he exclaimed to me. He started singing a song. The whole bar started singing with him. Jaroslav leaned over and said "Communist, Communist ...song."

Here I was in Slovakia with 20 ex-Communists singing their version of "I've been working on the Railroad." This was perfect. I asked everyone to stop so they could teach me the words. After two or three times, I started singing the song phonetically. After we had reached a rousing crescendo, we all broke into laughter.

When I awoke, I had been moved upstairs to a bed in one of the sleeping lofts. Snoring from young and old filled the room as did the early morning light. I tiptoed downstairs and went outside and watched the sun come up over the mountain directly across from the village. It was incredible and unforgettable. But it was also chilly, so, I went back to sleep for an hour and woke up again to go downstairs for breakfast. The radio was on when I came downstairs and rock n' roll. I said to Anna, "Is this all they play here?"

"Yes," she said incredulously. "But the people don't understand the words," I said.

"Oh, they just like the beat," she said.

"Another example of the inescapable dominance of American culture on the world," I said.

"No, no, we just like the beat—now here are your pancakes," she said.

After breakfast, it was time for my journey back to Ostrava. I said my awkward good-byes, and I made sure that Anna said good-bye properly to the family for me in Slovak. The car ride seemed much faster on the way back across the mountains. I felt suddenly sad. These warm people were preserving a wonderful way of life. Their priorities were about family and personal happiness. We never discussed work. I realized the incredible irony that there are so many things that they want from the West—but there are so many more things we can learn from them. At the hotel, I hugged Jaroslav warmly, and I said, "Thank you." I was going to see him tomorrow to start recording the last piece, so we didn't get too carried away!

The next two days of recording were to concentrate on a piece I wrote called "Lamentations." It is an emotionally complex piece in three movements. The orchestra struggled to find a emotional center for the last movement. The section deals with death and the separation of the body and soul. I was frustrated. I stopped the session and asked to speak to the entire orchestra directly. Through an
I addressed the entire orchestra, "To make this piece work every player must be emotionally committed to making his or her own part work. I am asking you not to hide inside this large group but to put yourself on the line. You must bring life to the notes. In America, we would be finished by now."

The next take seemed to be played by a completely different orchestra. I was proud that the group had responded so well to my feedback. Afterwards, the orchestra manager said, "It was that comment about how the American orchestra would be finished. That woke everyone up."

We finished the piece, and the orchestra clapped on their stands, and I clapped for them.

Now that the recording was finished, I discovered how emotionally exhausted I was. I realize there is not simply a language barrier between me and my Czech colleagues but a enormous cultural divide and history that must be taken into account at every turn. A small incident illustrates this reality. One morning, Dennis and I had come to the hall to find that the power was off on the entire street. The orchestra was sitting in the sunlit lobby. Immediately, I threw myself into a tirade saying, "What's going on! Who's in charge? How are we going to solve this?" The manager of the orchestra said calmly, "Well, let's just see what happens."

"What! How can you be so passive?!" I said. Then I immediately realized—this is normal for them. Especially in the Communist days, electric power, water or other city services would just stop for no apparent reason. There was no one to complain to, not even someone from the power company to give information. Suddenly, I became very passive myself. I sat in the darkened hall waiting. Just then, I heard the piano being tuned. I saw a tiny flashlight pierce the darkness and the silhouette of a man working. This was someone who was obviously used to working in adverse circumstances. I began to laugh to myself. This would never happen in America. If the power was off, everyone would go home and it was someone else's problem and someone else would pay for it. Here we all wait together. Perhaps, this is the essential difference between Americans and the Czechs. We push, they don't.

We look out for ourselves; they believe in community, and they do not take work for granted.

The next morning, as I took my cab to the airport in Ostrava, I saw that enormous cultural differences could be bridged by one thing that no politician or diplomat can fathom: music. It is not the old cliché about music being universal and it being common to all peoples. Rather, when the orchestra played, they were not a Czech orchestra, and I was not an American composer.

We had freed ourselves from borders, cultures and even our own histories, even with all my struggles with foreign languages, customs and disparate world views. Time stopped when the music played. The orchestra and I had become spectators to our own performance, floating and spinning, waiting for the next beat from the baton. We had somehow bonded through the music. It was not just music, it was my music, it was our music, and it sounded beautiful.

Copies of Michael Whalen's Afraid of Thunder, featuring "Noxontown Adagio" are available at local record stores on the Helicon Records label or by calling (212) 645-2233, faxing to (212) 645-4111 or you can go on-line at www.mwmusic.com to order a compact disc.
MacNairns’ work in Congo was no summer vacation

Beth and I spent two months working for Catholic Relief Services (CRS) in the Democratic Republic of the Congo (ex-Zaire) this past summer. A regional war had flared up in October 1996 in the eastern part of Zaire, after Zairian Tutsis were threatened with expulsion. The Tutsis allied themselves with other ethnic groups in defeating President Mobutu’s national army in the east. With the military help of Rwanda, Uganda, Zambia, and Angola these rebels then swept westward across the vast country, toppling President Mobutu’s 32-year dictatorship in 8 months. The rebel alliance became known as the Alliance of Democratic Forces for the Liberation of the Congo/Zaire (AFDL). The AFDL took over the capital Kinshasa on May 17, 1997, after ex-President Mobutu exiled himself to Morocco. The Alliance promptly renamed the country the Democratic Republic of the Congo and declared Laurent Kabila the new President.

We arrived in late June, hoping that we could set up some development projects to help rebuild the devastated country.

Beth and I worked in the city of Kinshasa and out in the countryside in Kananga and Goma. Kinshasa itself was surprisingly stable five weeks after Mobutu’s ouster. His 32-year rule of corruption and economic mismanagement had left its mark on the capital. Inflation had been rampant during his tenure, and thus many products were priced in dollars or Belgian francs. Most products available in the capital were imported from Europe or South Africa and were expensive (yogurts $2, 1 quart of milk $3, rice $4/lb). People who had worked in the formal sector had not been regularly paid under Mobutu, and so a huge informal economy arose.

On our way to work on a typical day, we would see various traders trying to sell tents, lamp shades, plants, fruit, chickens, furniture, even punching bags at the sides of the road. The defunct economy also caused many educated Congolese people to take jobs that did not fully utilize their skills: Mfunda had a university degree in English literature but served as an administrative assistant in the CRS office, and Tumbula, with an engineering degree, was working as a security guard at the Kinshasa American School.

Beth went to Kananga in mid-July, where she researched and wrote up a human rights proposal to help instill basic civil liberties in the Kasai region. Kananga’s claim to fame is that it is the world’s largest city (population of 1 million) without any centralized electricity, and the air of neglect in the city was palpable. People previously had been taxed improperly, detained illegally and tortured in prison. The situation had improved around Kananga since the AFDL had taken power, but that still left much to be desired. Local elections were held after the AFDL took over Kananga in a local stadium, and people voted with a show of hands for candidates who had not even campaigned or familiarized themselves with the city residents. The new AFDL soldiers also continued the arbitrary arrests and killings. Beth worked with a local Congolese counterpart, the human rights group CERDES, in developing her project. The group has existed since 1989 and has helped monitor human rights abuses under Mobutu and now Kabila.

I worked in Goma, in the eastern part of Congo bordering Rwanda. Over 1 million Rwandan refugees had lived in the Goma area for over two years, until last year’s civil war led most to return to Rwanda. These refugees comprised almost exclusively Rwandan Hutus, including the architects of the 1994 genocide against Rwandan Tutsis and moderate Hutus.

UNHCR and UNICEF still maintained offices in Goma due to the continuing poverty and instability in the region. I worked on a CRS project that was resettling displaced Congolese from the civil war. Numerous towns in eastern Zaire had been destroyed during the war, and fighting still continued in areas west and east of Goma. For our project, we established transit centers in the northern half of North Kivu Province to register those displaced that wanted to
return home. We then would provide transport, food and farming tools for the displaced when they returned to their actual homes. One of these transit centers was to be established in Butembo, a town of 100,000 that was typical of Zairean development. It had no electricity, but it did have a Coca-Cola bottling plant.

Our project began moving displaced Congolese back to their homes in August, and CRS/Goma had moved 1500 people by mid-October. Goma itself had the aura of a frontier town in the West. Shootings and car jackings occurred randomly, and various criminal acts were blamed on AFDL soldiers, Rwandan soldiers illegally crossing the border, Mai Mai rebels or Rwandan Interahamwe militias. Our compound had razor wire around it, seven night watchmen, two dogs, barred windows and padlocked doors, and we communicated by Motorola radios due to the lack of phone service. Goma had been hit hard by the war, and people again used the informal sector to try and make ends meet.

Men selling gas or kerosene from their motorcycles were known as “les Khaddafis”. Bananas, pineapples, cassava, mangoes, cheese, fish and meat were all readily available in the market, but at inflated prices. Goma used to be a hub for tourists seeing the gorillas and chimpanzees in Virunga National Park, and it sold the farm produce from the Masisi region, but both industries had been gutted by the war.

Back at St. Andrews we no longer hear mortars or shooting at night, and we don’t have to make a radio check call every night at 8:00 p.m. We’re glad to be back in the security of the U.S., but we often think of our friends still living in the Congo. One lasting memory is of Pere Jacques in Kananga, a 70-year-old Belgian priest: “Life here is difficult. Sometimes we have the feeling of being forgotten people. It means a lot to us to have you work with us, with all of your energy and enthusiasm—please do not forget us.”

—Ian MacNairn

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**SUSAN MYERS HAS EYE OPENING EXPERIENCE**

Last summer, Susan Myers ‘98 got an opportunity to see the world through the eyes of a child who is growing up under a thatched roof.

In the summer of 1997, Susan traveled to Belize with World Learning: The Experiment in International Living. She had been looking for an opportunity to do something for others and to improve her language skills.

The chance came and she took it.

“I wanted to go to a Spanish speaking country to do community service and a home stay,” Susan said. “It was a matter of finding the right program.”

With World Learning, Susan traveled to the Monkey Bay educational center in Belize for the four-week program with thirty other students from all over the United States. The students lived in thatched-roof huts and got to know each other. Then the group was split into two smaller groups of 15 and sent to villages to live with families.

“We built a latrine at the community center in Saint Margaret’s Village and built a thatched-roof hut at the National Park.”

But Susan learned powerful lessons from the Pezaza family she lived with during her 17-day home-stay. With nine people living in an 18 by 20 foot house, the creature comforts Susan knew from home were lost. In their place, she found the strength of the family. In particular, Susan struggled to understand 6-year-old Carolina. She wrote:

I had to accept that Carolina had never flushed a toilet or eaten a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. I had to accept that she didn’t have a Cabbage Patch Kid or My Little Ponies and that she was living with malaria. How could I live with this family in poverty without feeling guilty? Carolina’s smile made me understand something. I would say that life isn’t fair, that this family deserves more. Yet, I can’t help but notice how happy they are. Sitting on the couch, an old back seat of a car, watching Carolina dance barefoot on the dirt floor, I realize she is surrounded by a family thriving in wealth. They might not be able to buy her new toys or enough food, but they give her their riches: their love.

—Ian MacNairn

ST. ANDREW’S MAGAZINE 27
The St. Andrew's contingent joined Matt Herndon '83 and Kendall Garey for their wedding celebration (1 to r): Jon and Joan O'Brien, Henry Herndon '48, Kendall and Matt, John Austin '83, Monica Matouk '84, and Esther, Eddie and Chelsea Chang '84.

From the Then and Now File comes a picture which was printed in the 1973 yearbook (far right) of Sam Marshall '73 (left) and Frank Elliott '73 walking through the quad at SAS. The two were captured again, this time modestly dressed, on the T-dock during Homecoming '95.

'35

Frank Hawkins
7 Chadwick Terrace
Easton, MD 21601

Martha and Findley Burns had a quiet spring and summer, due primarily to an automobile accident in April which totaled their car. Fortunately, they suffered only some broken ribs and bruises which have now healed. Findley has been in touch with Sid Whelen '36, who says a load of apples (which he raises) seems to weigh more than it used to, "which is," Findley says, "another way of saying he's getting old like the rest of us."

David Bradley is busy as the priest for two Anglican congregations in Massachusetts, as well as the construction inspector for the Massachusetts Highways. He lists his specialties as drafting, computation, finalizing and consultant in legal defense, and his hobbies as canoe rebuilding and engineering astronomy.

Pierce Fenhagen had a good end to a bad beginning late last winter: "Nancy and I were driving from Rawdon into Montreal in mid-March when we ran into a small but intense and dense blizzard—a whiteout. I slowed down, but soon encountered a car parked in my right lane next to a police car on the shoulder. I swerved into the left lane but swirled into a spin, lost control and plunged into a ditch that separated the two directions of the highway, ending up in the rear end of another car that had just done the same thing. It was one of those multi-car pileups.

"We were taken by ambulance to the nearest hospital for repairs; the car was totaled and ended up in the junkyard. (Glad it wasn't the other way around.) After the regular hospital, we moved to a recuperation hospital in Rawdon. We could never get back to live in our house without a car, so we decided to move to what is called an extended-care facility in Westmount, really a mostly English part of Montreal. We finally arrived here on July 19. Our daughter, Susanna, who runs the Tampa Prep School in Tampa, Fla., very kindly brought up this old but working computer the school was no longer using, replacing my kaput printer, broken down and obsolete beyond repair. The house in Rawdon was sold. The place we have moved to, Place Kensington, is very nice; we have two rooms together, along with pretty good meals and nursing and maid service.

"That we are here at all is largely thanks to our three girls, who came up at appropriate times and worked like dogs getting us packed up and moved, some things here and some to storage. The place is still a bit of a mess, and we are unable yet to get around as readily as we had hoped. Nancy keeps on oxygen most of the time, while I have a sore back. Our social life so far is mostly going to doctors."

Stan Felver received a tape from Andrew Sherwood containing some of his songs, "Emily Dickinson and some German work. I very much enjoyed them; Emily's (Dickinson) poetry is a particular favorite of mine. Andy is certainly a fine musician and composer."

'36

Katherine and Charles Mifflin are enjoying their house and farm in Dover, Del., and doing the routine things like cutting the grass, etc. Charley and brother Walker are planning a mini-reunion with Ches Baum somewhere between Appoquinimink Creek and the St. Jones River. Delawareans would say Smyrna on the banks of Duck Creek would be ideal; in which case, they'll probably try to get Buzz Speakman '38 involved.
Although **Loring Batten** didn't have any newsworthy bits to share in his latest contact with Ches Baum, he did recall a line from his French class at SAS. They were required to learn some idioms, really clichés. One was "rien d'intéressant n'arrive jamais."

This lead him to another and important memory about Mr. Sherwood's French: "In Sixth Form year, I took a small class with him; and we spent months reading a French novel by Roger Vercel, *Le Capitaine Conan*. Just the other day, I read a review of a movie based on the book, praising both. It was an advanced book for us; set in WWI. The theme was, after you have spent four years training and rewarding a man for killing, what happens when the killing is no longer required? I have heard a lot about how narrow the school curriculum was in those days. I now feel that Sherwood's and Cameron's classes were more sophisticated than some freshman courses at Yale. Not all—one of the top scholars taught freshman English in those bad old days."

The International Council of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, of which Ed Swenson has been a member for many years, held its fall meeting; representatives from 47 countries attended.

Pat and **Win Schwab** traveled to "Schwabenland (Stuttgart in Germany, to be exact)," says Win, "where distant cousins received us warmly although we are linked only through a Schwab who died in 1850—then more of the same in Bremen including a three-day wedding celebration."

In November, **Sid Whelen** wrote: "After one of the longest, driest seasons in memory (no rain since January), we are peddling a good crop of apples. The grove is aging and should be replanted. We are planning to go bio-dynamic, which is an exotic, sustainable agriculture. The latter is the acceptable form of 'organic,' which all leaders could never swallow. You can't really challenge 'sustainable,' ethically or scientifically, and 'organic' is indefinable. We, of course, will do less and less, but we'll get a good man to carry it out and then stay out of his way."

**John Parry**

1039 Loyalist Lane
Mount Pleasant, SC 29464

Susie and **John Parry** started the fall off with hopes that they would have good fortune in trying to get to Paris, as their first two attempts didn't work out. John was in Paris for a few days with the Navy in 1959, but Susie had never been there. They made the trip in October and spent ten days there. They were able to contact **Andrew Sherwood** (son of former faculty member Granville Sherwood '30-43). "We got together with Andrew one afternoon for a very pleasant talk and exchange of information. He, being super fluent in French, after 30 years' residency, was also a great help when Susie broke a tooth on a French roll and had to go to a dentist for emergency treatment. He was delightful and full of good suggestions and historical information about Paris and France. He was delighted to hear from a fellow American who knew his parents and St. Andrew's. He keeps busy with his music, giving lessons and teaching physicians English at several hospitals.

"Our hotel, the Regina, was just up the street from the Meurice (the Nazi headquarters in Paris during the War). We also saw the chateau Rommel had as his headquarters at the time of D-Day. The trip was a birthday and 55th anniversary present for both of us."

John wrote **Buzz Speakman** '38 that "Cap Ball's wife is recovering well from a stroke. When Cap went to visit her in the hospital, he left the back door open and all of her jewelry was stolen."

**Frank Williams**

P. O. Box 263
St. Michael's, MD 21663

**Horace Harrison** attended the annual dinner of the Canadian Philatelic Society of Great Britain, which was held at the Crown Hotel in Harrogate, England on September 13, 1997.

**Bill Sibert**

2028 Albert Circle
Wilmington, NC 28403-4273

In the "it's-a-small-world" department: While traveling in Spain for the Ryder Cup (Europe vs. USA golf championship) with longtime friend and traveling companion Tom Tenney, **Powell Pierpoint** found out that Tom and Buzz Speakman '38 were roommates at the University of Virginia.

**Jon Wilford**

Slippers Cove, P.O. Box 953
Easton, MD 21601

**Harding Hughes** and Westy Fenhagen are again sitting together enjoyably at UNC football games. This year the team was successful, making the experience even better. **Don Tucker** phoned Harding from Knoxville after seeing a UNC game on national TV. He's a big University of Tennessee fan.
GET CONNECTED

If you would like to connect with SAS alums on the Internet, please check the SAS web site for e-mail addresses, which are updated on a regular basis.

Following this issue, e-mail addresses will not be published for alumni in the Class Notes Section of the Magazine. So, please make sure to contact the Alumni Office to have your e-mail address listed.

SAS Web Address: www.dca.net/~sas
User Name: sas
Password: grad

DeGaulle Airport at a distance of maybe three miles just as a 747 was taking off. Since train and plane were moving at the same speed, the 747 appeared to be rising straight up like a balloon. John and Dorothy planned to relocate from Tennessee to Cape Cod in November.

Charlie Welling contributed this account of a recent gathering of classmates: "Dwight Dunlevie, Thom Jervey, Gattie Jones, Levin Lynch, Jim Rooney, Dave Witheford and I constitute the septuagenarian cyber space chat group of the Class of '45. In September, Thom, Gattie, Dave and I gathered on the Outer Banks of North Carolina at Avon (Kinakeet). Jim, unable to make the trip due to a previously planned jaunt to Russia, did, nonetheless, exert his senior prefect-ness by declaring the gathering a synod which is now irreverently referred to as The Sandy Synod.

"We lived well in a five-bedroom, four-bath, elevator-equipped house on stilts nestled in the protective dunes less than a hundred yards from the Atlantic where swimming reminded us of our youthful disportment in Silver Lake and Noxontown Pond and which provided Puppy Drum and Flounder for our surf rods. Midnight skinny dipping was considered but discarded in favor of sleep. Besides, we are old enough to afford swimsuits."

"Treks were made to Okrakoke Island (Blackbeard's base), Hatteras Village, Diamond Shoals Light, Bodie Island Light, Pea Island Refuge, Cochita Beach, Rodanthe, Salvo, Waves and to Cape Point where the breakers on Diamond Shoals stretched east as far as one could see. An abandoned weather station found by the Withefords. Even though a large sign read DO NOT ENTER, the group entered through a creaking front door to find a single overhead bulb lighting discarded communication equipment, a single weather receiver, a faded wall calendar declaring it to be August 1994 and a sign reading PLEASE TURN OUT THE LIGHT! We swear we could hear the theme song from The Twilight Zone playing softly in the background.

"I, having given up two feet of intestine to cancer in May and acquired an ersatz aortic valve and three arterial bypasses in August, stood by my 4WD on the beach most days, fathering surf rods, cutting bait, and ensuring an ample supply of chilled Fosters for the synodians who gathered there between treks."

CELEBRATING 50TH REUNION

Sky Smith '48 has his classmates all set to celebrate their 50th Reunion. Top: Jimmy Metts (left) and Spence Connerat (right) from Savannah make a toast with Sky. Middle: Rob van Mesdag and Sky made their reunion toast at the Condon Rowing Club. Bottom: Sky and Chuck Merrivether met at the Cordillera Golf Club in Colorado.

Wes Martin
44 Newpoint Road
Beaufort, SC 29902

Joanne and Mike McSherry did "the renaissance tour" in September and October, traveling to all parts of Italy north of Rome including Tuscany, the Umbrian
Hills, Assisi (five days after the big quake), as well as a time along the Riviera. They also toured the Mittenhorn and rode the Glacier Express through the Alps and southern Switzerland. As they puttered along, they could open the windows and hear the cow bells—talk about being transported back in time! Mike designed their month-long tour which included renting three different cars and meeting their youngest son John and his wife in Florence. The best part for Mike was the Cathedral at St. Croce "where the four greatest men of Italy are buried: Michelangelo, Machiavelli, Rossini and Galileo."

Ted Hill
217 Pheasant Run Drive
Paoli, PA 19301

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

Fenner McConnell has been the chief medical examiner for Florida District I since 1981 and was recently appointed to serve on the Florida Medical Examiners Commission as a pathologist representative.

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

45TH REUNION
Mike Milligan, senior vice president (customer business development), will retire on March 1, 1998, after more than 37 years of service with Procter & Gamble. The chairman and chief executive of the company stated: "Mike has led our customer business development (sales) organization through the most significant transformation in its history. He has done this with vision and courage and always the commitment to do what is right for our business, for our customers and for the men and women of our company."

Church Hutton
4216 Holborn Avenue
Amandale, VA 22003-3733

After Walt Liefeld's retirement from St. Andrew's School last June, he and Judy spent the summer traveling and exploring New England and the Canadian maritime provinces in their 32-foot Winnebago Adventurer motorhome, in which they are living full time. They spent the fall in the mid-Atlantic area while they finished their fourth and final year of the Episcopal Church's Education for Ministry Program, then headed for a warmer climate in the southwest for the winter. They will be exploring the West Coast during the spring and summer of '98.

Bob Shank
3894 Red Lion Road
Bear, DE 19701

Class Correspondent:
George Brakeley
145 Mountain Road
Norfolk, CT 06058

George Brakeley reports some good news and some not-so-good news. The latter is that wife Barbara was diagnosed in May with acute leukemia and is undergoing chemotherapy treatments. So far she's doing well, and remission and cure rates for this kind of leukemia are very encouraging, so the outlook is positive. George's good news is that son Bill '86 not only graduated from Wilmington College in May but also became engaged to Karen Carney, a native of Wilmington. The wedding will be next June.

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

Walter Phillips' note reads: "I trust all of the '59 SAS grads are keeping trim and fit. Not expecting anyone to do what I can't—I can still wear my old school blazer. It simply takes willpower and exercise and determination. Looking forward to our 40th Reunion in 1999."

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

Bob Faux writes: "The desire to publish persists. Years(!) after The Cardinal, I obtained a Certificate in Publishing from Stanford (coincidentally known as "The Cardinal" in sports). I'm working on a resource manual and a book on mental health and criminal law, more and more the focus of my work. My wife, Linda, has worked on the front lines of mental health for many years and is a great resource for these projects."

John Craighill
2700 Windswept Lane
Annapolis, MD 21401

John Craighill's letter in August reported on Reunion Weekend '97: "It was a great weekend for '62. We had our normal four-some of duffers for the Friday Golf outing at Wind Chill: Larry Court, Rick Williams, Ernie Cruikshank and I playing in the best ball round. My son, John '97, having just graduated from SAS the week before, was still off enjoying graduation parties and did not make the golf tournament. The Courts had a family group playing with John and Brian Court '92 playing in a different round in order to avoid showing up their old man. My wife, Kathleen, was there to help drive the golf carts, and Kathy Court arrived as we neared the 18th hole and headed for the barn (and the bar).

"Attending the Friday night bash for the O'Briens and the Saturday and Sunday events were: Kathy and Larry Court, Kathleen and John Craighill, Carol and Roger Melling and daughter, Richard Baer and wife Sunny Small plus sons Luke '98 and Alex '00, Susan and John Lawrence, Scotty Gove, Bill Stevenson and Jim Beverly.

"Richard Baer arranged a special event on Saturday, June 7. After Dick Steele died [March 1970], no one could find his SAS Founder's Medal presented to him at our graduation in 1962. At Richard's request, former Headmaster Jon O'Brien had a special Founder's Medal engraved in honor of Dick and presented the medal to Dick's brother, Larry, and sister, Betty. All of us at the Reunion attended the ceremony and were moved by Jon's words and Betty and Larry's remembrances.

"Later, after the Saturday night crab feast, several of us distinguished (I am trying to avoid the word embarrassed) ourselves at Karaoke until the wee hours of Sunday morning. Bring on Reunion '02!!"

Rusty Capers
1004 General Stevens Drive
West Chester, PA 19382

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

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

35TH REUNION
Rusty Capers periodically runs into Kent Hughes, John Schoonover, Rob Pyle, Phil Tonks and his brother-in-law, Charlie Heckscher. All seem to be healthy and pursuing a wide variety of interests. Phil has gone into cider and wine making—he will probably ship to homes upon request.

Lee Tawes
288 West Street, Apt. 7E
New York, NY 10013

John Morton
119 Huse Drive
Annapolis, MD 21403

Sound Shore fund has grown at breakneck speed, and Gibb Kane, along with Harry Burns, III, have managed the rapid growth. As stated in the September 30, 1997 issue of the San Francisco Chronicle,
Tracy Riddle Chardon's '80 children, Linda and Christopher (left) and Myles, son of Heyward Robinson '76.

"Sound Shore Management [started in 1978], which runs the no-load fund from Greenwich, Conn. is one of the few fund operators without a marketing department. The fund was started in 1985 primarily to accommodate family, friends and corporate clients who wanted to invest their own money," Gibb's success was also noted in The New York Times.

John Morton's daughters Margaret and Emily are in 4th and 1st grade, respectively, and attend an Annapolis area Christian school. John writes: "Yours truly, F. Bidnut, has become a minor celebrity in the Star Wars universe, which happens to be vast—e.g., over a thousand web sites. Fofio was in the original The Empire Strikes Back as Dak, Luke's gunner. The Star Wars fan club had been trying to locate me, as the character is somewhat of a cult legend. When I was found, a story ran nationally over the AP wires. Since the re-release, I have been making TV, radio and convention appearances, making speeches and signing autographs. The autograph money is donated to children's charities, in the best SAS tradition. I'm not quitting my day job, however, as the vice president of a new conferences at King Communications Group in Washington's National Press Building." John's note to classmates: "Expect more details on the class, guys. We're in the countdown to the millennium 35th reunion, which promises to be bigger and better than our 30th. Make it happen!"

Andrea and Chris Hunt are now the proud parents of Sophia, born May 28 and weighing in at 10 lbs. 9 oz. Chris says she's a cheerful baby who loves rough housing and dancing. John Morton comments, "As his roommate twice over, I can say with authority that, in those respects, she takes after her dad." As of January 1997, Andrea, who is originally from Brazil, became a certified social worker and started her own private practice. Chris is still at Sports Illustrated as articles editor and a confirmed Upper West Sider, although the family now has a weekend home upstate. At Christmas time, the Hunts and Romaines got together for Robb's annual caroling fest in Riverside, Conn.

Dave Walker reports from Mesa, Ariz., that his company, ViewLogic, was just acquired, and he's riding out the uncertain-ty. For the last year, he had the world-wide Motorola account. Son Rhett is at Arizona State, and daughter Kelly is pursuing a career as a cosmetologist. The Walkers spend every chance they get at their moun-

tain retreat in Prescott. Says Dave, "The Lord is doing great things in my life."

Dave also reports that honorary classmate George Heiner '67 and his wife, Cathy, are down the road in Sierra Vista. Dave and wife Diane provided a base of operations for George, after he visited and decided to relocate to Arizona. George is tech writing. Daughter Clarissa is tearing up the volleyball courts.

Jad Burke has returned from Southern California to the East Coast. He is currently in Alexandria, Va., and still running his own firm, Burke Dunwell Corp., that provides computer software consultants. Jud has also gotten back into rowing with Alexandria Community Rowing, putting him on the same circuit as SAS '63ers John Schoonover and George Shuster. Sculling in singles now, he recently competed in the Wye Island Regatta on the eastern shore of Maryland. The race was 13 miles, proving our former commodore still has a lot of heart.

In July, John Evans wrote: "We're leaving St. Petersburg after three exciting and fascinating years in the new Russia but are looking forward to getting reestablished in the Washington area."

The Committee for Economic Development (CED), a group of national business and education leaders, named Charlie Kolb its new president. He had been general counsel and secretary of United Way of America.

Before joining United Way in 1992, he was Deputy Assistant to President Bush for Domestic Policy. In the Reagan and Bush Administrations, he also served as Assistant General Counsel at the Office of Management and Budget, and Deputy General Counsel for Regulations and Legislation and Deputy Undersecretary for Planning, Budget and Evaluation at the Department of Education.

From the American Embassy in Beijing, this sad note comes from David Lyon: "1997 has been a difficult year for me and my family, chiefly due to the death of my mother, Nancy Otis Lyon, in April. She had fought a 15-year battle with cancer before passing away at home from brain cancer."

Although he attended SAS for one year, Bjarne Strikker admits that he still feels closely related to the School. Since leaving in 1971, he has been living in Arhus, which is situated on the peninsula of Jutland, a major part of Denmark. Barney is the senior partner of a law firm. His wife, Linda, is a dentist, working with the education of physiotherapists. They and their son, Hans Christian (14), live in a house which is near the recreational areas (marina, forest, etc.) of Arhus. They have visited the U.S. several times, traveling to California and Florida. "As Vikings," Barney says, "we enjoy the sun and the wine!" Last year they were able to spend Christmas in New York. They also have had the pleasure of going to Hawaii—"For the locals, we're known as the sun-tanned (all red) Vikings!" Barney adds, "Classmates visiting Denmark should feel free to call me either at my firm (00 45 86 12 63 00) or at my home (00 45 86 13 84 04)."

From Claremont, Calif., Mike Kuchlein reports: "Family's fine. Duncan (3-1/2) is fighting toilet training tooth and nail. Gregory (1-1/2) has become a professional shoe thief. And my faculty IM basketball team (The Geezers) came in second place in Pomona's [College] spring tournament."

Joanna and Heyward Robinson are enjoying watching, Myles grow up. Heyward is with SRI International in California, and Joanna started teaching in the anthropology department at Stanford in January. "Please come visit if you are out our way," suggests Heyward. (e-mail: hrobi@unix.sri.com)

John Dewar relocated to Andrews Air Force Base outside of Washington, D.C. from Randolph AFB in Texas. As an attorney in Dallas, Andy Waters is "busy suing Fortune 500 companies on behalf of cancer victims exposed to toxic carcinogens in the workplace." He and his wife, Mary Brown, who is a judge, have two future lawyers and/or St. Andreans: Juliet and Hugh Jackson.

Jay Hudson got back to his NATO Headquarters in England from "a wonderful four months in Bosna working at
Jay is sorry he'll miss the 20th Reunion.

In another pair of photos from the Then and Now File, Allan Marshall '74 (center) and his wife, Kietny, with Everett McNair '73 in Bermuda in April 1996.

A note from Chuck Marvil reads: "Hey, gang! I have been busy doing my best to stay out of trouble in Atlanta! On April 7, my wife, Courtney, gave birth to our second son, Robert Phipps Marvil—10 lbs. 2 oz.! He is doing well and so is his brother, Charles, IV. In addition, we found that our decidedly affordable duplex was decidedly small! That led us to purchase our next house, with our closing on Friday, June 13th...who believes all that superstitious stuff anyway? Anyway, we made the move, everyone is happy, and we are settling into a new routine. Work is continuing to be great at the restaurant, and I encourage anyone visiting Atlanta to look me up. You can get a preview by going to our web site at www.Prime-Atlanta.com or you can also see my personal web page at http://members.aol.com/AtlPrime/index.html. I hope to hear from you soon!"

Wearing the style to prove it, Allan Marshall '74 (left) and Everett McNair '73 pose on the lawn at St. Andrew's, circa 1972.

Ian Montgomery '85 with son Charlie, Robert Owens '83, Andrew Seymour '82, Rob Colburn '80 and Frank Crawley '93 at Homecoming '97.

Gary Hart
860 N.E. Rimrick Drive
Bremerton, WA 98311

20TH REUNION
Molly Brogan Judge, Director of The Radcliffe Creek School in Chestertown, Md. reports that the first year for this program designed for learning disabled children was a great success. The second year began in the fall with a growing population of 30 children and 13 staff.

Alison Amos Muller and daughter Anna, 9, were busy this summer, rehearsing for a community theater production, the musical of Tom Sawyer. Anna played one of Becky Thatcher's friends, and Alison was the Widow Douglas. "Lots of work," remarked Alison, "and fun. The best part for me was how relaxed I was; none of that self-consciousness that I had in performances at SAS. I just went out there and had a good time!" The week after the show, Alison and her family went to Vermont to visit her parents (Catherine and Bill Amos) and other family members. "It's always great to get up there," commented Alison. "Dad is much more relaxed these days, now that THE BOOK (Time to Remember) is done. Isn't it wonderful reading?" In July, she saw Front Range (brother Bob Amos's '75 band) play at Longwood Gardens. "It was a fabulous show (as always) made more fun by all the familiar faces, including the Colburns and Marc Cheban," Alison says, "Hello to all. We're looking forward to the 20th in June!"

Brenny Thompson received his master's degree in counseling in May of 1997 but is still selling real estate, as well as buying, renovating and renting out homes and apartment complexes.

Congratulations to Heather and Bill White whose first child, Turner, was born on October 19, 1997. Everyone is doing well.

A little correction from the last issue of the Magazine concerning the Dewar family: Bobbie, not Pat, was a librarian at a small private school in Orlando. Pat is a director with Lockheed Martin down there. They are living in Munich for two years while Pat is on a special assignment.

Rob Colburn
18 Judson Street, #12B
Edison, NJ 08837

Susan Liefeld is working in the Human Relations Department of Ore-Ida Foods in West Chester, Pa. and is studying part time for a second master's degree in instructional design at Penn State.

Stephen and Tracy Riddle Chardon live in North country (Franconia, N.H.), where Tracy is "being a mom. Daughter Linda is 5-1/2 and in kindergarten. We had an exciting March when our son, Christopher Alain, was born in L.A. [Cedar Sinai Hospital, 8 lbs. 8 oz.]. Our adoption process has gone very smoothly. We were even able to be there for his birth—I cut the cord! Christopher and I traveled to Amsterdam in September to see my sister and her new baby. He is quite the traveler: California at four days old, Cancun at two months and Europe at five months." Tracy adds a note to St. Andreans: "Come up and ski anytime."

Keith and Kate Rentschler Ausbrook are the proud parents of Charles Kimble (born on August 5, 1997, and weighing in at 8 lbs. 9 oz.), who joins his siblings, Rebecca and Max.

'81 Eric Ellison
111 Dowens Avenue
Stamford, CT 06902

A note from Chuck Marvil reads: "Hey, gang! I have been busy doing my best to stay out of trouble in Atlanta! On April 7, my wife, Courtney, gave birth to our second son, Robert Phipps Marvil—10 lbs. 2 oz.! He is doing well and so is his brother, Charles, IV. In addition, we found that our decidedly affordable duplex was decidedly small! That led us to purchase our next house, with our closing on Friday, June 13th...who believes all that superstitious stuff anyway? Anyway, we made the move, everyone is happy, and we are settling into a new routine. Work is continuing to be great at the restaurant, and I encourage anyone visiting Atlanta to look me up. You can get a preview by going to our web site at www.Prime-Atlanta.com or you can also see my personal web page at http://members.aol.com/AtlPrime/index.html. I hope to hear from you soon!"

'R81 with son Charlie, Robert Owens '83, Andrew Seymour '82, Rob Colburn '80 and Frank Crawley '93 at Homecoming '97.

Paul Eichler
866 Monroe Terrace
Dover, DE 19904

R.J. Beach says he was fortunate enough to coach the golf team at Christ Church Episcopal School to their second straight South Carolina High School State Championship. He began coaching basketball again at the end of October. "Ginny and Cameron are doing great," reports R.J. "I wish I could have made it to the reunion this past summer."

Since their marriage on November 11, 1995, Hunter Davis and Whitney (Rogers) have bought two houses, the first of which they are finishing up so they
can rent it out. Hunter had worked at Software and Computer MadHouse as the vice president of the service department in Bryn Mawr, Pa., where he and Whitney live.

Hunter has now joined DuPont Merck Pharmaceuticals in first-level support on the helpline and is working in New Castle, Del. He enjoys his present job as a contractor for a company called Computer People Inc. He and Whitney spent a ten-day vacation at a family summer house in Winter Harbor, Maine. They will "definitely see everybody at the 20th Reunion."

Mary and Chris Profaci proudly announce the birth of their daughter, Elizabeth Frances, on April 22, 1997. Although she didn’t attend the 15th last June, Ellie has already met her SAS uncles, Van Smith and Scott Weimer when they visited the Profacis at their home in Glyndon, Md. (where renovations—now the historic kind—continue, but are very close to completion). Check out the Web site set up for the Class of 1982 by Andy Seymour: http://www.pond.com/~psybeast/theJDr.

Paragraphs of text follow:

Boo Percy
17 Notch Road
West Simsbury, CT 06092

15TH REUNION

Congratulations to Luke and Jackie Paradee Mette, who welcomed Henry Robinson Mette into the family on August 12, 1997. He joins big brother Will.

Ann O'Shaughnessy Yardley took a trip to France. Nancy Beth, Dan and their three children went to Hawaii in November.

Mike Frechette proudly announced the birth of his M.B.A. from Kansas City, MO 64114.

Andrew Liefeld is the director of the computer lab at Cheshire Academy to which he commutes from his home in Old Lyme, Conn. His wife, Julie, is working on a master’s degree in family counseling and therapy at the University of Connecticut at Storrs, where their children, Amanda (4-1/2) and Aidan (1), attend the University’s child care center on days that Julie has classes.

Peter Liefeld received his M.B.A. from The Johnson School at Cornell in May and has accepted a job with Sun Microsystems in Los Gatos, Calif.

Peter Liefeld received his M.B.A. from The Johnson School at Cornell in May and has accepted a job with Sun Microsystems in Los Gatos, Calif.

Gail Wright is living on a Navajo Indian Reservation in northeastern Arizona where she is chief of pediatrics at the Indian Health Service Hospital. “We have about 20,000 children in our area. Over half of them live in households with no running water. A central tenet of Navajo beliefs is to live in complete harmony. As they say here, ‘Walk in beauty.’”

After three great years of teaching and coaching (two years undefeated, New England champs and National champs!) at Noble and Greenough School in Dedham, Mass., Lou O’Brien now coaches the novice women’s crew at Ohio State University in Columbus. She had a wonderful summer in Newport, R.I. slinging coffee and making gourmet sandwiches at the world-famous Coffee Grind (across the street from Balistreri’s Wharf). “Columbus is a wonderful area. If anyone is passing through, please give me a call!” requests Lou. “It’s strange and sad not having SAS as my home anymore.”

Mara Burnett and husband Timothy Frechette proudly announced the birth of their daughter, Finley Burnett Frechette, on September 13, 1997, weighing 9-1/2 lbs and measuring 21-1/2 inches. “She’s a good baby—a great sleeper!” proclaimed Mom, who looked great at the Williams Club luncheon in New York City in October.

From Cincinnati, Greg and Mary Buffington Jenkins are pleased to announce the birth of their first child, Samuel Buffington Jenkins, born on November 6, 1997. He weighed 8 lbs. 10 oz. and was 21-1/2 inches long.

Located in Lafayette Hill, Pa., Matt Gurin is in his eighth year as a consultant with Hay Management Consultants, which focuses on human resources-related issues. He writes: “Tom (2) and Elizabeth (3-1/2) are enjoying their first year in Montessori School. I don’t run into any SAS grads in Philly—would love to hear from people (Matt_Gurin@haygroup.com).”

Kathryn Nevin reports that she is “still going strong as a social worker, and if anyone wants to learn about the anti-death-penalty movement, please be in touch (kkn@bofa.com).”

Beth Williams Ellingwood is a fourth-year medical student at Ohio State currently interviewing for residency positions while on maternity leave after the birth of her second child, James Whitteker Ellingwood. Daughter Margaret Constance was born in January 1996, during Beth’s second year of medical school. Beth and husband Kevin live with Meg and Whit in Columbus, Ohio along with their dog, Lindy, and cat, Jorma.

Ian Montgomery
175 Ninth Avenue
New York, NY 10011

Heather Morrow married Peter Egan last fall at Heinz Memorial Chapel on the campus of the University of Pittsburgh, where Heather recently received an M.B.A. in marketing. They moved to Houston in June, 1997, and are looking forward to receiving lots of mail.

When he finished his residency, Bob Scacheri moved to Dover, Del. and joined his father’s OB/GYN practice. Bob and his wife, Jennifer, welcomed their son, Quinto (Quin), into the world on June 18, 1997.

Gary Clarke reports that he is still playing with his reggae band, JahMekYa, in and around the upstate New York area.

“With much heartbreak,” writes Anne Gammons, “I left my middle school ESL students for the year to take a curriculum development job with my district. I am researching and creating a foreign language program that will start district wide in kindergarten next year. Then, I hope to return to teaching in my district or in the charter school I am working on in Hoboken, N.J.”

Kathy Dunton Moore switched jobs and
is working for the Rouse Company (headquartered in Maryland) as the marketing manager for Westlake Center in downtown Seattle.

Alex Sargent completed her M.F.A. in Theatre Design from Northwestern University in 1986. Since that time, she has been a freelance costume designer in Chicago. Last spring, she was the faculty leave replacement for the costume designer at Middlebury College. This fall Alex started as an assistant professor at the University of North Carolina at Wilmington. Wilmington is the third largest film-making area in the country, so she is hoping to get some film experience in addition to her teaching and designing the shows at the University. She comments, "Hopefully, Paul Keeley will be starring in a film that I will costume; that, of course, is my dream."

Amy Barto
9941 Highland Way Drive
Streetsboro, OH 44241

Peter Fallaw is teaching English in a large public school in Calvert County, Md., outside Washington, D.C. He observes, with over 170 students a day and classes averaging 30-35 students each, and realizes the great benefit the small classes he enjoyed while in school offered the students.

Breffni Kehoe is in Taiwan for a six-month international law internship. "If any alumni find themselves in Taipei, they should look me up," writes Breffni. "I'll be working at the Taiwan International Patent and Law Office at 125 Nanking East Road, Section 2."

Bill Brakeley graduated from Wilmington College in Delaware and became engaged to Karen Carney, a native of Wilmington. The wedding is set for June 1998.

Dawn Hillman moved to L.A. in April (2608 22nd Street, Santa Monica, Calif. 90405; 310-581-6828) and loves it. She's been working in independent plays and theater and auditioning for feature film and TV work. In November, she was shooting an independent horror film called Night Terrors—a cross between Nightmare on Elm Street and The Blob. Dawn would love to hear from SAS people—"Brooke Bassin, where are you? I've called information all over the place!"


After completing an M.B.A. at McGill University in Montreal, Nicola Katz worked as an analyst at an Austrian investment bank for three years in Prague, Czech Republic. In November, she had just finished a year of travel in Southeast Asia and is now planning to settle in Canada for a couple of years.

Jill Willock Caron and husband John were married on March 23, 1997. On October 9, Rupert Bell e-mailed his latest news from London: "I shall be leaving my job at P&O [Peninsular & Oriental Steam Navigation Co.] next week and starting a new position in November with a small venture capital company called Sand Aire. I'm very excited at the prospect and looking forward to getting my hands dirty. I greatly enjoyed the reunion weekend (though it was hard work going all that way for three days) and was delighted to see so many classmates. Best wishes to all."

Melissa (Mills) '89 and Trevor Ortman are still amazed with the "two incredible weeks in Africa on a photo safari!" they took after their wedding in April—they have a thousand photos to prove it. They have settled down in Vail, Colo., where Trevor is attending culinary school while working at Bravo's Cabin. Melissa works for Vail Food Services in human resources. They were sorry to miss the Reunion, "but now we have two to attend every five years," adds Trevor.

Jennifer Hurt Mullins
883 Boulevard East, Apt. 2G
Weehawken, NJ 07087

Class Correspondent:
Elizabeth Baxter
102 W. 80th Street, Apt. 24
New York, NY 10024
EBaxter123@aol.com

10TH REUNION

Storm Gibbons-Neff continues to reside in Chestertown, Md. and is working on the family farm raising crops, cattle and Perdue chickens.

In September, Lainie Thomas moved from Cambodia to England and was looking for a job. She is living in a terrace (row) house in Norwich.

Matt Crowley and Andrea Montero of Belmont, Mass., were married in August 1997. Andrea attends graduate school at Lesley College in Cambridge. Matt earned his master's in education from Boston College in 1995, focusing on urban education. He teaches history at Brockton High School. "While there are many challenges," states Matt, "it is extremely rewarding. We are living in Cambridge, near Harvard, and would welcome a chance to reconnect with friends."

Elizabeth Baxter writes: "First things first. In honor of the ten long years that we have been away from SAS, we have a Big Hairy Audacious Goal to meet by reunion this year. And to keep it a secret no longer, THE GOAL is 100 percent participation in annual giving. You will get a phone call (or calls) with regard to this subject, so have those checkbooks handy."

"In other news—you can't seem to keep the Class of '88 out of school: Ian Edmundson graduated from NYU's Stern School of Business this past May and is now working for NBC in their interactive on-line network division. Van Barker is in his second year at Kellogg Business School and spent the summer interning with Colgate in their brand management division in New York. Oliver Wilcox is hitting the books these days, getting his Ph.D. in Arabic and Middle Eastern dance down at
Melissa Mills '89 and Trevor Ortman '87 had a great time at their wedding with SAS friends, I to r: Robby Maxwell '89, Wade Cooper '89, Toby Whitmoyer '89, Chris Flemer '89, Ross Ellis '87, Sherry Gamble '87, Steve Gratwick '87, Susan Willock '89, T.C. McCarthy '88, Chip Dietrich '89, Megin Adams '89, Tim Ortman '89, Trevor & Melissa and Elizabeth Hammond Pyle '89.

The University of Virginia. Up north at MIT, Heather Hillman is taking on urban planning. I, too, am currently avoiding any sort of salaried existence, as I work towards my M.B.A. at Columbia Business School in hopes of one day writing the Great American Business Novel.”

Cori del Sobral has abandoned the good life in St. Thomas for the almost as good life in New Orleans, La. She is an M.B.A. candidate at the A.B. Freeman School of Business at Tulane University. She was appointed “float captain” in the Krew of Tucks. Cori sends this note: “If anyone is interested in being in a Mardi Gras parade, let me know. My e-mail address is: celsiusbr@freeman.tulane.edu.”

More notes from Elizabeth:

Julie Herbert Wahman and her husband, Christopher, recently purchased a house outside of Augusta, Ga. and have another son, Joseph. Julie is working for Avondale Mills as a credit analyst and will be spending a large portion of the next few months in Atlanta, Ga.

John Oechsle is a financial advisor for Legg Mason. He works in the Bethesda, Md., office and is doing well despite this tremendous bull market. John, Elizabeth, Art Butcher, Alex Houghton, Rick Patzman, Susan Stoops and Oliver Wilcox were all on hand for Chris Pupke’s wedding last weekend in September. Chris and his new bride, Andy, honeymooned later in the year in the Galapagos Islands.

Karsten Robbins was married last summer in Denmark.

Simon Cherniavsky closed a deal with the Kremín, stipulating that all state offices and rest stops will only offer Pepsi beverages. Way to go, Skee!

Look for Rick Patzman as the proud father in the next series of Huggies’ commercials. Rick’s career is really taking off.

Tom and Jennifer Hurtt Mullins celebrated their first anniversary with a trip to Martha’s Vineyard in September where they enjoyed bike rides, surf fishing, antiquing and long walks on the beach.

Art Butcher continues to set the medical world on fire with his licentious and other party supply sales.

It’s official! Susan Stoops has passed the Virginia Bar. Look out, Richmond!

Susan Willock 301 Spring Hill Farm Circle Chestertown, MD 21620

Class Correspondent:
Catherine Soles 158 Madison Drive Newark, DE 19711

Alec McCandless reports: “I have been happily married since March of this year, bought a house in August, and started grad school at the University of Michigan in September (M.A. in liberal studies). Life is pretty boring!”

Storm Troslad writes: “On June 21, 1997, I was married to Lynn Isbell, with whom I fell in love in 1989 at Boston College. Our private ceremony took place at Church of the Cross in my hometown of Bluffton, S.C. We celebrated with a beautiful reception at my parents’ home on the May River and sailed away from friends and family as the full moon rose before us. “Lynn and I are living in Atlanta. I am finishing my degree in finance and will graduate next summer. (Can’t wait!) We take frequent trips to Bluffton, where we see John Little and his wife, Kim. John is working for Interstate/Johnson, Lane, Inc. in Savannah as a stockbroker. We also see my brother, Richard ’92, who will be finishing his degree in English at the University of Georgia in the fall [1997].”

Marlies Patzman moved to San Francisco in March and works as the head pastry chef at the Fog City Diner. Amy Wilson was out west in August, and she and Marlies went out for a sushi feast along with Kate Gamble to talk about old times. Kate works in the marketing department at The North Face. Amy is “on sabbatical from Taltt and spending it as a master’s student at the Harvard Graduate School of Education.”

Howard Moorin lives in Arlington, Va. and works in Washington, D.C. for Representative Pat Danner of Missouri. He also attends part-time business school at the University of Maryland. “I figured I spent enough time learning how to take people’s money through the public sector,” says Howard, “so I am now learning how to take people’s money through the private sector. After business school graduation, I have no idea what I am going to do or where. The more things change....”

Chad Eckelberger is “living in San Francisco and trying hard to live soulfully.”

Life has had considerable changes for Catherine Soles. She says, “ Folks can stop checking their mailbox for invitations to my wedding—it is not to be.” On a cheerier note, she went to Darius Mansoor’s ’85 pub, the Washington Street Ale House and “it was really wonderful! It has a neighborhood bar feel and was filled with people having a great time. Great nachos. I would definitely recommend it to anyone who goes out in Wilmington. Darius himself is doing well and seems to be enjoying himself immensely.”

Karsten Hammond and her husband, Russ, took a five-week trip to Italy—the honeymoon they didn’t get to take last year.

Edley and Tim Ortman went to Vail, Colo. to visit Melissa (Mills) and Trevor Ortman ’87. They all had a wonderful time together. Trevor is working for a restaurant in Beaver Creek as part of his chef training. Melissa is working at her new job in Human Resources for Vail Associates. She gets to use her Spanish a lot (one of the main reasons she was hired) and receives free ski passes, so she is pretty pleased. She and Trevor have a new dog, Queenie. Anyone who plans to be in the Vail area is welcome to stay with them—so give them a call.

Our growing Los Angeles contingent includes the following: Rebecca Wendell (Greenberg) is in her fourth year of medical school there. She would like to take a year off and spend some time traveling before starting her psychiatry residency. Allison Hamilton is working on her screenplay. Megin Adams moved to L.A., somewhat on the spur of the moment. It was obviously a great decision on her part—she is working for NBC, doing research. She really enjoys her job. She sees Becky and Allison pretty often. Catherine Soles sends this warning: “If you talk to Megin, she will make life in L.A. sound so great that you will want to move there.
Sarah Savage Hébert
8808 Wazford Road
Richmond, VA 23235

Caryn McDaniel Koppenhaver
West Nottingham Academy
1079 Firetower Road
Colfax, MD 21917-1599

Ridie Lazar
Box 2006
Kent, CT 06757

Emily Balentine and Finn Caspere, Jr., were united in marriage on October 4, 1997, in St. Philip Episcopal Church, Charleston, S.C. Following graduation from Harvard College in 1994, where she received the Cyrilly Ables Award for creative writing, Emily taught English and history and coached the varsity girls' tennis team at The Peddie School in Hightstown, N.J. for two years. In May 1997, she received an M.A. in European history from Brown University. She is now living in New York and pursuing writing.

Kate Crowley graduated from Middlebury and is doing well in Homer, Alaska.

Amanda Woods returned to Rowayton, Conn., after spending nearly two years in London working for English National Opera. She was sorry to have missed the crew at Henley.

In October, Katy and Austin Wheelock finalized a deal on an apartment in Senegal, West Africa, “so, for those of you who want to come, there is more than enough room.” Katy was learning the Wolof language—five hours of classes a day for two or three weeks. Nearly everyone speaks French, but knowing Wolof makes every day communication while shopping, haggling with a taxi driver, etc., much easier.

After being service manager of Wooden Wheels in Newark, Del., for six years, Andrew McIn signed on with Specialized Bicycle Components this year. He is the East Coast technical sales support representative, which means he drives from Maine to Miami, visits dealers and does product education, sales training, neutral mechanical support at events and general indoctrination. “The travel is both enjoyable and wearying,” states Andrew. “I can be the road for up to 20 days out of the month. It is not only the highlight of my job but also the biggest drawback. I am somewhat disappointed that I will not be able to coach boys’ crew at SAS this year, as I have for the past two seasons. I have also not been able to pursue my musical hobby. In the past few years, I have had several bands (punk, surf, punk/surf) and been a singer/songwriter, guitarist and bass player. I haven’t rowed for years but instead have taken up cycling (both road and off-road) and rock climbing.

Andrew will marry Olivia Court, a surgical ICU nurse at Christiana Hospital, in Hobart, Australia on March 14, 1998. They will be married by Andrew’s father, Simon Mein (retired SAS chaplain), in Olivia’s parents’ garden. “Over the summer,” he says, “we will have a great wedding party over here for everyone who couldn’t come to Australia (probably at Rodney Point).”

In November, Carey McDaniel Koppenhaver wrote: “Things are good here at West Nottingham Academy. The field hockey season was over; we finished 7-5-1. Mike and I are taking our crazy dog, Tasha, to obedience school and, although she isn’t failing, she has a lot of trouble paying attention. Class with the dog gets a little stressful at times.”

Taylor Cameron is an uncle! His brother Scott’s wife, Jill, had a baby (Taylor Page Cameron). He and Shannon also have a new addition to their household—a beagle puppy.

Webb Armentrout
117 East Clement Street
Baltimore, MD 21230

Thad McBride is a first-year law student at Suffolk University in Boston.

Melissa Batie Johnson’s last note in the fall 1997 issue of the Magazine stated that she was working on her doctorate at Salisbury when it was actually her M.A.—“although a Ph.D. is on the horizon.”

Keith Howson and his January 1996 bride, Alexandra, recently moved to Stamford, Conn., where Keith works with National Decision Systems, a computer consulting company doing work with the Gartner Group. Alex works in Westport marketing firm. They are having great fun.

Edwin Williamson continues to work for a health foundation as their African coordinator. In September he was in South Africa, Zimbabwe, Zambia and Ghana. In Zimbabwe, he “saw a rock dassie (hyrax), which looks like a rodent but its closest living relatives are the elephant and manatee. If there are St. Andreans in Africa, please contact me,” requests Edwin, “as I will most likely be in your country at some point. I can be reached by e-mail at: ewilliamson@compuserve.com; mail: #7 The

Jentry Vranian ’93 and Brian Wade were joined by friends to celebrate their wedding in July. I to r: Mrs. Renee Andrews-Delaine, Leigh McCandless ’93, Betsy Rivinus ’93, Brian, Jentry, and Halimah Delaine ’93.

Santiago, Chile, where he was teaching English. However, in November, he started working as a wilderness guide either in kayaks or mountain excursions. He says his plans are pretty unpredictable, but he would like to be back in the states in July for Greg Rhodes’ wedding in Allentown. After a few years of working in a wilderness school in Pennsylvania, Greg returned to college and will graduate in May.

Ridie Lazar is still at Kent. She spent the summer in New York City working on a master’s in educational administration at Columbia. She has seen a few SAS people on the admissions recruiting road—Brian Leipheimer is working in college guidance at St. Stephens-St. Agnes. He and his wife just bought a house in Richmond. In November, Ridie also saw Randy Slaughter ’92, who is working in admissions and coaching football at Westminster School in Simsbury, Conn.
Members of the Class of '97—Page Rockwell, Morgan Foster and Lindsay Dormer—gathering at St. Andrew's Homecoming '97.

Joy McGrath
2727 29th Street, NW Apt. 516
Washington, DC 20008

Rich Trodals finished his degree in English at the University of Georgia in the fall.

Pam Heath became Mrs. Roland Charles Benson, Jr., on May 18, 1997, in an Islamic Nikkah held on May 18, 1997, at West Grove, Pa. Inshah Allah, a civil wedding, was held on July 26, 1997, in the Morehead City, N.C. Hampton Inn.


Ann Imes and Sarah Hammond are both teaching and coaching. Ann teaches at Belmont Hill and will coach crew in the spring, while Sarah is at Andover. They had plans to be at the Head-of-the-Charles gathering.

After receiving a promotion, Joy McGrath works directly under the president and executive vice president of the Women's Legal Defense Fund. She is coordinating a planning process which will determine WLD's long-term policy and public relations strategy as well as reconfigure the internal structure of the organization. She is having a great time with the new job and expects to be there for at least another year.

Randy Slaughter is working in admissions and coaching football at Westminster School in Simsbury, Conn.

Sara Wilson says, "Hello Class of '92. Sorry I missed everyone at the reunion. In May, I graduated from Wittenberg University. Currently, I am an intern in the second grade at a private K-9 school in Bedford, N.Y. I will also be coaching field hockey, ice hockey and lacrosse at the middle-school level."

Frank Crawley
1730 Piccadilly Lane
Raleigh, NC 27608
fcrawley@unity.ncsu.edu

Class Correspondent:
Keri Brenner
25 Moore Road
Bronxville, NY 10708

5TH REUNION
Tim Fallaw graduated from Colorado College in May with a major in history. All's well with Abi White in Guinea, West Africa. She's an agent de sante in the village of Yende Millimou. "Come visit! The people are so friendly!"

Working for Corporate Resource Development, Bob Kidd sends his message from Atlanta, Ga.: "Having fun! Working hard! Please say 'hi' to everybody for me!"

Carolyn Wirth made a big move west after graduation and is having a wonderful time teaching and enjoying the warm California weather. She writes: "Look me up if you're ever in San Francisco."

While living in Madison, N.J., Mike Pignatello works at Ogilvy & Mather Advertising in New York on the IBM International Account. He graduated in May from Columbia, majoring in political science, and received the Edward Sutliff Brainard Memorial Prize. "If anyone is in NYC, give me a ring!"

After graduating from Stanford in June, Abbie McBride moved to Los Angeles, where she works as an analyst in the strategic planning department of the Walt Disney Co. She visited Quincy Brown '92, who lives in San Francisco, works at an investment bank and is doing very well. Abbie writes, "I would love to hear from other SAS folks who are out here enjoying the year-round sunshine in California. I also want to make the announcement that my dad (Elliott McBride, SAS business manager) got married in January and is seemingly basking in wedded bliss."

Congratulations to Jentry Vranian, who became Mrs. Brian Wade on July 5, 1997, in Albuquerque, N.M. Betsy Rivinus and Halimah DeLaine were both maids of honor. Halimah is a first-year law student at Georgetown Law School. The newlyweds are living in New Mexico.

Kris Taft will graduate from Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Ore. on May 3 and will move to Anchorage, Alaska for the summer.

Matt Meredith is a second lieutenant in the U.S. Army serving as a mechanized infantry officer. Upon graduating from Ranger School in the spring, he hopes to make it to the Reunion. Later in the summer, Matt will go to Germany to serve.

Rachel Ruane writes: "My last year at Wesleyan was both fabulous and unbelievably stressful. Having my brother, Jonathan '96, at school with me was great; he got free food and laundry service at my house—much to his delight. I also got to see fellow Class of '93 classmates, Tammy Small and Tucker Foehl, quite often. Tucker's picture was on the front page of Wesleyan's newspaper several times because of his involvement with the campus food service unions.

Camille Cranson is finishing her last year at Spelman: "After deferring from Emory Law School and with my hopes of becoming a boarding school teacher on temporary hold, I decided to live and work in Europe for the year. After one week of living in London, I ran into Mary Nicklin '96 in the grocery store. Turns out she was in London for the summer on an internship with the Financial Times and just happened to be living around the corner from me. Running into Mary was only the beginning of my encounters with SAS alumni living abroad. Adrian Keevil and I have talked several times on the phone, since he is spending the year in Oxford studying English literature. I ran into Libby Moore '92 and her boyfriend in Leicester Square. We have plans to have a mini-reunion with Adrian in Oxford.

"Currently, I am working for an American law firm and learning to say 'lift' instead of elevator and 'loo' instead of bathroom. Soon my work permit will run out and then I will be off to Ireland for four
months. If any SAS alum is planning to do some traveling in Europe, please do not hesitate to come and find me in Dublin. I will be returning home just in time for my first SAS reunion."

'94
Megan Forney
4400 Spruce Street, E-4
Philadelphia, PA 19104-4735

Class Correspondent:
Dionne Thomas
87-85 191st Street
Holliswood, NY 11423

Megan Forney is in her last year at Penn. Her e-mail note reads: "I can't believe it!"

Anna Stancioff went to Middleton in October to see Katie Padden. She and Liz Reynolds drove up together and were impressed by Katie's beautiful farmhouse that's complete with barns, a view of the mountains and an apple tree. They had seen each other during the summer in D.C. Liz spent her summer in Wilmington, working and taking economics classes. Katie spent half of her summer in Europe, after her spring semester studying in Greece. Anna had a grant to work and research in Mexico City, which she says was a great experience. Liz was able to visit her there for a few days.

Anna writes: “Liz is an environmental studies major, and she manifests her interests in her love for pumpkins. Katie is an art major and an economics minor. While at Middlebury, we hung out with Kip Diggles and Alex Rainton, who was there visiting Kip. This summer Alex worked for Atlantic Records and is considering continuing with them after graduation. At Trinity, Alex is the music editor for the online Trinity magazine. Alex is thinking of returning to Spain after graduation to study Spanish more. We also saw Andrew Mahlstedt, who is an American Studies major at Middlebury (even though he still studies Spanish and Chinese). He's considering moving to San Francisco after graduation with some friends. At the Middlebury-Williams football game, we saw Mr. and Mrs. Lyons and Kate Harrington '96, who took part in an interesting halftime show. Nick Barker '96 and Hadley Robin '96 were also visiting that weekend. Alex Robin is enjoying Colorado College after a summer in Italy. He wants to go to Seville, Spain next semester, but he has to take care of his albino boa which is now five feet long and growing. I've also been keeping in touch with Ali Papson and Rachel Burnett, who are sharing an apartment at UVA. Ali is planning to travel in Europe with a friend after graduation and is also in the process of applying to graduate schools in psychology. Rachel spent her summer studying in Paris and, more importantly, has gotten engaged. She and her fiancé have chosen an August 1998 date for the wedding. Ali and a friend of Rachel's from home will be the maids of honor, and Alexis and I will both be bridesmaids. Rachel's senior year so far has been very hectic between her classes and planning for the wedding.”

'95
Peden Harris
2000 Northern Pkwy., #1510
Memphis, TN 38112

Jennifer (Whit) Pilson spends four weeks in late May and early June traveling through Europe (nine countries) with a University of Virginia sorority sister. For the remainder of the summer, she worked in Charlottesville.

Andrew Reynolds is participating in the Bates College Junior Year Abroad program. He is an economics major, studying in Great Britain at the University of Bristol. Students at Bates have the option during their junior year of taking a semester or full year in a foreign country. Andrew is a member of the Bates men's squash and lacrosse teams.

Elliott Lane is studying Arabic in Jordan for a year and will return to Georgetown, Del. in September 1998.

'96
Brianne McCarthy
Clemson University
P.O. Box 3033
Clemson, SC 29632-3033

Doris Short
Trinity College #701585
300 Summit Street
Hartford, CT 06106-3160

Ginna Hammer describes her program in England as "an amazing intellectual experience. The class and professors are amazing." Halfway through her program, she had seen nine plays, eight of which were Royal Shakespeare Company productions. "The RSC is incredible." She had a wonderful time going to theaters such as the beautiful Swan Theatre and the Royal Shakespeare Theatre. She also visited Oxford, London and Edinburgh and spent a weekend in Scotland.

Charles Raffetto is having a good year at Randolph-Macon College, majoring in computer science. He has received a spot in Instant Theater, the college improv company.

Kristin Douglas has decided to take a semester off from Tulane University. In the interim, she will be taking classes at UCLA and living with her father in Los Angeles. She had a good semester visiting with other alums, Charles Raffetto and Doris Short.

James Reeve has been extremely busy this year. After finishing his plebe year at the United States Naval Academy, his boat got fourth at the Intercollegiate Rowing Regatta. He then spent much of his summer on a cruise off the East Coast and training with Navy Seals and Marines. He's now on the varsity crew but has found time to get his scuba certification and to run a half-marathon.

Things are going swimmingly at Bowdoin for Jon Moore, other than the fact that Maine was in the throws of winter early in November this year, Jon Rickert and Court Heine spent fall break with Jon in Brunswick. They're both doing well. Jon Rickert is keeping himself busy filling the role of the biggest entrepreneur in Colby history, selling T-shirts, homemade bed lofts, and whatever else he can think of.

Nicky Fraser is once again having a spectacular semester at Barnard College and supervises her own mentoring program. She is majoring in Latin American studies and will spend her second semester abroad in Spain.

Doris Short and J.R. Parsons are doing well at Trinity and Johns Hopkins, especially with regards to a cappella. They brought their groups, the Trinity Pipes and the Johns Hopkins Mental Notes, to SAS.
I have just discovered this wonderful access to SAS. I hope I will be able to figure it out a second time. Meanwhile, it is such fun to catch up on what is going on.

Jon and I are loving retirement but miss you all. He is painting a lot and I am trying to learn to deal with golf clubs. Sometimes they cooperate; sometimes they do not. Playing with my computer is fantastic. We are getting a second line tomorrow.

on October 24 to perform for students and faculty. At William and Mary College, Dan Reinhart is very busy with classes and Army ROTC training. He is doing well and enjoying living in his new apartment with friends off campus.

Richie Everts is very happy at Franklin and Marshall. He finished a run in a Shakespearean play in which he held a leading role.

Brian Wright, a sophomore geology major, sang tenor with the Whitman College Choralе, which performed with one of seven Whitman music ensembles during the annual fall "Sampler" concert on October 24. The performance presented a preview of the fall concert season, blending student vocal and instrumental talents.

E-MAIL NOTE: JOAN O’BRIEN

Anne Riley 305 Helen Newberry 4325 S. State Street Ann Arbor, MI 48109

Will Robinson Box V 5192, 13 Oak Drive Hamilton, NY 13346-1399

Megan Wright Denison University Slayter Box 2376 Granville, OH 43023

While attending Scripps College, Katy Wafle has found California to be "sunny and beautiful. I look out my window at palm trees and a swimming pool, but I still miss fall on Noxontown Pond." She is a member of the Concert Choir, a group of 85, and is also performing in a play, The House of Bernarda Alba.

Will Robinson had a good time playing lacrosse this fall at Colgate University. He and Simon Saddleton (Cornell University) got together for homecoming to watch the Cornell/Colgate football game at Cornell. They are planning a trip with Amol Parikh and Ryan Johnson to Las Vegas during the winter. Amol is loving NYU and taking full advantage of New York City. He went to the Conan O’Brien Show.

Tim Trumbauer is happily attending St. Mary’s College of Maryland. He is “enjoying getting beat on at lacrosse practice.” Brian Bullard e-mailed a note for his schoolmates: "Life here in college [West Chester] is going well, but I miss you guys so much. It’s good to hear from other people to know that you’re doing well. I know that I’m not the best about writing, but I’m working on it. Take care of yourselves, and please keep in touch." Brian’s e-mail address is: bb277810@wcupa.edu.

Tom Stephens reports, “Dartmouth is great! Having a blast!”

Morgan is coxing for Brown’s first women’s freshman eight. They won Head of the Connecticut in the intermediate division and came in second to St. Catherine’s of Canada at Head of the Charles. St. Catherine’s rowed a record-breaking race (by eight seconds).

Payne Miller talks to Kirk Kieffer and John Landay on a continual basis. Kirk played varsity football and was wide receiver at Dickinson. Unfortunately, he injured his knee and was aquajogging in the college pool for rehabilitation. John is doing well at Wesleyan and successfully completed all his work for lacrosse. He was considering running track or lifting during the winter in order to gain a couple of pounds—or lose them. Otherwise, he is happy and having a good time.

John Craighill played varsity soccer at Gettysburg and was the second string goalie for the team, which is ranked in the top 25 for Division III schools. He is having a great time and has moved with his family from Alexandria to Annapolis.

Vita Waters is keeping busy running for the cross-country team at Tufts. She says her classes are a real challenge.

Page Rockwell loves life at Yale and is singing in an all women’s a cappella group.

Natalie Reese loves crew at Dartmouth even on the days that she finds ice on the riggers of the boats as they’re coming off of the water.

Laya White writes: “Georgetown is definitely a great place. Things are going very well for me. Classwise, my most interesting class is definitely Chinese. It’s so difficult, because, in Chinese, every vowel sound has four different pronunciations, based on inflection. For instance, when you say one word in one inflection, it means ‘four,’ but with another inflection, it means ‘death’!”

I’m also in the Pep Band, playing for basketball and football games, and I am stage managing for the Black Theater Ensemble’s production of ‘Flyin’ West.’”

Lindsay Dormer is on a NOLS course in Baja, Mexico, for three months and doesn’t start at Middlebury until February.

Chris Turner is a member of the fire department at the University of Virginia. He, Will Robinson and Andrew Smith had plans to run in a marathon over Thanksgiving break.

Katie Edwards is considering transferring to the University of New Mexico so that she can focus more on her photography. She is currently the official school photographer at Northland.

David Bass is the assistant wrestling coach at the local high school near Virginia Tech. He pledged Pi Kappa Psi.

Liz Ferrell pledged Delta Delta Delta at Wake Forest University. She visited Holly Fling at Harvard for the Head of the Charles.

Katie Thomson has decided to discontinue rowing at Princeton after she won a gold medal at the Head of the Charles in the women’s youth four category.

Anne Riley rowed for Michigan and pledged Pi Beta Phi.

Megan Wright is a member of two chorale groups, as well as the Humane Society and the crew club. Jon (former headmaster) and Joanie O’Brien stopped by Denison to have lunch with her in the fall.

Ben Kennedy plays soccer for Dartmouth and loves it.

How to Submit of Your Class Notes

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2. You can FAX us: (302) 378-0429
3. Or MAIL to:
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   350 Noxontown Road
   Middletown, DE 19709

If you would like your news to appear in a specific issue, stick to the deadlines listed below:

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Unable to reach your class correspondent? Call Fran Holleck, Class Notes Editor, (302) 378-9511, Ext. 256.
Supporting Your Children, St. Andrew's & Yourself

—Or: Making Money (almost) by Giving it Away

By John Cook '45

As you know, there are several ways of giving to St. Andrew's. Although writing a check is the simplest, there are alternative ways that over time are usually more advantageous to you—and, in some cases, your family as well.

Some folks may not be enthusiastic about making a deferred gift to St. Andrew's (or any other institution for that manner) because of their very reasonable desire to support their children first—naturally. They may also wish to support themselves (a plural, to include spouses) as well—very naturally.

How about this? Surprisingly, the much-maligned tax code, even the 1997 version, makes it possible to take care of all these things at the same time. And St. Andrew's is now, and will long remain, ready to do impressively useful things with whatever you contribute.

To go back to the beginning: the way to support children and spouse and self and SAS to everyone's advantage is to arrange things in the reverse order, without forgetting the first order of business, i.e., the kids.

For starters, you establish a charitable remainder trust with St. Andrew's as the beneficiary. This is less complicated than you may think. The School's development office can help your legal advisors with calculations, draft documents, etc. The most sensible way to set up a trust is with appreciated property, especially securities, that has/have increased in value. Lots of capital gains, maybe, but no capital gains tax. The School will be happy to wait for the principal; however, don't let the trust substitute for Annual Fund giving to support current needs.

Second, for your benefit in this trinitarian scheme, the Feds require that you collect from the trust a minimum of five percent as return income annually during your lifetime or the lifetime of a survivor, e.g., a spouse. If you have highly appreciated whatever, it is doubtful that you can garner anywhere near a five percent return at this time, but SAS will cheerfully give it to you, and if you ask, they may even give you a somewhat higher rate of return. In recent years, with no promise for the future, SAS money managers have been spectacularly successful. If anyone can, they can make the trust, and your income, grow. On the demise (requiescat in pacem) of the surviving spouse, SAS gets the principal in the trust. In the meantime, you get an enhanced income plus the benefits of first class financial management.

Third, (in our reverse order of doing things), but first in your considerations for long-range planning, how about the kids? Depending on how old you are and how much pay-back you ask from the trust, the IRS will allow you a one-time deduction for a charitable donation in the year you establish it. The older you are and the less return you ask for—down to the five percent minimum—the bigger your deduction from your taxable income. This deduction can be very substantial. Instead of using this deduction for a trip to New Zealand, you can use it for life insurance on yourself or your spouse for your devoted offspring to replace the assets used to create the trust.

What then is the bottom line? You have appreciated property on which you pay no capital gains tax. You have more income than you could reasonably expect from that property. You have established new insurance (which will appreciate) for the loved ones, thereby safeguarding their inheritance, and in some cases, reducing your estate taxes.

And one day St. Andrew's School will have a stronger endowment for educating those who need and deserve it, just like we once did.

John Cook created his own charitable remainder trust with St. Andrew's School as the beneficiary and trustee in 1995. The remainder will go toward the general scholarship fund. For more information about creating your legacy, please contact Chesa Profaci '80, Director of Development & Alumni/ae Affairs at St. Andrew's School 302-378-9511, ext. 260.

5/50 CLUB

The newest gift club recognizes St. Andrew's youngest stewards—alumni/ae who graduated five years or less ago and who support the School at the $50-99 level. Listed below are the inaugural members as of November 1997.

Charles P. Durkin '97
Robert W. Kidd, IV '93
Michael E. Pignatello '93
Thomas B. Stephens '97
Megan L. Wright '97

Morgan E. Foster '97
Elizabeth H. Laffitte '97
Elizabeth T. Schneider '94
Carolyn H. Wirth '93
IN MEMORY

John N. MacInnes

Mac MacInnes, former faculty member (1931-50), died on September 14, 1997 in the Coronado Hospital, Coronado, Calif. as a result of cancer and heart failure. He had been ill since February.

During the 1960s, Mac was the point man for General Dynamics in two tours of Vietnam. His mission: to train the military in the use of hand-held radar equipment.

For Captain MacInnes, a decorated Navy veteran of World War II and the Korean War, being close to the action was a way of life.

He was awarded a Silver Star, Legion of Merit, two Bronze Stars and a Purple Heart in a military career that spanned more than 20 years.

Mac joined General Dynamics in the mid-1960s as product manager for sensor devices, concentrating on ground surveillance radar and intrusion detection systems. General Dynamics sold the systems to the military, and Mac was its international emissary.

"The radar systems were like hand-held suitcases," said his son Ian MacInnes. "Dad marketed and sold them and checked how they were working."

Mac retired from General Dynamics in 1975, concentrating on various roles in Coronado, where he lived for 45 years. He was president for two years of the Coronado Floral Association, which stages annual flower and garden shows in the community. He was president from 1980-81 of the Rotary Club of Coronado, Rotarian of the Year in 1978 and director for two terms of the Coronado Playhouse. Mac also helped plan Coronado's annual Fourth of July parade and served on the boards of directors of the American Red Cross, Coronado Hospital and the Coronado Hospital Foundation.

A native of Boston, he studied math and engineering at Trinity College in Hartford, Conn. earning his bachelor of science degree in 1930.

During World War II, he was a combat information officer aboard the carrier San Jacinto and an air defense officer for the 2nd Carrier Task Force. He suffered leg and back wounds while aboard ship during a World War II campaign that sent him to the Solomon Islands area, including Guadalcanal.

During the Korean War, Mac was an air defense officer for the commander of the U.S. 7th Fleet, which defended Taiwan against possible attack from China.

In the words of Bill Amos, former faculty member, in his book, Time To Remember, John was "utterly loyal, hard working and devoted to the School." Headmaster Tad Roach expressed his feelings: "We will remember John and his many contributions to this fine school. His example inspires those of us who follow in his footsteps."

He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth Walters; one son, Ian Campbell MacInnes '54; two daughters, Jean Nealon MacInnes and Gael MacInnes Mitchell; six grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

*Information obtained from The San Diego Union Tribune, Obituary, September 19, 1997.

KERI J. ADVOCAT '91

Keri studied photography at the International Center for Photography in New York (1993-95), at Horizons in Massachusetts and at the Maine Photographic Workshops. She studied film in New York at New York University's Tisch School of the Arts and at the New School, as well as at the University of Colorado (1992-93). Keri learned photography from her mother, an amateur photographer, and began taking her own photographs in the sixth grade. She went on to teach herself darkroom (color, black and white and alternative processes) and advanced camera skills.

She began working fresh out of school, taking stills for a film production company. She also pursued independent features, but gradually moved to fashion and location portraiture. She also worked as a commercial photographer and art director for television projects, and as an assistant for several photographers and media agencies.

She was most recently working as a freelance fashion photographer in New York City when she passed away at the age of 22 on January 6, 1997.

Her death was due to complications resulting from scleroderma, a rare autoimmune disease she had since she was 18.

Keri was honored by the inclusion of her biography in Women Photographers, a selection of images from the Women in Photography International Archive (1852-1997).

WILLIAM ROBERT CARTER, JR.

Rob Carter, 34, died of heart failure on November 19, 1997, in Bayhealth Medical Center-Kent General Hospital, Dover, Del.

Rob was born in Dover. He was the director of physical plant for St. Andrew's School. He enjoyed his family, his friends, his home and time at the beach.

He is survived by his wife, Carla Cassell Carter; a son, William Robert, III, (7); two daughters, Courtney Marie (5) and Cayla Cassell (5 mos.); his parents, Jane and William R. Carter, Sr., of Clayton, Del. and Jeanne and Jan Polivka of Dover; a brother, Christian Richard Bergold of Clayton; a sister, Melissa Jane Knight of Smyrna, Del.; and his maternal grandmother, Mildred Faulkner, of Smyrna.

Services were held in Asbury United Methodist Church with burial in Odd Fellows Cemetery, Smyrna.

WILLIAM L. VAN LEER, JR. '41

Bill Van Leer died on October 6, 1997, at his home in Warwick, N.Y., where he was a resident for 11 years.

He was a World War II Army Air Corps veteran and a member of St. Thomas Episcopal Church in Vernon, N.J., where a memorial service was held on October 18 and officiated by the Rev. Steven Steele.

Survivors include his wife, Bruce Nicholson Van Leer, at home; three daughters, Anne Brooks Ekberg of Briar Cliff Manor, Sarah de Selding Woglom of Warwick and Allison Millstein of Westtown; and six grandchildren.
ELIZABETH ROBIN CARPER '84


She attended Tower Hill School before graduating from St. Andrew's. After graduating from Princeton University in 1989, she worked as a project manager at Avigen Corp. in San Francisco.

Robin is survived by her mother and stepfather, Catharine Wheelock and Leigh Johnstone of Greenville, Del.; her father and stepmother, Nicholas W. and Barbara H. Carper of Villanova, Pa.; a brother, Scott Carper of Villanova; three sisters, Catharine Wood and Jennifer Walsh, both of Boulder, Colo., and Carolyn Carper of Villanova.

Robin's friends remember her with respect and admiration:

THERE IS SOMETHING incomprehensible about the loss of a childhood friend. Maybe it's the fact that, although gone, they remain forever linked in our minds with youthfulness, with anticipations of things to come.

With Robin, though, it was more than just the timing of our friendship that made her death seem so inexplicable. I remember sitting in the bio lab one Sunday afternoon, listening to her talk about the research she was doing with Bill Amos on Noxontown Pond. They were working on an article for National Geographic, and I was greatly impressed, even though most of what she said was unintelligible to me. But as I watched her work, it suddenly hit me: here was someone with a truly rare and extraordinary gift. It was the first time I had ever thought of someone I knew, and the recognition of her potential struck me with a kind of awe. A deep certainty came over me—a conviction, I soon realized—of her value and her contributions. She was meant to do something great. There was no doubt in our minds that the future held great things in store for her.

Robin's talent was immense. She was a scholar and an iconoclast; her natural curiosity, her fierce independence of thought, her relentless skepticism that pushed her to look beyond the obvious—these set her apart. She was sharp-tongued and mischievous, unpredictable, disconcertingly perceptive, always exciting to be around. She was the least complacent person I knew, and a vital, vibrant friend.

—Monica Matouk '84

It's quite a shame that many of us have lost touch with one another, especially those of us that pretty much grew up together. Sure, there are many time-consuming parts of our lives now like spouses, children (I have three) and one's career; but can't we make time to stay in touch? I, for one, actually feel guilty that I haven't talked to the people that meant a lot to me after hearing about someone that made such a big impact on my life has passed away. I didn't even get a chance to say “thanks.” I will always cherish my relationship with Robin as one of the real highlights of my career at SAS.

—Chip Gordy '84

EVER SINCE LEARNING of Robin's death I have grieved that all of us lost a wonderful young woman who had a lifetime of exceptional promise ahead of her. But we can never fully comprehend the demons that lurk within us and how they prey upon the very best.

In my last years at St. Andrew's, Robin helped me with background work for a forthcoming article in National Geographic. She would research papers and books and compile outlines on things about which I had questions. I still have some of her notes. We also were working together on a research study of freshwater micro-communities in which her insight was far in advance of her years. She was brilliant.

Robin was even more involved with our research on Noxontown Pond in preparation for arguing the need for dredging. Because of her keen interest, energy and intelligent perception of work to be done, I placed her under the supervision of Dr. Clyde Goulden of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, one of the country's foremost limnologists.

Clyde took to Robin immediately and spoke repeatedly of her value and her contributions. She loved every minute of working under his direction, often taking measurements and samples on her own when he could not be there. I have photos of her doing so and intend to send them to her family.

Once when she was at Princeton, Robin found her way to northern Vermont and appeared on our remote country doorstep, by herself, of her own volition. We loved having her for a couple of days, and she and I took country walks together. That is my lasting memory of her. Later we corresponded from time to time (she contributed many good things to Time To Remember), but I did not see her again.

Too many fine men and women I knew as students at St. Andrew's have gone when still in their comparative youth, and I've never understood how fate—or whatever it is—can take them so early when those of us whose work is done continue on. It makes very little sense. But what really does, other than love, however long it lasts?

—Bill Amos, Former Faculty

My fondest memories at SAS were my personal relationships with some of my fellow St. Andreans—Robin Carper being one of them. She was the kind of person that was always smiling, always cheerful and always there to listen. No matter what was going on in her life, she always had time to talk and to give objective advice. She was more than a classmate; she was a true and caring friend.
Winter at St. Andrew's
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SPRING CALENDAR

• LONG WEEKEND
  JANUARY 29 – FEBRUARY 1

• TRUSTEE MEETING
  FEBRUARY 20-21 (FRI. – SAT.)

• WINTER MUSICAL
  MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS
  FEBRUARY 20-21 (FRI. – SAT.)

• WINTER TERM ENDS
  FEBRUARY 28 (SAT., AT NOON)

• STUDENTS RETURN
  MARCH 22 (SUN., BY 6 PM)

• FINAL EXAMINATIONS
  MAY 27-30 (WED. – SAT.)

• SCHOLARSHIP GOLF TOURNAMENT
  JUNE 5 (FRI.)

• REUNION WEEKEND
  JUNE 5-7 (FRI. – SUN.)

FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT
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ST. ANDREW'S SCHOOL (302) 378-9511.
Anne Close ’98 is carried off the field by her field hockey teammates after the senior midfielder led the team to a 3-1 victory over Ursuline in the first round of the State tournament at St. Andrew’s. Carrying Anne (l to r) are: Helen Smith ’99, Molly Laramy ’98, Hilary Hammell ’00, Sarah Atwater ’99, Lisa Pilkington ’98 and Julie Teach ’00.