ST. ANDREW’S
MAGAZINE

■ Icons
■ Self-Portraits
■ Africa’s children
This fall, St. Andrew's opened its doors to students for the 75th time. This moment provides an opportunity to reflect on the rich tapestry created over our 75-year history, EVERY alumnus, parent, trustee and friend of St. Andrew's representing an integral thread, weaving the essence of what is St. Andrew's.

ONE

As today’s stewards we need to do all we can to protect the valuable attributes of St. Andrew’s. We have nearly reached our comprehensive goal of $25 million, but to do that, every St. Andrean who has not yet participated in the Cornerstone Campaign must consider increasing, even doubling, his or her gift to the Annual Fund this year. This year, your gift COUNTS more than ever before. Will yours be the gift that puts us over our goal?

We hope you will join us in speaking with one voice to support the unique, eternal qualities of this great school. If there were ever a moment at St. Andrew’s when EVERY ONE COUNTS THIS YEAR IS THAT MOMENT.

Annual Fund 2005-2006
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I heard from one of our teachers that a few students were wondering why I, a 49-year-old Headmaster, talked about sex a couple of weeks ago in our opening meeting of the spring. I think the sub-text to that comment may have been, “he should really mind his own business; our sex lives are no concern of his.”

Well, I do want to talk again about this subject, and I guess I should begin with an explanation of why I feel I must talk about this issue, at least one more time this year.

I would sound trite, I guess, to say that I want to talk to you about this subject for the same reason your parents want to talk to you about it. As a Head of School, I may not be able to love you as your parents do, but I care deeply about each and every one of you, and I feel that I have an obligation and responsibility to ask for your attention on this topic. I also have served as an advisor, counselor, friend to students in my career who have made decisions they regret during high school and college.

At the very heart of the matter, despite what television, the Internet and movies may say, human sexuality is a human rights issue, one that cuts to the very essence of how we view and interpret crucial emotions like love, friendship, empathy, compassion, sensitivity and respect, cornerstones of our identity as a school and human community. One of the most important and enduring lessons St. Andrew’s can offer to you is a spiritual, moral, ethical, intelligent, mature and responsible approach to sexuality. If you learn and embrace and live out an ethic of care, concern, respect in your sexual life, you will find fulfillment, joy, peace and love. If you fail in this endeavor, you risk spiritual, moral, ethical and legal chaos and confusion. The stakes are literally that high.
I know the first letter from Corinthians was read at Chapel last week, but I want to read an excerpt again.

Love is patient and kind; love is not jealous or boastful; it is not arrogant or rude. Love does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice at wrong, but rejoices in the right. Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

Unlike any other passage I could recommend or cite to you, these lines capture the essence of a countercultural approach to love and sexuality that is distinctly moral, beautiful and affirming. This is a reading most often chosen for weddings when two people pledge their love and commitment to one another for a lifetime. This passage is rarely chosen and read in middle schools, high schools or colleges as an entry point for conversations about relationships, sex and commitment. I see little that is patient and kind, humble and selfless about our culture’s infatuation with sex. In our new century, sex and the allure of sex dominate the mass media, a media never before so powerful, pervasive and accessible. The cultural message seems clear—sex needs little or no introduction; sex requires no clear or coherent relationship or commitment. Sex for sex’s sake is far more exciting and preferable to sex as an expression of love, commitment, faith and trust.

I mentioned a month or two ago that both recent studies of high school and college sexuality confirm that a hook-up culture now competes against the healthiest and most ideal relationships, relationships which take place in a context of friendship, trust and mutual respect. I think it is easy to exaggerate the power and culture of the hooking-up culture, but I think it is fair to say that the notion of having sex without commitment, having sex without a relationship, having sex simply for the goal of immediate gratification has become culturally more acceptable and permissible today than at any other time in our country’s history. It is also, I think, accurate to say that sexual activity or the pressure to engage in sexual activity like oral sex has increased in middle schools, high schools and colleges over the last five to ten years.

Statistics imply that it is not that more teens are having intercourse; it is that more students are having sexual encounters outside the realm of relationships and that oral sex is viewed increasingly as a form of sexuality that is safe, that is permissible and that is, in the words of one student quoted in *The New York Times*, “no big deal.” At its most bizarre and preposterous stages, the culture of the hook-up can include the brief, random, sexual encounters of young men and women who meet in Internet chat rooms, arrange a meeting, hook up and then retreat back to their computer screens with no desire or interest to pursue anything resembling a relationship with that person. Others develop what *New York Times* writer Benuit Denizet Lewis calls a “friends with benefits program”—two acquaintances meet regularly to hook up—nothing more, nothing less:

Merci and the boy used to meet up about once a week. “To be honest, we don’t even really like hanging out together,” she told me. “They met only to have sex.” I go to his house, we sit there and talk for two
In her recently published novel, Prep, Curtis Satterfield depicts a classic example of the hooking up culture as her main character, Lee Fiona, engages in a purely physical relationship with a boy named Cross Sugerman. Although Lee worships Cross and wishes for a relationship that would be one full of communication, friendship and respect, she decides to accept the relationship purely on the terms Cross negotiates. He will appear at her door and in her room for sex, when he feels like it. They will essentially ignore one another at all other times. By the end of the novel, Lee discovers that not only has she been used and exploited, hurt and scarred by Cross’ treatment; she has also been part of Cross and other senior boys’ plan to sexually exploit as many girls as possible in her class.

What is wrong in American middle schools, high schools and colleges today is that at a time when we work diligently to develop a sense of responsibility for issues affirming the dignity of race, ethnicity, religion, sexual orientation and social class, students have learned or have been taught to use other human beings as objects, instruments for their own gratification, amusement, abuse and exploitation. Some act as if another human being, male or female, is as worthless, disposable and dispensable as a used condom wrapper.

How has this culture of indifference and exploitation come about? What would make young people develop or imagine behavioral norms that replace kissing and holding hands (old-fashioned, I know) with oral sex, replace love with the pursuit of a momentary flash of physical gratification?

Young men and women develop values, ethics, standards, guidelines for their lives from their parents, grandparents, guardians and extended families, from their religious and spiritual beliefs and traditions, from their schools, from their friends and peer group, and from the world of mass media. If our families, religions, schools and peer groups abdicate their responsibility to address the ethics of sexuality, the media, the culture and the worst of the peer culture will hold sway and influence over understanding of behavioral norms. The world of popular culture and the mass media are actually not trying to change the sexual behavior and mores of the American people—they are simply trying to sell and market what consumers will watch and buy. Theirs is not a moral or spiritual exchange; it is purely one based on making money and raising profit margins. The media has come to recognize the enormous approach of presenting a world, a portrait of society where sexual ethics are eclipsed by the individual’s need and appetite for sexual gratification.

We must, as a school, continue to study the cultural phenomenon and influence of the mass media on our approaches to and attitudes toward sexuality. We all must become thoughtful and intelligent in identifying the distinctions and assumptions such media present and affirm.

We must look to understand how issues of sexuality can morph into areas that are offensive to the dignity, privacy and rights of others. Once one takes on the assumption that boys or girls are here for one’s own exploitation, ridicule and gratification, one opens oneself up to behavior and conduct that is morally and legally and spiritually wrong. We need to be much more aware of the ways posters, DVDs and language undermine the dignity and respect of others. Sex is not a
competitive sport; it is not about winning, or scoring, or exploiting, or using or pushing, forcing or insisting; it is about human rights, human relationships, human love, human care and concern. You as young men and women need to learn how to communicate clearly and specifically as you make decisions regarding sexuality. You have to learn how to say no, to recognize when you are feeling pressured, pushed, hurried and forced to become more involved than you want to be. You have to learn how to hear, understand and comply with the word no. You have to be able to understand legally, morally and spiritually what consent is, what consent means and what constitutes consent. You, as a peer group, need to honor a friend’s desire to say no, a fellow student’s desire to say no.

Of course, the great assumption of the hooking up culture, the great promise of the hooking up culture is that by devaluing the meaning of sex, you succeed in making sex merely a physical transaction, an encounter designed to prevent hurt feelings, commitment and responsibility. But that, of course, is and always will be a myth. In the lives of human beings, there are and there must be deep, emotional and psychological consequences to sexual behavior. Sex, like any relationship, can either affirm love or respect or it can make us feel used, discarded and violated.

If you return to what your parents, grandparents, teachers, religions and trusted mentors teach you or have taught you about sex, you will inevitably find these voices calling you to slow down, to wait, to postpone your engagement in a world and culture of sexuality. And so tonight I join that litany of voices asking you to think of sexuality as a moral, ethical, religious and human rights decision.

We provide this sanctuary so that, free from alcohol and drugs, harassment and exploitation, pressure and fear, you may pursue an education that will enable you to grow in confidence, maturity and leadership.

One of my responsibilities as your Headmaster is to provide a sanctuary here at St. Andrew’s from the chaos and confusion of the world outside our gates. We provide this sanctuary so that, free from alcohol and drugs, harassment and exploitation, pressure and fear, you may pursue an education that will enable you to grow in confidence, maturity and leadership. I cannot accept either a peer culture or alcohol/drug culture or sex culture that demeans the dignity of individuals, that hurts and maims men and women, that leads to regret, remorse and pain.

Thanks for listening to me. No subject is more difficult for me to address or explore, yet it is important for you to know that there is a better, more moral, ethical and responsible approach to sex than the one being sold to you in our culture today. ✤
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One of the men standing quietly behind Broadway’s tuneful 2006 hit Jersey Boys is St. Andrew’s alumnus, trustee and parent Ed Strong ’66 P’07. As a partner in Dodger Productions, Strong is producer of the show The Los Angeles Times called “the hottest ticket of the season.”

Jersey Boys is the story of Frankie Valli and The Four Seasons: Frankie Valli, Bob Gaudio, Tommy DeVito and Nick Massi. The musical is the story of how a group of blue-collar boys from the wrong side of the tracks became one of the biggest American pop music sensations of all time. They wrote their own songs, invented their own sounds (including Valli’s signature falsetto) and sold 175 million records worldwide—all before they were 30.

The storyline of Jersey Boys has been a winner, said Strong, since the first day of rehearsals, “Even in the rehearsal room you could tell that the story was going to hold; never mind the famous songs!” The “book” for the musical was written by Marshall Brickman and Rick Elice and is based on interviews with all four of the Four Seasons. The storyline of the musical, which is interwoven with Four Seasons hits, comes very close to the real story of the four performers whose career started humbly, with a performance in a bowling alley called The Four Seasons.

The music of this rags-to-riches musical has struck a chord with Broadway audiences at the August Wilson Theatre. The score is composed of Four Seasons hits like “Sherry,” “Walk Like a Man” and “Rag Doll.” The show was hailed by the Associated Press for its “rat-tat-tat precision,” and Strong agreed, “it’s one of those shows where everything clicked in just as it was supposed to.”

What makes a show click? “If I knew the real answer…I would be a very rich man indeed,” said Strong. “The best I can come up with is that one is always hopeful, but in the end there is a kind of alchemy to the process where all the ingredients blend into a magnificent whole. Jersey Boys is one such example where all of the elements work together so well that the audience quickly surrenders disbelief, puts their seats in the full upright position and just goes with it.”

Headmaster Tad Roach and his wife Elizabeth were among the awe-struck in the audience on that opening night. “To see the young actors and the real men side by side on stage created an almost surreal blurring of life and art,” Elizabeth said. “Throughout the show, I felt as though I was at a live concert participating in a shared experience—with people dancing in their seats and singing the lyrics of songs we didn’t even realize that we knew.”

Strong and the Dodgers have produced dozens of musicals over the years and he is no stranger to life behind the stage. For him, the work is still inspiring. After 29 years and thousands of performances, said Strong, “The most exciting moment for me is always when the lights go down, I’m standing in the back of the orchestra at the producer rail, 1,200 unsuspecting patrons settle in, and the action starts. …It’s like throwing the greatest party in the world.”
These photographs were given to St. Andrew’s by Mrs. Marianne Williams, the widow of Frank Williams ’39, and delivered to School by her daughter and son-in-law, Marianne and Doug MacCallum, whose son Mac is a member of the VI Form.

Frank Williams was a prolific amateur photographer during his time at St. Andrew’s. We believe these photographs were taken at St. Andrew’s between 1937 and 1939. These photographs were found in Frank’s papers after his death in 1999. Since then, the family members associated with St. Andrew’s have returned copies of these valuable images and scores of others to the St. Andrew’s Archives. We are most grateful for such gifts and deeply appreciate the efforts of St. Andrew’s alumni and friends to add student photographs to our collection of historical documentation about the School. To be able to see the School and its life as students of the past saw it is a great gift indeed.

If you recognize any of the people, dogs or events in these photographs, please call us at 302/285-4257 or e-mail alum@standrews-de.org. We would be very interested in hearing your recollections.
After this photo was printed in the From the Archives column of the fall 2005 St. Andrew's Magazine, we received the following note from Stuyve Pell, son of the first headmaster, Walden Pell II.

Dear Saints,

The photo of the barn at the Naudain Farm is a poignant reminder of my early days at St. Andrew's. I was not a student at St. Andrew's, but as a small boy, became closely familiar with all aspects of the place, from the waters of Noxontown Pond to the farm. Maybe especially the farm.

Mr. Harry Black and Ed Jackson (who could squirt milk into the mouths of a semi-circle of cats at six feet at milking time) were the hired hands and let me help bring the cows in for feeding and milking in the School's farm barn. The barn was a wonderful place and the view from the top of the silo enabled me to see the barn next door at the Naudain Farm and to realize that it held possibilities and wonders that I could dream of.

I was never in the barn and it did not become St. Andrew's until I was long out of the nest, but from my father I learned that a man who was hired (by the School after the farm was bought) to do some work including painting, realized he was going to lose money on the job and set it on fire. There should be an account in the Middletown Transcript of that time.

All best wishes.

Stuyve Pell
What do you fear? I asked this question of my students today in class.

Here are some of their responses:

• I fear that people won’t understand me.
• I fear being alone.
• I fear DISCs.
• I fear seeing a mouse in my room.
• I fear failing.
• I fear I will disappoint someone close to me.
• I fear that I will look back on the year and regret all the opportunity I lost because I was not confident enough to speak up.

When I look back at some of the most pivotal experiences in my life, it’s clear that they all involved fears like these. In those uncertain moments, everything was in question: Who was I? What was I doing? And, often, where could I run and hide?

Like you, I made that long drive down the St. Andrew’s driveway for my first year away from home. I don’t remember whether the speed bumps were there then, but it felt like a slow-motion entrance to the place I would spend the next three years. As our family station wagon inched forward, the winding driveway seemed to make time crawl to a halt. The world outside our car window was completely unknown and therefore completely unsettling to me. Even though I had chosen to come to St. Andrew’s, and actually was quite excited to come here, for a moment, the inside of the car looked like a better and better place to remain. We finally did arrive, and I did get out of the car, and I said a shaky goodbye to my parents. I sat looking around my clammy cinder-block nook on Lower Moss in a state of anxiousness and fear. I felt, literally, frozen to the spot. The corridor seemed too vast to safely explore, and a walk to Founders would have been unimaginable. I was paralyzed by the swirling doubts and fears in my mind: would I make good friends? Would I be able to be myself? Would I succeed at anything here? I felt like I needed someone to remind me—why did I get myself into this?

Seventeen years later, I found myself asking very similar questions as I drove down the St. Andrew’s driveway. Returning to work at St. Andrew’s had seemed like an unquestionably perfect decision—not even a decision at all. But still, that long driveway brought up all my fears and doubts. Here I was about to become colleagues with people who I was sure remembered every one of my faults and mistakes. How could I possibly be good enough to teach alongside them? Yes, I was coming back to my beloved school, where I had spent three great years as a student, but by returning was I merely going in circles? My imagination and anxieties churned as I gripped the steering wheel. I felt that same old feeling, fear, causing me to doubt myself,
to be completely irrational, and to second-guess a decision that I knew was right.

I suspect that all of us could tell stories like these—moments of fear and uncertainty that seem to magnify our self-doubts, our shaky grasp of who we are. Maybe you are facing some of your own anxieties and fears, whatever they may be. When I was a student, my fears probably sounded something like this: What if Mrs. Roach hates my Hamlet paper? How can I take an art class when I haven’t drawn anything since seventh grade? Will Callen Hurt laugh at me if I ask him to semiformal? When I think back on those fearful moments, one of my favorite Shakespearean expressions comes to mind: “queasy, lily-livered waterfly.”

My favorite lily-livered character from literature, J. Alfred Prufrock, deliberates and questions himself enough to make any of us feel bold in comparison. The hero of T.S. Eliot’s poem wanders around feeling awkward, cautious and stymied by his own tentativeness. He wants to engage in conversation, to approach a woman at a party, to say something, but he is completely paralyzed. Prufrock shows us how limiting fear can be when he says,

“Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?
I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.
I do not think that they will sing to me.”

Like Prufrock, I too have failed to take risks, simply because I was afraid. I want Prufrock to “dare to eat a peach,” but I’m not always bold enough to do so.

The work of Carl Jung reminds us that fear is an inevitable presence in our lives. He writes, “There are as many nights as days, and the one is just as long as the other in the year’s course. Even a happy life cannot be without a measure of darkness, and the word ‘happy’ would lose its meaning if it were not balanced by sadness.” Jung also suggests that we have no choice but to “disturb the universe,” to “dare,” to “presume,” if we are ever to move beyond our paralysis and stasis. As Jung explains, “you must enter that which you fear the most.”

One of my favorite moments from literature describes such a feat. Toni Morrison’s novel Song of Solomon retells an African-American folktale about slaves who actually flew home to Africa. Morrison’s main character, Milkman, discovers an ancestor who flies, and he yearns to fly himself. At the very end of the novel, Milkman takes a “leap”—a moment that embodies both a literal leap off a cliff and a metaphorical leap of faith. With his leap, Milkman risks failure and death. But transcendence, motion and action are described in Morrison’s final sentence: “If you surrendered to the air, you could ride it.” For Milkman, the moment of flight happens only when he surrenders to and even embraces fear.

Perhaps, as Song of Solomon beautifully conveys, a little fear is a good thing. It can drive us to meet new challenges; it charges our adrenaline when we attempt something extraordinary. As one of my students wrote, “fear makes us work hard.”

Some people actually crave fear for that reason—it makes us feel exhilarated, like when we go on death-defying rides at amusement parks or scare ourselves with horror movies.

A neuroscientist named Gregory Berns recently published a book that examines what happens in the brain when we try challenging and new experiences. Our brains crave the chemicals that we release when we push
ourselves beyond what’s comfortable and safe. Although those experiences may not be pleasant and could be painful, we grow in the process. Berns says, “The people who are most satisfied with what they do are the ones who really lay it on the line and go for it.”

Not surprisingly, the times I have felt the most fear were also the experiences that pushed me to take risks and discover something really worthwhile. Some years ago, my younger brother died in an accident. I felt completely devastated, scared and lost. I came home from my teaching job in California and spent the summer months with my family and close friends. I wanted to sit still and just hoped that the world would sit still with me. I felt content to live in my father’s house, to sleep in my old bedroom that hadn’t changed since eighth grade, to work in the same summer program I had worked in during college. But I had also been given a grant to study in Oxford, England at the end of the summer. A three-week study trip; my spot in a course studying Shakespeare; my 750-year-old room in Merton College, awaited me.

But how could I face a new place on my own, when it felt safest to stay right where I was? What would I say to new people I met? What if I felt alone? What if the plane crashed or I got mugged or something happened to my family while I was gone? I definitely did not want to face a new experience; I did not want to feel uncertain or scared or alone; and, rational or irrational, I feared getting on that plane.

Not surprisingly, the times I have felt the most fear were also the experiences that pushed me to take risks and discover something really worthwhile.

So I went. I studied Shakespeare’s comedies, ironically, at a time when I felt quite tragic. But in many of the plays I read and saw performed, comedy coexists with tragedy, and humor dances side by side with serious reflections on life. The comedies, then, were not so unlike real life—because, even in a comedy, fear and uncertainty and darkness were still present. At the end of A Midsummer Night’s Dream, for example, everything ends up fitting back together: the mortals return to court and the fairies to the forest, the lovers get together with their proper partners, and life returns to normal. But none of this happens without confusion, pain and darkness along the way. And even when the characters regain their balance, memories of the night still linger, like a “dream.”

My trip showed me that Shakespeare’s comic vision was in fact true. Sometimes, just as I had feared, I felt lonely. Sometimes I felt grief and fear. Sometimes I wondered why I had ever decided to come. But the trip was most memorable because of the adventures I had and the discoveries I made. In those three weeks, I saw outdoor productions and productions in great theaters, I studied in a medieval library, I took a train to the Cotswolds and the beach resort towns of St. Ives and Land’s End. At Merton College, I had a great running loop that I did in the mornings before class. This loop took me down crooked, bumpy streets, over canals, through woods, past cow pastures, pubs and shops. On those runs, I felt like myself again. I was all right, and I was even having a pretty good time.

Maybe a moment of transcendence doesn’t have to be about doing something as fantastic and unreal as flying—it can also be about the catharsis you find on a good run.

How will you get up your nerve to “eat a peach”—to start something new? To try? To risk failure? To leap?

You might not always be bold and fearless. You may not always find the guts to, say, stand up with four friends in front of the entire school to sing an Eagles song. But sometimes, and you’ll know when, you’ll ignore your own quaking, quavering and wavering and instead say, “OK. Here goes—” and in the long run, after the adrenaline has worn off and your heart has stopped pounding, you’ll be blessed with some surprising discoveries.
At the conclusion of every ceramics, painting, drawing or photography course, students are asked to present an exhibition of their work. Senior art majors conclude their year of study by painting their autobiography—a simple task, one might think, except that the work cannot be a self-portrait. The whole idea of exhibition is integral to the arts, which require daily performances of mastered techniques and creative thinking.

For the past 12 years, all students at St. Andrew’s, regardless of their artistic inclinations, have taken a similar assessment—one that requires them to demonstrate their mastery in literary analysis and writing. As the culminating experience of four years of study, the Senior Exhibition in English has become associated with the very idea of the VI Form year—both its challenges and its rewards. Indeed, at St. Andrew’s, the Senior Exhibition is a scholarly rite of passage.

The idea behind the exhibition is straightforward. At the end of their St. Andrew’s English careers, students are required to read a substantive work of literature and write analytically and persuasively about that text. They read the novel or play independently, without the assistance of classroom discussion and with only minimal direction from their faculty advisor. After turning in the exhibition paper, students prepare for the oral—the aspect of the project which makes the exhibition distinctive, valuable and, of course, challenging.

“Students have been working on these skills of literary analysis, written argument and oral fluency throughout their careers,” notes English department chair Darcy Caldwell. “The exhibition is an appropriate way for students to conclude their English careers at St. Andrew’s.”

The structure of the exhibition affords a great deal of independence to the VI Formers—they must manage their time in order to meet deadlines with very little supervision. But what is perhaps most challenging about the project is the expectation that the students ask their own, original questions of their text. They must decide what is significant about it, why it matters at all.

Academic Dean John Austin ’83 and Darcy both believe the exhibition represents a crucial part of the student’s life at St. Andrew’s, and really speaks to the goals of the School’s academic program. “We are trying to graduate kids who are independent learners,” said John. “Exhibitions and the tutorial program are designed to create kids who can ask questions and learn independently of their teachers.”
A scholarly task
For John, the Exhibition represents exactly the type of engaged, independent work that students will do for the rest of their scholarly and professional lives. He calls the Exhibition an “authentic task” because it is grounded in the reality of scholarship, and is not simply an artificial assignment created for high school students.

“This is truer to the kind of experience students get in college and beyond. They have formulated an approach to a text, and must develop their own angle of approach,” John said. “In the future, they will be asked to take responsibility for the direction of their learning and to present their findings to a group of people who are interested in what they have to say.”

From time immemorial, English teachers have struggled to persuade their students of the relevance of their discipline to their greater lives, beyond the high school English classroom.

“When you think about what they are doing professionally and educationally beyond St. Andrew’s, it is to present their work and to discuss it in a way that is thoughtful and open-minded. At some point in their careers they are going to have to think, rethink and assess their own arguments.”

Students in literature courses across the world are asked to read books and write papers. What makes the Exhibition such an integral and vaunted part of the St. Andrew’s curriculum?

The independence of mind required for the Exhibition often presents a completely new challenge to students.

For the first time, they are asked to demonstrate their skills of literary analysis, written argument and oral fluency—completely on their own.

Mac McCallum ’06, who enjoyed the distinction of being the first senior in line for his Exhibition oral on Richard Wright’s Black Boy, believes this element of independence is what distinguishes the Senior Exhibition from other assessments in his four years at St. Andrew’s.

“You must read extremely carefully and figure things out on your own. The most challenging part was figuring out how to comprehend the text without the help or guidance of the class,” Mac said. “In class, there is so much you find out about the book that you may have overlooked or not seen. Other perspectives come to you in class, and that is something that is completely missing from the Exhibition process.”

Brook Jackling ’06 chose Jane Austen’s Emma, and soon found the initial task of choosing a topic more demanding than writing a paper of 10 or more pages. “There are so many important parts of the novel,” she said. “It was a struggle to narrow them down and choose a topic that was both specific and significant.”

“This is a very different model of learning,” said John Austin. “It demands much more of the students. It’s an exhibition in the true sense of the word because students have to demonstrate a certain level of literacy that we believe is absolutely essential if they are going to be students and scholars and citizens.”

The voice of scholarship
Because the Exhibition requires not only independent reading and writing, but an oral component as well, faculty believe it gives students a chance to approach their work as scholars—reflecting on their work, revisiting their ideas and discussing it with teachers in an engaged, respectful forum.

In the oral, members of the English department discuss both the student’s interpretation of the text and paper. The student must be prepared to talk about his own essay as well as other questions or themes from the text. Furthermore, since several faculty are involved, the student must talk about her work with teachers with whom she has never had a class.

“The oral tells them the process of learning and thinking doesn’t end when they turn in the paper,” John said. “They are meant not so much to defend their point of view, but instead to extend their thinking and push their analysis. It’s an opportunity to revise and rethink—not just defend.”

“The common thought is that the Exhibition’s purpose is for the teacher to ‘grill’ your paper. But in reality, the Exhibition is a way to come to a better understanding of the book while also taking a look at the way you saw it in your paper,” Mac said.

Brook Jackling ’06 agreed. “The questions and ideas that my teachers offered taught me so much about Emma,” she said. “In 40 minutes, I had developed a new perspective on the novel.”

“I actually had fun during my oral,” said Joy Doyle ’06, who wrote...
This is something real scholars and real critics actually do in their lives as real scholars and critics....
They read and write essays and discuss them.

"The fear of failing"
The English Department Chair Darcy Caldwell notes that, “It is a final project that students both look forward to and fear,” even though they have taken part in “mini-exhibitions” throughout their careers in English. In a mini-exhibition, students write a major essay and in groups of three discuss the strengths and weaknesses of each essay. The difference senior year is that the students are alone in a room with two, three, four or five teachers who are asking them questions about the essay they wrote and the text they studied.

Darcy, who has taught at St. Andrew’s for 15 years, considers the Exhibition to be a valuable learning experience, and this goes for students who fail the written or oral component as well as those who do well.

She remembers one student in particular whose failure had a significant impact on her life as student—and it was tremendously positive. She went to college, “furious with herself for her failure of the Senior Exhibition,” Darcy recalls. “Determined to change, she had a superb career [at college] and ended up winning an award her senior year for the best senior paper, and she attributes her success on this paper to her failure of her St. Andrew’s Senior Exhibition.”

Sometimes the highest learning curves are from experiences where they fail,” Darcy notes.

Of course, positive reports are always welcome. Even students who do well in their oral are often surprised by how the myth does not live up to the reality of the Senior Exhibition.

“I didn’t expect that the oral would be so enjoyable,” Brook said. “I had been fearing the experience since freshman year, but it actually turned out to be the best academic experience that I have had at St. Andrew’s.”

One of Darcy’s former students, pleased with his performance, wrote, “My Senior Exhibition was an amazing experience because I felt like I was on the same level, in terms of how well I knew or interpreted the book, as Mr. Rue and Mrs. Caldwell. My four years of hard work had paid off. I was on par with the teachers!”

Two days after turning in his paper, Mac faced his English VI teachers and Exhibition advisors, Tad and Elizabeth Roach, for his exhibition oral.

With some distance between him and the Exhibition, Mac reflected on the experience with a coolness and calm some of his peers, who had yet to complete their oral, could only envy.

“The common fear of the Exhibition is all a hoax,” he mused. “It really was not the hardest thing I have ever done at St. Andrew’s. It perhaps needed the most work and preparation, but was not stressful in the least.” What explains his confidence?

The answer is simple. “Because I felt so comfortable with my book,” Mac said.

And that’s what every teacher wants to hear.
Parents, teachers and educational experts worry about how adolescents spend their time—whether they are conquering the newest Xbox challenge or simply exploring the infinity of the Internet. While these sophisticated entertainment options may warrant concern, a more familiar form of media is finding a formal role in classrooms and the life of the School.

From Cold War educational reels about nuclear evacuation to National Geographic segments on the mating habits of yellow-bellied marmot, films have been part of schools, in one way or another, for decades. Faculty have updated their choice of media, often incorporating films as texts worthy of study in and of themselves, rather than as a complement to other readings.

At St. Andrew’s, film studies is part of the arts department curriculum, at both the introductory and advanced levels, where students approach film from academic and creative angles. Taught by Director of Technology Peter Hoopes, film studies allows students to view classic and contemporary movies and analyze significant elements of cinematography, plot, sound and editing. Students shoot and edit their own original productions as part of their coursework.

Despite the integration of film into academic programs across the country, movies remain the activity of choice in common rooms across St. Andrew’s campus, especially in the dark days of winter. At the intersection of these worlds — where intellectual interest in film meets old-fashioned enjoyment of a good movie — you find the Independent Film Club.

Sixth Former George MacDonald recalls the event two years ago that sparked his interest in forming such an organization at St. Andrew’s. Former faculty member Brad Bates had sponsored a trip to see Dirty Pretty Things, at Theater N—a small, independent theater in downtown Wilmington, Del. After the movie, George remembers, he and Jamie Devereux ’06, as well as others on the trip, talked to Brad about a film club that would promote film events and expand the range of films students watched.

“The trip was hugely successful. Afterwards everyone remarked how they liked seeing something different, something that affected them,” George remembers. “It made us realize that film could, and should, be a much bigger part of our lives at St. Andrew’s, and that we should engage ourselves with film in a way that was consistent with, and even perpetuated by, the school’s ideal of intellectual curiosity.”

Open to all, the IFC has sponsored trips this year to see David Cronenberg’s thriller A History of Violence and the classic Casablanca showing at the Everett Theater in Middletown, as well as several Sunday afternoon screenings on campus. (The addition of the full-size movie screen with the completion of Engelhard Hall expanded the IFC’s ability to show films...
The climax of the film club’s year is the annual St. Andrew’s Film Festival. At its inauguration in 2005, the festival opened with a series of short films all commissioned by Amazon.com and BMW Corporation. Six feature-length films were screened over the course of the weekend, including *Boys Don’t Cry*, *Run Lola Run*, *Clerks*, *I’ll Sleep When I’m Dead*, *Boondock Saints* and *Brothers*.

The highlight of the weekend was a presentation from Emmy-winning alumnus Michael Whalen ’84. His program began with his “Music in the Dark” program—a performance in which he improvisationally scores a commissioned silent film. Whalen concluded with a presentation and question-and-answer session on his work on the PBS documentary “Slavery and the Making of America.”

“Mr. Whalen really opened the eyes—or ears rather—of the students to the huge role that music plays in how we view images,” George said.

This year’s festival, which took place February 18-19, featured the work of producer Anne Harrison P’07, mother of *V* Former Malcolm Forbes. Anne showed her newest film, *The Night of the White Pants*, currently in post-production. Directed by Amy Talkington and starring actors Tom Wilkinson, Nick Stahl and Selma Blair, the film charts the adventures of a Dallas oil magnate trying to straighten out his priorities after his family life crumbles.

Following the screening on Saturday night, Anne discussed the movie and her career in film.

On Saturday afternoon, Charlie Crystle ’86 showed his documentary, *Children in a Jar* to a crowd of students and faculty in Engelhard Hall. The film features the struggles of kids living on the streets in cities in Honduras and Nicaragua. Faced with the harsh realities of crime, extreme poverty and disease, these children fight each day to survive, and escape only temporarily by using cheap drugs. In the film, young boys and girls relate how they steal and beg for food and money to buy glue, and how they have been raped and witnesses to murders.

Still in post-production, the film has so far been shown only at festivals. Following the screening, Charlie fielded questions from the audience and discussed his ongoing work in Central America. A recording artist and a computer software developer, Charlie became interested and invested in the lives of these children after travel in the region.

The film and question-and-answer session following caused quite a buzz, as students continued to discuss the knot of historical, political and economic issues the film introduced.

On Sunday afternoon, prolific producer Larry Meistrich spoke to a group of students in the Warner Gallery. Larry has produced such critically acclaimed projects as *Billy Bob Thornton’s Sling Blade*, Kenneth Lonergan’s *You Can Count on Me*, Nick Gomez’s *Laws of Gravity*, Bob Gosse’s *Niagara Niagara*, and Hal Hartley’s *Henry Fool*. He is a dedicated advocate of independent filmmaking, and founded one of Soho’s premier independent film companies, the Shooting Gallery, in 1991. In 2002, he founded Film Movement, a traditional art-house film distributor that added a new twist: a subscription service for award-winning, newly released independent and foreign films.

Larry talked about his beginnings in film, from a dedicated production assistant who dutifully watched over equipment, to a major Hollywood figure who decided east-coast creativity was more his style. He spoke from experience, emphasizing the diversity of approaches to this media, especially with the new technologies that have changed and will continue to change the way film and entertainment are produced and disseminated. These new capabilities, he said, will open up the space for creative projects to flourish that would otherwise not find a voice or market in Hollywood.

“Having such a diverse group of film makers this year really brought the festival to the whole school,” George said. “I think—I hope—that everyone found something they really liked, something that stayed with them, something they won’t forget.”
Talk of the T-Dock

Oliver!
'Please, sir, I want some more.'

With those fateful words, the woebegone orphan boy of Charles Dickens’ beloved novel seals his fate. No one in Mr. Bumble’s workhouse had dared ask for more, but that’s exactly what the audiences at this year’s Winter Musical wanted: more! A cast of 31 performed the Broadway-adapted version of Charles Dickens’ haunting novel, Oliver Twist. Repeat performances on Friday and Saturday packed the house both nights, as students, parents, faculty, alumni and friends gathered for one of the winter’s most memorable events.

Each musical at St. Andrew’s has its own distinguishing feature—something that sets it apart from other performances in Forbes Theater. It wasn’t hard to figure out what made Oliver Twist such a remarkable experience, both to perform and watch. The cast and audiences agreed: it was energy.

“The energy was absolutely outstanding,” said Kate Hardwick ’07, who played Mrs. Sowerberry. “The cast was energetic, talented and fun, and everyone was really dedicated. We all supported each other, especially backstage.”

Long before the curtain call, director Sarah Bowers ’00 described the play in terms of its “raw, carefree energy,” and the cast concurred.

Sarah, who has taken the reigns of the theater program at St. Andrew’s while Ann McTaggart ’86 enjoys a sabbatical year, was encouraged by the success of A Midsummer Night’s Dream in the fall. But in many ways, producing a musical is quite different from another type of play. Like all artistic creations, the flawless performance of this winter’s musical belied the weeks of daily practices and arduous work that went into the production.

“Coordinating acting with music and choreography is difficult, especially with the large number of kids,” Sarah said. “And the costume demands are about four times what they are for a standard dramatic production. It’s kind of fun though—I get to go to Goodwill a lot.”

The challenges faced by the cast of Oliver Twist also contributed to its success as a production. Unlike many lighthearted, sometimes sugary-sweet musicals, this play takes as its theme the lives and hardships of working class people in 19th-century England. In classic Dickens fashion, however, there are bright spots, and there is redemption.

“Although the play is dark, it’s about loving your life, even if it’s rough,” Sarah said. Actors and actresses had to find a balance between the funny and fanciful moments with Fagan’s “boys,” the pickpockets, and the grimmer moments of sadness in the lives of these same people.

Most of the characters—from the harsh workhouse master Mr. Bumble (Sam Arnold ’06) and Widow Corney (Dana Daugherty ’06) to the arch-pickpocket the Artful Dodger (Paul Haard-Land-White ’06) to the pitiful, delightful Oliver himself (Mary Craig ’09)—had to adopt a Cockney accent for the lines and songs. While integral to the setting and theme of the musical, this aspect proved to be among the most challenging for the cast. Indeed, the need to “accent” Oliver surpassed even the desire for “beautiful” music. Sarah and Peter Hoopes ’89, who coached the cast on their singing, encouraged the actresses and actors to embrace all the rough edges of a Dickens novel in the theater.

 “[We] tell them to worry less about hitting the exact notes with pure, angelic voices, and focus instead on investing the music with energy and soul,” remarked Sarah. “It’s mostly a show about the working class in the 1800s, and that roughness needs to come through.”

For Dana, who has performed in three musicals at St. Andrew’s, it was all part of understanding and portraying her character.

“Placing yourself in the character and making that character your own was necessary,” she said. “Oliver asked you to not just read your lines, but also internalize them, and then try to get some feeling—why is she saying the line the way she is saying it? How would she be looking at this moment?”

“For my character, I thought of a flirtatious pre-adolescent. In one of the songs, she wanted the relationship, but she was also pretending she was innocent.”

Some cast members were forced to adapt to their characters in more ways than one. Tolly Taylor ’07, who plays the wicked Bill Sykes in Oliver Twist, changed his hair color—from a light pale blond to pitch black, a color more suited to his villainous role. Other guys had to wear moustaches, beards and other hair accessories made from 100 percent human hair—a touch of reality that was a little too real for some of the cast members.

Oliver Twist certainly made an impression on the School community with compelling performances and memorable music. Yet despite how engrossed the actresses and actors became in their roles, after the final curtain call, they could all agree that St. Andrew’s is a far cry from Mr. Bumble’s workhouse—and even in the dark recesses of the winter months, there are spots of laughter and fun.
Icons in Art

The art majors’ icon project is designed to have students look to the larger issues in their culture and to create a visual statement about a particular subject for which they feel strongly. Examining the role centralized images have played in various societies, art students look closely at the design and material substance of, for example, sacred imagery from the Byzantine culture as well as the Pop Art silk screens of Andy Warhol. Once students have decided on the tone of their piece, which can vary from satire and irony to devotion, they are given three weeks before a due date and a group critique where they must present and defend both their thinking and process of construction.

George Toothman
Ford Truck

I wanted my icon to represent and reflect America. For me to achieve this goal, my icon needed to be big, bold and distinct—almost to the point of excess. There were a couple ways I wanted to do this. To make the piece stand out, I wanted it to have a three-dimensional aspect. It needed to be colorful, and it needed to be of a substantial size.

I decided to do the grill of a Ford truck. This piece held some meaning with me, but it also had a broader appeal; especially where I live. For me, there was no better way to represent the excessiveness, the power and the beauty of America, than through the grill of a super-duty truck.

The media I finally choose to use were insulation board (which I carved and shaped) and acrylic paint. The insulation board provided me with a good way of achieving the 3-D aspect I wanted, and the bright red paint gave my project the boldness I thought it needed. This project further developed my skills with different media and compositions.
Brandon Sigh
Slave in a Box

From the moment that the icon project was announced, I knew I wanted to do something slightly controversial. I wanted to shed light on a topic that meant something to me that could be interpreted in many different ways. I knew if I just did Aunt Jemima people would think that it was a funny icon to choose. I tried to imagine the world that Aunt Jemima lived in. While searching for images, I found an article on Aunt Jemima that called her “a slave in box.” It addressed the “mammy” stereotype and the roots of Aunt Jemima as an icon. This little four-word statement was exactly how I felt about the issue. To me, the stereotype had been forever trapped in a box, still affecting the world today.

Joy Doyle
iCon: iPod

I was in the library one night talking (quietly, of course) to a few friends when someone turned their computer around to display the newest iPod for sale on apple.com. One of my friends stated that a week ago he had just bought an older version of the iPod for the same amount of money. His iPod was not equipped, however, with the same new features and sleek look. We then all began to joke about what new iPod would come out next and what amazing miniature inventions would come standard. It was from this moment that the inspiration for my icon project was sparked.

The iPod is a huge pop-culture icon. In as many ways as the iPod is a great invention, it can be so alienating. People walking around plugged into headphone jacks can eliminate communication and send people off into a place of isolation. This is not always a harmful effect, but constantly wearing headphones while walking outside or while in a room with other people eliminates the opportunity to absorb the surrounding world to its full potential. I wanted to represent all of these things in my icon piece.

I drew artistic inspiration from Andy Goldsworthy, who was an expert at taking pop-culture icons and creating a balance between criticizing them and still recognizing them as modern icons. I wanted to convey the disconnectedness created by iPods and by headphones, and so in the first screen I painted one pair of heavily defined headphones. In the second screen I painted a heart-rate graph in the form of a frayed headphones cord (as a continuation from the first screen), and in the third screen I painted a faded headphones cord, which plugged into nothing.

Overall I think my icon piece demonstrates how I feel about the iPod. I think it is an impressive invention but it is somewhat ridiculous how quickly it has become part of modern culture and on such a major scale.

Sue Jean Koh
iPod

The girl in this painting is to some extent a representation of me. I love music. Whether it’s singing or listening to music, I am inseparable from it. I carry my iPod wherever I go, whether it’s going to class, going to town, going to the gym, doing my homework or just walking from place to place. Music allows me to focus on who I really am and helps me get through difficult times. I painted this piece with endless excitement. I concentrated intensely on what colors I wanted to use in the painting. I wanted to use blue from the iPod and orange for the background to emphasize the iPod and really make the painting full of life. Through the energy and brightness of this painting, I wanted to express my passion and love for music and my emotions incited by it. Music is my source of energy—my anti-drug.
The works of photographer Margaret Adams were on display in the Warner Gallery in January and February. In her gallery talk, Margaret discussed her three different collections on display: “Metronome,” “The Creek Log House” and “Point of Origin.” The subject of many of these photographs is deeply personal, as images of childhood, family and home—at once both comforting and unsettling—populate her work.

“Point of Origin,” her most recent body of work on display, is a collection of staged portraits of her family. All of the images were photographed in Margaret’s hometown of Statesville, N.C.

“Films of the south, such as *In Cold Blood*, *To Kill a Mockingbird*, and *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, influenced the subject matter of this work,” she said. “These portraits are subjective and personal re-creations of past memories and impressions of my childhood.”

Warner Gallery exhibits Margaret Adams works
**founders hall**

After last year’s renovation and retrofit of the Old Wing of Founders Hall, a second phase of work will take place in summer 2006 in the building’s New Wing. The focus of the project will continue to be two-fold: first, the installation of sprinkler and fire detection systems throughout the building and, second, a retrofit of the HVAC, electrical, and plumbing systems and the replacement and repair of roofing and dormers.

The dormitories in the New Wing of the building, Voorhees and Baum Corridors, differ from the rest of Founders in that the furniture and cabinetry in the rooms is built-in, according to designs drawn by the School’s first headmaster, Walden Pell II. Contractors will tear out the worn-out built-in cabinets and will replace them with sturdy new dormitory furniture. Common rooms in the dorms will have sinks added and the concrete block walls throughout that section of the building will be skim-coated with plaster, to provide a look and feel similar to the rest of Founders.

The summer of 2006 also marks the first of two planned phases of renovation in the Irene duPont Library. This summer the section of the library that is directly over the Forbes Theater will be renovated, as the plumbing and mechanical systems will be renovated in the theater and will be installed vertically through the library and language classrooms, and continuing to the third floor of the New Wing. The Forbes Theater will be refreshed with new carpets, paint and additional backstage storage.

**Domestic Water System**

Following the replacement of the main well pump in 2005, this year will see additional repairs and restoration to the School’s domestic water distribution system. The School’s drinking water is stored in three 5,000-gallon tanks under the Edith Pell Student Center. These three tanks are in need of periodic inspection and repair. A tank inspection will be scheduled for the summer of 2006 and the three tanks will be relined as needed.

**Looking at the campus through a new PRRSM**

Each year, campus care projects, such as upgrades to buildings, dormitories and faculty residences (e.g., kitchens, bathrooms, roof repair, boiler replacement) are funded through part of the School’s operating budget known as PRRSM, which stands for Plant Renewal, Repair and Special Maintenance. Over the past five years the School has experienced a period of significant expenditure on deferred maintenance issues. The buildings and grounds committee and the facilities management team have taken a new look at the PRRSM budget as a mechanism for preventing urgent and significant expenditures on repairs by increasing the annual expenditures on preventative maintenance. Experts believe that a minimum level of PRRSM funding to maintain a campus amounts to 1.5 percent of the replacement value of the plant. The board of trustees is expected to continue increasing the annual PRRSM budget until that level of funding is reached.

**Strategic Planning for the Campus**

Following the board of trustees’ strategic planning retreat in February, St. Andrew’s staff and faculty will revisit and update the campus plan, which includes all major renovations and projected construction for the following five to 10 years. The School will publish the updated campus plan as part of the St. Andrew’s School Strategic Plan next year.
Boys' Squash
Boys' squash finished the season with a record of 1-7. Members of the team raised their level of play significantly over the course of the season. Co-captains George MacDonald '06 and Brandon Sigh '06 traded duties at number one and number two throughout the season. These two grizzled veterans were always competitive and never intimidated by playing an opponent with a national ranking.

Several underformers experienced breakout seasons this winter. Third Formers Jimmy Gerrity and Taylor White made solid contributions as newcomers at numbers three and five, respectively. Matt Russell '07 continued to improve dramatically as the season wore on, finishing at number four.

The JV squad had several new players to the sport. What these players lacked in technical knowledge of the game, they made up for with enthusiasm and team spirit. This fine group of students came to practice early and stayed late. They cared about the sport and it was fun for them.

Varsity Girls' Squash
The Varsity girls' squash team finished the season with a 4-3 record, and the highlight of the season was winning the Mid Atlantic tournament. Earlier in the season St. Andrew’s lost 9-1 to a strong Episcopal High School team, despite a couple of close matches. In the finals of the Mid Atlantic, the team faced EHS again: this time, VI Formers [number one] Paige Bayless, [number three] Ashley Panichelli and [number four] Biz Forbes won their matches, and going into the final match, the Saints were tied 3-3 with EHS.

It all came down to number seven Lucy Brady '07. Lucy was a morning substitute for Sarah Rohrbach '06, who courageously gave up her place on the team because of an elbow injury. Lucy did not realize she was the deciding match—but she played calmly and ferociously, pulling from being down 1-2 in games to win the last two games decisively. Her victory gave St. Andrew's the championship for the first time in the Mid Atlantic in about six years.

The seniors were a superb example to the younger players, and they will be missed. Paige Bayless was an outstanding captain, and has played at number one for two straight years.

JV Girls' Squash
The enthusiasm and energy of this year's JV girls' squash squad was so intense it seemed hardly able to be contained within the small, walled rooms in which they played. Despite the widespread idiosyncrasy in their approach to hitting, they competed with gusto, charging the ball (and sometimes each other) with legs churning and arms akimbo, their wildly veering elbows generating angles that might have pleased Kandinsky. Indeed, they were so full of crackle and pop (not to mention snap) that, decked out in their goggles, they sometimes resembled mad scientists, electrified by lightning. The wit and good humor they brought to practice every day was as sharp as the elbows, such that it seemed impossible any of them could ever not be happy or enthralled by the richness and variety of their imaginations.

Varsity Girls’ Basketball
Varsity girls’ basketball finished the season with a record of 6–13. Sixth Form captain Nancy Graves led the squad in total points (212), offensive
rebounds (51), defensive rebounds (78) and shot blocks (7), while junior point guard, Stephanie Chubb, led the team in assists (35) and steals (43).

Despite some disappointing losses to St. Timothy’s (31-33), Tower Hill (42-43) and Friends Central (25-27), the team approached each game with confidence and determination. Most impressive was the team’s ability to set realistic goals throughout the season. The team’s close losses were complemented by some amazing wins, such as a victory against Tatnall (39-25) after losing to them earlier in the season, and both victories over Wilmington Friends. While the varsity squad will miss the leadership of seniors Nancy Graves and Katie Garvey, rising seniors Stephanie Chubb, Alexa Caldwell and Cydney Unvala look forward to leading the team in the 2006-07 season.

**JV Girls’ Basketball**

One more season is officially in the books, as the storied JV girls’ basketball team wrapped up yet another season full of hard work and marked improvement. The Saints’ 2-10 record belies the steps forward these girls took this season. This year’s team benefited tremendously from the positive attitudes of all the girls, most specifically Captain Mei Li ’06. While the squad will miss Mei’s leadership next year, there is a strong core of underformers who are poised to carry on the team’s traditions of playing hard, laughing often and working together.

**Varsity Boys’ Basketball**

Boys’ varsity basketball finished the season 6-14. Playing a very competitive schedule the Cardinals lost to some very strong competition this winter. Beloved Rogers ’07 carried the offensive load this season, twice breaking the school scoring record in a game and tallying 39 points in one game and 41 in another. He finished the season ranked as #4 in scoring in the state of Delaware, with an average of 23 points per game. Senior co-captains Andrew Devlin and John Reynolds worked hard all season to set a good example for a young team. L.J. Dimanche ’08 was a consistent player all year, averaging around 10 points a game and doing a solid job handling the ball as the point guard. Rob Bryan ’07 was the team’s toughest defender this season, battling numerous players much taller and more skilled on a weekly basis.

The biggest victories this season were two
conf


conference wins over Friends and Tower Hill. Both games came down to the final seconds, where in each case St. Andrew’s found a way to win. A solid nucleus returns for next season, so the future is bright.

The JV team ended their season 6-12.

**Boys’ Thirds Basketball**
The annals of thirds basketball are not meticulously kept, but in light of their 2-0 record, it is possible that this year’s thirds squad was indeed “the greatest thirds team ever assembled.”

After losing twice to Westtown last year, the Saints avenged both losses this season, winning the first contest at home in convincing fashion, 23-14. Fourth Form center Taylor “The Flying Blue Monkey” Brown led all scorers with 12 points, scoring eight in the first quarter alone. In their second and final game this season, thirds eked out a victory against Westtown, 15-14. Fifth Form forward A.J. “The Wall” Huenke blocked a last-second shot that might have given Westtown the win. This year’s team earned a measured amount of fame for executing a series of sporadically effective plays, each of which bore the name of a 1980s heavy metal band. The 2005-06 thirds team was a spirited group of guys whose positive attitudes would have made for a rewarding season, with or without the undefeated record.

**Swimming and Diving**
A record number of 43 swimmers and divers joined the team for the 2005-06 season. The girls finished their season with a record of five wins and six losses—their best record in several years. They finished third in the Delaware Independent School Conference (dual meets) and fourth at the DISC Championship Meet on February 4.

The boys enjoyed a record of eight wins and one loss, and ended the season first in the Delaware Independent School Conference (dual meets). They also won the DISC Championship Meet for the boys on February 4. During the season, new school records were set by Pierce Lopez ’06 in the 1M diving (185.62), Tyler Gehrs ’09 in the 200-yard freestyle (1:52.24) and 100 backstroke (56.96); and Joe Appleyard ’06 in the 50 freestyle (22.45).

Yet another record was set with 10 boys and nine girls going to the State Championship Meet this year, including relays for the boys and girls in all three relay events—200 medley relay, 200 freestyle relay and 400 freestyle relay. The State Championship capped off an amazing season for
the School’s swimming and diving program.

Some of the highlights from this competition include state rankings as well as excellent individual times. The 200 freestyle relay team of Tyler Caldwell ’07, Tyler Gehrs, Joe Appleyard and David Agia ’06 (and Byron Cooper ’07, who anchored in the prelims) held onto first place, swimming a time of 1:30.85. They are state champions in this event (this relay also won last year). In the 400 freestyle relay, the team of Tyler Gehrs, Tyler Caldwell, Dave Fowler ’06 and Greg Beard ’08 finished fifth with a time of 3:27.46.

St. Andrew’s was only one of three schools where all three relays made it into the finals. In the 50 freestyle, Tyler Caldwell finished in fourth place with a time of 22.51. Joe Appleyard finished in fifth place with a time of 22.54. In the 100 breaststroke, Lee Whitney placed sixteenth, swimming a time of 1:09.36. In the boy’s 100 freestyle, Tyler Gehrs placed sixth with a final time of 49.90; Tyler Caldwell finished in fourteenth place, with a time of 51.50.

The boys finished up the 2005-06 season ranked as seventh in the State. First team, All Conference selection included Tyler Gehrs, Tyler Caldwell and Pierce Lopez. Making second team, All Conference, Lee Whitney and David Agia, with Honorable Mention going to Joe Appleyard. Named to second team, All State, were Joe Appleyard and Tyler Caldwell, and Tyler Gehrs received Honorable Mention recognition.

The girls enjoyed some outstanding times as well. In the 50 freestyle, Mackenzie Lilly ’09 finished in eighth place with a time of 26.10, and in the 100 freestyle, she swam a time of 57.44, also finishing in eighth place. The 200 freestyle team of Mackenzie Lilly, Rachel Hickman ’07, Sara Khan ’09, and Sellers Grantham ’08 finished in thirteenth place and the 400 freestyle (Mackenzie Lilly, Jen Cuervo ’06, Rebecca Smith ’08, and Kasey Christiansen ’09) finished in sixteenth place.

All Conference selection for the girls included Mackenzie Lilly, first team, and Jane Wagner, second team. In addition, Mackenzie Lilly was named second team, All State.

Two VI Form members of the diving team ended their St. Andrew’s diving careers with important placements at States. Pierce Lopez ’06 finished in fifth place, with a score of 286.75 for 11 dives. Diver Jane Wagner ’06 had a final score of 286.75 and finished fourth in the state.
Al Wood
Faculty profile of a trainer extraordinaire

In December 1997, St. Andrew’s was in a bind. Longtime teacher and Director of Athletics Bob Colburn needed an athletic trainer, but no one was available in the middle of the year—except Al Wood, who was working as a trainer at Schweitzer Physical Therapy in Middletown. Al started working full-time in 1999, and since then has helped hundreds of students, faculty and staff work towards and maintain good health—through injury recuperation and weight training routines, as well as the general wellness counseling that characterizes Al’s training room.

In December 2003, Al’s wife Shara gave birth to triplets—Bryer, Tyler and Caden. He talked to St. Andrew’s Magazine about his training routine—three children at three years old.

St. Andrew’s Magazine: Why have you stayed at St. Andrew’s?
Al Wood: Both my parents were teachers, and my father was the football coach at Lake Forest High School [in Felton, Del.]. I grew up in Lake Forest running the halls of Lake Forest High School when my parents would bring me on in-service days. So it feels very natural to work in a school.

On one my first days here, this is one of the first things I noticed. No one was in the training room yet, but there were some crew guys in the weight room. They came in and they introduced themselves. They said it was nice to meet me, and they were very polite. I got the sense that this place was a little bit different. I am not going to have to break in to the culture, I thought. It’s going to accept me and make me a part of it. From then on that is the vibe St. Andrew’s gave me.

When I asked kids, ‘Hey, could I get you to do this and this?’ there was a mature, adult-type feedback to those requests. Of course they would do it. That was an expectation.

SAM: What is your favorite part of the day?
AW: The most fun part of the day is also the most challenging part. It’s right before practice has started. You have to be in the training room to feel it. There is a buzz.

The place is packed. We are all moving, but we are all getting a lot done. I have 10 people asking me what their next exercise is, what they should do. There is constant laughter and camaraderie. Someone is always saying a joke or laughing.
I am just the air-traffic controller, pointing people where to go. There is complete positive energy flowing through the training room.

**SAM:** Tell me about life with triplets. How does your family life fit in with your career at St. Andrew’s?

**AW:** We look at ourselves as this instant team. That is what makes the experience neat. I don’t think of myself as separate from my family. I don’t feel ‘tied’ down—that I can’t do what I want—we get it done together; we’re a team.

It’s been an amazing experience, but the first year of the kids’ lives was a physically demanding year. Still, it’s been such a blessing I never want to complain about it. Anything worth doing in life is going to be challenging, and it’s going to test your resolve. Any career, any competition is going to really push your limits and stretch you.

**SAM:** What is one of your most memorable moments at St. Andrew’s?

**AW:** I remember when Jay Hutchinson asked me to do a chapel talk. The kids were only a couple months old. It forced me to relive the whole process of finding out Shara was pregnant, finding out it was triplets; finding out there were complications because of that. Because there were the complications involved, it really changed my priority list of what was really important. Had it just gone smoothly and we had had just one child, I may have taken some things for granted, but it forced me to say my children are the most important thing now.

The experience of putting it down on paper and telling everyone this story that was very tough to tell was a very liberating experience. I felt the St. Andrew’s community understood me a little better.

Because of the state of sleep deprivation of that first year, if I had not done that I don’t know if I would have remembered half the things that happened.

I am a person that needs sleep. I went from eight hours to one and a half hours a night for six straight months. You forget people’s names, you stutter, you drop things. Then you stop feeling tired—but you’re still not functioning right.

Still, some of mine and my wife’s best moments and bonding were at 3:30 in the morning. We have all three kids up, and we are feeding them. I have two kids on my lap with bottles propped up on my knees, and she is feeding one. There is one light on in the room. We are just talking to each other. We are half out of our minds. We are making up songs to sing to the kids, we are talking about college. You would think we would be on edge and grumpy and cranky towards each other, but we were so positive and nice to each other because we were so happy that even though it was 3:30 and we weren’t asleep, it was our family—this was our blessing we got to go through together. 🌟
Q: What is the purpose of the VI Form Dinner?
A: The VI Form Dinner celebrates the current VI Form Class and welcomes them into the alumni body.

For the alumni, it is an informal opportunity to meet current students—those who know best what St. Andrew's has to offer. It's a great way to learn about St. Andrew's today.

Q: What happens at the dinner?
A: Students and alumni wear nametags with their hometown and name. Seating is open so that alumni and students can sit together and get to know each other.

During dessert, each alumna/us stands up and introduces him/herself. Someday you may all see each other again— at a reunion, Metro Stop or even a job interview!

Q: How long does it last?
A: About an hour and a half.

Q: What is the dress code?
A: Haycock, that is sportswear—no coat and tie necessary for the boys; no cardigan, blazer or stockings for the girls.

Q: What's for dinner?
A: Dinner will be served at the table. The chef always prepares something special for this important event.

Make your plans to attend! May 21, 2006
As unexciting or average as it may sound, the best part of my junior year has been my time spent from 11:00 p.m. to bedtime. I often enter these blocks of time promising myself an early slumber or vowing to finish my homework, but this is rarely the case. The midnight visits from my junior and senior friends can change any bad day into a good one. It’s a time of joking, relaxing, and most importantly, doing nothing. It’s an escape from the stresses of academic and social life and a time for me to laugh and just have a good time. As soon as George walks in the room I know I’m in for a night of witty debate or sarcastic story-telling. Whenever Penn strolls in I prepare myself for a laugh session. If Devlin or Sam graces me with his presence I can be assured good times will be had by all. The wee hours of the day are most often the best hours of the day for me. I wouldn’t trade this camaraderie for anything.

I’d say that one of the most significant differences in being a V Former is the workload. Coming from a school where I had about one hour of homework per week, my freshman year at St. Andrew’s was a transition unto itself. Now that I’m a junior my workload has been multiplied by leaps and bounds. It isn’t as bad as it sounds, though, because I am interested in the material my teachers assign. Whether it’s reading about the ethics of torture in Global Studies or wrestling with the nuances of the media in Colonial History, all of my classes successfully continue to captivate me like never before. Another difference in being a V Former is the relationships I’ve created with the sophomore and freshmen guys. I looked up to the seniors of my freshmen year as big brothers. Those guys were supportive, funny, and confident. They made me want to be just like them. As an upper former I wonder if I can ever be like those seniors. I hope so.

There is so much I would like to accomplish before I leave St. Andrew’s. It’s shocking to me that I only have one and a half years left. When it comes to sports, the two most important goals to me are to beat Tower Hill in soccer and to win the DISC wrestling tournament. I want to become the coolest freshmen role model I can possibly be. I would like to graduate magna cum laude. Before I leave I want to have as many friends and mentors as possible. The list goes on. The most important priority, however, is definitely to enjoy every single minute I have left at St. Andrew’s, no matter what it seems like, because the fact of the matter is: I love this place. I’m not trying to convince anyone. It’s true... I know that I’m going to miss St. Andrew’s like a home when I’ve graduated.
As part of our regular series of interviews with faculty and staff, St. Andrew’s Magazine sat down with Russ Perry, manager of facilities operations, to talk about his work—this time not in facilities, but in a project that hopes to touch every member of the St. Andrew’s community as well as people all over Delaware.

Six years ago, Russ was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis, and in 2001, he began swimming “religiously” in the Genereaux Aquatics Center every morning. He is now spearheading an event he hopes will raise $20,000 for MS research and treatment, as well as awareness about this “invisible” disease. On March 25, the School will host Sunrise to Midnight: the Swim-a-Thon to Benefit MS in Delaware. Russ talks about his 20 years at St. Andrew’s, his life with MS, and this new role in the School community.

St. Andrew’s Magazine: Tell us about this idea for a swim-a-thon. How did all this come about?

Russ Perry: Well, [Director of Counseling] Whiz [Hutchinson] has been an inspiration to me. She has given me direction and helped me out dealing with a lot of issues. Two years ago I went to lunch with Whiz, and I said, “I got this idea—tell me if this is crazy.” I wanted to do something I thought would make a difference. I wanted to give back to the MS Society, to my own cause. I can always count on Whiz for the absolute honest answer. I said, “I have no idea how to do a fundraiser.” Whiz said, “it’s a great idea,” and then she said, “I’m going to hold you to it!”

I concentrated on putting together my chapel talk, which I saw as a next step in managing some of the things that were happening in my life. So the swim didn’t come to be, but the chapel talk did. This summer I was talking to Whiz again and I said, “Now it’s time.” I talked to Whiz about making an announcement to the school, which I did in October with [swim coach] Bill Wallace.

Whiz was my cornerstone as far as the idea and me
realizing it could happen and it will happen. When I got diagnosed with MS, Diahann Johnson was extraordinary. Because her mother had MS, Diahann is unbelievable—her support. She got on board. I absolutely adore her for what she has been doing. I never thought it would elevate to this point. Part of my inspiration to do this was recognizing how far I had come dealing with MS.

SAM: What do you hope will come of the Swim-a-Thon? What do you hope it accomplishes?

RP: One of the major factors for me was to have student body involved and to get the students excited about it. That was a huge piece of the puzzle of getting this to work. I have been extremely thankful—I just can’t believe the support I am getting from everywhere.

At the Lums Pond MS walk, I remember I started out the walk with my son. All three of my children were there. I walked maybe 300 yards, and I couldn’t complete the walk. I went back, was in the pavilion at Lums Pond. It’s very humbling to see all the people who come out and say, We are trying to find a cure. As wonderful as that is, for me to not be able to walk really bothered me. That’s one of the things I thought would be cool about this swim. You can just get in the pool. I want people who have MS to come participate. I want to put together a relay for people with MS.

When I get in the pool every morning, I can leave my MS up on the deck. I swim, and when I get out of the pool, the MS is back. I know in my heart that there is going to be a cure for MS someday. But this isn’t about me. Now I’m to the point where it’s a passion—I want people to understand what MS is. Part of this fundraiser is about education and awareness. Raising money is important, but it’s equally important for people to know what you’re living with. It’s an invisible disease, it’s a frustrating disease.

SAM: You have worked at St. Andrew’s for nearly 20 years. Why?

RP: There was a kind of comfort here right from the beginning. I had competed against St. Andrew’s for years because I graduated from Wilmington Friends. So I had a tie with the school before I came to work here. Then I was given the opportunity to help coach the football team—a great couple of years. I was involved beyond working every day in maintenance. I always thought it was a caring, compassionate place that I wanted to be. Now I can look back, and God has a plan for each of us. Part of my plan was that once I was diagnosed, I was in a place where I didn’t have to worry about my job. Many people who get diagnosed will not tell their employers; they are afraid to lose their jobs. Part of the plan that has made it easier for me to manage the disease is that I work at St. Andrew’s and that I have three wonderful children.

You go through stages with MS. At first it’s unavoidable to feel sorry for yourself. You think, why is this happening? Finally I figured it out: I’m in this place in my life for a reason; there is a purpose, a plan—the plan for me was to make a difference. That’s how I feel at this point. I’m at St. Andrew’s School, and I am in a position to be able to make a difference, to hopefully find a cure, to help people who aren’t as fortunate as I am, living, with MS. I am really fortunate—I am absolutely lucky. I laugh a lot. I have the camaraderie here at St. Andrew’s and the acceptance of my disease.

You have the power to either play the hand you’re dealt or to fold. I made up my mind that my life is not going to be stymied by MS. I am not able to deny to myself that I have the disease. But I can manage the disease.
As the Class of 2006 prepares to graduate this spring, St. Andrew’s Magazine asked a few seniors to share their thoughts about themselves and St. Andrew’s at this important turning point in their lives.

These personal essays are the result.

Self-Portraits
I can remember the immense silence in the audience as I sat at the piano waiting for Dave’s, the cellist, shoulders to rise slightly to signal the beginning of Camille Saint-Saens’ Cello Concerto in A Minor. It is a non-stop piece that allows no break for either of us, even me, the accompanist. On top of the technique, the piece requires our near perfect coordination. In the end, it ideally sounds like a piece of flowing music, not just two musicians playing at the same tempo. For me, the piece was not only challenging technically; it pushed me to communicate in a completely different way.

For most of my performances since the age of 6, I have played solo, which seems to happen often to pianists whose instrument can create incredibly full sounds without accompaniment. Playing solo has always been challenging and rewarding. I can be completely involved in the notes I play, and nothing else. While I had played a few piano duets before the Saint-Saens piece, accompanying someone on another instrument with their back to me was much more difficult than I had imagined.

Since I hadn’t done much accompanying, the rehearsals for the Saint-Saens piece were difficult, and I can imagine frustrating for Dave as well. After our first rehearsal, I realized that I did not know the piece quite well enough, nor was my tempo fast enough. I went back to practicing and fine-tuning my part. Somehow the piece still didn’t work. We played the same section over and over again, but we always ended half a beat off. After a while, we stopped to discuss what exactly was supposed to happen. I finally realized that my solo piano mentality got in the way. I had to focus less on my notes and tempo, and listen to his. Not an extremely profound thought, but it clicked for me.

The Saint-Saens piece has led me to realize that my next challenge is not just more sophisticated solo pieces but duets. This winter and spring, I will accompany a singer and play a two-piano duet; accompanying them will be a new experience for me. It requires not only my piano technique and my dedication, but I have to discuss and work with other musicians as well.

While we could have used more time, the performance was better than any of the rehearsals. For a brief moment during the Concerto, I was able to pull away from the music: it actually sounded like two voices harmonizing. I realized at that moment I had succeeded in leaving behind my solo pianist mentality. In the next rehearsals, I hope I will continue to move beyond just playing the right notes expressively on the piano to creating a sound more complex and interesting with another musician.
I finally realized that my solo piano mentality got in the way. I had to focus less on my notes and tempo, and listen to his.

Not an extremely profound thought, but it clicked for me.
...by talking about this issue that was basically new to all of us, we learned that in everyday life we contribute to injustices in places far away and out of sight. ...Learning compels people to act, and if they don’t act, what is the point of learning at all?
Life happens so fast that one rarely gets a chance to slow down and reflect. I think the college process is one of those rare times that I will be forced to look at what I have done with my time in high school and how I have grown as a person. To tell the truth, I love the growth that has taken place within me. I would hate to give the impression that I have accomplished something spectacular enough to write a book about it, but I think I should take note for myself, if nothing else.

One of the major changes that has taken place is that I am more aware of moments to question, learn, and speak out about society. At boarding school, class time and the rest of the day seem to meld together. It is easy for me to be hyper-conscious of what is happening around me. For instance, I take Colonial History, and in class one day we talked about the colonization of Africa and the hunt for resources by Europeans. Later that day I listened to “Sierra Leone” by Kanye West for the first time.

The song had one stanza that spoke about the injustice happening in Sierra Leone because of the trade of blood diamonds. I did not expect Kanye to talk about such a deep issue; I did not even know what blood diamonds were, but it sounded like an important issue to me. I emailed Mr. Brown to see if we could hold a forum to talk about this issue. Mr. Brown loved the idea, and added it to the calendar. Since I was no expert, I asked Ms. McGrath (my Colonial History teacher), Phuti (a South African student who received a scholarship from DeBeers), and Jess (a British student whose father worked for the mining industry) to help with the forum. As I researched the brutality of mining diamonds and lack of compensation, I was reminded of my time working at a fair trade coffee cooperative in Mexico over the summer. There I learned the values of fair trade, and met the people who make an inexpensive commodity that Americans just consume. I realized that just because America is a capitalist society, success does not need to ultimately be “someone loses and someone wins,” but rather everyone can win and have enough to live comfortably.

The sharp contrast between fair trade and almost slave-like working conditions of diamond mines in Africa reminded me that everything people consume and own starts somewhere with someone making it, and these people should be treated with respect. In the forum we spoke about diamonds, Kanye, Western control of African resources, and the injustice of capitalism. I felt that during the forum, by talking about this issue that was basically new to all of us, we learned that in everyday life we contribute to injustices in places far away and out of sight.

To me the sign of success was that the whole football team after practice talked about what blood diamonds were and talked about what they could do, instead of just gossiping. Freshman year, I would have just listened to Kanye’s song and thought it had a great beat. If I hadn’t followed up on the real message of Kanye’s song, I could not truly say I had learned anything in school. Learning compels people to act, and if they don’t act, what is the point of learning at all?
This shot of four generations captures my past and my future. Three fathers joined three sons to create one of my most inspiring images. In bright blue shorts, collar, buttons, socks, and shoes, I gaze at my father. He sits next his father, who is across from his own father, my great-grandfather, on the left. We sit in my grandfather’s house in Hyderabad, India. I was about 2 years old in this picture. And I desire to be like each one of these men throughout my life.

A hero like my father: When I was 6, I remember talking to another doctor at a family gathering about a particular operation my father had performed. He described how a small child, suffocating on a fishbone lodged in his throat, was rushed to the hospital. The only doctor who could save the little boy was my father and he had to hurry. Very carefully, my dad cut open the throat and looked for the bone. In my 6-year-old mind, this description translated into my dad with a sword and Sherlock Holmes’ spyglass looking for a shark. Then he took out the bone and saved the boy’s life. Did you know that about your father, the doctor asked. I shook my head. Rendered speechless, and motionless just as in this photo, I gazed at my father in the next room. That hero was my dad! I thought, he can save me, and my friends and pretty much everyone I knew. And his secretive life in the operating theater coupled with this social influence on other adults made him like James Bond. And I liked zero-zero-seven, too. Excited I imagined myself in his place: talking to other doctors in our living room, wearing my dazzling white lab coat with the black stitching “Dr. A. Mantha,” complemented by the black stethoscope around my shoulders. I was 6, but I could envision it all. My father was a dreamer too—very optimistic and ambitious. One of his last and most important lessons was to always be a confident, ambitious dreamer. My dad is still my “6-year-old” super-hero.

Spiritual like my grandfather: While I admired my father, I shadowed my grandfather. My Tattagaru (grandfather), the patriarch of our family, lives in Hyderabad in India. As a child I enjoyed interacting with him; his name, Suryanarayana, carried the same meaning as my name, Aditya (after the mythological Sun-god), and his birth day of the week was mine too, and he was an only child like me. I valued these connections, and allowed him to guide me morally and spiritually. When I visited his house, I stuck to him; unnaturally waking up at 6 a.m., voluntarily showering,
and even sitting still for conversation and meals. In the photo, the door on the right leads to his prayer room. In here I remember that I would attempt to blow the conch shell to conclude the daily prayer. But only with his power would the rich note resonate through the house.

After he would tell me a new kada. These kadas are stories from Hindu mythology. In addition to the Hindu oral tradition, my grandfather also passed on the traditional rituals. On my first pilgrimage to Tirupathi, Tattagaru guided me through golden mountaintop temple and showed me the school where other little boys would study to be priests. When I was 11, my grandfather and father arranged my upanayanam, a Hindu coming-of-age ceremony that signifies manhood and the right to study the Vedas. And my grandfather will perform upanayanam for my little brother. Along his side, I performed my father’s last rites. My religion connects me with my grandfather and my heritage. I will pass these lessons and traditions on to my grandchildren.

Complete like my great-grandfather: I remember that fulfillment in his demeanor; always laughing, enjoying his old age and his children. When I see this photo, I laugh at our relationship. As a toddler I would try to take his canes and run away. Laughing he would let one cane go but wrestle me for the other. We were complete opposites; young and old, lots of curly hair and no hair, hot new styles from Mothercare and traditional clothes, teeth to come and teeth long gone, restlessness and patience, short and tall, but we were both very happy. While I am beginning my discovery, he is enlightened by experience. I have the happiness of anticipation and curiosity of the world while he has the happiness of true comprehension of life and the human condition. And as I laughed and played, understanding little, he laughed at my play, understanding life. I anticipate sitting in a lawn-chair in my late 90s and just watching my great-grandson running around, knowing that in time he, too, will change his world.

This picture combines intimate slices of my life. As I grow, I will meet each man once more, within myself.
When I look through my music library now,
I see something, much like myself,
that is much fuller and more developed
than it was before I came to St. Andrew’s.
... I see each new song in my collection
as a symbol of the growth that I have experienced,
and the broadening of my thinking.
Before attending St. Andrew’s, I believed that I, along with my choice of music, was very diverse. When people asked what type of music I listened to, I would comment, “Oh, I listen to everything,” thinking that I knew all there was to know about people, and therefore music, its genres, and the people who wrote it. However, after spending four years at St. Andrew’s, and viewing the transformation of my music library, I have come to understand how uplifting and expansive an actual life surrounded by diversity can be.

One way in which my knowledge of music and life has been diversified was through my experiences with Sue Jean, my Korean roommate freshman year. Beginning on the first day of school, Sue Jean could always be found blaring Korean rock, hip-hop, and R & B, or constantly decorating and redecorating our tiny room with posters and magazine clippings of Korean actors and movie stars. Because Sue Jean and I were both very interested in music and the startling events of pop culture, every new song or picture would spark a conversation about the many differences and similarities of our vastly divided worlds. Through our similar love of music, Sue Jean and I found a common ground through which to learn about each other.

Peyton, a quiet, native Floridian and fellow dorm mate for two years, also broadened my perspective about difference, diversity and tolerance. Peyton did not share Sue Jean’s love for R&B, hip-hop, or in actuality, anyone’s love for any type of music; Peyton loved musicals and opera. Each morning at 8 a.m., Peyton would turn on her grey Sony stereo and blast music from H. M. S. Pinafore, Les Misérables or Jesus Christ Superstar. Although I initially disliked this type of music, and her singing along to it even more, by the end of my two years next to her, I learned, and even began to tolerate, the sound of some of Peyton’s favorite CDs. Just like her music, over my time spent with her, Peyton grew on me as well. Her music choice helped show everyone the passionate and outgoing girl whom we otherwise would not have known.

Two final people, by way of their contrast in music choice, opened my eyes to the joy of difference and diversity. One weekend during my junior year, the Student Activities Committee planned a last-minute dance for students who had no plans for Saturday night. The expected people organized the times, made the announcements about the event, and set up the lights, but instead of having Steve, our normal DJ, play the music, my friends Jamie and Ikenna were going to run the songs this particular evening. I, along with the rest of the student body, was nervous about the combination. However, their mix of rock, rap and techno was amazing. Through their love for entertaining and music, Jamie and Ikenna were able to meet on a common ground, and come up with a sound that neither one of them could have achieved on his own. This display of difference and possible disaster coming together as something successful was truly encouraging and refreshing to see.

When I look through my music library now, I see something, much like myself, that is much fuller and more developed than it was before I came to St. Andrew’s. Thanks to Sue Jean, I have music that is rapped and sung in Korean. On behalf of Peyton, my recently played song category shows many songs from The Phantom of the Opera, and because of the influence of Jamie and Ikenna, I now play songs from artists about whom I previously knew nothing. This current music library, as opposed to my old, limited and somewhat shallow library, is full of diverse sounds and genres that are much more beautiful and entertaining to hear. I see each new song in my collection as a symbol of the growth that I have experienced, and the broadening of my thinking. Each song reminds me of the beauty and enjoyment that comes through difference, and I wonder how anyone can live without such delight.
It is a statement of intention—
an intention that I will do my best to portray myself as I am.

It is an apology
for hiding myself behind a grieving expression.

It is a promise
that I will be myself, even if I am not an artist.
If you had seen some of my previous self-portraits, you would understand why the one where I am actually smiling is so dramatically different from the others. In most of my previous portraits, you are presented with a quiet and reserved Jane Wagner. Although they represent the sadness that I felt at that exact moment in life, they are not illustrative of my overall character. Those self-portraits lack the whimsical facial expressions that I commonly make and do not express my passion for being happy.

When I first got to St. Andrew’s School, I was in denial and depressed with my situation. Unwilling to accept the situation I found myself in at boarding school, I moped the halls with expressions of doubt, depression and disdain. I was referred to as “Sad Girl” (there was even a ‘Sad Girl’ song). I was caught between two lives, and I had no idea who I was any more. Looking back at the mental and physical self-portraits of my past self is both embarrassing and empowering. Embarrassing because I realize how reluctant I was to give things a chance and how unwilling I was to express myself as Jane, the whimsical and bubbly girl that was hiding behind the facade of Sad Girl. Empowering because I have moved so far from those old portraits; I have painted my own new self, or the self that was underneath all along: a self that is not afraid to speak her opinion and who is expressive and confident, and most important, happy.

When I picked up my brush and looked in the mirror the day I started my first true self-portrait, I was confronted by a whimsical smile. I thought to myself: oh great, it’s one of those days. People say that my laughter is unique and contagious. I laugh at the most mundane things, all of my Dad’s terrible jokes, and life in general. I always feel good after a hearty laugh regardless of whether I am laughing at a joke or for no reason at all. That day, however, I knew the reason why I was smiling. I was smiling because I was about to paint an ambitious painting, and I was smiling because I knew it would be a painting where I would be able to express my passion for contentment and joy.

The painting is massive with four-foot by four-foot dimensions. Almost half of the painting is composed of my head, wide-eyed and smiling, and my hand, holding my brush. The other side of the painting shows what I am painting—myself smiling. The unfinished painting of myself acts as a mirror, and gives the painting a sense of looking into myself for reflection while my actual head gives a sense of looking out to the world. These contradictory perspectives reflect my character in that I look both inside myself and outside myself for inspiration and joy. The fact that the painting within the painting is unfinished represents the fact that I do not completely know who I am yet. Through self-examination however, it is clear that I will be able to finish my portrait of myself. The dramatic and exaggerated colors of the painting reveal that my personality is vibrant and colorful. Alizarin crimson, cadmium yellow and cerulean blue reveal my intensity. Light shines in towards me from below. I feel like this mirrors the feeling of enlightenment that I get when I paint. The most important aspect of this painting is the bubbly expression on my face and my sense of complete contentment.

Through painting, I have come to value happiness and seek it out through multiple modes of self-expression, whether I am writing, painting, making films or talking about my daily experiences. In this self-portrait, I am confident and comfortable with my happiness, and more important, with myself. It is a statement of intention—an intention that I will do my best to portray myself as I am. It is an apology for hiding myself behind a grieving expression. It is a promise that I will be myself, even if I am not an artist. Although the painting reflects my passion for art and painting, it also shows my passion for contentment and the importance of being open and honest with others and above all, myself.
Apparently the way it started was during lunch at the Waffle House. Sick of school meals, some senior boys begged Mr. [Jay] Hutchinson (known for teaching religion and beastly takedowns) to take them out to lunch. Chatting about the winter season coming up, the boys discussed the humorous idea of the St. Andrew’s wrestling team having a girl out on the mat. Much to their surprise, Reverend Hutchinson didn’t think it was such a bad idea.

My name came up as one of the girls that could go out for wrestling and actually enjoy it. My junior year I was sick of playing the same sports every year: soccer, then basketball, then crew, and the same non-progressing cycle for three years. So, when this ‘funny’ idea had floated around school for a week, I got a crazy notion in my head that perhaps I could go out for one of the most athletically challenging sports in the school. Since I was feeling worn out on my long-time career of basketball, I decided I could afford to miss the upcoming basketball season. Coming from a very successful crew and soccer season, I knew right away that wrestling was something that I would struggle with. I knew I wouldn’t win a lot, if at all, for the first year, and I would have a lot to learn.

All I knew about wrestling were the stories I had heard that talked about a place called “The Dungeon.” It was the place we girls only had only heard about. Once in a while during basketball season we would venture down to the basement and run by the big metal door that led to the wrestling room. On most occasions, Spanish music could be heard from within, and a group of sweating boys could be seen running in a circle through the propped open door. Lightning fast images of boys scrambling around on the ground, shoving each other’s faces into the red mat, always stuck with me as a typical wrestling practice. I knew it was a hard sport, but that was only what I had heard; I just thought it was pointless. I could never understand why everybody respected the group of boys that went through such trouble for the reward of a tight, spandex singlet and several minutes allotted for them to prance around in their get-up.

But winter came and there I was, descending down the cold concrete steps. I like to prove myself, so here was my chance. I left the giggles and sound of squeaking sneakers of the gym, as I slipped deep down toward the
center of the heat, toward the room that lead to the hazy red room of testosterone. With a flurry of overwhelming questions lingering in my head, I felt I was crossing into a sacred man-temple. I was anxious with questions, “Will they accept me?” I wondered, “It’s just a regular sport, it can’t be as bad as everybody says.” I finally settled with the thought that if I looked hardcore and stern, I would fit right in.

It was 15 minutes before practice. I opened the metal door and looked around. There were pictures hanging on the far wall to show the brave men who once entered through that same door and wrestled to become champions; they all held all the secrets of success. But I noticed that they were staring at me. I felt they were staring and smirking at me because I was wearing sneakers. I stood there and convinced myself that those men on the wall were not going to take me seriously because I didn't even have wrestling shoes. I was also the first person into the room. So for the first day, I wasn't prepared with the right equipment, and I was setting myself up to be seen as the overachieving girl who tried to wrestle. Right then, I set my first two goals: I needed to buy some wrestling shoes, and I couldn't be that early for practice ever again.

When everybody came into the room, talking and looking at me, Mr. Carpenter broke my awkward feeling to announce that he was going to take the “new-bees” to mats upstairs, all of us in sneakers. The first words I remember hearing from Carp were possibly the most exciting yet terrifying words ever uttered in my direction. Sternly and steady he said, “Wrestling is not a game. We do not play with bats and balls or oars. We wrestle.” He went on to emphasize the importance of being a good partner; that the success one reaches is due to the hard work from both partners. Shortly after, I came to see that he was right.

My first partner was Andrew. Through each breakdown and pinning combination we learned, I felt pain and success. Finally, I reached the day when I could actually see success for myself. It was our third match against Westtown, the first team to deny my title as a wrestler by refusing to allow me to wrestle their team. I sat on the bench completely bummed out, but I perked up a little when my partner Andrew stepped up to the mat. Andrew won his first match, but I never expected to feel as proud as I did. To my surprise Coach Carpenter came over to shake my hand followed by Andrew who said “thanks, partner.” Andrew’s response to his win was to come over and thank me, and it was great to know I had him as support. Although Westtown hadn’t recognized me as part of the team, I was no longer another name on the roster, I was a partner and really part of the team. The season went better after that; because my partner had made me so proud, I hoped that one day I could make him equally as proud.

Other members of the team also warmed up to me as well. I got a sure sign of camaraderie, a nickname—“princess”—and I got to know some kids in my class whom I would have otherwise never seen outside of the academic day. I also became awesome friends with Mr. Duffy, the crazy Spanish teacher and wrestling coach with his horrible jokes and awesome taste in music; the legendary Coach Carpenter who has coached every almost generation of wrestlers in the history of St. Andrew’s; and the most animated man with a white collar, “The Fighting Rev” [Mr. Hutchinson].

I learned to swallow my pride as I got my butt kicked in practice by possibly one of the smallest freshman boys I have ever seen, and I learned how to hold my head high with a smile knowing that while some friends, family or opposing teams may disapprove of my decision to wrestle, I have a pack of boys at my side, ready to attack. I’ve never had group of people support me with such fervor and curiosity. I was allowed to be ambitious and given the opportunity to grow. So now I feel like “one of the guys,” one of the wrestlers. After last season ended, I was voted captain, and now I can walk down to the wrestling room and look proudly at the pictures hanging on the wall. I can show those framed, black-and-white men my worn-in wrestling shoes and smile right back.
Evan Armstrong ‘08, whose pictures appear regularly in St. Andrew’s publications, took this photo looking out toward the School Farm.
Looking through the truck’s window at the spectacular landscape near the border between Rwanda and Uganda, George Orwell’s “Marrakech” comes unsettlingly to mind. In his essay, written in 1939 during Africa’s colonial period and taught to us in Mr. Speers’ V Form English class, Orwell describes a disturbing phenomenon:

In a tropical landscape one’s eye takes in everything except the human beings. It takes in the dried-up soil, the prickly pear, the palm-tree and the distant mountain, but it always misses the peasant hoeing at his patch. He is the same colour as the earth, and a great deal less interesting to look at.

We might disagree with Orwell with respect to the people being less interesting—on the contrary, our group has been enthralled with the beautiful children and gracious and welcoming adults from the moment we landed in Africa—but his point is well taken; in order to admire the lush green tea fields, one cannot dwell too long on the back-breaking posture of the laborers whose bent heads are just visible above the tea plants, nor spend much time wondering about their lives—how many hours they spend hunched over in the fields, how little they are paid, how many children they have to feed, whether they even have a comfortable place to rest after such a day before starting over again the next. Allowing oneself these thoughts is to open the door to a flood of others: exactly how far has that small child traveled to get water, and how far must she walk back with the heavy jug balanced on her head? Is the water safe or will one of the family members become sick? And if so, will medical care be available or will the family watch helplessly as one of their children dies from an otherwise easily and (by our standards) cheaply treatable disease?

The challenge, then, is not so much to distinguish the people within the scenery, but rather to see them as more than just part of a romantic landscape unfolding before the eyes of one more accustomed to seeing things from the vantage point of a tourist. The challenge is to force oneself to ask those questions whose answers make clear a horrifying truth: that millions of men, women and children are living a brutally harsh existence of which we can barely begin to conceive.

Indeed, our trip to Uganda and Rwanda provided a chance for us to challenge ourselves in just this way. The purpose of our trip was to visit programs and beneficiaries of
FXB International (www.fxb.org), a non-profit organization whose mission is to help AIDS orphans and the communities that care for them. FXB does this by investing in sustainable solutions to the problems of extreme poverty and disease. Accompanied by local FXB staff, we had the unique opportunity to visit people in their homes, meet their children, talk, ask questions about their lives. It takes about five seconds to see someone as an individual human being, more like than unlike oneself, to forego the comforting illusion afforded by the view from the window of a moving vehicle. It takes fewer than five seconds to feel ashamed if one has ever employed the often cited rationalization for inaction in the developing world, even silently, furtively to oneself—that there are just too many of them, that there is simply no way to help them all.

Our plan was to visit the villages where FXB’s services were in various stages of the three-year program, followed by visits to areas identified by FXB staff as the next to receive services should funds become available. Along the way we met Claire, an articulate and charismatic young woman who was forced to turn down a scholarship to university after losing her stepmother to AIDS (her mother and father had already died) and becoming the head of a household of children. Claire then learned that she, too, was infected with AIDS, a fact that her mother had not divulged to her in the hopes of sparing her daughter the pain and fear of knowing the truth. Terribly sick, thin and covered with lesions, Claire was admitted to the hospital and successfully treated with anti-retroviral drugs. Amongst the services she receives from FXB are continued medical care, assistance with school fees for herself (she is currently studying engineering).
and her young siblings, nutritional support, psychosocial counseling, and assistance in developing an income-generating activity, a key component to FXB’s goal of creating ultimately self-supporting communities.

We attended a women’s group that meets weekly for counseling at FXB’s office in Kampala. Days before, one of the members of the group had succumbed to AIDS, and the women spent most of the hour sharing with each other and with us the details of the last days and last moments of their friend’s life, her fears for her children who were at home alone and their reassurances to her that someone would look after them.

It is traditional that members of extended families care for one another. But in sub-Saharan Africa, where a child loses a parent to AIDS every 13 seconds, it is not uncommon to meet people like Zena, a Rwandan woman we met who, HIV-positive herself, must provide for her own six children as well as 10 nieces and nephews after losing two brothers to AIDS. The ability of families and communities to adequately provide for children orphaned by the pandemic is stretched to the breaking point.

In communities like the ones we visited in Rwanda and Uganda, outside intervention determines whether entire communities are left to unravel or whether they will have the opportunity to turn despair into a workable, sustainable solution. Village models like the ones we visited seek solutions to the overwhelming burden of AIDS.

Each FXB Village consists of approximately 80 families (500 people), creating a larger support network; income-generating activities like animal husbandry are often operated by collectives and programs teaching AIDS prevention and informational campaigns to combat the stigma of HIV/AIDS.

The structure and support ensures a more cohesive community that is better able to sustain itself and its individual members.

Certainly, it was a relief to see that a grassroots approach focusing on sustainability could successfully tackle the twin problems of poverty and disease. The challenge at home, then, is to resist the human tendency toward complacency, when the insulation of prosperity, the distance of time and space buffers our connections to people silently living amongst the Orwellian landscape. In a global world of unprecedented wealth and terrible poverty, it’s important to remember what Orwell suggests and another great writer, Thich Nhat Hahn, wisely states: We are here to awaken from the illusion of our separateness. 👇
Dear Friends,

St. Andrew’s is about people—faculty and students living and working together in a beautiful place. The St. Andrew’s family is about a spirit, a culture that is immediately felt when one drives onto the campus or meets another member of the St. Andrew’s community. It’s hard to describe but it’s easily sensed. In short, St. Andrew’s is a life long experience.

Talking with alumni and parents this past year at events and via e-mail, I am increasingly aware that it is this intangible quality that draws people to the School, both during their time as students, current parents and faculty, and afterwards as alumni, parents of alumni and former faculty. You can sense this spirit during the field hockey games as the words “spirit” are chanted or at the end of a crew race, when the excitement of the approaching shells raises our adrenaline. This same spirit lives on through after-dinner gatherings around the dining hall to discuss the morality of the Iraq war, the parallels between Faulkner’s *Light in August* and our real lives, or whether trees have feelings. The St. Andrew’s spirit is also engrained in each one of us through the influence of people like “Bull” Cameron whose thunderous “Arrgh!!! You boy!!” shook us into attention or Dave Washburn’s advice to look him in the eye and tell him you did your best as the ultimate test of hard work, commitment and perseverance.

One of the goals of the Alumni Corporation Board (ACB) is to bring members of all of the School’s constituent groups together for regional events and as part of its resource network in order to maintain and expand this spirit. Through initiatives such as the alumni and parent Web site (which now includes parents and alumni parents as well as current and former faculty) we facilitate communication and promote networking at all levels.

Spring is a time when the physical St. Andrew’s community emerges and opportunities to be involved abound. There are opportunities to witness athletic events on the fields and crew races on the pond as well as Arts Weekend and Commencement. There are lecture series on art, the environment and diversity. The alumni can participate in additional activities, such as the VI Form and Alumni Dinner to welcome seniors into the ranks of alumni, as well as the Alumni Chapel Service as a time for reflection.

Off campus there are also plenty of events for St. Andreans. The second annual Coast to Coast Toasts will be held on April 20 in 20 locations this year. In addition, several of the regional groups have community service projects planned as well as outings to sporting events and lectures by notable alumni. All of these events, both on campus and around the country, are listed on the alumni and parent Web site on the events calendar.

At the foundation of all this activity and the St. Andrew’s community is the spirit—derived from our experiences as students, the faculty who influenced our thinking and challenged our beliefs, the staff who showed us friendship and loyalty, alumni who provided the support, parents who understood the value of education and provided us with the opportunities and friends who recognize the St. Andrew’s spirit and who revel in the community of the St. Andrew’s family.

Enjoy the spring, get involved, and stay connected!

Kind regards,

To mas Puky ’89
President, Alumni Corporation Board
Alumni Corporation Board

Central Virginia Regional Group: 
Author, artist and scientist, 
Dr. Bulent Atalay ’58, speaks to alumni

St. Andrew’s parents and alumni of many vintages assembled in Charlottesville, Va., to hear Dr. Bulent Atalay, “amazing speaker and narrator of all things interesting” according to host Letitia Hickman Green ’80.

Bulent Atalay’s presentation illustrated his passion and love of extraordinary genius exemplified in the man known as Leonardo Da Vinci. Dr. Atalay’s own genius coupled with the congregation of St. Andreans both young and old demonstrated St. Andrew’s success in cultivating a culture of students and members of society that, like Leonardo’s own works, are unique,” noted Charles Ellison ’01, co-host of the event. “The excitement in meeting and seeing so many kind and intelligent St. Andreans in one place helped create a certain energy that can only be understood as an inevitable occurrence when you bring people together who all share a St. Andrew’s education as their common bond.”

In its second year of organization, The St. Andrew’s Central Virginia regional group is social and professional network for St. Andreans in the Charlottesville area to stay connected to the School, to keep in touch with each other and to participate in a variety St. Andrew’s related events.

New York City Regional Group: 
The Corner of Noxontown and Broadway

There is an urban myth that New Yorkers frequently share with visitors to evoke that awe-inspired utterance that we so love. If everyone in every building and on every subway in New York City were to pour onto the streets at the same time—the untested truth goes—there wouldn’t be enough room for everyone on the island of Manhattan.

Surprisingly enough, New York City and Middletown have nearly 500 things in common. Almost 500 St. Andreans having graduated and moved on from the flagstone-lined vaulted arched colonnades of the Garth, to the rough-shod gritty concrete sidewalks. Whether a return home, a stop-over for college or a bold foray into city living, scores of St. Andreans now call New York City home.

I am just one among that multitude. After four years of quiet birdsong mornings, I longed for the hum of airplanes and helicopters; the distant wailing of car-horns, the buzz of people talking on the street and the rumble of the subway beneath my feet. I missed the ability to evanesce into a crowd, or find new stages on which to be the center of attention. New York City was my home, and there was no doubt in my mind that it was the farthest thing from Middletown.

It was not a distaste for the quiet serenity of Noxontown Pond, but rather a need for the pace and options of New York City. I wanted to move on from the flagstone-lined vaulted arched colonnades of the Garth, to the rough-shod gritty concrete sidewalks. Whether a return home, a stop-over for college or a bold foray into city living, scores of St. Andreans now call New York City home.

I am just one among that multitude. After four years of quiet birdsong mornings, I longed for the hum of airplanes and helicopters; the distant wailing of car-horns, the buzz of people talking on the street and the rumble of the subway beneath my feet. I missed the ability to evanesce into a crowd, or find new stages on which to be the center of attention. New York City was my home, and there was no doubt in my mind that it was the farthest thing from Middletown.

Pedro Dalmau ’00 is alumni affairs associate at Prep for Prep in New York City.
Charles Stanley Felver ’35

Charles Stanley (Stan) Felver ’35 died January 25, 2006. The following obituary was sent by his wife, Marie.


Stan was born on October 13, 1916, in Easton, Pa. He served in the Army Medical Corps in World War II. He graduated from Lafayette College in Easton, Pa., in 1948, received a MA in English language and literature from Yale University in 1949 and his doctor of philosophy in 1956 from the University of Michigan.

He taught at the University of Kansas, the University of Michigan and Kent State University in Ohio before moving his family to Chico, Calif., in 1961. He taught English Literature at Chico State until he retired in 1986.

Stan spent his life helping others and was a mentor to many. It was his experience with soldiers during the war who could not read or write that led him to his teaching career. He loved to teach and imparted his joy of literature, particularly Shakespeare and poetry, to students over the years. He was on the board of directors of the Friends of the Meriam Library, the Janet Turner Print Gallery and the Chico Museum.

He is survived by his wife of 64 years, Marie, his sister Lela McMahon of Santa Rosa, Calif., three children, David Felver and Julie Felver of Chico and Madeline Hooper of Los Angeles, two grandchildren, Lewis and Evan Felver, and his cousin Carole Kehrer of Cincinnati.

Charles F.R. Mifflin ’36

The Alumni Office recently received notice that Charles F.R. Mifflin ’36 died September 19, 2005. The following obituary was provided by Torbert Funeral Home.

Charles F. R. Mifflin of Dover, Del., died Monday, September 19, 2005, in Kent General Hospital. He was 87.

Mr. Mifflin was born March 25, 1918, in Dover, Del., to the late Walker L. Mifflin, Sr. and Mary Edith Richards Mifflin. He attended St. Andrew’s School in Middletown, Del., and graduated from Swarthmore College in Pennsylvania with a degree in English and a Bachelor of Laws degree from the American University in Washington, D.C. He was a member of Christ Episcopal Church in Dover.

Mr. Mifflin was a U.S. Army Veteran of World War II. He worked as a civilian for the Veterans Administration in Washington, D.C., retiring after 25 years of service in 1971.

He was preceded in death by his wife Katherine after 34 years on September 12, 2005; his twin brother Walker in 2004; and his sister Laura S. Mifflin in 1999.

Walter Mylecraine ’42

Walter Mylecraine ’42, died January 12, 2006 after a short illness. The following obituary was sent by his wife, Sharon:

Walter E. Mylecraine, Class of 1942, passed away on January 12, 2006, in Phoenix, Arizona. He is survived by his wife Sharon of Phoenix and his daughter Kathleen Mylecraine of Cleveland, Ohio.

Walter served in the U.S. Army in WWII. After the war he attended the University of Texas, Austin where he received a
In Memory

In Memory

John C. Kinahan ’43

John C. Kinahan of Crosslands, Kennett Square, Pa., died peacefully December 1, 2005, after a short illness.

He attended primary school in Wiscasset, Maine, graduated from St. Andrew’s School in Middletown, Del., and served in the U.S. Navy. After attaining a BS degree in chemistry Phi Beta Kappa, he married Alice Williamson and started work for the DuPont Company. His career took him and his family from Wilmington, Del., to Basel, Switzerland and later to London, Paris and Geneva, Switzerland. Retiring after 37 years, he worked with his own company, Capstan Consulting, for a few years. Then he focused more and more on creative efforts: painting, ship-models and wood-carving.

He worked from Schoonover Studios on Rodney Street in Wilmington, Del., where he was also master-gardener, which gave him great pleasure.

Jay is survived by his wife, Alice; sons, Brian and Graham; and daughter, Laura Meredith. His eight grandchildren were a source of pride, giving him much to enjoy and celebrate.

Classmate Morgan MacDonald wrote the following remembrance:

Jay Kinahan’s death came as a blow. To me the surprise was complete, the impact jarring. Perhaps I had assumed he would always be there, a friend who enjoyed an exchange of ideas, a classmate who enjoyed discussing the School, one who was always ready to talk about the next reunion. I found Jay’s friendship nourishing.

It was Jay who, at our 45th Reunion, asked me to take on the job of class agent, an assignment he had filled for a number of years. And it was Jay who, during the years since, painted for me a picture of his memories of life at St. Andrew’s. Bits of these come to mind. I remember him saying the School for him filled the role of a family. He once asked if I remembered going to the Sherwoods’ (or perhaps it was the Schoonovers’) house on Sunday afternoons to listen to the newscasts and discussions of the war. Interest, generosity and loyalty to others were traits which he possessed in abundance. To my mind he typified all the best that St. Andrew’s offers.

The following was submitted by John Schoonover ’63:

After a distinguished career with the DuPont Company, primarily overseas, Jay retired in the late 1980s to pursue his interests in the arts and horticulture. He purchased Studio #2 in the historic Schoonover Studios in Wilmington, Del.
That is when we met and began a friendship as fellow St. Andrew’s School alumni and studiomates. In fact, I soon learned that we shared a deeper alumni connection. Jay loved to tell me with a big smile how he remembered my beautiful mother, Henrietta, driving around campus in a 1940 Packard convertible. My father had been on the faculty since ’38. Before his smile faded, Jay happily included the memory of Waldy’s proclamation of a half-day holiday upon the birth of my sister Fibby, April 19, 1941. I don’t know how long that tradition survived.

Jay was especially honored that his studio was originally occupied by artist and illustrator N.C. Wyeth, compatriot of Frank E. Schoonover, whose studio I occupy. Jay truly appreciated the studios’ rich heritage, and he added his touch through both his painting, characterized by many interesting European venues, and his role as self-anointed gardener/landscaper. Not long after beginning his tenure at Studio #2, Jay applied his green thumb to the front yard, which at the time he described as, ‘A dog’s breakfast’. Within a few years, and hundreds of tulip bulbs later, the Studios entered the City Garden Competition, and by 1998 had received the first of several awards. Early this summer we will have a dedication of The Jay Kinahan Gardens, with an appropriate bronze plaque.

In between these activities, we enjoyed many other aspects of studio camaraderie. Often joined by Norm Tomases of #3, our trio would lunch at various eateries, where Jay’s discussions led us on many intellectual paths: architecture, geography, word etymology, ancient history and current events. He was an urbane and worldly gentleman whose one fault was a lack of patience for those of us bit short on eclectic knowledge. I regret not attending his course on Ancient History at the Adult Learning Center, 5000 B.C. to 1 A.D. in 10 lectures. Dick Hillier would have been proud. As a man for all seasons, Jay, an oarsman in his early days, was an inveterate tennis player and skier/mountain climber. Amazingly, one of his last feats, at age 78, was hang gliding near Kitty Hawk.

Well, “Bob’s your uncle,” as Jay often remarked. After 20 years, he felt like a Dutch uncle to me. This year marks the Studio Centennial, and Jay’s many years of horticultural expertise will be on display for all who visit. It’s a shame he won’t be here to enjoy it. The tulips will be beautiful.

John K. Cowperthwaite, CAPT, USN (Ret.) ’44

John Cowperthwaite was born March 6, 1927, in Philadelphia, Pa. He graduated from St. Andrew’s School in 1944. Upon graduation from Yale University in 1947, he was commissioned an ensign and joined the Naval Security Group. His active duty assignments included Adak, Alabama, Washington, D.C., Cheltenham, England, Bremerhaven, Germany and the NATO Command in Norfolk, Va. Here he was promoted to Captain in 1969. The highlight of his career was serving as commanding officer of NSG Hanza, Okinawa. His last tour of duty was liaison officer to NSA in Atsugi,
Japan. He retired to Virginia Beach, Va.

He is survived by his wife Waltraut W. Cowperthwaite and son John Kingston Cowperthwaite, Jr. of Littleton, Colo.

Captain Cowperthwaite passed away on November 3, 2005, and was buried with full military honors in Arlington National Cemetery on January 9, 2006.

**David Witheford ’45**

James Rooney wrote the following remembrance:

For those of us of a certain vintage, autumn friendships can be especially dear. After reconnecting with Vivien and David at the 50th Reunion in 1995, Audrey and I realized we’d be moving to the Eastern Shore and close enough for some good times for the four of us and resolved to meet in Washington for a matinee, lunch or whatever excuse we could come up with. We didn’t get to do it as often as hoped, given life’s way of upending plans. But we shall remember a superb *Cyrano de Bergerac* at the the Shakespeare Theatre, preceded by tapas and Amontillado at Jaleo. Splendid eating, great talk (some of it not about health), much laughter; we feasted all the senses that day.

We had plans for more such pleasures in Washington but the bell tolled, and we are left without our David—one of ’45s real gentleman—brought to us so many years ago by Meg Miller.

**Wesley P. Melling ’55**


**Boyd Carson Vandenberg ’71**

Boyd Carson Vandenberg ’71 died December 24, 2005. We received notice from Boyd’s brother that he was killed in an auto accident on Christmas Eve.

**Russell K. Bingaman**

Russell K. Bingaman, former St. Andrew’s food service director, died January 23, 2006. The following is his obituary.

Russell K. Bingaman, 85, of Newark, Del., passed away peacefully January 23, 2006, at Christiana Hospital after a brief illness.

Mr. Bingaman was born in Ephrata, Pa., on August 11, 1920, the son of the late Monroe and Susan Keller Bingaman. During the Second World War, he served as an Army Air Corps Staff Sergeant in Central Europe, flying in B-24s as a “belly gunner” with the 744th Bombardment Squadron. He worked as Director of Food Service at St. Andrew’s School in Middletown, Del., retiring in 1982. He then went to work for Landmark Engineering, retiring from there in 2003.

He is survived by two sons, Bradley J. Bingaman of Millsboro, Del., and Larry W. Bingaman and his daughter-in-law Anita of Lancaster, Pa.; a daughter Susan Marie Ramsey of Newark; a sister Anna Eichelberger of Neffsville, Pa., and five grandchildren Scott, Brooke, David, Kent and Luke. He was preceded in death by his wife, Virginia (Jinny).
Frederic Gunneman '07 took this picture of the Breithorn summit in July 2005, while he was traveling with his family in the Walliser Alps. The Breithorn, near Zermatt, Switzerland, is 13,658 feet high—Frederic climbed it with his brother and his father, Alfons '73. Frederic is an ASSIST exchange student at St. Andrew’s and the first ASSIST student to attend the same American school as his father, who was also an ASSIST student at St. Andrew’s.
Bare fields turned green. Trees went in.
Buildings went up. Cloisters went on.

Why affords a nice speculation.

A benevolent founder
may have had something to do with it,
or money, or boys and men.

Divine providence may even
have had a hand in it. Who knows?

You sit down and figure it out.
The answer you find is the only one you will ever believe.

And when you’re done, another question remains:

What are you going to do with what you have?

William “Bull” Cameron
Master and Assistant Headmaster
Founders’ Day 1966

Become a Member of

The Cornerstone Society

St. Andrew’s Planned Giving Society
and an important part of Cornerstones: A Campaign for the 75th Anniversary

For information on creating your own legacy with a bequest, charitable remainder trust, charitable gift annuity or other planned gift to St. Andrew's, please contact Chesa Profaci '80, director of planned giving & alumni relations, 302-285-4260.