Cornerstones
St. Andrew’s launches a campaign for the 75th Anniversary

PLUS: Ted Hoey ’48 Relives His Noxontown Days • Matt Meredith ’93 Cools Off Europe
AN OPPORTUNITY FOR
ST. ANDREW’S.....AND YOU!!

St. Andrew's will be 75 next year. In this time the educational programs have expanded enormously and the teaching staff has, in general, improved across the board. But not everything has improved since then. Founders' Hall has not aged as gracefully as a fine French wine. In fact, despite routine annual maintenance, it needs a multi-million dollar face (and foundation) lift.

Such capital construction is of a magnitude that the School wishes to establish a Cornerstone Society as a planned gift component to the capital campaign to shore up the endowment and safeguard it for future projects and generations.

This fund, built on faith, will allow the School to access current endowment funds for current needs, feeling sure that they will be replenished by future bequests, gift annuities, trusts and other deferred gift vehicles.

JOHN COOK ’45
Falmouth, MA
Trustee
Chair, The Cornerstone Society

“Because I want to support the School and believe so firmly in this program, I have established a Charitable Gift Annuity through the Episcopal Church Foundation for the benefit of St. Andrew's. I'm now enjoying a guaranteed 7.3% return on my investment, and a substantial portion of that income is tax-free; plus I am able to claim a very significant tax deduction for this past year that will dramatically reduce my tax burden. And I have the satisfaction of knowing that my gift will support the School now and long after I'm gone. I invite you to join me and the Cornerstone Society by making your own planned gift to St. Andrew's.”

Now that’s a recipe for having St. Andrew's 75th birthday cake and eating it too!

For information on how you can create your own SAS legacy, please contact the Advancement Office at St. Andrew’s, 302-285-4260.
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A past and present look at St. Andrew’s School: clockwise from top left, the construction of Founders’ Hall in 1929; Bill Amos instructing students in the biology lab; art majors at work in the studio; the construction of the new Arts Center in 2003-04. Digital image by Greg Doyle ’87.
ST. ANDREW’S SCHOOL
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Rev. Wayne P. Wright • Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Delaware
Wilmington, Del.
Maureen Harrington: Five reasons for supporting St. Andrew’s

Among the 34 members of the Board of Trustees, nearly half are parents of graduates or current students. In recognition of the positive role that Parent Trustees have played in helping to shape the School today, St. Andrew’s Magazine caught up with Maureen Harrington, mother of Colin ’91, Kearney ’93, Kate ’96, Ben ’99, and Molly ’02.

St. Andrew’s Magazine: What about SAS first appealed to your family as you considered educational options for your children?

Maureen Harrington: When our eldest son, Colin, expressed an interest in boarding schools, I must admit Jack and I were not terribly supportive. The thought of sending a child away to school, especially at such a young age and at what seemed a steep cost, was not appealing to either of us. However, his powers of persuasion soon had us touring schools, albeit on a reluctant basis. Our opinion changed, however, when we visited St. Andrew’s. We were first struck by an incredible sense of community. While the student body was by far the most diverse of the schools we visited, the friendly and cooperative spirit among the students themselves and with the faculty and administrators was truly remarkable. On this point, our first impressions were correct; to this day, my children remain in close touch with not just their SAS friends but with members of the faculty as well.

SAM: Given that all children are different, what about the School made you confident that it was the right place individually for Colin, Kearney, Kate, Ben and Molly?

MH: Enthusiasm is contagious. While we insisted that the siblings look at and apply to at least one other school, each ultimately selected SAS as his or her first choice. Every child has differing strengths and weaknesses, wants and needs, abilities and shortcomings. The great strength of St. Andrew’s is that it provides not only an outstanding education but also the opportunity for each child to explore and refine specific talents and interests and, along the way, discover new ones of which they were previously unaware.

SAM: From your perspective as a parent, what has been the most rewarding aspect of your service as a Trustee?

MH: I was asked to join the Board of Trustees in 1992 as a parent representative and later became an unclassified Trustee. Today there are three representatives of the parent body serving on the Board; this offers a unique opportunity for the Board to gain insight on day-to-day life at St. Andrew’s from the perspective of parents while providing an excellent way to keep fellow parents apprised of Board activity and concerns. The opportunity to witness the continuing growth and evolution of the School as both a parent and a Trustee has been a great privilege.

SAM: Given your years of association with St. Andrew’s, how do you feel the leadership at the School and on the Board has changed in that time?

MH: The seamless transition that occurred when Jon O’Brien retired and Tad Roach became Headmaster speaks volumes. I have been privileged to witness the leadership of two incredibly talented and exceptional headmasters who have kept the mission of the School alive and thriving. In the same vein, our Board leadership remains strong and solid. Our Board members are passionately committed to St. Andrew’s and dedicated to the fulfillment of the School’s mission.

SAM: What challenges and/or opportunities do you see the School embracing in the next decade?

MH: While St. Andrew’s has evolved into one of the very best schools in the country, it has never lost sight of its core mission and values. In addition to teaching and coaching, faculty members continue to make the time to personally know each child on the campus and, thereby, keep the spirit of community thriving. St. Andrew’s must remain steadfast in its effort to provide need-blind admission to outstanding young people and continue to sustain a world-class faculty and administration. Our endowment must continue to grow. Presently, income from endowment covers just over half of the School’s annual operating budget. If we are to continue to fulfill our mission, endowment growth through both wise investment and generous donations is critical. This is an ongoing challenge for the administrators, the Board of Trustees, and the alumni and parent bodies.
Tonight I would like to reflect on the life and teachings of Dr. King and to say a few words about the questions facing Americans in 2004 regarding our country’s continuing struggle with the danger and evils of racism. This is not a story or a series of questions designed for the weak of heart. This is a painful, disturbing story that needs to be told, studied and analyzed with each passing day and year.

I begin by acknowledging a generational divide. Some of us in this chapel experienced the conflict, bitterness and triumph of the Civil Rights Era in America during the 1960s and 1970s. For all of us, it is hard to believe that Dr. King has been gone for 36 years since the evening of April 4, 1968 when he was killed in Memphis. For those of you in this Chapel who are students, born in the mid to late 1980s, 1968 may seem like ancient history. Some of you may think that the Civil Rights Era did its work and created a nation free of our ancient curse of racism, slavery and segregation. Some of you may not fully appreciate the anguish and struggle of Dr. King’s life.

But if we look at Dr. King’s life carefully, we will resist the temptation to treat racism and intolerance and bigotry as historic events, irrelevant to our present and future. If we listen to Dr. King’s words and think of his action, his decisions, his commitments, we will see not only that his dream lies unfulfilled, but that we—you and I—have a role in the movement towards equality and freedom.

This evening I choose to reflect on Dr. King by focusing on a letter he wrote from a jail cell in 1963. Now known as Letter from a Birmingham Jail, the text introduces us to the man, the philosophy and the morality that ultimately moved a reluctant nation. King arrived in Birmingham to confront a city and segregation system that was particularly virulent, aggressive and defiant. Dr. King and his followers chose Birmingham precisely because they knew that Bull Connor, the city’s public safety commissioner, would respond to calls for desegregation with violence, hatred and racist language.

The time had come to bring the Kennedy administration, the FBI, the American people and the media to a recognition of the inhuman qualities of racism and segregation inherent in the South. To his surprise and disappointment, Bull Connor held fire for the first eight days of demonstrations in the city, and King felt that only through his own arrest and imprisonment could he breathe new life into his movement. Without a public image of conflict, violence and hatred, the movement was left without images that could promote fury, astonishment and disgust in the eyes of the nation.

Biographer Marshall Frady describes King’s arrest in Birmingham:

That afternoon—which happened to be Good Friday—King and Abernathy set out . . . on a march headed toward city hall, accompanied only by some forty other marchers. They had proceeded just a few blocks when they encountered a barricade of Connor’s men, one of whom—in a momentary lapse from their protocol of courtesy, with King himself now in hand—snatched him by the back of his belt, hitching him off his feet and heaving him into the back of a paddy wagon. Carried to Birmingham’s jail then, King was pitched alone into the gloom of a narrow, windowless cell, with a cot of only metal slats, bare of mattress. He was denied contact with anyone, whether by visit or phone call, over the next two days. . . on into Easter afternoon.

Dr. King did receive in his cell a copy of the Birmingham News, and he was surprised to read that white clergymen responded to his arrest by urging blacks to cease their demonstrations and to accept the rule of law.

King responded with his Letter from a Birmingham Jail, a document that speaks eloquently to the past, present and future of race relations in America.

King’s remarks were addressed to white clergymen, colleagues in the leadership of the Christian faith, and in his letter he patiently but powerfully called into question the authority and morality of their commitment to Christ.

He registered disappointment and outrage that members of the white clergy would refuse to see the ravages and infirmity of a system of segregation closing blacks from positions of responsibility and equality. He reminds the clergymen that the role of the Church, the calling of Christianity is not to be merely “a thermometer that recorded the ideas and principles of popular opinion; it was rather a thermostat that transformed the mores of society.” King argued that southern white clergymen presided over a church more resembling an irrelevant social club than a community of men and women dedicated to the brotherhood of men and women. Dr. King saw Christianity as a religion of courage, of radical, social transformation and rejuvenation. He wrote:

On sweltering summer days and crisp autumn mornings I have looked at the South’s beautiful churches with their lofty spires pointing heavenward. Over and over I have found myself asking what kind of people worship here? Who is their God? Where were their voices when the lies of Governor Barnett...
dripped with words of interposition and nullification? Where were they when Governor Wallace gave a clarion call for defiance and hatred? Where were their voices of support when bruised and weary Negro men and women decided to rise from the dark dungeons of complacency to the bright hills of creative protest?

In the letter King also described the system of segregation that his movement sought to destroy by means of moral, religious and non-violent words, deeds and demonstrations.

We, in 2004, need to remember that segregation was a deliberate philosophy, practice and system designed to undermine and subvert the promise and idealism associated with the abolition of slavery in America. Segregation and its attendant horrors were white America’s response to the idea of racial justice and equality. How bad was the system? Dr. King describes segregation in the letter:

We have waited for more than 340 years for our constitutional and God-given rights. The nations of Asia and Africa are moving with jetlike speed toward gaining political independence, but we still creep at horse-and-buggy pace toward gaining a cup of coffee at a lunch counter.

Perhaps it is easy for those who have never felt the stinging darts of segregation to say, ‘Wait.’ But when you have seen vicious mobs lynch your mothers and fathers at whim; when you have seen hate-filled policemen curse, kick, and even kill your black brothers and sisters; when you see the vast majority of your twenty million Negro brothers smothering in an airtight cage of poverty in the midst of an affluent society; when you suddenly find your tongue twisted and your speech stammering as you seek to explain to your six-year-old daughter why she can’t go to the public amusement park that has just been advertised on television, and see tears welling up in her eyes when she is told that Funtown is closed to colored children, and see ominous clouds of interposition beginning to form in her little mental sky, and see her beginning to distort her personality by developing an unconscious bitterness toward white people; when you have to concoct an answer for a five-year-old son who is asking, ‘Daddy, why do white people treat colored people so mean?’; when you take a cross-country drive and find it necessary to sleep night after night in the uncomfortable corners of your automobile because no motel will accept you; when you are humiliated day in and day out by nagging signs reading ‘white’ and ‘colored’; when your first name becomes ‘nigger,’ your middle name becomes ‘boy’ (however old you are) and your last name becomes ‘John,’ and your wife and mother are never given the respected title ‘Mrs.;’ when you are harried by day and haunted by night by the fact that you are a Negro, living constantly at tiptoe stance, never quite knowing what to expect next, and are plagued with inner fears and outer resentments; when you are forever fighting a degenerating sense of ‘nobodiness’—then you will understand why we find it difficult to wait. There comes a time when the cup of endurance runs over, and men are no longer willing to be plunged into the abyss of despair. I hope, sirs, you can understand our legitimate and unavoidable impatience.

King carefully registers disappointment not only with the white church’s inability to rise up and support the movement he created; he also addresses the white moderate, the white men and women watching the national struggle for equality in a passive and docile way. King observes that the black man’s greatest stumbling block towards equality is not the racist Klansman but the white moderate “more devoted to order than justice, who prefers a negative peace which is the absence of tension to a positive peace which is the presence of justice.” The white moderate, well meaning, polite, courteous and frozen in fear encourages injustice, allows racism and enables segregation. The white moderate patiently counsels Dr. King to wait, to be patient, to let time take care of justice. King responds:

Such an attitude stems from a tragic misconception of time, from the strangely irrational notion that there is something in the flow of time that will inevitably cure all ills. Actually time is neutral; it can be used either destructively, constructively.

More and more I feel that people of ill will have used time much more effectively than the people of good will. We will have to repent in this generation not merely for the hateful words and actions of the bad people, but for the appalling silence of the good people. Human progress never rolls in on wheels of inevitability. It comes through the tireless efforts of men willing to be co-workers with God.

The letter, now an American classic, received no response from the white clergymen of Birmingham. No newspaper printed the letter or even mentioned the letter in a month’s time. And the demonstrations in Birmingham would have failed completely and King’s dream left completely unfulfilled if James Bevel had not advised King to send Birmingham high school students out on the streets to March. For seven days students, in Frady’s words, “from sixteen to as young as six” marched downtown and were promptly arrested—500
on the first day, more on subsequent days until every cell and makeshift facility was filled in the city with young, black men and women. As the marches continued, Connor finally expressed the rage and hatred of his racist heart and philosophy. The images, described in Frady’s words, seared the hearts of the nation:

Connor ordered swung on the young marchers high pressure water hoses that battered them back with a force that ripped the clothes off some; and then bawling: ‘I want to see the dogs work,’ set on them snarling German shepherds, Connor whooping happily, ‘look at those niggers run.’

One news photo of a policeman clutching the shirtfront of a black youth with one hand while his other held the leash of a dog snarling at the youth’s mid-section happened to pass under the eyes of President Kennedy in the Oval Office. He told a group of visitors that day, ‘it makes me sick.’

Eight days later lunch rooms, water fountains, rest rooms were desegregated in Birmingham. The young people of Birmingham awoke the conscience of America.

By the time Dr. King died on April 4, 1968, his vision for America included not only racial justice and reconciliation. He spoke out against war and American imperialism; he warned against the debilitating effects of poverty in America and sought to protect poor people throughout the nation.

His birthday celebrated now as a national holiday powerfully teaches us about the potential for human heroism, courage and dignity. His life teaches us that change, social transformation and the ultimate vision of Jesus Christ are possible. But his life and death remind us that to live a life for the principles of equality, freedom and the dignity of all men and women is dangerous, difficult and demanding.

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Does it shake our confidence to reflect that the man we honor today was rejected not only by white racists and demagogues, but also by white clergymen and well-meaning and moderate white people? Does it bother us that Dr. King was arrested continually during a cause dedicated to fulfilling America’s promise and future? Does it surprise or disturb us that Dr. King was subject to harassment and wiretaps authorized by FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover?

If we are right to interpret segregation and racism of the ’60s and ’70s as the not-so-subtle replacement of a system of slavery, if we are right in our suspicion that segregation was meant as a system to undermine the promises made by Lincoln, I ask today what systems of racism and discrimination still stand today as replacements for segregation. We have learned through history that even laws and statutes can be undermined by new systems of racism. We know that citizens of color still experience moments of clear racism, moments not dissimilar to those described in King’s letter. We accept a segregation and radical inequality in our public school system; we know citizens of color experience racism as they look for jobs, homes and schools in their neighborhoods. We know men and women of color often feel ignored and invisible, cut off from the influence of white America. We learn that flights to suburbs and suburban schools signal white desire for a life of segregation. We know white clergymen do not stand up for what is just, moral and true to the teachings of Jesus Christ. We know white moderates who are content to be silent, blind to the issues of racism in our time.

It is not enough to celebrate the King holiday with platitudes and self-congratulation on America’s transformation from a racist country to one that is enlightened. We must commit ourselves to studying the American past, to looking carefully at our society of today and working hard to confront the evil that still lurks in our world. St. Andrew’s should be a school equal to the King’s definition of the thermostat. Here we do not accept the mores of society. We seek to transform them. I will end with King’s final words from his letter.

Never before have I written so long a letter. I’m afraid it is much too long to take your precious time. I can assure you that it would have been much shorter if I had been writing from a comfortable desk, but what else can one do when he is alone in a narrow jail cell, other than write long letters, think long thoughts, and pray long prayers?

If I have said anything in this letter that overstates the truth and indicates an unreasonable impatience, I beg you to forgive me. If I have said anything that understates the truth and indicates my having a patience that allows me to settle for anything less than brotherhood, I beg God to forgive me.

I hope this letter finds you strong in the faith. I also hope that circumstances will soon make it possible for me to meet each of you, not as an integrationist or a civil-rights leader but as a fellow clergyman and a Christian brother. Let us all hope that the dark clouds of racial prejudice will soon pass away and the deep fog of misunderstanding will be lifted from our fear-drenched communities, and in some not too distant tomorrow the radiant stars of love and brotherhood will shine over our great nation with all their scintillating beauty.
clothes closet  \'klo(th)z kloz et \( n \)  An alumni-student clothing exchange, whereby alums donate their gently-used, outgrown, or no-longer-used items of clothing that meet SAS Dress Code: blazers, suits, ties, sportcoats, women’s sportswear, semi/formal dresses and other business attire. All students have the opportunity to purchase items several times a year (as inventory allows) from “the Closet” in Trapnell Alumni House using their SAS debit card. Prices range from $1-25. Several things are accomplished: students have well fitting clothes in good repair, their parents are not bankrupt clothing their children’s growing bodies, and alums have another way of directly supporting the experience of current SAS students while students know there is a tradition of “giving back” to others.

Donations of clean clothing in good repair can be dropped by Trapnell House or UPS’d throughout the year.

Contact Chesa Profaci at 302-285-4260.
M.O.T. Men’s Choir fills Chapel with gospel song

In an evening Chapel service on Sunday, January 18, members of the Middletown-Odessa-Townsend Community Men’s Choir led a celebration of gospel music that brought the St. Andrew’s congregation to their feet and clapping with the singers. The singing group is comprised of men from several different churches in the local community who gather each weekend to share their faith and musical passion with other congregations in Delaware. After the Chapel service, several of the M.O.T. singers and their families joined the School community for a family-style meal.

Primo Lecture offers analysis of 50 years of school integration

In celebration of the Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. national holiday, a busload of St. Andrew’s students and faculty traveled to the Hotel duPont in Wilmington for the 5th Annual Primo Lecture. This year’s lecture was a dialogue, “Is Opportunity Equal? 50 Years After Brown v. Board of Education,” aimed at addressing the subjects of race in education, the legacy of integration, and affirmative action today. Moderated by Juan Williams, a senior correspondent for National Public Radio, the panelists were Kimberle Williams Crenshaw, a professor of law at UCLA and Columbia University and co-founder of the African-American Policy Forum; Constance Curry, a veteran of the civil rights movement and author/producer of several works examining the civil rights struggle and public education; Maria Echeveste, former assistant to the President and Deputy Chief of Staff for President Clinton; Charles Vest, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and former Dean of Engineering at the University of Michigan; and Frank Wu, professor of law at Howard University and author of the book, Yellow: Race in American Beyond Black and White. During the course of the evening’s dialogue, the panel explored the current political climate facing affirmative action, the chronic funding problems for American public schools, and philosophical and legislative challenges to diversity in public education.

The lecture series is named in memory of The Right Reverend Quintin E. Primo, Jr., a pioneering black bishop in the Episcopal Church and father of St. Andrew’s Trustee Cynthia Primo Martin. More information about the Primo Lecture is available at their website, www.primolectureseries.com.
Weaving fashion with art

The first Art Gallery exhibit of 2004 showcased the fabrics of Maureen Kamerick. Having worked as a weaver and textile designer for over 20 years, Kamerick draws her inspiration from antique and ethnic textiles, alluding to the rich intricacies and blending them with contemporary colors. Producing scarves, shawls, and decorative and religious tapestries, she works only in silk, combining modern European dyes with techniques such as ikat, discharge and overdyeing. Each piece is handwoven from start to finish, including careful braiding along the fringe.

Smith College faculty string trio holds concert and master class

During the second week of January, musicians at St. Andrew’s were blessed with a visit from the Smith Trio, a faculty string trio from Smith College in Northampton, Mass. The group gave a concert and lecture on Tuesday evening, January 13, in the A. Felix duPont Jr. Chapel, followed by a Wednesday afternoon master class with the St. Andrew’s Orchestra.

Joel Pitchon, violin, Ron Gorevic, viola, and Marie-Volcy Pelletier, cello, are internationally credentialed performers who have played as principals and soloists throughout the United States and Europe. In their concert, the trio performed three pieces: Ludwig von Beethoven’s Trio-Opus 9, Ellen Taaffe Zwilich’s Trio, and Ernest Dohnanyi’s Serenade for string trio. Following a brief lecture on Beethoven by Pitchon which included readings from Beethoven’s letters, the group gave a philosophical and brilliant rendition of the Beethoven trio.

Before playing a movement from Ellen Taaffe Zwilich’s trio, Pitchon spoke about the shocking exclusion of women from the professional and academic world of music until very recently. Zwilich is a Pulitzer Prize-winning composer whose style is a fascinating blend of accessible rhythmic gestures and dissonant harmonies. The group brought a trance-like intensity to the shifting harmonies and jagged melodies. Gorevic spoke before the Dohnanyi piece and talked about the playful and virtuosic style of this Hungarian composer. The Dohnanyi Serenade, which concluded the program, was passionately and dramatically played and brought the concert to an end with a flourish.

For the Wednesday afternoon master class, the group coached the string section of the Orchestra as Fred Geiersbach directed rehearsal of pieces by Vivaldi and Haydn. Encouraging the class to consider the background of each composer, the members of the trio gave specific advice on bowings, fingerings, and other techniques which had an immediate impact on the sound of the Orchestra. As Pitchon coached the violins a more mature and historically informed grace was brought to the Vivaldi. Gorevic exhorted the musicians in the Orchestra to play with greater awareness of the dynamics between soloist and Orchestra. Each of the trio members then had an opportunity to coach members of the Orchestra in one-on-one lessons. “It was inspiring just having such high-level musicians in our midst for two days. They played a great concert and helped our soloists find new expressive potential during the master class,” Geiersbach said. The Smith Trio was very impressed by the ability and thoughtfulness of the students in the Orchestra, and have expressed an interest in returning to St. Andrew’s for a concert next year.
John Wang ’06 selected for All-State Orchestra

Earning selection for the Delaware All-State Orchestra is quite a daunting task, as IV Former John Wang recently discovered. The process initiated with a written application, for which music educators are strictly advised to nominate only the most talented students. Afterwards, audition excerpts are mailed to the students. This year’s excerpts included the first movement of Haydn’s 4th Violin Concerto, a portion of the 4th Movement of Dvorak’s 8th Symphony, some of Borodin’s Polovetsian Dances, and several scales. John practiced these pieces to perfection, although other academic work and obligations at St. Andrew’s often competed for his time.

At the audition, John was tested in three rooms—one for the Violin Concerto, one for the excerpts, and one for the scales and sight-reading. Each contestant is rated and the highest scores are selected for All-State. Fred Geiersbach, Director of Instrumental Music at St. Andrew’s, was one of two judges who evaluated all of Delaware’s violinists on their solos, but since the auditions are conducted “blind”—meaning the judges never see who is performing—Fred had no idea whom he was evaluating. In the end, John was ranked 6th out of 90 auditioning violinists.

The official All-State activities will be held during the first week of March. John’s parents will accompany him to the various events and the final concert.

Faculty members McGiff and Rue receive artist fellowship grants

St. Andrew’s faculty members John McGiff and Bobby Rue were both awarded Individual Artist Fellowships from the Delaware Division of the Arts. McGiff received a $5,000 award in the Established Professional category for his work in painting, while Bobby Rue received a $2,000 award in the Emerging Professional category for his fiction writing. Both will use the funds to further their work.

Rue is currently working on a novel, tentatively called Rattle, about a Persian Gulf War veteran living in post-September 11 New York City. McGiff recently opened an exhibit of his paintings of agricultural landscapes at the Delaware Agricultural Museum in Dover, Del. The show will run until April 28.
Encouraging students to think critically and creatively, the academic disciplines often measure intellectual prowess beyond the confines of the traditional exam booklet. In January, Third Form English students performed scenes from Athol Fugard’s “Master Harold...and the Boys,” bringing greater understanding to the racial tensions described in the play.

Acting Out in Class? Definitely!

Students meet with Senators Biden and Byrd

The all-school trip to Washington, D.C. in the first week of February provided the opportunity for students to meet with Delaware’s Senator Joseph Biden and West Virginia’s Senator Robert Byrd. Students received tours of the Capitol Building and spent a few minutes speaking with the Senators.

Coffee House performances provide weekend delight

A Saturday evening around the warmth of the Main Common Room fireplace was the backdrop for a parade of St. Andrew’s aspiring singers and songwriters who participated in a Coffee House performance night. Nearly 20 students braved the “stage” in front of a packed crowd, including Robert Rogers ’05 (pictured at left). Rogers played some original pieces on the guitar and sang along with the music. “I like the coffee houses because they offer a more intimate setting for acoustic performances that the auditorium can’t capture,” said Rogers.

Peter Zimmerman ’05, who performed with Scott Muller ’05 a five-song set of cover songs highlighting great singer-songwriters of the ’60s and the ’90s, had nothing but praise for the event. “There is not really another outlet for singer-songwriters or acoustic performers,” said Zimmerman, “so it is great to have the Coffee Houses where we can see some of this expression.”
Delaware’s deep freeze

Over the long term, Delaware’s weather patterns usually do not deliver the fierce winters more familiar to northern boarding schools. Just enough snow to cover the ground twice in a month is the typical winter season schedule. Freezing temperatures, however, are more plentiful. Although crew coach Greg Doyle managed to sneak in a Christmas and New Year’s Day row in his single scull, subsequent weeks of nightly temperatures in the 20s stiffened the waters of Noxontown Pond until late February.

An exam-week storm at the end of January left the Pond covered with snow, but the ice was never deemed sufficiently skate-worthy and students had to amuse themselves on the front lawn slopes for winter fun.

The pond ice did prove itself useful for one storied St. Andrew’s activity however. The Polar Bear Club had its first true “cut-the-ice-first” dip in years. Faculty member Bill Wallace took an ax to clear out an access hole near the T-dock ladder. Fifteen brave souls took a dip into the frigid waters to start off the day.

SAISL still going strong

Filling the small gymnasium on weeknights at 7:00 p.m., the St. Andrew’s Indoor Soccer League (SAISL) continues to be a popular evening activity. Though some league insiders believe the game lacks the aggression of unleashed academic frustration once known in its 2002-03 post-study hall time slot, most players agree their studies have benefited where their indoor soccer skills have suffered. Faculty and students alike take to the court and amaze the crowd with deafening radiator slam shots and goal disassembling attacks.
Betty Cox ’05 rides to national honors

With nearly 2,000 acres of farmland and unspoiled countryside at St. Andrew’s, it might be a bit surprising to an outsider to discover that former Betty Cox doesn’t spend time on horses while living at School, even more so when she rides flawlessly in national competition.

In the fall of 2003, Betty won the Equitation World’s Grand Championship for riders 17 years of age. She also won three Saddle Seat Equitation National Championships: the National Horse Show “Good Hands” Event, the United Professional Horseman’s Association National Championship, and the USA Equestrian Medal Finals.

Saddle Seat Equitation is a type of riding in which the form, the seat, and the poise of the rider are closely judged. The riders also perform intricate patterns that include circles, figure eights, lead changes, straight lines, and riding without stirrups.

Betty was also honored as the 2003 U.S. Junior Equestrian of the Year. “This was truly an honor for me,” says Betty, “because it was an award for which riders from all breeds are nominated.” About 20 of the nation’s top riders were nominated, each submitting essays and being interviewed. “The committee was very impressed to hear about St. Andrew’s,” asserts Betty. “I told them about the School’s support of my riding, and although it has not been easy attending a non-equestrian school, it has been worth it.”

Riding ever since she could walk, Betty grew up on a horse farm in Kentucky. She began showing in equitation when she was seven years old. She spends her entire summers training for these competitions, as well as any time at home during the School year. “It has certainly tested my abilities as a competitor to attend a non-horsie school,” Betty admits. “Without being able to practice on a daily basis, I have been more challenged mentally than physically because the physical part, while difficult, has been drilled into me from a young age.” After her years of riding, Betty finds it more important to learn how to maintain mental focus and drive.

Since winning the National Finals means she can no longer show in equitation for riders under 18 years of age, Betty plans to ride in other divisions and try some new events. Her riding career is certainly not over yet; in fact, this is just the beginning. “I love animals and I love horses, but I have also grown to be very competitive and goal-oriented as well,” says Betty. “Riding has taught me how to set ambitious goals and work hard to achieve them.”

Three-on-three basketball tournament closes out winter weekends

The final week of the winter was once again the perfect time for the St. Andrew’s 3-on-3 basketball tournament. Teams battled on Sunday, February 22 in half-court games during the afternoon before gathering at 9:30 p.m. on Tuesday, February 24 for the final round.

Organized through the efforts of faculty member Eddie Chang ’83 and VI Form students Andrew Hoon, Liz Hardwick, John Lupton and Daphne Patterson, the tournament pitted 32 teams against each other.

The Tuesday finals saw the team of faculty member Brad Bates, Lizzie Burns ’05, Matt Roach ’04, and George Toothman ’06 match up against faculty member David Miller, Ricardo Antoine ’05, Mike Johns ’04, and Asa Rose Shenandoah ’06. Bates’ team won the battle, though the crowd seemed far more intrigued by the matchup of the two worst squads at the opposite end of the gym.
Twin Poets: two times the political rhymes  
by Mark Ramos ’04

The Twin Poets, Albert Mills and Nnamdi Chukwuocha, returned to St. Andrew’s School for their second appearance in two years to deliver their powerful spoken word reflections on American society, race relations and the plight of the oppressed. Students filled the Forbes Theater to listen to the twins’ musings and political insights.

Nnamdi and Al have devoted their lives to reaching out to youth, and St. Andrew’s faculty and students were treated to an aspect of language arts not usually covered in English exhibitions. The Twin Poets brought Forbes Theater to bursting laughter with “Duck Down,” a poem dedicated to misguided and inarticulate recording artists, replete with body motions and variances in their voices.

Nnamdi and Al hope to make the selection cut for the new season of HBO’s Russell Simmons’ Def Poetry Jam. Keep an eye out for this duo as they travel to schools, community centers, and colleges.

Vestry Auction benefits South African sister school

The Chapel Vestry concluded the first week of the second semester with their annual auction to benefit St. Mark’s School in South Africa. Raising over $4,000 in one night, the auction provided students with the opportunity to bid on a number of items of interest. For those who missed out on the goods, Joe Turley ’04 and Ricardo Antoine ’05 delivered free helpings of comedic insights throughout the evening.

Knitted hats and scarves by Nan Mein, assorted desserts by Elizabeth Roach, Aimeclaire Roche, Louisa Zendt and other faculty members, and special dinner and weekend entertainment packages were hot items on the block. A bargains table disposed of lighter items prior to the live auction. This year’s event also included items awarded by silent auction, designed to restrain the occasional overexuberance on the bidding floor.

Among the rarer items for bid this year were a chaperoned tour of the School’s bell tower, a motorcycle ride with Dave DeSalvo, a basketball signed by national recruiting prospect Eric Boateng ’05, and a custom dress and jacket by fashion designer extraordinaire Julia Donaldson ’04. Tried and true faithful items were also available, including room cleaning services (no marks, guaranteed!), laundry services, and the ever-popular breakfast sign-in skips.
Construction Update

A Quick Peek Inside the New Arts Center

Clockwise from top left: the third-floor studios, the view from the terrace, the performance hall, and the art gallery decorated for the February 20 Evening of Stewardship reception.
On Arts Weekend, the 13 students in this year’s Art Major class will display the work they have created over the past few months. Featured here, each of the students offers a brief insight into their artistic motivation and inspiration. For a deeper understanding, you’ll need to see their work up close and personal, May 8–9, 2004.

**Bianca Brown ’04**

“Art is my temporary escape to paradise. Right there in the studio, in the middle of winter, a pallet and canvas waits for me to create a world of vivid, vibrant color. I always had a creative streak, but coming to St. Andrew’s has allowed for that creative side and the secret artist within me to come alive.”

**Marten Elder ’04**

“My art, like me, has a lot of energy in it. You can tell by looking at the stroke in almost everything I do that it was made quickly and confidently… I would much rather do it quickly with energy trying to keep up with the speed at which my mind is thinking than planning it ahead of time and doing it slowly, even if both methods take the same amount of time or total energy in the end.”

**Sydnor Scholer ’04**

“My main emphasis has been on being more expressive in my work. I am pretty traditional when it comes to style, but I like to add something to it - interesting lines or bright colors. I think bright colors define me. I like how they look and how they make me feel while I am painting with them.”

**Dawn Robinson ’04**

“Right now I’m focusing on giving motion to the motionless, so to speak. I want to create works that draw the eye around the piece from each part to the other and only at the end does the viewer really see the whole work.”

**Clare Nowakowski ’04**

“Throughout this year I have been trying to portray my feelings for art and the way it allows me to be my more relaxed and fun natured self. I have been experimenting with vivid use of color, and freeness of brush stroke through choosing exotic subjects and pulling inspiration from Paul Gauguin and Pierre Bonnard.”

**Clark Bidermann ’04**

“I need to create; ever since I was young I have needed to create. There is a freedom in art that I have not found anywhere else, a freedom to do whatever you want. There are no rules in art; you are in control. I found art, sophomore year, and it has been a kind of refuge, a guide for me that has helped me discover myself. I try to incorporate my feelings, deep personal stuff, into my art and it has helped me become incredibly self-aware.”
Tarlton Long ’04

“It seems as if my attention, senses, and eyes are only put into full use while working on my art. Art Major has become a time when I can zone out everything beyond my immediate grasp and completely consume what lies right in front of me.”

Wes Doyle ’04

“I believe that my overall focus this year has been to really learn as much as possible about different types of art and thought. It’s always so exciting to see the extremely unique visual responses that everyone in the group imagines come to life on the canvas. I was exposed to oil painting this year for the first time in my life, and it definitely opened up a whole new world for me to express myself visually.”

Zoe Baer ’04

“In the past, I’ve personally focused on drawing and ceramics, and haven’t been open to oil painting or even watercolor until this year. I’ve loved moving from black/white to color with conté/pencil and pastel, looking into lighting and how complementary colors work into light. Most of my work with pastel and pencil has a fast paced appearance, and yet gets into the details as well. I think it might be a part of my anxious mind always trying to get as much done as quickly as possible.”

Maggie Bryan ’04

“My art is eccentric and eclectic like I am, and is also always changing, indefinable as well like I am. My strokes don’t have one set look, nor does my subject matter or media. I like dealing with it all. I don’t define myself in one way or by one thing. I am experimental and expressive, and so is my artwork.”

Natalie Stewart ’04

“I have come to love art as an expression of unfinished and lingering ideas. I love being able to pick up a brush and color and rework my thoughts in image. Something about art allows for a freedom and a contentedness in the unfinished and in the process that is not revealed within a written paper.”

Michael Johns ’04

“Every project has given me a chance to think individually and create a piece of work that expresses what I think very openly and for everyone to see. In my recent self-portrait, I was able to use chaotic strokes and color to highlight the turmoil at this point in my life. I don’t think I could have expressed myself nearly as well through any other source than art.”

Julia Donaldson ’04

“The neat thing about making art, particularly for me in painting and drawing, is that it reflects you in a way that you are not always aware of. At a certain point, you can’t control how you are making it come together; it just does. If you are involved in what you are making, the relationship between you and the piece just forms. You are woven into the piece without even necessarily trying or realizing it.”
On February 20 and 21, the St. Andrew’s Players delivered a wonderful performance of Tim Rice’s and Andrew Lloyd Webber’s “Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat.” Director Ann McTaggart ’86 had her cast in perfect comic timing as they played to full houses on both nights.

With the story narrated by Sam Baroody ’05, Rachel Chen ’05 and Amanda Purcell ’04, the spotlight focused on Peyton Coles ’04 in the starring role as the biblical Joseph, favorite son of Jacob. Ashby Hardesty ’04, Peter Zimmerman ’05, and Zack Yap ’04 portrayed three of the brothers—Levi, Reuben, and Naphtali—each singing the lead vocal in a song during the story. Micah Levinson ’05 played the Elvis-inspired Egyptian Pharaoh who recognizes Joseph’s destiny and appoints him to a high position.

The show was packed with energetic dance numbers, choreographed by Nancy Barton. Julia Donaldson ’04 helped put the cast in vibrant costumes and Laney Smith ’04 served as a directing intern.
Potiphar’s wife, played by Maggie Bryan ‘04, cavorts with servants Fitz Barth ‘06 and Andrew Forsthoefel ‘07.

Levi and Simeon—Ashby Hardesty ‘04 and Sarah Unger ‘04—rejoice in Joseph’s departure.

Rachel Chen ‘05, Sam Baroody ‘05, and Amanda Purcell ‘04 keep the story moving along as narrators.

Zack Yap ‘04, as Naphtali, performs a dance in testament to brother Benjamin.

The brothers beg for food from Pharaoh’s overseer, failing to recognize him as their brother.

Pharaoh—truly “The King”—as played by Micah Levinson ’05.

The rich and powerful Potiphar, played by Ben Dalton ’05, who acquires Joseph as a slave.

Levi and Simeon—Ashby Hardesty ’04 and Sarah Unger ’04—rejoice in Joseph’s departure.

Potiphar’s wife, played by Maggie Bryan ‘04, cavorts with servants Fitz Barth ‘06 and Andrew Forsthoefel ‘07.

Zack Yap ‘04, as Naphtali, performs a dance in testament to brother Benjamin.

The honesty of brother Benjamin, played by Natalie Stewart ’04, is touted by the others when a golden cup appears stolen.
Boys’ basketball stays strong despite setbacks

The 2004 season was a mix of emotions for the boys’ varsity basketball team. Ranked as high as No. 6 in Delaware during the waning weeks of February, the team endured the injuries and illness of major contributors throughout the season. Absences from the lineup did not deter the other players from their mission however. The team racked up a 15–6 regular season record overall and a second place conference finish behind Sanford.

Coach Bobby Rue was impressed with his team’s resiliency and widespread contribution. “The team started the season 8–3 despite losing Eric Boateng ’05 in the season’s first game and despite the absence of Matt Roach ’04 from several games due to illness,” remarked Rue. Boateng and Roach later returned to keep the Cardinals on the winning track for the duration of the season.

Rue had nothing but praise for his athletes, characterizing junior Ted Boyer’s play as “all-state level,” and commending fellow juniors Kyle Whiteman, Ben Smith, Ricardo Antoine, and senior captains Matt Roach, Elijah Weeks, and Damon Wilson for their huge contributions on the court. “Reserve players Andrew Williams ’04, John Lupton ’04, and Andrew Hoon ’04 have also been a huge part of the team’s success,” said Rue. “They bring intensity and a positive attitude to every practice and every game.”

The boys’ JV team posted a 6–12 record, but Coach David Miller feels the team made great strides playing as a cohesive unit, especially defensively. Sophomores George Toothman and John Reynolds led the JVers in scoring and statistics on the court, while Mike Stafford ’05 polished his three-point shot. The boys’ third-level team played a limited schedule, finishing 0–3, but continued its focus of instructing the basics of the game and developing players for future JV and varsity squads.
Girls’ Basketball

Record: Varsity, 7–8; JV, 6–7

Girls’ basketball finishes season with spirit

With a record of 7-8, the girls’ varsity basketball team didn’t produce a winning season but played well against strong opponents. Lizzie Burns ’05 was a powerful force on the court, backed up by Stephanie Chubb ’07, Nancy Graves ’06, Liz Hardwick ’04, and Asa Rose Shenandoah ’06. Daphne Patterson ’04 suffered an injury in early December, but returned for some playing time in the final weeks of the season. Coach Nigel Furlonge felt the team worked extremely hard and hustled throughout the season. “I can’t think of one game that the other team out-worked us,” said Furlonge.

The JV girls’ team finished with a record of 6-7.

Wrestling grapples with challenges

The boys’ wrestling team finished 6–11, winning four of their last six meets. Individually, Mitch Witman ’06 took a DISC Championship title in the 171-lb. category in front of a home crowd on February 7. Alex Matthews ’04 earned a second place finish in the 145-lb. weight class, while Mike Zolnick ’05 and Cuth Hutton ’04 each finished third in their categories.

Led by senior co-captains Alex Matthews and Edwin Cuervo, the team record is not what the wrestlers and coaches had hoped for, but it is tempered by the reality that St. Andrew’s had a small team this year and gave up five weight classes at every meet. Before they ever reached the mats, the Cardinals were down as much as 30 points. In actual contested matches, however, the wrestlers fared well. Six of the team losses were within the 30-point deficit and several others would have been extremely close, so the wrestlers present and competing at each match clearly earned their share of points.
Boys’ swimming and diving makes a big splash

Boys’ swimming and diving had an impressive season, ranked in the Delaware top ten for the entire season. Earning a 6-2 season record and second place finish at the DISC Championships, behind third-ranked Tatnall, showed the skill and determination of the Cardinals. Dave Agia ’06, Tyler Caldwell ’07, Will Clary ’05, Nathan Cooper ’05, Richard DeSalvo ’04, Eddie Hickman ’05, Pierce Lopez ’06, Adam Mantha ’06, Miles Pope ’05, and Tyler Struzinski ’04 all qualified during the regular season for the initial rounds of the state tournament.

Girls’ swimming and diving endure hard season

Girls’ swimming and diving were unable to post a team win this season, finishing 0-11 and taking fifth place at the DISC Championships. Individually, swimmer Rachel Hickman ’07, and divers Jessica Lehner ’05, Rachel Maran ’05, Allison Prevatt ’05, and Jane Wagner ’06 were among the students who qualified for the state tournament.

Coach Bill Wallace was undeterred by the record in assessing the dedication of his team. “This is the most enjoyable, attentive team I have coached here,” said Wallace, “and I am very pleased with the progress, work ethic, and support the kids show for one another in practice and at the meets.” This year marked the third straight year of major graduation losses that have not been offset by the arrival of new swimmers with previous competitive experience. The swimmers who have built their skills entirely at St. Andrew’s are dedicated, but are often outmatched by opponents with strong backgrounds prior to high school.
Boys’ squash misses the win in final match

The boys’ varsity squash team finished up the season 2-6, adding a win over Boys’ Latin School to their victory against St. Paul’s School in Baltimore, but falling to powerful teams from Shipley, Potomac, and Episcopal High School of Virginia. In the final regular team match of the season, against Episcopal, the team put forth a solid effort but fell short of the breaks needed in individual players’ matches. There were a number of outstanding performances by Cardinal squash players. At No. 1, Peter Salas ’05 lost 3-2 in a tight match, while No. 2 John Gerard ’05 fought from behind to win 3-2 with some excellent rallies. No. 5 player Clark duPont ’04 lost 3-2 in a match that he fell behind in by a 2-0 score. At the Mid-Atlantic Tournament, held at St. Andrew’s, the Cardinals lost twice, 5-0 to Gilman in their first match and 4-1 to Shady Side Academy in the second. McLane Daniel ’04 was the only winner taking a 3-1 match.

Girls’ squash completes season with two close losses

The girls’ varsity squash team ended the regular season 1-5, losing by slim margins in their final two matches to Episcopal High School of Virginia and the Hill School. At the Mid-Atlantic Tournament, held at the Potomac School in Virginia, the Cardinals came in fourth out of six teams.

Coach Allison Thomas compliments the girls for playing with tremendous enthusiasm. “We had a challenging season,” said Thomas, “but the girls worked hard in each practice.” Thomas also acknowledged the senior leadership of Brooke Farquhar, Erica Landskroener, Kyu-Bin Lee, and Kate Whitesell.
It was in the fall of 1944 that I first entered the cavernous and cubiced South Dorm as a III former and had my baptism under fire. And it was 60 years later—almost—that I returned to St. Andrew’s in early January for a then-and-now look at the alma mater. The idea had come to me in the fall, and I had e-mailed the School about my brainstorm. In due course, back came an answer from Joy McGrath, Director of Advancement: “Hey, OK, Come on down.”

**Day 1—Tuesday**

So there I was on a frigid January 6, everyone’s first day back after the holidays. I would stay on the third floor of Mr. Pell’s house, now the domicile of Headmaster Tad Roach and of his wife Elizabeth and family. A good start—I had a warm memory of still-third-former me sitting in the living room at Christmastime as Mr. Pell, ensconced by a crackling fire, read *A Christmas Carol* with great gusto. Surely the most imposing of all Scrooges.

I also had a special quest. In our e-mails about my schedule, Joy, who, in addition to her other duties, is the dorm parent of IV Form boys, had mentioned milk and cookies at 10:00 p.m. What? Milk and cookies!? Milk and...
cookies!!?? If I had ever uttered the phrase to Mr. William Cameron, he would have pinned me to the wall with a verbal full nelson. **BOY, this is not kindergarten, and I am not Mister Rogers.** Indeed not. But there is more to this that will come later.

Well, it so happened that the SAS hoopsters were playing Tatnall that very afternoon in Wilmington. Another cheering voice couldn't hurt, so Joy whisked her sister, Hope, a 2001 graduate of St. Andrew’s, and me into her car and off we went. It was an exciting game. SAS fell behind by 20 points but rallied gallantly and got within three before Tatnall put on a final winning spurt. Wait till next time. Next time came two weeks later, and SAS won at home in a thriller. Matthew Roach, the son of a certain well-known couple, sank a clutch three-pointer with 20 seconds left to give his team the conference lead. **How’s that for a headmaster with foresight?**

Arriving back at the School, I quickly found myself involved in another now as compared to then. The basketball and wrestling teams had missed dinnertime. What to do? Simple. Order pizza. Order pizza???!!! Of course—a once-humble tomato pie was now the student body’s life-giving manna from Middletown. Gary Harney, Director of Boys’ Residential Life, routinely orders 30 boxes every Tuesday for his dorm, Baum, and all we had to do was head for town in his SUV and pick up same. This we did, driving swiftly home as the pizza heat frosted the insides of the windows. Eager hands were waiting to unload the prize. Different boxes had different types of toppings, but no problem. Quickly and expertly the boxes were picked up and carried off, each to the proper waiting fingers.

Did we have pizza in 1944? Are you serious? Most of us had never heard of pizza. Our rations consisted of three meals a day in the dining room with a master or husband/wife team at every table. The dinnertime gourmet sensation in those days was the miscellaneous, mysterious, and much-maligned shepherd’s pie.

By the time we had munched our pizza, all had quieted down as the returnees prepared for the first day of classes and talked about vacation adventures. I retired to my third-floor aerie at the Headmaster’s house to get a good night’s sleep before my own class work began.

**Day 2—Wednesday**

Joy and I had agreed to rendezvous in the main dining room at 7:15 a.m. Surprise, surprise. It was self-serve, and selections ranged from breakfast light—fruits and fruit juices—to breakfast Neanderthal—eggs, bacon, waffles, pancakes, sausages, mammoth muffins, aaarr, aaarr, aaarr. The students were free to trickle in when they wished, between 6:45 and 7:25 a.m., and eat whatever they wanted. More recent grads may not be surprised to learn this, but I surely was. I had visited the school at reunions and sometimes during the long summer break and had simply assumed that the old all-at-table ways were still in use. Well . . . I munched a muffin and adjusted.

**Class time.** Today my guide would be V Former Peter Zimmerman from Pennsylvania—a jazz and classical pianist, tenor in both school and concert choirs, actor in school plays, skier, and tennis player. A fine choice to lead me into the thickets of learning.

If I were to show a graph of the day, it would start off in neutral, soar upward in the mid-morning, and then crash in the afternoon.

**Period 1, Advanced Chemistry:** I knew nothing of what Mr. Kemer talked about, having carefully avoided chemistry during my whole student career. But the explosion was fun.

**Period 2, Twentieth Century History:** Ah, here we go. The subject was the monstrous and murderous mass charge tactics of World War I—60,000 British casualties in one day at the Somme, a whole generation pretty much wiped out. I was able to mention Stanley Kubrick’s “Paths of Glory” featuring Kirk Douglas as an officer who fought the madness. Score one for the movie buff.

**Period 3, English V:** Darcy Caldwell was preparing her class for the Advanced Placement exams. Students would
have to memorize 32 poetic terms, have several poems memorized, answer questions about various prose passages, and be prepared to write cogently and with clear insight about poems and prose selections they had never seen. No messing around here. I managed to score another point by murmuring “double dactyls,” courtesy of stately plump Buck Mulligan. (Surely all SAS grads know of Buck Mulligan and his snot green sea.*)

Period 4, Creative Writing. Bobby Rue wanted to talk about what makes a good start to a story and passed out sample opening paragraphs, two by John Updike.

Discussion centered on various things that would attract the reader’s attention and interest. The students had many comments and didn’t always agree by any means, but Mr. Rue, a writer himself, encouraged free expression and asked good questions to pull out student responses. I ventured a word or two, and no one threw anything.

Lunch cafeteria style.

Period 5, Advanced Placement French. Beaucoup de trouble. Way back when, Mr. Fleming had drilled us mercilessly in grammar and syntax, grading every response in each student’s bulging dossier. So I could walk the conjugation walk but couldn’t talk the conversation talk. The subject was Sartre and existentialism. I knew some Sartre and had studied existentialism, but the words from Mr. Schroedter and students flew out and passed me by unrecognized. Peter et les autres élèves

* Buck Mulligan is the first character one meets in James Joyce’s Ulysses. The snot green sea, in this case the Irish Sea, is Joyce’s version of Homer’s (classic, not Simpson) wine dark sea, the Mediterranean. Of course, you know what a double dactyl is.
were sympathetic and pretended not to notice.

*Period 6, Precal Honors.* Total disaster. The subject was vectors. I know nothing of vectors, and the markings on the board were unfathomable hieroglyphics. I sat in wonder as the students cranked up their calculators and emerged, after several minutes of button poking, with correct answers. John Higgins was very good at making things clear with his questions, but definitely no points scored by the count-on-fingers interloper.

*Chorus and Chapel.* All right, so much for the day’s studies, but man does not live by vectors alone. Now it was time for the arts, the first art being music as sung by the Concert Choir, now looking forward to its traditional tour in Europe during spring break. Peter and I walked down to the Chapel, and he took his place with the tenors, while I stood next to Choirmaster Marc F. Cheban. As a longtime bass at Holy Trinity in Middletown, Conn., I wanted a close look at the action.

First the warm-ups—ascending the scales to heights now above my squeak level and down the scales to reassuring Old Man River depths. Sound round and whole from the diaphragm, not tight and screechy from the upper throat. Ah yes, the eternal vocal verities.

Choirmaster Cheban knows music and is a perfectionist—entrances solid, vowels and consonants solid, pitch solid, breaths taken at correct points, vocal tones round and full. Be the best you can be. And not only that—memorize the music by heart. The students clearly loved singing, which is one reason why I really like this group’s CD of Lessons and Carols ’03. As always, the Choir will win many fans in Europe.

*Rehearsal.* Now on to the theater, where Ann McTaggart would be doing first-day set-up for the musical “Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat,” scheduled for glorious production in February. The place was buzzing with anticipation and energy. Slowly and with great patience, Ann began to pull order from the maelstrom. Groups were gathered together, roles checked. At times, Ann would demonstrate various moves that she wanted, and even with her young daughter perched on her hip, she was vivid and full of life. I guessed right away—and rightly—that she is herself a very talented actor. Some of the students came close to matching her liveliness; others were a bit self-conscious and tentative. No matter, in time they would round into exuberant entertainers.

*Dinner and Chapel.* Although the three at-table meals a day are long gone, St. Andrew’s schedules a formal dinner once a week on Wednesday night. I hurried to the Roaches’ to get my coat—unlike students, old grads can get by with sweaters in class.

Which was a good thing because next on the list was Chapel. Way back when, the evening service was held five days a week. Eveningsong is still one of my favorite services but now comes only on Wednesdays. The Chapel was filled, and the sound of everyone really singing out was a great treat for the back-again choir guy.

*Milk and Cookies.* Well, okay, it had been a long day but my work was still not done. There was still this matter of milk and cookies, and for that I would have to wait until 10 p.m. and make a pilgrimage to Joy’s apartment on the IV Form corridor. But first a return to my third floor perch at the Roaches’ and the time-honored senior indulgence—a nap. Even we legendary stalwarts—yes, of course it was tougher in our day—need a snore or two.

The hour has arrived. As I approach Joy’s apartment, I see groups of boys wandering about. The time for study has passed, and now comes the time to congregate. The troops know that on Wednesday nights dorm parents will always have something on hand to munch or drink. The big attraction is not milk and cookies per se but a congenial atmosphere in which to hang out, to relax, to eat and drink, the sure-fire path to a teenager’s heart.

Off on one side, a TV shows a pro basketball game. Banter flows. Every now and then a lad leaves, but not
before giving Joy a hug. At one point she hands me a glass of organic whole milk and a slice of chocolate bundt cake. What could be better than this? Surely Mr. Cameron would unjure his jaw and bless us every one with a gruff nod of the head. (In case you were wondering, yes, the girls have their own Wednesday milk and cookies in their own dorms.)

And then suddenly everything is quiet. The hour has come for bed and sleep, and the schmoozers will soon be snoozers.

**Day 3—Thursday**

My guide today would be Ashby Hardesty, a VI Form residential leader (called a prefect in my time) and head of several student organizations, also captain of the cross-country team. Since Ashby is from West Virginia and I grew up in southern Ohio, home of countless West Virginia jokes, I decided to warm things up with something from my repertoire. Ashby chuckled politely, if wryly, and then it was off to class.

*Chemistry and more small explosions.* Then physics—from which I decided to play hooky rather than once more find myself the uncomprehending lump. Then Nan and Simon Mein, who retired last year but had returned to do several classes on the history of colonialism for being the most fit person in the School, including all the young athletes. I mentioned this, and he denied all. But Ashby, who had come to pick me up, leaned over and whispered, “Yes, he is.” OK, I’m a believer. And if you’ve ever tried real cross-country skiing, you’re a believer too.

*Lunch and Meeting.* On Thursdays, the School has a sit-down lunch for all, and then there is a student body meeting in the theater. I ate with math teacher Charles Worrall, and we had a very interesting conversation. I can’t do much more than checkbook math but find the subject itself fascinating. Not surprisingly, so does Mr. Worrall, and we chatted away briskly about such stuff as Fermat’s Theory, infinity, and the self-taught genius from India named Srinivasa Ramanujan. Not exactly the Babe-cursed Red Sox vs. the A-Rodded Yankees, but we enjoyed it.

The School meeting should be called the Jay Leno tryouts. Some faculty did the usual nuts-and-bolts stuff, and then the fun began. Student-made announcements are done in groups and are expected to be and must be hilarious, each sentence interrupted at least once by applause and guffaw. I never heard most of the actual info because of the constant tumult, but no matter. The kids got it all.
Later, Joy told me I had missed the real treat because this assembly came right after vacation. In due course, when the script writers and actors of this digital generation have had time to create, some announcements will be done in advance on DVD and shown to the audience. There will be snappy dialogue and amazing special effects and all manner of antics and revelry. Maybe next year someone will win a SAScar.

So, the assembly ended and so did my time at the School. I thanked Joy and Peter and Ashby and assorted faculty and staff and the Roaches. Then I packed my stuff and headed out for the peace and quiet of my cousin’s farm, up a mile-long lane on the Eastern Shore. OK, excluding the Canada geese.

Then and Now

So, what was my reaction? Well, first of all, St. Andrew’s 2004 is a much different place from St. Andrew’s 1944. There are girls. There are students of many races and ethnicities, as well as 15 international students. A teacher-student group meets to discuss gay issues. The dining room has green vistas of vegetarian and vegan food.

Students wait tables but no longer, by law, run the washing machine in the kitchen. (Too bad—a great job with unlimited ice cream.)

The football team knows all about going undefeated, having just done so twice in a row. Back when, we used the old single-wing, and there were no defensive signals whatsoever. Our only defensive strategy was find the guy with the ball and tackle that sucker.

Back in ’44, newcomers were like tadpoles, expected by Mother Nature and all concerned to paddle on their own in new and unknown waters. Now, each new student gets a VI Form “big brother” or “big sister” to lend support and help show the way through all the first-days confusion.

There are more buildings, and classes are no longer limited to Founders’ Hall. The legendary South Dorm is now but an old-timer’s memory, and in its place is a corridor of best-on-campus rooms for VI Formers and III Formers, plus an attractive common room at the south end. If only these current patricians knew what they were missing.

A new Arts Center is under construction and will open next year if all goes well. Much more evident are the arts—painting, drawing, sculpture, pottery, drama, music (although my trombone and I butchered a lot of Glenn Miller in the swing band).

Things in general are not as spartan. In my day, lower forms were either in class or in the big study hall to the left of the main entrance, long since given over to offices. There were no snack bars; trips to town were done by walking and generally limited to weekends. In the fall we turned out to help shuck corn at the school farm.

And here is a big one. Back in ’44–’48, students did not have much social contact with masters. We met in class and at the dining tables and on the playing fields; beyond that the faculty pretty much went its way and we went our way. Now things are much closer. Teachers are called teachers, not masters. Students flock to Joy McGrath’s apartment and to the homes of all the dorm
parents for milk and cookies. Peter Caldwell told me that students don’t hesitate to chat with Tad Roach if they feel the need. Peter himself has students dropping in every day to talk to him about studies or problems or the latest crew race or whatever. The faculty appreciates and encourages these moments of open communication.

Today’s SAS students seem to cluster more, perhaps because they are encouraged to and allowed more schmooze time. Groups of boys and girls were constantly forming in the Main Common Room. Between classes students moved in large friendly clumps of male and female.

The general feeling at today’s SAS radiates all for one and one for all. Any kind of snobbery is out. As Joy informed me: “Students cherish the fact that though nearly half are on student aid, they cannot tell who is getting help and who is paying full freight. In fact, students are very articulate on this point, giving it as one of the important reasons they want to be here.”

Bullying—a sort of Dickensian tradition in many English-style prep schools—is very much out. Tad Roach feels especially strongly about this one. A St. Andrew’s student is one of the group and is therefore to be treated with respect and encouragement; scorn is scorned. Students also consider this approach one of the best aspects of life at the School.

There is an active honor system, but in some areas students do their own discipline. Petty thievery, for example, throws off group solidarity and therefore must be handled—not by the administration but by fellow students. No one wants to be a snitch, and yet no one wants to have to lock up everything. Offenders are quietly told to knock it off—and they almost always do.

So what is this—an egregious gaggle of goody-goodies? Oh please! Goody-goodies don’t have two undefeated football seasons in a row or crews that compete at Henley. These are normal, high-spirited kids. Joy told me that she stays clear of the great outdoors after a big snowfall but warms up food and drink to have ready when the soaked and ravenous gladiators, amazons as well as spartans, come stomping in. There can also be indolent kids. Gary Harney says that it sometimes takes the awesome threat of withheld pizza to get disheveled rooms back to a semicivilized state.

“Counterculture”

Teaching firm ethical standards is a basic goal. Students today live in a teen culture typified by Britney Spears, who sees marriage as nothing more than a two-day prank and media carnival. From its beginnings more than 70 years ago, school leaders and teachers have seen certain human values as right and important and worthy of full support. That basic idea certainly has not changed. Headmaster Roach jokes about setting up a “counterculture” at SAS, but he is not really joking, and his talks to students printed in St. Andrew’s Magazine often touch on moral standards that really matter.

Based on my three days, I would say this counterculture thrives. Every student I met was friendly and polite and helpful. Notes on bulletin boards concerned various ways to go off campus for forms of civic work.
Letters and other communications from former students confirm that the SAS spirit can with inner growth and helpful outreach last long after graduation. This is a happy, well-grounded group, its members eager to bring out the best in themselves.

I’m not surprised that the School has decided not to expand enrollment. The finished arts center will be last of the big additions to the campus. Why try to improve on what works so well in fulfilling School ideals? The classes I attended ranged from 8 to 16 students, all of whom were encouraged to join the action. Incidentally, the School publishes a red booklet profiling each teacher and staff member. It makes for very impressive reading in terms of academic achievement and athletic and/or artistic ability. Very impressive.

**Last Thoughts**

Almost 56 years ago, the class of ’48 had its graduation. The much-abused trombone and I did our last gig together on Gaudeamus Igitur, and my brother munchen in wonder on neatly rolled asparagus and salmon sandwiches that he still talks about. Then came college, army, marriage, and educational publishing...and then my suggestion about an old grad’s return.

Now my visit was over. I left the School and drove along Silver Lake Road toward the recent Acme supermarket plaza and asphalted farmlands in every direction. Oh my—so different.

Well, first I thanked past School leaders who had foreseen what was coming and arranged to buy up all the land surrounding Noxontown Pond. Then I told myself that nostalgia can gild the past but cannot change what is now and what will come. That, in part, will be up to the students now at the School. They are fine young people, talented and caring, and the School is doing an excellent job of helping them toward productive futures.

A three-day visit can’t begin to cover all aspects of the current St. Andrew’s, but it can cover important parts of school life. I looked and listened and talked to and observed. My after-60-year assessment—better than ever.

“A three-day visit can’t begin to cover all aspects of the current St. Andrew’s, but it can cover important parts of school life. I looked and listened and talked to and observed. My after-60-year assessment—better than ever.”

To all old-timers I have an admission to make. Meg Miller, the first School nurse and originator of the famous, or infamous, Wraps or Ringers, was my aunt. Yes, she was fierce about cold weather dress, and no one was safe. Bill Amos told me at a reunion that she once showered down stentorian imprecations upon him from her third-floor window, having spotted him dressed rather flimsily in freezing weather as he walked toward the gym with some students. The latter were greatly amused. So was he—later.

Anyway, she loved the School, and many remember her with great fondness.
In a packed dining hall on February 20, St. Andrew’s announced a historic, comprehensive campaign to raise $25 million for a school with a unique history of educational leadership, a school devoted for 75 years to a mission of faith and learning, a school since its founding “open to all, regardless of means.”

During an evening that included a reception in the new Arts Center construction site and a program of music from St. Andrew’s Jazz Combo, String Ensemble, and Concert Choir, as well as the performance of the winter musical, Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat, the School’s burgeoning arts program was in evidence everywhere.

Trustee leadership and Headmaster Tad Roach delivered a case for support that focused St. Andrew’s sights on a campaign for St. Andrew’s—not only on support for the new Arts Center, but also for the endowment that has sustained the School for its 75-year history and supported St. Andrew’s unprecedented commitment to financial aid and faculty enhancement.

A Case for Support of Cornerstones: A Campaign for the 75th Anniversary

On an unseasonably wintry November 30 in 1929, A. Felix duPont, Bishop Cook and about 70 others laid the cornerstone of St. Andrew’s School. The School was dedicated explicitly to be “open to all, regardless of means,” for the purpose of educating children to be learned citizens of good character and faith. Since then, Founders’ Hall has remained a building devoted to that unique purpose, a building at the heart of this mission of faith and learning for nearly 75 years.

Earlier that year, Mr. duPont established the second cornerstone of St. Andrew’s School—an endowment fund that would nurture and sustain the
This campaign will be called Cornerstones in recognition of St. Andrew’s twin cornerstones—the cornerstone of the endowment, established by the Founder to provide equality of opportunity, and the physical cornerstone of Founders’ Hall, a building that has offered St. Andreans so much, but now needs our attention.

School for the next three generations. This endowment has been the mainstay of the School’s extraordinary commitment to:

- the strongest financial aid program of all leading boarding schools;
- recruiting and retaining the finest faculty; and,
- developing the campus to keep pace with the School’s evolving academic and co-curricular offerings.
Built on the foundation of these twin cornerstones, St. Andrew’s today stands proudly as one of the great boarding schools in the United States and the world. More than 2,800 young men and women have been profoundly affected by their St. Andrew’s experience as students, and as adults are now influencing the world in positive ways.

Three years ago, the Board of Trustees began a careful strategic review of the physical and financial health of the School. While the School has grown to become one of the best boarding schools in the country, for St. Andrew’s to stay at the top, three areas require significant investment:

- endowment growth to fund financial aid and faculty enhancement, to support the human core of the School;

- construction of a new Arts Center, a long overdue investment in our visual and performing arts programs; and,

- repairs and renovations to the nearly 75-year-old Founders’ Hall.

St. Andrew’s careful stewardship of its endowment has given the School the financial strength to fund a portion of its needs through the issuance of long-term bonds at historically low rates. However, this source alone is not enough; an equally critical component must be the support of its alumni and parents. The School cannot—and should not—depend for its future strength solely upon its past good fortune. It needs the expanded and continuing support of its alumni and parents to protect and preserve St. Andrew’s unique position among boarding schools as the only school with a need-blind mandate intrinsic to its mission.

Central to the success of this campaign will be the unprecedented support of the School’s alumni. Every son and daughter of St. Andrew’s has memories of Founders’ Hall. For some, this building comprised virtually all of the School except the gym. After 75 years, Founders’ needs our attention. While installing state-mandated sprinkler systems throughout Founders’ Hall, we will

“I believe that both my grandfather and father would be pleased by what is happening today – the beautiful structure going up in the gully and this Campaign - but most of all by how much support the alumni, parents and friends of the School are providing for this vision. Both of them would be so proud to see how important this School has become to those who have been touched by it and what a gift it has become not only to all of us, but to a world that has been touched by the service and citizenship of St. Andrew’s graduates for over 70 years.”

- Kitten Gahagan, Board Chair
be replacing mechanical and electrical systems, boilers, roof flashing, and repointing the masonry along the Garth and other building exteriors.

Investment returns alone will not protect the School’s historic commitment to financial aid, to attracting and retaining the best possible faculty, and to addressing the needs of an aging campus. The School’s annual budget for financial aid has grown 12% annually since 1993, a rate of increase that is unlikely to fall (if we are to retain our need-blind commitment), and yet cannot be sustained without substantial gift support. Our plan calls for investing philanthropic support in scholarships, faculty enhancement, our first endowed faculty chair, and an endowed fund to protect and preserve the physical campus.

The goal for Cornerstones: A Campaign for the 75th Anniversary is to raise total commitments of $25 million in time for the seventy-fifth anniversary of the School in 2005:

- $18.1 million for current capital needs and new endowment;
- $5.6 million in annual fund support for School operations from 2002 to 2006; and
- $1.3 million in planned gifts to establish the Cornerstone Society, to protect the long-term future of the School.

The plan is sound. Early commitments of more than $11 million from trustees, alumni and parents confirm what the School has always known – that the mission enunciated by the Founder remains as relevant and necessary today as it did that November day in 1929. We are grateful to our alumni, parents and friends for their dedicated sup-

**Campaign Kick-Off Remarks from Katharine duPont Gahagan, Chair of the Board of Trustees**

These remarks were delivered by Caroline Prickett on Kitten Gahagan’s behalf.

This is the official start of the capital campaign to enhance St. Andrew’s future for years to come, and at this time we also look back to the School’s beginnings as we begin the celebration of the School’s 75th anniversary.

When my grandfather, A. Felix duPont, decided to start an Episcopal school, he found wise men to counsel him and ultimately to help him found the school he envisioned. This is the theme of the N.C. Wyeth mural behind me. He shep-
Cornerstones celebrates the 75 years in which St. Andrew’s and St. Andreans have made a difference in the world, and seeks the support necessary for many more generations of intellectual leadership and service.

herded the school as President of the Board until his death in 1948, when my father, A. Felix duPont, Jr. stepped into his place. My father always said that his father had left him the greatest gift, St. Andrew’s School. He loved this School and his involvement with it. The same love of this place has been passed down to me.

My own history with St. Andrew’s goes back many years. I am honored to have served on the Board of Trustees for the past 24 years, the last eight as its Chair. The men and women who have served with me on this Board have been dedicated leaders of St. Andrew’s. But I cannot imagine a School resting in more competent hands than right now. The current Board members are intelligent, dedicated, and generous with their time and resources. I thank them for their work on behalf of this School, and particularly for all they have done to lead this Campaign and set the School’s financial future on a sure footing.

I believe that both my grandfather and father would be pleased by what is happening today – the beautiful structure going up in the gully and this Campaign - but most of all by how much support the alumni, parents and friends of the School are providing for this vision. Both of them would be so proud to see how important this School has become to those who have been touched by it and what a gift it has become not only to all of us, but to a world that has been touched by the service and citizenship of St. Andrew’s graduates for over 70 years.

The campaign we are embarking on directly impacts the future of St. Andrew’s School—the new building and more endowment for scholarship aid and faculty enhancement. It continues to depend on the generosity of many in this room and many who could not be with us.

It is therefore my great privilege to announce the kick-off of a campaign called Cornerstones: A Campaign for St. Andrew’s 75th Anniversary, a campaign in which we hope to reach an historic goal of 25 million dollars to support the mission of this school as it was set forth 75 years ago.

Excerpted Campaign Kick-Off Remarks from J. Kent Sweezey ’70, President of the Board of Trustees

Thank you, Kitten. The strong and enduring relationship between St. Andrew’s and your family is recognized and celebrated—by us all.

For seventy-five years your grandfather’s gift has made all of this possible. And your leader-
ship and gifts to St. Andrew’s over the past twenty years have carried on the legacy of stewardship. Thank you.

I am proud to have been associated with St. Andrew’s School for what is a large—and ever-expanding—part of its history. I arrived here in 1965 as a second former. I became reinvolved with the school in 1988 when Jon O’Brien asked me to be part of the school’s first capital campaign. I subsequently served three terms as a Trustee, leaving the Board in 1999, but returning as a member of the Finance Committee. In 2000, I became Chair of the Finance Committee, and rejoined the Board. I stepped into Hick Rowland’s shoes as President in September 2003. I remain a member of the Finance Committee.

Tonight, however, I am here to help announce and celebrate the start of Cornerstones: A Campaign for the 75th Anniversary, and a landmark in St. Andrew’s history. We seek to raise $25 million in this comprehensive campaign; $18.1 million for our current capital needs, $1.3 million in deferred gifts to the Cornerstone Society, and $5.6 million in annual gifts over the five-year campaign period.

I would like to talk specifically about these capital needs for a moment.

Almost 75 years ago, these men [depicted in the Founders mural] planned a school dedicated to be “open to all, regardless of means,” for the purpose of educating children to be learned citizens of good character and faith. They laid the cornerstone of this building, Founders’ Hall, which remains at the heart of St. Andrew’s.

More than 75 years ago, Mr. duPont established the second cornerstone of St. Andrew’s School—an endowment fund that would nurture and sustain the School for the next three generations. For generations, this endowment has been the mainstay of the School’s excellence, providing the capital to pay for the best financial aid program of all leading boarding schools, to retain the finest facul-

“We have all benefited and now is our great opportunity to begin to give back. It is time for us to step forward, seize the torch lit so brightly by the Founders of St. Andrew’s, and assume the responsibility for renewing and enhancing the stream of capital that nurtures and sustains this School.”
ty available, and the financing to develop this campus to keep pace with the School’s evolving academic and co-curricular offerings.

Built on the foundation of these twin cornerstones, St. Andrew’s today stands proudly as one of the great boarding schools in the United States and the world.

We have all benefited and now is our great opportunity to begin to give back. It is time for us to step forward, seize the torch lit so brightly by the Founders of St. Andrew’s, and assume the responsibility for renewing and enhancing the stream of capital that nurtures and sustains this School. The Cornerstones campaign seeks $18 million for three areas of capital needs:

First, we must create new endowment to fund financial aid and faculty enhancement, to support the human core of the School. Second, funds for the construction of the new Arts Center, where we enjoyed spending some time this evening, a beautiful

A Message from
Campaign Co-Chair Katie Kinsey P 99, 01

Everyone who knows me well knows of my enthusiasm for St. Andrew’s School. My relationship with the School began when my oldest son, Alex, began his career at St. Andrew’s as a III Former, and has continued long since my younger son, Nick, graduated in May 2001.

Though my two boys have left St. Andrew’s, our family will always acknowledge the important role the School has played in our lives. Attending a small school with such a caring faculty, committed to a need-blind financial aid policy and a rigorous academic program opened vistas to a process of life-long learning and life-long friendships that profoundly affect our lives many years later.

I am so excited that I am now able to help announce Cornerstones, a campaign to support the School to which we owe so much. I know the entire St. Andrew’s community—alumni, parents, parents of alumni, and friends—will embrace this opportunity to give back, to help guarantee the future of a school that continues each year to provide one of the most exceptional educational opportunities available anywhere.

As a parent, I was particularly moved when Headmaster Tad Roach so eloquently said at the kick-off of Cornerstones on February 20, “We support St. Andrew’s for the teachers who seized the big and little moments of our children’s lives to offer a word of encouragement, challenge and inspiration or an abiding example of scholarship, integrity and humanity.” We cannot take such moments for granted; they are the product of longstanding investments in St. Andrew’s human resources as well as the unique spirit that we recognize as quintessentially St. Andrean. This campaign is simply a further investment in these intangibles.

Like St. Andrew’s itself, this campaign is open to all, and Campaign Co-Chair Kent Sweezey ’70 and I are encouraged by and grateful for the groundswell of support for St. Andrew’s that has already been engendered by the announcement of Cornerstones. Alumni and parents from all walks of life have volunteered to step forward with St. Andrew’s and support the campaign at every level. I thank you all for that support and encouragement, and look forward to meeting the lofty goals of this campaign and continuing the tradition of “faith and learning” together.
building at the center of our campus and a long-needed facility for our thriving programs in the arts. Third, we must invest in this building, Founders’ Hall, which has served us so well for 75 years.

As an alumnus, I am also thrilled that this campaign represents a turning point in the life of the School, “the passing of the torch” of stewardship for the endowment from the Founder to those who have benefited from his unprecedented gift.

“As an alumnus, I am also thrilled that this campaign represents a turning point in the life of the School, “the passing of the torch” of stewardship for the endowment from the Founder to those who have benefited from his unprecedented gift.”

I also want to express our gratitude to the almost 2,000 alumni, parents, parents of alumni, grandparents and friends for continuing to support the St. Andrew’s Annual Fund during this historic effort, and whose gifts last year exceeded the one-million-dollar mark! As we ask for your careful consideration of unprecedented support of the capital campaign, we deeply appreciate your continued strong support for the School’s many current needs.

I also want you to know that my campaign co-chair, trustee development chair Katie Kinsey, whose sons Alex and Nick graduated from St. Andrew’s, joins me in thanking you for your support in this effort. We are so grateful that St. Andrew’s supporters have already contributed more capital in the silent phase of this campaign than in all past campaigns combined.

I want to end by saying that as proud as I am to have been associated with St. Andrew’s School for nearly 40 years, I am even more hopeful for our future. More than ever, our nation and this world need educational leadership, need schools like St. Andrew’s, dedicated to nurturing the intel-
lect and character of the very best students, regardless of their ability to pay the tuition.

As we take the Cornerstones campaign public, we will ask St. Andreans everywhere to step forward and lead, so that St. Andrew’s can step forward and lead. As I look out today at this group, I know that we will do this, and I know that our future is very bright.

“If America commits itself to full support of the values of education, if great teachers are empowered to work with young men and women, our future is secure and our democracy and, indeed, the world will develop in powerful and exciting ways.”

**Campaign Kick-Off Remarks from Daniel T. Roach, Jr., Headmaster**

Schools and colleges represent our most important national resources for the future of our democracy. For it is through education that we learn, understand and commit ourselves to a life of citizenship, engagement, transformation and
creativity. Schools at their best inspire in their students a reverence for life, a love of learning, a commitment to humanity. Ultimately education in its purest sense depends on three elements: the strength, vitality and responsibility expressed by parents and guardians; the humanity, creativity and commitment of teachers; the optimism, resilience and engagement of students. If America commits itself to full support of the values of education, if great teachers are empowered to work with young men and women, our future is secure and our democracy and, indeed, the world will develop in powerful and exciting ways.

St. Andrew’s stands as a lighthouse of hope and inspiration in American education today. We educate bright, promising young men and women who love their school, who treasure and appreciate the opportunities inherent in this experience, who honor and trust inspirational teach-
ers. We have parents who have taught their children important lessons about service, integrity and generosity of spirit. We possess a mission that is bold, daring and inspiring, and we have a momentum, an energy and spirit that builds with each and every year.

We begin this historic capital campaign with confidence, optimism and energy because we are so proud of St. Andrew’s origins, its past, present and future. Never has the School been stronger, more vital, dynamic and alive than it is today. Never have our alumni, past and present teachers, trustees and friends been more awake and committed to the essential role St. Andrew’s must continue to play in secondary education in America.

We support St. Andrew’s for what it has done and will do for students in the most precious and formative years of their lives. We support St. Andrew’s for the teachers who seized the big and little moments of our children’s lives to offer a word of encouragement, challenge and inspiration or an abiding example of scholarship, integrity and humanity. We support St. Andrew’s for the gifts and inspiration we still draw from a campus designed for human connection and individual reflection and contemplation. We support St. Andrew’s because we believe in education for all in America, regardless of means. We support St. Andrew’s for we believe that the arts are essential to an education of the mind, heart and spirit. We support St. Andrew’s for we believe that education of a definitely Christian character can help redeem our world.

It is an honor for me to join Kitten, Kent, Katie, our Capital Campaign Cabinet and all of you, as we celebrate and confirm the greatness of this School.
PUTTING EUROPE ON ICE

How Matt Meredith ’93 turned a cool idea into a hot business opportunity

By Bobby Rue

Whenever Matt Meredith ’93 catches the whiff of a gym, he is transported back to his SAS wrestling career. Smell is a powerful trigger of memory, but Meredith doesn’t have much time for reminiscing these days.

Instead, he’s spent much of the last two years looking forward, seeing the world, or at least Europe, through the eyes of an entrepreneur. And he’s still wrestling. Not with uni-suited grapplers any more but with balance sheets and with the challenges of finding a niche for a brand new company in the German marketplace.

Meredith is currently the CEO and founder of Ice Age Ice, a business idea that came to him in March 2002 when he hosted a barbecue in his hometown of Frankfurt, Germany. Meredith wanted to keep his guests’ drinks cold, and what he discovered that afternoon was how difficult it was to find ice. “I was unable to find bagged ice in any of the stores I went to,” Meredith says. “It was such an obvious business opportunity.”

Obvious to him. Not so obvious to Europeans who have mostly failed to see the merit in the American tradition of cold drinks. According to the August 19 Wall Street Journal article that featured Meredith and his startup, many people in Europe believe that cold drinks upset the stomach. Serving lukewarm water or soda is commonplace, even on the hottest of days, a fact with which American tourists are sure to be familiar. I, for one, remember the look of disdain on a French café waiter’s face when I asked for ice in my Coke several summers ago. He looked off at the Parisian horizon as if he had not heard or understood me—both possibilities, I suppose. He let the tepid drink sit on the table throughout the meal.

Not surprisingly, Ice Age Ice had a tough go of it at first. Local German businesses were skeptical and few signed on as customers. But as Meredith would be quick to point out, it’s not an entrepreneur’s job to see the world as it is. It’s to see it as it might be. His vision has already started to become a reality. “Our goal is to become Germany’s largest producer and distributor of packaged ice. We’re bringing the ice age back to Europe,” Meredith says with a grin. Maybe he’s been brainstorming the company’s first advertising campaign. More gazing at the future. But for the

Bobby Rue has been a teacher of creative writing and English at St. Andrew’s since 1990. He regularly writes reviews of film and television for PopMatters.com, and is currently working on his first novel. This is his first article for St. Andrew’s Magazine.
reality of the here and now, Meredith is excited about the more than thirty-five businesses that have become Ice Age customers. It’s a promising start for the young company that no doubt benefited from the timing of last summer’s European heat wave.

But if you’re imagining that the young businessman’s life is a glamorous one, think again. The few winks of sleep Meredith gets are often stolen on the futon on his factory’s concrete floor. He’s too busy churning out 5-1/2-pound bags of ice with the company’s lone ice making machine to get much sleep. His apartment? He chose one of the cheaper ones he could find in Frankfurt’s red-light district. It’s a tough life, and Ice Age Ice has a long way to go before it starts paying off.

When asked about the origin of his confidence and daring, Meredith is quick to acknowledge the complexity of any such story. “That’s a hard one to distill,” he says. “I owe a huge debt (literally and figuratively) to my mom and dad who support me and the company wholeheartedly.”

Meredith also traces his self-confidence back to his St. Andrew’s days. “The SAS community was incredibly supportive of the individuality of the student. Whether in the arts, academics, or athletics, a student could work in different areas and decide in what he/she wanted to excel. A student could reinvent himself several times over during the course of his time at the School with the full support of the community.”

Meredith acknowledges that he underwent such a reinvention during his time at St. Andrew’s. “I arrived at SAS without an ability to make friends. This is simply because I had had the same group of friends in my hometown since kindergarten and had not been required to make friends for years. I spent the first two months of free time at SAS exploring the woods alone, a source of the occasional joke for the remainder of my time at SAS. Luckily, Tucker Foehl, my gregarious sophomore roommate, was able to help me out of my shell. I eventually discovered I had an ability to lead.”

This leadership took flight in many areas of school life, but especially in the athletic venues where Meredith was a lacrosse and wrestling captain and co-winner of the Henry Prize (along with his old roommate Tucker Foehl) for greatest contribution to St. Andrew’s athletics.

At Tufts University where he did his undergraduate work in International Relations, Meredith joined the ROTC his sophomore year and eventually rose to be a commander. When he found out that the University was on the verge of disbanding the program in his senior year, the old trailblazer in him surfaced again. “I wound up going toe to toe with some of the faculty on this issue. Thankfully, the University president supported the continuance of the program.”

Meredith’s ROTC experience led him into the Army where he was a lieutenant in the elite Airborne Ranger unit. Based near Frankfurt, Germany, he eventually became a platoon leader and led his eighteen-member team on twenty-four peacekeeping missions in Kosovo. Meredith emerged from the experience with some interesting and currently relevant views on the U.S. military as keepers of the peace in a foreign land. “My senior Army leadership in Kosovo fundamentally rejected our role as peacekeepers. Peacekeeping was something we did grudgingly at the behest of our political leadership. I believe this opinion persists Army-wide today and negatively influences our peacekeeping mission in Iraq.

“I was impressed with the British soldiers I encountered in Kosovo. Many of them had peacekeeping experience in Northern Ireland, and in many ways they did a better job than we did. We should pay more attention to how our UK allies do business, both politically and militarily.”

But German business is what Meredith has his sights on now. In his office in Frankfurt, Meredith has a map of the area taped to a big piece of cardboard. On it, tiny flags mark each of Ice Age’s growing number of customers. Pinned next to the map is a note to himself: “What do you want to achieve with Ice Age Ice?”

Matt Meredith wakes up every day from whatever sleep he’s managed to get and comes a little closer to answering that question.
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The mission of the Alumni Corporation Board is to nurture stewardship of the St. Andrew’s community, making possible the total involvement of all members of the St. Andrew’s family, to facilitate communications within the St. Andrew’s community, to plan and participate in events and to support the experience of current students. Board members are elected from within the greater Alumni Corporation, the association of all St. Andrew’s graduates and former students.

Survey to help bolster alumni networking and event planning

The Alumni Corporation Board (ACB) has as its mission “St. Andrew’s as a lifelong experience.” As part of this mission, the ACB has created regional and national activities and opportunities for St. Andeans around the country. Another manifestation of this mission is the network of alumni professional resources the ACB is developing through the alumni office and the alumni directory at the alumni website, alumni.standrews-de.org.

St. Andrew’s School is a diverse community and our alumni are just as diverse—in their interests, talents and experiences, ages, and geography.

To determine what St. Andeans are doing professionally and what they are interested in doing as alumni in their local areas, the ACB will survey the entire alumni body this spring. Each alumnus’s contact information will be pre-printed from the alumni office database.

Alumni will be asked to correct any inaccurate data or supply missing information. This will help the ACB continue to develop and strengthen St. Andrew’s international alumni network.

The second part of the survey will consist of seven check-off questions. Responses to this section will help the ACB plan activities, trips and events related to alumni interests.

There is one more reason to fill out this survey. As part of the 75th anniversary celebration starting next fall, St. Andrew’s plans to print an updated Alumni Directory, which will be mailed to all St. Andrew’s alumni next year.

So, when your survey arrives, check it out, fill it out, fold it up and return it! Or, go to the website, alumni.standrews-de.org, update your profile info and fill out the on-line survey (which features the same seven questions).

Help St. Andrew’s stay in touch and serve its alumni better!
Jeff Lilley ’82 helps father write about Far East diplomacy

Journalist Jeff Lilley ’82 has been busy working on a little father-son project, though not the typical house or yard amenity you might expect. Drawing upon James Lilley’s long career of government service to the United States in Far East relations, the two have written China Hands: Nine Decades of Adventure, Espionage, and Diplomacy in Asia.

The book chronicles the Lilley family’s history in China from 1916-2004, examining the momentous changes from the unique perspective they possessed. After twenty-five years working for the Central Intelligence Agency in Laos, Tokyo, Hong Kong, and Taiwan, James Lilley moved over to the State Department, serving as a diplomat in Taiwan, ambassador to South Korea, and ambassador to China. In 1973, the elder Lilley was the first declared CIA officer to enter communist China under a unique agreement arranged by Henry Kissinger that placed an intelligence officer in each nation’s capital.

China Hands is published by PublicAffairs and will be released in May 2004.

ACB winter meeting

Amidst a flurry of campus activity, the ACB met in February at St. Andrew’s for its annual winter meeting. Committees worked in the morning. Then over lunch the entire ACB met with faculty members Nicole and Nigel Furlonge to discuss diversity issues at the School. The business meeting followed for remainder of the afternoon.

Top photo: Members of the ACB regionalization committee shared past successes and ideas from each of their local groups. Left to right: John Hukill ’50, Ian Montgomery ’85, Desi Bliss ’95, Church Hutton ’54. Foreground: David Levinson ’53 and Bill Sibley ’88.

Bottom photo: At a joint meeting of the Communications and Resource Networking Committees, members discussed the content and mechanics of the upcoming alumni survey. Pictured, left to right: Willy Smith ’69, Larry Court ’62, Tomas Puky ’89, Bill Spire ’89, Jack Fiedler ’51, Randy Williams ’61, Taylor Cameron ’90, Jackie Mette ’83 and Andrew Seymour ’82.
Many recollections and remembrances were submitted to honor Warren Hoffecker ’64.

From Warren’s sister-in-law, Leslie Hoffecker, wife of Fritz ’67:
Warren Burch Hoffecker ’64 died of a heart attack on January 24, 2004, at Welcare Hospital in Dubai, United Arab Emirates. He was 57.
Born June 23, 1946, in Chestertown, Md., Warren came to St. Andrew’s in the II Form. Over the years, he served as class president and a member of the disciplinary and honor committees. In sports, he was captain of the varsity soccer team and a standout wrestler. He was senior prefect and graduated magna cum laude in 1964.
Warren went on to Princeton University, where he was a varsity wrestler and a member of Tiger Inn. He left Princeton in March 1968, just before graduation, and enlisted in the Army, serving in the 173rd Airborne Brigade and the 5th Special Forces Group. Wounded in Vietnam, he was awarded a Bronze Star and a Purple Heart and received a battlefield promotion to first lieutenant. He then completed his studies at Princeton, receiving a degree in history in 1972.
After graduation, Warren returned to Southeast Asia, spending six years with Catholic Relief Services and the International Rescue Committee aiding war refugees. His teams helped to locate Dith Pran, the Cambodian assistant to New York Times reporter Sydney Schanberg, whose story of the search for Pran in Pol Pot’s Cambodia was told in the book and the movie “The Killing Fields.”
Warren settled briefly in the Washington area, then went back overseas—this time to the Middle East, where he worked for more than 20 years. He initially was a trainer for the Saudi Arabian military, but soon moved into telecommunications, running projects for Western Electric Saudi Arabia Ltd. in Riyadh and Al-Khobar. While in Saudi Arabia, Warren served as president of the Riyadh chapter of the Special Forces Association. Most recently he was a manager in DynCorp’s Close Personal Protection Program for the Coalition Provisional Authority in Baghdad, providing security services for members of the Iraqi Governing Council and the Iraqi judiciary. He was on a short break in Dubai when he was stricken.
Warren traveled widely, spoke several languages (including Arabic and several dialects of Thai, Khmer and Vietnamese) and had friends all over the world. He had a particular interest in Cambodia and returned there frequently. His home in McLean, Va., is filled with the items he loved to collect—Oriental rugs, Southeast Asian textiles and Middle Eastern artifacts.
Warren is survived by his wife of 22 years, Andrea Grochol, and his children, Tatiana and Nicholas Hoffecker, all of McLean; his mother, Miriam F. Hoffecker, of Chestertown, Md.; a sister, Gretchen H. Knowles, of Chestertown, Md.; and a brother, Frank S. “Fritz” Hoffecker ’67, of Alexandria, Va. His niece, Margaret Hoffecker, graduated from St. Andrew’s in 2003 and his nephew Tom Hoffecker is in the Class of 2005.
Services were held February 7 at Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Chestertown, Md.; burial was at Arlington National Cemetery.
From Hume Horan ’51: “Warren made me proud to be an American—and a St. Andrean. In
Baghdad, he led a team of security experts whose mission was to protect the highest level Iraqi personnel, several of them members of the Governing Council. (Council Members were all under great threat, as shown by the assassination of Dr. al-Hashmi, who had stayed in her family residence in Baghdad. She was machine gunned on her way to work.)

“But Warren’s ‘Red Team’ approach—i.e. putting himself in the position of the enemy—frustrated the casing of the Baghdad Hotel by a dangerous group of would-be terrorists. They were all taken into custody. Weeks later, a major bomb attack against the hotel also fell short because of the enhanced physical barriers that Warren had insisted upon.

“The suicide explosion was huge—but contained. One Council member was thrown against a wall and suffered a cracked wrist—that is all.

“And finally, I can only repeat that Warren’s reputation for effectiveness had preceded him to Baghdad. Among our security experts he was known as the man who had arrested a genuine al Qaeda cell that was being deployed to disrupt the Dubai Open Golf tournament. Top golfers from around the world were to be present, including Tiger Woods. The Dubai authorities were more than grateful to Warren for his expertise.

“Warren and I saw each other pretty often in Baghdad—to reminisce, and also for business. He was in touch with the top people of the Coalition Provisional Authority who valued his advice and judgment.

“He gave his life for an important cause to his country, and while giving his all for us all right up to the very end.”

From Mike Gerzso ’64:

Warren was an unforgettable character. The last time I saw him was at our graduation in 1964, almost 40 years now. I remember Mr. Hughes getting after him about his rather large collection of unwashed sweatshirts he had piled up in his dorm closet.

And, as goalie of our soccer team, he frequently chewed me out about my notable performances as a fullback, like “Gerz, @#$!, no tunnels!” All the while, whether it was in the middle of a downpour or whether he was ankle deep in mud, he did his damnedest to protect our goal. No matter what came at him, he never flinched.

Classmate John Parrish wrote the following remembrance:

The class of 1964 has lost its lion. Warren Burch Hoffecker led us in academics from our beginning as second formers, in athletics as a champion wrestler, and in governance as senior prefect. Through it all and afterwards in Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Saudi Arabia and finally Iraq, Warren’s warrior life has been filled with his desire for contest. To joust, be it mentally, verbally or physically. Challenge, take down, leverage, pin—that was Warren. All in fun with his signature measure of snarl, and may the best man win. Never have I met a fellow so focused on his pectorals (hence his handle, Troll). Just daring to write such a challenge leaves me steeled for his ready reposte that, alas, I already miss.

The last time I enjoyed the pleasure of Warren’s company was on Oahu with Randy Brinton ’64 and our ladies for the final lowering of Dennis Blair’s flag and retirement from the Navy. We enjoyed two mythical evenings at the water’s edge along the foot of Diamond Head, dining on a terrace with a sweeping view of the lights along the entire length of Waikiki. As greying veterans are wont to do, our conversation invariably turned to dangerous misadventures luckily survived. Needless to say (Ches Baum is screaming, “Then why say it?”), the best (i.e. worst) of mine were easily trumped by Warren’s tales of Odyssean proportions.

Here is my school boy memory of jousting with Warren. One winter, as chair of the debate club, I had agreed to defend the proposition that there was a Santa Claus. Warren leapt at the opportunity to oppose. The debate was well attended, and I was pleased to see the cherubic faces of the entire second form in the front row. Like a good rube, my opening argument was that, though Santa was seldom seen, we could (indeed should) believe in his existence because his messages to...
value giving more than getting and to treasure family togetherness were so widely believed.

Like Gregory Peck sternly rising to kill a mocking bird, Warren stood, flexed, privately extended me his most malicious smile, and sighed. Whereupon the door to the room flew open, and Santa, to shrill cries of “Oh no!” from the second form, was thrust, bound, into the room. His captors reported that he had been apprehended spying on who was naughty or nice. Warren then proclaimed that Santa was a double-dealing rat, unworthy of the right to wear Cardinal red. I, in turn, protested that this was a debate subject to rules of order, and not a courts martial.

Warren promptly leveled me with one of his favored salutations—“Fool!” Followed by “Can’t you see that Santa is a fraud?” Whereupon he ripped away a huge white beard, which had been formed from the entire, purloined supply of the infirmary’s cotton wool. By this time those cherubic second formers, whom I could see had been well rehearsed, were moaning about shattered dreams of sugar plums and the rape of their innocence.

In desperation I appealed for calm and a return to rational discourse. Warren thundered, “Fie on goodness. Let Santa be taken to the Garth forthwith, and pummeled with snow balls. Let only he who is without ‘stones’ refrain from hurling the first ball!” The second form then let forth with the last cry heard by Piggy in Lord of the Flies. Resigned, I moved that the meeting be adjourned on the grounds that it was becoming a riot, but there was no one left in the room to second the motion.

Warren, we will miss your roar. Secure those Pearly Gates for us. When my time comes, I will look for you there. I confess you’re a better man than I am, Gunga Din.

Jim Rogers ’66 submitted, “I am stunned by this news and would like so much to send my condolences to Warren’s family. I was two classes behind Warren and I can think of no one in my three years at SAS who created a stronger impression of maturity, integrity, good values and hard work. He was quite simply a role model to the entire school. I imagine so many are hurt by his loss; at the same time, so many lives were improved by knowing him! My best wishes to the Hoffecker family.”

Steve Ockenden ’64 submitted the following in memoriam:

The memories come unbidden—crystalline, fragmentary and sharp-edged, like a shower of broken glass:

…Sandy Ogilby angrily dismissing Warren from a Sacred Studies class for a comment that was rebellious, hilarious, and truthful.

…Danny Moore bringing the entire school to its feet, cheering, at the state wrestling championships for a comment that was rebellious, hilarious, and truthful.

…Warren’s jaw tightening as he stands up for a classmate, embarrassed over some schoolboy slight.

…Ches Baum’s face softening when, in later years, he asks a faculty member “Did you ever know Warren Hoffecker? A delightful boy, simply delightful.”

They are gone now, Danny, Ches, and Warren, along with many others. This process of slow erosion, this ongoing loss of friends, is inevitable. But in Warren’s case, it is somehow different. News of his death brings the same sense of shock I remember feeling when John Kennedy was assassinated; it is inconceivable, for Warren, like the young President, seemed mythic from the first.

Perhaps John Parrish expressed it best when he said “Warren was the lion of our class.” For me, this meant that during my four years at St. Andrew’s, Warren seemed almost a remote figure, one whose qualities of leadership, warmth, strength, wit and extraordinary intelligence were simply beyond reach. Like some of my then-young classmates, I frequently felt awkward and inadequate in his presence. Yet, Warren was always oblivious to this, and he treated me as he did everyone else, with respect and good-humored comradeship. I was proud and grateful for it.

I lost touch with Warren after graduation, as I did with so many people. Then, some years ago, we reconnected. Once again, I found that Warren was a profoundly vital and challenging person. Yet, I
was no longer the awkward and easily-frightened young teen I had been while at school. The war, graduate school, marriage and life itself had all matured me. Comfortable with myself, I became comfortable with him. Over time, he became a friend, not simply an icon.

Warren’s achievements after leaving St. Andrew’s are well known: collegiate athlete, scholar, warrior, husband, father, business executive, international consultant, humanitarian.

A self-described “Truman Democrat,” Warren embodied the motto of the United States Special Forces, “De Oppresso Liber” – to liberate the oppressed. Although long since returned from his tour of duty in Southeast Asia, Warren retained a passionate commitment to the welfare and human rights of the people of Cambodia, a country he had come to know and love, and that he visited often. This same passion led him to the Middle East, where he resided in Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and, ultimately, Iraq. He was gone for months at a time, punctuated with periods of home leave. He was not deterred by danger or by loneliness. He regularly experienced both, at a time of life when most of us are contemplating retirement.

As E-mail became widely available, we were able to stay in regular touch. For the last few years, until he was stricken, I heard from Warren perhaps twice a week. We swapped the usual assortment of anecdotes, opinions, jokes, boasts and lies. In the year before Ches Baum’s death, Warren engaged several of our classmates in a regular E-mail exchange with Ches, an experience that was joyful for all, as it demonstrated that both Warren and Ches had further refined their instinct for the grammatical juggling.

Yet, I sometimes wondered whether, beneath the passion and the poise, there was not a share of fatigue and pain as well. Like all of us, Warren had lived long enough to experience some of the cruelties of life. But his unique life was uniquely taxing. At a party he hosted before returning to an overseas assignment, I watched while he and Andrea carefully attended to the needs of each of the many guests, people drawn from Warren’s multiple worlds. He bridged the gaps among us, ensuring that no one remained isolated or locked in his or her own small circle of acquaintances. Yet, in performing this role so well, he left little time for himself. He stood apart, taking pleasure in the pleasure of others. His duty was to others, not to himself—perhaps a metaphor for the price he paid over a lifetime of service.

At one of our last meetings, at his home in Virginia, I admired Warren’s collection of Cambodian artifacts and folk art. At one point, he showed me a sickle, beautifully crafted from two pieces of hand-carved wood, joined to suggest the shape of a coiled cobra. Later, as I was leaving, he peremptorily demanded that I give him 25 cents. Puzzled, I reached into my pocket and found a quarter. He then presented me with the sickle, saying that I was now its legal owner. As I walked out the door, he took off the hand-woven Cambodian cotton scarf he had been wearing against the chill of an early spring day, and draped it around my neck. He told me I would need it more than he would, since he was returning to the warmth of the Middle East.

These actions were the essence of Warren: commanding, involved, generous, yet all with enough edge to make him deeply human and therefore greatly loved.
Peter Michael’s wife, Merlyn, informed the Advancement Office that he passed away in January.

Classmate Morgan MacDonald submitted the following remembrance, “With Peter’s death a piece of my St. Andrew’s has disappeared. My memory of meeting him and his roommates, George Furnival and John Jay Johns, for the first time is still vivid. I wandered into their room on the V Form corridor, probably on a Sunday afternoon, drawn by the pleasant sounds I heard there. I was new at the School then, having just arrived as a new V Former from Uniontown, a small town in southwestern Pennsylvania. They were always welcoming and good people to talk to. Pictures of Navy combat ships hung on the walls, a part of Peter’s heritage since his father was a captain in the U. S. Navy. Memories of our many discussions about our entry into World War II are still with me—talks about the branch of service each of us would go into and about our post-war plans and aspirations. Peter’s ingenuity extended to things electric; there was the time when he wired the door handle so that when turned, all lights in the room would go out instantly. Those were the days when Luke Fleming, our V Form Corridor master patrolled outside at night to see whose lights were still on after the witching hour.

After service in the Navy, Peter went on to complete his education at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. Over the years our paths crossed—briefly after we returned from service, then occasionally during the years when both of us were raising families, and most recently at SAS reunions. He and his wife, Merlyn, attended our class reunion this past June and he looked and sounded well then.

Jay Kinahan submitted, “In school we were not particularly close friends. I remember him as being a quiet but cordial member of the class who paid attention to his studies and was a solid student. He had some reason for not participating in contact sports but was a stellar member of the varsity baseball team.

“After graduation I was surprised to find him at Cornell where we both were enrolled in the Navy V12 program there. Over several months, we saw a lot of each other before I was transferred to MIT in the Naval Architecture school, and we lost contact. Later on, we met in New York and I was introduced to his parents who lived in Grammercy Park. His father was a retired Navy Captain, and Peter was carrying on the tradition. By that time he had been commissioned and was on his way to an assignment at sea I supposed. After that period, I lost track of him again for many years.

“Then, much to my surprise, I learned that he was living in Argentina where I frequently visited, and I located him there. We spent an evening together at his house and had a most enjoyable evening over Merlyn’s delicious repast, catching up on the events of our respective lives. At the time, I believe that he was working for the Quaker Oats company and supervising their Argentine logistics program.

“I saw him one last time at our 60th Reunion in June 2003 but only briefly. He looked fine and seemed bigger than I remembered him. He and Merlyn were very happy in the Vermont community in Dorset that he had moved to several years before.

“On behalf of all of our classmates, I wish to extend our sympathies to his wife, Merlyn, and other members of his family at this time of their loss.”
We find ourselves at the beginning of an amazing era at St. Andrew’s—one which will recognize and honor the invaluable foresight of the Founder and countless stewards over the history of the School, while simultaneously assuming the mantle and moving into the future. For 75 years, each wave of leadership at the School has dutifully shepherded this institution along, addressing the challenges of the times and always attentive to the need for continuity and clarity of identity.

“All is flux; nothing stands still.” — Heraclitus

It was in the context of that philosophy that we made the decision three years ago to move the School’s publications in a direction that would serve it best as our readership grew and media technology advanced. As we approach the looming celebrations in the next few years, a significant number of changes have been instituted. Since we did not necessarily herald the changes at the time, I thought it might be worthwhile to highlight a few and explain some of our intentions.

First, we have truly moved into the 21st Century of printing, working with vendors who utilize digital direct-to-plate technology. Not only does this process shorten the production time for a publication, it lowers our costs, and perhaps most importantly, it significantly reduces the amount of waste products generated during printing. We now publish a full-color issue of the Magazine for less than we paid three years ago for a black ink version. Additionally, our “window” for current news has been substantially improved, with a Magazine on press within ten days of leaving the campus on disk.

Second, the internet has fully established itself as a viable communications tool for independent schools. Serving as a virtual admission catalog and a news outlet at the same time, the School’s website is now a major point of contact for the world beyond Noxontown Pond. Each week, the academic, artistic and athletic highlights of our students and faculty are available for all to read. At any time of day, a prospective applicant family can learn about the School and download application forms.

Finally, as we marveled at the advances of this media universe, we found ourselves driven to examine and re-evaluate some of our communications tools, in particular The Garth newsletter. Once a necessity for the timely reporting of School news, The Garth, and its predecessors—The Alcove, Connexio, The St. Andrew’s Reporter, became overshadowed by the incomparable abilities of the internet. As well, the timeliness of a shorter monochromatic print publication was ultimately equalled by our longer full-color Magazine. And oddly enough, the economics of a small, black-and-white newsletter struggled in an industry focused on multi-color publications.

For these reasons, it became increasingly clear to the Communications and Advancement Offices, as well as a number of polled alumni, that The Garth would be best retired. The resources once utilized for its production will be thoughtfully reinvested into the School’s other media.

Moving forward, the School’s website will be your destination for weekly campus news. Four times each year, we hope to engage you with a packed, dynamic issue of our Magazine. We will do our best to tell you the full story—in full color—of the wonderful work that happens here at St. Andrew’s.
“...I want that...I want that...I want that...I want that, too...”

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Peyton Coles ’04 and Ben Kemer ’04 took the stage as Joseph and Jacob in “Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat.”