Adventure in Patagonia

Andrew Mahlstedt ’94 returns with a wild story

Concert Choir travels to France • Kathy DeMarco ’84 has a new novel
FACT AND FICTION
Kathleen DeMarco's new novel, Cranberry Queen, which hits the bookstores this summer, is a blend of her life and imagination.

SCREAMING DEFIANCE, BEGGING FORGIVENESS
Andrew Mahlstedt '94 took on the challenges of the Patagonian wilderness and brought back a story of adventure and peril.

CONCERT CHOIR IN FRANCE
Marc Cheban led his eighth trip with the Concert Choir to France.

ON THE COVER
Carlos Alejandro captured the simple beauty of spring in this mayapple blossom near Noxontown Pond.
Final Words to the Class of 2001

St. Andrew's celebrated its 68th commencement weekend on Saturday and Sunday, May 26 and 27. Because our graduation day captures the spirit of the School so well, I wanted to share the following remarks made at this year's ceremonies. Our Academic Dean, Monica Matouk, and Assistant Headmaster, Peter Caldwell, capture the precious balance St. Andrew's has achieved: we are a school with the very highest academic standards; we are also a school that has formed a community of students and teachers who treat one another with refreshing respect and affection.

Awards Night Speech of Monica Matouk '83

In his article entitled "On the Uses of a Liberal Education" published in Harper's magazine recently, Mark Edmundson offers a discouraging view of today's student culture. He describes schools populated by intellectually timid, cautious and passive students, fragile students who lack resiliency, students who show no enthusiasm for ideas and who are never surprised by new concepts. For this bloodless attitude toward learning, Edmundson blames several things—a consumerist ethos that relegates every experience to the status of a bought product, a parent culture excessively concerned with sheltering and protecting its children from the setbacks of every day life, and institutions that have cynically capitulated to market forces. According to Edmundson, schools have become "more comfortable, less challenging environments, places where almost no one fails, where everything is enjoyable, everyone is nice."

And yet, there is much to suggest that these jaded and utilitarian attitudes toward learning are not the norm. Take, for instance, the following letter received by a member of the senior class from her father a few weeks ago, a letter that reminds us of the great privilege of a good education. He writes:

"Some people spend money on boats, some on cars, some on travel, some on elegant houses—and they get great pleasure, I suppose, from these. Your mother and I like to spend our money on great educations. It is one of the things we want to leave after we are dead and gone—a world that is better off for having three of the best educated and trained adults anywhere in the world. It will be our legacy. We will never be great philanthropists or thinkers, or anything else of long-standing note. But we can be great parents and education at the highest levels has been a source of great pride for us. Your mother has reveled in the experiences you all have had—and hers is the pride of a loving parent who cares deeply about education and the life of thought. For my part, you represent the opportunities that I never had or never took."

Your training, experience, and abilities to this point in time have prepared you for a world-class education. If nothing else, your education at St. Andrew's confers on you the obligation to continue with the best education you can get; because, in my opinion, you have received the best education available to a high school student.

Or consider, in light of Edmundson's claim that students increasingly fear and avoid challenge, two senior students' definition of a great class: "An outstanding class is a class that tortures you, nearly breaks you, but in the end, is a class that you don't want to leave on the final day." Or again, "That class was like hitting an oncoming truck while driving a razor scooter, but it was the best thing for me. I received some bad grades, but when the year ended I had a confidence in myself that will stay with me my whole life."

So tonight we recognize two things: the parents, grandparents, extended family and friends who have made this privilege of education possible. And we recognize the many students—many more of you than we can recognize through actual awards—whose efforts and accomplishments might have given Edmundson some pause. We thank you for your hard work, for your resiliency through moments of failure, and for your breakthroughs. But most of all, we thank you for the passion you have brought to your studies; for your creative improvisation and inspiration; for your active willingness to commit to something larger than yourself, a realm that challenges us with its difficulties, and, by its very challenging nature, takes us beyond our culture of comfort and self-absorption. We thank you, finally, for helping us carve out and preserve a space in which the world of ideas remains a vital part of our lives.

Awards Night Speech of Peter Caldwell

This time of year is always bittersweet. Although I can't imagine that any members of the Class of 2001 ever gave you parents a moment of worry, I should feel thankful that tonight has finally come. You see, for the past two weeks I have gone to bed worried that the phone would ring. And, in fact, it did. First a call from security, then from one faculty member and then another. "What are the kids doing out in the middle of the night?" they would ask. "They have started their senior pranks," I would answer. "Go back to sleep." The next day, the seniors would ask, "Mr. Caldwell, why didn't anybody chase us? It is no fun if we don't get chased." I appealed to them to stop their nightly pranks, and they did for awhile (at least they didn't wake anybody up). In typical fashion, the first big prank resulted in a pyramid of cups filled with water that were stacked outside the
headmaster’s office barring his entrance (at least from the main door to his office). On top of the pyramid was a note that said, “Compliments of the Class of 2001. We will be back to clean it up during break.” And, in fact, they were.

This class has been extraordinary in so many ways. Even your senior pranks (and I waited until this morning to write this) were done with taste and creativity and were carried through responsibly. You have provided leadership this year in every area of School life. In fact, who could be better at setting the pace than the two whom you elected—a curly haired dare-devil who, during the III Form trip to Echo Hill, scaled the most difficult ascent of the Alpine Tower while blindfolded; and a charismatic and talented magician who worked his magic from the moment he stepped onto this campus. As a Form, you have loved each other and this school and this has transformed the community.

And yet, I think that most of the seniors are ready to go—they should be ready to leave these halls and grounds. Why do we find it so hard to let them go? I imagine that it is a similar emotion to the one you parents felt when you dropped them off here at St. Andrew’s three or four years ago. Starting anew is in their best interest, but how will they manage without us? For the last two weeks, we have been cramming in every conceivable opportunity to spend time with each other, while making sure that they have plenty of work and stay out of trouble. Athletic contests, musical and dramatic performances, advisee functions, trips to NYC, more advisee functions, Stotesbury, state tournaments, final tutorial parties, student-life luncheons, Nationals.

As my five senior advisees and I sat around my kitchen counter on Arbor Day, eating waffles with Vermont maple syrup, we shared a laugh about their applications to St. Andrew’s which I had copied for them—applications which they had painstakingly and earnestly filled out three or four years ago. I marveled at how little they had changed and yet how far they had come. Invariably, in completing the sentence on the application that started with “I am happiest when…” they wrote about spending time with friends and family, participating in sports, playing music. So what has changed? Nothing. What is significant is that, despite the workload, the hectic schedule, the last-minute papers, the crazy rush of cramming 48 hours worth of activities into a single day, you still hold on to what really matters. After all, in the big scheme, what could be more important than cementing truly excellent friendships and developing passions. These, you will carry for the rest of your life. But isn’t this what St. Andrew’s is all about?

Finally, to the Class of 2001, if the last two weeks are representative of your contributions to this school, and I think that they are, you have accomplished one heck of a lot. I hope that you have cherished this time together. Tomorrow, you load your bags and drive through the gates for one last time as St. Andrew’s students. Remember what you have learned from each other, from your family, from the faculty and staff. You know that we are all routing for you and, as hard as it is to say goodbye, you are ready to go.

Commencement Remarks of Tad Roach

At this time I would like to say a few words of farewell to the Class of 2001, the class that has worked along with me during each one of my days as Headmaster of St. Andrew’s. Because you are the first class I have had throughout my years as Headmaster, I will always remember you, and not just because you tried to sell the School and even my house, and took my dining room table from me! You are special because you have lived the spirit of St. Andrew’s at its best, and redefined and celebrated the ethos I live and die for. When we began this year together, I shared the following prayer with you:

Keeper of heaven and earth, guardian of our coming and going forth, of our times of tender reflection and our moment of turmoil.

Our life is fragile. We violate each other in personal relationships, as nations, as inept keepers of life’s beauty.

Sharpen our sensitivities.

Stir in us preference for listening over speaking, for tenderness over aggression, for solidarity and community over alienation.

Deepen for us the meaning of the resurrection, that we not only speak words of transformation but embody those words in our life.

So how have you done? Beautifully, I think. You as a group have embraced and refined the art of listening, of collaboration, of tenderness, of community. You have made St. Andrew’s a better place for young men and women to live, grow and develop.

Unlike any other class I can remember, you as individuals have made room in your lives for those who have been in despair, in distress, those who have needed your friendship, love and compassion. Those you have served have been students, teachers, staff members. What a gift, what a legacy this compassion, this love, this empathy leaves for those who follow you.

As you leave us today, go with the knowledge that we are proud of you, that we believe in you, and that St. Andrew’s will be there for you for the rest of your lives.
Members of the Polar Bear Club enjoyed a morning dip in Noxontown Pond this winter.

West Wing season finale filmed on campus

Every once in a while, the ghost of Dead Poets Society wakes up and wanders the St. Andrew's campus. This spring the campus was a turmoil of lights, cameras, extras and 18-wheelers as the NBC drama, West Wing, visited campus to film segments for its season finale. The NBC drama about the President and his inner circle featured flashback scenes of the young president during his turbulent high school career in the late 1950s or early 1960s—roughly the same era as Dead Poets.

Robbie Pennoyer '01 was cast as one of the extras.

"I was confronted by the reality of the television world very early that morning," Robbie said. "I was walking back to the gym, which had been transformed into the waiting room for extras like myself. Most of the day involved waiting to be told what to do. So, in these moments of rest, I occupied myself by looking at the large crew in action. There was a line of vintage automobiles. At one point, a man walked over to each car and bent down with an aerosol can. I later inspected his handywork. He had sprayed fake dirt on all the tires."

The crew was blessed with a gorgeous day, and after lunch the cast, crew, and even some students were lounging on the grass. The show's creator, Aaron Sorkin, spoke with Robbie and Natalie Stewart '04, as Natalie tried to explain to Sorkin the value and skill involved in being a coxswain.

"The entire experience was a blast," Robbie said. "I'm convinced, if you look very carefully, in super-slow motion, you can see my foot in one frame."

Trevor Eddy '02 had the role of the young president's friend and the only St. Andrean with a speaking part.

"I had to be present for 14 hours and was only filmed for about 25 minutes," Trevor said. "I did get a personal chauffeur and my own dressing room with my name on it. There was supposed to be a chair on set with my name on it but I never found it."

Theater Director Ann McTaggart supplied the studio with pictures of four students.

"I gave them pictures of four guys I thought were talented enough and mature enough to have the responsibility of a line," she said. "The director chose to meet Trevor and Robbie. I thought it was an exciting day. I love being taken over by any creative force, even if it arrives at 6:00 a.m. in huge trucks."

Business Manager Michael Schuller, also appeared briefly as an extra.

"It was only ten days from first contact to actual shooting," Schuller said. "The show aired less than three weeks after that. The attention to detail in both planning the day on location and the shots themselves were amazing."

Students visit with local activist

By Emma Budwig '02

Although I had read newspaper articles of oppression in our country, the world of poverty seemed thousands of miles away from our campus. But then I visited La Esperanza (The Hope) in Georgetown, Del., just an hour's drive from St. Andrew's School.

We visited an organized union for chicken factory workers, which is in a predominantly Guatemalan neighborhood. Though I had known that oppressive working conditions existed in the United States, I had never thought they could coexist so close to a wealthy community.

The group of us from St. Andrew's gathered in a room in La Esperanza and waited for Jim Lewis, a kind-faced priest, to begin a discussion. Objects in the room were labeled in English, such as chair and chalkboard. For the first time, I recognized the value of education. I sensed the isolation the Guatemalans must feel in the U.S., a stark contrast to the comforts I have always known. They can't speak our language. My assumption that they had had the opportunity to learn English in Guatemala now seemed ridiculous to me. Their priority was escaping poverty, not fitting into American culture.

Jim Lewis introduced himself and gave us a challenge that he was once presented with. He told us how a professor set a pile of books in front him and asked, "Do you really want to open these books?" By accepting the knowledge in the books, Mr. Lewis was taking responsibility for preaching the injustices he had learned about. Mr. Lewis chose a local injustice that had not been addressed. He told our group about the fear of being an illegal immigrant. The people are
Students compete in Mock Trial

Eight SAS students took part in a new event called the Delaware High School Mock Trial competition, which was held in the State Court House in Wilmington. The competition begins with three preliminary rounds during which all 23 schools compete. Four teams progressed to the semifinals and two went to the finals. The winner of the finals represented Delaware in the national competition.

The St. Andrew's team consisted of James Heckman '01, Emily Bostian '02, John Collins '03, Hen Kennedy '03, Walton Dumas '03, Mary Alice Richter '03, Ruthie Fields '04 and Matthew Roach '04.

The unique format kept the outcome of the early rounds of the trial in doubt.

“The outcomes of each of the early rounds are scored, but the score is not publicized,” said faculty advisor Dan O'Connell. “All you find out is whether you make it to the semifinals. Nevertheless, it was very clear that we won one of the three preliminary rounds. However, one round, against Brandywine High School, was a close call.”

During each round, three students from each team acted as attorneys and three as witnesses. Emily Bostian won the “Best Attorney” award in the first and third rounds.

“Emily was really the cornerstone of the team—working very hard to make sure not only her roles were well prepared but also taking a leadership role by working with the rest of the team to improve their performances,” O'Connell said.

Hen Kennedy won “Best Witness” during the second round.

Another highlight was Matthew Roach's success performing cross examinations—particularly his cross examination of the defense medical expert during the third round.

“Matthew stepped up to fill in at the last minute when Walt Dumas learned his swimming meet was rescheduled for the Saturday of the Mock Trial,” O'Connell said. “Matt did all the thinking on his own in putting together a series of cross-examination questions that no witness could navigate safely. As planned, Matt's questions caught the witness off-guard and caused the witness to have to retract statements about his medical opinion several times. Each time the witness' credibility was rocked.”

The whole team was extremely impressive, and it seems they learned a great deal. Seven of the eight competitors are underformers, and O'Connell hopes the team will compete again next year.

SAS shines in U.S. News and World Report

U.S. News and World Report recently included St. Andrew's in its article profiling America's outstanding boarding schools. The St. Andrew's profile emphasized the School's historic and present day commitment to being a school “open to all, regardless of means.”

“U.S. News and World Report's feature gave American boarding schools well-deserved recognition for the quality of their academic, residential, athletic and artistic programs,” Headmaster Tad Roach commented.

Carolyn Kleiner, a reporter for U.S. News and World Report, spent a full day and night on campus visiting classes and dorms and talking to students and teachers.

“In the end, Carolyn captured much of what makes St. Andrew's unique,” Roach observed. “We are a distinctive school, one rooted precisely to be a different kind of boarding school, one focused on opportunity for all, academic excellence, Christian character and community.”

The article focused on Hope McGrath '01 and the dismantling of her preconceptions about St. Andrew's.

For more information, go to the U.S. News website at http://www.usnews.com/usnews/issue/010514/education/standrews.htm
Students enjoyed a long weekend at Camelback Ski resort.

Ski trip an adventure for all

Seventeen students and four faculty members spent Long Weekend in January skiing and snowboarding at Camelback Mountain in Tannersville, Pa.

Students hit the slopes for night skiing upon arrival. Skiing in the cold and dark proved a bit daunting and frustrating for some beginner skiers and snowboarders, but the next day the sun came out and with it came the smiles.

"Snowboarders learned to turn, and they began to lessen the divide between time spent on the ground and time spent on their feet," English teacher Amy Patterson said. "Edwin Cuervo '04, who had mastered speed skiing from the beginning but had some difficulty with turning and stopping, began to learn to stop, with the help of several bright orange fences."

The more advanced snowboarders in the group spent the day tearing up the terrain parks and tackling the jumps and moguls. Most of the freshmen on the trip spent the afternoon snowtubing, before returning to the mountain for more night skiing the next evening. Despite long lines for equipment on Saturday, the group spent the morning skiing on the fresh powder that had accumulated the night before.

Speaker addresses issues of family

Abigail Garner, a writer, speaker and activist, came to St. Andrew’s School to increase awareness about the importance of sensitivity towards the issues of children who have parents who are gay or lesbian. Garner spoke from her own experience of having a gay father who came out to her when she was five years old. She described moments from her adolescence when peers made her feel alienated, ashamed and embarrassed about her father’s sexual orientation.

Garner is a nationally recognized family rights activist. She consults on gay family issues with a variety of organizations, including counseling services, political organizations and adoption agencies.

In the past decade, schools and colleges have examined issues of prejudice, harassment and even violence directed against gay students. As a result of such concerns, the Association of Boarding Schools and the National Association of Independent Schools have sponsored workshops on the issues of homosexuality and homophobia in our society, schools and colleges.

Abigail is a graduate of the Minneapolis Public Schools and Wellesley College. In 1992, she received the Twin Cities International Citizen Award for her commitment to peace and justice efforts outside of the United States. She is also a recipient of the Rose Rees Peace Award from the Minneapolis Section of the National Council of Jewish Women.

Schoonover’s work sought

The search is on for works created by famous illustrator, Frank E. Schoonover, grandfather of John Schoonover ’63 and Cortlandt Schoonover ’68. They and their sister, Louise Schoonover Smith, are founding board members of the newly formed non-profit organization, the Frank E. Schoonover Fund, Inc. Also serving on the Board is Jay Kinahan ’43. The Fund’s goal is to identify and locate all of the 2500-plus major works created by Frank in order to compile a catalogue raisonné, which is a comprehensive publication listing information and images of all of his works. Many alums may remember seeing the artist’s beautiful Ivanhoe illustrations on the walls of the Dining Room, Common Room and the Headmaster’s Reception Room. If you have any information, please contact the Schoonovers at: (e-mail) schoonoverfund@schoonover.org or (web) www.schoonoverfund.org.

Call for War Stories

Pieter Voorhees ’60 is spearheading a project to help St. Andrew’s U.S. History classes record oral histories similar to Brokaw’s “Greatest Generation.” Several student-alum interviews were conducted this past school year with plans to continue the project when school resumes.

Any alumni who had combat (or other) experience in Vietnam or other conflicts and are willing to be interviewed, should contact the Alumni Office, and someone will have Pieter contact you.
Student Vestry works Hand in Hand

This spring the Student Vestry donated its offering to support Bega Kwa Bega, a non-profit organization in Uganda whose goal is to better the quality of life of all citizens in Uganda. Bega Kwa Bega means hand in hand in Swahili.

Andrew Kumpuris '01 spent part of last summer in Uganda, building cisterns for individual homes to collect rainwater.

"They have a rainy season and a dry season. That's it," Andrew said. "When it rains, everything turns into mud. When it's dry, the people have to walk several kilometers to government wells where they have to pay for water that is dirty."

Andrew helped build the cisterns—ten-foot-tall tanks which collect 100-150 gallons of water—and witnessed the work of Bega Kwa Bega firsthand. He talked about why this was a good project for Student Vestry.

"One part of Bega Kwa Bega is helping poor families," he said, "but another is that they sponsor small businesses as well. The people come to project coordinator David Sagalla with business ideas. If it's an idea he thinks will work, he gives them money to get started. One man bought a cow and sold milk, another guy bought an ice machine. Both were very successful."

The trip had a powerful impact on Andrew.

"There was a grandfather whose children had all died of AIDS or had been killed in wars. He was left with 23 grandchildren to take care of," Andrew said. "Building the cistern for his family was really important."

Bega Kwa Bega also offers training to farmers on how to increase crop yields and to teachers to improve education standards in the region.

Three babies born this spring

Mike and Joleen Hyde welcomed a bouncing baby girl into the world on February 6. Bridgett Morris Hyde was born at 4:18 p.m., weighing 8 lbs. 15 oz. and measuring 21 inches. Joleen and the baby are adjusting to the pace of life at St. Andrew's. Proud grandparents have been seen on campus all throughout the spring.

Dan O'Connell and Quinn Kerrane welcomed Liam Patrick Fionan O'Connell on April 21, 2001. Liam weighed in at 8 lbs. 9 oz. and was 21 inches long. Quinn was in labor for 23 hours, but all are now doing very well.

Brad and Lisa Bates welcomed Lilian Mary Bates (Lily) on May 21, 2001, at 8:45 a.m. She weighed 7 lbs., and she was 21 inches long. Lily joins her brother Calvin, who can't quite get her to catch that ball yet.

Congratulations to all. Good health and best wishes.

National Andrean writes a new chapter

Much has happened in the two years since the last version of The National Andrean was printed. The journal received a generous gift of support, and a beautiful website was developed using Flash technology for the internet. The future looks bright for The National Andrean, a collection of poetry and stories from high school students nationwide. An editorial staff of St. Andrew's students reads all submissions and selects which pieces will be published. This is the third issue of the journal.

The gift came from Marianne J. Williams and her daughter, Emily W. Kelly, in memory of Frank E. Williams '39. Frank was active in St. Andrew's School and Dartmouth College publications. Marianne and Emily came to campus to find a suitable memorial for Frank and saw a copy of The National Andrean on a coffee table. Their hope was that the contribution would help establish the journal and make it widely known in high schools and secondary schools nationwide. The multi-year commitment funds all the operations of The National Andrean including advertising, printing and mailing.

Young writers are on the cutting edge of technology; therefore a new website was developed to communicate with them. With the expertise of Ozzie Cuervo '99, a design concept was created that would use no images, just text.

"We came up with a simple but elegant presentation for our mission, submission information and essays," Editor David Scott said. "Ozzie used Flash to create the site (http://andrean.standrews-de.org) which makes it appear like a movie. It's really a stunning site. Everyone should check it out."

To request a copy of The National Andrean, contact Bobby Rue at rue@standrews-de.org or call (302) 285-4259.
Boys' basketball sets record for wins

The boys' basketball team set a record for the most wins in a season this year, finishing 16-7. The team was 6-2 in the Conference and finished in second place behind No. 1 ranked Sanford. As the 13th seed, the boys took the season's momentum into the state tournament, where they faced Dickinson High School in the first round.

Things looked bleak for the team when team captain Graham Worth '01 suffered a collapsed lung in the first quarter. Graham was the team's leading scorer and rebounder during the season. The team trailed by four points at the half and was down as many as 12 in the fourth quarter, but they had been down before.

In a game during the regular season at Westtown, the team trailed by 16 points in the fourth quarter and battled back to win the game when Graham made a last-second shot.

“That was a prime example of how we won 16 games,” Coach Mike Hyde said. “It was a testament to their determination.”

So without their captain, the other players took it on themselves to fill the void. Andrew Grimes '02 and Rich Hutton '01 picked up the scoring slack, and Michael Primiani '02 sank an off-balance three-pointer with four seconds left to cut the lead to three. The Dickinson player missed both of his foul shots, and the Saints had one last chance. Michael Graham '02 dribbled the length of the court and, under great pressure, got his shot off, but it bounced off the backboard.

“It was really disappointing for Graham to get hurt,” Hyde said. “The rest of the team really stepped up. I don’t think they altered their mindset. They kept themselves in that kind of game where you hope to stay close and have something crazy happen. It almost did.”

Dickinson provided a formidable opponent, grabbing 20 offensive rebounds. The Saints also committed 20 turnovers.

For his accomplishments during the season, Graham was selected First Team All-Conference. He was also selected to play in the Blue-Gold All-Star game by other coaches in the state. Rich was Second Team All-Conference and won the team's Most Improved Player Award. Michael and Andrew were Honorable Mention All-Conference.

“I would have been happy with a .500 season,” Hyde said. “Graham Worth was really the key. He exuded the type of confidence that kept his teammates composed and focused. We also had a lot of competitive kids which helped us win a lot of close games.”

Wrestling team places second in Conference

The wrestling team struggled in the beginning of the year dropping their first three matches, but they learned some important lessons in those losses and turned their season around. After a four-match winning streak, the team ended up with a 7-6 record in dual meets. They finished fourth in the Conference.

At the Conference tournament, which is a tournament for individuals, the team put five wrestlers into the finals: Greg King '01 at 112, Tyler Grove '03 at 119, Charles Stayton '03 at 152, Dicken Counts '01 at 171 and Brinck Slattery '03 at heavyweight. With four wrestlers in the finals, the team took an unofficial second place in the Conference behind Friends. Brinck pinned his man from Tower Hill to win the conference championship in the heavyweight division.
Wrestler Brinck Slattery '03 was photographed by his mother, Kathryn, with his father, Tom, after winning the Conference title.

The following week, the team went to the State Qualifying Tournament. Charles Biddle-Snead '03, Alec Bear '03, Jamie Dolan '03, Rob Williams '01 and Rob Previti '03 all took third place in the tournament.

"In order to qualify to go to states, you must win in the top four places," Coach Don Duffy said. "Jamie Dolan '02 wrestled tough matches and took a third place at the state qualifier at 215. Brinck Slattery also wrestled extremely well taking a third place. Charles Stayton, Dicken Counts and Tyler Grove took fifth place and went to states as possible alternates."

Duffy said that Greg King, an excellent captain and leader, had a super season, with a dual meet record of 12-1 with 10 consecutive pins. In the post season, Greg took a second in the D.I.S.C. Last year, he was a D.I.S.C. champion.

"Greg came out for the sport in his sophomore year, knowing zero about wrestling and just dominated his league for two years," Duffy said. Greg received the Most Valuable Wrestler Award as well as the Coach's Award for leadership.

Duffy also praised Dicken Counts, who was also a great captain. He had a great senior year with an 8-4 dual meet record, taking second place at the D.I.S.C. championship as well as placing fifth at the state qualifier. He also received the Coach's Award for leadership this year.

"Dicken Counts was also a "home-grown" talent, coming out for wrestling in his sophomore year with zero experience. He ended up having a super season as a senior," Duffy said.

Duffy expects his wrestlers to challenge the state's best next year.

"Alec Bear, Charlie Stayton and Tyler Grove were the sophomore triple threat this year, and all three are going to strike fear into their opponents next season," Duffy said.

Girls' swimming finishes fifth at state meet

On their way to an impressive fifth place finish at the state meet, the girls' swimming team gathered momentum by winning the Conference championship.

"The highlight of the season for any swimmer or diver is 'putting it on the line' for the ultimate performance at championships," Coach Bill Wallace said. "The season finished furiously, and those meets served to tune up the swimmers and divers for the championships."

At the Conference meet, the team was powered by a group of individual winners. Melissa Calder '01 won the diving event, Liz Lingo '03 captured the 100 Butterfly, Emily Zazulia '02 took the 100 Free and 100 Back, Jennifer

Elizabeth Ross '01 finished her outstanding career as a member of the SAS girls' basketball team by leading the team to a first-round victory in the state tournament over Wilmington Christian.

"What makes Elizabeth different is her love for the game," Coach Gail LeBlanc said. "She has a true passion for it, and it rubs off on the players around her. She comes early and stays late. She went to camps. It's no surprise that she has had success."

Elizabeth has scored more points than anyone in SAS hoops history—male or female. Below is a list of the game and career records that she holds.

**Individual records for a game:**
- Most Points in Game: 31
- Most Offensive Rebounds: 15
- Most Defensive Rebounds: 18
- Most Rebounds in Game: 33
- Most Blocked Shots: 5

**Career Records (1997-2001):**
- Most Points: 1091
- Most Offensive Rebounds: 331
- Most Defensive Rebounds: 512
- Most Total Rebounds: 843
- Most Blocked Shots: 122

Elizabeth has scored more points than anyone in SAS hoops history—male or female. Below is a list of the game and career records that she holds.
Scott Kennedy ‘01 drives the ball into the front wall in a match this season for the boys’ squash team.

Walcott ‘01 won the 500 Free and Lindsay Payne ‘01 captured the 100 Breast.

“The Conference title is a true team championship,” Wallace said. “There are no cut-off times, so every swimmer and diver competed, and each of their performances was important.”

At the state meet, the girls had a successful day in the preliminaries of swimming and diving; then the finals were postponed due to a severe winter storm. The girls rallied around outstanding performances by Melissa, Lindsay and Jennifer, who were all named to the Second Team All-State.

Coach Wallace thanked his three assistants who were pivotal to this year’s success: Emily Atkinson, Emily Holcroft and Donna Wallace.

“Emily Atkinson is admired and deeply respected by the team for her commitment to seeing people get better and reach their potential. Emily Holcroft brings a phenomenal knowledge of diving and human nature to her athletes. Donna Wallace’s behind-the-scenes work with meet management allowed the coaches to do what they do best, which is to coach,” Wallace said.

Boys’ swimming captures Conference title

In the days before the important conference and state meets, the boys’ swimming team made a statement about how competitive they could be in the state. By upsetting No. 6 ranked Caesar Rodney High School, 93-86, the boys showed they were a true team.

“Our boys simply had their best meet of the year,” Coach Bill Wallace said. “The key to the win was a combination of strategic first places and many second- through fifth-place finishes when the team needed them.”

The boys took that momentum and produced three individual champions on their way to capturing the Conference championship. Eliot Dalton ‘03 won the 200 Free, Jennings Snider ‘01 placed first in diving, and Nick Kinney ‘03 won the 100 Breast. Nick set two SAS records—first the 100 Breast and then the 200 IM.

“Perhaps the most impressive aspect of this meet for us as coaches was to watch the culmination of all our work as a team pay off as veterans and first-year team members came together in such a spirited and successful way,” Wallace said.

At the state championships, the boys had weather problems as a winter storm postponed preliminary rounds. The boys eventually finished ninth in the state out of 21 teams. Nick and Jennings were named to the Second Team All-State.

“We learned through competition and the dynamics unique to team endeavor, how to work through injury and setback, as well as celebrate some moments of brilliance,” Wallace said.

Girls’ squash places fourth at Mid-Atlantics

The girls’ squash team battled right to the edge in the Mid-Atlantic Tournament, playing its best squash on the last days of competition. The team lost to Mercersburg, 3-2, with the last individual match going to 3-2. The same thing happened against Bryn Mawr. The girls lost 3-2, with the last match being decided by a game score of 3-2.

The team finished with a 4-7 record and beat Episcopal High School at Mid-Atlantics.

“This team put in a lot of hard work,” Coach Will Speers said. “They faced very strong competition, and they were great competitors.”

After talking with the other teams’ coaches and players, Speers reported, “They said they enjoyed playing against us most of all. They said our kids were nicer, that we played harder and had more sportsmanship than anyone else they played. That pretty much describes this group of girls.”

Maggie Smith ‘01 led the team from the No. 1 position.

Jennifer Walcott ’01 won the 500 Free at the Conference championship.
She played some of the top players in the country and won two of her three matches at Mid-Atlantics. She finished with a 5-5 record for the season.

“Maggie was a great co-captain. She set the level of play and intensity for the rest of the team to follow,” Speers said. “She plays a game she enjoys, but her opponents always knew they were facing a fierce competitor.”

Santhi Voora ‘02 finished with the best record on the team at 7-4. She improved throughout the season, showing a greater understanding of the game and developing her on-court strategy, according to Speers.

Chloe Taft ’01 also served as co-captain. Speers said she, too, was a fierce competitor who knew the mood of the team, knowing when to push and when to relax.

Girls’ basketball posts historic victory
Coach Gail LeBlanc had taught her team shooting skills and defensive schemes. But this year, she found herself running toughness drills. After winning nine games in a row during one stretch of the regular season, the girls scored just four points in the first half against Wilmington Christian.

“I started running toughness drills—boxing out drills, dribbling against two defenders, hustling back on defense,” LeBlanc said. “When we played St. Elizabeth’s, we were missing two starters, but we played tough and won by 12 points. That toughness came through in the state tournament.”

Although they had qualified in previous years, the girls competed in their first state tournament and were matched with Wilmington Christian in the first round. The girls had lost both regular season games to the Warriors.

St. Andrew’s overcame an early five-point deficit to take a 16-12 halftime lead before defeating Wilmington Christian 48-29. Elizabeth Ross ’01 led all scorers with 25 points, and Alex Pfeiffer ’02 scored 14. Elizabeth also pulled down 23 rebounds and blocked two shots. Ann Woods ’01, Morgan Wilson ’02, Daphne Patterson ’04, Stephanie Pfeiffer ’04 and Margaret Farland ’03 contributed to the win.

LeBlanc’s team battled a talented Glasgow High in the second round, but lost. Elizabeth scored 20 points, and Morgan added 15.

The team developed as the season progressed.
“We needed to be patient with our offense,” LeBlanc said. “We tried to get easy baskets from our defense and we tried to look at the older players for offense. By the end of the season we had three scoring threats in Elizabeth, Alex and Morgan.”

Boys’ squash finishes outstanding season
The boys’ squash team beat Gilman School in the last match of the season and had high hopes for a top finish in the Mid-Atlantic Tournament.
“We had tremendous momentum after beating Gilman,” Coach Hardy Gieske ’92 said. “We had our sights set on Mid-Atlantics but were hobbled by injury and absence.”

The Gilman match was tied at three with three matches remaining. Greg Montgomery ’03, who transferred to SAS from Gilman, met the player who was one spot above him on last year’s Gilman team. Greg won in an upset, 3-2, after trailing 2-1.

Dan Troutman ’02 was down 2-0 when he came off the court.

“Dan said, ‘I will not lose,’ and then he went out there and beat his opponent,” Gieske said. “And then Scott Kennedy ’01, who was trailing 1-0, came back to win.”

The team ended the season with an 8-3 record, one of the top squash seasons in SAS history. Despite the disappointments at Mid-Atlantics, the team did beat Mercersburg.

Depth is what made the team so good.
“T here was team-wide encouragement all season,” Gieske said. “The players challenged each other and kept track of each other’s matches.”

Gieske credited the senior leadership of Scott and Jeff Wieland ’01.

“These guys really like playing the game, and it made the competition tough, gentleman-like and fun,” he said. “They played to win, of course, but they were always gracious and positive.”

Gieske pointed out the success of many SAS teams this year.
“There is a lot of team play going on this year,” he noted. “There is a good group of juniors and seniors who know what team play means. There are very few superstars but a lot of kids who like to play and are very competitive.”

For all the scores and highlights go to the website:
www.standrews-de.org/students/athletics

Go Saints!
If you want Kathy DeMarco '84 to do something, just tell her that she's good at it. It worked with crew, selling chemical fertilizer and working in the film industry. Now, with the publication of her first novel, Cranberry Queen, Kathy has once again done something with a little encouragement.

Cranberry Queen is the story of a 30-something woman who loses her entire family in a car crash and how she begins to steer her life back onto the road. While fleeing New York City and a date with a "depression professional," Diana crashes into the next phase of her life by hitting an 80-year-old woman riding a motorcycle with her BMW. She spends the next few days meeting her alter ego, Louisa, and the man of her dreams. Along the way she learns that people care about her and begins to work through her recovery.

Cranberry Queen takes place in the Pine Barrens of New Jersey and draws extensively on Kathy's knowledge of growing up on a cranberry farm. Although much of the story is fiction (her parents and brother, Anthony DeMarco '80, are alive and well), she worked elements of her own life into the book.

"I knew farms, and I was the 1982 Blueberry Queen," she said with a laugh. "When I was at St. Andrew's, I didn't know that wasn't a cool thing to say. I learned pretty fast, though. Nobody really knows about The Garden State. They think it's a joke, but it's how I grew up."

The book is published by Hyperion and the film rights have already been sold to Miramax. Kathy is the producer. "It's sort of a schizophrenic situation," Kathy said from her New York apartment. "Kathy, the novelist, is saying, 'How dare you mess with my work,' and Kathy, the producer, is mad because Kathy, the screenwriter, has missed her deadline."

If you are a betting person, bet on Kathy. Since graduating from the University of Pennsylvania in 1988 with one degree in English and one from the Wharton School of Business in Economics, Kathy has successfully led multiple lives.

"I was called the Wharton jock by my friends," she said. "I had the temperament to do it. When I was rowing at Penn, my coach told me I was a good rower. I believed her, and then I got a lot better."

A similar situation happened with Kathy's writing. As a junior in Tad Roach's English class, Kathy had no examples of how to approach a career in writing.

"When Tad Roach told me I had talent as a writer, I trusted him," she said. "He's one of the teachers that I thank on the acknowledgement page. I just loved going to class. He was so encouraging. I can't emphasize that enough."

But Kathy took a necessary detour into the world of international trade. She sold chemical fertilizer around the world. The job involved a lot of travel and taught her a hard-nosed business attitude.

"I went to my boss and told him all the problems I was having getting one shipment made," she said. "He told me it was their job not to let the deal happen and mine to get it done. I carried that idea into my work in film."

As a producing partner for the last eight years with John Leguizamo's production company, Kathy developed movies-of-the-week and miniseries for television as well as writing treatments for all the major networks and HBO. With Leguizamo, she produced Freak for HBO and Joe the King. She is currently producing two feature films for Fox Searchlight and two feature films for HBO.
"For me, supporting St. Andrew's today has nothing to do with nostalgia. Nostalgia gives off aromas from a meal still cooking in the past. Those smells entice us back to some event or yearning which more properly belongs to the category of mirage. St. Andrews was wonderfully real to me, whether it was Mr. Voorhees standing on his desk and slinging out small change from his pocket towards the student who came up with the right answer in Latin class; whether it was Chester Baum chiding JV football’s “lily-livered gutless wonders” into bolder scrimmage on the field; whether it was descending into the Dining Hall fresh from a victory “away”; whether it was daydreaming from my sixth form room out over the quad to the pond and beyond—these bright threads are part of a tapestry of very real possibilities woven at St. Andrews. Possibilities for learning, for interacting, for reaching, for failure, for mastery, for growth. I honor that growth and the place where it happened, not solely for what it did for me over the course of four years thirty-six years ago, but because I believe in St. Andrews as a forge—a growing ground—for today’s emerging journeymen, too, in the process of discovering their own bright, real colors and their eventual weaving."

Steve Mills ’65 has woven his own colorful tapestry. An actor and writer by profession, Steve lives with his wife Karen and their two sons Jordan and Wyatt in Malibu, Calif, where he is able to participate fully in the life and education of his boys.

Steve is passionate about his own St. Andrew’s education and is inspired by the School’s continued academic strength and encouraged by the human element present in today’s school. To this end, even though Steve lives on the other coast and doesn’t get back to St. Andrew’s much, he has supported the School over the years beyond nostalgia. In the ’70s he initiated the “Most Improved Tennis Award” which is still given today. More recently, he made a bequest provision for St. Andrew’s as part of his estate plan and will.

“I’m glad to put my money where my mouth is in support of the School and the excellent education it gave me—and with this bequest, the bright future it will help give others.”
The plan was to seek out an unclimbed, snow-capped peak in northern Patagonia with my friend, Andrew, and his friend, Patrick. We would bushwhack through the temperate rain forest, where it rains frequently for 25 of 30 days a month, and eventually reach the summit of a glaciated peak. That was about as much as I knew before boarding my flight to Chile. I could never have predicted what actually happened in the next few weeks. At the end of our epic journey, we had gotten a little of everything that we were looking for and yet nothing that we expected.

We met in Santiago with the head of one of the major nature conservancy foundations in Chile. He had done an expedition like the one we had planned. He told us about a potential area, where 6,000-foot unclimbed peaks rose out of ocean fiords. Looking at a topographical map, though, we doubted whether the trip was even possible because of the steep walls of rock and forest that surrounded the massif. Nonetheless, we would try.
When we arrived in Puerto Montt, one of the major towns in the area, we seized the beautiful day and chartered a Cesna plane to fly us over the route. This reconnaissance mission proved invaluable. We saw a ridge that we could potentially follow, leading to a “tongue” of trees and brush 10-20 feet wide that cut across the sheer rock cliffs. That was the crux of the climb—if we could cross it, we could be successful; if not, we would have to turn around. The prize was a majestic glacial valley, surrounded by a rocky amphitheater with waterfalls cascading down all around its sides. Above lay two pristine glacial lakes, and above that several beautiful summits. No one had ever climbed to this area before. We would be the first.

We made our way to a tiny fishing town in the fiord by hitchhiking on fishing vessels and local speedboats, eventually meeting up with a fisherman named Pato or “Duck.” We arranged for Pato and his 14-year-old son to check on us every three days or so, in case of emergency, and to pick us up and drop us off. Great, we thought; we would be trusting our lives to a 14 year old and a guy named Duck. The next day, though, Pato dropped us off at the base of an amazing waterfall. As the glacial water mixed with the ocean, sea lions and dolphins played like children, welcoming us to an adventure.

We spent the next six days bushwhacking through the most inspirational forest I have ever experienced. The fragrant smells, the natural life surrounding us, the clear cycles of nature as new trees sprung from deadfall not fully decomposed—it was enough to make any city kids into a John Muir or Ralph Waldo Emerson. The challenges were the daily rain, as well as the forest itself, which is five times more dense than the Amazon. At times it was so steep that we would not walk on the forest floor but would step from deadfall to mossy bank to giant tree root. It was so thick that if we were 20 feet apart we could not see each other, and if we were 50 feet apart, we could not hear each other. Periodically, we would hit a steep cliff band and spent time traversing it until we found a way through. We had so much gear that we had to carry loads. Finally, we didn’t even know, after days of bushwhacking, if our route was even passable. Nevertheless, the exhilaration of the forest, the isolation, and the purity of this climb prodded us to go as far as humanly possible.

We relied on a GPS (global positioning system) to try to figure where we were, but it never worked perfectly because of the dense forest canopy and steady cloud cover. We hoped we were not too far off course. Finally, on the sixth day, we gained several views above the tree line, giving us the first true perspective on where we were. We were unbelievably close to our planned route and quickly found ourselves at the base of the tongue of the forest. After a week of uncertainty, we could see that...
our imagined climb would work, even if it included a little danger. We traversed the ridge and were robbed of our breath by our first view of the glacial valley. It was spectacular. We entered this Eden together and sat listening to the waterfalls crash and watching the glacial river disappear over the edge of the cliff we had just crested.

The next day we set up camp in the flat valley that provided limited protection and began to hike toward the glacier. We rounded the second lake and experienced another spectacular view of a glacial amphitheater, the unclimbed peaks sitting above it. There was a clear, fairly easy snow ramp to the nearest summit, from which we could climb three of four peaks in one clear day. We did not have enough time that day to climb, though, so we returned to camp, leaving a cache of climbing gear to use, as we would climb where no one had ever climbed before.

The next morning, we awoke at 6:30 a.m. to rain and fog. We rolled over and awoke again each hour to the same conditions. After some discussion, we decided to wait. We had four more days of climbing available if we rationed our food supplies. So we waited until noon and cooked pancakes for three hours to stretch out the meals and shrink our stomachs. But the rain continued.

At 4:00 p.m., Patrick went outside to re-fix a tent line and reported that the entire valley was flooded. It had become one large river, and our tent was situated on the only island that was, for then, still dry. Three feet from the tent on all sides was a three-foot-deep river. As we discussed moving the tent, the wind picked up. The only other potential site in the valley was not at all protected from wind, so we decided to stay put. Around 6:00 p.m., the storm began.

This was the storm of the summer in Chile. Pictures of the destruction it brought made the front page of the national newspaper. And we were in a tent, high in the mountains. After re-fixing all of the tent lines, we rotated turns holding up the weakest corner of the tent, surmising that we would probably have to rotate shifts to support that corner all night. As the wind kicked up to 70-100 mph gusts that would last for 10-20 seconds at a time, we quickly found that we would have to support each of the three corners of the tent. The storm raged all through the night, and we did not sleep a bit. The wind would blast us from one side, then stop suddenly as rain hammered in iron sheets against the quivering...
tent walls, halted again by the tormenting wind from a different direction. At each momentary break, we would not wonder if the tempest was over but where it would come from next. Though wearing Gore-Tex jackets and pants, sitting inside our sleeping bags, inside a Mountain Hardware Tent, we were soaked to the bone as the wind drove the rain through the rain fly and canvas. All the while we wondered whether the water, which was rising in one corner of the tent to a depth of two to three inches, or the wind, which could have shredded the tent with any of the potent gusts, would damage us more.

In the periodic moments when I would close my eyes, my mind pulled up from the tent into the storm and the atmosphere. The storm fearfully made me realize how minute we were, and what a passing whim it would be for it to destroy us. We fought our occasional fear to keep our spirits high and were quite successful. People say group dynamics are 75 percent of a mountaineering expedition, and we proved this to be true. We played “Top Ten Things Not to Say Right Now.” The first was “What if the wind shreds the tent?” We told jokes, sang songs, screamed in defiance and begged forgiveness of the gods. All we had to do was make it to sunrise.

Finally, as it grew light outside, our decision had been made for us. Our sleeping bags were soaked through, as was all of our gear. The tent poles were bent like gnarled vines. We could certainly not last another night of that intensity without sleep, and hypothermia was already gnawing at us. We quickly boiled a liter of water for each of us to drink and descended as hail, thunder and lightning began. We still had 12 hours to descend with heavy packs to reach our base camp. Once off the unsheltered tongue and in the trees, we were safe, though mentally and physically exhausted. We trudged downhill, finally reaching the safety of our tarp and some dry clothes at 7:00 p.m. after nearly 24 hours of sleeplessness. We quickly cooked dinner and
crawled into our wet sleeping bags. I slept hard that night.

The next day was one of our arranged check-in days with Pato's son. At 4:00 p.m., we went to the shoreline and awaited our rescue. When he had not come by 7:00 p.m., we began to lose hope after hours of maintaining our signal fire and waving our yellow rain jackets. Just as I had re-entered the forest to head back, defeated, to our base camp, I heard screams from Andrew and Patrick. I ran down and broke out our flare and set it off. Only with the spewing fire of the flare would this trip end. As Pato's boat pulled up, a sea lion turned on his back and sprayed a watery good-bye to us.

We had left nearly $1500 of climbing gear just short of the glacier high in the mountains. We spent the next five days waiting in the area for a good enough day to make the 15-hour trip to recover our gear. In that time, we enjoyed a festival at a nearby national park and basked in the comforts of human civilization. On the morning of our last possible day, fog and rain set heavy in the fiord. At 10:00 a.m., it became too late to start the long day, so we accepted that our gear was a sacrifice to the mountain god, who apparently did not want to be saddled quite yet. At 10:30, the fog cleared, the rain ceased, and a beautiful day in Patagonia emerged. Oh well.

We got everything we were looking for—time in virgin Patagonian rain forests, a climb to an unclimbed glacial region, high adventure, basic fun. And yet nothing happened as planned. For me, the trip will resonate for some time as the sound of the wind and driving rain echoes through my mind. I smile, though, when I open my eyes again and see that I am warm and safe.
They roamed the country in a purple bus, seeking out cathedrals, acoustic wells and various sized theaters in which to perform. They returned with a scrapbook full of memories of stunning performances and personal moments.
It should not have happened the way it did. In fact, I would not have bet any amount of money that it was going to happen the way it did. This year had all the aspects of the classic “rebuilding” year: smaller membership, uneven levels of talent, very uneven levels of experience, and a wider-than-usual age spread. Usually, all these factors make for a year of struggle which begins with “matching pitches” in the first rehearsal and stumbles through the awkward process of learning to sing in tune, listening to the other voice parts, and learning how to “blend.” By the end of such a year, one can claim success if it has all come together reasonably well. But to venture on a European tour? Sorry.

Well, we certainly did start the year matching pitches and indeed stumbled through the awkward process of building a choral sound. You can certainly hear it on certain tracks of our Christmas CD. We were a choir in process—a long process. (Cross your fingers. Pray.)

During this whole time I was especially nervous, because I had started planning the trip back in June of 2000. It was necessary to start this early to ensure advance and wide-ranging publicity over there. So, here I was in the middle of planning an 11-day concert tour of France for a group that was about a year from being ready!

But it happened. That is why I can call this tour the “Miracle Tour.” We performed five formal concerts and countless informal sings in major cathedrals, spacious buildings, even a well on the grounds of a medieval castle in ten days. Four of those were smashing successes; the first one was a "warm-up." The town of Gien provided the spacious Church of St. Joan of Arc and a rather splendid pipe organ for me to doodle on during the concert. Five hundred people came to hear us sing. We did not disappoint them. We were rewarded with three standing ovations and two encores. The only reason there weren’t more encores was that we were tired and wanted to get back to the hotel.

We sang everything in English. Most of the people in our audiences did not understand English. What happened? Our hearts touched their hearts. Simple as that. We saw hundreds of human beings to “minister” to through our music; they saw 16 young men and women who were as beautiful to watch as they were to hear. And it was magic.

It happens that way on every tour. And there have been eight of them through the years. It happened again this year. But this year it was different. It was not supposed to happen this way. It was supposed to be a rebuilding year, a year of matching pitches and struggling. In May of this year, I was going to claim success because it had all turned out reasonably well.

Bravo! Brava!
A Moment Frozen in Time
by Emily Zazulia '02

March 3, 2001, 5:02 p.m. - France time

I've just experienced one of the most amazing things in my life. We left Bourges where, after about three hours of driving and over 24 hours without sleep, we had lunch and toured the cathedral. I didn't truly comprehend its size until we walked around to the side and the back. On the back side of the cathedral, there were two towers, one on either side of a central column. The central section had different biblical scenes mixed with figures of French history intricately carved out of a single massive block of stone. The rose window that was nestled between these two towers appeared dark.

The interior of the cathedral was just as immaculate as the outside. Two things struck me as we entered the cathedral: how much bigger it seemed from the inside, and how cold it was. I didn't expect it to be colder inside the cathedral than outside. The temperature added to the feeling that everything in the cathedral was old and sacred. The altar was fairly plain, but the space was enclosed by stained glass dating back to the 13th and 16th Centuries. Despite the clouds outside, the sun poured through the brilliantly colored panes of glass that were the only sources illuminating the massive cathedral. Each person in our group slowly ambled around the perimeter, staring through sleepy eyes at 800 years of history.

And then we sang. Facing the back rose window and a congregation of empty chairs, we lined up in concert formation. The tensions and excitement bounced from person to person as we waited anxiously for that moment that some of us had been promised for three years. I didn't quite know what we were going to do, because it seemed a bit foreign to walk into a place and just decide to sing. Mr. Cheban hit his tuning fork, put it to his ear, and gave the pitches for "Singer of the Universe." With all the practicing we had done to prepare for this moment, I was surprised because it sounded as though we were hardly making any sound at all. That all changed once we reached the point where the chord shatters into seven parts. We paused to listen. At that moment I realized how brilliant a sound 16 people could achieve. It rang and rang, echoing and bouncing off of the ceiling and the walls. It sounded so far away, as though it was trapped in the rounded arches of the ceiling.

We continued in the song, stopping at every large chord to hear the reverberations. I was thinking, wondering just how full we could make that last chord sound. My eyes had already begun to tear and my breath caught in my throat as I tried to control the excitement and amazement I was feeling. It was so cold in the cathedral that I could see my breath rising in front of me while we were singing. We finally reached that last phrase and exploded from unison, to four part, to a brilliant eight-part harmony. The sound didn't seem to ever stop.

After we released that final chord, we were all perfectly silent; the only thing to be heard was the fading echo of our music. Even after the sound stopped, we stayed silent in amazement. We broke formation and moved towards the empty chairs we had been singing to; but no one's voice rose above a breathless whisper. I was breathing quickly, because I had unconsciously held my breath as our chord echoed. Everyone looked sort of stunned, as if we were all trying to take in what we had just done. That moment, for me, is now frozen in time forever.

Concert Choir
French Trip

Hidden in the Town of Sarlat
by Searcy Milam '02

As we were strolling down a tiny side street in Sarlat, a bright yellow awning caught my eye. I desperately wanted to sing that afternoon, sing freely and without direction and without boundaries and without the perfection always expected of us. I prompted my friends to follow me inside the shop, and in we walked.

The woman inside had blond curly hair and lips that were often in a smile, but I sensed not often enough. It would take a lifetime to count all her wrinkles. She stood quietly and alone behind her yellow linoleum counter and happily served people their pain chocolat and orangina day after day. There wasn't a stool behind the counter; I imagine her feet hurt terribly. The veins of her hands were plump and lively, but her fingers looked feeble and tired. I will never truly know if she was tired or if her feet did, in fact, hurt. But I know that we gave her tears of joy and a smile of ease that afternoon.

John, Emma and I stood back, as Emily, Robbie and Scott walked forward to exercise their superb French skills in asking if she would like to hear us sing. She quickly agreed. It smelled fabulously of cinnamon, chocolate and the robust aroma of sourdough bread. These patisseries are the heaven of France, I am convinced. Robbie gave us pitch and tempo, and with every voice part represented in our little group we began to create The Gift of Love. We not only sang it but truly created it. Our sound joined the smells of cinnamon and chocolate in the air, swirling around with animation and bliss. Each piece changes every time it is sung, depending on the situations, the places, the feelings. The excitement we felt combined with the beaming smile on this woman's face elevated our music into a gift of love. As we sang, she cried. As she cried, smiles swept across the room.

As we glided from the first to second verse, a group of four women walked in through the open door. I turned for an instant to see that they were the other four sopranos, magnifying our harmony into a swell of beauty. I noticed the lovely sopranos brought the sun into this little patisserie. As unbelievable and cliché as it may sound, their addition to our ensemble truly did light up the room. The light struck all the tiny corners of the bakery, highlighting the plentiful stale bread crumbs on the floor and showing the dust in the air. Although the chords were not always in tune and the voice parts were not blending perfectly, there momentarily existed in my heart a feeling of perfection. As the tears rolled down her cheeks, over and into the sun-lit wrinkles and onto her chin, something rolled over me as well—enchantment and euphoria in knowing that the music I make, the music our choir makes, can bring such joy to another human being. We were sharing the gifts which God granted us to give hope and happiness to a stranger.

For a moment, in that small patisserie, I seemed to possess the perfect world, shared with my fellow choir members and the kind woman behind the counter. It was a rush that continued to tingle in my fingertips and ears for hours, and a memory that will endlessly enchant all of our minds, I am sure.

Photos by Marc Cheban, Megan Rathvon '01, Emma Budwig '02, Searcy Milam '02 and John Collins '03.
Left: Christina (Robbins) Cain '90 and her husband, Mark, on their wedding day, June 24, 2000, in Seillans, France.

Below left: This photo was taken of Andrew Mahlstedt '94 and Liz Reynolds '94 at the end of a three-day hike to visit some remote hill-tribe villages in Laos.

Below: In August 2000, sister and brother, Alison (Amos) Muller '78 and Bob Amos '75, posed with their children on Burke Mountain in Vermont.

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

A resident of Lewes, Del., Bob Orr participated in a biology field trip for the introductory biology classes at St. Andrew's on April 26, 2001. The students explored the Lewes-Rehoboth Bay environs and viewed the migration of raptors and songbirds and observed some of the phenomenal spawning activities of the horseshoe crab.

'35
Frank Hawkins
7 Chadwick Terrace
Easton, MD 21601

Charlie Felver's message is short and sweet: "Oh time too swift. Oh swiftness never ceasing!"

'36
Ches Baum
107A Willows Avenue
Oxford, MD 21654

Ed Swenson welcomed Chesa Profaci '80, Director of Development, to Coral Gables, Fla., at the Biltmore Hotel, where they talked about the good old days and also the current School.

Ches Baum has been in and out of Memorial Hospital in Easton, Md., undergoing treatment for prostate cancer and kidney dialysis.

'37
Class Agent Needed

Marge and Ed Wolfe enjoyed their trip around Cape Horn this year.

Sadly, we report that Frank "Cappy" Ball's wife, Mary Elizabeth, passed away on March 17, 2001.

'38
Buzz Speakman
Box 148
Smyrna, DE 19977

On June 30, 2000, Dave Harris retired and lives in "lovely Carmel, at the Hacienda Carmel, a senior condo heaven, consisting of 300 units on the Carmel
River." Dave adds, "I miss the day-to-day challenges but can't complain."

'39
Jesse Nalle
P.O. Box 736
Saundersport, RI 02874

'40
Bill Sibert
807 W. Johnson Street
Raleigh, NC 27605-1701

Peter Torrey writes: "As his roommate for a year at SAS, and then for two years at Trinity College, I would like to contribute to the final salute of Paul White, one great friend and a world class athlete. "Paul's V Form year was somewhat subdued to a crippling knee injury incurred the summer before, but, boy did he ever make his mark in the VI Form. He co-captained the indomitable football team of 1939. He then went on to achieve an SAS record of 30 points during an undefeated wrestling season in the heavyweight division. Then, in the spring, he crewed on a winning team of eight oarsmen, and while doing so, he garnered important track meet points in three events: discus, long jump and pole vault."

"In 1940, he matriculated at Trinity College in Hartford with Eddy Johnston and myself as roommates. Paul continued to be an athletic whirlwind in these sports until 1942 when we all scattered to serve Uncle Sam in WWII."

"After Paul's tragic accident, I was in contact fairly often and must conclude that his winning spirit gave him more time of life than very few mortals would be able to generate. I will miss him, and so will the world of people who knew him."

Steve Price '49 has a different recollection of Paul White than most St. Andreans: "I never knew Paul White, but every St. Andrean certainly knew of him. He was indeed a star, as Peter Brown pointed out three times in his recollection. Barry Register '51 recalled that Bill Amos labeled him "the greatest of St. Andrew's athletes" in his book, Time to Remember. Barry also noted that Waldy Pell immortalized Paul in his book, A History of Saint Andrew's School. In addition, Bill Sibert, Paul's classmate, contributed a brief recollection and Paul's son, Emmet, provided a more substantial biographical remembrance.

"But nobody recalled Paul White's moment of greatest stardom; a half-page photograph in Life magazine of Paul and Midge as Adam and Eve, almost naked, taken at the Beaux Arts Ball at the Seventh Regiment Armory. Underneath the photo was a brief bio: war hero, Princeton, all that. Very glamorous! Now, I don't remember the year and maybe it was a quarter-page photo, because Life was a large-format magazine, but it happened. It was a full figure, low angle 'up shot', and they were both smiling broadly. Who wouldn't be? They had reached the pinnacle of stardom."

'41
Jon Wilford
Shippers Cove, P.O. Box 953
Easton, MD 21601

'42
Class Agent Needed

Tom Saunders writes: "I continue to be proud of the School's accomplishments. I play tennis with Tad Montgomery, and he keeps me informed. He sure is proud of his grandson's [Greg Montgomery '03] successes. Your idea of an independent, day grade school [St. Anne's Episcopal School] — brilliant!"

Morgan MacDonald
931 Brittany Hills Drive
Dayton, OH 45459

Bill Brownlee
3606 Shepherd Street
Chevy Chase, MD 20815

Class Correspondent:
Bill Davis
302 Indian Springs Road
Williamsburg, VA 23185

'43
Dave Witheford
11423 Purple Beech Dr.
Reston, VA 20191-1325

Dick Davis' note reads: "Brother Bill Davis '44 brought me to and from the 55th Reunion of the Class of '45, for which I will be always most grateful."

Bob Schelling reported at the end of the year: "In total, another great year with travels, visits with old friends, interesting activities and good health." The travels included Hawaii to start and France to end the year. Visits included people from both Europe and North America at Chateau Schelling—evidently a popular B&B. Among the activities was Sylvia's tennis: she won not only the Ladies Singles but Mixed Doubles, too. Good health obviously prevailed in support of everything.

Vivien and Dave Witheford escaped D.C. the day after Christmas and went to Tucson, Ariz., for two months. Since they were detoured through Shreveport, La., they called Marty and Gattie Jones, who prevailed on them to stop by for coffee, and they had a nice visit. Gattie reported that their area was hit by ice storms and snow this winter. "We even had snow on New Year's Eve—not as bad as it looked, but it snowed during the entire Independence Bowl broadcast on ESPN! Fortunately, we decided not to go."

Lev Lynch reported in from the Seattle area that the February earthquake directly impacted him as he was about to launch his shell on the lake. It made no waves, but he wisely returned to the house and discovered only minor damage—a few wineglasses broken. At the same time, Jack Rood was peacefully hibernating in Prescott, Ariz., where excitement has been generated by the discovery of raccoon tracks on their snow-covered deck. He thought, hopefully, "Can spring be far behind?"

Charlie Wellsing writes: "After we got the right man elected president and cleaned up all the chas blancketing the state, Mary and I wondered if we would ever see a visitor from north of Pensacola again. Happily I can report that Florida is alive and well and packed with snowbirds, just as theister never was a problem. After the post election, political/legal campaign for the presidency. All was forgiven so long as the sun shone and tee times were available."

"Of my esteemed classmates, the Crabby Philosopher (a.k.a. Jim Rooney) was the first to darken our door, fresh from an equine gathering at the Ritz Carlton where, for two days, he enthralled the horsey set from Florida's many paddocks. Unfortunately, Audrey had to stay home in Maryland, mother henching the local Chamber Music Society, so Jim's visit was all too brief."

"Mary and Gattie Jones were next to arrive, coming in their luxurious sleeps-two camper. They were between bashes—a family reunion and a party in St. Augustine to meet an old friend's new bride-to-be. The septuagenarian wedding will be this summer so we are hoping for another visit."

"Before and after the SAS contingents, we had the usual influx of old friends, kids and grandkids which require canoe trips on the Loxahatchee, visits to local museums and, naturally, a drive through Lion Country Safari. We added a new one this year—the UDT/SEAL museum at Fort Pierce where, among a whole lot of other things, Rudy's (of Survivor fame) Navy blouse with its rows of medals and many gold hash marks is displayed."

"On a personal note, Mary and I flew north in November for our annual Thanksgiving week on the Outer Banks of North Carolina, and I was appalled at the mass of humanity on the move—or, more precisely, sitting about waiting for a flight. Next fall, Mary said she will drive it rather than fight that airline battle again. Do I ever pity those whose business keeps them flitting thither and hither at the mercy of the airlines. No question that The Information Age will bring more and more business travelers together on the Internet rather than via aluminum capsules."

www.standrews-de.org
time with activities we have not been able to do well for the last decade and a half—seeing friends, going to concerts, working around our house and summer place, searching for ancestors, relaxing. Our grandchildren, Nick and Kate, were with us for two weeks while their parents, Spencer and Amy, went to Germany for a week. We all had a good time as we took them to various places of interest around the area, including twice (with and without their parents) to the Corning Glass Museum, which we all enjoyed.

“For the first time since 1983, we have had a chance to see the entire cycle of wonderful fall color as it unfolded here in western New York.”

Carter Werth '52 and his growing family. Back row, I to r: Son Ben, son John, Carter, Jean and Doug (daughter Ann's husband). Front row: daughter Jackie and her son Reece (Jackie's husband, Rick, is not in the picture), Courtney and Landry (John's wife and daughter), and daughter Ann with her son Jameson. Since this photo was taken, Ann had another boy, Jeffrey, on December 18, and Courtney is expecting her second daughter in June.
Bill Bathurst
89 White Clover Lane
Highlands, NC 28741

Stu Bracken
23 Boxwood Circle
Yarmouth Port, MA 02675

At the suggestion of Stu Bracken, a copy of the 50th Reunion class photo was sent to Dick Leonard. His wife, Nancy, sent a thank you note and wrote: "I have framed [the photo], and it is on Dick's bedside stand. Dick is weaker but still my knight in shining armor."

A more recent note from Nancy reads: "Hi one and all. It has been awhile since an update on Da Boss has gone out. He had a rough winter but his birthday seems to have been a changing point for him. We had a family party in the Solarium, all the kids and grandkids were there. The guys all told CLEAN and FUNNY jokes and had Dick snorting with glee. He tired quickly and Libby and Debbie offered to put him down for a nap. He crashed before we left the room and ever since HE HAS BEEN PERKY!!"
"Today he has a student nurse giving him AM care and the nurse told me that they watched the news together and that Dick commented about several subjects and that his words and logic were clear!!! He has also been much more responsive to one and all. Thank you God!!! Dick has had some ups and downs before, but never this pronounced or for any length of time. He has also been much more responsive to one and all. Thank you God!!! Dick has had some ups and downs before, but never this pronounced or for any length of time. I can only hope...."

On May 11, Bill Bathurst relayed this message to the Alumni Office: "Not long ago, Dick had a very bright happy spell and seemed to be doing well—all things considered. But he has taken a bad turn—vomiting and losing weight. The doctor suspects an esophageal stricture and has carefully explained endoscopies to Dick. Dick was very alert and speaking. The doctor asked him if he wanted it and the answer he gave was clear and negative. The doctor asked several times and in many ways to check his wishes in regards to extraordinary measures. His answers continued to be clear and negative. His wishes will be honored. His wife, Nancy, has been brilliant throughout Dick's long ordeal.

"Please place Nancy and Dick in your prayers that He will provide all mercy and comfort—all sins forgiven and peace made sure."

John Hukill had a good visit with Mort Clark in Virginia this past fall and reports that Mort is doing well. Mort was unable to attend Reunion last June as he was visiting family in England. John is a director of the SAS Alumni Corporation.

Dave Harned's newest book, Patience, has established his credentials as the class intellect. Both Roger Redden and Bill Bathurst have reported reading it. It's available at Amazon.com and book stores.

Anne and Dick Constable greeted and hosted Romney and Bill Bathurst in Los Angeles at the end of January when they were on their way to New Zealand for a month. The big news is that the Constables are moving back East to the Washington, D.C., area, where the Bathursts hope to see more of them.

A note from Bill to his classmates: Did you know that one-half of our class is below average? If you wish to be in the upper half, just write in and tell us your current status and modus. Your classmates want to hear about you, from you. Otherwise, we will start making up this stuff.

Barry Register
65 East 96th Street, Apt. 6B
New York, NY 10128

Barry Register writes: "Chesa Profaci '80 has just sent me the latest roster of this class dated March 6, indicating the following have notified the School of your e-mail addresses: Dave Bryan, Jack Fiedler, Sam Fleming, Skip Hartman, Dave Lindsay, Fred Starr, Dan Trimper and Noel Wright. There must be more of us. Please sign up. Thanks."
"The fall edition of this worthy publication will have a full report of our 50th Reunion, which will be a wonderful occasion to recall."

During January, February and March, 2000, Tom Osborn had radiation treatment for prostate cancer. Good news—all gone! In June, his mother-in-law moved from Ohio to California. On August 10, he underwent a five-bypass surgery—no heart damage. This was found through an annual checkup. Tom adds, "Son, Eric, to have a boy in June—three out of four, not bad!"

Ted Hill
217 Pheasant Run Drive
Paoli, PA 19301

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

In September 2000, Susan and Jim Bullitt moved into a miller's house (circa 1790). The house was an old 22-acre farm in Nortinham, PA. Living in Bethesda, MD., Carter Werth has been retired from Unisys Corp. for two years. His family is rapidly growing. He reported that during Memorial Day weekend last year, he "managed to squeeze eight adults and three infants under one roof at the Werth pseudo castle/ranch; only needed to rent one roll-away bed, one crib and two high chairs. The Saturday and Sunday of that same weekend, there were 14 cousins, nieces and nephews, aunts and uncles that stopped by to visit." Carter’s children and their families came from distant cities in the U.S.: Ben (Denver), John (San Jose), Ann Sander (Houston) and Jackie Dower (San Diego); and their mother, Jean Werth, came from Orlando.
Battle and Robert's son Rob graduated from Washington & Lee Law School in May 2000 and is clerking for the Delaware Superior Court in Sussex County. Daughter Dorothy was a senior this year at The George Washington University and remained active in the improv group "Recess." She spent a semester in the magical city of Prague, studying at Charles University. Like Dorothy, her parents fell in love with the city when they visited her there.

Bill Cox
P.O. Box 7257
Avon, CO 80620

Bob Shank
3894 Red Lion Road
Bear, DE 19701

Class Correspondent:
George Brakeley
138 East Avenue
New Canaan, CT 06840-5612

Bill Britts latest update reads: "I spent most of my adult life working for big companies in sales and management, and always began to get the itch after a few years to move on to something else. That could have been my Army brat youth or some of the independent thinking and sense of adventure cultivated at St. Andrew's and Sewanee. I lived all over the eastern part of the country: Alabama, Nashville, Louisville, Connecticut, Miami, Richmond and central Florida.

"At age 50, I had the proverbial year from hell: a German partnership bought our General Mills subsidiary and subsequently fired each American manager one by one, including me; my wife decided to become single again, and then my mother died. My parents had lived in the big old house on the Skidaway River that my grandfather built in 1920. Dad invited me to come back to Savannah and live with him there and to start over in my hometown. I started a little manufacturing business, making industrial band saw blades. Two years later, my father died, and I bought the old house and became the third generation of our family to live in the house at Isle of Hope.

"Some of our classmates may remember the spring trip we made in Newell Washburn's Pontiac down to Savannah. Newell, Johnny Keen, Brad Ryland, Hugh MacPherson, Mike Quillin, Bob Bailey and I spent a week at the Big House at Isle of Hope and thought we'd gone to heaven. The old place hasn't changed much—still a slice of paradise.

"My little business has grown. I have about 500 customers, mostly in the southeast states of Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina, but also in 18 other states.

"A few years ago I acted out a childhood fantasy, developed during the War years when several of my uncles were Army Air Corps pilots and Savannah was a training center for the air war in Europe. At age 53, I took flying lessons and bought a Cherokee 180, a four-passenger, 140 mph traveling machine. I fly to Florida to see my four children (and three grandchildren), to Kentucky to see a good-looking woman, to Washington, D.C. for a meeting, to Charleston and St. Augustine for lunch, and I hope to fly to SAS for a reunion weekend sometime. I'm still a fair-weather flyer, although I'm pushing a thousand hours and I'm instrument rated.

"My cousin, Nash McIntosh '56, visits often by boat. We sit on the front porch of the Big House, watch the boat traffic on the river, quaff a couple, and remember those salad days at St. Andrew's School. Those were the days!

"Since somebody from up north wrote a book about us, Savannah has become a popular place to visit. We natives have always known it was a great place to live and party, now others are coming here. And contrary to opinions expressed in the 'Book,' not everyone in Savannah is eccentric. People in the South have always known the reputations of Georgia cities: In Atlanta, they ask what business you're in; in Augusta, they ask what is your family name; in Macon, they ask what church you belong to; and in Savannah, they ask what can we get you to drink?"

Tom Rightmyer's daughter, Sarai, graduated from Guilford College in May 2000 and lives in Greensboro. Son Dallas, who graduated from Maryville College in 1997, lives in Tennessee and works with friends for The Joshua Tree, "removal, pruning, hauling and topping." Tom's wife, Lucy, spent two weeks at Chartres Cathedral in France, first as a facilitator and then as a participant in a program sponsored by Lauren Artress and Veriditas, the worldwide labyrinth project. She continued working with the Resource Center for Women and Ministry in the South as treasurer and financial officer. The Dances of Universal Peace again gave her the joy of travel with the privilege of attending retreats and camps.

Tom still helps with the General Ordination Examination of the Episcopal Church. He and Lucy attended the February meeting in Navasota, Texas. He continues research on the colonial clergy and is part-time vicar of Good Shepherd in Ridgeway. His new responsibilities include being the chair of the North Carolina Episcopal-United Methodist dialogue and a member of the national Moravian-Episcopal dialogue. "Participation in a health study at Duke has lowered both my blood pressure and my weight," writes Tom, "and I enjoy walking with Lucy several days a week. In June I went to Jerusalem for a short course of biblical study and came back spiritually refreshed."

Tom was looking forward to a three-week trip he and his family were planning to take after Easter to China—Beijing, Xian, Tibet, the Yangtze River and Hong Kong.

While living in West Chester, Pa., Hope and Bill Wood have acquired a vacation home in Isle of Palms, S.C., an older beach resort outside of Charleston. "I continue to work my poor frail body to the utmost to support this high standard of living, but who can shake the work ethic we learned at our parents' knees and at SAS?" asked Bill.

"My son, Will '91, was married last summer to Nancy, a lovely Allentown, Pa., girl. Will is a lieutenant in U.S. Naval Intelligence, stationed at Patuxent River, Md. My daughter, Hope, is a paralegal with a leading local firm, specializing in estate work. I continue to serve on the Chester County Hospital Board and the Oaklands Cemetery Board."

Jerry Wigglesworth
115 North Delaware Ave.
Manhattan, KS 66502

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

Randy Marshall writes: "Just completed first Virginia to Florida bicycle ride—21 days, 60-70 miles a day average."

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

Howard Snyder
330 Laurel Lane
Haverford, PA 19041

Howard Snyder's daughter, Emily '94, is a first year med student at the University of Pennsylvania. Son Curtis '96 graduated from Princeton last year and is an analyst for Prudential Securities on Wall Street. "Maybe he will take care of me in my old age!" remarked Howard.
Jess Gaither intends to take advantage of a generous offer from the Church Pension Fund of St. John's Church in Salem, N.J. A new policy enables those who have served as ordained clergy for at least thirty years in the church and are 55 years of age or older to take early retirement. Jess will be eligible for this option on November 1, 2001. He and Linda have decided that on or about that date they will be moving to a new home, near enough for her to continue her teaching at Rowan University and for them to continue to be active in the Diocese of New Jersey.

John Reeve traveled with his family to Australia to spend Christmas with his brother, Chris '68, and also stayed with Hutch Ranck '67 and his family in Sydney. With hopes that his classmatess will attend the 35th Reunion, John contributed the following: "Herewith notes for the great class of 1966: Alas, once again I have taken up the pen as class scribe (nice word, Ed), so you will have to put up with my nonsense unless other contenders for the title appear. "Son James '96 graduated from the Naval Academy last May and is in flight school in Pensacola. Daughter Carolyn (a.k.a. Beans) graduated from Groton (a.k.a. The St. Andrew's of New England) in June and is at Georgetown, keeping an eye on D.C. politics. Stephanie and your scribe are still living in Yarmouth Port, Mass. (on Cape Cod for the geographical-challenged), where I continue to earn a living as a management consultant but am also seriously working on my first novel. "Donna and John Evans are back in Washington, where John is in charge of the Russian Intelligence Unit at the State Department. He says his arms are brused from all the recent lie-detector tests. "Gardner Cadwalader joined his daughter Genevieve '00 (now at Harvard) in rowing in the Head-of-the-Charles Regatta in Boston last October. Gardner and Kate's son, Owen, is now a fourth former at SAS. "Ed Strong has just begun his term as an Alumni Trustee on the SAS Board of Trustees, well-deserved recognition for Ed's long-term support for the School. Ed claims that he is working on a musical adaptation of Henry IV, Part I, featuring Loudon Wainwright as Falstaff, the merry balladeer. Other projects include reprises of The Music Man and 42nd Street. "New grandparents Lynn and Tim Peters (Were they the first?) have moved to smaller quarters on the Chesapeake Bay in keeping with their empty-nester status and so Tim can work hard at catching crabs. (But not on June 9, Tim!) Lynn writes: “We're having an absolute ball with Liz and Tim's '91 baby, Tripp is now six months old, and we think he's the cutest baby ever. I know both Dad and Grandpa are looking forward to showing him off at Reunion. We're also busy with wedding planning for Megan '93, so life is always busy.”

Andy Parrish ran in a marathon in Rome, Italy, on March 25, for the benefit of the American Diabetes Association. Andy was known by his classmates as a very good oarsman, not a runner. Never fleet-of-foot, he was nicknamed “Flash” at SAS and took up crew with a vengeance and never quit. He was almost the first oarsman to compete at Henley in three different decades. He trained hard for this marathon, while working as head of his development company, Wind & Rain, Inc. (www.windandrain.com), a for-profit single-family affordable homebuilder.

Now and Then: George Shuster '63 (left) and Gardner Cadwalader '66 at Diamond State Masters Regatta last summer and from Yearbook with oars.

During the Metro Stop in Coral Gables, Fla., Larry Court '62, Guy Stewart '58 and Bill Muir (parent of Doug '03) chatted at The Biltmore Hotel in March.

Golf Outing

October 6, 2001 at Anderson Creek Club, Spring Lake, N.C.
Course designed by Davis Love III.
Brought to you by the ACB: “SAS, a lifelong experience.”
Check the website or call the alumni office for more details.
Fritz Hoffecker, wife Leslie, son Tom (14) and daughter Margaret '03 (16), a IV Former at SAS, live in San Diego. George Heiner visited them last fall. A note from Fritz reads: "I've been in the telecoms industry for many years, working on interesting (and some not so interesting) projects from here to Saudi, England and India."

Kit and Pete Washburn are having fun in their new house at Phillips Academy. They moved on campus after 18 years in Johnson South. Pete is a cluster dean at school and they run a dorm of only eight girls. Here's a short look at life in the Washburn house with nine children, as explained in their Christmas letter: "It has been a truly exciting and challenging year in the Washburn home.

"Hunter graduated from Phillips Academy in June. It was a beautiful day and very exciting to be part of the commencement ceremony with our own child. He wrestled with where to go to college—Princeton or the Naval Academy. But, on June 30, he started at the Naval Academy. It has been a very busy, intense experience, but he is thriving, and he made the right choice for him."

"Spencer is now a senior, and we are thrilled with his early Christmas present—early decision acceptance at Princeton. He had his heart set on going to Princeton, and he is excited, relieved and eager to know that he will be a Tiger next year."

"Taylor is a 10th grader at Phillips Academy, played JV soccer this fall, and is working very hard with a challenging course load. Luckily, we have another year before we have to do the college thing again!"

"Skylar is in 8th grade, doing well, babysitting a lot and applying to schools for next year. We hope that she will be at Phillips Academy."

"Walker is in 6th grade and has done a terrific job adjusting to middle school. He played travel soccer this fall, which was fun and successful for him."

"Parker is in 4th grade and continues to do well in school and soccer. He just generally enjoys life."

"Summer is now in 2nd grade. She is also doing well and loves sports. She played soccer this fall and is now playing ice hockey."

"Chandler is now three years old, and he is the big guy around the house during the day when the other children are at school. He is a great fun and is in 7th Heaven when everyone is home to play with him!"

Willy Smith
P.O. Box 341
Oxford, MD 21654

Hungers of the Soul

Be Gardner '68, Stone Carver

American talent in the world of sculpture is rare. Many of the leading sculptors of the 20th Century in America were European by birth or European-trained. The tradition of working in stone in three dimensions conjures up Greek friezes and Renaissance monumentality. Contemporary sculptors are often manipulators of found objects, metal alloys and soldered iron.

Be Gardner is a rarity, a home-grown variety of classical sculptor working in Carrara marble, the inspiration for Michelangelo's work. "Hungers of the Soul" is an insightful look at a young and aspiring artist's life with an emphasis on the way a passion defines being. Scenes in rural North Carolina show the blending of domestic life with a desire for the universal recognition the work deserves. It is the difficulties and the triumphs of being an artist that make the story of Be Gardner so compelling.
In the spring of 2000, Stew Barroll was on garrison duty with the 3rd Maryland Infantry, Company A (U.S.) at the Annual Civil War Weekend at Fort McHenry, where they put on firing and drill demonstrations for the public and displayed camp and prison life as the Fort had during the War. “The day after our photo was taken,” explained Stew, “I switched into my uniform of the 2nd Maryland Infantry (C.S.) and joined the other Confederate prisoners being held at the Fort. I even tried to escape and got confined in the same cell in which the real Yanks put my Chestertown great-great-grandfather, John Leeds Barroll in April 1863.” Stew knew about the cell from information in family records and because the Fort Superintendent gave him a copy of the actual prisoner roster from April 1863. The group was scheduled to meet again this year for demonstrations on April 28 and 29.

In January, Rob Spence was named football offensive coordinator at the University of Toledo after being at Louisiana Tech.

Michael Kuehlwein is now a full professor of economics at Pomona College in Claremont, Calif.
Former Faculty News

John, Ben and Kim Niles

John Niles, former SAS Director of Admissions (1976-90), is on sabbatical leave from Groton School in Massachusetts until August 2001.

Last summer, John, an assistant crew coach, and wife Kim traveled to England with son Ben (then a sophomore at Groton), who was competing at Henley. Groton placed second, losing only to St. Joseph's Prep.

This year, John and Kim are living in a house they bought six years ago in southwestern New Hampshire, while Ben boards for his junior year. "It's a very relaxed, full lifestyle!" according to Kim. "Our best to everyone."

Carolyn Matthews reports: "Andy Waters is busy as head of a 22-attorney law firm with offices in L.A., Dallas, Newport News and Cameron, Texas. The firm represents injured persons and families in environmental exposure cases. Andy has two children, Juliet (7) and Jack (3). The Dallas contingent of SAS alums is growing, as Andy's sister, Carrie '79, is also here."

Carolyn Matthews
7100 Lakeshore Drive
Dallas, TX 75214-3554

"But Beppie, if you are out there, our coxswain just doesn't have your zip...or maybe she's just afraid to get mean because her mother rows the second seat. Anybody else rowing out in the west?"

Alison Pell Helms, her sister, Julie (Amos) Sturm, and mother, Catherine Amos, had a wonderful trip to Paris in April 2000, celebrating there 40th, 50th and 75th birthdays.

Garrett Hart
4324 Hike Circle
Bellevue, NE 68123

At the annual parish meeting in January, 2001, Paul Hannah was chosen senior warden at Trinity Parish Church, Seattle's oldest Episcopal parish, which is known as the Mother Church of the city's Episcopal congregations.

Linda Ferris became Mrs. J.R. Evans on November 18, 2000, in a wedding ceremony performed on the Holland America cruise ship, The Ryndam.

Alison Pell Helms writes: "Every now and then I wonder what I learned at SAS. I recently started rowing again (chalk it up to turning 40) and, apparently, if nothing else, I learned to row. My muscle memory is good, because I can still do it; and the group I row with is doing well, so at least I am not a hindrance. It's interesting to look at the kids that are rowing and know that I was once that young (nah!) and that I am now this old (no way!). For those that remember the lingo: We went to sprint in our last race and our coach (a 23-year-old) on shore said something about a 'Power 10' to those watching. One of the kids commented that at that age isn't it called a 'Heart Attack 10'? We won, by the way."

"But Beppie, if you are out there, our coxswain just doesn't have your zip...or maybe she's just afraid to get mean because her mother rows the second seat. Anybody else rowing out in the west?"

Mike Berrigan writes: "After 18 years as a sales guy, peddling furniture to printing to software, I made the move to the non-profit world in January. My new position is Executive Director of the Tri-Valley..."
YMCA. The Y serves my town of Pleasanton, Calif., and the surrounding communities. Our programs are school-age childcare, sports programs, summer camps and parent-child programs. In the four weeks since I started, it has been a lot of fun.”

'80

Judi Skelton Spann
U.S. Naval Academy
36 Upshur Road
Annapolis, MD 21402

Vince Spoltore
965 Highway 67 South
Decatur, AL 35603

Two classmates served as “hostess with the mostest”: Letitia Hickman Green and husband Mark hosted Headmaster Tad Roach and other St. Andreans at a soiree at the Marine del Rey Yacht Club in California in April. Then, Judi Skelton Spann and husband Bill hosted area alums, parents and SAS midshipmen at their home at the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis, Md., in May.

'81

Eric Ellisen
111 Downs Avenue
Stamford, CT 06902

Class Correspondent:
Lizzie Bleke Clark
4740 Wesleyan Woods Dr.
Macon, GA 31210

Stacy and J.W. Clements welcomed their fourth child, Hunter McCullough Clements, on May 1, 2000. Logan (9), Hart (6) and Luke (3) are thrilled to have a baby brother!

Good news comes from Paris about another baby. Lydia (Jarrett) and Ian ’85 Montgomery welcomed Anna Elisabeth Alexandra into their family on December 26, 2000. Lydia is a full-time mom now for the new baby and son Charlie (6).

In San Francisco, Jacob Edward Downing was born on July 10, 2000, to proud parents Christa Cullen and John Downing.

'82

Boo Percy Sargent
3 Stuart Drive
Bloomfield, CT 06002-1524

Great news from Joan and Steve Billhardt: Lindy Susan was born on January 12, 2001. She weighed in at 7 lbs. 3 oz. and measured 18-1/2 inches. All are doing well.

'83

Mary Ashton Roberts
150 E. 18th St., Apt. 6H
New York, NY 10003-2450

In January, we learned that Elaina and Alan Aikens were expecting their first child in April.

Sara and Pier Friend are the proud parents of their first child, Wilson (Wil) Kettler Friend, who was born on November 16, 2000, and weighed 9 lbs. 1 oz.

June will be a busy month for Lou (O’Brien) Berl and her family. She is expecting her second child; and she, husband Chris and daughter Charlotte will be moving to West Hartford. Needless to say, Lou won’t be coaching for awhile.

'84

Reunion 2002
June 7-9

St. Andrew’s Magazine 33
San Francisco Metro Stop: Patrick Montgomery '89, Tom Pinckney '89, Greg King '89, Mary Neidig '91 and Scott Henderson '91.

Harper, daughter of Linda and Alex Northrup '87.

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Ashley (Tompkins) Devery is busy working December 26, 2000, weighed 8 Ibs. 13 oz., and Lydia (Jarrett) '82 Montgomery were taking care of her two children. She spends part time as a marketing consultant and playing in the mountains.

Happy news from the Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity in Paris: Ian and Lydia (Jarrett) '82 Montgomery were blessed with a daughter, Anna Elisabeth. She arrived on December 26, 2000, weighed 8 lbs. 13 oz., and measured 20 inches.

Residing outside of Boulder, Colo., Ashley (Tompkins) Devery is busy working part time as a marketing consultant and taking care of her two children. She spends her free time skiing, making snowmen and playing in the mountains.

Jennifer and Wade Cooper are enjoying their little girl, Grace Elizabeth, who was born on October 29, 2000, and weighed 8 pounds. Wade is in his final semester of law school at the University of South Carolina. He accepted a position with the Hood Law Firm in Charleston, S.C., and will begin working there after he passes the Bar Exam this summer.

"It's good to be home," according to Donielle and James Borghardt, who moved back to Maryland. James is attending the U.S. Naval Test Pilot School. They are expecting their second child in July.

Shannon and Adam Stegeman, who are living in Goring on the Thames in England, have a new addition to their family. Owen Littleford Stegeman was born on October 3, 2000, and joins his sister, Emma (2). Adam works for ATG, a DOT.com company with a home office in Cambridge, Mass.

Allison Hamilton-Rohe and husband Jeff still have living in the Village in New York. She writes: "I'm still working away at my screenwriting portfolio and struggling with the evil day-job life. I'm meeting with a wonderful writer's group weekly, so that is helping me make great progress and makes writing a lot less lonely. Jeff is at an international business startup called Tradecard, Inc., and constantly makes me jealous as he whisks off to work with a smile on his face. Can you imagine? But don't feel too badly for me—my day job may be taking me to Paris in the spring, which will be lovely."

"We have no babies, no house and no car, but are seriously contemplating introducing a doggie element into our lives. Given our grand shoebox, the dog must be small (no, no, no winner of the Westminster for me, thanks!), so we now find ourselves lurking at petfinder.org to find that elusive perfect pup to rescue. I have a new e-mail: Ahamilton Rohe@yahoo.com, so drop me a line if you have the chance."

Chip Dietrich is engaged and will be married in Sweden next summer.
In February, Carter Meyer Wilcox started a new job with the Corcoran Group, a large real estate company in New York. Doug and Catherine van Ogtrump Hoffberger welcomed with joy their second daughter, Charlotte Elmyre, who was born on March 7, 2001, and weighed 8 lbs. 7 oz. She joins her sister, Olivia (2).

Ridie Lazar and Zev William Markenson were married at the Mark Hotel in Manhattan on March 18, 2001. They graduated from Syracuse University, where they met. Ridie is the director of upper school admission at the Riverdale Country School in the Bronx. Zev is the computer technology manager at Money magazine in Manhattan.

Michael Fallaw still lives in Bozeman, Mont., where he says “skiing, biking and canoeing are all superb. Anyone is welcome to visit.” He has his own painting business in Bozeman/Big Sky.

It's a boy! Dave Erard is a father! He and his wife, Elibabeth, have a son, Andres (Andy).

Scott McClary works as a development director at St. Ann’s Academy and coaches basketball at Bishop O’Connell High School in Washington, D.C.

Nancy and Will Wood were married last summer. Will is a lieutenant (ig) in U.S. Naval Intelligence, stationed at Patuxent River, Md.

Liz and Tim Peters are looking forward to showing off their eight-month-old son, Tripp, at Reunion.

After getting married in May of 2000 in Jamaica, Courtney (Diggles) Heimowitz and husband Josh decided to follow their dream of living in a warm, tropical climate and moved to the island of Oahu in Hawaii in February 2001. Josh is the executive director of YMCA Camp Erdman, located on the North Shore of Oahu. Courtney writes: “Yes, the North Shore where the Bonzai Pipeline and all the surfers live! We are absolutely in love out here! Aloha! If you happen to be in the area, please contact us or stop by. Everyone in Hawaii knows of the camp. I can be reached at cheimowitz@hotmail.com. Hope to hear from you!”

Ed Gormley checked in from England over the winter. He has qualified as an accountant (in the U.S. this would be a CPA certification) and has moved into investment banking, working in the mergers and acquisitions department of a European bank. Ed writes: “I am hoping to move to New York in about a year’s time for a spell over there. I’ll let you know if I come across.”

Hugh Cameron has a new position with the Australian navy, as Assistant Command Legal Officer. He and wife Juliet, as well as their daughter, Millie, enjoyed some of the Olympic festivities in Sydney in the fall.

Ty Jones has left Maryland for a stint in Colorado in the summer and hopes to return to Spain again in the fall.

While residing in Jamaica Plain, Mass., Elizabeth Hickok is “happily working at Gillette in Boston as a graphic designer.”

Holly Dunlap is co-owner of a new art gallery in La Antigua, Guatemala (“La Bohemia...galeria de arte,” 5a Avenida Sur #6). She writes: “Ten percent discount for SAS alumni who drop by for a visit! When I’m not busy capturing the local scene on canvas, I lead mountain biking tours for the adventurous (not for the faint of heart).” Check out www.bikeguatemala.com and click on “Holy Santa Maria Volcano Tours” and “Lake Atitlan Pedal and Paddle Tours.” Abbie McBride wrote: “After quitting my far too time-consuming job in L.A. in October ’99, I undertook a trip that eventually extended for about one year. I went from New Zealand to Vietnam and from Italy to Cambodia with many other eye-opening stops in between. I’m now back in the states sorting out what I will do next, though the odds are on a job with a non-profit organization in San Francisco.”

Frank Crawley graduated from Williams College in 1997 with a double major—math and art history (with honors). He was recently appointed Director of Technical Services at the University of Maryland Institute of Computer Services.

Megan Peters is busy planning her wedding.

Wes Fling and his wife, Lynne, are still living in Louisiana. Their happy news is the recent addition of their son, Devon, to the family. Wes is currently looking for a new career as his service commitment to the U.S. Army is nearly up.

Mike Piggetello moved to Chicago in May 2001 to work at China Online, a business news and information provider for companies in China. He spent all of 2000

In February 2001, SAS faculty member Ann (Sawyer) Chilton '85 attended a dinner for the Princeton squash team and posed with three SAS alums who are members of the team. L to r, Charlie Durkin '97, Ann, Helen Smith '99 and Randolph McEvoy '97.

In December 2000, Liz Reynolds and Andrew Mahlstedt traveled together in Laos. "It was an amazing trip!" described Liz. "Laos is a stunningly beautiful country. I had a great time, and I was especially happy to be traveling with Andrew again."

"All is well in New York City," according to James Nelson. "I have been quite busy as a real estate broker. I recently saw Cosmo Fattizzo and Stony Grunow and also ran into Matt Cranner and Robb McDonald ’95. Robb was serving as an army ranger, which was quite a surprise, when I bumped into him at the Andrews Air Force Show."

Kip Digges writes: "Nuti? Nuti, where are ya hiding now, buddy? Time to surface again. Nuti?"

Desiree Bliss
1852 Ingleside Ter., NW
Washington, DC 20010

Ulla Rickert
6683 32nd Place, NW
Washington, DC 20015

Peden Harris works for a technical recruiting agency in San Francisco. "I've run into Andrew Reynolds and Melissa Cull '96 here," states Peden. "They are both doing well."

Mark Henderson writes: "Nate Perry moved to San Francisco after completing a degree in sound engineering. He joins me, Dan Sheats and Andrew Reynolds for some good ol' fashioned tomfoolery."

Liz Dwyer rented a house in Pacific Beach, near San Diego, for a couple of months.

Wilson Everhart is beginning a master's program at Wesleyan University in Middletown, Conn., this summer. In the fall, he will return to Holderness School in Plymouth, N.H., for his third year of teaching and coaching.

Anne Keller Bolno
330 Sunderland Rd., #64
Worcester, MA 01604

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‘94

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

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J.R. Parsons is living in Ohio about two miles from Wright-Patterson A.F.B. and about five miles from Yellow Springs, one of the largest communities of hippies. "Worlds collide!" he says. "And I thought Ohio was going to be a drag. Anyhow, I'm traveling a lot for my job and for fun, as well as trying to learn a little Russian." His "only contributions to the gossip pool are: Ensign James Reeve is well on his way to

Doris Short
191 A Davis Avenue
Brookline, MA 02245

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An Insider’s View of Boarding School Life
Alumni Children in the 8th and 9th grades are invited to an Overnight Campus Visit.

Homecoming Weekend — Friday, September 21

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

• Please contact the Admission Office between August 26 and September 12 if you and your child would like to participate.
getting his wings down at Pensacola, and Will Garner is getting married in May. J.R. hopes to see everyone at the 5th Reunion.

Emily McAlpin reports that "everything is great in Chicago." She writes, "I work as a director for an environmental and human rights organization and have been keeping in touch with Hadley Robin, Taylor Horner, Kate Harrington, Lindsey Willis and Lindsay Allen, who are all doing wonderfully. We all can't wait for our five-year reunion!"

Kristin Douglas sends greetings from Houston. The last year has been a busy one for her. She got engaged in October, and she and her fiance bought a house in November. While fixing up the house, they are planning a wedding for next October. She finished up her last semester at the University of St. Thomas in Houston. She would like anyone who may be going to Houston to know that "they are more than welcome to stop by."

Lindsay Allen finished up at Cornell University and is working on a master's in Educational Counseling at Harvard. Her brother, John '03, attends St. Andrew's.

'97

George Hutton
4216 Holburn Avenue
Annandale, VA 22003-3733

Anne Riley
415 E. Hoover St., #303
Ann Arbor, MI 48104

Megan Wright
401 Quadrant Road
N. Palm Beach, FL 33408

Will Robinson
420 Delaware Street
New Castle, DE 19720

Homecoming
September 22, 2001

'ST. ANDREW'S MAGAZINE 37

Jamie Larrimore, Robin Juliano '99 and Heidi Pearce '00 got together when Brown met Johns Hopkins in lacrosse.

He'll be training for both football and basketball this summer while working at an investment bank in between. Andre sends this message; "Hope everyone is doing well and maintaining themselves. Life is short . . . go all out. Enjoy your time."

'98

Michael Everhart
2316 Yale Avenue
Camp Hill, PA 17011-5339

Kate Werble
3414 Garfield St., N.W.
Washington, DC 20007-1464

Class Correspondent:
James Jenkins
1845 Parker Lane
Henderson, NC 27536-3542

Mike Evans writes: "Life after graduation has gotten much better and more exciting since I decided to transfer to the University of Sydney in Australia. If anyone from SAS is in the area, they should look me up."

Michael Everhart completed his third year at Hamilton. He has been writing a weekly sports column for the student newspaper since his freshman year and has continued his rowing.

Great news from Angelica Williams: In May, she graduated summa cum laude from Vanderbilt University School of Arts & Science and was inducted into the Alpha Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa. Her major was Interdisciplinary Neuroscience. After taking a year to catch her breath, she hopes to enter medical school.

'S99

Sam duPont
6868 Travelers Rest Circle
Easton, MD 21601-7668

Liza Green
160 Greenwood Farm Rd.
Greenwood, VA 22943-1622

Laura Zarchin completed her sophomore year at Middlebury College, where she was a member of the swim team and named a College Scholar for Academic Achievement.

The latest news from Andre Jenkins is that he is "definitely getting [his] groove up at Amherst." The college transition has been interesting, but he is having a good time.
THE WILMINGTON ROWING CENTER HOSTS

The 11th Annual
Howard M. Smith
DIAMOND STATE MASTERS REGATTA

Sunday, July 29, 2001
Noxontown Pond

Over 500 men and women Masters rowers will compete in 66 races.

The 1063-meter, six-lane buoyed course "may be the most beautiful venue for Masters Rowing in the United States." Athletes from the Eastern United States Coast participate in this prestigious regatta, featuring the Masters Rowing Association's "Dead Poets" Trophy. Scullers and crew will race in singles, doubles, fours and eights.

Plenty of food and drinks are available.
Admission and parking are free.
Sponsored by Masters Rowing Association.

The Alumni Corporation Board and the alumni office welcome you to join us online!

Register at http://alumni.standrews-de.org to:

• connect with classmates
• search our online directory of alumni
• visit the events calendar
• receive monthly emails from SAS
• email other members
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Golf Outing

October 6, 2001 at Anderson Creek Club, Spring Lake, N.C.
Course designed by Davis Love III.
Brought to you by the ACB: "SAS, a lifelong experience."

Check the website or call the alumni office for more details.
Charles A. Silliman '36

Chuck, who resided in Crosslands Community, Kennett Square, Pa., died on March 31, 2001, in the Fairbank Health Center at Crosslands.

Chuck was born in New York City on May 29, 1917, but lived in Wilmington, Del., most of his life. He attended Tower Hill School and graduated from St. Andrew's. He attended the University of Virginia for a short time before entering the Army. During World War II, Chuck served as a combat infantry officer in France and Germany until 1944 when he was seriously wounded and honorably discharged. He received the Purple Heart and was awarded the Silver Star for Bravery. During his convalescence, Chuck published his first short story about the war, "Replacements," that was published in The Saturday Evening Post in 1945, and another was published in Prairie Schooner in 1947.

Chuck married Elizabeth "Betty" Allen of Sloatsburg, N.Y., in 1947 and returned to Wilmington to reside. He worked in advertising, sales and writing. He had been a copy editor at the Journal-Every Evening, an afternoon Wilmington daily newspaper and predecessor of The News Journal. Later, he became a free-lance writer. His first book, The Story of Christ Church Christiana Hundred and Its People, was published in 1960. "He loved research and was proud of all his work," according to his daughter, Ann Silliman Lofting.

He was the author of a prized 40-year photo history of Wilmington, Del., and its suburbs. Historians and book collectors say that the 83-year-old writer left behind well-researched and readable histories of the Episcopal Church in Delaware, Delaware Hospital, Delaware Trust Co. and Christ Church Christiana Hundred. His work reflects his interest in the historical past of Wilmington, specifically, and Delaware in general.

The grandson of a minister, Chuck was a lifelong member of the Episcopal Church and Christ Church of Christiana Hundred.

Chuck is survived by his daughter, Ann Silliman Lofting of West Grove, Pa., his son, David A. Silliman of Edgewater, Md., and two granddaughters, Emily and Abigail Morgan, also of West Grove.

Buzz Speakman '38 thinks very highly of Chuck:

It was a very somber and sad feeling that I had when I read Chuck Silliman's obituary in the morning paper. To me he was the kindest and nicest person I ever knew. He was always upbeat and sincerely glad to see people. He talked with a chuckle, despite all he had gone through.

He was a genuine hero of WWII. He was an infantry officer in the 9th Division at the time of the breakout from the hedgerow country at St. Lo, France, through Belgium and into a little town called Schevenhutte, Germany, where he was seriously wounded. His outfit had taken the town, and in so doing, had advanced beyond supporting units on its right and left. They dug in and prepared for counter attacks, which were frequent during the following days.

Finally, having failed to dislodge Chuck's unit, the Germans launched a fierce bombardment and attack by veterans of the Eastern front.

Chuck and his platoon sergeant occupied the same foxhole, awaited the end of the artillery barrage and then sprang into action. They had two 60mm mortars in their position with shells fused and ready to go. Chuck yelled for his men to get on the mortars, but no one moved; so he told his sergeant to take one, and he took the other. Since the attack was coming from the right of their position, Chuck swung his mortar around, aimed it at the point of attack and started dropping shells down the tube. He had used up most of the ammunition when he was hit in the back of his left shoulder by a civilian sniper, which knocked him flat.

As Chuck lay on his stomach, his left arm useless, a member of the attacking force broke through the defense and started firing at Chuck. Fortunately, he was a poor shot and hit Chuck's mortar. Fragments ricocheted into Chuck's left eye, jaw and chest. He heard someone beside him say, "Lieutenant!" He heard bullets thudding into the man next to him, who gave a sigh and fell on top of Chuck. He later found out that it was his machine gun sergeant who died trying to save Chuck's life. He was posthumously awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, the second highest medal below the Congressional Medal of Honor.

The attack was eventually stopped and the aid men were able to get Chuck back to an evacuation hospital. He lost his left eye but, much later, recovered the sight in his right eye. After being in many hospitals, he was sent to the U.S. to the Valley Forge Military Hospital in Valley Forge, Pa. He went through many more operations for a period of at least a year. He was the subject of an article in The Saturday Evening Post after the war and was considered a medical miracle.

Chuck was able to talk about all of this without being bitter about his ordeal—he was even cheerful. I only saw Chuck two or three times a year until recent years. It was always a delight to see him. The world will not be the same without him. He will be sorely missed by all who knew him or came in contact with him.

Editor's Note: Information and excerpts taken from World War II Stories: Experiences & Recollections by St. Andrew's School Alumni, 1995.

George A. Dunning II '39

George, 78, a retired purchasing agent who enjoyed driving classic cars, collecting rare stamps, and playing a round of golf, died on March 7, 2001, of respiratory failure at Chestnut Hill Hospital. He was a resident of Oreland, Pa., formerly of Chestnut Hill.

Born in Philadelphia, George was the son of the late Norman and Ansie Naylor Dunning. He was the husband of Yvonne Neely Dunning for 53 years.

George attended Chestnut Hill Academy before graduating from St. Andrew's.

He was a U.S. Army Air Force veteran of World War II.
and subsequently remained in the U.S. Air Force Reserves until he retired in 1982. He was a member of The Retired Officers Association.

George was a past president and, for many years, a member of the Classic Car Club of America. He was a past member of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States. An avid golfer, he was at one time the Junior Club champion in golf at the Philadelphia Cricket Club. Prior to his retirement, he had been employed as a purchasing agent for Grinnell Fire Protection Corp., a Willow Grove company that makes fire alarms and detection systems. He retired about 15 years ago, then gave of his time by volunteering at medical institutions, such as the Chestnut Hill Hospital and the Chestnut Hill Rehabilitation Hospital.

At the time of his death, George was a member of the Society of Mayflower Descendants of Pennsylvania and the Germantown Stamp Club.

In addition to his wife, George is survived by two daughters, Nancy Baxter and Elizabeth Pearson; a son, G. Andrew III; two sisters, Frances Borie and Diana Madden; and five grandchildren.

**A note from Jesse Nolle '39**

After we graduated in '39, George and I led relatively separate lives. Then, in the early '50s, we found ourselves living almost side by side in Chestnut Hill, Pa. Our children played together, and George and I played together! We were both nuts about classic cars and boats. He had a BIG Cadillac, and I had a BIG Packard, both from the '30s. We also had other magnificent classics, and we shared tools and restoration tips for at least ten years. Incidentally, during that period, the late but famous Holly Whyte '35 kept a Buick Roadmaster convertible in my garage for several months. He was relentlessly seeking the perfect black finish and would show up in a grey flannel suit, change into coveralls and wet sand the brute for hours.

George was really quite unique. His knowledge of jazz was encyclopedic! At SAS we all listened to his records of the greats after lights out. His grades were very high.

Later I shifted my interest back to boats, and so did George. I was living in Annapolis when he acquired a great sailboat: a classic, of course.

My wife, Alice, and his wife, Yvonne, put up with a lot when the two of us would have a bunch of car nuts in for beer until late in the night.

Once again, circumstances have separated us, but he was a true, great friend. I wish his family, particularly his son, Andy, since I am his godfather, all the best.

**Robert H. Boyer '43**

Bob, 76, a resident of Albuquerque, N.M., passed away on January 6, 2001.

After graduating from St. Andrews, Bob attended Tufts University. Music was always a special part of his life. He was in the submarine service for the Navy during World War II.

Bob was the president of New Precast Developments, Inc. He was a member of the City Council of Santa Fe and headed a project promoting the beautification of the city, which included installing flower boxes for sidewalks and parks. He gained the rights to the Japanese process of color concrete forms that could be molded into boxes and sidewalks.

Bob is survived by his wife of 19 years, Dorothy; daughters, Jeannie Borchert, Lindsay Waters and her husband, Kevin, Lisa Hays, Annette Chartier-Warren and her husband, Kenneth; sons, Blair Boyer, Gregg Chartier, Rene Chartier and his wife, Marilyn; and 15 grandchildren.

**Jay Kinahan '43 remembers:**

After graduation in 1943, I lost track of Bob until our 50th Reunion in 1993 when many of us saw each other for the first time in decades. Subsequently, Bob and I had frequent telephone contact and talked about current life episodes as well as life as it was in school in the '40s. His sixth form roommates, Sam Shoher '43 and Howard "Moonbeam" Willets '43, and their antics gave rise to many laughs in our conversations. I was disappointed to learn that Bob had not pursued his interest in music and reminded him of the trumpet solo he gave with the orchestra at our sixth form dance in the winter of 1943. It was a great performance and brought many accolades, especially from the members of our pitiful little jazz band members in the audience.

Bob was married several times, but with Dorothy he found a new life and occupation in Albuquerque in the field of architectural units for urban decoration. This effort was later compromised because of a serious spinal deterioration which necessitated a body cast for several months that limited his mobility. Once over that hurdle, he continued to have health problems, culminating with his final siege with cancer. Yet, though he was very weak in his last days, he continually said he wanted to beat the problem so that he could attend our 60th Reunion in 2003. Alas, in spite of all of his efforts, he will not make it, and he will be sorely missed by all of us who will be fortunate enough to attend.

Throughout all of his health problems these last years, his wife, Dorothy, has been a loyal and faithful companion; and, on behalf of the members of our class, I would like to express our sympathy for her loss and our admiration for the courage and steadfast presence that she has shown for such a long time during Bob's trials and travels.

**Morgan MacDonald's '43 tribute to Bob:**

My memory of Bob during our schooldays is of a leader. I remember him as a leader in the sailing club, in the dance band, and on the crew. My memories of his role in the latter two are vivid as I shared those activities with him. Bob and I lost touch after graduation and did not reconnect until our 50th Reunion, and, of course, by then changes had taken place in all of us. But Bob's enthusiasm and the ability to face fresh challenges still remained—as it did until the month before he died. When we met at our 50th, at an age when most of us in the Class were settling into retirement...
and focusing on hobbies and grandchildren, Bob was starting a new business. Bob's life was not without problems, yet he reached out to others, especially to those of us in his class. Phone calls would come from him two or three times a year. He even called during his last days, when undergoing the pains of chemotherapy, to offer sympathy in connection with some personal news he had heard from me. I feel fortunate to have known him.

Jim was highly educated and blessed with a powerful intellect. After he graduated from Harvard University with honors, he continued educating himself throughout his entire life.

He had the tendency to completely ignore the small, sometimes meaningless things in life and concentrate on the big picture. He liked learning about other people and respected honesty and politeness. He wore simple clothes and loved spending time with his family.

He was a great admirer of Winston Churchill—his shrewd, common sense approach, his strength, and his open-minded view of the world.

Jim believed in Bermuda and that the only way forward was through unity. "For him, the fundamental building block of a solid economy and a stable democracy—unity—was to give all Bermudian children a top quality education." For many years he served as the Secretary Treasurer of the Whitney Institute and later as the Secretary of the Whitney Institute Educational Trust.

Preservation of the beauty of the island was of paramount importance to Jim. He left large areas green that he could have developed and fought to preserve other green areas. He also struggled to keep what remains of old Bermuda and her history alive. According to Robert, his father was so emotionally tied to Bermuda that in many ways what he was preserving was himself.

Preservation was not enough for Jim. He was constantly exploring new things. He studied Portuguese and the Portuguese community in Bermuda. He took a trip to Portugal and San Miguel in the Azores.

Jim studied wood carving and taught himself classical guitar.

Jim had plenty of character, along with a riotous sense of humor and an easy-going manner. His philosophy was be gentle, be kind, be free, live your own life, and above all else be yourself.

Jack Keller '50 recalls his classmate:
I have not seen "J.V." since graduation. My best recollection of him was expressed in his yearbook write-up: "The School's arch conservative, Jim has always defended 'ruling classes' and the British Empire to the death."

He was an excellent debater and chairman of the Debating Society. I recall in 1950 he presided over a debate on the question, "This house is resolved that St. Andrew's School's brightest future lies in co-education, provided that adequate facilities are available." Incidentally, there was a 58-32 debate decision in favor of co-education. Our students at that time obviously had a wisdom beyond their years.

Alexander N. Stoddart '45
Alex's obituary notice appeared in the "In Memory" section of the Winter 2000 Magazine. When Henry Baker '44 read the write-up, it "brought back so many memories," and he jotted them down. Henry shares the following:

Alex and I go back a long way! His mother and mine grew up together in Baltimore. My mother drove his mother (in the middle of the night so Alex's grandparents would not notice the departure) to the railroad station so the future Mrs. Stoddart could elope to marry Alex's father. I always told Alex that we were somehow related.

We had some great times at SAS and some that were not so great, but Alex's role in the latter was never discovered. We were both at the Bainbridge Naval Training Station in Maryland during WWII, a very convenient location for the party scene in either Baltimore or Philadelphia. Liberty was liberal, and we took full advantage of it. I still have a mental picture of Alex riding a cow at a party at the Mill Dam Club in Wayne.

As luck would have it, we were both sent to the Pacific Theater at the same time and were able to spend liberties in San Francisco prior to our departure. I had some very attractive cousins there, so the departure was painful.

After the war, Alex moved to Baltimore to attend the Maryland Institute of Art, and we saw a great deal of him. He was an usher in our wedding, as was the late George Gillet '43, the late Bayly Chapman '44 and the still alive and vigorous Larry Parker '44. Not married for some time after we were, Alex was a frequent mealtime visitor. He delighted in calling up to our second-floor apartment located over that of two maiden ladies, "Is Henry home?" in a voice loud enough to set tongues wagging on the first floor. In those days, he wore black cleated sneakers which he claimed his mother used for field hockey in her schooldays.

After graduation from art school, he moved to Boston and helped found a string of suburban newspapers. Selling out for a handsome figure to Dow Jones, he and Emily decided to move south. Alex had grown up in Coral Gables, Fla., in the winter and Bass Rocks, Mass., in the summer, but they wanted to live some place with "more substance" than Florida, in their words. They moved to Savannah and immediately made many friends in the golf, shooting and general social scene. Alex was a very good athlete, excelled at golf and was soon playing in the best foursomes. His other great passion was bird dogs and wing shooting. We did a lot of that together. He came to
Hill, N.H. We also went on several shooting trips to Maryland to shoot on the Eastern Shore, and I went to worsened until he was forced to move to a continuing-care community several years before his death.

In addition to his other talents, he was a superb cartoonist. As I write, I am looking at one of his framed works of me done in a characteristic unflattering style. His sense of humor and his enthusiasm were two defining aspects of his personality. His wit was dry but very sharp and impaled as many fortunes as his drawings.

Time’s relentless tide bears all her sons away, but great memories remain.

Richard L. Barron

Dick, a resident of Leesburg, Va. and formerly of Middletown, Del., died on February 11, 2001. He was 87. He was born on April 29, 1913, in Fremont, Ohio, the son of the late Roger and Lena Barron.

Dick and his late wife, Doris, and sons were longtime residents of the Middletown and Earleville, Md., areas. He served as music director and librarian at St. Andrew’s from 1940 to 1972 when he retired. From 1938 to 1940, he taught music at Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla.

Dick was a Class of 1935 graduate of the Oberlin Conservatory of Music, Oberlin College, Ohio, where he received his Bachelor of Music degree. He subsequently received his Student Artist Certificate of Graduation from the Curtis Institute of Music, Philadelphia, Pa., which he attended from 1935 to 1938. His major course of study there was woodwind instruments.

During WWII, Dick served as an enemy aircraft watch observer and assisted the war effort by building PT boats in Georgetown, Md., when not performing his teaching duties at St. Andrew’s.

His hobbies included fishing, travel, woodworking, electronics and high fidelity music equipment, and gardening. He performed for many years with the Wilmington Symphony. He thoroughly enjoyed being with his friends in the Delmarva area and in New Eareville, Md. at the family summer home. He was a member of the Episcopal Church.

Dick is survived by his sons Richard L. Barron, Jr. of Havre de Grace, Md., and David C. Barron of Leesburg, Va.; four grandchildren; four great-grandchildren; and two nieces and a nephew.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Doris E. Barron; and brothers, Charles and Remi Barron of Calif.

Remembrances from Bill Amos, former faculty member:

Dick Barron has the ability to remain fixed and fresh in mind. His powerful handshake, his enthusiasm for all things new, his immensely creative and inventive mind, are with me at this moment.

Dick and Doris Barron were among the first to welcome Catherine and me upon our arrival in 1947. A lasting friendship developed as Dick revealed areas of his expertise in music (although I am no musician), books, history, creative innovation, carpentry and electronics.

Dick was a fine instrumental musician, a graduate of Oberlin Conservatory and Curtis Institute, dedicated to his art, which he shared with students who blossomed under his kind and patient instruction. His School bands were superb, but he didn’t stop there, for with Coerte Voorhees and a few others, he played weekends at an Augustine Beach dance hall, where many of us went to listen and have fun.

In addition to his busy instructional music program in cramped quarters in the old gym, Dick also taught shop, and it was there after hours that he took time to show me how to use band saws, circular saws, planers, and other power tools. Thanks to his guidance, I’ve built things ever since.

Some years later, Dick became Chapel choirmaster, with Coerte Voorhees as organist. But vocal music was not his forte, and he soon relinquished that specialty to newly-arrived Larry Walker, taking on the role of organist after Coerte left. Even though his disability made it difficult to navigate the two flights of stairs down to the Chapel many times a week, Dick continued his dedicated work without complaint. It was others who saw the fatigue and painful effort.

Willingness to help the School eventually took Dick to another of his loves: books. After Nolan Lushington resigned as librarian, Dick assumed this responsibility to which he was perfectly suited. Under his supervision, the library grew rapidly, flourishing in operation and new facilities. His meticulous review of books new and old, his eagerness to help students and assist faculty with departmental needs, his working miracles within a constraining budget, made Dick one of the most important figures in the academic program. With his usual flair for perfection, he took up bookbinding and put back in service hundreds of volumes that otherwise would have been discarded.

I delighted in Dick’s unending enthusiasm, especially when he demonstrated his latest design for a huge bass reflex speaker system that occupied (with Doris’s compliance) a corner of their living room. Once he built a remarkable four-wheeled cart that “walked” up and down stairs with little effort. He never got around to applying for a patent, and ten years later I saw the very same design in a catalog at an inflated price. Dick invented book-holders, powerful hi-fi amplifiers, and modified almost any device that came to his attention, notably prosthetic limbs based upon dissatisfaction with models he was obliged to use. I’ve seldom known such an active, probing, inquiring mind, certainly never one that took such joy in creative invention.

Perhaps not many knew his serious physical ills, his heart attacks and major vascular surgery, problems that took him away from the School. We weren’t always aware, because through the years Dick radiated strength, exuberance, and apparent health. Here was a man of great courage. I could not be at Doris’s funeral this past year, but my son, Bill, was there and spoke with Dick, telling me later how well he seemed, considering age and tragedy and his own medical problems.

Dick Barron should be remembered, even by those who never crossed his path, as a vitally contributing member to St. Andrew’s on its way to eminence. He stands alongside
the Flemings, Voorhees, Schmolzes, Huttons, Camerons, Hilliers, Baums, Broadbents, Hughes, and other giants of those formative years.

Bill Crump ’44 recalls:
I took trumpet lessons my whole five years at St. Andrew’s under Mr. Barron, starting in the fall of 1940. I was in the band all five years and in the dance band from the time Mr. Barron formed it in the ’41-’42 or ’42-’43 school year. I was first trumpet in both groups during my fifth and sixth form years, not as much for my musical ability as from Mr. Barron’s teaching ability. I remember that during the one varsity football game I played in my sixth form year I went to the sidelines to join the band at halftime while the rest of the team gathered by the tennis courts to rest and discuss the game. In those days when we played both ways we could use the halftime rest. I broke my ankle in the second half so I was available to play in the band the rest of the season.

In my fourth form year, I was in one of the gym dorms. Mr. Barron had the gym apartment and was responsible for the two gym dorms. I remember one night, well after lights out, when he came into our dorm at the end of a joke and told us to quiet down. A minute or two after he left someone asked, “I wonder where Barron was when the stuff hit the fan?” The door opened immediately, and he told us, “I was right here. Now quiet down and go to sleep.” That was the last we ever heard of the incident.

In the late forties, I was still spending my summer vacations from college at White Crystal Beach, a summer resort my grandfather owned. To my surprise, Dick Barron dropped in one day trying to book his four- or five-piece band for the free dance we held on the boardwalk every Saturday night. We hired him and I believe that he played all of his music in a Clarendon Hotel in Atlantic City. He set exacting standards. He also went to Philadelphia and brought back new music for the band to play, including Schubert’s “March Militaire,” a movement from Dvorak’s New World Symphony, and a processional march called something like “Pomp and Glory,” composer unknown, which was played for years thereafter at school commencements.

Dick’s exacting demands put some of us off, but those who responded advanced rapidly and soon the standard of music reading was well up. At football games and especially at commencement, the band won new respect.

Dick gave greatly to my interest and ability in music. Like many others, I had weekly private instruction or small group instruction with him in which we worked on my sight-reading and he sometimes played duets with me.

In Dick’s second or third year, the time was ripe for a dance band. The initiative for this, as I recall, came from the students, especially Clayton Griffin ’43 (saxophone) and Bob Boyer ’43 (trumpet). Soon the best players of the band were members, as well as some talented players from outside the band and even sometimes two faculty members, Howard Schmolze (saxophone) and Coert Voorhees (piano), whose vocal imitation of Louis Armstrong was hilariously memorable. Soon we had made bandstands decorated in cardinal and white and were playing at School dances. To be in the dance band, I had to switch from clarinet to saxophone. The only sax available was an old C-Melody saxophone belonging to the School, so Dick set me playing this and then taught me enough music theory so that I could transpose the Bb-tenor-sax dance band parts for the C instrument.

The richness to me of what I got from Dick created a lasting bond with the Barrons, with whom I often visited in their apartment. Later on, they were among the faculty people I was most eager to see on visits to School, and several times I stayed with them. The Barrons were generously kind to me over many years. Dick was a warm and generous man of broad interests, whose views I, like any young man, sometimes thought a little misguided, but whose conviction I valued and whose friendship I treasured. He gave me the love and discipline of music, though I never became a very accomplished musician—but he gave me much more than that.

Bill Davis ’44 composed the following memoir while walking around the St. Andrew’s campus in April:

When I arrived at St. Andrew’s in fall 1940 as a third former, I knew that I was to be a member of the School band, because my limited talent as a clarinetist had been advertised in the admissions process. The School’s music teacher and bandmaster was Capt. Williams, a retired Navy man (I think). But within a few weeks, Capt. Williams suddenly died. Soon a replacement was brought in. This was Richard L. Barron, a 27-year-old graduate of the Curtis Institute. Dick taught at the School for, I believe, about 30 years. He died in February 2001, only a few months after his wife, Doris, who was also at the heart of the School’s life for that entire period and beyond, when she served as Alumni Secretary. A memorial to her appeared in the Spring 2000 issue of the St. Andrew’s Magazine.

The new bandmaster meant business. Levin Lynch ’45 recalls that at the first band practice he asked each player to play, solo, a passage from the composition at hand. As Lev recalls it, only he and I passed the test. Dick, a bassoonist who had played under Fritz Reiner, but who also had a lot of experience in jazz and dance bands, immediately let it be known that music was, among other things, a discipline. He set exacting standards. He also went to Philadelphia and brought back new music for the band to play, including Schubert’s “March Militaire,” a movement from Dvorak’s New World Symphony, and a processional march called something like “Pomp and Glory,” composer unknown, which was played for years thereafter at school commencements.

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Knitting and Life

By Nan Mein

K

nitting is a useful skill, an ancient skill, a world-
wide skill. Archaeologists find scraps of knitting
wherever they find woven cloth; in tombs, on peo-
ple who died in disasters. I learned to knit in high school,
just as I learned to sew and cook in home economics class.
Since then, I have always had a project with me. In my
first year at SAS, it took me about three faculty meetings
to figure out that this was a splendid occasion for long-
term knitting. After the first meeting when I pulled out a
project, a senior faculty member spoke to me after the
meeting. He asked, “Do you have to do that here?” “No,”
I smiled. “I choose to.”

Yarn is made from fibers: cotton, linen, silk, acrylic,
sheep, dog, goat, llama, cashmere. Fibers by themselves
aren’t much use. They are weak. But they can be spun into
a piece of yarn. But a piece of yarn by itself is easily pulled
apart and frayed. It is weak. When a strand of
yarn is twisted with others, into two, four and
eight-ply, then it is ready to find its true
strength. When the individual strand of yarn
is knitted together with others, its weakness is
made strong. It becomes part of a larger
whole. It becomes strong and elastic; it can be
twisted and pulled; it is hard to break.
Knitting uses only two basic stitches—knit
and purl. With those two stitches, anyone can
make thousands of different patterns. One
stitch may not see others, even know of them,
but they hold each other together, and are
held together in the greater pattern. Of
course, I’m not just talking about knitting, I’m
talking about life. Each of us needs to have
our fibers disciplined and trained; we give our
individuality to the greater good; and in
return, become fully ourselves—strong, flexi-
able, giving and receiving strength.

I knit for the beginning of life. Some years
ago, I began the custom of knitting a blanket
for the first baby born in each faculty family.
Each takes at least 60 hours—that’s a lot of
love, and care, and prayer for each baby.

I also knit for the end of life. Last fall, I regularly visited
a friend my age in the hospital who had cancer.
Chemotherapy had caused his hair to fall out. What can
you do for someone who is dying? I thought of Mary
Magdalene, bringing an expensive jar of special ointment to
the feet of Jesus. I bought the softest and most beautiful
yarn I could find, a mixture of cashmere and silk, in a beau-
tiful blue, several shades darker than John’s eyes, and with
love and prayers knit him a cap to cover his bare head. He
wore it through the winter and died a few weeks ago.

I have another story related to knitting. In 1981, thirty-
six women, calling themselves Women for Life on Earth,
walked from Cardiff in Wales to Greenham Common in
England, a distance of 120 miles, to protest the announce-
ment that cruise missiles with nuclear warheads were to be
kept at the American air force base. The group of 36
women developed into the Greenham Common Women’s
Peace Camp. The base commander decided to leave the
women where they were, assuming that they would get
tired and go home. They didn’t. Rather, the camp grew
and couldn’t legally be displaced because the land on
which the air force base was built was ancient common
land.

In 1983, a women’s demonstration was organized to
support the women at the Peace Camp. At the time, we
were in England on sabbatical, living in Canterbury.
When I heard about the demonstration, I said to Simon,
my husband, “I must go.” The organizers urged us to
bring symbols of life and hope. Carrying a backpack
jammed full with flower bulbs, ends of yarn from many
knitting projects and, of course, my current project, I
joined three busloads of women from local churches,
women’s groups, and the University of Kent. More than
30,000 women from all over Britain converged on
Greenham. Each group was assigned a stretch of perime-
ter fence; together we surrounded the five-mile-long fence. Wherever you looked, you saw women
peacefully involved in the ordinary tasks of life:
feeding children and each other, planting daffodil,
crocus and hyacinth bulbs. Knitting—thousands
of us brought yarn, ribbons and bits of cloth. We
wove patterns of life into the chain-link fence:
rainbows, sunsets, sunbursts, the God’s-eyes you
remember from summer camp. We wove words:
love, hope, faith, joy, peace. When we left at the
end of the day, the fence guarding the nuclear
bombs was transformed into a proclamation of
life. The next night as we watched the evening TV
news, the feature story again was Greenham. The
military police were using flamethrowers to burn
our work and words off the fence. But the next
spring, tens of thousands of flowers came up
...and the year after that... and the next year. And
the Greenham Women’s Peace Camp remained for
18 more years.

In 1991, the missiles and their nuclear war-
heads were removed; and last year it was
announced that once again, Greenham Common
would be the people’s land—a park. The women’s
camp finally disbanded. One of the original
women protesters, now 80, said, “It has been a real priv-
ilege being involved. I have a passion, and I believe that if
you don’t have one, life is a bit mindless.”

I have taken my knitting to many places. And what has
knitting taught me? What have I learned from 50 years of
knitting? Five things. Like knitting itself, they are very
simple.

1. Our lives must be knitted together in community to
be strong, just as yarn gets its strength from being spun
and twined together.

2. Good work takes time.


4. Working with your hands disciplines the mind.

5. Habitual work centers the mind, calms the soul, and
opens the heart.

Editor’s Note: If you are a member of the St. Andrew’s
community and would like to have an essay considered for
The arches of the Garth in the morning light.

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