Development Dilemma

The disappearing rural character of Middletown, Odessa and Townsend

PLUS: The Art of Robert Scyffert '71 • Community Service Profiles
Where there’s a will, there’s a way...

“As a member of the Board of Trustees since the 1980s, Bob has long felt strongly about supporting St. Andrew’s School. Back then, the Annual Fund was still a relatively new concept to St. Andrew’s. With the renovation of the Student Center, Bob helped introduce the concept of capital giving, and shortly thereafter, launch the Toward the 21st Century Campaign.

Bob, who is a member of the Finance Committee and former Board Treasurer, also knows the importance of growing the School’s endowment so it will be able to provide for future generations of St. Andrew’s students. He has long had a bequest provision in his estate plan.

For information on how you can create your own SAS legacy, please contact the Advancement Office at St. Andrew’s, 302-285-4260.

“I am very pleased to see the School today in such good shape on a national level as well as a school community. The plant and programs are among the finest in the country and I am happy to support their future.”

BOB BLUM
Jupiter, Florida
Trustee Emeritus and Father of Jay ’84 and Nick ’90
FEATURES

14 DEVELOPMENT DILEMMA
The rural character and lifestyle of central Delaware faces the challenges of rapid commercial and residential development.

34 ST. ANDREANS IN SERVICE
The second installment of this series looks at local service opportunities created by the population growth in the region.

36 THE SUBJECT OF LIGHT
The work of artist Robert Seyffert ’71 is profiled in an article originally published in American Artist.

DEPARTMENTS

3 TRUSTEE NOTES
4 HEADMASTER’S REMARKS
7 UP FRONT
42 ALUMNI PERSPECTIVES
45 ALUMNI CORPORATION NEWS
49 IN MEMORY
51 CLASS NOTES

The views expressed by writers in this Magazine may not represent the official views or policies of St. Andrew’s School of Delaware, Inc., or its Trustees or administration.

ON THE COVER
The Byerly dairy farm, just west of Middletown, is currently safe from development, but is an excellent example of the farmland rapidly disappearing from the area. Painting by John McGiff.
ST. ANDREW’S SCHOOL
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Over the course of the February Trustee Weekend, the Board of Trustees and Headmaster Tad Roach once again hosted the annual Evening of Stewardship, honoring members of the extended St. Andrew’s community who have made significant contributions to the success of the School.

This year’s event was substantially larger than last year’s, indicating that generosity and enthusiasm for St. Andrew’s abounds. Honored by the ceremonies were a collection of St. Andreans—alumni, faculty, parents and friends—all devoted to the continuing mission of the School.

A cocktail reception at the Headmaster’s house and a banquet in the School dining hall were followed by the opening night performance of Gilbert and Sullivan’s *H.M.S. Pinafore*, brought to the stage by the talented St. Andrew’s Players in the Forbes Theater.
We are now a world community brought together instantaneously by photographs, television images, but pictures can and do inspire a variety of responses from the world’s viewing public. In the few days since the opening of the war with Iraq, the world has been bombarded by image after image of the allied assault, but interpretations of the meaning of these images vary quite widely both in America and throughout the world.

We remember the tragic sight of the twin towers burning, smoking, collapsing into the streets of New York on September 11th, 2001. Last Friday we gazed at a new image of chaos and destruction: the burning governmental buildings of Baghdad, the result of the first wave of bombings designed to provoke “shock and awe” in the Iraqi leadership.

There is, of course, a direct line to be drawn from September 11, 2001 to March 21, 2003. President Bush made that connection absolutely clear in his address to the nation last Monday evening. He said that military action against Iraq was designed to prevent an even more horrible attack on the United States than that perpetrated in New York and Washington a year and a half ago. “Before that day of horror can come, before it is too late,” the President said, “this danger will be removed.”

The President believes that Iraq’s weapons, history of aggression against their neighbors and deep hatred of America pose an immediate danger to the safety and security of the American people. We have attacked Iraq to disrupt Saddam’s ability to either plan attacks against America or to share weapons with terrorist groups like Al Qaida. Although we have no conclusive evidence linking Iraq to the events of September 11, 2001, the shadow of that attack on America has helped inspire military action and a new definition of American foreign policy for the new century.

Because of the new threat posed by terrorism to America, we have now articulated a policy designed to enable America to take pre-emptive action against any nation or group in the world that has the capacity to become a threat to us in the future or that is a threat to us in the present. In an article written last month, New York writer Hendrik Hertzberg discusses this new doctrine as articulated in a pamphlet entitled, “The National Security Strategy of the United States.” The report, written by members of the Bush administration, argues for American use of pre-emp-tive strategies that will prevent nations or terrorists from striking America. The report argues:

America is now threatened less by conquering states than we are by failing ones . . . we are menaced less by fleets and armies than by catastrophic technologies in the hands of the embittered few.

The second key element in the report involves the assertion and development and preservation of American military supremacy in the world. The text argues:

Our forces will be strong enough to dissuade potential adversaries from pursuing a military buildup in hopes of surpassing or equaling the power of the United States.

We see both aspects of this doctrine at work today. The President has argued that it would be suicidal for America and its allies to wait for an Iraqi attack before moving to disarm a regime clearly bent on destruction. Our air assault on Baghdad is designed to intimidate the Iraqi leadership into surrender, and it is designed to send a strong message to any and all that seek to rival the power and authority of the United States.

The present military operation has been titled Operation-Free Iraq—a slogan designed to emphasize another goal of the campaign: the liberation of the Iraqi people. No one in the world can disagree that the destruction of Saddam Hussein’s dictatorial rule in Iraq will be a blessing to the battered and impoverished people of Iraq. Two great writers and thinkers I admire—Salman Rushdie and Vaclav Havel—support this war because it will relieve the agony of the Iraqi people’s suffering at the hand of Saddam. Rushdie writes of “Saddam’s decades-long assault on the Iraqi people. He has impoverished them, murdered them, gassed and tortured them, set them off to die by tens of thousands in futile wars, repressed them, gagged them, bludgeoned them and murdered them some more.” As a man who suffered under the savagery of the Soviet empire, Havel has argued eloquently that war as a revolt against evil is morally justified. Havel has no problem labeling the man Saddam and the regime he created as evil.

Many people across the world and some in this country oppose this war, and I will discuss their legitimate questions
and concerns in a moment. But even those who oppose this war should, in all fairness, weigh these factors:

- The events of September 11, 2001 changed and unsettled America in profound ways. As the President in office at the time of the attacks, George Bush feels a deep responsibility to do all he can to prevent further attacks. He and his advisors believe Iraq has the capacity in the near and long term to sponsor and assist in such attacks against America.

- Iraq has refused to disarm and to cooperate with the demands of the international community set forth since the end of the Gulf War twelve years ago. Saddam has perfected the art of delaying and compromising with the international community and with weapons inspectors. His declaration of December 7, 2002 of his country’s military capacities was a 12,000-page evasion of questions posed by the Security Council.

- Saddam’s treatment of his people has been barbaric. He has tortured his citizens, intimidated and eliminated voices of dissent and caused thousands of children to die as he has appropriated money designed for relief and used it for his own security or the building of extravagant presidential palaces.

In his important book, The Threatening Storm, Kenneth Pollack argues that the United States’ action today is necessary—waiting to confront Saddam, Pollack says, would lead to an even more deadly and dangerous war later on. Despite these factors, the United States’ decision to go to war has provoked a storm of protest and controversy throughout this country and the world. Even though the U.N. Security Council passed Resolution 1441 unanimously in November, 2002, the members of the Security Council found themselves divided by March of 2003. Many nations, including France, Germany, Russia and the People’s Republic of China called for a continuation of weapons inspections in Iraq and an even more focused strategy of containment and ultimate disarmament for Iraq. The Chief U.N. Weapons Inspector made a plea to continue work that he said was making progress. By the time President Bush spoke last Monday night, many in the world viewed war against Iraq as an unnecessary provocation, a threat to world peace and perhaps a dangerous stimulus for further unrest and terrorism. In remarks delivered to reporters last week, Senate Minority Leader Tom Daschle attacked the President’s failure to achieve a peaceful solution to the crisis and lamented that American lives would be lost due to the administration’s miserable diplomatic efforts. Senator Robert Byrd scolded his colleagues in the Senate with these words:

Today, I weep for my country. I have watched the events of recent months with a heavy, heavy heart. No more is the image of America one of a strong and benevolent peacekeeper. The image of America has changed. When did we become a nation that ignores and berates our friends? When did we decide to risk undermining an international order by adopting a radical doctrinaire approach to using our awesome military might?

To citizens across the world, the images of the assault on Baghdad did not provoke shock and awe; they provoked outrage, anger and contempt directed against America. To some, the war represents a specific expression of American arrogance, unilateralism and contempt for international opinion. The international community links American military aggression to American refusals to join in other international agreements designed to address problems of the world such as global warming.

In a resignation letter to Secretary of State Colin Powell, career diplomat John Brady Kiesling wrote that our pursuit of war is “driving us to squander our international legitimacy that has been America’s most potent weapon of both offense and defense since the days of Woodrow Wilson.”

Kiesling and other writers, thinkers, diplomats and historians are worried that the United States’ reaction to September 11, 2001 will ultimately change the idealism, spirit, optimism and priorities of this democracy and render us as a people so fearful for our safety that we end up sacrificing the very qualities of our democracy that make our way of life so precious and admired.

I have no easy answers to share with you. We live in a complex, dangerous, evolving world, one full of danger, violence, anger and hatred. This world needs leaders to develop a deep familiarity and understanding of the
history, language, cultures and aspirations of the nations of the world. This world needs leaders with both the courage and authority to confront forces that are destructive and threatening to humanity. This world needs leaders to work for peace and reconciliation. I believe St. Andrew’s will provide each one of you with the spirit, intelligence and discernment to lead the world towards reason, peace and compassion. I hope many of you choose to work as diplomats, governmental officials and world leaders.

I understand the need for military action to protect the security interests of this country and to rescue the oppressed in Iraq. But I suggest that the United States must also take specific action towards connecting to and communicating well with the nations of the international community. To be a force for all that is good in the world, America must be careful about projecting an attitude of arrogance, military supremacy and unilateralism. I worry that the media’s sensationalist coverage of the war may do more to isolate America than to make other nations respect our policies and decisions. Those images of a burning city in Baghdad may haunt the Arab world in ways we Americans know too well. Finally, we can never purchase absolute security and safety through either massive military might or obsessive commitment to homeland security. Terrorism is a force that will be with us for the rest of our lives. We cannot let fear distort our lives, our democracy, our national priorities.

As an academic community, St. Andrew’s will continue to foster and encourage vigorous, informed discussion of the questions associated with this war and its aftermath. I know that your work in history, religion and philosophy courses will enable you to develop a more sophisticated understanding of the causes and consequences of this moment in history, and I ask you all to develop flexibility in your opinions, perspectives and judgments by listening and respecting the opinions of others. These are emotional issues, for as we debate we seek to define the essence of an America we love. The pacifist and the supporter of military action share a love of country, a love of democracy that needs to be protected and respected.

As a school of faith, we pray for peace and reconciliation in the world community. We pray for all men and women and civilians engaged in the conflict. We pray especially for the children of Iraq and the children of the world that they may inherit a world of peace and hope.

What we all agree on is that the men and women representing the United States in this war are heroes—people striving to protect the freedom and security of America and to bring humanitarian relief to the people of Iraq. We salute them, honor them and pray for them and their families. We pray that they will return home soon and that we will never forget what they risk and do for this country. We pray that they will represent the best in us and in our allies and embody the spirit described in these words delivered by Lt. Col. Tom Collins, commander of the Royal Irish battle group:

We go to liberate, not to conquer. We will not fly our flags in their country. We are entering Iraq to free a people, and the only flag that will be flown in that ancient land is their own. Don’t treat them as refugees, for they are in their own country.

I know men who have taken life needlessly in other conflicts. They live with the mark of Cain upon them. If someone surrenders to you, then remember they have that right in international law, and ensure that one day they go home to their family. . . If there are casualties of war, then remember, when they woke up and got dressed in the morning, they did not plan to die this day. Allow them dignity in death. Bury them properly, and mark their graves.

You will be shunned unless your conduct is of the highest, for your deeds will follow you down history. Iraq is steeped in history. It is the site of the Garden of Eden, of the Great Flood, and the birth of Abraham. Tread lightly there. You will have to go a long way to find a more decent, generous and upright people than the Iraqis. You will be embarrassed by their hospitality, even though they have nothing . . .

We pray for those who have died and for those in captivity. We pray for grieving children, spouses, parents and grandparents.

And as we pray we dedicate our own lives to active stewardship of human fellowship, world peace and hope. It is not enough to pray. We have to do something, create something, inspire something in our lives and in the lives of those in our community that will transform and redeem the world.

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Students learn about history of fingerprints in special program

Author Colin Beavan brought the story of fingerprints and the birth of modern forensic science to the students of St. Andrew’s School in a Friday night special program in February. Though not a forensic expert himself, Beavan became intrigued by the subject after researching the human story behind the discovery that fingerprints could be useful as criminal evidence.

Prior to the use of fingerprints, criminals had been catalogued and identified by facial characteristics and distinguishing scars. In his book, *Fingerprints*, Beavan relates the story of Henry Faulds, a Scottish physician who had become obsessed with fingerprints after observing shards of handmade pottery at an archaeological site in Japan, where he was serving as a missionary. After using his observations to definitively identify the thief of medicinal alcohol from his supplies, Dr. Faulds began to tout their utility for criminal science. Unfortunately, as Beavan related, his claims were ignored. Years later, another man, Francis Galton, would get credit for the concept. It was this miscarriage of historical acclaim that Beavan found compelling for the foundation of his book.

As Beavan explained the story of Dr. Faulds’ work in the fledgling world of 19th-Century forensic science, he also touched upon some more recent practices in criminal detection, including DNA analysis and electronic transaction monitoring.

Professor Mari Matsuda discusses affirmative action with School community

Mari Matsuda, Professor of Law at Georgetown University, spent an evening with the St. Andrew’s community in a March special event examining the topic of affirmative action. As an Asian-American woman, Professor Matsuda spent much of her own career breaking down social and professional barriers to minorities. She was the first female lawyer to clerk for the Honorable Herbert Y.C. Choy of the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals. She has written extensively on the topics of affirmative action, civil rights, hate speech and feminism. Recently, she served on the court-appointed Texaco Task Force on Equality and Fairness, imposed as part of a multi-million dollar anti-discrimination lawsuit.

During her remarks to the community, Professor Matsuda explored the value of affirmative action not only to American society, but also to world politics. She urged members of the audience to become curious about the reasons for anti-American sentiment in the world and to engage in efforts to change it.
Ambassador Frank Wisner discusses world crises

A Friday evening special program in February brought Frank Wisner to the campus of St. Andrew’s School to discuss the global security concerns now facing the United States.

Wisner is a former United States diplomat to several nations. He served as Ambassador under several presidential administrations to India, Philippines, Egypt and Zambia before retiring after 36 years with the rank of Career Ambassador, the highest grade in the Foreign Service. Along the way, Wisner was also appointed to two key government offices: Under Secretary of Defense for Policy and Under Secretary of State for International Security Affairs.

In a program held in the A. Felix duPont Jr. Chapel, Wisner outlined the current crises engulfing the United States and the world. Wisner first examined the U.S.-led War on Terror, noting the challenges still ahead but acknowledging the successful disruption of terrorist training bases and financial resources. He then branched into the immediate state of affairs in Iraq and world debate on the path forward to disarmament, as well as the future of Iraq without Saddam Hussein. Wisner closed his remarks with an assessment of the threat posed by North Korea and its nuclear standoff with the world.

Following his prepared remarks, Wisner answered questions from the students and faculty. Wisner’s visit to St. Andrew’s was arranged by Philip Hoon ’72, father of Andrew ’04.

Diversity workshops examine culture, freedom and equality

Students and faculty at St. Andrew’s participated in a variety of diversity workshops on Saturday, March 29. In the workshops, faculty members led small groups of 10-15 participants in examination of cultural differences and the concepts of freedom and equality.

Jay Hutchinson and Jillian Black ’03 organized a workshop to focus on the effects of color on everyday decisions. A number of workshops looked at the history of racial issues in America. Dana Byrd, Peter Caldwell and Will Speers took a group of students into the neighboring town of Odessa to review evidence of Underground Railroad stops in some of the historic buildings. Diahann Johnson led a discussion on the topic of reparations for past injustices as it applies to a number of ethnic groups, including African-Americans, Japanese-Americans, Native Americans and Jewish survivors of the Holocaust. Bob Colburn discussed the segregation of races in professional baseball, drawing on his personal interactions with Judy Johnson, Delaware’s Hall of Fame Negro League player, and the recorded experiences of Jackie Robinson in becoming the first black player in the major leagues. John Austin ’83 held a workshop in which students listened to some tapes of Dr. Martin Luther King’s best and little known speeches and discussed his views on race, democracy, and nonviolence.

Headmaster Tad Roach explored some of the modern diversity initiatives in education, particularly focusing on affirmative action and a comprehensive study of the
Students grapple with arguments of free speech in Mock Trial

This year’s Mock Trial gave students the opportunity to examine and argue the finer points of free speech, censorship and institutional authority.

In the fictitious case of Sandy Hills v. Midway High School, the students wrestled with the legal implications of a young woman, Sandy Hills, who claims her choice of music for a student band performance led to the dissolution of the band by school authorities and the loss of a prestigious scholarship for herself. Over the course of testimony, the intricacies of the relationships between the witnesses is revealed to further complicate the matter. Was the reprimand censorship? Did the students use school instruments for a non-school function? The plaintiff and defense fill in the missing pieces and attempt to convince the jury that their differing versions of events are accurate.

Serving as attorneys were McLane Daniel ’04, John Lupton ’04, Gautam Punukollu ’06, Mary Alice Richter ’03, Matt Roach ’04 and John Whitesell ’06. Witness roles were performed by Sophia Fleischer ’06, Brooke Farquhar ’04, Claire Teigland ’04, Sarah Unger ’04 and Elijah Weeks ’04.

In the competition against other schools in Delaware, the St. Andrew’s team won the first round against A. I. duPont High School arguing the plaintiff’s case, but were beaten badly arguing the defense case in the second round against Wilmington Christian School, who repeated as winners of the entire competition. Brooke Farquhar and Sarah Unger each won “Best Witness” awards.

St. Andrew’s was unable to compete in later rounds of the contest due to the snow-delayed start and scheduled departures for spring break.
Basketball tournament brightens winter weekend

The last Sunday of the winter season at St. Andrew’s brought nearly the entire community to the Cameron Gymnasium for a 3-on-3 basketball tournament. Teams battled in half-court games during the afternoon before gathering at 9:30 p.m. for the marquis matchup of the best teams.

Organized through the efforts of faculty member Eddie Chang ’83 and V Form students Andrew Hoon, Liz Hardwick, John Lupton and Daphne Patterson, the tournament pitted 24 teams against each other in a raucous but friendly competition. Joe Turley ’03 served as a roguish master of ceremonies.

Emerging as the two best teams at the conclusion of the afternoon rounds were one led by Headmaster Tad Roach and another led by history teacher Nigel Furlonge. In the end, it was Roach’s team that prevailed. The combination of Roach, John Lupton, Daphne Patterson and Elijah Weeks ’04 proved to be too much for Furlonge, Megan Dieterle ’04 and Damon Wilson ’04. Furlonge’s team lost the contributions of Andy Carroll ’03, who injured his ankle in first round play.

In a lesser but still quite popular event, the two worst teams from afternoon rounds played for bragging rights to the title of “only the second-worst team.” While the basketball lacked some of the grace being displayed at the far end of the court in the championship game, the players were no less committed. Peyton Coles ’04, Alex Ernst ’04, Cuth Hutton ’04 and Tarlton Long ’04 walked away with the nefarious title after a blistering display of aggressive, if not accurate, court skills.

Vestry Auction Raises Funds

The annual winter Vestry Auction proved to be a smashing success as students raised over $3,000 for St. Mark’s School in South Africa. The most popular items on the block were home-cooked meals from the faculty, while the bargain table offered an assortment of small goods. Spring fundraising efforts will be directed to Camp Lenape in Delaware, a summer camp for children and young adults with cerebral palsy or other developmental challenges.
The creative spirit is alive and well at St. Andrew’s.

Your contribution helps it stay that way.

Every year, your gift to the Annual Fund is used to cover some of the expenses in the School’s operating budget.

Unrestricted gifts support financial aid, faculty salaries, technology, athletics and co-curricular activities.

Unrestricted gifts to the Annual Fund protect the endowment, ensuring that St. Andrew’s School remains a great school, open to all, regardless of means, for generations of students to come.

This year’s Annual Fund closes on June 30.

Contact Mary Cameron in the Advancement Office, (302) 285-4267, or make an donation online at alumni.standrews-de.org.
On February 21 and 22, the St. Andrew’s Players delivered energetic renditions of Gilbert and Sullivan’s *H.M.S. Pinafore*, bringing the lively and comedic operetta to the stage with an enthusiastic chorus and strong lead performers.

Sam Baroody ’05 was a perfectly humble Ralph Rackstraw, the lowly sailor who pines for the seemingly unattainable love of the daughter of his ship’s captain. Margaret Hoffecker ’03 played the daughter, Josephine, and skillfully blended the passion and absurdity of her character’s dilemma to marry for love or social position.

Captain Corcoran was played by Peyton Coles ’04, who mastered Corcoran’s bewilderment at the conflicts of naval duty and societal obligations. Adding to Corcoran’s problems is the presence of the commander of the queen’s navy, Sir Joseph Porter, brought to life by John Allen ’03 with delightful comic persuasion.

Micah Levinson ’05, as the ill-intentioned sailor Dick Deadeye, provided some of most entertaining moments of the evening, scheming to stop the happiness and frivolity on board the H.M.S. Pinafore.

Woven through the plot is the presence of Little Buttercup, a shipside vendor played by Amanda Purcell ’04, who reveals a secret that upsets the characters’ expectations and preconceptions of social class. As Captain Corcoran and Ralph Rackstraw comprehend their new positions in life, the romantic aspirations of those on board the Pinafore are finally realized.

Chad Shahan ’05, Sarah Unger ’04 and Peter Zimmerman ’05 were key members of the supporting cast and led the sections of the chorus in several songs. Director of Instrumental Music Fred Geiersbach conducted an 18-piece orchestra that provided a rich yet tempered sound for the stage vocalists.

Director Ann McTaggart ’86 put forth extraordinary efforts with the entire cast and crew after a shaky dress rehearsal unnerved some of the players on Thursday. With some additional afternoon preparation prior to the first performance, the cast bounced back and exhibited their talents before packed houses on both nights.
Boys’ Basketball
Records: Varsity, 14–6; JV, 9–8; 3rd, 0–4
All-Conference: First Team: Eric Boateng ’05; Second Team: Elijah Weeks ’04; Honorable Mention: Dan McAlaine ’03

Girls’ Basketball
Records: Varsity, 7–10; JV, 2–11
All-Conference: Second Team: Liz Hardwick ’04; Honorable Mention: Lizzie Burns ’05, Margaret Farland ’03

Boys’ Swimming & Diving
Record: 5–3; 13th out of 24 at States
All-Conference: First Team: Eddie Hickman ’04, Eliot Dalton ’03, Ryan Stow ’06; Second Team: Will Clary ’05

Girls’ Swimming & Diving
Record: 2–8; 18th out of 24 at States
All-Conference: First Team: Liz Lingo ’03; Second Team: Molly Ruane ’03, Danielle Morello ’03, Rachel Maran ’05

Boys’ Squash
Record: 1–5–1

Girls’ Squash

Boys’ Wrestling
Record: 7–4
All-Conference: First Team: Alec Bear ’03, Ray Demere ’04,
development dilemma

by greg doyle '87
Words of disbelief escape the lips of most alumni who view the Middletown-Odessa-Townsend (MOT) area after extended periods away from St. Andrew’s. The quiet rural towns many remember from their school days are now overwhelmed by land development that not only threatens the traditional agricultural lifestyle of central Delaware, but also places the region’s economic future in doubt.

The School is still encircled by acres of farmland and protected wildlife habitat. Noxontown Pond is still the ultimate environmental exhibit and the envy of other private school biology departments. However, the world beyond the boundaries of St. Andrew’s has been radically transformed. As this ever-expanding MOT suburb emerges, the growing pains are placing enormous strains on towns designed for a different era and lifestyle.

THE ST. ANDREW’S ERA

St. Andrew’s School has not been caught unprepared by the rampant growth in the Appoquinimink region of Delaware. Over its 73-year history, the Trustees of the School have carefully monitored development in the area and have taken proactive steps to preserve the open space and access corridors surrounding the campus. From the original 360-acre site purchased for the construction of Founders’ Hall and various support buildings, the land holdings of the School have grown to encompass approximately 2,200 acres that include farmland, forests and waterways. The core campus itself now sits in the center of a substantial oasis amid the rapidly changing regional landscape.

When A. Felix duPont purchased the Comegys Farm where he would found St. Andrew’s, central Delaware was firmly rooted in a stagnant but secure agricultural lifestyle. While the U.S. 13 highway connected the State, the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal provided a psychological market barrier to profitable real estate or commercial development. The rich soil of the Appoquinimink Watershed proved easier to till than that of other regions in the State. Agriculture was clearly the best use of the land at the time, and life “below the canal” became known for its relaxed pace. It was within this setting that duPont and the Trustees felt that St. Andrew’s School would flourish:

The site was selected at a considerable distance from a city of any size with the idea that the discipline should allow as much freedom among the students as is consistent with good order and good work. The site further offers large opportunity to keep the student body busy during the hours of recreation in out-of-door occupations, farm work, tramping, scouting, fishing, and athletics of any kind.

(from newspaper reports on the January 4, 1929 Founders’ Conference, as recalled in Rev. Walden Pell’s A History of St. Andrew’s School)
Early History of the Appoquinimink Region

Delaware was divided by order of William Penn in 1682 into regions of land known as hundreds—each region deemed the appropriate piece of land capable of supporting 100 families. The history of the local towns that developed in these hundreds is thus one of colonial commerce and farming.

In the two sections that comprised central Delaware, the St. George’s Hundred and Appoquinimink Hundred, several towns emerged as centers of activity. One such center was a town whose activity was crucial to the area, and indeed to the future founding of St. Andrew’s, but one that would not survive as a populated and bustling community. Noxontown formed along the corridors of access to a mill and pond built by Thomas Noxon around 1740 on the Sassafras Branch of the Appoquinimink River. The waters of the Appoquinimink were navigable to this point, and Noxontown flourished as a small agricultural production and trading center. As overland routes became more viable, Noxontown declined in activity and eventually became overshadowed by Middletown and Odessa. In 1870, a man named William E. Evans purchased the mill and it remains in his family today, now owned by his great-granddaughter, Hope Motter.

Settled by the Dutch, the town of Odessa was founded in the 1660s as Appoquinimink, the name also given to the creek that provided access to the Delaware Bay. In 1731, a man named Richard Cantwell constructed a toll-bridge over the Appoquinimink, and the town became more commonly known as Cantwell’s Bridge. After the Delaware railroad laid its tracks through Middletown in 1855, the economy of Cantwell’s Bridge began to suffer as its utility as a shipping port was overshadowed by the convenience of rail service. The town voted to change its name to Odessa.

The village of Noxontown appears on this map from 1750, but Middletown is marked as “Petersons,” after Adam Peterson, the first man to hold a warrant for the land.

The farmland provided a backdrop of serenity and simplicity that would allow boys (and eventually girls) at the School to appreciate the gifts of the Creator and avoid the distractions of densely populated communities.

For the next 30 years, that premise would remain intact. By the 1950s, however, it became clear that development might eventually take root below the canal. Post-World War II economic growth had bolstered the chemical, petroleum and other aggressive industries in northern New Castle County, and residential development accompanied it to provide the workers with homes. Suburban expansion in the north would continue until density and economic pressures finally began to push real estate interest over the C&D Canal.

Accordingly, over the years, St. Andrew’s began to acquire some of the farms along its borders.

THE LAND RUSH

Four permanent automobile bridges in Delaware now cross the Canal, as well as a fifth in nearby Chesapeake City, Maryland. As each of the bridges came on line and replaced earlier, outmoded crossings, convenient access to central Delaware increased and so, too, did the appeal of the area for non-agricultural use. The completion of a six-lane highway bridge in December of 1995, as part of the Delaware S.R. 1 turnpike project, was a significant factor in the acceleration of real estate development. With a striking modern design and its integration into a limited-access expressway, the S.R. 1 bridge helped lower travel times to and raise the profile of the area south of the C&D Canal.

The increased accessibility of central Delaware also combined with an unfortunate five-year...
name to Odessa, after a well-known Ukrainian grain port, in an attempt to improve its declining market identity. The attempt failed, leaving commercial and residential growth in Odessa relatively unchanged until the 20th Century.

Middletown’s prosperity arose from the success of the Cantwell’s Bridge shipping and grain industries. The land itself had been sparsely settled since 1675, when a man named Adam Peterson first acquired it. His widow later remarried and, with her new husband, settled at the crossroads of town, then known as Mrs. Blackston’s Corner. Half the distance from Cantwell’s Bridge to Bohemia Landing on the eastern branch of the Bohemia River in Maryland, the crossroads soon began to flourish. The passage of the railroad in 1855 along what is now Broad Street marked a significant upturn in Middletown’s fortunes and gave rise to the municipality with which most St. Andreans are familiar.

Townsend’s origins are not chronicled as well as those of Middletown and Odessa, but a few facts are well known. It was an area settled by African-Americans and called Charley Town, after a resident named Charles Lloyd. In 1855, Samuel Townsend purchased much of the land, and the town officially adopted his name. Townsend shared in the prosperity of a successful peach industry in central Delaware until blight destroyed the crops in 1875. Like Middletown, Townsend was also buoyed by the introduction of the railroad.

With the rise of industrialization in the northern part of the State, the economic importance of central Delaware diminished in the twentieth century, though it still provided modest sustenance to the families that continued to work the land.

drought period that began in 1997. As farmers struggled to maintain their family businesses in the face of poor growing conditions and a national economy that focused on technology, developers swooped in and extended lucrative offers. In short time, the region began to lose thousands of acres each year to residential development. In response, the local towns were forced to address the rapidly changing demographics and, in some cases, re-evaluate their identities.

THE FARMING LIFE

Gary Simendinger tills nearly 2,000 acres in the Middletown area, including just under 1,000 acres owned by St. Andrew’s School. By his marriage to Carol Simendinger, Gary is the third generation to work the property officially known as the 950-acre School Farm. Carol’s father, Lee, and grandfather, Fred Johnson, poured their hearts into the same soil that Gary presently farms. The journey started with the Johnsons working the lands and living in the historic Naudain House along what is now Del. Route 71. The School Farm itself is a collection of much smaller farms that once existed along this corridor, bordered by Noxontown Road to the north. Gary claims that, at one time, nine family farms were operated successfully within the acreage he and Carol now till. One by one these were consolidated into larger parcels and eventually acquired by St. Andrew’s. The small School Farm that provided produce for the students and was part of the original Comegys parcel would triple in size with these acquisitions.

For Gary and Carol, the School’s position as landlord has been a God-send over the years, and continues to only get better. “Thank God we’re with
the School,” lauds Gary. On St. Andrew’s farmland, Gary pays rent for the opportunity to grow his crops. The rent is a nominal amount, consistent with the School’s commitment to preserving the agricultural character of the land and balanced with the high expectations the School puts forth regarding farming practices.

In fact, due to the unique arrangement structured by the School—nominal rent in exchange for conservative methods—Gary admits there is a perception of prestige to farming St. Andrew’s land among the local farmers in the region. “If you’re not doing it right, you wouldn’t be at St. Andrew’s,” he coyly remarks.

“Roberts, Isaacs, Emerson, Filasky, Fenimore, Brooks, Lovett,”—Gary rattles off the names of families who have accepted the buyouts on local fields. “Nobody blames them,” he adds, “It’s smart business.” Some have taken the opportunity for an early retirement from their life of hard work. Some have plunged into the real estate market themselves, using their personal experience to identify other areas of Delaware subject to development growth. In other cases, the farmers have taken the profits from the high-priced deals in MOT and have simply moved south to Maryland along the U.S. 301 corridor and bought less expensive land. This, however, tends to be the exception rather than the rule.

For those left behind, the scenario only worsens. With their fields left stranded among housing developments, they find it troublesome to access their crops. New residents and commuters show little patience for the lumbering tractors and harvesters that must share the roadways. And when the State or County steps in to widen roads or lay sewer and utilities to accommodate the newcomers, the farmers lose field productivity along the edges that border the new infrastructure. Worse yet, the new residents complain about the dust and noise of farming near their backyards.

If the social and cultural pressures are not enough to discourage the farmers, the financial impact usually finishes off the rest. Besides the price of renting land, the costs of equipment, seed and fertilizer are quickly becoming prohibitive, often exceeding $150,000 each year for even the smallest family farm. “It’s still a good life,” says Gary, “but not as much as it used to be.” Undeterred by the lifestyle changes in the area, and thankful for the blessing of St. Andrew’s, Gary just looks forward to the next planting season and determining his upcoming strategy according to the crop futures market. “Crop reports come out soon,” says Gary, “and if the midwest has any bad predictions on corn, I’ll plant corn.”

SMALL TOWN LIVING

Farming wasn’t the only thing for which central Delaware was well known when the School first opened. The relaxed pace of life and the close-knit communities

(continued on page 21)
After graduating from the University of Pennsylvania Veterinary School, my father, Louis Levinson, enlisted in the United States Army. He was stationed in Omaha, Nebraska during the last year of World War I, where he served as a 2nd Lieutenant and inspector of meat that was to be sent to our boys overseas. Upon the end of the war and upon the advice of one of his professors from veterinary school, he settled in Middletown, Delaware, where he began a 72-year practice of veterinary medicine. From 1918 until he married my mother in 1934, he lived in a room on south Main Street above Miss Hallie Gray's beauty parlor. Middletown was a village that, even by 1950, only numbered 1,200 in population. All of the streets were unpaved. There were no sewers. And the town was totally dependent upon agriculture for its existence.

My father's coming to Middletown was not the first record of Middletown playing a role in my family. The first mention of Middletown in our family's history came from my mother's side of the family. Her father began his career as a peddler. And a post card mailed from Middletown by him in the early 20th Century addressed to my grandmother in Wilmington informed her that he had arrived in Middletown, presumably from southern Delaware and presumably with his pack on his back, and that he should make it home within two days. Their daughter married my father in 1934, and they made their home on North Broad Street for a few years before moving to 206 North Cass Street. They paid $4,500 for our home and spent $15,000 on repairs. The house was always known in Middletown as the Records House, named after the family that had occupied it prior to us. Many years later I asked a town elder if it would ever become known as the Levinson House. "Yes", he answered, "as soon as your family moves out of it." Such was the tradition in Middletown.

In 1929 my father was elected Mayor of Middletown. He was reelected every two years until he had served a total of 12 years. During that time the streets of Middletown were paved and sewers installed. The town supported itself with the proceeds of a town owned electric plant created during my father's tenure as Mayor, allowing taxes to be reduced to virtually nothing. During my father's 12-year tenure as Mayor, the average annual crime rate of Middletown was "one." The town police officer's responsibility was to stand at the "four corners," the intersection of Main and Broad Streets, and assist women and children, a responsibility that I do not quite understand even today. Homes were not locked, nor were cars. It was not until the mid-1950s, when I returned home one summer from college, that my mother gave me a key to the house. I asked in wonder what I possibly needed that for. Because, she told me, there had been a couple of burglaries in the town the preceding year, and people were now locking their homes. In 1937 the "grateful citizens of Middletown" presented...
Volunteer Fire Companies and their bands played a significant role in both the social and political life of Middletown and many other towns throughout the State of Delaware in the first half of the 20th Century. And as any Delaware politician will tell you, the fire companies play a significant role even today. The bands, however, have sadly become a thing of the past, only one remaining today. When I was 12 years old, having taken music lessons on many instruments since the age of five from Dick Barron, the music teacher at St. Andrew’s School, I was recruited to play trombone in the Middletown Firemen’s Band. Knowing this would involve spending the summer marching all over the State in band contests while dressed in a heavy wool uniform, I asked my father if I absolutely had to do it. “Only”, he replied, “if you ever want to run for political office in Delaware.” So for two summers I traveled the State with the band, learning, among many other things, that Mr. Berkman only carried the trombone, presumably because he could not really play it.

Education in Middletown consisted of two schools, one for colored and one for white, and a small library located in what is now the Town Hall. The white school was located on the outskirts of town on South Broad Street and consisted of a single three story building, which housed all twelve grades, plus a vocational training room for those students who wished to remain in school after their 16th birthday but did not have the ability to complete a high school education. That building, with additions, stands today. Promotion was automatic until the 6th grade. So the 6th grade was filled with many students, some as old as 15, waiting until their birthday so that they could return to the farms and work full time. Even before then, there was always a high absenteeism during planting and harvesting time, since the children were needed on the farms.

When I was in the 8th grade, my parents were called to the school to be informed that, although the school knew that my parents hoped that I would go to college, in fact I could not graduate from high school and that the following year I would be placed in the vocational training room. Apparently this resulted from a “D” that I had received in a mandatory agriculture course and was based upon my refusal to plant potatoes at recess, a refusal based entirely, I insisted, upon my fear of being caught without adult supervision in the remote potato patch surrounded by some of the more vicious, or so I believed, farm boys.

After the 8th grade, those students whose parents aspired to college for their children generally left the Middletown educational system for private schools. In my class, Georgia McWhorter left for Tatnall School, then an all girls’ school. Her brother had left earlier for St. Andrew’s School. And, of course, they have done so for many years. And my father was proud that, when I was born, Reverend W. A. Pell visited the hospital and said that he hoped when I was old enough my parents would send me to St. Andrew’s. From that day forward my father was a vigorous supporter of St. Andrew’s. And he always attributed whatever accomplishments I may have had in life to the School.

As Middletown enters the 21st Century amid a flurry of development and growth, I remember how many times my father told me that in the 1930s he had planned the “area,” by which he meant Middletown, Townsend and Odessa, to become a community of 50,000 people. To my father, Middletown, Delaware, was God’s country and his country. It was his home and he felt at home nowhere else.
defined the area in stark contrast to the industrial and dense suburban north.

A lifelong resident and former mayor of Odessa, Rachel Mandes is the daughter of Louis C. Mandes, Sr., who supervised the construction of St. Andrew’s in 1929 for her grandfather’s masonry company. When the Mandes family came to Delaware to begin work on A. Felix duPont’s noble project, Rachel’s mother, upon crossing the C&D Canal, fell in love with the farmland and natural beauty. Impressed by the sights, they decided to move from the posh suburban life of Philadelphia’s Main Line and settled in Odessa.

Though it always had a small-town feel, there was never much farmland within Odessa town limits, Rachel recalls. The distance between the towns and the vast farmland between them often imparted a feeling of isolation. For most supplies they had to go to Middletown, and Rachel remembers driving the miles back along the dark roads and hoping to see the lights of car or two just to know someone else was there. Now, she wishes there were only one or two cars.

The creation of U.S. 13 brought greater traffic through the north-south corridor of the town. When an upgrade of the highway trisected the town in the 1950s, with northern lanes 150 yards crosstown of the southern lanes, Odessa was no longer a contiguous walkable town, and the bustling thoroughfares, carrying commerce or beach tourists, polluted the adjacent streets with exhaust and noise. Odessa now receives a high volume of commercial traffic looking to “cheat” the bridge toll on S.R. 1, a road designed to bypass the town.

Hope Motter’s memories of the Appoquinimink area go back a little further. As owner of the Noxontown Mill and neighbor to St. Andrew’s throughout its history, Hope recalls the dirt roads that lined most of the region, save for the western approach to St. Andrew’s. Beyond the entrance to the School, the rest of Noxontown Road was unpaved in the 1930s and where the concrete met the dirt road provided a pooling area for mud. Trips back to the mill from town often involved getting precariously stuck in the mess.

If Middletown and Odessa were quiet and peaceful rural towns, the village of Noxontown, or what portion remained in the early 20th Century, was a virtual secret paradise. Hope was living at the north end of the pond and the fourth generation to own the mill when St. Andrew’s became her neighbor in 1929. Still residing in the same distinctive yellow house, Hope has come to appreciate the buffer zone that St. Andrew’s has created between the Noxontown area and what she tersely calls the “grotesque development” of Middletown.

THE BEST-LAIRED PLANS

As residential development replaces farmland, the reality of change becomes resoundingly clear.
The Founder of St. Andrew’s School, A. Felix duPont, surely had the mind of a land use planner in his vision for the School. This vision encompassed the setting around the School as an integral part of the mission for the School and the community that he wanted to build. Like so many aspects of duPont’s vision, this was decades ahead of its time. Faced with the current onslaught of development in southern New Castle County, Delaware, many people are beginning to appreciate the role of open space in our lives. Felix duPont knew it all along. Only recently have professional land use planners articulated the role of open space in the life of viable communities—that is except for one planner deeply affected by St. Andrew’s.

Last year when William Hollingsworth “Holly” Whyte '35 passed away, I became fascinated by this man’s distinguished work in land use planning in America. Though well known outside New York City for his book, The Organization Man, Holly was best known there for his commitment to understanding and planning for livable public spaces in great cities. Less well known was his early work in open space and farmland preservation. In a 1959 technical bulletin for the Urban Land Institute titled, “Open Space for Urban America: Conservation Easements,” Whyte outlined a concept for what has become the major tool for protecting farmland around the world: the conservation easement.

Holly Whyte could not have known that nearly 30 years later his alma mater would use this legal device to temporarily preserve some 700 acres of land in, what we call in Delaware, an “Agricultural Preservation District.” He did, however, clearly see that the health of cities—of communities in general—depended on the surrounding open spaces. He saw that preserving these spaces helped ensure the compact density of population and activity that makes a community exciting and viable, while giving us respite from urban sprawl. I believe his experiences at the close-knit School, surrounded by fields, forests and waterways, showed him something vibrant and unique. As a micro-cosm, St. Andrew’s must have been Holly Whyte’s archetype for the lively city surrounded by undisturbed land.

A. Felix duPont understood that open space was the necessary complement to the concentration of buildings and residences at St. Andrew’s. Farm fields and woodlands,
together with the Gothic architecture of the School, create the physical community that is one component of the School as a living organism. Can St. Andrew’s make land use decisions today based on duPont’s vision of a compact community nestled in farms and forests? Yes, it can. For the sake of the remaining small towns in southern New Castle County we need to make that connection quickly.

The School today stands at a crossroads, as does Delaware. In the past few years the State has accomplished much in preserving our remaining farmland. Agricultural Preservation Districts, preserving farms for at least ten years, now encompass almost 130,000 acres. Of that total some 65,000 acres are now permanently preserved by the owners, voluntarily, through the sale of conservation easements to the State. This total sets Delaware as first among the states in the percentage of our land preserved for agriculture. But this record is sullied by the continuing loss of over 4,500 acres of farmland a year in Delaware over the last decade; and that number is accelerating. In southern New Castle County, if drastic steps are not taken in the next five to ten years, farming could disappear as an industry in a decade. St. Andrew’s is showing us a better way.

The Trustees took the step some years ago of creating an Agricultural Preservation District on over 700 acres of School’s farmland. An additional 1,500 acres of School land are under no form of legal protection. Protecting these open spaces is crucial to the future success of the School community. These lands are the setting for our “jewel.” As a parent of two graduates, Joy ’92 and Hope ’01, I am keenly aware of the importance of this setting to our students and the St. Andrew’s experience. A. Felix duPont and Holly Whyte speak to us from the past. Their voices are alive in St. Andrew’s fields and woods. They tell us to cherish, protect and preserve what they have left us.

Michael H. McGrath is the Chief of Planning for Delaware’s Department of Agriculture, Director of the Farmland Preservation Program, a member of the American Institute of Certified Planners and the father of Joy ’92 and Hope ’01. In addition to his work with farmland preservation, he has led efforts to stop the construction of a controversial Wal-Mart distribution center in his hometown of Smyrna, Delaware.
The Economic Outlook for Central Delaware

From an infrastructure perspective, the current residential developments are already a losing proposition. The various governments spend more than residents provide in property taxes. The deficit would ordinarily be offset by the more “profitable” taxation of commercial and industrial properties, but often there aren’t enough of these properties to balance the books.

The situation becomes even more challenging when you factor in the “NIMBY” (not-in-my-backyard) response of many residents to most proposed commercial or industrial development. Few want to live next to such sites, yet most would prefer not to pay higher property taxes either. If that logic keeps going, somewhere along the line somebody gets stuck with the bill and isn’t happy about it.

One of the State organizations that can help avert collapses of these unbalanced economic models is the Delaware Economic Development Office (DEDO). Across all sectors, DEDO works to market Delaware as a prime location for businesses to operate. The Office engages in a range of activities from small business assistance to employee recruitment to location consulting to tourism and film promotion. Of particular interest to central and southern Delaware is that DEDO may hold the key to saving the farmlands.

Along with commercial and industrial, agriculture is one of the more “profitable” uses of land from a taxation perspective. The challenge is how to make farming attractive and profitable from a business perspective. Jack Tarburton, father of St. Andrew’s alumni Ed ’80, Bob ’82, Sandy ’87, is the Director of Agricultural Development at DEDO. The purpose of his section is to develop agricultural business opportunities that create and maintain jobs, as well as preserve open space and agricultural land.

Tarburton knows the difficulty of farming himself. He grew potatoes, corn, rye, wheat and soybeans for many years just east of Dover. In the wake of the business challenges facing farmers today, Tarburton believes the solution to preserving agriculture in Delaware is diversification on two levels. First, the State’s produce needs to be marketed beyond its own boundaries. Finding new markets for Delaware produce can help ensure competitive prices. Second, instead of producing crops solely for simplistic animal or human consumption, niche markets need to be explored. Plants grown for enzymes, vaccines or other pharmaceutical ingredients would blend 21st-Century technology with traditional farming practices and could offer enormous opportunities for Delaware’s farmers.

Unfortunately, there is no guarantee that the efforts will save Delaware’s farms. The lure of cashing out to the big money of developers may still be hard to resist, but finding ways to reinvigorate the potential of agricultural lands at least provides a few options before the farmers take that final deal.
ment for all but the most narrowly-defined circumstances. The only pro-development policies are aimed at improving the town’s small commercial district along southbound U.S. 13 and allowing for possible construction of clustered residential units that match the historic character of the town.

St. Andrew’s more conspicuous neighbor to the north and west, Middletown, has proved most vulnerable to helter-skelter development. With few exceptions, all corridors of access to Middletown now or soon will have substantial development plans underway. At rush hour and school dismissal times, it is nearly impossible to get through the center of town without waiting in traffic for 20 minutes. The backlog of automobiles along Del. 71 and Del. 299 can sometimes stretch as far as a quarter-mile.

Middletown reworked its comprehensive plan in 1998 and again in 2001. The plan acknowledges that at full build-out of all approved plans and conceptual plans currently known, Middletown will end up with a total of 8,000 housing units, includ-
ing the existing homes. While they seek to preserve the mix of housing that has existed in the past, it doesn’t change the fact that this represents thousands more vehicles along the roadways, thousands more students in the Appoquinimink School District, and significant upgrades to services requiring intergovernmental cooperation. The problems that Middletown creates are becoming problems for New Castle County and the State as well.

The rapid and unchecked growth of Middletown, particularly through the annexation of outlying land parcels, finally caught the full attention of State and County legislators in late 2000. Though it was no secret prior to that time, opposing viewpoints on land use started coming to a head as Middletown reviewed annexation plans that would increase its overall size by 25 percent. In February of 2001, Town Council decided to halt further consideration of annexations until the comprehensive plan was reviewed by the State. The pace of development soon slowed from that peak of activity, though it has not abated. The public hearings on land use and zoning are now a popular event for residents. With more eyes focused on the future, at least the residents won’t be caught unaware again. The renewed activism resulted in a battle to prevent a Wal-Mart from being approved for land along Del. 299 across from the new Middletown High School. Wal-Mart eventually withdrew its controversial plan, but there hasn’t been a clear sign that the battle is over. Not surprisingly, anti-sprawl platforms were a favorite during the recent election season.

Of the three towns, Middletown is in the most immediate peril of succumbing to the symptoms of sprawl. Much of the infrastructure improvements required for accommodation of the residential growth are beyond the immediate jurisdiction of the town. For many of the recommendations in their comprehensive plan, Middletown must wait for DelDOT and New Castle County to take action on roadways and sewer upgrades. In the interim, the town suffers in the existing gridlock and planning limbo. Middletown isn’t quite a city, but it has long since stopped being a small town.
Learning from the mistakes of planning and development

by Dan O’Connell, Peter McLean and Bill Wallace

One major objective of the life sciences at St. Andrew’s School is to foster awareness and appreciation of the natural world and to promote its stewardship. In the life sciences, we have tried to meet this objective a number of ways. We use the biology barge to put students on Noxontown Pond where they can assess water quality and note the diversity of the trees, birds, and wildflowers. We also have placed nesting boxes and structures around the Pond, including those for wood ducks, ospreys, kestrels, screech and barred owls and bluebirds. Students involved in the forestry and wildlife project, an athletics alternative in the winter and spring, have established a walnut grove and more than three miles of trail along the Pond. Together with environmental science students, the forestry group has helped in returning a 15-acre hayfield to forest. Already over one acre has been planted with a mixture of 10 native species of trees.

Our hope is that these efforts not only improve our habitat and water quality, but also educate and empower us, so that, as ambassadors, we can do the same for others. We hope that some of what we do serves as a model especially for our neighbors and nearby communities. Dismayed by the rampant growth and the loss of community in the Middletown area, environmental science students have written the Town Council, the Mayor, and the County Executive urging sound planning and appreciation of the qualities and benefits of the existing community.

In 2001, students in the Environmental Science class took part in a yearlong partnership with Delaware’s Department of Natural Resources and Environmental Control (DNREC). Our project was a riparian inventory of the Appoquinimink River Watershed. Under the direction of DNREC’s Aquatics Specialist Lyle Jones, the students traveled off campus to designated study sites in the Middletown area encompassing tributaries of the Appoquinimink from Del. 71 to Del. S.R. 1. The survey required the students to walk overgrown—sometimes nearly impassable—stream banks with clipboards, completing checklists and taking global positioning system measurements. Students catalogued sources of pollution and noted areas of erosion.

The students felt a sense of accomplishment and completed the project feeling as though they had contributed to a body of knowledge that may someday influence land-use policy in a positive way in Middletown.

Faculty members have been involved as members of the Appoquinimink Tributary Action Team, a citizens’ group that has worked to identify the sources of and establish limits to pollution that reaches the Appoquinimink River and its tributaries. After more than two years of deliberation, the team has submitted a strategy for cleaning up the water in the Appoquinimink River to DNREC, which must now review the strategy and determine implementation.

With this task completed, the Tributary Action Team’s latest efforts have focused on the establishment of “Friends of the Appoquinimink,” a permanent group dedicated to water quality and habitat enhancement, and ultimately, the protection of one of Delaware’s major watersheds.

With each passing year, the development of the Middletown area makes the need for environmental protection ever more urgent. Currently, Friends of the Appoquinimink is discussing the best strategy for protecting the land immediately adjacent to the river. Purchasing land and obtaining conservation easements appear to be the first priorities of the Friends. That’s a mission St. Andrew’s can certainly respect.
AGAINST THE RISING TIDE

Opposition to development practices in Delaware is varied and presents itself on many fronts.

In a 2000 report, “The Costs of Sprawl in Delaware,” the Delaware chapter of the Sierra Club highlights the financial resource exhaustion caused by housing developments. They cite a recent study of the MOT area that shows a negative cash flow for taxation and provision of community services. For every $1.00 of tax revenue provided by residential areas, $1.20 is spent on providing various quality-of-life services to those areas. For business and agricultural areas, there is a positive cash flow, with government spending only 50 to 70 cents for every $1.00 received. These figures, they claim, are consistent with data recorded in other parts of the country. According to the Sierra Club, it simply is economically unsound to focus exclusively on residential development.

The organization Green Delaware raises public awareness of environmental and public health issues, including the importance and preservation of biodiversity. Under the guidance of Executive Director Alan Muller, Green Delaware works to influence legislators, sometimes through inflammatory means. The organization decries the powerful...

Redefining Farm, Land and Wildlife Management

One of the many St. Andreans working in the fields of environmental science or land conservation, Chris Pupke ’88 is part of a movement to take farming and land management to the next level. Working at the Chesapeake Wildlife Heritage (CWH), a private nonprofit organization in Maryland that focuses on the Chesapeake Bay Watershed, Chris and his colleagues are redefining agricultural practices.

While development moratoriums and preservation districts prevent the wholesale conversion of farm-lands and open space into housing units, they still miss the greater problem faced by the ecosystems—unnatural imbalances caused by excessive human interference. The challenge for CWH is undoing the damage of centuries of land exhaustion and “industrial” agriculture.

At Barnstable Hill Farms near Kent Island, Md., CWH is working on restoring true natural habitat—grasses, forest, wetlands, etc.—and practicing sustainable agricultural techniques that reduce the amount of pollutants that are normally generated by modern farming. By adopting different techniques and schedules, CWH shows farmers how to kill cover crops without using herbicides, how to treat harvest crops with more accurate band spraying instead of broadcast spraying, how to prevent soil erosion and nutrient runoff—in short, how to find harmony with nature instead of fighting it.

The efforts of CWH at Barnstable Hill Farms and other areas of the Chesapeake Bay have found some success and recognition thanks to renewed interest in the health of that waterway. But similar efforts need to happen along the Delaware Bay as well as other parts of the country. “In many areas,” Chris points out, “agriculture as practiced now is the biggest polluter of waterways.”
mechanisms of government on behalf of the chemical industry and municipalities who engage in polluting practices. They also take the State’s news media organizations to task for failing to inform Delawareans of the environmental perils that exist. In 2003, Muller finally began to receive some positive recognition after successfully taking on the notorious Motiva Industries in Delaware City, north of the C&D Canal.

The Southern New Castle County Alliance is an association of different civic groups between the C&D Canal and Duck Creek in Smyrna that joined forces in the 1990s to influence legislative agendas that affect the region. In recent years, the Alliance has opposed the annexations of County land by Middletown, citing the town’s appetite for growth as perilous for the school system and a cause of other infrastructure and environmental strains.

Though the State’s Livable Delaware initiative may have been welcomed by some pro-environment and anti-sprawl groups, there are those who see it as either a case of “too little, too late” or “missing the forest for the trees.” Much of the initiative grapples with development that has already occurred. In describing the program to the media, Gov. Ruth Ann Minner explained, “Livable Delaware is a comprehensive strategy to get sprawl under control and direct intelligent growth to areas where the State, county and local governments are most prepared for new developments in terms of infrastructure, services and thoughtful planning.” There are parts of the initiative that do aim to prevent development in some areas altogether, but the main thrust has been to exert control over rather than to inhibit development. The end result is that development still comes and infrastructure is still strained, but hopefully confined to regions better able to handle it. History has proven, however, that it rarely stays contained.

THE PATH FORWARD

While St. Andrew’s may always be nestled in lush fields and forests, there may come a day when it is the only such oasis for many miles. The combined efforts of sparsely funded programs and initiatives working to preserve Delaware’s open space may save a few farms from the developers, but the trend of 5,000 to 10,000 acres lost per year isn’t likely to subside without more cooperative action from governmental stakeholders. Key planning and zoning decisions cannot be left entirely to the whims of small towns. Towns need to have a voice, but they need to be in harmony with State and county governments. The cooperation will reap solid benefits for all parties concerned. Most towns do not have the political muscle or the resources to challenge the developers, and the State and county governments are far too busy to monitor every change occurring at the local level. Working together, they stand a chance.

Time and options are running out for Delaware, and as one of the smallest states in the nation, so too is the land.

The author extends sincere thanks to the many individuals who provided interviews and information toward the completion of this article, including David Levinson ’53, Rachel Mandes, John McGiff, Mike McGrath, Joy McGrath ’92, Dane McKelvey, Peter McLean, Hope and Ralph Motter, Alan Muller, Jan O’Brien, Dan O’Connell, Ed O’Donnell, Caroline duPont Prickett, Chris Pupke ’88, Mike Schuller, Carol and Gary Simendinger, Jack Tarburton and Bill Wallace.
As the extended campus map shows, St. Andrew’s is well insulated from the more tangible intrusions of development. Along each corridor of access to the core campus, open space shelters the road for one or two miles. Even against the stark reality of the new shopping center and housing units at the northern end of Silver Lake Road, the forest and fields lining the southern end soften the approach to St. Andrew’s. Visitors pass from the unattractive suburban landscape and catch a glimpse of Delaware as it once was. By the time they reach Founders’ Hall, all evidence of the overdeveloped outside world is gone.

Early acquisitions by the Trustees in the 1950s and 1960s captured areas immediately adjacent to the core campus and provided an initial buffer. Starting in 1986 and continuing throughout the 1990s, the School aggressively increased its land holdings, purchasing all of the remaining farmlands along Noxontown Pond. Not losing sight of its northern borders, the School also purchased the two major farms along Silver Lake Road.

Achieving this feat was not easy, made possible only through the resolute purpose and mindset of Trustees and School administrators. When former Headmaster Jon O’Brien arrived at St. Andrew’s in 1977, Middletown was surrounded by farmlands, but he and the Trustees knew that the situation would soon change. Recently, O’Brien reflected on his thoughts at the time. “It didn’t take a genius to realize that a huge tidal wave was building momentum north of the Canal,” recalled O’Brien. “As one drove to Wilmington one could see one farm after another trading in crops for houses.” A defining moment for O’Brien involved taking the old School dump truck to various parts of the campus, standing on its roof and looking in all directions. “I felt it was essential for the School to own all the land I could see,” said O’Brien.

O’Brien acknowledges that, at the time, there was never any specific intent to always keep the land in agricultural use. “What the entire Board did agree on,” said O’Brien, “was that it was in the long term best interests of the School to control its horizons.” Indeed, after some of the substantial land acquisitions in the 1980s, the School explored options for planning some light development on the southern edge of Noxontown Pond. In the end, those plans never moved beyond paper, and the shores remained pristine.

Trustee Caroline duPont Prickett is the current Chair of the Board’s Land Use Committee. Joining the Board in 1987 after the death of her husband, Kip duPont ’55, Prickett has brought her passion for land preservation—engendered by Kip’s mother—to her work on the Land Use Committee. “St. Andrew’s was very forward thinking in acquiring the lands around Noxontown,” said Prickett. Now that the School is in control of its surroundings, Prickett aims to keep that mentality moving in a positive direction. The future goals of the Committee include working with the St. Andrew’s farmers to properly care for the land and plant crops that maintain the health of the soil and waterways, as well as exploring the formation of a larger conservation group for the Appoquinimink region.
Early in the morning Bill finished his breakfast with a second cup of hot black coffee. He had been up long before sunrise tending the new-born calf and the meager herd of cows. Although the calf had been found lying in the fresh new-fallen snow, it had, by means of Bill’s skilled care, survived. Bill’s wife, Lettie, was now in packing lunch for their nine-year-old son to take to school. Bill told her that he was going to make a trip to town and asked her if she wanted anything. The trip to town for provisions was usually a weekly occurrence, but during the long winter months, with no crops to till, it came more frequently.

Bill spent most of his time at the post-office where he had just picked up the usual amount of circulars and seed catalogues. Having situated himself comfortably near the radiating chunk-burner, he joined in the talk with the other farmers who had also come to town for the day. The discussion went from the cold weather and next spring’s plowing to fishing and the high cost of hired-help. Before leaving town, Bill bought some sweets for his son, Junior, and a rag doll for his infant daughter. For Lettie he chose with pride an apron with colorful designs.

Bill picked up Junior at school, thus relieving the boy of a solitary trek home. As they drove up the lane to the house, Bill observed that the ruts in the lane needed to be filled soon and that, come spring, the barn would need a new coat of paint. Having chopped wood for the fireplace, the pair went rabbit hunting in the pasture. It was easy to find and trace the wildlife imprints in the snow, but they never seemed to lead to an animal. They went around in circles or got lost in the bushes. At last a sitting rabbit was sighted, and when it attempted to flee its aggressors, it was shot. When Junior saw the dead rabbit close up, tears filled his eyes.

As blackness took the place of the overcast grey that evening, the family gathered around the large dinner table in the middle of the warm kitchen, and Lettie, holding her young daughter in her arms, said the blessing. Although his mother and father were eating rabbit, Junior, having lost his appetite, nibbled at the chicken left over from the previous Sunday.

Having put their young daughter to rest in her homemade cradle, Bill and Lettie washed the dishes while Junior pondered over his school books. It was Bill’s plan to have his son finish school before following in his father’s footsteps. Bill had left school when he was twelve years old in order to assist his father with the farming, and he realized the hardships and difficulties that plagued those lacking an education. The wild winter wind howled around the corners of the house, and some gushes of air even penetrated the cracks in the large front door.

Later that evening after Junior had gone to bed, Bill and Lettie sat in front of an old, well-used oil burner, Bill reading the paper and Lettie finishing a rag-rug for the hallway. At intervals Bill would look up from his paper and inform Lettie of various news items. He read such headlines as: “World Unrest Grows as Reds Gain Seoul. Broker Loses Fortune in Stock Market, Kills Self. Expedition Planned to Africa in Search of Riches.” After having tired of reading the paper, Bill began to talk to Lettie, who was now plaiting her long silver-streaked hair in preparation for bed. The couple discussed plans for raising larger crops and buying some extra land to add to the farm.

Another day in the life of Bill and Lettie had passed pleasantly away.

This article was originally published in the 1951 Andrean. J. Caleb Boggs, Jr., a 1952 St. Andrew’s graduate, has been a lifelong resident of Delaware, except while flying in the Marine Corps and with Pan American Airlines. His father, J. Caleb Boggs, Sr., was Delaware’s Republican U.S. Representative from 1947-1953, Governor from 1953-1961 and U.S. Senator from 1961-1973. In the Senate, he was one of the key supporters of the 1970 Clean Air Act.
The barn and prize dairy herd at the School Farm in the early days of St. Andrew’s School.

The School map as published in the 1931 Admission booklet.

Students pose while cornhusking.

The original farmhouse on the School Farm.

The barn, silo and other outbuildings at the Farm in 1930.
The growth of the Middletown–Odessa–Townsend (MOT) area has been particularly hard on the Appoquinimink School District. In the June 2000 issue of *American School Board Journal*, Appoquinimink’s challenges were profiled in an article on the nationwide problem of rural school district expansion in the face of sprawl. Appoquinimink’s early response to the increase in students—which was ranging from 7 to 10 percent each year—included the addition of modular trailers to existing school buildings, and eventually to the construction of new facilities altogether. There are now an early childhood learning center, four elementary schools (a fifth is scheduled to open in the fall of 2003), two middle schools and the new high school, which together serve than 5,800 students. Already there is talk of building a second high school in the district. St. Anne’s Episcopal School and the MOT Charter School are two local alternatives to the district schools, and there are others at further distance. The summary result of all these schools is that there is an overwhelming number of students in the MOT community with additional needs.

Through the efforts of DyAnn Miller, Advisor to Community Service Programs, St. Andrew’s students have pitched in to help the situation with a number of service initiatives. Although the typical St. Andrean schedule is rigorous and full of many obligations, Miller has worked diligently to provide accessible opportunities for the students. As Elementary School Tutors, students work as teachers’ aides, usually one-on-one with students.
needing additional help or taking missed tests. This opportunity has been available to students since the late 1980s and averages around 12 student volunteers each week.

The Adaptive Aquatics program dates back almost to the opening of the Genereaux Aquatic Center at St. Andrew’s. Special needs children from the Appoquinimink School District are brought to campus every Tuesday after lunch to swim with students. Working in pairs with each child, students focus on range-of-motion and basic swimming skills for some, and on more advanced skills for children who intend to compete at the Special Olympics. Around 50 students are participating in the program this year, taking turns in groups of 25 every other week.

The Host Program enables St. Andrew’s students to work one-on-one with young children who need assistance to reach the appropriate reading level for kindergarten. At the Early Childhood Center located behind Middletown’s Everett Meredith Middle School (the old high school), students meet with the children three times a week, spending one visit on motor and social skills and two visits on reading. Although the scheduling for this program is more difficult, Miller is able to find six or more students to make the trip into town.

Also taking place at the Early Childhood Center is the new Reading Buddies program. These children are more at risk of falling behind than the children in the Host Program. They are enrolled in the full-day program rather than the standard half-day kindergarten. The ten students who participate in this program spend all of their time reading with the children and playing assorted word and language games.

The rewards of these programs with the Appoquinimink School District are many. First, the vanloads of students that depart campus most afternoons carry fine and upstanding representatives of St. Andrew’s School into the local community—a positive and desirable outcome. Second, the students gain a more thorough understanding of their community’s needs, not always apparent within the confines of the St. Andrew’s campus. Finally, every smile of a child served by the programs demonstrates the effectiveness of the students’ efforts, and most importantly, one more step forward for the child.
The paintings of Robert Seyffert ’71 were profiled in the February 2003 issue of American Artist. Robert is the third generation in a family of accomplished painters, joining his uncle, Richard and grandfather, Leopold. Robert’s parents, Peter and Eleanor, taught Spanish and Art, respectively, at St. Andrew’s for 13 years. Eleanor taught the first full-time art classes in the studio that once existed above the Irene duPont Library.

Robert has a Master’s Degree in Fine Arts from Parsons School of Design and a Bachelor’s Degree in Fine Arts from Maryland Institute, College of Art. He currently works full time in his studio in the Tribeca neighborhood of New York City, in addition to directing the Alfred and Trafford Klots Residency Program for promising artists in Rochefort-en-Terre in Brittany, France. His wife, Nilda Mesa, is also an accomplished artist.
Oil painter Robert Seyffert has a penchant for nostalgia and an eye for symbols of time and endurance. “Whether it’s a big tree or a 1965 Pontiac,” he says, “there’s something about the light hitting the subject that excites me, and that’s what I paint.” But no matter the subject or setting, the artist is no literalist. “I’m trying to get the sensation created by the thing I’m looking at, and not just copying it,” he explains. “In oils, an artist is painting a thick heavy substance on canvas, but it’s important that it have a sense of reality, and that it relates to the physical sensation of light. But the work’s not a photograph—it’s a painting.

Consider Seyffert’s “portraits” of vintage cars on the streets of New York, where he lives, and in Baltimore. He began painting cars in the early 1980s when he happened across an abandoned car on a dairy farm he often painted. “I started painting these cars just like Dutch painters would approach a still life, how they’d carefully place fruit on a table to catch the light in a certain way,” he explains. “I get the same kind of excitement for light on chrome.”

To translate that initial sensation into an animated, tantalizing painting, Seyffert often scales down his subjects, literally treating a city street as a still life. “When I reduce the scene into something smaller,” he describes, “the viewer can say, ‘Wow! This is an experience.’ I pack it all into this small exciting scene.” Pointing to the classic pink car in *T-Bird, Village*, the artist says, “When I paint on the street, the car is close up to me, but

To convey the physical sensation of light, New York artist Robert Seyffert conceives of each subject as a still life.

By George Howell
I'll make it smaller, so it looks farther away. The viewer wouldn't know this by looking at the painting, but if you used your thumb and forefinger to scale the actual car on the street, you'd see that it should be much larger than it appears.”

To begin a new painting, the artist makes a line drawing with a diluted earth color in a turpentine wash, applied with a small- to medium-sized round brush. “As I'm doing the drawing,” he explains, “I stand back maybe 10 feet, because that's where I can tell if there's a problem. Then I make corrections with a rag, removing the parts that don’t work. You have to get the drawing right, because if something's wrong, it will be obvious in the finished painting.”

Next he blocks in areas of the drawing with pigment. “I paint the darks and the halftones first and save the lights for last,” he says. “I like the darks really dark. Most people don’t realize there is as much color in darks as in lights.” Referring again to the Thunderbird, Seyffert notes, “If you look carefully at the windows, you'll see green in them. Because I've noticed that automobile glass is slightly green, I paint the windows with a mix of viridian green and alizarin crimson. Those two colors together give me a good variety of darks.”

Seyffert’s approach to color comes from the ideas of Charles Hawthorne, a student of William Merritt Chase and the founder of the influential Cape Cod School of Art in Provincetown, Massachusetts. “Hawthorne taught something he called 'spot painting,'” Seyffert says. “that is, the way colors work against one another. You take small spots of color to create the illusion of the colors’ natural vibrancy, but you only start to see color relationships when you put the colors together on the canvas.” Seyffert explains that after selecting the part of the wash drawing where he sees strong color contrasts, he takes three colors and mixes them on his palette as he sees the color relationship in the scene. He puts each color on the canvas quickly with a palette knife, then paints in the whole area with those colors. When he paints another area, he keeps adjusting the colors as he applies them.

“There are two issues with color,”
he observes. “You have the literal color, the local color of a brick, say, which is a particular red, but put a brick wall in a painting with a lot of light and sky, and the colors change. Because colors vary when they’re placed next to one another, it’s the color relationships that count.”

Regardless of his subject, Seyffert always uses the same palette. Choosing the fewest colors for the greatest range, he favors what he calls his “essential darks”—ultramarine blue, alizarin crimson, burnt umber, and viridian green—along with cadmium yellow light, lemon yellow, and cadmium red light, “a midrange, medium-value color,” he notes. Lately, he’s started using black as well.

Sometimes, however, the colors don’t “talk to each other,” as Seyffert puts it. To show what he means, he pulls out Henry Island, Farm, one of his favorites, although he says the painting did not begin well. “I was standing in the shadows and pretty close to the scene,” he recalls. “The painting gives the impression that you are very far away, but it’s very hard to paint something that is so close to you. With such strong shadows against bright sunlight, I was having trouble painting a ‘dark’ shadow. Darks reflect light differently; some become shiny and others matte. The problem is you don’t always see how shiny. I worked on this canvas three or four times outside.”

As a solution, Seyffert combined alizarin crimson and ultramarine blue, which tend to produce shiny surfaces, “and if you don’t mix them with other colors, they dry shiny,” the artist adds. He mixed in some burnt umber, because it’s a matte and modifies the shine of the other colors. When he was finished, he retouched the painting with a matte varnish to even out the darks.

Seyffert finally got the colors to talk to each other, and now he is particularly happy with certain passages in the painting. “I wanted to include the sky,” he comments, “because it adds light to the composition and re-creates the sensation of place. I liked the color relationship between the flat violet sky, the rocks—which are green, purple, and blue—and the shadowy area below the rocks, which are alizarin crimson and blue.”
The settings of Seyffert’s paintings reflect the places his life and career have taken him. He earned a B.F.A. degree from the Maryland Institute, College of Art, in Baltimore, then studied with Paul Resika at Parsons School of Design, in New York City, where he earned a M.F.A. degree in 1981. Besides showing in Washington, D.C., and Baltimore, he has had shows in the National Arts Club in New York City, Aristos Gallery in Mexico City and the Museum of Rochefort-en-Terre in Brittany, France, where he also runs a summer residency program sponsored by the Maryland Institute, College of Art.

“We always get applications from many more good artists than we can take,” Seyffert says of the program, run out of a chateau that once belonged to Trafford Klots, an American portrait and landscape painter. “We select four artists and give them a room in the chateau and a shared studio. We’ve started inviting alumni back in July and August, so the whole place is full all summer long.” Rochefort is not Seyffert’s only commitment to service. He is a past president of the Artist’s Fellowship, a New York City service group that provides grants for artists in crises.

The old, rich culture of Brittany makes for perfect subject matter, considering Seyffert’s “wicked attachment to all things old,” as he says. Two paintings from Rochefort, Cour d’honneur and Inside—Chateau Entrance, show the range...
of the artist’s interest and talents. Cour is almost surreal in its geometrical shrubs and landscape, while Chateau is exotic in detail and mythic ruins. “But they’re both from the same location,” the artist says. “The buildings are only 25 yards from each other, and I spent roughly the same amount of time on both paintings. Cour d’honneur is more geometrical because this is a painting of a formal garden; it’s very organized, with the shrubs trimmed and shaped. It’s more like a still life with objects, but the Chateau is more ‘natural,’ even though the bushes are taken care of, too.”

Thinking about the many places he has painted, Seyffert reflects, “The experience of painting France is different from that in Maine or Nova Scotia, because the place where I paint is right out of my back door. I see this every day, I walk past it every day. Maine and the beach paintings are travel painting, things I don’t see all the time.” Then, thinking about the ancient oaks near Rochefort that he has yet to paint, he adds, “Everything is a still life—the rocks, the cars, the trees—they’re all monuments to a period of time.”

George Howell writes about art and culture in the Washington, D.C., area, where he lives.

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Nothing in life can prepare you for the realization that against all odds, your newborn child does in fact have an irreversible, dreaded disability. Your senses go numb, except for the sensation of an excruciating weight that steadily bears down on your chest. Dreams crumble away taking with them a part of your very soul. How can one of the happiest occasions in life suddenly take such a cruel twist? Reddened, pained eyes don’t know how to offer comfort, for they too are afraid. Who is this imperfect little being? What is wrong? Why are you mine? Slowly, with each passing minute and hour, the enormity of the truth sets in. A deep, deliberate breath slightly eases the pressure on your chest, and you try to accept that your whole world has dramatically changed, and everything in it will never ever be the same.

Lying in the hospital, holding my rosy cheeked, slant-eyed newborn, I thought about a particular memory from my St. Andrew’s days that’s so poignant now. It’s like a single glimpse in time that has always stood out in my mind for some reason. I had gone into Middletown to get something at the grocery store, and I saw a young fellow in his mid-twenties standing by the door apparently waiting for a ride. I remember seeing his face and thinking to myself, “that is amazing, he looks just like a guy in my hometown I sometimes see riding around on a bike. They look SO much alike, they MUST be related.” How coincidental, I thought, that here in a small town in Delaware there could be a close relative of a person from my small hometown in Virginia! At 16 years old, I had never heard of Down Syndrome.

Grace Rumsey Paxton came to be in this world by a miracle in my eyes. Our long awaited second child was conceived in a test-tube by in-vitro fertilization and her arrival was a greatly anticipated family event. A sophisticated Level II ultrasound showed a perfectly healthy baby girl. But, a couple months before she was born, doctors became concerned with her size. She was measuring smaller for her gestational age and the amniotic fluid surrounding her was low. We were both closely monitored. During this time, and up until her birth, I began to have my own fears. A voice told me that my child would be different. It was a strong, clear voice that came to me at different times—picking up the carpool, in church, in the doctor’s office and once when I noticed a mother in a store. Her toddler was wailing but he stopped long enough to stare at a very pregnant me. I looked away quickly hoping the mother did not see me flinch when I saw her child’s distinguishing features, once described as ‘mongoloid.’

Everyone, family and professionals, brushed off my fears as an overly anxious mother’s paranoia. Specialists even confirmed that my chances of having a child with a chromosome problem were less than 1 percent. So I tried to ignore the voice and just focus on having a healthy baby. The voice never went away, and moments before my daughter’s birth, it was so loud and clear I felt I had to somehow prepare my husband. Without even knowing what I was saying, the words came out something like, “this child is going to make or break us. Are you ready? Can you handle it if anything is wrong?” He looked at me bewildered, but squeezed
my hand and said he was ready. In the operating room, and in the delirium of a cesarean delivery, I was the one who could clearly see that my 2-minute old baby girl looked like she had Down Syndrome.

The late night hours that followed were like a movie played at too slow a speed; everything was warped and distorted. No one knew what to say to me. Alone in my hospital room, I dared to carefully examine this alien pink bundle. Was she a freak of nature? Deformed? Her fingers were so short and pudgy, and the bridge of her nose was non-existent. One ear stuck out and the other looked as if it had been turned inside out. Her big blue eyes had an upward slant that was not ugly, just different. I was so exhausted and emotionally spent, I will confess that I found myself staring in the mirror, looking at myself as if for the first time, the mother of a child with Down Syndrome. My own eyes have a slant and it occurred to me for at least two sincere seconds that maybe I had Down Syndrome and never knew it. I realized this small helpless creature was not hideous. She was a bit odd and imperfect, but she was precious, and she was mine.

I cried that night like I have never cried before. I cried for myself and I cried for my family who was so disappointed, and mostly I cried for my little girl. I could not even imagine what her life would be. In my memory bank of knowledge and life experiences I could not pull up an image of a woman with Down Syndrome, not even a little girl. Would we ever do the things that mothers do with daughters? Will she have friends? What do I tell my son who has wanted a sibling for so many years about his new sister? They were painful questions with no answers. The only certainty I could hold onto was that I loved this abnormal little being dearly and completely. In the quiet predawn hours, the familiar voice came back to me, as clear as ever. “You have been given a life changing gift that will enrich you and your family’s lives more than you can imagine. Open your heart. Open your mind. Your daughter will accomplish great things.”

The life-changing journey began with so much to learn and so much to do. First, I had to accept that I could not fix her. This took months to fully understand. Then, my biggest fear was whether I could be a good enough parent to our child who would face seemingly enormous challenges. Thanks to the Internet and many great books, I learned that in fact the future for my daughter is far from grim. Children with Down Syndrome have considerable potential. And our Grace does not suffer from any of the serious birth defects and health complications so common with Trisomy 21, the extra 21st chromosome that identifies Down Syndrome. The extra genetic material, however, is not dormant, and basically wreaks havoc on the immune system and causes many annoying health problems.
Our milestones are coming, one by one, slowly but surely. Each one, no matter how small, brings immeasurable joy. When you work so hard on something, the reward is 50 times greater! Our daily routine includes teaching her things that most parents take for granted. Usually, a child will figure out how to stack blocks, or cruise around the room. Children like Grace have to be encouraged and taught how to do everything it seems. We have even had to teach her to chew! But, the key words here are that she can be taught and she will learn; it just takes tremendous amounts of perseverance and patience, two things I used to say I was short on.

Grace, who is now two, is the delight and joy of our family. She is loving, funny, mischievous and clever. She wants to learn, and she loves attention. There’s a twinkle in her eye as she laughs and wrestles with her brother, and snaps her fingers to some good funk music, that tells me that everything is going to be okay. Yes, she will be different, but her “different-ness” is part of who she is and what makes her so wonderful. To imagine life without her, or without that extra chromosome is impossible now. The horrible feelings in the hospital when she was born seem like light-years away.

When I recently asked my ten year old if he was sad that his sister had Down Syndrome, he was puzzled, and casually replied, “no, I’m just glad I have a sister.”

The extra chromosome I have come to learn means just that, something extra, something more. Could it be more joy, more love, more happiness, more appreciation, more challenges and more rewards? This little person has taught my family and me what really matters in life. We celebrate the simple things, and take nothing for granted. She has opened my eyes so that I am seeing the world as if it is now five dimensional instead of three. I am able to see people for who they are, not what they look like or what their disability may be. I see a handicapped child holding onto a new walker taking tentative steps, and my heart beams with pride for him and his family. Before Grace, I would have looked away, perhaps with pity and sadness. Families with special children deal with challenges and issues much harder and more stressful than the average family, but we also experience joys and triumphs that I’d dare to say are indescribably richer.

In life’s most difficult, challenging and heart wrenching times, I believe you make a choice as to how you are going to face what lies ahead. You can either grow and triumph or wither away and flounder. We have taken the challenge with heart and soul, and so far the bumpy road has been an enlightening journey, my biggest adventure. And what will the outcome be? Maybe it depends on how we define success. To us, it is happiness. Isn’t that what success should be about? Isn’t that what all parents want for their children when they grow up?

I am not sure yet exactly what the voice meant when it said, “Grace will accomplish great things.” But in her two years with us, she already has, and I’m certain she will continue to. For many of our friends and family, Grace is the first person they have known with a mental difference, and it has been a deeply moving experience to have others realize how fun her personality is and the joy that she brings. Grace has opened a door for them and us to a new understanding of different people. Special kids make our hearts bigger, making us, and therefore the world, better. I am so proud of her. Grace, which means “gift from God” truly is a blessing.

“….to each one of us grace has been given....”
Ephesians 4:7

Grace is now two years old and providing the Paxton family with wonderful joyous moments.
I am pleased to say with great confidence, that the Alumni Corporation Board, due to Chesa, the staff, and an increasingly precocious team, has real and significant momentum to continue this work in support of our founder’s vision, for the school of today, and for our over 2700 alumni.

I have felt both blessed and charged to serve in this very vibrant, multi-generational and increasingly earth-spanning community. St. Andrew’s is like a special “radium,” infusing all who touch it. By definition, this community considers all of its stakeholders critical, equal partners – past and present students, staff, parents, trustees and friends. They are of every vintage and variety, all blended together.

Our Founder’s vision is certainly not a quaint anachronism. A. Felix duPont’s 1929 purpose statement for a school devoted to providing a full secondary school education of a definite Christian character is not a means without an end.

This “end” is in the form of endless ripples of a steady stream of alumni from the Pond, from 1934 to 2002 and counting... people who have been equipped and who have experienced a combination of so many wonderful values and important (if at times painful) experiences. These alumni are profoundly positioned to lead lives that reflect what they have gained.

It is to these over 2700 (and growing) alumni that the ACB is committed to serve in every appropriate and use-
ful manner, in the spirit in which the School supported us so faithfully. We will at every turn seize every favorable opportunity to keep learning and growing—alumni helping alumni—to do our part in sustaining the current and future School. We will lead productive, constructive lives as positive catalysts of change in society, in this modern, tumultuous world.

In so doing, we honor and carry forth beyond these grounds, the experience and legacy of the sacred community which has bred not only learning, knowledge, and skills, but also humility, vision and the conviction to be servants. And underlying the aspiration—that we as alumni each fulfill our outward calling—is at the same time an aspiration to lead a life of definite Christian character of faith, hope and love.

This afternoon the Alumni Corporation Board is embarking on a new leg of our journey. Our challenge? How can we best serve our alumni community so that it may flourish?

In the coming years you will see more regional alumni mobilization, such as is already forming in the D.C. area, North Carolina and New York. Many kinds of communications are driven to meet specific community needs. For example, each alumnus will have his or her own SAS email to facilitate ongoing contact, friendships and news. Special events and travel programs will range and always embrace all members of the SAS family... from “local golf” to the “Lower Yangtze.”

In sum, our passionate goal is that every engageable alumnus and alumna be drawn into and be a participant in this wonderful, rewarding life-long experience—enriching themselves, their world and their School. We labor for an unprecedented era of flourishing, that most of our alumni be happily connected in this community for all the right reasons. Year by year, we aspire that our legacy be an ever-rising tide of growth, giving and gratitude.

The match has been struck, the fires lit, and the flames are being fanned across our community. I will forever be grateful to have attended this School and to have served with you in this incredible experience and rewarding labor.

Horace Harrison ’39 Bequeaths Substantial Gift to St. Andrew’s School

In December, St. Andrew’s School received its largest bequest—apart from A. Felix duPont’s original endowment—in the amount of $313,000 from the estate of Horace Harrison ’39. This gift is unrestricted, according to Harrison’s wishes that it should be used where it was most needed. Harrison claimed he was “giving because of the SAS he knew and from which he benefitted.”

Many St. Andreans will recall Horace as one of the regular players in the St. Andrew’s Scholarship Golf Tournament. A lifetime golfer and member of the first St. Andrew’s Golf Team in the late 1930s, Horace was a member of the first winning team in the Scholarship Golf Tournament, as well as the net champion in 1995. For this he received the red jacket which he proudly wore at social functions.

A self-employed insurance broker by profession, Horace was also an internationally renowned philatelist who left his stamp on the widespread hobby by producing an all-risk insurance policy for philatelists. Horace graduated from Princeton University after St. Andrew’s and served in the Navy both in active and reserve duties. He passed away in the fall of 2002.
Ambassador Hume Horan ’51 Speaks at Alumni Luncheon in Washington, D.C. On Trends in the Middle East

by Church Hutton ’54

At a March 3 luncheon at the Army-Navy Club, Ambassador Hume Horan ’51, US Foreign Service Retired, spoke to 30 alumni on trends in the Middle East. As a former Principal Deputy Assistant Secretary of State, and Ambassador to Saudi Arabia and other African and Middle East nations, Hume analyzed this troubled region in terms that were at various times humorous, tragic, profound, iconoclastic, brilliant and blunt.

He began by noting that France and Germany, hiding behind a US shield, have allowed their military and other powers to atrophy. Unable to bear serious external responsibility, they have had no need to face harsh realities or to test their judgment against results. By contrast, the United States has had to test its judgment against external realities many times in 50 years, and has learned from past mistakes. Lacking our confidence, blaming the United States for their inadequacies, and unsettled by the heavy hand of US power dealing with a problem that they wish to avoid, France and Germany oppose US policy in Iraq.

Hume said he was a reluctant interventionist due to the likely costs of war and reconstruction, but added that the United States had a strong case for military action in Iraq, given the high likelihood that Saddam would soon acquire nuclear warheads and because UN inspectors could not prevent the proliferation of weapons of mass destruction (WMD). Burned by September 11, determined not to repeat the errors of Munich and Pearl Harbor, and vulnerable to terrorism, US policy “to prepare for intervention” is forward-looking and realistic. Because an advancing calendar closes out good options, we do not have the luxury of Europe’s “Waiting for Godot” attitude. We have to drain the swamp that supports the WMD threat, as part of the War on Terrorism.

The culture awaiting the United States in Iraq, torn by internecine conflict among clan, tribal, ethnic and other factions, has been led for 3000 years by Assyrian, Ottoman and other regimes of historic cruelty. Tyrants such as Ashur-Bani-Pal, Sargon II and Saddam have created a vision that central power must be total, ruthless, and confer privilege not responsibility.

A ramification of this legacy, which should benefit the United States if conflict occurs, is a mindset that overwhelming force provides its own justification. The Arab “street” was in full cry against the West before the 1991 Gulf War, and again before the United States entered Afghanistan in late 2001, but its uproar melted silently when US resolve and capability became clear.

The dark side of that legacy, however, is that it will impede development of a new polity. After establishing an initial military government, it is not clear how we should proceed. Iraq will need a new constitution—but of what kind? It has virtually no experience in real politics or democracy, and the United States lacks the insights to develop a viable social contract between the people and a new government. None of the petty Iraqi exile groups are fit to lead—like the Bourbons in London after the French Revolution, they have learned nothing, forgotten nothing and strut about in bespoke suits. Nor do we want any of the Islamic fundamentalist groups, who seek only power and have no sense of responsibility. A US presence might thus be required for five to ten years, depending on how much help it gets.

Until such problems are solved, the outlook for the Middle East will be poor. The combined non-oil GDP of the 18 nations traditionally considered Arab is less than that of Spain, and the value of their non-oil exports is about that of Denmark. Women are treated badly, jobs are few and social frustration is very high. Resentment at the glaring failures of Arab culture compared to the successes of Western culture is a major root of terrorism.

The most difficult issue, attributable to many factors, is a soaring birth rate. The current Arab population of 280 million will double in less than 20 years to 560 million, creating huge demographic pressures, especially on nearby Europe where most populations are already in decline. Islamic minorities, however, have so far been unable to acculturate to European life. Hume drew a major distinction between that pattern and the speed and vigor with which Latin immigrants integrate in the United States. Differences between Catholicism and Islam may help to explain that divergence, and European racism is clearly a major factor; but the heart of the problem is that Arabs are different and want to stay different.

A key reason for this is that Arabs see Islam as the triumphant last vision for Man, but that God, on Islam’s side for 800 years, seems now to have abandoned it. Arab views are thus full of despair, anger and cynicism that conflate fact with fiction, i.e. that America wants to take permanent control of Iraqi oil, that US soldiers are ruthless mercenaries, that the motives of those trying to delay conflict are purely humanitarian and so forth. Israel is hated because its success next door is a reminder of Arab incompetence, poverty and weakness, not because of any affection for the Palestinians. Indeed, during times of domestic crisis, Arab regimes “wave the
bloody shirt” of Palestine, while continuing to oppress or even expel their Palestinian expatriate populations (as happened during the 1991 Gulf War).

Hume speculated that Kuwait and the other small Gulf states offer the most promise to breathe change into mainstream Arab culture. Freshened by seaports, alive with financial and commercial activity, thronged with foreigners, and increasingly well educated, they offered a beacon of common sense to help restore the self-image of the Arabs.

Responding to questions, Hume made a number of other points seldom in the public eye:

• Pakistan is on the road to becoming a failed state. Only the Army holds it together. US leaders regularly pray for the health of President Musharraf because there are no other figures in the country who appear able to replace him if he should go.

• The United States might have been able to bring the allies together in 1992 to deal with the Iraqi WMD problem but did not, and military action is now essential.

• This was part of a larger US failure to define threats after the USSR collapsed and to coordinate policies and alliances to deal with them, one of the burdens of civilization.

Hume concluded his remarks by saying that US Foreign Service, military and other officers in the federal government do not have the luxury of retrospection or fantasizing. They must predict what is likely to happen and design common sense and realistic plans to meet it. Though there is much that America cannot do, its influence blows like a wind across the globe, advancing human rights, freedom and other ideals that have already had profound effect. With God’s help, we can bring some of those to Iraq to help the Middle East emerge from its long misery.

Hume Horan retired from the Foreign Service in 1998, after serving overseas as Ambassador to Saudi Arabia, Sudan, Ivory Coast, Cameroon and Equatorial Guinea. He had earlier been a Principal Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Consular Affairs during a Washington assignment. Hume graduated from Harvard with Honors (B.A. in American History) and later an A.M. in Middle Eastern Studies. He has taught at Georgetown and Howard Universities, Hankuk University in Korea, and directed the International School in Guinea, Conakry. He will accompany his wife, a Foreign Service Officer, to Japan this summer and is now studying Japanese.
J.J. Packard “Packy” Laird ’37

The following obituary is reprinted from The News Journal in Wilmington, Del.:

J.J. Packard “Packy” Laird, 82, formerly of Wilmington, Del., peacefully made his transition on March 23, 2003, in Santa Fe, N.M.

Packard was trained as a minister and spiritual healer. He practiced and taught homeopathy, herbology and alternative therapies for 30 years. He was also the co-founder of The Love Healing Group in Wilmington, Del., and Philadelphia, Pa., with his late wife, Margie W. Laird. Packard Laird had a strong affinity for the Philippine healers and visited there 19 times to learn from and serve the people there.

He also became an I Am student, attending services in the I Am Temple in Philadelphia and the I Am Sanctuary of Santa Fe, N.M. In 1995, he was inspired in the Philippines to write a card titled, “They Play by the Rules,” and handed out 20,000 of these cards to people around the world. To everyone he met, he had this message, “If you ever have a problem with a person, take this card out and read it and your problem will go away.”

He graduated from Episcopal High School in Alexandria, Va., where he was later a trustee, and in 1942 from Princeton University with a degree in mechanical engineering. The American Society of Mechanical Engineers awarded his senior thesis on motorcycle behavior as the best in the nation in 1942.

After serving in the Special Devices division of the Navy during WWII, he joined the duPont Company, where he was one of the early pioneers with analog computer applications. During his time with duPont, he received several patents and company awards for inventions.

He was later associated with Wilmington College and retired to Santa Fe in 1999.

He is survived by his wife, Nicole Serpe Laird, also formerly of Wilmington; and three children, Tillie Page Laird Brown of New York City, N.Y.; Clinton S. Laird of Wilmington, Del.; and Frances Lee Laird Johnson of Buffalo, N.Y.; and six grandchildren.

Allan T. Norris ’39

The following obituary is courtesy of Allan Norris, Jr., and reprinted from the Baltimore Sun.

Allan Turnbull Norris of Dorset, Vt., and formerly of Ruxton (Md.), died Saturday, December 28, 2002 after a long battle with Alzheimer’s Disease. He was born in Baltimore on July 16, 1921 and was the son of the late Alexander Murdoch Norris and Mary (nee Hoge) Norris. After graduating from St. Andrew’s School in Middletown, Del., in 1939, he attended Johns Hopkins University prior to serving with the Navy during World War II. He graduated from Rutgers University in 1948 and served as a First Lieutenant with the Air Force during the Korean War. He married Nancy Maynard on July 22, 1956 on Nantucket. They resided in Princeton, N.J., while he worked for the Opinion Research Corp. In 1959, they moved back to Baltimore to join the family wines and spirits business, Maynard & Child. He was a member of the L’Hirollonde Club and the Bachelors Cotillion.

In 1981, Nancy and Allan moved to Dorset, Vt., where they ran a bed and breakfast named The Little Lodge at Dorset for 17 years. As a youth, Allan spent his summers at Gibson Island and especially enjoyed sailing on the Chesapeake Bay. He also loved to play tennis, paddle tennis, swim, ice skate and, more than anything, be with his family. Allan is survived by his wife, Nancy, of Dorset; his son Allan T. Norris, Jr.; of South Burlington, Vt.; and his two daughters, Susan Norris-Berry of Granville, Ohio, and Laura Norris Deady of Underhill, Vt. He is survived by his sister Anne Norris Poole of Baltimore and predeceased by his other sister Polly Norris Rulon-Miller. He also has five grandchildren, Tucker and Dakota Deady, Ryland Berry, and Ashley and Kimberly Norris.

Robert Whyte ’41

The following obituary was submitted to the St. Andrew’s Magazine by Katharine Whyte.

Robert Whyte of Eastham, Mass., died on January 20, 2003, at the age of 80. He was born in West Chester, Penn., and graduated from St. Andrew’s School (1941) and the University of Pennsylvania (1948) where he was active in the Mask & Wig and Zeta Psi fraternities.

During World War II, he served in the Western Pacific in the Army Air Corps. He later joined Air Shields, Inc., a manufacturer of the Isollette infant incubator in Hatboro, Penn., where he served as vice president of marketing until 1956. He then joined Warner Chilcott of Morris Plains, N.J., where he served as director of sales training until 1970 when he became Vice President, Training for Hornblower Weeks Hemphill Noyes, a brokerage firm. Very active in the National Society of Sales Training Executives, Mr. Whyte was elected special honorary life member in 1988. He also served as Vice President, Sales and Marketing for Porter Henry Company, a NYC-based sales training consulting firm. He retired in 1986 and settled in Eastham, Mass.

Mr. Whyte was a long-time member of the St. Mary’s Episcopal Church, Tuxedo Park, N.Y., where he served as a junior warden and vestry member for many years. He was a member of the Church of the Holy Spirit in Orleans.

He is survived by his wife of 56 years, Katharine, and two sons, Robert Jr. of Canton, Conn., and Samuel of Honolulu, Hawaii, and two grandchildren.

Harkness “Hardy” De Voe ’50

Harkness Gregory “Hardy” De Voe, 71, of Long Branch, N.J., died Tuesday, January 14, at Monmouth Medical Center, Long Branch. He worked for Coldwell Banker Real Estate, Rumson, where he was a sales associate and a member of the NJAR Million Dollar Sales Club through 2002. He was active on the Monmouth/Ocean County Board of Realtors, where he served on the R-Pak and Public Relations Committees. Prior to his career in real estate, he was a computer sales representative for the Control Data Corporation. He was a graduate of St. Andrew’s School, Middletown, Del., and Rutgers University. While at Rutgers, he was a member of the varsity tennis team, Rutgers Glee Club and Zeta Psi fraternity. He was a member of Sea Bright Beach Club, Sea Bright Lawn Tennis and Cricket Club, and served as vice pres-
ident of both clubs. He was a member of St. George’s by the River Episcopal Church, Rumson, where he was past treasurer. He served in the Korean War as a first lieutenant in the Army Corps of Engineers. Born in Red Bank, he was a resident of Rumson and Little Silver before moving to The Marina Bay Club seven years ago.

He was predeceased by his parents, Harold and Victoria DeVoe; and two sisters, Victoria Taylor and Maydawn Smith. Surviving are his wife, Lesley D. DeVoe; a son, John P. DeVoe of Coral Springs, Fla.; two daughters, Dale D. Leach of Little Silver, and Susan D. DeVoe of Rumson; two stepsons, Steven F. Kingsbury of Ellicott City, Md., and Todd M. Kingsbury of Pennington; a stepdaughter, Elizabeth van Dusen of Brooklyn; a sister, Christina DeVoe Johnson of Danville, Calif.; and nine grandchildren, Kristin Chandler, Aimee Chandler, Gregory Leach, Frank Leach, Steven Tramonte, Olivia Kingsbury, Caroline Kingsbury, Lauren Kingsbury and Tyler Kingsbury.

Armistead “Ted” Guthery ’51

The following obituary for Ted Guthery was published in the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette on November 18, 2002.

Armistead “Ted” Guthery had a knack for bringing people together.

As an administrator for the University Health Center, a precursor to today’s UPMC Health System, he worked in the late 1970s to meld the myriad operations and personalities of the different hospitals in Oakland. Before that, he was Executive Director of the South Hills Area Council of Governments, with the task of harnessing 12 separate communities into one regional entity. In a 1973 Pittsburgh Press story announcing his appointment, a council official said members chose Mr. Guthery because “he has both expertise and tact.” The article also noted that Mr. Guthery “is one of the few persons in town who can get on the phone and reach Pittsburgh Mayor Pete Flaherty right off the bat.”

Before taking the council of governments position, Mr. Guthery was Director of Urban and Community Studies for the Pennsylvania Economy League, a private governmental research organization funded by local businesses.

Mr. Guthery, 69, died Wednesday at his Squirrel Hill home where he had lived the past 30 years with his wife of 41 years, Frances Resh Guthery. He was undergoing treatment for cancer at the time of his death. “He enjoyed meeting people,” said Mr. Guthery’s son, John, of Natick, Mass. “He was always one of the first to welcome newcomers to the neighborhood.” He also was one of the first presidents of the Squirrel Hill Neighborhood Coalition and was instrumental in the acquisition of the Wightman School Community Building.

Mr. Guthery grew up in Washington, D.C., and after his tenure with the health center, he opened up an antiques store in Georgetown, which he managed from Pittsburgh. He sold the store and retired in 1990.

In addition to his wife and son, Mr. Guthery is survived by another son, Charles Guthery of Seattle, and two grandchildren. A memorial service was held Saturday, The family requests that memorial contributions be made to The Children’s Institute, 6301 Northumberland St., Pittsburgh 15217-1396.

Classmate Barry Register also noted, “Ted was always good company, had a good sense of humor and was very supportive of the School.”

Bruce Bahr ’54

Bruce Bahr, 66, of Greenville, Del., died at home after a valiant battle with cancer on Sunday, September 29, 2002, surrounded by his family. He was born in Painesville, Ohio, to Blanche Thompson Bahr and John Lorne Bahr. He moved to Delaware when he was seven. Mr. Bahr graduated from St. Andrew’s School, attended the University of Virginia and graduated from the University of Miami. He was a Delaware State Tennis Junior Singles and Doubles Champion. Later, he became an avid golfer. Mr. Bahr was a member of the Vicmead Hunt Club and the Wilmington Country Club.

Mr. Bahr was a Vice President of Investments at the former Farmers Bank. He retired in 2000 after 32 years as a Senior Vice President of Morgan Stanley.

He is survived by his wife of 42 years, Joanne Killoran Bahr; his sister, Marion Bahr Ingle of Shaker Heights, Ohio; two daughters, Nancy Corroon Bahr of Wilmington and Gina Bahr Finn of Stevenson, Md.; and one son, John Killoran Bahr of Chapel Hill, N.C.; and five grandchildren: Emily Killoran Finn, Eliza Thompson Finn and John Ashburn Calvin Finn of Maryland; Molly Killoran Bahr and John Macklin Bahr of North Carolina. He is also survived by a daughter-in-law, Megan Granda Bahr, and a son-in-law, Patrick Finn.

In Memory Notices

The Trapnell House received notice that the following alumni have passed away. However, we were unable to find any additional information and welcome remembrances, recollections or copies of the death notices. Please send them to Amy MacKenzie, amackenzie@standrews-de.org.

George Buckner II ’39
Gregory L. Gibson ’48
Help us continue to build the St. Andrew’s School Archives

The 75th Anniversary of St. Andrew’s School is rapidly approaching!!

As you come upon photographs and memorabilia from your days at St. Andrew’s, consider sending items to the School as we focus our attention on organizing and protecting the archives. Important items can be photographs, pennants, school silverware (?!), School publications, oars, game balls from football games, artwork, letters written by faculty—you name it!

We’re especially interested in films/videos and pictures taken inside of the buildings, in dorm rooms, the Dining Hall and Chapel, as well as photos of faculty and students around campus.

Please email us a note at archives@standrews-de.org or contact Trapnell Alumni House at 302-285-4257 if you have an item you would like to contribute.
This issue’s article on development was a particularly personal one for me. Having grown up in Delaware’s rural Kent & Sussex Counties, lived in the high-density suburbs of northern New Castle County, spent many years in major East Coast cities, and now settled in one of the new developments near Odessa, I have experienced mixed feelings about the current situation.

As a homeowner, I am glad my family and I were able to obtain affordable housing, and I am certainly pleased that the demand for housing is strong. With the passing months, I know that our single largest investment is retaining or increasing its value.

As an adopted-Delawarean-for-life, I am sad to see lands once lush with forests, meadows or rows of wheat and corn now replete with rooftops, driveways, decks and fences. In my hometown of Milford, straddling southern Kent and northern Sussex counties, all of my favorite fishing holes, save one, have been obliterated by homes freshly planted along the shores. I think of all the years I would explain to people from elsewhere that, yes, Delaware was indeed a state and, in fact, had quaint little towns, beautiful open spaces and some of the richest farmland in the Mid-Atlantic region.

As a former resident of urban and dense suburban regions along the East Coast, I worry that central Delaware faces a staggering number of challenges to avoid the pitfalls suffered in those areas. If we are to become a suburb for Delaware Valley cities, where is the infrastructure to support it? One long-overdue and soon-to-be-completed state turnpike cannot bear the full responsibility of preparing an area for development.

It was in the context of these perspectives that I committed myself to understanding the many factors behind the transformation and the future that awaits Delaware. I had the distinct pleasure to interview and speak with many Delawearans—nearly all with some St. Andrew’s connection—and learn more about the forces at work.

As I sat down to compile all of the collected research and anecdotes into one article, it became increasingly obvious that there was no single story to tell. Despite the simplicity of life in once rural Delaware, the circumstances bringing about the change are varied and complex. There wasn’t any one person or groups of persons upon which blame could be laid. Chris Pupke ’88 provided a lasting analogy for me when he related the current troubles of suburban sprawl to the “frog in boiling water” story. The frog (always the hapless victim in such cruel lab analogies) thrown into hot water will quickly jump out, recognizing the danger, whereas the frog placed in water which is slowly brought to boiling will not seek escape, failing to recognize the growing peril. That’s a pretty vivid and morbid thought. The finality of the outcome is equally disturbing.

As I watch the final months of labor on Delaware’s new highway nearing completion and I spy bulldozers carving shopping centers from the good earth, I’m feeling a bit warm. The question is, when should I jump?
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Tired of bounced e-mails to old classmates?

How many times has your own e-mail address changed?

Would you prefer one e-mail address you could give out to people knowing it will always be yours?

Now you can stay in touch with fellow St. Andreans no matter how often e-mail addresses change.

The Advancement Office introduces the permanent St. Andrew’s e-mail address:

cprofaci.80@alum.standrews-de.org

Simply keep your forwarding information updated with the Advancement Office and all e-mails sent to your permanent SAS address will be routed to the address where you currently receive e-mail, whether that be college, your latest job, or even web-based e-mail accounts.

For more information visit the Alumni Website: alumni.standrews-de.org
The winter musical production of Gilbert and Sullivan’s H.M.S. Pinafore was a crowd-pleasing success.