

WINTER 1998
ST. ANDREW'S
MAGAZINE

Backstage
at the
Theater

Jeff Lilley '82 in France • John Seabrook '76 on *The New Yorker*

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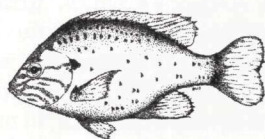
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Jeff Lilley '82 considers a French monk and his former classmate Bruce Colburn '82 as he tours France. Page 18

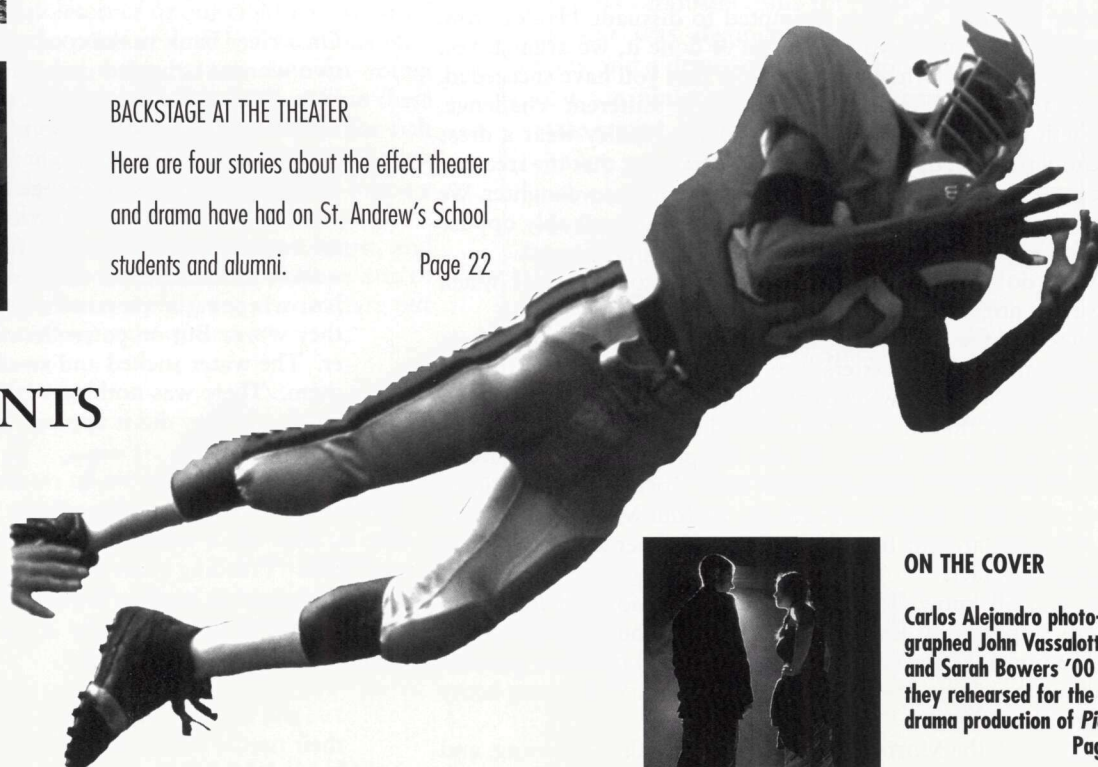


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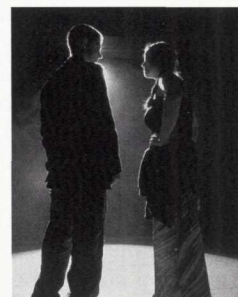
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Sulaiman Jenkins '99 makes a diving catch during the football game against Bo Manor.



ON THE COVER

Carlos Alejandro photographed John Vassalotti '99 and Sarah Bowers '00 as they rehearsed for the fall drama production of *Picnic*. Page 22

HEADMASTER'S NOTE

This year my nine-year-old, fourth-grade daughter began a new school; her adjustment has been smooth, but it took her a good deal of time to feel completely comfortable with her new peer group.

My daughter soon realized that part of the process of acceptance and belonging focused on a rather large tree that sits in the midst of the schoolyard. She began to work on climbing the tree, knowing that if she did, she could stand on the limb, grab the rope, and swing joyfully through the air. The process of climbing the tree was an arduous one—each child has to devise his/her own methodology for the ascent, using the methods deployed by classmates or developing new strategies.

Hadley succeeded in climbing the tree, and she did so at about the very same moment when she felt that she had arrived at her new school. With the victory over the tree seemed to arrive immediate acceptance and joyous friendships.

A day elapsed, and Elizabeth and I traveled to Hadley's school to watch her older brother Matthew's seventh- and eighth-grade soccer game. Hadley was excited to show us her new accomplishment. She led first Elizabeth and then me over to the tree.

What we witnessed, of course, was complex. Hadley labored mightily, her arms, legs and body climbing the massive arms of the tree in a furious manner. At every moment she appeared ready to drop on her head into the dust below. But slowly and surely she climbed the tree, triumphantly grasped the swinging rope, and flashed off into the air, the very picture of childhood innocence and freedom.

Since that day, we have attempted to dissuade Hadley from returning to the tree. Now that you've done it, we argued, you can move on to a different game. Now that you have succeeded, you can lead the other students to a different challenge. Elizabeth bought a day's respite by having Hadley wear a dress to school the next day. But we know, as parents, that the tree and all it represents will always loom before us and our daughter. We recognize that our impulse to protect her will inevitably oppose her desire to attain social and personal accomplishments.

When do we let go? When do we decide to intervene? When do we say no?

These are the dilemmas that keep us humble as parents, as teachers, and as headmasters.

A former St. Andrew's parent told me never to allow my children to believe that the way they played or performed or worked affected my love for them. We may be proud of our children's accomplishments, concerned about their work habits. Our love, however, is deep, eternal and steady. In Toni Morrison's words, our children "are our best things." Let us never allow ourselves to forget this fact.

As you all know, Toni Morrison's great novel *Beloved* has recently appeared at local movie theaters throughout the country. The novel (I have not seen Oprah's movie) is a story primarily about the magic, the pain, the responsibility, the complexity of parenting.

First of all, the Morrison novel, by its very theme, setting, and tone, takes us to the very core of our bonds with our children.

Sethe is, early in the novel, a slave who has the audacity

to believe that she can love, nurture and protect her children. She believes she enjoys the human right to be a parent, to be a mother. And she goes to both heroic and devastating lengths to deliver to her children the gift of life and freedom. In one of the most powerful passages of the novel, Morrison describes the birth of Denver. The birth takes place even as Sethe rushes towards freedom, still suffering from being brutally raped and beaten by her overseer. As her husband has gone mad and is incapable of joining her, Sethe travels alone. She carries an unborn child and yearns to join her still-nursing two-year-old and her two younger brothers.

How Sethe was walking on two feet meant for standing still. How they were so swollen she could not see her arch or feel her ankles. Her leg shaft ended in a loaf of flesh scalloped by five toenails. But she could not, would not, stop, for when she did the little antelope rammed her with horns and pawed the ground of her womb with impatient hooves.

Morrison here evokes the powerful image of a mother enduring, resisting and surmounting unimaginable pain and agony, all to deliver her child, that insistent antelope, into the world. Moments later, a tattered, distracted young white woman discovers Sethe, and in a beautifully simple and wonderful way, the two castaway women—one black, one white—deliver a miracle baby in a tiny lean-to:

On a river bank in the cool of a summer evening two women struggled under a shower of silvery blue. They never expected to see each other again in this world and at the moment couldn't care less. But there on a summer night surrounded by blue fern, they did something together appropriately and well. A pateroller passing would have sniggered to see two throw-away people, two lawless outlaws—a slave and a barefoot white woman with unpinned hair wrapping a ten-minute-old baby in the rags they wore. But no pateroller came and no preacher. The water sucked and swallowed itself beneath them. There was nothing to disturb them at their work. So they did it appropriately and well.

But Morrison's tragic vision reserves one final, horrible experience for this young mother. Sethe is pursued by her overseer (she is, after all, a woman who makes fine ink and good soup, and has ten breeding years left). When Sethe sees the horsemen arrive to bring her back to the degradation and violence of slavery, she rushes away, and, in a moment of sheer and awful insight, cuts her baby's throat:

. . . she heard wings. Little hummingbirds stuck their needle beaks right through her headcloth into her hair and beat their wings. And if she thought anything, it was No . . . No. No . . . No. No. No.

No. No. Simple. She just flew. Collected every bit of life she had made, all the parts of her that were precious and fine and beautiful, and carried, pushed, dragged them through the veil, out, away, over there where no one could hurt them.

Morrison thus confronts her character and her reader with an insufferable choice. Can Sethe live with her decision to kill out of love, to harm out of a drive to protect?

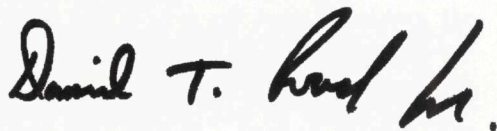
Much, if not all, of the novel examines this question. Sethe must, in the end, confront what she has done. She must relive the horror, accept its tragedy and move on. But as she moves toward an ultimate confrontation, she loses control and spins wildly towards a self-absorption and guilt that would consume her. Her miraculous child, Denver, saves her, rescues her from this oblivion. The little antelope rewards her mother for her magnificent sacrifice and endurance.

We do not live in Sethe's world or Sethe's shoes. We cannot ever fully comprehend the pain of living in the tragic world she inhabits. But what Sethe's story teaches us is to love our kids in the here and now, to savor their characteristics, their quirks, their smiles, their eyes, their bodies.

The parts of us that are precious and fine and beautiful are reflected perfectly in our children. May we continue to work together to protect our children, their childhood and their world from the forces that threaten their safety, peace of mind and child-like joy.

Because of the fast-paced world in which we live, we can blink and miss the childhood and adolescence of our children. We need to remind ourselves to resist the pressure to fill in vacations with projects, tasks, and activities, and instead create time for young people to be with their parents and extended families. It is in these moments of leisure, reflection and discourse that much of our rich family histories and heritage are revealed. I worry that the computer, TV, radio, stereo and telephone do very good jobs of robbing us of our ability to just live with our children.

So I urge you to create the time and space to love, learn, and grow with your children. May you and I learn the delicate arts of protection and relinquishment. For our children, after all, are our "best things." We should never lose sight of that. ✎



Headmaster

LETTERS

FORGOTTEN SPEAKER IDENTIFIED

Dear Editor,

In his interesting story in the fall 1998 issue, Dave McWethy '65 recalled an outside speaker who used to visit School in his Jensen and lecture on African adventures.

The speaker was Quentin Keynes, an Englishman who spoke on Madagascar, a trip up the Zambezi, and wildlife waterhole activity in southern Africa in single Saturday night lectures each winter in the years 1961 to 1963 and undoubtedly other years as well.

Mr. Keynes drove to St. Andrew's in his Jensen 541 (probably a 541R, of which only 193 examples were produced from 1957 to 1960). Powered by an Austin four-liter, six-cylinder engine also used in the Austin Princess limousine, this four-seat grand touring car was distinguished by its fiberglass body and a driver-controlled door in the radiator air intake which could be opened to alleviate engine overheating.

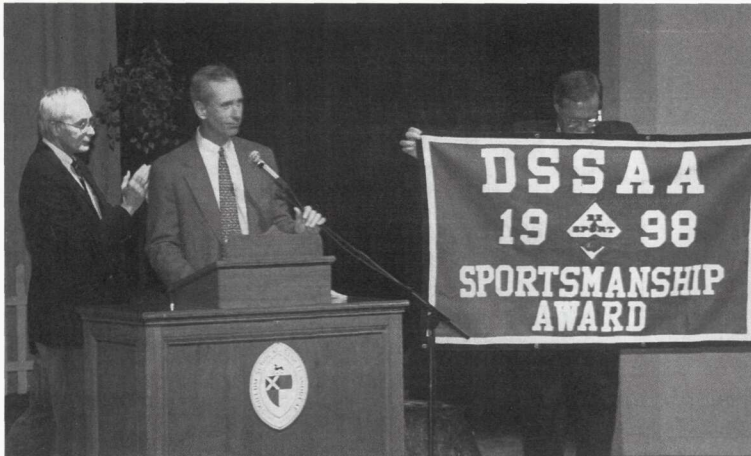
One year, Mr. Keynes brought with him a marvelous recording by a South African male vocal group, which I recall whenever my young sons play the soundtrack from *The Lion King*.

Sincerely,

Kent S. Hughes '63

Editor's Note: These remarks were initially made on October 31, 1998, at Parents Weekend.

UP FRONT



The sportsmanship banner was presented on Parents Weekend to Bob Colburn (l) by DSSAA representatives Harry Roberts (at podium) and Bob Depew.

St. Andrew's earns Sportsmanship Award

On Parents Weekend, members of the Delaware Secondary School Athletic Association presented Headmaster Tad Roach with a banner that recognized St. Andrew's School for its sportsmanship.

Bob Depew, the executive director of DSSAA, and Harry Roberts, the head of the Sportsmanship Committee, made comments to the parents, students, faculty and alumni about the importance of sportsmanship in athletics today. Athletic Director Bob Colburn said fostering good sportsmanship in student athletes is an essential part of the program at St. Andrew's School.

"It works because the administration stands behind the principles of sportsmanship," Colburn said. "The coaches sacrifice winning for the good of these values and the players buy into it. That's what's important. If they don't, it doesn't work."

Colburn also praised the parents of SAS students.

"The kids come to St. Andrew's School with the values of sportsmanship," Colburn said. "It's a credit to their upbringing."

Fishing Club starts with the bait

While Noxontown Pond is often busy with fishermen, the majority of them are not St. Andreans. Ten members of the Class of 1952 are trying to change that.

Led by Will Johnson, the classmates have donated some excellent fishing equipment and gear to get the SAS Fishing Club started. The gear provides a core from which the students, faculty and staff can learn to fish or further their interest in the sport.

Included in the gift that was presented at Homecoming this fall were six rods and reels, four tackle boxes and plenty of line, hooks, lures, etc.

The faculty advisor to the club, Rob Fogelman '91, has plans to make the club active in the spring. Mike Hyde and DyAnn Miller will assist Fogelman in running the club.

"This is a great way for our alumni to participate in the everyday events of the School," Fogelman said. "I plan to get the club cranked up once the weather warms up."

Student newspaper gets wings and soars

In the past, the *Cardinal* has been the main vehicle of student expression. But years of inconsistent publication and an increasingly busy student body made it more of a spectacle than a *Spectator*.

But under the new leadership of an enthusiastic group of students and faculty advisors, the *Cardinal* is again at the center of student culture.

"There have been occasions when I'm up on corridor when a student will complain about something," faculty advisor John Burk said. "Another student will answer, 'Why don't you write a letter to the *Cardinal*.' It's a forum for community discussion."

Burk said it was important to resurrect the *Cardinal* to give the community an outlet to discuss ideas, report news and get the inside, human aspect of stories on campus.

Burk has invited outside journalists to campus to give their perspective on the field.

"We wanted to keep the tradition of the *Cardinal*," said Editor Josh Coleman '99. "One thing I hope for it to be is a catalyst for student-initiated change in the School."

In his article about the history of the *Cardinal*, Josh noted the first appearance of the *Cardinal* in 1931. Archivist Ches Baum '36 assisted Josh with copies from those early days and pointed to the groundbreaking work done in the *Cardinal* in the 1960s and 1970s.

Cameron inducted into Hall of Fame



William Cameron

William "Bull" Cameron, St. Andrew's School interim headmaster from 1957 to 1958, was one of three men to be inducted into the Delaware Wrestling Hall of Fame in early November. Cameron was the key figure who brought wrestling to the state of Delaware, where it thrives today.

Cameron started the wrestling program at St. Andrew's in 1931. A former Penn State wrestler, Cameron felt the sport was a positive way to instill discipline among those earliest classes of St. Andreans. He coached wrestling

from 1931 to 1957, when he became interim headmaster.

"There was no wrestling in Delaware, not scholastic, not intercollegiate, until Bill came along," Ches Baum '36 said. "In the 1950s, he was instrumental in organizing the first state tournament. It didn't take long for other teams to get very good in Delaware."

St. Andrew's School captured the state title in 1957 and had eight individual champions. Bill often shared his knowledge of wrestling with other coaches during weekly clinics.

The Delaware Wrestling Hall of Fame has hung a plaque at St. Andrew's School in honor of Cameron.

Meyer recognized for Amos Hall design

Architect Richard Conway Meyer received a 1998 Honor Award for design excellence from the Philadelphia chapter of the American Institute of Architects for his work on Amos Hall.

PHOTO BY LEE LEAL

A GLOSSARY OF ST. ANDREW'S SLANG

—from *Life* magazine March 11, 1940

Founded by A. Felix du Pont ten years ago, St. Andrew's is the diocesan school of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Delaware. Its students, drawn from cultivated homes through the Middle States, are as likable, well-informed, worldly as any eastern schoolboys of similar years. They clean all rooms, take turns waiting on tables, washing dishes. Like all U.S. prep schools, St. Andrew's has its own recondite language. Below is a glossary of campus idioms, some common to other schools, most native to St. Andrew's.

IDIOM	DEFINITION
Mississippi mud	chocolate pudding
to hit it	to do well in an exam
Bob Banquo	non-existent boy on whom everything is blamed
super	wonderful, marvelous
purty slake	pretty slick
an ear-lowering	a haircut
G.I.	good-looking; a greeting, applied to everybody
badat	bad attitude; anyone who is indifferent
witch's brew	coffee
a wee dite	a little bit
bushed	tired out
Appoquinimink stag	any meat they don't like
moo juice	milk
boogy	biology
flip the tickets	play cards
"Evenin'"	salutation for all times of day
"Who's got a chemistry book?"	"Look out, master is coming."
to wolf	to go alone to a dance
lapin	a nice fellow
to mux	to interfere
comforto, comfyo	comfortable
a ringer	three demerits

It marks the fourth time over the last nine years that Meyer has won an award for work done at St. Andrew's School. Previously he won Honor Awards for the Kip duPont Boat House, Moss Hall and the Genereaux Aquatic Center.

Three named National Merit Semifinalists

Headmaster Tad Roach announced that three seniors have been named Semifinalists in the 1999 National Merit Scholarship Program competition. Mark D. Phillips, Jared E. Rochester and L. John Vassalotti now have an opportunity to continue in the competition for some 7,600 Merit Scholarship awards, worth over \$28 million, that will be offered next spring.

The following are commended students: Sarah E. Atwater, Robert F. Baldwin, Cynthia A. Barker, Jodi E. Brauner, Joshua P. Coleman, Ryan P. Connell, Karl W. Crow, John P. Dolan, Jonathan Downs, Samuel C. duPont, Richard A. Hovan, Cody G. Pietras, Pamela A. Royer, S. Ranee Saunders, Elizabeth B. Tucker, Mary E. Vaughn and Robert L. Ward.

Spirit of giving is all year long

During the holidays, it is not uncommon for five or six food and/or clothing drives to be happening on campus at once. But the spirit of giving lasts all year long at St. Andrew's School.

The Student Vestry will send the fall term's offerings of over \$3,000 to St. Mark's School in South Africa. The Vestry also restarted the Turkey Trot to fund Andrew's Place, a kitchen for the homeless in Wilmington. The spring offerings will fund Camp Fairlee Manor, a camp for handicapped and disabled children and adults.

The Vestry promotes giving for giving's sake.

"With the Turkey Trot, the students are willing to pay for the opportunity to run a mile and support a good cause," Associate Chaplain Louise Howlett said. "They have the joy of giving and sharing. It has been built up into something the kids want to do. It's an honor for them to be a part of it. Giving has become an important part of the School's life, whether through Chapel offerings or community service."

An example is the Spanish Club's efforts in providing relief to the victims of Hurricane Mitch in Nicaragua and Honduras. Twenty students in the Spanish Club decided to help by holding a raffle and sponsoring a sacrifice lunch. Winners of the raffle got a week off from breakfast, the removal of marks or pottery donated by faculty member Lee Leal. Over \$1,000 was given to the Red Cross.

"Hurricane Mitch is considered the worst natural disaster in Central America this century," Spanish teacher Ana Ramirez said. "I felt it was necessary for us to help the victims."

Students perform at Yale Model Congress

Over a dozen St. Andrew's School students loaded up a School van with a weekend's worth of luggage and a bill in every pocket, and drove to New Haven, Conn., for the Yale Model Congress.

Designed to teach students how the government actually works, Yale Model Congress centers around debating student-written bills using Roberts Rules of Order.

For many of the students, it was their second or third trip to the annual event, and that experience paid off. Karl Crow '99 received a gavel from the House of Representatives as the most distinguished speaker and an honorable mention from the National Security Committee. Jess Dillon '01 earned an honorable mention from the Science Committee.

"The second time I was more comfortable speaking," Karl said. "I knew the rules, and I was not self-conscious about putting my ideas out there in front of 70 people in my committee."

Karl's bill, which was to create an agency to combat terrorism, dovetailed with the Congress's weekend crisis: a terrorist attack on the United States. His bill was passed through the Committee.

"I had a good idea behind the bill," he said. "If you know how the government works, you can take what's already there and make it more efficient."

Jess said she was more relaxed in her second trip as well.

"I talked whenever I could, even if I was just playing devil's advocate," she said. "I love to argue. I had a lot of fun in committee, and I learned a lot, too." ❧

FROM FOUNDERS' HALL

Senior Year: Reflections and Decisions

By Elizabeth Roach

Over the past few years, both because of my reading and teaching and my role as a parent, I have become interested in the crucial tension between our desire for individual fulfillment and our desire to sacrifice personal goals to serve larger interests. It is during our years in high school and especially college that we are trying to understand ourselves. We change physically, emotionally, and intellectually, and often these changes force a kind of self-absorption. To combat self-absorption, we need to move outside of ourselves.

Consider what Shakespeare explores in *Hamlet*. Hamlet spends most of the play completely focused on himself—and it appears that he has good reason to do so. After all, his father has died, his mother has married his uncle, his girlfriend and his good friends have betrayed him. Because of these tragedies in his life, he becomes disillusioned. He wants explanations; he wants to understand this world which now disgusts him. But it is not until he looks outside of himself that he is able to understand himself. The turning point in the play occurs in Act III, scene iv, when Old Hamlet forces Hamlet to look at his mother, at her grief:

But look, amazement on thy mother sits!
O, step between her and her fighting soul!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

When Hamlet looks to his mother, he begins to understand himself and his own grief more clearly. It is still a difficult process for him, but Shakespeare suggests that self-absorption leads only to a kind of paralysis that prevents understanding, that prevents fulfillment of our self-potential. We can only know ourselves if we look outside of ourselves. If we constantly examine our own feelings, taking our own pulse all the time (Am I happy? What do I need? How am I doing? Why am I unhappy?) without a larger perspective, without a larger context, we will stunt ourselves; we will miss understanding ourselves. We run the danger of an egotism which leads to blindness and distortion rather than to clarity.

At the same time, to move outside ourselves can be just as debilitating. We must be careful not to surrender too much of ourselves. Both extremes of egotism and sacrifice can be dangerous; both extremes can result in a loss of self, a loss of identity.

In George Eliot's *Middlemarch*, her heroine, Dorothea Brooke, indulges in the extreme of self-sacrifice. Her husband, in a desperate effort to control, manipulate and maim her, has made her promise to do what he desires even after his death. In the following quotation, Dorothea contemplates this temptation:

When Dorothea was out on the gravel walks, she lingered among the near clumps of trees, hesitating, as she had done once before, though

from a different cause. Then she had feared lest her effort at fellowship should be unwelcome; now she dreaded going to the spot where she foresaw that she must bind herself to a fellowship from which she shrank. Neither law nor the world's opinion compelled her to this—only her husband's nature and her own compassion, only the ideal and not the real yoke of marriage. She saw clearly enough the whole situation, yet she was fettered: she could not smite the stricken soul that entreated hers.

Dorothea knows intuitively that her decision to give in to her husband's wishes is suicidal, but her desire to surrender herself, to be charitable, to be Christian, is too tempting. In the end, Eliot saves her character from this complete surrender to others, from this spiritual suicide, and allows her to maintain her identity by having her husband die. As with Hamlet, the process of finding herself is not an easy one.

Seniors, college is a mecca for self-absorption. You will have new freedoms which you all, I am sure, cannot wait to experience. It is a wonderful place to indulge completely your own desires—and you should do that but do so in a productive way. That is, indulge your interests: take advantage of the intellectual opportunities to enrich your minds; take advantage of the cultural opportunities; take advantage of the athletic and social opportunities. Find your interests, your strengths, “find yourself”—but do not wrap yourself up too completely in yourself.

At the same time, do not absorb yourself too completely in others. There will be many times when you will be tempted to surrender yourself, and it may not be an obvious moment of sacrifice. It may be a relationship which makes you sacrifice your identity. Too often, I have seen high school, college, and even adult relationships result in this kind of immersion of one individual in another—and it may be in the guise of loving. But this is not a mutual relationship; it is not two individuals challenging each other to become better people. Instead, it is one individual surrendering to another. The most dangerous relationships occur when one person is selfless and the other is selfish. Often, although not always, women take on the role of sacrifice; we are all taught early on that selflessness is admirable, and sometimes that selflessness translates into a loss of self in a relationship. You can all probably think of an example of a friend who seemed to diminish when he/she started going out with someone. It is often a gradual, nearly imperceptible process, but somewhere in the relationship one individual becomes dominant and the other simply shadows that person. In a healthy relationship, two individuals make sure that they push each other to grow.

It is important to be aware how easily we can live a narcissistic existence. Teaching and parenting help me fight this temptation. By definition, teaching and parenting require me to move outside of myself. At the same time, there

remains a fine line between moving beyond yourself and surrendering yourself completely to others. It is easy to convince myself that I am a great person because I give everything to my children. The danger of self-sacrifice is insidious, because while it is easy to recognize that egotism is wrong, it is just as easy to convince yourself that sacrifice is right.

Each year of high school is defining in its own way. It is a time to evaluate yourself and your year (or your career as a high school student), to look back and see what you have learned, how you have grown, how you are different from the beginning of that year. It is a time of celebration and reflection. I am always struck when I look at the yearbook and see pictures of the senior class now and the senior class as freshmen because when I look at the seniors now, I cannot really see any immediate changes or differences from their freshman year—they still look the same. But when I see the freshman picture, I suddenly can recall how young they once were, how much they have changed—not just physically but intellectually and emotionally as well. As you graduate, you can begin to reflect on these changes; you can look at yourself in the context of this school, your teachers and your friends; you can look at how you have defined yourself in this context; you can try to understand who you are. Underformers should engage in the same process at the end of the year. And as you all reflect, think about the people, the activities, the moments that have defined you. Usually these moments have made you grow in some way, have made you understand yourself better, and usually these moments are not about yourself only or about others only but rather about some kind of balance between self and other.

At the end of *Middlemarch*, Dorothea discovers such a balance between her desire to live as an independent woman and her desire to serve humanity. Notice George Eliot's emphasis on the wideness of the world and our own responsibility to live effectively in it:

It had taken long for her to come to that question, and there was light piercing into the room. She opened her curtains, and looked out towards the bit of road that lay in view, with fields beyond, outside the entrance-gates. On the road there was a man with a bundle on his back and a woman carrying her baby; in the field she could see figures moving—perhaps the shepherd with his dog. Far off in the bending sky was the pearly light; and she felt the largeness of the world and the manifold wakings of men to labour and endurance. She was a part of that involuntary, palpitating life, and could neither look out on it from her luxurious shelter as a mere spectator, nor hide her eyes in selfish complaining. ❧

Editor's Note: Elizabeth Roach delivered this Chapel talk on April 22, 1998.

Faculty Accomplishments

- Will Speers spoke at Haverford School on a special panel examining a variety of independent school issues. He serves as a trustee at the Salisbury School. He also attended a special conference at Bryn Mawr College on gender issues in education.
- Ana Ramirez and Heather Williams were participants in the NAIS People of Color Conference.
- Helen Wolf has been visiting infirmaries and health centers at a number of boarding schools in New England.
- Harvey Zendt has been consulting with the Kent School in Chestertown, Md., on their long-range plan.
- Diahann Johnson serves on the board of the new Middletown Boys/Girls Club.
- Louisa Zendt has been appointed a trustee at the Kent School in Chestertown, Md.
- Tad Roach traveled to St. Philips Academy for his annual trip and visited with Tom Hooper '71, who serves as director of development there. This school serves underprivileged students in the Newark, N.J., area.
- Bob Colburn was named Athletic Director of the Year by the Delaware Secondary School Athletic Association.

Art teacher receives Delaware Fellowship

The Delaware Division of the Arts has named art teacher John McGiff a recipient of a 1999 Individual Artist Fellowship. These prestigious awards recognize the creativity and skill of the artist in his or her discipline. Nationally recognized professionals judged the applicants' work samples.

McGiff, who traveled to the Harvard Center for Renaissance Study in Ravenna, Italy, last summer, was appointed in 1996. He has a B.F.A. from the State University of New York, Purchase, and an M.F.A. from the University of Pennsylvania. He has taught at Temple and Drexel Universities and has shown his work at the Design Art Gallery at Drexel University, The Fleisher Art Memorial, and the Art Alliance of Philadelphia.

The following statement is excerpted from his application for the award:

"For several years, I have worked to create paintings in which life-size figures disport themselves with the naturalness of animals in light-filled Arcadian settings. I am intent on creating an 'illusionistic' space that extends beyond the figures into a larger, distant world. I use color as a means of modeling form and of heightening the thrill of light wherever it falls."

CARDINAL POINTS



PHOTO BY DON BLAKE

Emily Pfeiffer '00 controls the ball and attacks the goal in the field hockey team's 3-1 victory over Concord. The girls were Conference co-champions.

Field hockey team has historic season

Teams that stay together play together, or in the case of the St. Andrew's field hockey team, they play great together. The Conference co-champions finished the season with their best record ever, 14-4; the most goals, 45; and the most assists, 25.

It was a team effort that brought the Saints a victory over eventual state champion Tower Hill to share the Conference title. But the reasons for success ran deeper than just the field hockey season. The majority of this year's team played together last spring on the state champion girls' lacrosse team.

We knew we were going to have an incredible season.

**Lisa Pilkington '99
Co-captain, Girls' Field Hockey**

"We lost one player from last year's team, and almost all of us were on the lacrosse team," Co-captain Lisa Pilkington '99 said. "We all got along off the field. That made it easy. We knew we were going to have an incredible season."

The win over Tower Hill was the first since 1987 and was a highlight of the season for the team.

"When we think back on all of our accomplishments this season, we'll never forget that game," Co-captain Molly

Laramy '99 said. "Everyone worked up to that game and to have won it was great."

The Saints also beat Tatnall three times including a 2-1 victory in the first round of the state tournament. The season came to a disappointing end in the second round with a 2-1 loss to Sussex Central High School. But the tough loss didn't diminish the team's success.

"It was truly a privilege to work with this group of outstanding, talented athletes," Coach Ann Chilton said. "Our success all season was a tribute to the spirit of teamwork and camaraderie that characterized this group."

Heidi Pearce '00 and Emily Pfeiffer '00 led the team with 13 goals each. Both were selected to the First Team All-Conference along with Lisa and Robin Juliano '99.

Molly, Courtney Cordeiro '00 and Helen Smith '99 were selected to the Second Team All-Conference. Julie Teach '00 was solid in the goal, posting 80 saves during the season.

Boys' cross country captures Conference crown

There were plenty of highlights for the boys' cross-country team this fall including a Conference title and a fourth finish in the state meet. Led by Morgan Scoville '00, the cross-country team had more runners than ever this year, according to Coach Lindsay Brown.

"They say you can't coach speed, and this team had plenty of it. With Morgan, Ben Harrington '99, Jamie Cowan '99 and Cody Pietras '99 named to the All-Conference Team, St. Andrew's School blazed through their dual meet season with an undefeated 9-0 record.

"This is the best team we've had in a while," Ben said. "We were united, we hung out together in and out of practice. The team was so close, that's why we were so successful."

Brown pointed out that Scoville is the most successful runner in St. Andrew's School history. This year he was the individual winner at the Middletown Invitational, the Salesianum Invitational, and the Conference Championship, as well as being the first St. Andrew's runner to win the Division II state meet.

But Morgan also was a leader in supporting his team, according to Brown.

"In the state meet, Morgan finished 50 seconds ahead of the second-place finisher," Brown said. "In many races he was that far ahead, but he never basked in his accomplishments. When he would cross the finish line, he would turn around and run back down the course to encourage his teammates."

Ben also credited Morgan with keeping the team close.

"I did my best to keep up and train with him," Ben said. "He was a big factor in making sure he wasn't the only part of the SAS cross-country show."

The Most Improved Awards went to Drew Heckman '99 and Jamie for dramatic improvements in their running careers.

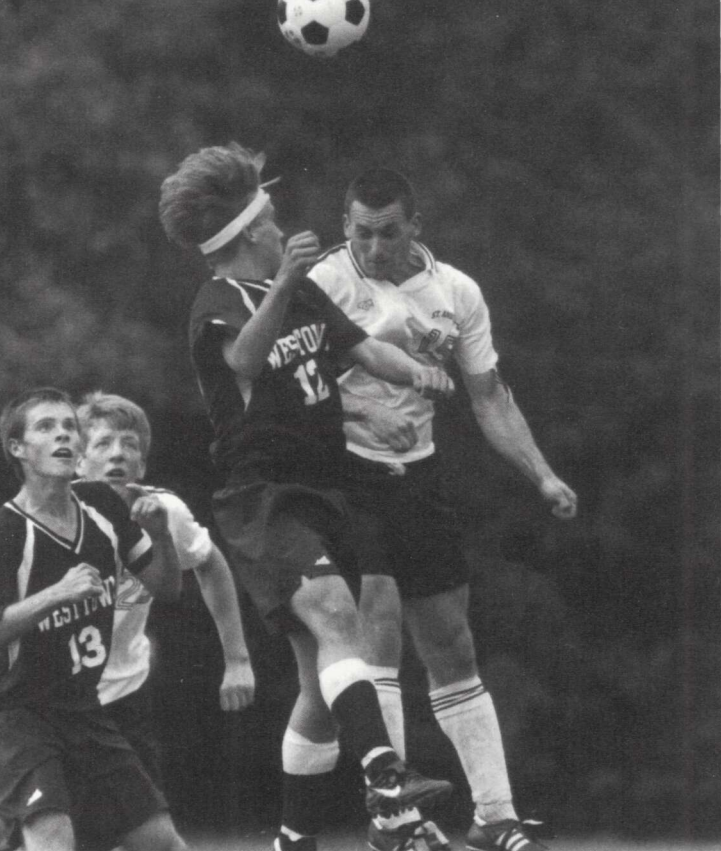


PHOTO BY DON BLAKE

Dan Mones '99 leaps high in the air to head the ball away from a Westtown forward. The boys' soccer team played strong defense all season. Scott Kennedy '01 watches in the background.

Brown gave his Coach's Awards to Ben and Rob Baldwin '99 for their excellent careers and work as co-captains of this year's team. Morgan was named Most Valuable Runner.

Boys' soccer plays for Conference title in final game

The boys' soccer team hit the goalpost and whistled shots just wide and high all season. With a little extra luck, this team might have played in the state tournament. Finishing the season with a 6-7-3 record, the team played their last Conference game against Friends with a chance to tie for the Conference title.

Trailing 2-1 with just minutes remaining, Jonathan Marvel '00 scored his second goal to tie the game, and then Ozzie Cuervo '99 had a shot go just over the crossbar.

"Any time you are playing for the Conference title on the last game with a chance to make the state tournament, you've done something," Coach John Austin said. "A big reason for their success was due to the seniors. This team showed the tenacity and determination it takes to be a champion and make it to the state tournament."

Captains Dan Mones '99 and Whitt Hance '99 anchored the defense in front of goalie Andrew DeSalvo '00. All three, as well as Jonathan Marvel, were selected First Team All-Conference.

"There were many games that didn't go the way we wanted them to, but that made us improve, made us better as a team," Dan said. "Because of that the season was a success."

The Saints had important victories over Sanford, Westtown and Cape Henlopen. Jonathan led the Saints in scoring with eight goals. In the final game against Salesianum, the Saints struck first, taking a 1-0 lead at halftime. Salesianum stormed back to win 3-1.

"Their coach loves to play us on the last game of the year because he knows we will give his team a tournament-type

PHOTO BY DON BLAKE

game," Austin said.

Four players were also selected for the Second Team All-Conference. They were Andrew Goldsworthy '00, Scott Kennedy '01, Christian Wilson '01 and Andrew Meeks '00.

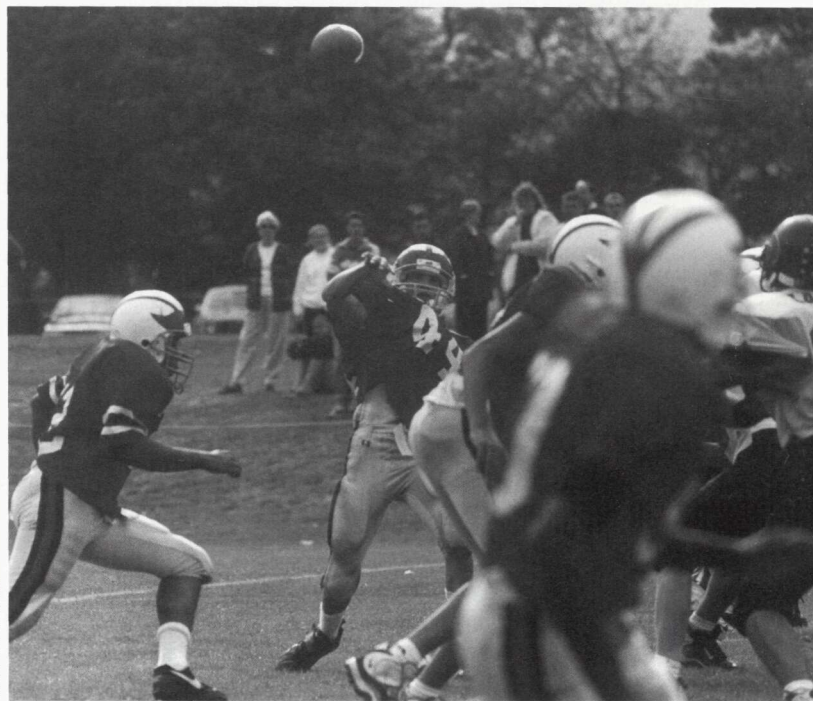
The junior varsity soccer program finished with a 9-1-4 record. After losing their first game to undefeated Middletown, the Saints went undefeated thereafter, including a first-ever tie with Salesianum.

Football team challenges Conference foes

Hard work and a new aerial attack led St. Andrew's School to the threshold of victory against perennial Conference powerhouses. Despite a 2-6 record, the team battled throughout the season, according to Coach Mike Hyde.

"We had a great group of seniors. The whole team worked really hard," Hyde said. "We were competitive in all of our Conference games, which was certainly a goal of ours."

With eight seniors leading the way, the Saints notched victories over The Maret School and West Nottingham Academy. Nate Grey '99 was named Most Improved Player and Jonathan Downs '99 received the Virginia DiGennaro Award for best lineman. The Robert M. Colburn Football Award



David Patterson '00 throws to Sulaiman Jenkins '99 against Bohemia Manor.



P.J. Bugg '99 set the single-season scoring record in girls' soccer.

went to quarterback David Patterson '00.

David and Sulaiman Jenkins '99 made the passing game come to life for the Saints. Sulaiman set a record for most yards receiving in a game when he caught ten passes for 214 yards. He also holds the record for most receptions in a season with 31. David set the record for most passing yards in a season with 866.

David and Sulaiman scored on a 27-yard touchdown pass in the first quarter against Tatnall. Those were the only points Tatnall allowed to a Conference team all season.

"We resorted to an air attack to get at our opponents," David said. "We really pulled together against Tatnall. We realized we could play the team we were up against after being encouraged by an early touchdown."

Despite the early success, the Saints fell to Tatnall by the score of 32-7.

Jonathan Downs '99, Sulaiman and David were all selected First Team All-Conference.

Girls' cross country runs fifth in state

After successfully defending its Independent Conference title, the girls' cross-country team sprinted off to the state meet at Lake Forest. St. Andrew's School secured fifth place by running a team race, according to Coach Terence Gilheany.

Megan Schuller '01 set the pace for the team, finishing 10th overall. Meaghan Keeley '99 placed 28th despite running with a foot injury. Anne Barber '00 placed 33rd, Julia Robinson '01 finished 40th and Caitlin Rackish '01 finished 44th after struggling all year with shin and knee problems.

Coach Gilheany said his team developed consistently throughout the year.

"We were careful about developing slowly to avoid injuries," he said. "We focused on keeping everyone healthy and having fun. The girls were mentally prepared for states."

Gilheany said his runners were excited and relaxed about the culminating race.

"The state meet is the chance for them to celebrate how hard they've worked all year," he said. "They used it as an opportunity to show how far they've come."

Gilheany also noted the leadership of senior runners. Ranee Saunders was a crucial alternate for the final race. She was ready to run if Meaghan or Caitlin was not healthy. Liza Tucker '99 was a leader of the middle pack of runners, keeping their speed fast and their spirits up. Gilheany also praised Meaghan Keeley, who holds both School course records.

We got good without knowing it because we were having so much fun.

Meaghan Keeley '99
Cross-country runner

"She was our top runner in many races," he said. "She was an incredible role model of quiet intensity. She showed the others how to improve performance without anxiety."

Meaghan finished second overall, leading the Saints to the Conference Championship with a time of 21:06.

"We got good without knowing it because we were having so much fun," Meaghan said. "You talk a lot when you run, and I really bonded with the whole team. You do better when people are cheering you on."

Megan Schuller said the fast team made her excel.

"I like to run with faster runners because they force me to push myself," she said. "Running with a team is what made me love the sport."

Girls' soccer blends youth and experience

Soccer is an unpredictable game. The girls' soccer team played its three toughest opponents as the season drew to a close and lost all three despite outshooting the other team in two of the games and playing even in the third. But even with their 5-6-1 record, the members of the girls' soccer team considered their season a success.

"We were never disappointed with ourselves," Jessie Wieland '99 said. "The season was more fun even though our record was not as good. The team never got frustrated. It was more about the feeling at the end of the game than the numbers."

After losing those three games, the girls ended the season at



The 1998 volleyball team included (front l to r) Annie Taylor '00, Caylei Fujas '99, Andrea Wun '99 and Dominique Fontanilla '99; (second row l to r) Meg Nicoll '00, Anne Caswell '99, Ashley Bergland '00, Angela Caswell '99 and Elizabeth Ross '00. Top: Lorinda Laryea '00.

home against Severn. Trailing 2-0 at halftime, the team stormed back to win, 3-2.

"Many teams would not have stayed tough during the three-game losing streak," Coach Bobby Rue said. "We faced a 2-0 deficit and still came back to win with two goals in the last eight minutes."

"This year's team really had a love for the game," Nina Barker '99 said. "When we were sprinting at the end of practice, we would say, now we're going to be a better team."

The team was led by P.J. Bugg '99, Nina, Jessie and Sally Flippin '99. The team struggled with injuries in the early part of the season. Losing Sally, who had a stress fracture in her foot, made a huge difference, according to Rue.

"It was a season where inexperienced players improved and made great contributions," Rue said, "and veterans played as well as they have ever played."

P.J. broke her own single-season scoring record with 12 goals and is the leading scorer in SAS girls' soccer history.

Rue praised Liz Grant '00 who played all over the field including goalie. Liz stopped a breakaway to preserve a 3-2 victory over Agnes Irwin. He also included in his praise Kate Morris '00, who came up from junior varsity, and Julia Bozick '00, who vastly improved her game.

The team has much to look forward to with Ingrid Fogle '00, Ann Woods '01, Sallie Graves '01 and Kaitlin Bear '01, who are all returning.

Volleyball team earns wins and respect

Volleyball at St. Andrew's has rarely attracted a crowd. But after last year's 2-13 season, most of the team returned and played with renewed enthusiasm and greater experience to finish 8-8 (4-6 in Conference). It was the most successful season since 1984.

Second-year coach Mai Mok constantly supplied historical information to her team as they knocked off one opponent after the other.

"It had been a long time since we had beaten some of those teams," she said. "It's what we needed to boost ourselves."

While the opponents tested the team, a major hurdle was the schedule.

"We started with the three toughest teams and ended with the three toughest," Mok said. "The middle of the season prepared us for those final games."

Captains Anne '99 and Angela '99 Caswell led the team all year.

"Every time we won it seemed like we were breaking some record," Anne said. "Most of the team had been playing together since sophomore year. We didn't feel like we improved that much, but with another year of experience

under our belts, we played that much better. It was nice to hear coaches from other teams say how much we had improved."

Mok praised Angela in particular.

"She was strong and solid and, once she got momentum, she was all over the court," Mok said.

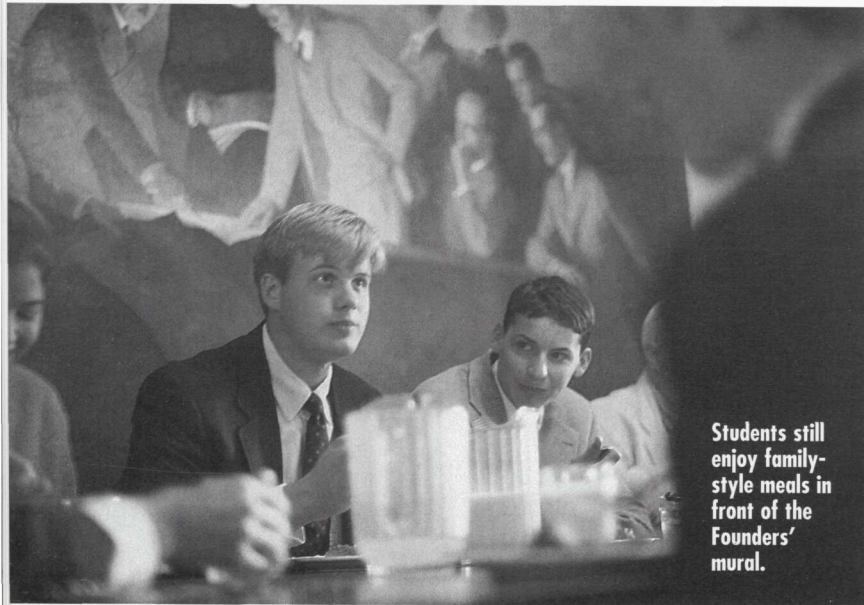
"It was our goal to play our best," Angela said. "Volleyball has started to get some respect on campus. During the Sanford game, the stands were full. We said all season we had to give it everything we had."

Many coaches around the Independent Conference noted the team's blocking line of Caylei Fujas '99, Elizabeth Ross '01 and Ashley Bergland '00.

Coach Mok also noted the emergence of Elizabeth as an important member of both offense and defense. She also said key contributions were made all season by Lorinda Laryea '00 and Meg Nicoll '00. Coach Mok added that Andrea Wun '99 was a hard-working setter who had greatly improved her game and was always a presence on the court.

Angela was named First Team All-Conference, and Ashley and Caylei were named Second Team All-Conference. Anne received honorable mention. ❧

ALUMNI NEWS



Students still enjoy family-style meals in front of the Founders' mural.

PHOTO BY CARLOS ALEJANDRO

- St. Andrew's Today, n. an opportunity to see the School more closely, learn more about the curriculum and day-to-day student life, and envision the School's future.

St. Andrew's Today: Come See for Yourself!

The week before coming to the St. Andrew's Today event, I called to confirm my attendance and discuss my 40th reunion. During the conversation I had to answer a question from someone in my office. When I again picked up, Ches Baum was on the phone. What a delight! We agreed to spend time together during my upcoming visit.

SAS is no longer in the sticks. In the '50s when we went back and forth to Middletown from D.C., we had to go up to Wilmington and down. The Bay Bridge, which I would swear has been there forever, makes the trip a matter of a few hours. I drove past Middletown for eight or ten miles to see what was there. Urban sprawl is everywhere, not thick yet, but there. On the way into town there is a mall and all sorts of stores. I remember one bakery and one soda fountain in the center of town which still looks the same as it did 39 years ago. Remember the walk into town? The chicken farm on the corner where we turned left and walked into town is no longer with us. The farm house is there. The chicken houses have been replaced by town houses. Behind them is a new, large public high school.

Cocktails started at 6:15. Being served good scotch whiskey in the headmaster's house was a new experience, a delightful one. After cocktails we walked over to the gym. The wrestling room with the large bull in the center is now the School art gallery. Bull Cameron would not object. Student and outside exhibits are rotated. Tables were set, and the kitchen trucked over a meal equal to those served in many fine restaurants in the D.C. area.

We then returned to the headmaster's house to meet with

students.

The School has computer rooms with Internet access. Students can and do have computers in their rooms, but the rooms do not have phone lines. We asked the students if the rooms should have phones. This is an interesting and very important question which I am certain will be asked often. The culture of the School could hang in the balance. I thought the kids would be in favor of phones, but they were not. They recognized the danger of Internet addiction and isolation.

The School plans to keep up with the computer revolution, but all recognize that it is too easy to build the wrong network or whatever. I do not think we will see SAS at the leading and wasteful edge. That's not to say I think they will fall behind and suffer.

In recent times Honor Code violations have been few and minor. Disciplinary marks (remember those?) are no longer walked off. Marks are given, but the walking off is now useful projects.

The boys and girls each have a Form and School leader, and between them they share responsibility. It seems to work well. Once a week the two student body leaders meet with a faculty member—the dean of students? I do not recall exactly. I cannot remember such communication and cooperation between faculty and students in our day.

Saturday morning breakfast was a bit of a surprise. Saturday is informal, no coat and tie. Talk about a Haycock rule! Breakfast is cafeteria style with a lot of choices and good food. During the week the lunch meal is the sit-down, served meal of the day. Evening meals are cafeteria except on Wednesday before Chapel.

BY ANDY ADAMS '59

After breakfast we wandered around the building a bit. The library has undergone a major renovation. The faculty apartment on the second floor is gone. The second and third floors have openings to sky lights in the roof—impressive and functional.

Remember the smoke shack? SAS is now smoke-free.

As in our day, only seniors walk through the dining room. Two tables are up in the Common Room to provide seating for the oversized student body.

Chapel is no longer six days a week. Wednesday evening and Sunday are mandatory. Friday is voluntary and attended by about 70. The chapel has been remodeled a bit. The choir is no longer on the right side, choir chairs are behind the altar and to the left, pews and floors have been refinished.

Saturday morning was spent around a conference table. Student Life, Academic Program, The Future, and Providing for the Future were the designated topics. I heard and learned much, but again, I did not take notes. I am going to suggest to the School that the informal presentations and thoughts be written out by those who did the deed. I do remember a few interesting points.

When we graduated in 1959 there were under 600 graduates. There are now over 2,500.

The School did very little in our day to guide us toward the correct college. College counseling is now a major, impressive, and well-run program that starts in the V Form year. Competition is really something. Princeton receives so many applications from highly qualified students that it could admit three full classes with equal grades, leadership, sports talent, etc.

Admission to SAS is more than competitive. The most important factor in admissions, if I am remembering correctly, is the interview. Parents all fall in love with the School. Students are slower to come around, but the School is always over-subscribed. I remember the ideal number to be 265 students, but 270 to 280 keeps happening. Ability to pay the tuition is not a factor in admissions. Tuition has been held at the same level for three years now. Costs are mounting. If this policy is to continue, alumni support is a must.

Buck Smith '66 is an attorney specializing in estate planning. He reviewed the various ways one can give and have it cost very little. For example, a charitable remainder trust is a way you can have your cake and eat it too, especially if you have an asset that is worth much more than you paid for it. Give it all to SAS and take a tax deduction for the full, present value. Keep a life estate and have the asset pay you an income. I have seen these things work so that you have more after the gift than before. Talk to Buck Smith or your own specialist.

After lunch I wandered down to the lake with Ches. A crew regatta was just starting. Yes, a regatta. We were behind the Alumni House, on the point at the entrance to the boat house cove. Across the lake the visitors held forth — tents, cars, and tail-gate parties. Launching and docking facilities for the visitors are provided on the other side. Fun was had by all.

Conclusion: Yes, SAS is worth our continuing support—come see for yourself!*

Highbrow, Lowbrow, NoBrow

A recent history of *The New Yorker*

BY JOHN SEABROOK '76

The *New Yorker* has been in the news a lot in the past year, not always for the best reasons. The year brought three bombshells. First, we found out we are moving into new offices, in the now infamous Conde Nast building in Times Square, the one that shed scaffolding this summer. Second, there was a devastating article in *Fortune* magazine about Steve Florio, the head of the *New Yorker's* business side, that spelled out in some detail how much money the magazine loses (once a cash cow, the *New Yorker* lost around \$10 million in 1997, down from over \$30 million in 1992). And finally our famous editor, Tina Brown, quit to start a new magazine, to be called *Talk*, for Miramax, a film company owned by Disney. After a week of wild speculation one of the staff writers for the magazine, David Remnick, took over as editor.

All of this change and uncertainty has put some of us who've been working for the magazine for a while into a reflective state of mind. What is the *New Yorker*? What has it been and what will it become? What should it be? Will it exist at all? I don't know the answer to that last question, but I have opinions about some of the others. What follows is a personal view of a great American magazine.

As a young reader, I got my idea of what American culture was like from the pages of the *New Yorker*, which sat on my parents' coffee table along with other magazines like *Holiday*, *Life*, and *Look*. Culture was obviously sophisticated and witty, but it was also decent, quaint, and moral, a place where unsung heroes were sung. Above all else, it was knowable. The *New Yorker's* famous editorial "we" suggested that there was a center to the culture, a perspective from which one could see all the useful things, and what one couldn't see was not so important. We cared passionately about the traditional arts—ballet, classi-

cal music, drama, literature, painting and sculpture. We were quite interested in jazz, and we had learned to appreciate movies, thanks to Pauline Kael, but we were not much concerned with rock and roll, street style, or youth culture, per se—and we certainly weren't interested in rap. Preserving the authority of that "we"—the implicit claim that the kinds of distinctions and judgements practiced by the *New Yorker* were universal, and not narrowly elitist—forced the magazine, over time, to keep an ever-greater share of popular culture out of its pages. We might not like rap music, say, but as rap music entered mainstream culture, we weren't able to comment knowledgeably on it, and we ended up seeming pretty out of it.

In the old *New Yorker* a sentence was a sentence, and each took no more than a polite, passing interest in its neighbors. Facts were presented one after another, with an almost self-conscious lack of ornament. Fancy leads, precious writing, sociological jargon, academic theory, anything that was obviously intended to attract attention or to start an argument—all were scrupulously scrubbed from the *New Yorker's* photograph-free text. Most important of all, in no way did the sentences attempt anything that might be called hype—solecisms such as one reads in every issue of *Time* magazine or *BusinessWeek* ("Think: Hedge Funds").

Keeping the culture that the magazine provided to its readers free of hype or buzz was of paramount importance to William Shawn, the editor of the *New Yorker* from 1952 to 1986. Ved Mehta, one of Shawn's writers, speculates in his recent book about the *New Yorker* that Shawn's distaste for commercialism and Babbitry sprang in part from his competitive relationship with his father, Jackknife Ben Chon, a Chicago knife salesman. It was necessary for Jackknife Ben's son Bill, by way of carving his own path through the cultured life that his father's money had opened up to him, to distance himself from the crass com-

merce that was his father's element.

Shawn's editorial philosophy was later expressed in the April 22, 1985, comment he wrote after S.I. Newhouse bought the *New Yorker* for \$168 million from Peter Fleischmann, whose father, Raoul, had started the magazine with Harold Ross in 1925. "We have never published anything in order to sell magazines, to cause a sensation, to be controversial, to be popular or fashionable, to be 'successful.'" Shawn's words—barely a decade old—seem incredible today. How could one possibly run a magazine that way? And a very "successful" magazine at that?

In 1987, after five years of writing reviews and journalism for other magazines, I sent a couple of pieces to Robert Gottlieb, then the editor of the *New Yorker*. About a week later, to my shock, Gottlieb called me and asked me to come see him at his office.

The memory of this meeting, which took place in the old *New Yorker* building, across 43rd Street from the present offices, remains in my mind like a cherished postcard from a time that now seems as vanished as the world of medieval courtly love. On the basis of two clippings and a one-page letter I had sent him proposing to write a story on a modern gold-mining bonanza taking place in a small Nevada town, Gottlieb offered to fund me to go out west for as long as I thought necessary, and take a crack at writing the piece I wanted to write, for which he would pay me regardless of whether the magazine published it.

"About how long a piece?" I managed to ask.

"Any length you'd like," Gottlieb said. "Whatever you think the piece needs to be successful juuurnalism."

Gottlieb, formerly the editor-in-chief of Alfred A. Knopf, had been hired by S.I. Newhouse to replace Shawn—two years after Newhouse pledged he would

from Bob who told me to call Sheila or *Vanity Fair*. The old *New Yorker* had appealed to advertisers partly because of its exclusive, New York-based cachet. The same reason people traveled to New York to shop at Saks or Bloomingdale's made them "take" the *New Yorker*: it offered the kind of merchandise you couldn't get anywhere else. But in the eighties and nineties, many of those formerly exclusive New York brands became nationwide—today one can go to a Saks in the local mall. As that happened, the *New Yorker's* regional appeal to those old advertisers diminished. The obvious solution was to make the *New Yorker* a nationwide brand too—a magazine of "quality," that advertisers who wanted to project an image of quality should want to invest in. But that hadn't happened, yet. It appeared that what the writers and editors meant by quality and what Bloomingdale's meant by quality were not the same thing.

But the magazine's problems went beyond the business strategy. The world was changing. That serene, knowable middle ground staked out by the magazines on my parents' coffee table—the culture that the *New Yorker's* editorial "we" kept watch over by night so that its subscribers could sleep soundly—was disappearing, and in its place was a landscape of niches and categories. Because the *New Yorker* was not a men's magazine, nor a shelter magazine, nor a health magazine, nor a literary magazine, nor a news magazine, nor a sports magazine—it was all those things—it had a hard time fitting into this fragmented marketplace. The *New Yorker* was the last of the great middlebrow magazines left, but the middle had disappeared, and with it had gone whatever status being in the middle would get you.

And insofar as the *New Yorker's* mission was involved in the old moral enterprise of transmitting the values of "humanism" and "cultural tradition"—that enterprise Matthew Arnold defined as the selecting of "the best not prove successful for the *New Yorker*. The smaller advertisers, no longer able to afford the rates that Florio's big-circulation magazine now commanded, dropped out, while the big advertisers had trouble understanding how the *New Yorker* could help sell their Cadillacs and jeweled watches any better than *GQ* or *Fortune*

Certainly Newhouse had brought a much more aggressive style of doing business to the magazine. His strategy for "growing the brand," implemented by Steve Florio, the former publisher of *GQ* and now the president of Newhouse's magazine company, Advance Publications, was to raise the magazine's circulation base from 300,000 to 800,000 through expensive mailings, cheap subscription rates, and energetic publicity. Once the circulation went up, the magazine raised the rates it charged advertisers. This strategy had made *GQ* a success, but it did not prove successful for the *New Yorker*. The rates it charged advertisers raised the rates it charged advertisers. This strategy had made *GQ* a success, but it did not prove successful for the *New Yorker*. The smaller advertisers, no longer able to afford the rates that Florio's big-circulation magazine now commanded, dropped out, while the big advertisers had trouble understanding how the *New Yorker* could help sell their Cadillacs and jeweled watches any better than *GQ* or *Fortune*

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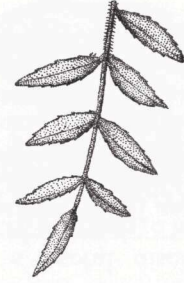
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a great magazine, but I don't get it anymore, because it made me feel too guilty to see it sitting there and not read it." In striving to fulfill its old mission—to report on the issues of the day with moral seriousness—the *New Yorker*, instead of making people feel grateful or enlightened, made them feel guilty because they didn't have the time or the necessary seriousness to inhabit that high culture of Matthew Arnold, which seemed to have so little relevance to their day-to-day lives.

By 1992, with the losses at the *New Yorker* mounting, Newhouse—faced with the prospect of the magazine's drifting into oblivion—replaced Gottlieb with Tina Brown, the well-known editor who had made a commercial success of *Vanity Fair*. Gottlieb departed in a final burst of camp, telling the *Times* in regard to his severance package, "I'm the happiest girl in the whole USA."



Being British, Brown could be in the middle of the culture without appearing to be a middlebrow. This trick, which Americans have a harder time pulling off, is essential to being a successful tastemaker in NoBrow. Almost every week she published things in the *New Yorker* that no American editor would have dreamed of publishing: profanity, nudity (at one point the word processing department had a pool going to guess how many times a woman's nipple would appear in the magazine each week), and provocative covers, such as Art Spiegelman's drawing of a black woman and Hasidic man kissing, or his Easter Bunny crucified against an IRS form (although even Brown balked at publishing as a Christmas cover his street-corner Santa Claus urinating on the sidewalk). Some of the old *New Yorker* writers predictably dismissed Brown as a lowbrow—Jamaica Kincaid, the novelist, called her a "trashpig" in the *New York Observer*. But while Brown brought aspects of commercial culture to the magazine that Mr. Shawn had kept his pages free of, she also brought intellectual playfulness and daring, as well as energy and warmth, which

came as a relief to many readers after the preciousness of Mr. Shawn's *New Yorker*.

Brown's task, in a sense, was to move the magazine out of its place in the High/Low cultural hierarchy and into the realm of NoBrow. Her challenge was somehow to let commercial culture into the magazine's pages, without diminishing the status satisfaction that the old magazine had offered its readers, largely by keeping commercial culture out. She was often frustrated in her efforts. After all, what she was trying to change was not just a magazine—it was a cornerstone of our status system. A brilliant editor in many ways (she never got enough credit for her sheer skill with a pencil), Brown seemed to underestimate the degree to which American readers based their notions of status on the idea of culture as presented by the old *New Yorker*, and were therefore taken aback to find lowbrow carnival culture inside its pages. Inviting Roseanne Barr to consult on a special women's issue of the magazine might have seemed like a good idea at the time, but it confused a lot of readers who needed to keep the distinction between the *New Yorker* and Roseanne Barr straight in order to preserve their own status.

In spite of Brown's concessions to the shorter attention spans and pulpier tastes of today's reading public, and in spite of her genius at creating buzz, the *New Yorker* did not make money. Brown was betting that attention would be appealing to advertisers, which would seem a sensible assumption. But there was a disconnect between attention and ad sales. The buzz was great—thick clouds of it settled on the editorial floors for days at a time—but the ads still didn't sell, because buzz wasn't status.

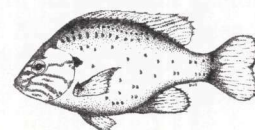
The younger readers, the ones the advertisers wanted to reach, didn't read long articles about foreign affairs, bees or geology, and if they did they were part of the "churn," while the old loyalists were alienated by the magazine's effort to reach the twenty-nine-year-old smart people that the advertisers wanted to reach. Fortunately, the magazine had in S.I. Newhouse a patron who could afford to keep the *New Yorker* running more or less the way it had always run, but it was a little unsettling to know that this last refuge of the generalist could not sustain itself in the marketplace—that it

needed to be supported by the profits from such magazines as *Vogue*, *Glamour*, and *Vanity Fair*.

Under Brown, the *New Yorker* changed drastically. Articles became much shorter, their deadlines were firm, and their publication was pegged to other events within commercial culture. Doing stories that were topical, trying to get the public's attention, trying to sell magazines—all of which Shawn had gone out of his way to avoid—became the norm. At the old *New Yorker*, quirky was good because it defied categorization. At the new *New Yorker* quirky was bad for the same reason. Quirky was something that didn't fit a marketing category. In marketing terms, a quirky subject was a "tweener." It was fatally quirky.

Shawn's auteur system, under which the writers appeared to have complete freedom, subject only to Shawn's own taste (which could be a lot more restrictive than it seemed), was replaced by a kind of Hollywood studio system, under which the writers worked in collaboration with the editors, who functioned more like producers—middlemen between the creative and the commercial processes. As writers, we were free from any one individual's taste; or rather, we were subject to Brown's taste, but that was understood to be controlled in part by certain market forces.

More than forty of the old *New Yorker* writers left this new magazine. Some had burned out under Shawn, others were still very good but could not adapt to the new studio system. I remained, and, with some remorse, moved into an old writer's now vacant office. Though I tried, I could not find the market-oriented strictures of the new *New Yorker* without literary benefit. The new focus—the need to be specific and clear about what you were looking for, instead of ranging around until you found something that struck your fancy—was a useful discipline, like rhyme or meter, in which to harness your thoughts. An unearned note of nostalgia had crept easily into the work I did for



the old *New Yorker*. At the new *New Yorker*, there was no time for nostalgia.

The truth was, both the auteur and the studio systems had their relative freedoms and restraints. The situation at the new *New Yorker* was not unlike that in the old movie industry as described by Thomas Schatz, the author of *The Genius of the System*, a book that argues that movies made in the thirties and forties, when the artists were controlled by the suits, were just as good as the movies made in the later auteur period, when the artists had creative independence.

The really essential question—whether one was more or less independent as a writer under Brown's studio system than under Shawn's auteur system—was not as simple as it appeared. On the one hand, the kind of stories I was doing now were much more dependent on market-oriented conditions and on a whole complex of tiny moral compromises that make up the space between culture and marketing. I had recently cashed the first of my monthly stipend checks, and although in theory I could refuse any one story (which helped me to preserve the idea of my "independence"), in practice I felt much more dependent than I would have had I not taken the money. But on the other hand, what Shawn called independence—the church-and-state separation of culture and marketing—was not necessarily real independence either. Real independence would involve controlling both the artistic and the commercial sides of the operation. Partly because Shawn had stayed so chaste of any business dealings at the old *New Yorker*, it was possible for Peter Fleischmann to sell the magazine to S.I. Newhouse without even consulting Shawn, as he did in 1985.

At any rate, my ideas about what constitutes "independence," "integrity," and "selling out" are based on the modernist doctrines I encountered in college. They have little bearing on the industry I inhabit, in which six global media companies control almost all the culture—

some own the content, some the distribution, and some both—and in which I am just one of millions of content providers. "You want to be independent, sharpen your pencil and write a poem," as I was tartly told recently by James Schamus, a filmmaker. The starving artist, the visionary who can't make money from his art, has lost his resonance as a cultural archetype. In NoBrow, he has been replaced by the charismatic grifter—the nineteen-year-old kid who makes a movie on his parents' credit card. He won't starve if the movie flops; he'll roll his debt over onto a new credit card that offers a six-month, six-per-cent grace period and try again.

In July, frustrated with repeated meddling from the business side of the magazine, Brown quit to work for Miramax, maker of upmarket commercial movies like *The English Patient*. From what I gather, she hopes to have more creative independence at a Disney-owned company—where Shawn's notions of independence have never been an issue, and where culture and market-

ing are as cozy as Mickey and Minnie.

When Tina left, the magazine was showing signs of returning to financial health. Hopefully, this trend will continue under our new editor, Remnick, and if it does I believe Brown will be seen as the *New Yorker's* Joan of Arc. My dream is a synthesis of the old and new magazines. Now that the new *New Yorker* is more relevant to today's reader, it can learn some integrity from the old *New Yorker*. Not a new editorial "we," but a sense that there are certain things the magazine won't do for attention. Maybe a little more gentleness and a few more songs about unsung heroes wouldn't hurt either.

Remnick, my friend from college (boys and girls, don't think that those old school ties don't matter anymore), has the brains and the instincts to achieve this ideal *New Yorker*. I hope to do what I can to help him. Keep reading.☞

John Seabrook is the author of Deeper: My Two-Year Odyssey in Cyberspace (Touchstone Paperbacks). His new book, NoBrow: The Culture of Marketing, the Marketing of Culture, from which this essay is excerpted, will be published by Knopf.



A napkin, even a paper one, is meant to be used.

The above cartoon was taken from William Cameron's Meat and the Eater, a pamphlet about etiquette in the St. Andrew's dining hall, which Mr. Cameron hoped would "[Be] an instrument WHEREBY the GLUTTONS among us may LIFT THEMSELVES out of their GLUTTONY, the mire where-in they are SUNK but ought not to be content to WALLOW." Illustration by Alexander Stoddart '45.

Editor's Note: The illustrations on these pages were produced by students in Art in Biology: A Naturalist Approach, a course taught at SAS by biology teacher Peter McLean and former art teacher Peter Brooke. The drawings are by (in order) Fred Pinch '95, Jill Hindle '93 and Dan Sheats '95.

Echoes of Echoes Echoes

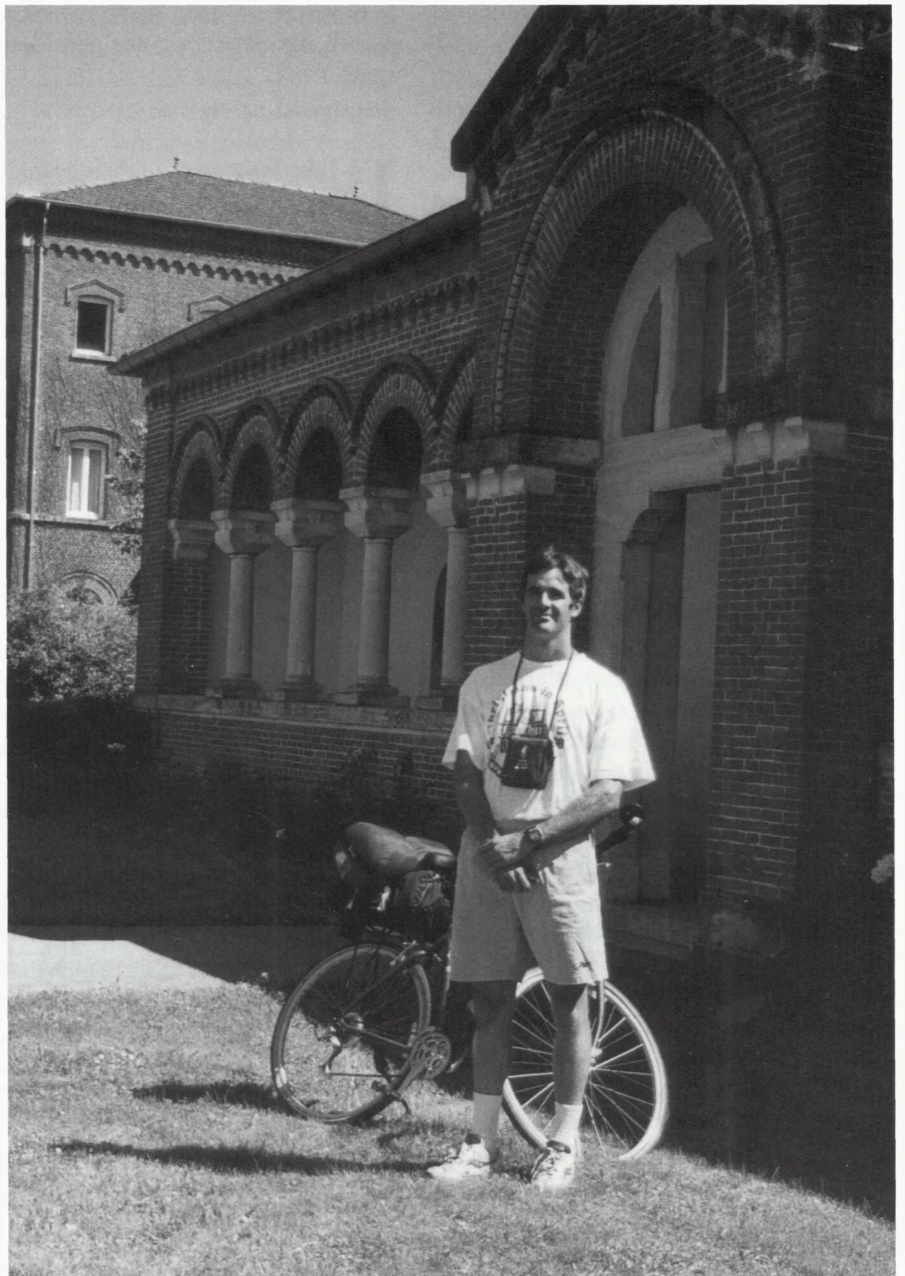
St. Andrew's

Biking through
France, the writer
contemplates
two men living lives
beyond themselves.

After completing a year of teaching and coaching twelve- to eighteen-year-old boys and girls at a private school in Washington, D.C., I figured I deserved a "pat on the back." So I designed a summer vacation to take myself far away from the clatter of the classroom and the whistle-blowing of practice.

I planned a bike trip through eastern France with stops at Catholic monasteries. I had never biked in France, nor had I ever set foot in a monastery before. New worlds, I expected, could be discovered on all fronts.

But while I set out to look for something new in the vacation, I discovered, pleasantly, a past connected to St. Andrew's that helped me along my way.



BY JEFF LILLEY '82



The Abbaye d'Acéy outside of Dijon, France.

For the past ten years or so, I have been fascinated with people who live their lives apart from the economic and social mainstream. Maybe the seed of curiosity was planted when, as a newspaper reporter in Indiana in 1987, I interviewed Amish farmers and shopkeepers. Then, while living in Korea in 1988, I met several Westerners who had become Zen Buddhist monks and nuns.

The choices these people made intrigued me, and in the intervening years I have sought out opportunities to read about, observe and, yes, participate in the cultivation of solitude in a contemplative environment. After reading about the life of Thomas Merton, a Catholic monk who lived at a monastery in Kentucky and who wrote extensively about the contemplative experience, I came up with the idea to visit monasteries in Merton's native France.

Perhaps like other SAS alumni, my most prolonged exposure to Christianity came when I was a student at St. Andrew's. Religious studies classes and chapel services provided me with a grounding in Christian values for which I will be forever grateful. But in my post-college years I have found myself reflecting as well on the

fine examples set for me at St. Andrew's by teachers and coaches. I have discovered that it is often through following the example and understanding the experiences of others that I learn best.

Even though I never knew him, one person from St. Andrew's lore has stayed in my mind throughout the years. I came to know a bit about Bull Cameron while reading an article about him (in the Alumni Bulletin, I believe!) in the early 1980s. A passage in the article described him as a man who was "humble before something greater than himself, which was his way of speaking about God."

So, in retrospect, when I set out on a June morning from Dijon for the Abbaye d'Acéy forty miles away, I believe I was trying to reconnect with the humble side of Christianity. Through observing the lives of monks in a monastery, I thought I could learn something.

After five hours of traversing rolling French countryside—through small villages, over bridges and past churches—I spotted the abbey from a distance. It rose up from the flat terrain and settled solidly on a small knoll. I chugged the last few hundred yards on my bike up to the front entrance and dismounted.



The back section of the monastery at the Abbaye d'Acey. Below, Jeff Lilley '82 and Frère Pierre on the grounds of the monastery.



I was immediately greeted by a wide-eyed Frenchman, who wasted no time in starting a conversation.

"So, where are you from?" he asked me in French.

"The USA," I replied. "From Washington, D.C."

"Oh," he said excitedly, "then tell me what Clinton is doing with all those women!"

I half-laughed, half-groaned. Here I was at an 850-year-old monastery nestled in the French countryside, and the daily drumbeat of scandalous Washington was still resounding. It seemed incongruous.

Fortunately, though, things Washingtonian quickly receded as I began to discover what made the Abbaye d'Acey tick. Twenty-two monks live at the monastery, which is one of thirty Cistercian monasteries in France. The Cistercian order was founded in France in the eleventh century, partly as a reaction against the lavish decoration of churches and the materialism of monks at that time. Like Cistercians around the world, the monks at Abbaye d'Acey live simply. They devote their waking hours to three things: work, silence and prayer. The ultimate purpose of the monks' stay at the monastery is to cultivate inner silence. To this end, the monks learn to pray continuously.

From a pamphlet on the desk in my room at the monastery I picked up a bit more information. The pamphlet instructed me that those "who abandon prayer—the respiration of the soul—die asphyxiated." And the practice of silence, I read on, is the necessary discipline for those who want to learn how to pray.

Finally, there is the third pillar of work. All the monks are assigned tasks—sweeping the church, working in the fields, minding the gift shop or tending to guests—which they carry out during the day, with as little talk as possible.

The cultivation of simplicity in daily living extends to the architecture and services as well. In the monastery's church, there is little ornamentation. The stones provide the structure and decoration of the 12th century monastery. There are wooden pews, a stone altar and, to the right of the altar, a crucifix hanging by a long wire from the ceiling. The only visible modern addition to the church is arched windows made of clear plate glass etched with opaque patterns.

I entered the church just in time for the five o'clock service, one of five services held daily at Cistercian monasteries. The services are sung in verse, mostly from the Psalms, by the community of monks, who sit to the sides and front of the stone altar. Rich voices, young and old, combined to produce a deep, sonorous chant that filled the hall. In their white robes with long sleeves, the monks walked slowly yet purposefully.

Besides me, there were three other retreatants when I arrived at Abbaye d'Acey: a middle-aged man, an elderly woman and a Catholic nun. As guests, we were free to spend our time as we wanted—in our rooms, at services, in the monastery's library or walking the grounds. At

mealtime, we gathered in the dining room. We ate in silence, only whispering to have food passed to us. As is the custom in monasteries, at the end of the meal we all cleared the table and pitched in to wash dishes.

The one monk sanctioned to interact with outsiders is the “frère hôtelier” or brother hotel-keeper. He is, in 1990s-speak, the monastery’s interface with the world. At Abbaye d’Acey, Frère Pierre fits the role perfectly. An elderly man with a slight bend in his back and a warm smile, Frère Pierre assigns rooms, makes sure the meals are ready for the retreatants, and makes himself free for consultations.

I found him one afternoon in his office on the first floor of the monastery. He was reading biblical texts when I knocked but graciously invited me in. Frère Pierre told me he had been at the monastery for fifty-five years, having joined as a young man in the early 1940s. I felt a bit awkward interrupting his silent reading time, but my curiosity pulled me into conversation with him. When I confessed to my embarrassment about forcing him to talk, Frère Pierre waved me off. “No, don’t worry,” he reassured me. Then he said, “This is interior silence we are talking about”—something deep that couldn’t be disturbed by conversation. Still waters do run deep, they say.

Frère Pierre’s life is simple, one of his own choosing, and he seemed completely caught up in and content with his world. He had no reason to fancy travel far and beyond. And when I told him I was from Washington, D.C., he looked puzzled and asked me to explain to him what it was.

In his modest Paris apartment, far from the protective confines of the school at which he grew up and distanced from the culture which has shaped most of us, Bruce Colburn ’82 pursues his passion: painting.

Before I set off on my bike trip, I caught up with Bruce, my classmate at St. Andrew’s. Over lunch at a café around the corner from his apartment, Bruce and I discussed our life paths. Several years ago, Bruce married a Frenchwoman and settled in Paris. In order to make ends meet, Bruce teaches English and does translation work. The income from the jobs allows him the economic breathing space to work as an artist.

He and his wife live simply in an apartment that doubles as Bruce’s studio. There is no TV in the apartment. A former soccer player and a member of the 1982 St. Andrew’s team that won the State Championship, Bruce had little interest in the World Cup taking place in France at the time.

We barely talked of our time together at St. Andrew’s, and I quickly began to see that Bruce had pretty much cleared his plate of life in the U.S. Indeed, after five years in France, Bruce now lives his day-to-day life in another language. Even in his socializing, he finds himself most comfortable with his wife’s French friends.

His choice of lifestyle, as Bruce sees it, is a way to avoid the temptations that might have overtaken him had he

stayed in the U.S. “I am too weak” to live in the U.S., said Bruce matter-of-factly. As I understood it, Bruce meant that, had he stayed in America, he wouldn’t have been able to fight off the demands and expectations of the consumer culture that can so easily come to dominate the way we Americans think about our lives.

The walls of Bruce’s apartment are covered with his paintings of nature scenes and abstract subjects. But what stops a first-time viewer of Bruce’s work are his paintings of crowd scenes. Of varying sizes, done in oil with thick brush strokes, the paintings show masses of humanity at once incoherent, pulsing and coarse.

Bruce is currently working on a series of a sketches for a massive crowd scene, about twelve feet across. The project, even in its planning stages, speaks volumes about the position we humans have put ourselves into. The sketches show humans stumbling over one another; some rising, some falling; some in the spotlight, others faceless in the fray, but all scrambling to fill up the canvas as if it held the last oxygen in the world. It will be a painting in which “everything is said, and the truths are on the table, but no one is blamed,” says Bruce. “I want to put [human] qualities on stage, not individual people.”

Both men live their lives to the rhythm of something beyond themselves.

In looking back over my trip to France, during which I covered 240 miles on a bike, toured six cities and visited three monasteries, I am left with the visages of two men: Frère Pierre, an elderly monk with a warm and hospitable manner and a *weltanschauung* that extends no further than the stone walls of his monastery, and Bruce Colburn, an angular expatriate, intense and driven in his effort to live a life committed to art.

The two men might seem markedly different from one another, but in their words and choices they reveal themselves as people willing to renounce some of the things that we all too often cling to. Frère Pierre left the secular world to devote himself to contemplation and prayer within monastery walls. Bruce left the materialistic temptations of the United States for life in a European city that has long been a haven for artists.

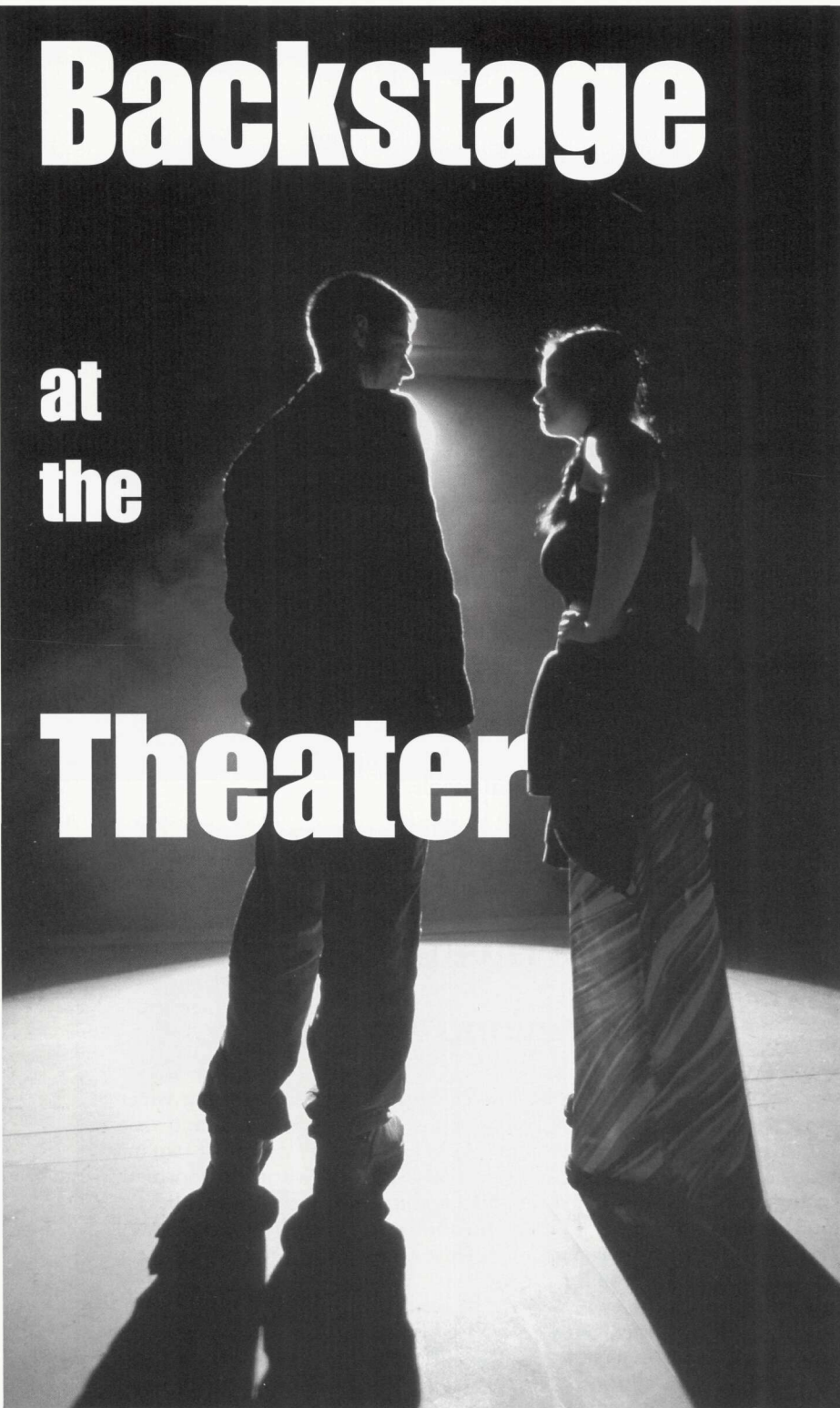
Both men live their lives to the rhythm of something beyond themselves: Frère Pierre to a regimented life of work, contemplation, and prayer; Bruce to the sacrifices and rigors of a life of artistic expression.

I wonder what Bull Cameron might say about Frère Pierre and Bruce. ↻

Backstage

at
the

Theater



The theater has played
an important role in the lives
of many St. Andreans.

Backstage a few days before the opening of *Picnic*, the drama department's fall production, there is plenty of nervous energy, but beneath it a serious intensity. The crew buzzes over final details. The actors perfect their lines. The director makes the final calls on lighting and sound. Students skitter into position making the black curtains sway blue shadows and then everything falls silent.

The active work being done by the St. Andrew's School drama department feels professional, even behind the scenes. St. Andrew's has a long tradition of serious drama training, but now with the renovations to the Moira Stevenson Forbes '97 Theater complete, the physical space for drama has been taken seriously as well.

Theater director Ann McTaggart '86 explains that the old theater was more of an auditorium, and thus dramatically inefficient. There were exits only at the back of the stage, no dressing rooms and a main playing stage that was in front of the curtain. But since the renovations were completed in the spring of 1997, the theater department has had a new lease on life.

"The new space gives credibility to the theater program," she said. "It validates the program's existence at St. Andrew's School for all who find their home here. It is truly a space for creative theater: the students create a world for their audience, and this theater is the support system for that world."

In addition to the positive psychological effects of the new theater on its actors, crew and audience, there are specific technological advances.

"The technology gives us freedom," McTaggart said. "We have the ability to enhance in a dramatic way what's going on on the stage."

She pointed to the production of *The Pearl* last spring.

"We were able to create a believable body of water with lights and fabric," she said. "With the addition of more lighting, we have the flexibility to have nighttime scenes. We can do the plays we want to do and do them in a more professional way. The students learn more and it's a closer simulation of what would be done professionally."

McTaggart was a member of many drama productions as a student, and she has directed shows here since 1993, including productions outside on Alumni Point and at the Everett Theatre in Middletown.

All of the enhancements have had a positive effect on the student actors. John Vassalotti '99 is one of the few students who has acted on both the old stage and the new one.

"Backstage was awful. There were no dressing rooms," John said. "The guys had a stairwell with a door and the girls used a coatrack with a sheet on it. There were a lot of dumb logistical problems you had to overcome to put on a play. Since the renovations, there are so many possibilities. You can really focus on creating your character."

The importance of technically professional productions is clear to Headmaster Tad Roach. Before the dedication of the Theater, Roach remarked on how important the theater program is to the life of the School and to the lives of students.

"Drama teaches students to work together in a collaborative way; drama uncovers the bright light of creativity and inspiration in our students," he said. "Drama, by its poetry, setting and action, teaches our students important lessons about the nature of humanity and it reminds us of our great accomplishments, our sheer delight in the wonder of life, our frailty, our sufferings, our ability to confront and surmount the conflicts of our lives."

During the fall production of *Picnic* the students had several days in the week leading up to the curtain to run through lighting, lines, sound and technical aspects.

These are the toughest times for the young actors. They must combat the boredom of waiting for their turn, and at the same time be as sharp when their scenes are called as they will be on opening night. They constantly rerun scenes in order to get the lighting or sound effect timed correctly. Between takes, they joke about their lines, mock their characters and, in the dramatic sense of the word, they play.

McTaggart compared the amount of time spent on a production to participation in a varsity sport.

"We're the only coed team on campus," she joked, "but

we are also the only team where both novice and experienced players are expected to perform at a varsity level."

John noted the similarity between an excellent production and a winning team.

"As with any successful team, there is an emotional bond outside of the sport," he said. "What made *Picnic* so great is that we were all friends. There were no barriers from the get-go. Every play makes a statement about life and human relationships. With *Picnic*, how could we avoid that in our interactions with each other during the whole term?"

Like any good coach, McTaggart takes a business-like attitude with her actors and tech people. She knows how to produce a show and that professionalism rubs off on the students. When it's time to work, they work. At this point in the production, directing is not dramatic—it's being attentive to detail. Two days before the fall production, she was seated in the darkened theater with the sound and lighting students, her voice directing the students who were prepared to jump from line to line, from scene to scene. And they were always together.

"The theater forces you to be close together," Tara Gilbreath '00 said. "You have only two shots at making it perfect. You really have to work together to make it work."

"The students in the theater are my best friends here," Sarah Bowers '00 said. "They watch you grow and they help you grow. It's exciting to watch people get so much better."

For Alex Clay '99, acting is a necessary part of who he is.

"I like the attention, and I'm an artistic person. I like to express myself by playing someone I'm not," Alex said. "It's enlightening—it allows me into the lives of other people."

A few days before opening night, there is great anticipation in the quiet theater. There is the great possibility of audience as the imagination lights the mind's inner stage and empty chairs won't stop applauding.

"The days before a production are really quite frantic," McTaggart said. "Sometimes you don't know if it will ever come together, but it always does."

This is drama: this everyday anticipation and apprehension as lines are put to memory, marks are found and characters are made real. And it takes place here in a darkened hall as the stage lights are coming up.☞

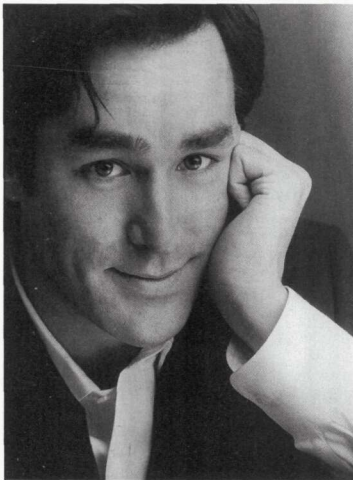
—David G.W. Scott



'Brute Force and Stupidity'

BY KEVIN GRANDFIELD '82

"Brute force and stupidity," Phil Smith '83 answers when asked why he chose and still chooses a life in theater. It's advice SAS rowing coach Dave Washburn gave him on what could make him a better rower. Phil took the advice and worked his way up from the JV crew to the first boat of 1983, which took second to Eton in the Henley. "Watching them pull ahead at the end is one of my more painful memories. We had already rowed five races in two days and had no reserves left. I learned then that it's not always best to finish first and you have to keep striving."



Phil Smith '83

That kind of drive has also helped Phil in the competitive and often thankless field of theater. Phil is a member of Chicago's Lookingglass theater company, which spawned David Schwimmer of TV's *Friends* and director Mary Zimmerman, who this year won a MacArthur "genius" grant. Lookingglass is a group of graduates of Northwestern University's theater program committed to producing shows using a communal, democratic method of working rather than having a director cast from outside and dictate the form of the production. Phil appeared in their recent adaptation of Dostoyevsky's *The Idiot*, starring Schwimmer. "I played Granya, whose name means 'gray,' and he's an Everyman who aims low and hits lower." His background in English at SAS and elsewhere helped him with the classic text. "It's nice to be able to do slapstick, but it's also nice to be able to do the more intellectual stuff, too." Before that, he played in New York City in Lookingglass's production of *Arabian Nights*.

Company members kid Phil about his boarding school experience, elongating his name in the program to "Philip R. Rayburn S. Smith" and putting on fake pretentious accents. "Of course the inevitable equation with *Dead Poets Society* also rears its ugly head. Everybody thinks if you were an actor coming from the same school, that you had the same experience. In fact, my parents were very supportive."

Phil's dad was a successful businessman and his mother, who passed away just last year, was more artistic. "She had a way of engaging people in earnest conversation no matter what their walk of life. You would think she was the bigger influence, but it was my dad who really supported me in pursuing theater. Maybe because she knew some of the hardships of that life better, she tried to steer me away from them. You sacrifice so much: your personal relationships, money—you have to get a day job, rehearse all night. I was also lucky to have a lot of creative friends at SAS; I got a lot of support from them, too."

After SAS, Phil went to St. Andrew's in Scotland to decide

whether to be a doctor or an actor. His first night there he was greeted in a local pub with more brute force and stupidity. A "Scottish kiss," a headbutt, broke his nose. "That helped me decide. But also I learned I really didn't do well with my head stuck inside a book all day."

Another big influence was his SAS director, Hoover Sutton. "When I showed up at SAS, I was mostly a shy guy. Then that first show I did [*Hello Dolly*] with Hoover really brought me out of my shell. I knew then I wanted to be a serious actor. We all wanted to do *Jesus Christ Superstar* as the musical our senior year. We figured it was winter term, we should do something dark, but Hoover suggested doing something fun instead and got all of us to have a great time doing *How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying*."

Phil and Schwimmer and another ensemble member, David Catlin, recently formed a movie development company called Dark Harbor. "All three of us have to believe strongly in a project before we will commit to it. Luckily, we admire each other and share a common vision. The more trust you put into a project, the more successful it's going to turn out."

They start filming their first project in January and hope to start work in May on a project with Zimmerman. Meanwhile, she will direct an adaptation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Zimmerman, known for her image-rich direction, has set the production in a foot of water.

Schwimmer will bring to the company experience he gained directing the movie *Since You've Been Gone*, in which he used all the Lookingglass members. "The studio really wanted someone with a 'name' to be my role," says Phil, "which they considered a lead, but David took a cut of \$750,000 so that I could play that part. That's the kind of faith you have to have in projects to make them work."

That role led to more offers for higher-profile and better-paying work. "I once did a shot with James Woods. It was a very small scene, but when he showed up, he already had ten different ideas he wanted to work through with me about how to play the scene. The actors who are good, and love what they do, take it seriously. Here in Chicago, everyone is so industrious; there's always some show to be working on. Whenever I go out to L.A. it's hard to adjust. You do a lot of sitting around there waiting for the phone to ring.

"Luckily the audience in film never gets to see your failures. People should realize that actors, like everyone else, fail a lot of the time. I've blown auditions so bad that I've left saying 'sorry'—something you're never supposed to do. But it's like that commercial where Michael Jordan talks about all the times he had the ball at the end of the game and didn't make the shot. People only remember the good things." He laughs heartily now over the first time he told a girl he loved her. She laughed at him and said, "No you don't," then broke up with him the next day. Years later they met again and made up. "You just have to keep going on," he says. "If you believe in what you are doing, then all the rest falls into place. Breaking the rules is also important. If you play it safe, you'll never make it."

If all else fails, Phil can get by on brute force and stupidity. ☞

Hinnants: First Professionals

BY CHES BAUM '36



The first St. Andreans to devote their entire careers successfully to theater, movies and television are two brothers who came to the School from Chincoteague, Virginia: John (Bill) '53 and Joseph (Skip) Hinnant '58.

Here in the old auditorium at its most primitive, Bill, the elder, appeared in everything the Criss-Cross Club produced, including playing Emily Brent in *Ten Little Indians*. The 1952 winter-term *Cardinal* had this to say of his performance: "Bill Hinnant, vice-president of the Criss-Cross Club, played the part of the ultra-moralistic spinster, Emily Brent. This is his second outstanding role." He followed this success with an electrifying portrayal of the son John in an outstanding 1953 production of *Life with Father*.

Skip Hinnant is first listed in a theater program in his VI Form year when he appeared as Albert Metcalf, an important character in *The Solid Gold Cadillac*.

Both brothers majored in drama at Yale, both had important roles in the Dramat, and both were involved in summer stock. In the latter venue, Bill found himself playing in *Life with Mother* with the renowned actress Billie Burke in Cape Cod's Falmouth Summer Theater.

Bill interrupted his college education to play the role of Lt. Cover in the Broadway production of *No Time for Sergeants*, a highly successful comedy. This led to a role in the TV version, but he managed to return to Yale and graduate with honors in 1959. In the 1960s he appeared in the TV series *Pete and Gladys* and *Route 66*. During this period of his career, he probably best enjoyed playing in the revue *Dressed to the Nines* at New York's Upstairs at the Downstairs, where, as one reviewer said, "... he added his own special brand of lunacy ... [in such skits as] *Casey at the Bat*, Kabuki-style."

Both Bill and Skip devoted themselves to acting careers immediately upon graduating from St. Andrew's. In his Ten-Year Report to the Alumni Association, Skip conveyed the hard work and devotion demanded by his chosen profession by listing under the heading "Military Service": "Harper Theatre in Chicago, Rhode Island Repertory Theatre in Providence, New Theatre and Theater 80 St. Marks in New York, to name a few."

It was at Theater 80 St. Marks where Bill and Skip created the roles in *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown* that launched their careers. Walter Kerr had this to say in his March 9, 1957, review in the *New York Times*:

Perhaps you want to hear about Snoopy first. . . . Snoopy is a part of many facets, like Lear, and pint-sized, pucker-faced, cheerfully peevish Bill Hinnant has exhausted them all. He is fierce. Let that dastardly ace of World War I known as the Red Baron come after him in his swooping plane and Snoopy is midgen-master of the occasion, peering straight into the flak with his outsize goggles and letting his sinuous, sneaky lower lip twist into a vindictive—oh, a vicious—grin.

Let supper come—at long last—and he does more than sing for it. Mr. Hinnant is splendidly churlish, stretched out atop his two-piece doghouse, as he despises the people who are so slow getting suste-

nance to him, dreaming of the bleached fleshless bones they are going to find when they do get around to remembering him. Then the red dish with the evening savories does arrive, and Mr. Hinnant—it's hard to say Snoopy, because there's been a theft of identities here—is leaping in loops all over his sun-baked roof, slivering to the floor in slavering ardor and taking directly off into a cake-walk of epic proportions as he warbles composer Clark Gesner's most bubbling tune, "Suppertime."

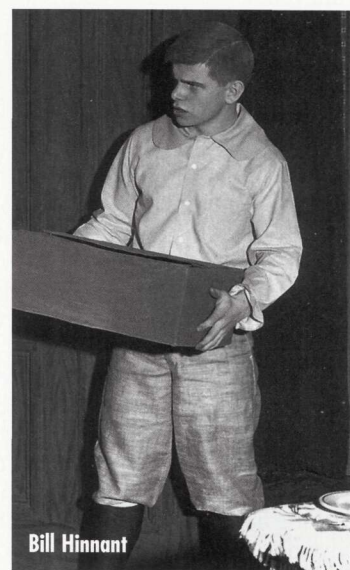
Skip, playing a lesser role, was simply described by Walter Kerr as "a dry and earnest piano-playing Schroeder." But Skip went on from there to a substantial career as an actor in theater, film, TV, and radio. His TV credits include a remarkably long stint on PBS's *Electric Company*, for which he received an Emmy Citation. When he left the cast of *You're a Good Man*, he did so to accept a part in Mike Nichols's very successful West Coast production of Neil Simon's *Plaza Suite*. From this point Skip has apparently never been "at liberty."

Skip's community service has been to his profession. For years he has been active in The Screen Actors' Guild. Back in 1993 he reported to the alumni office that he had then been reelected to another term as National Director and New York officer (he had been thirteen years in office at that time).

Skip has had the satisfaction of raising a family while pursuing a career often thought incompatible with domestic life. His acting career has enabled him to educate his children, all four of whom were in college at one point; the oldest is now a doctor in the field of physical medicine.

Bill, who never married, nevertheless involved himself in the lives of young people. He adopted youngsters through the Foster Parents Plan and participated in shelter programs for children.

Bill, like Skip, worked hard at his acting career so that he could afford to lead a fulfilling life outside the theater and the studio. As did Skip, Bill left *You're a Good Man* for a career-expanding opportunity: in his case, a role playing opposite the English actress Barbara Ferris in *A Nice Girl Like Me*, a British film shot in Venice. Then he had parts in every sort of theatrical venture including the role of a Spanish spy in the short-lived Broadway musical *Frank Merriwell*. Clive Barnes, in the *New York Times*, singled out Bill's performance for praise in an April 26, 1971, review that left no other actor unscathed:



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Billy Budd: A Rehearsal for Life

BY JOHN MORTON '65

In the spring of 1964, St. Andrew's theater produced a play that dramatized in a way particularly appropriate to the era the conflict between youthful innocence and blind authority. Set on a British man-of-war during the Napoleonic Wars, a time when the Royal Navy experienced a number of mutinies, *Billy Budd* tells the story of the court-martial and execution of a young seaman who kills a sadistic superior.

Our *Billy Budd* was at the time touted by many as one of the best productions ever in the history of St. Andrew's School. Without a doubt, it proved an exceptional theatrical event, significant not only for its timeliness but also because six of its cast members—Loudon Wainwright, Jon Smith, Steve Mills, George Cole, Ed Strong, and myself—went on to make successful (and, in three cases, lifetime) careers in the performing arts.

One must first appreciate context, for the year of *Billy Budd*, 1963-64, was also the year that, with Kennedy's assassination, propelled us and St. Andrew's into that turbulent period known loosely as "The Sixties." Up until the autumn of 1963, the mood of the School had been predictably preppe; by the end of the calendar year, however, it had shifted to bohemian.

For a start, we were a very musical class, led by Loudon Wainwright, already a charismatic and obviously gifted performer. Thanks in some part to Loudie, we had already discovered—and had been greatly influenced by—Bob Dylan when we returned to School that September, a good two years before the rest of our contemporaries. Some of us subscribed to *Sing Out* magazine, the bible of the folk music revival, which led us somewhat vicariously into social activism and the civil rights movement but more directly into adopting personal attitudes and styles characterized by long hair, white Levis and boots. We got away with pushing the envelope of tradition at the School as we went into the post-assassination Thanksgiving and Christmas and returned in the new year to the heady sounds of the Beatles and intense rehearsals for *Billy Budd*.

"The work that Steve Mills [Captain Vere] put into his character, what with learning a British accent, had to be unprecedented," recalls Jon Smith (Lieutenant Ratcliffe). Part of the lore of the production was that Steve went home to Camden, S.C., for Christmas vacation and studied with a neighboring Englishman to perfect the accent. He returned to rehearsals only to find the play's directors, Blackburn Hughes and Ned Gammons, opposed to his using it. Steve went with the accent anyway and has relied on it many times since in his professional career, notably as Leslie Howard in *Bogie*, an NBC Movie of the Week.

Billy Budd was only one of a number of productions in which Steve, Loudie and Jon had prominent roles.

"In my first year at St. Andrew's," Loudie recalls, "I was devastated when one

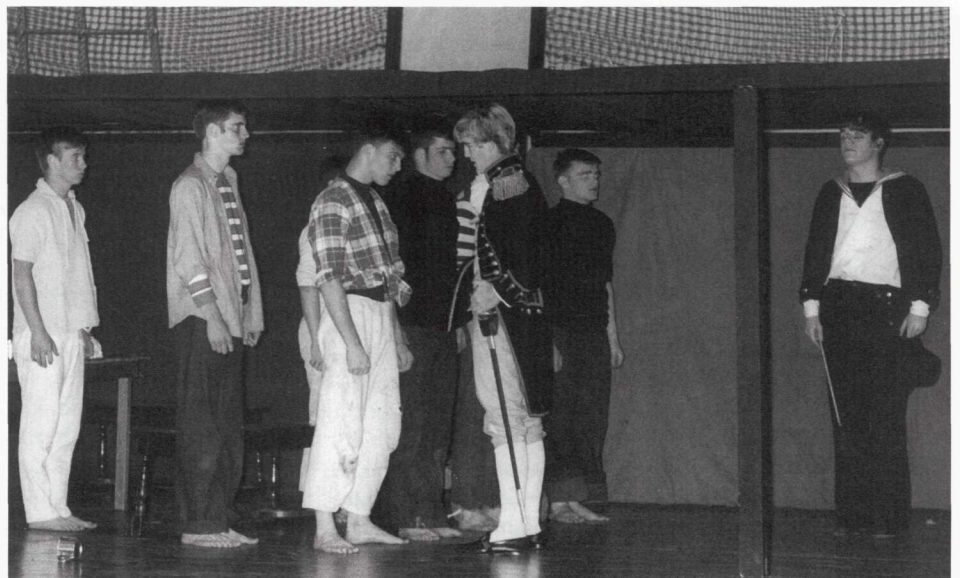
of our contemporaries got the part I wanted. I was infuriated, and I think this drove me into show business. I knew that I loved to be on stage, so I took every opportunity I had, even if it was only as a peasant villager in *Tea House of the August Moon* [1962]." Loudie landed his first big role as Claggart in *Billy Budd*. "As the bad guy, I had a good meaty role, and a villain is always a lot of fun to play," he says.

Directors do not always cast on the basis of experience, and thus I ended up making my debut in SAS theater playing the title role of *Billy Budd*. "Immediately after the cast was announced," Jon recalls, "several of us went to Ned Gammons, to whom we were particularly close, to say they were making a mistake casting this shy, quiet, inarticulate, inexperienced new kid in the title role. It should obviously be our star actor, Loudie. We were firmly, no doubt politely, told to learn our lines and mind our own business. Obviously at that point, we knew nothing at all about the play itself, or the fact that Billy was a shy, quiet, inarticulate, inexperienced new kid."

"That *Billy Budd* was a breakthrough production is probably on target," says Jon Smith. "It was certainly the perfect script for an all-male, values-oriented prep school."

Steve Mills agrees. "The lines were so clearly drawn between good and evil."

The play attracted a critical mass of the artistic inclinations floating around the School. "We had an interesting class in terms of people who weren't afraid of the side roads," says Steve. "We were vintage sixty types, but we weren't drifty. We were inquisitive, achievers on the fringe. Real questers. In a very quiet way,



The cast of *Billy Budd* during a 1965 dress rehearsal. From far left are John Morton, Dave McWethy, Angus Davis, three obscured cast members, Steve Mills in uniform, George Cole and Loudon Wainwright III.

we had dedication to an art form, and I'm glad we were there at the same time, because we had a real impact on each other."

"At SAS, we had a freedom of expression that was just beginning to be something that not only became fashionable but was actually positively regarded," George Cole (Jackson) observes.

He suggests a continuum between the vibrancy of the theater program and the School's strong literary tradition.

"We became schooled in the very expressive use of language, which extended into theater. And music," says George. "We were all expressive in varying degrees, in different ways."

Steve Mills, who is now an accomplished playwright, recalls, "[Bill] Cameron used to make me rewrite every essay I ever gave him. He'd say, 'Too purple, too purple, too purple.' He instilled in me a really good editor's sense, because I don't write purple anymore! I write very economically, so I think I must carry his creative super-ego."

My start in playwrighting also grew out of a St. Andrew's English class. Louie Crew had oft touted Tennessee Williams to my IV Form English class as the great American playwright of our time. Soon I was hooked. About the time of *Billy Budd*, I remember sitting in study hall, ignoring my assigned work and reading Tennessee Williams's plays, which were all in the School library. Following my trip to England in the summer of 1964, I wrote one of my VI Form term papers for Cameron on John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*.

Probably the greatest influence on all of us either directly or indirectly was Loudie's monumental talent. "I guess I was a little awed by Loudie because he was the light among us," says George. Loudie's father wrote the column "A View from Here" for *Life* magazine, which connected our classmate to the professional theater and arts of our day. Loudie had been childhood friends with Liza Minnelli and frequently took classmates to Greenwich Village during school breaks to see Dylan and other stars of the folk circuit at venues such as Gerde's Folk City. I remember Loudie once announcing after he returned from New York that he had heard Dylan sing this "amazing" song called "Mr. Tambourine Man"—this was easily a year before the song was released on Dylan's fifth album. Through that Village connection, we were also put in touch with the literary legacies of the Beat generation—Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Jack Kerouac, Gregory Corso and Allen Ginsberg.

The downtown New York scene was such an influence on our class that we made the theme for our V Form dance a Greenwich Village coffee house. In effect, we created a venue for Loudie and the jug band. Jon Smith characterizes our class as "Loudie's true launching pad," adding that "we were a musical class—lots of cho-risters, a succession of folk bands, and it seems that, to a man, we could always produce a good Beatles imitation at shower time."

In the summer of 1965, five of us took our creative intensities into the world, with Ed Strong following in our footsteps a year later. Loudie went to Carnegie Mellon to study acting. His transition into theater and professional music was typical for its time. "I went to Carnegie for a year and a half and then dropped out in January of '67 and went to San Francisco," he says. "It wasn't until I was living in Cambridge [Mass.] that I picked up a borrowed guitar. I hadn't owned a guitar for years. I'd sold my guitar for yoga lessons in San Francisco. It was the hippie thing to do. Then I wrote what turned out to be my first

song, which wasn't very good, but it got me started writing songs. I got noticed, got lucky and got a record deal about a year later."

His prodigious talent was quickly recognized in the music world. By 1972 and his third album, he was internationally renowned as the uniquely satiric singer-songwriter of "Dead Skunk" fame.

Steve Mills also set a course for acting. After one year at Columbia, he transferred to the Yale Drama School, graduating in 1969. From there, he went directly into regional theater as a member of The Guthrie Theatre Company for the 1969 and 1970 seasons, then to the Charles Playhouse in Boston and on to Broadway with *Metamorphosis* and *Story Theatre*. By the early seventies, his career was firmly in place.

Not all of us, however, took the then-traditional route into the arts.

Jon Smith went to Harvard to study English and graduated cum laude in 1969, winning in his senior year the Winthrop Sargent Prize for the best essay on Shakespeare by a Harvard University student. "Shakespeare was pretty much in my bones by the time I left St. Andrew's, and has been central to my existence ever since," he says. "In college, I worked with the late Dan Seltzer, a splendid scholar-actor who made it absolutely clear that Shakespeare is best understood in the theater and preferably on the stage." Another of Jon's professors was Robert Chapman, who wrote the play script for *Billy Budd*. Jon went on to earn his Ph.D. in English from Indiana University in 1974 and thereupon began a distinguished career teaching a variety of courses on Shakespeare and drama.

In 1966, Ed Strong (Bordman Wyatt) also went to Harvard, but to study political science. After a stint in the Coast Guard, he decided that he "abhorred conventional pursuits and was bound and determined to at least try theater." He then found Yale's theater administration program. When he graduated in 1977, one of his former professors offered him a job with Chelsea, a new theatrical production company at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. He started in August, but Chelsea "fell apart after a year, and my partners and I formed our own company in April 1978." They remained at BAM for two years, and then Dodgers Productions went to Joe Papp for a year. Ed and his partners started producing commercially in 1980 with *Pump Boys and Dinettes* and then hit the big time with the show in the fall of 1981.

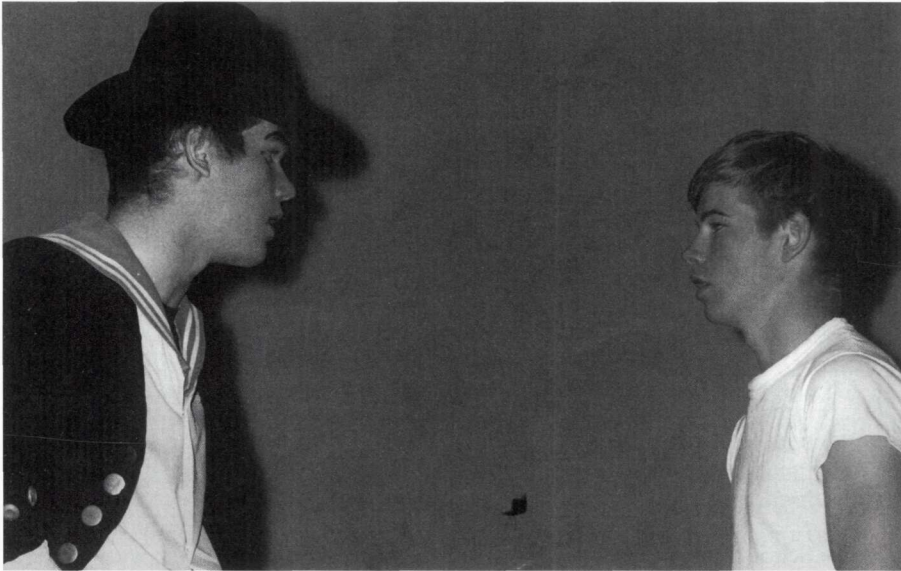
George Cole says, "I didn't really discover myself as an actor until I got to the University of South Carolina, got some training and got into a real theater community where we did theater day in and day out. Had I not been involved in theater at St. Andrew's, I doubt whether I would have even entertained the idea."

George started college as a studio art major. In his senior year and almost on a whim, he auditioned for the role of Josh in *The Rimers of Eldritch* and got cast. "Josh was the bad seed," says George, "and I gave him a redneck twist, based on characters I had shot pool with in seedy pool halls in Athens, Ga., and elsewhere in the South."

In my case, I went to George Washington University, feeling that it was rather the "NYU" of Washington, D.C. I majored in international affairs, but continued to read plays and act on the side. I remember as a freshman getting pressure from my theater colleagues to transfer majors and thinking, no, I'd always read



Billy Budd: A Rehearsal in Time



Loudon Wainwright III (l) as Claggart in *Billy Budd* stares down young John Morton in the title role.

a play for pleasure but certainly wouldn't a political science textbook—so I stayed with my major and went on to do two degrees. After my time in the Navy, I went to London, intent on getting into documentary film. Instead I was able only to get a job as a stage electrician on *The Rocky Horror Show*. On my off-nights, I played guitar in a number of London pubs.

One night, I was seen by a theater director who was looking for an American actor who could play guitar. He asked me for my credits. I gave him my best—the title role in *Billy Budd*—and was cast as the lead in *The Lady or the Tiger*, which opened at a London pub and became the first pub musical in British theatrical history ever to transfer directly into the West End. From there, I was cast as Robert Redford's chaplain in the film *A Bridge Too Far*, and suddenly I was a film actor.

I ran into Ed Strong unexpectedly in the autumn of 1982 when my first play, *Uninvited Family*, opened in New York on Theater Row, 42nd Street. After the curtain calls, Ed bounded towards the stage to greet me, exclaiming, "I can't believe it! Another St. Andrian in theater—and one who's not an investment banker!"

By this time, Ed was already on the fast track as a major theatrical producer. It was the year that he and his production company brought *Pump Boys and Dinettes* to Broadway. Along the way, when the producers faced the first cast change, Ed suggested Loudie for the show. Loudie was cast, and remained with the production for six months.

Ed's credits span some of the best-known musical productions of the last decade—*Into the Woods* in 1987, *Gospel at Colonus* with Morgan Freeman in 1988, *Prelude to a Kiss* in 1990, *Secret Garden* in 1991, *Guys and Dolls*, *Tommy*, *How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying*, *Hamlet*, *The King & I*, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, *Once upon a Mattress*, *Titanic*, *High Society* and currently *Footloose*—a stunning track record. "Productions that we've been associated with have won 33 Tony Awards," he says. "*Big River* and *Titanic* both won the Tony for Best Musical. *Guys and Dolls* and *The King & I* both won the Tony for Best Revival."

Steve Mills has had an equally outstanding career with six plays produced and appearances in three Broadway productions. Of his innumerable credits in theater, TV and film, some highlights include appearances in *A Private View* and *A Prayer for My Daughter* at Joe Papp's The Public Theater; guest-starring roles in such TV classics as *Mash*, *Love Boat*, *Simon & Simon*, *Cheers* and *Spenser for Hire*; regular roles in *Flo* and *VR-5*; and featured parts in four films, *Deal of the Century*, *Love and Money*, *The Front* and *The*

Glimmer Man.

In recent years, Steve has been involved with other Yale Drama School actors, writers and directors in a Los Angeles group called the Yale Connection. Steve is also on the Board of Directors of Deaf West Theatre Company, for whom he is currently adapting *Jekyll and Hyde*. A production of his newest play, *Hotel Lobby*, based on Edward Hopper's painting of the same name, is being planned for next fall.

Loudie's well-chronicled opus thus far is 16 albums. While his is largely a cult following, his songs have been recorded by such American legends as Johnny Cash. "While music is the main thing," he says, "I did do some acting in the mid-seventies when I was in *Mash* for a couple of episodes. Since then I've done some plays and a few small roles." After a number of years in London, where he has a particularly intense and loyal following, he recently returned to the U.S. and is "considering settling down into the routine of doing a one-man show in New York."

Jon Smith is now Professor of English at Hanover College in Indiana. Throughout his career, he has produced numerous publications, papers and lectures, many of which have been on Shakespeare. He has recently served on the Board of Trustees for the University of the South and the Board of Directors for the Indiana Humanities Council. In 1994-96, he was the Scholar in Residence at the Kentucky Shakespeare Festival, where he gave pre-performance stage talks on the *Henry* plays.

George Cole and his wife, Cathy, an actress/director, stayed active in community theaters in South Carolina and North Carolina until about ten years ago. "We produced, directed and performed in a lot of Tom Stoppard, Neil Simon and other



community fare, including *The Pirates of Penzance*,” he says. Originally, they were based in George’s hometown of Aiken, S.C., and then moved to Chapel Hill, N.C., when George began his graduate work in social research. George now has his Ph.D. from UNC, where he teaches grad students in Chapel Hill’s Michael Jordan Institute, dedicated to the study of family issues. In addition, he is writing, publishing and evaluating programs. “Teaching is a place where I can express a lot of things that I used to express in theater. In many ways I am communicating as if to an audience. With teaching, I find the successful transmittal of information to be a theatrical challenge.”

As for me, while in London in the seventies and early eighties, I worked on a number of productions including plays by David Hare and numerous offerings by the Royal Shakespeare Company, notably *Nicholas Nickleby*. I appeared in eight major American films including *The Empire Strikes Back*, *Superman II* and *Cuba*, and had a featured role in the BBC TV series *Oppenheimer* with Sam Waterston. As much as I enjoyed acting, however, I realized my forte was writing. My second screenplay, *The Operator*, was optioned by Orion Pictures and brought me back from London in 1980. Unfortunately, the film never got made, and I abandoned Hollywood for New York in 1981. In 1982, my first stage-play was produced in New York. My second, *Hubris*, got the Maryland State Playwrights Fellowship Award in 1987 and was produced in Washington in 1989. Since then, I have been a defense journalist and continue to write plays as an avocation.

Billy Budd is still a part of our lives, haunting us in peculiar ways. Loudie recalls a recent instance when in 1994-96 he was living in Benjamin Britten’s house in St. John’s Wood, London. “I was in the house the night of BBC Radio Three’s fiftieth-anniversary broadcast of his *Peter Grimes*, live from the Barbican. I’m listening, and during an entr’acte they have somebody reading from a memoir and the house is described in detail with Britten throwing a shoe at a noisy cat who’d disturbed his writing. Eerie. And suddenly I remember *Billy Budd*—which, of course, Britten also did as an opera.”

It is by no means a life in the theater, but I’d have to say it’s a life that would have been utterly impoverished without the theater.

Jon Smith '65
On his life and career

While three of our number continue to be leading lights of the stage, three others are creatively involved in teaching, writing and communicating in ways that have drawn upon the stage. Jon Smith speaks for many a St. Andrean who has ever participated in theater at the School when he speaks of his own life and career: “It is by no means a life in the theater, but I’d have to say it’s a life that would have been utterly impoverished without the theater.” ☞

Hinnants: First Professional Actors

Continued from page 25

The performances suffer from everything. . . . However, I must make one exception. Bill Hinnant—who once made a Snoopy that even scared the Red Baron—is here cast as a Spanish spy, and on every entrance managed to interpolate a touch of insane sanity into the proceedings. Quite what Mr. Hinnant was meant to be doing I was never altogether sure, but when he was there he certainly raised my spirits, so that by the end I was breath-batedly waiting for his all too rare intrusions into a mood best described as morosement.

He made another movie—which he described as a B picture intended as the second billing in a drive-in double feature—called *Four Boys and a Gun* (Bill played one of the boys). Bill was also involved with high-budget projects like the filming in Hollywood of *The Perry Como Show*, on which he did one of his comedy routines. He complained that he and the writers would often have great ideas for variations on

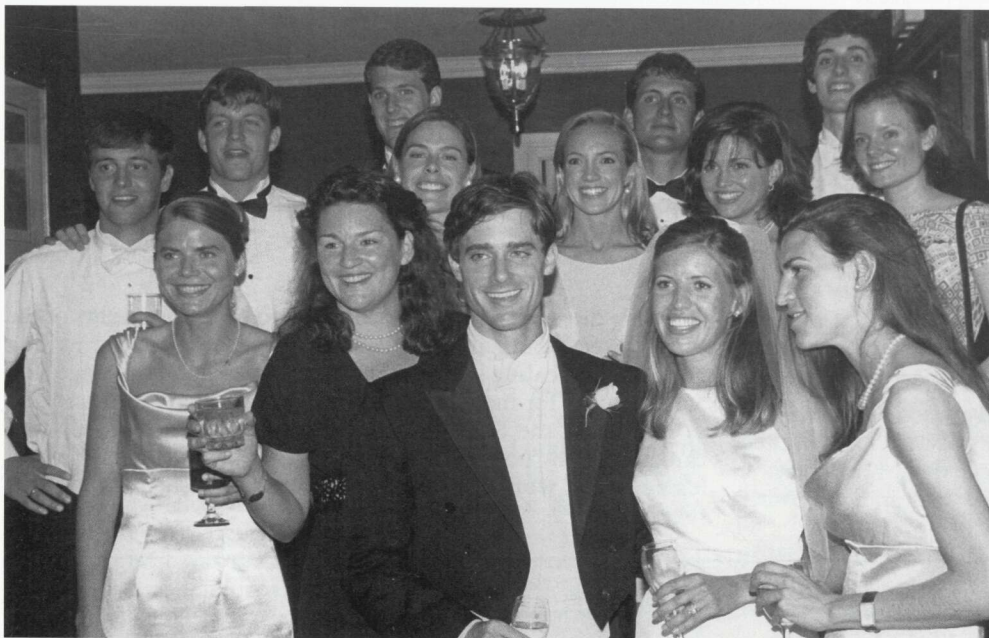
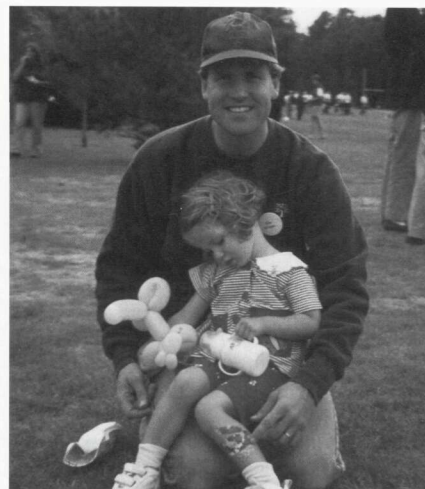
his comic themes, but producers were generally afraid of departing from the pattern of what had gotten laughs last week.

The same pleasure and joy in acting that motivated his performances in our old no-name auditorium sustained him throughout his career. He never succumbed to the sort of cynicism that allows people to take the money and run; in 1972, for example, he wrote that he stopped doing on-screen television commercials for products that he considered “lousy.”

Bill died in 1978 while on vacation in Porta Plata, Dominican Republic. His mother’s letter to Walden Pell II said that at the time of his death “he was the happiest person I know. He loved what he was doing (he was in ‘Show Business’ all his life!) and he had a beautiful penthouse atop the 15th floor, with a gorgeous terrace, surrounded by flowers and shrubs (his hobby was gardening).”

Bill and Skip proved that talent, hard work, and a capacity to balance stage life and real life can overcome the staggering odds against success in the performing arts. ☞

CLASS NOTES



Above left: Jennifer Taylor became Robb Ellis's '89 bride in June. Robb's SAS classmates joined the happy couple to celebrate. Pictured are, l to r: Storm Trosdal, Greg King, Pat Montgomery, Grace An, Trevor Middleton, Robb and Jennifer, Mark Padden, Tom Pinckney, Corinna Calhoun and James Lai. Also in attendance but not pictured was John Little.

Above: Eric Ellisen '81 shared the festivities of Homecoming '98 with daughter Hannah.

Left: St. Andrew's alums attending the Meyer/Wilcox wedding were: front row, l to r, Heather Mallory '90, Mary Dunton '87, Mac Wilcox '90, Carter Meyer Wilcox '90 and Liz Dunton '90. Middle row, Catherine van Ogtrop Hoffberger '90, Claire Hall '90, Amy Goldsworthy Fawcett '90 and Amanda Woods '90. Back row, Mike Harrell '90, Jeff Miller '90, Richard Carrell '93, Jon Goldstein '92 and Charlie Meyer '94.

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

Frank Townsend still works hard in development for Atlantic General Hospital.

'35 *Frank Hawkins*
7 Chadwick Terrace
Easton, MD 21601

Dave Bradley is no longer active in the priesthood of the Anglican Church but is still available for supply. He is now working only part-time for the State of Massachusetts. On his own, he is active in making surveys for bicycle paths and is associated with an instrument maker. He also reports having had a banner year with his bees, and he does quite a bit of canoe-

ing. A busy man is Dave.

Martha and Findley Burns had a very pleasant sojourn in Switzerland in May. Findley also recently made a trip to New York and, regrettably, found Holly Whyte in intensive care at the Lenox Hill Hospital.

Pierce Fenhagen had sad news in that his wife, Nancy, died on September 25, 1998. Pierce is now living in the Place Kensington retirement community in Montreal to which he and Nancy had recently moved.

James dePeyster and his wife, Dorothy, will celebrate their 60th anniversary on December 2. He said Walden Pell, whom he admired very much, attended their wedding. They have three children, four grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. Jim said that, after St. Andrew's, he wasn't much for academics. He did skiing for 20th Century Fox for a while, acting as a double for Tyrone Power. After that he served some time in the Air Force.

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

Once again we hear from our illustrious tribal elder, Ches Baum:

I have neglected class notes to write larger pieces for the *Magazine*, and this is neglect with consequences. Most of us turn at once to class notes, and if we find nothing there, turn away in disappointment, muttering bad thoughts about editors. In my feeble defense, let me offer the factor that my mailbox has not been flooded with news items from '36ers except for a Sid Whelen postcard from Down Under, in which Sid wisely said very little fearing that I would broadcast to the world whatever politically sensitive observations he might have made about the Australians.

Around Halloween, Win Schwab came to the rescue of the St. Andrew's archives

and the Irene duPont Library. Frank Pilling '40, who died in 1994, had bequeathed his library to St. Andrew's, but provided that the contents thereof remain in his widow's possession until her death. In the course of the settlement of Frances Carpenter Lee Pillings's estate, the School was notified that it now owned the library contents; but since the acquisition of a library involves both the archives and the Irene duPont Library, both departments made certain unwarranted assumptions about who was going to go fetch home the Pilling library.

After-you-Alphonse and after-you-Gaston responses from the library and the archives brought us to the point where we were confronted by the executors of the Pilling estate with a deadline before which we had to remove the books and papers from the Pilling property in Flourtown, Pa.

Archivists should never move rapidly, and Bobby Rue, SAS's new librarian, is coach of the girls' soccer team and consequently finds himself with no blocks of spare time in the fall. Chesha Profaci '80 saved the day by suggesting we ask Win, who lives across the Schuylkill River from Flourtown, to juggle his incredibly busy schedule, gain access to the Pilling house through the executor, inspect the library, and tell us what to do. This he did, of course, and—to make this now-becoming-too-long story short—loaded everything into his station wagon and brought the whole extensive library down to its new home. Bobby Rue unloaded it, admired certain old handsome examples of the book-maker's art, all the while speaking nary a word of a librarian's standard whine about how difficult it is to "access" old books.

'37 Gus Trippe
420 Panorama Drive
Hemet, CA 92543

Located in Alexandria, Va., Bill Warwick has "two great children," a son and a daughter, who live close by so he sees a great deal of them. He and Buzz Speakman '38 enjoy corresponding and telling old war stories.

Sue and John Parry celebrated their 56th anniversary on November 7. Two days later, they were presented with their first great-grandchild, Victoria Parry Colledge (7 lbs. 12 oz.); and two days before Thanksgiving, John had his 79th birthday! A busy month for the Parrys!

'39 Frank Williams
P. O. Box 263
St. Michaels, MD 21663

Kitty and Horace Harrison took a two-week trip on the Queen Mary to Holland from Vienna up the Danube, across the canal to the Rhine and down the Rhine to Amsterdam. "Fabulous trip," writes Horace, "seeing all those middle European towns without having to pack and unpack suitcases. One of the many, many locks we went through negotiated an 80-foot change in height. I highly recommend this Dulete River Boat (140 passengers) for those in the retirement mode. I have been very active in exhibiting many parts of my stamp collection and have been very well rewarded by the Jairies-One Grand Award and two Reserve Grand Awards in the past three months or so."

Ken Ervin and Buzz Speakman '38 enjoy corresponding with each other. Ken's last note to Buzz included an article from the *Pacific Flyer* (September 1998) about George Welch '37 as a "forgotten hero." It was a nice tribute to the test pilot who was killed in 1954. Ken recalled making model airplanes with George while at SAS.

Ken is still instructing (instrument only) and doing some maintenance (annals, etc.), for his company, Ervinair, in Covina, Calif. He and his wife, Alice, are contemplating a move to Phoenix next year, where their youngest daughter lives.

'40 Bill Sibert
2028 Albert Circle
Wilmington, NC 28403-4273

Bill Sibert had a coronary occlusion in Prescott, Ariz., in November. "I was ambulated down to Phoenix, and they did an angioplasty on my heart and saved my life, I'm sure. My beloved Jessie continues to care for me, so I'll be OK."

Bill received his last letter (dated October 30) from Powell Pierpoint, who died on November 17, 1998, and would like to share it with everyone. It reads:

Dear Bill—Thanks so much for your good letter of the 25th. I couldn't agree with you more about the state of the School. I spent a weekend there a couple of years ago at the invitation of Jon O'Brien just before he retired, and it was very rewarding. I am always impressed with the list of the college admissions of the VI Formers.

I'm afraid I won't be available for any more reunions. I am pretty much confined to my apartment with the aftermath of prostate cancer and can't look forward to getting out anywhere, but I do think about SAS very fondly and wish you all the best.

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

George Broadbent took his late brother Ira's daughter to London on her vacation last summer. He is pleased that she has become his new traveling companion.

The news from Jon Wilford's family is that his oldest granddaughter, Cordo Carraher '01, enrolled in SAS in the fall. "Not to brag," says Jon, "but I haven't heard of another grandchild of our class entering SAS. If we have any others, let us know. And there is hope that her younger brother will follow her next year.

"On October 2, Inini and I attended an alumni dinner at School for class agents. After dinner, we were treated in the theater

Some of the *Metro Stops*

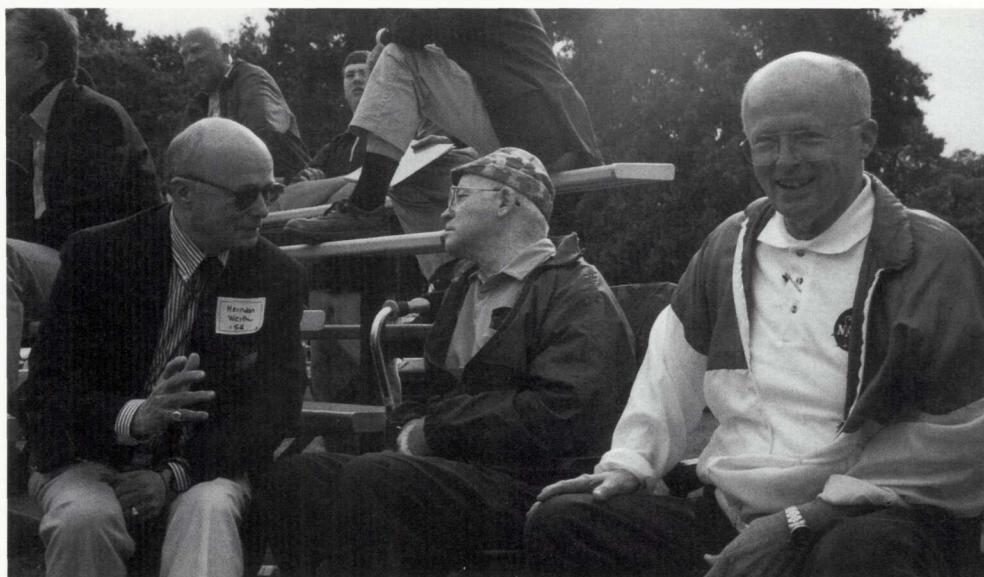
planned for the

1999 season

- Wilmington, Del.
- Baltimore
- Washington, D.C.
- Philadelphia
- New York City
- Richmond

Look for details to arrive in the mail about the gathering in your area.

If you have other questions, please contact the SAS Development Office at (302) 378-9511 ext. 260.



The Werth brothers, Herndon '52 and Carter '52, enjoyed visiting with classmate and fishing club founder Will Johnson '52 (center) at Homecoming.

to a meeting with five students to discuss what SAS had meant to them and what their lives were like at School. I was most proud and surprised that Cordo was chosen to speak for her form and as a new student. A very interesting and exciting evening for us."

'44 *Bill Brownlee*
3606 Shepherd Street
Chevy Chase, MD 20815

55TH REUNION

'45 *Gattie Jones*
193 Lynn Avenue
Shreveport, LA 71105

After receiving more e-mail addresses for '45ers, **Gattie Jones** remarked: "Our cyber-community is growing!" That's a good sign that communication is increasing.

While anticipating a significant anniversary of his birth, **David Witheford** has some thoughts as to how the older generation should conduct itself.

From the junior member of '45, on the eve of the big 7-0:

"Keep active and involved," say the pundits of geriatrics. Well, I'm no John Glenn, for sure, but I try. Here's a rundown: Work? You bet. Doing a consultant report on the 'DOT Use of Consultants' as a last hurrah. Volunteer? Yes. U.S. Geological Survey HQ project on volunteers updating maps.

Exercise? Yes. We swim, walk, garden. Social? Yes. We entertain guests from the UK and elsewhere. Family gathering here at Thanksgiving. Hobbies? Does TV count? Not as a couch potato, but as a cameraman on a cooking show, technical director on another series, and as host or guest on

a transportation series. Not exactly an Alastair Cooke, and on the least-watched channel in northern Virginia. But it fills the idle hours.

Keeping in touch? Well, our e-mail group is a good example. And it keeps me on my toes trying to learn Windows 98, etc. Culture? The opportunities abound in and around Washington. Gotta go see Van Gogh, for instance.

Travel? Of course. Last trip was in September to the Rockies for two weeks with an old school friend from England. Will that do?

'47 *Frank Giammattei*
P.O. Box 4133
Wilmington, DE 19807

Bill McDowell
39 W. Highland Avenue
Philadelphia, PA 19118

Theresa and Pete McCagg sold their house in April and spent three months trav-

eling—11,500 miles in their motor home in 30 states and two Canadian provinces. "What a magnificent country this is!" writes Pete. "We close on our new home this Friday [October 23]. Would welcome any St. Andrews to southwest Florida."

'49 *Wes Martin*
44 Newport Road
Beaufort, SC 29902

50TH REUNION

Ed Fielding was at St. Andrew's preparing to get the class back for the 50th.

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

Tom Patton, who has been involved in the restoration of historic Berlin, Md., is now developing an upscale single family subdivision called Henry's Mill.

After leaving Homecoming and The ACB's fall business meeting, **Barry Register** and **Herndon Werth '52** wound up on the train they *didn't* want to take, in view of the fact that the train they were shooting for had hit an automobile at some crossing between Charlotte and Washington and was two hours late. "Well," explained Barry, "we passed the time watching some warehouse burn down a couple of blocks from the station. In case you're wondering, New York is still a very busy place at 1:00 in the morning. **Chip [Haselton '54]**, who delivered them to the Wilmington Station, must have been in McLean, Va., before we were in New York."

After a brief sojourn in Seoul, Korea, **Hume Horan** then took off for West Africa. He and **Norman Ware '75** were able to get together.

GET CONNECTED

If you would like to connect with SAS alums on the Internet, please check the SAS web site for e-mail addresses, which are updated on a regular basis. E-mail addresses for alumni will not be published in the Class Notes Section of the *Magazine*, so please make sure to contact the Alumni Office or the webmaster to have your e-mail address listed.

SAS Web Address: www.dca.net/~sas

User Name: sas

Password: grad

'52 Ted Hill
217 Pheasant Run Drive
Paoli, PA 19301

Class Correspondent:
Herndon Werth
434 East 58th Street, 6A
N.Y., NY 10022-2307

Bill Wrightson is the captain of a traditional Chesapeake Bay skipjack, *Nathan of Dorchester*, that was built just five years ago by a master shipwright and ten volunteers in Cambridge, Md. He has sailed the boat all over the Bay in the last four years and enjoyed every minute. "She is Coast Guard inspected and licensed to carry 28 passengers," says Bill. "We charge \$100 an hour for fully-crewed trips. We have great catering available, or you can bring your own food and drink if you wish. We can arrange to meet parties almost anywhere on the Bay for additional fees."

'54 Church Hutton
4216 Holborn Avenue
Annandale, VA 22003-3733

45TH REUNION

'56 Bill Cox
25 Hyde Park Circle
Denver, CO 80209-3534

J.D. and Mike Quillin '57 cashed out and retired after Labor Day.

'57 Bob Shank
3894 Red Lion Road
Bear, DE 19701

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

George Brakeley returned to New Canaan, where he and Barbara had lived for 26 years before moving upstate in 1996. "With Barbara gone, I'm just sort of reversing my ground," George reports, "and no longer thinking much about retirement." George's son, Bill '86, was married in June in Wilmington to Karen Ann Carney.

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

40TH REUNION

Plans are underway for a great turnout for the Reunion.



Another happy wedding celebration. From l to r: Bob and Carol Stegeman, Bülent '58 and Carol Jean Atalay, Stephane Guy '84 (who flew in from Jakarta), Dee and Eric Gamble '84, Michael '84 and Elizabeth Atalay, Greg '84 and Ann Stevens, and Joan, Jon and Lou O'Brien '84.

'61 Howard Snyder
330 Laurel Lane
Haverford, PA 19041

Pete Laird officiated at the wedding of his son, Pete, Jr. '87, and Jane Barkin on October 10, 1998, in Boston. Pete heads the International Division of MFS Investment Management in Boston and enjoys highly competitive weekly squash matches with his son.

"It's been a little over 37 years since I left SAS," writes Paul Scholla. "To bring you briefly up to date: I married young and still am—both married and young! We have three sons, all grown up and on their own except for visits to the old homestead, which is in Palos Verdes Estates, Calif. I am an accountant/CPA and have worked the last 18 years in Mexico, first as general manager of an oil equipment company, then of a liquids/solids separation company, and finally as owner/president of my own water purification plants. I've recently sold the plants and am now looking for new adventures—this time in the States."

Randy Williams and his wife, Kerry Noble, recently celebrated their third anniversary, and on that evening her elder daughter and boyfriend announced their engagement. "Nice synchronicity!" remarked Randy. His note goes on to say: "Some classmates may remember my younger sister, Page. She just remarried on October 17 and is in bliss (natchery). Kerry and I may qualify for the real estate transaction volume medal of honor: we sold our Salisbury, Conn., weekend house, are selling our New York apartment, just

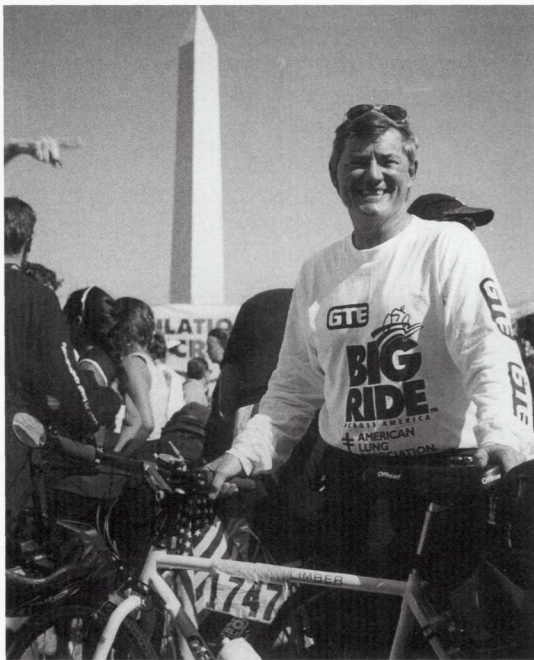


Will Wrightson's '84 family photo, taken at his wedding in September. L to r, Charles, Elizabeth, Laura (Stein), Will, Stacey and Bill '52.

bought another one four blocks away, and are building a weekend (read: retirement) house in Salisbury. Plus, Kerry has taken an early retirement package from AT&T and walked across the street to a new job with Lucent (formerly Bell Labs). I am still a director with Gartner Group, now in the R&D group, developing new client services. For the moment, I am focusing on three products, one that applies the recent Balanced Scorecard philosophy to corporate information technology, and one that examines the nature of IT Staff recruiting and retention. My goddaughter, Georgeanna Devereux '01, is now in her first year at SAS. As we have no children, Georgie is the closest to a 'legacy' I can manage."

Randy sends the best to his classmates. He finds it hard to believe that only four of his classmates have e-mail addresses, at least according to SAS records. He urges, "Please send your e-mail addresses to the Alumni Office, so we can keep your records up to date and keep in touch."

1999 Reunion
June 4-6



Randy Brinton '64 was among the 750 participants in the GTE Big Ride, a 3500-mile bike trip across America to raise money for the American Lung Association. Randy raised over \$50,000 in honor of three of his friends who had lung cancer. One individual was his classmate Dan Moore, who passed away shortly after Randy's return.

'63 *Class Agent Needed*

'64 *Curt Coward*
2087 Hunters Crest Way
Vienna, VA 22181-2841

Billy Paul
1540 Pikeland Road
Chester Springs, PA 19425

35TH REUNION

While on a fishing trip in New Jersey last summer, Billy Paul stopped in Bayhead to say hello to former faculty member Ned Gammons. After giving salutations from George Broadbent '41 (also former faculty), Billy spent two more pleasant hours visiting with the former master.

Otso Sovijärvi's e-mail reads: "I am a minister, actually since 1984 the dean of a Lutheran congregation in mid-Finland (called Jyväskylä). Finland is still a very Lutheran country. Almost 90% of the population is Lutheran although the situation is changing with the rapid change of modern to a post-modern culture everywhere in the western countries. The Jyväskylä town parish has about 200 employees, of which 100 are working on the 'spiritual' side. We

Catch Up!
www.dca.net/~sas

have 25 ministers, 20 youth workers, 20 deacons, 10 church musicians and 25 kindergarten workers. As everywhere in Christian churches there is a vast number of voluntary people doing different things. We have ten churches, of which nine were built since the 1960s. So being the leader of all this keeps me busy!

"I was married in 1969. My wife is a professor of design and art in an Arts and Crafts Academy close by. We have two children: a son, Thomas (24), and a daughter, Laura (19). Thomas (Tuomas in Finnish) has completed school and is studying forestry and logistics at the University of Polytechnics in southern Finland. Laura will graduate from high school this year and is still living at home. My family consists also of two dachshunds, Ed and Noah—the latter is still a puppy. Dogs become full members of a family, as everybody having a dog well knows. So in a few years our children will have flown out of their nest, and we'll be waiting to hopefully be grandparents!!

"In 1996 and 1997, I was on a sabbatical leave from my parish and spent the time as the director of the Finnish Church in London. This church is actually a seamen's mission but has during the years developed into a church of Finns living in the U.K. There are about 20,000 Finns living more or less permanently in the British Isles. This time spent in England was very interesting, especially since the director of the Finnish church is also attached to the diplomatic core of The Finnish Embassy in London. I had the opportunity to visit Buckingham Palace several times, and meet the Queen and the rest of the royalty on several occasions. The most memorable of these visits was being invited to the Queen's enclosure at Ascot. The Finnish church is located close to Tower Bridge where the ships used to dock but no longer come. This gave me the opportunity to travel all around both London and the rest of England, Scotland and Ireland. And, of course, the rest of Europe was just a few hours away (through the tunnel). I happened to be in England when the news of the death of Princess Diana came and to see her funeral at Westminster Abbey. What then happened in London and the rest of the U.K. was something similar to what happened when President John Kennedy was assassinated in 1963. We all still remember that day very clearly.

"Since we departed from St. Andrew's in 1964, I have traveled a few times in the USA but not to St. Andrew's. During the years, I met Bob Moss once on his tour to Finland. Of the Class of 1964, I met Harry Parker also once. He was visiting Finland and flew up to where I then lived (close by to my present home). We spent a few memorable moments reminiscing together, and I gave Harry the opportunity to get a touch of the famous Finnish sauna! But that's all that I have had to do with the School. And now the internet has opened a totally new

way to communicate.

"I hope to be able to come to the reunion next summer. Many regards to all."

'67 *Jerry Fogle*
2127 Showers Lane
Martinsburg, WV 25401-8882

Franklin Smith writes: "My wife, Linda, and I have four children now. Our youngest, Paul, is 7 and our oldest, Yeadon, is 18. Elsen, our second son, and Yeadon were both with me when we had our 25th Reunion in the summer of 1992. We also have one girl, Austin, who is 13 and growing into a delightfully responsible young lady.

"What's new in my life is that during the past four years I have been able to pursue being a consultant to industry, law enforcement and schools. I really love it. I am training CEOs to implement character-based training throughout their organization. One of the amazing results in industry has been a drop in workman's comp costs by 80 percent."

In July, Franklin was invited to do a workshop at the National Sheriffs Association Conference in Phoenix. In October, he had the privilege of speaking at an International Law Enforcement Conference in Indianapolis and at the Governor's Conference for Oklahoma Mayors and Government Leaders in Oklahoma City.

"By the way," adds Franklin, "I would like to challenge others in our class to write about what they are doing. I would really like to know. 'As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country' (Proverbs 25:25)—even if you are just in the next city or state. If any of you come to South Carolina, stop by for a visit. My e-mail is franklin9@juno.com."

Jerry Fogle is still practicing ophthalmology in Martinsville, W.Va. He and his wife, Patricia, have two children: Peter (18), a senior at St. James School in Maryland, and Ingrid (16), a V Former at St. Andrew's.

'68 *Class Agent Needed*

'69 *Charlie Kolb*
8804 Edward Gibbs Place
Alexandria, VA 22309

30TH REUNION

'70 *Bill Strong*
326 S. Taylor Avenue
Oak Park, IL 60302

Four years ago, Chris Lambert moved from

Virginia Beach, Va., to Colorado Springs, Colo., with his wife, Bridgett (married 15 years), daughter Ashley (14) and son Christopher, Jr. (12). Virginia was Chris's last duty station after 20 years with the U.S. Navy SEALs. He is now a defense contractor and continues to work with special operations (Green Berets, SEALs, etc.) personnel.

Both of Chris's children are very active in sports. Ashley is on her high school field hockey, swim and tennis teams. Christopher plays on city soccer, ice hockey and baseball teams. One activity that keeps Chris and Christopher connected is Boy Scouts. They have hiked up the highest mountain (14,000+ feet) in Colorado together, experienced -11° weather while snow caving overnight, and last summer they paddled over 50 miles together in the Boundary Waters Canoe area in Minnesota and Canada. "To keep in shape besides trying to stay up with the kids," adds Chris, "I run. Last summer I had the opportunity to run in the Pikes Peak Ascent with 1800 other runners. The starting line is at 6,295 feet and 13.32 miles later finishes at 14,110 feet. A little bragging: on my first race, I came in 45th overall and third in my age group (45-49). Hopefully, I'll have the opportunity to run again next year."

Bob Claggett writes: "I work as a senior manager in semiconductors—why, I have no idea. I am a single dad with a 16-year-old son, Casey. He is, believe it or not, a nationally competitive fencer and senior in high school. I've been in California now for 23 years, 20 of them in the Bay area." At the time of this note, Bob was packing for a Caribbean cruise.

Living in Oak Park, Ill., a suburb of Chicago, **Bill Strong** is the senior vice president at a public affairs firm, Jasculca/Terman and Associates. "We have a lot of fun managing public policy issues for a diverse roster of corporate, institutional and government clients," says Bill. "I've been doing this for more than 13 years. I joined the firm after ten years with The Associated Press in Boston, New York and Springfield, Ill., where I was the state capitol correspondent.

"I never imagined living in this part of the country, but as it turns out, Chicago is a really cool city, with vibrant arts and entertainment, business, politics, architecture—and real people living in real neighborhoods. Our firm works on a lot of the major issues hereabouts, so I've had the opportunity to really get an inside look at life in the metropolitan area.

"I'm married to Colleen Naughton, and it's the second marriage for both of us (August 1997). I have two children at Oak Park and River Forest High School: Nathaniel, a senior, and Cecily, a freshman. Colleen has two kids, too: Steve, a senior at the high school, and Samantha, a fifth-grader."

Bill would like to thank those classmates that responded to his notes and e-

Plans to record crew shell names initiated

The Cornell crew has started a program to record the names of all the shells that they have used over the years. The plan is to collect as many of the names as possible and have a plaque in the boat house. As you can imagine, it will be a job at Cornell going back over a hundred years and trying to find names. They are asking alumni to send in whatever recollections they have.

I thought that this would be a good thing for St. Andrew's to do. It would be much easier for us, since we don't have the long history. I suspect that Dave Washburn and Ches Baum could remember almost all the names. If you think that this would be a good idea, I would be prepared to finance this, assuming that we are not talking about an imported teakwood panel with gold plaques on it.

Although Dave and Ches could probably remember most of the names, I thought it might be fun to invite rowing alumni/ae to send in their recollections of names and anything associated with a particular shell. This might turn up some interesting stories and be another way to connect alumni to the School.

—Bill Brownlee '44

mail. He promises to try to keep in touch in the months leading up to the 30th Reunion in June of 2000 and urges everyone to send him all the latest news. Bill received updates from the following Class of '70 members:

Allen Chesney recently celebrated his 20th anniversary of working at the *Chattanooga Free Press*. Wife Betsy continues to place foreign exchange students. She had 23 students in the Chattanooga area in 1997-98. They hosted a German student, Martin Cieslik, who attended the Chattanooga School for the Arts and Sciences, a local magnet school. Allen and Betsy traveled to Curitiba, Brazil, to visit a former exchange student and his family. They recommend the hosting experience to any families who might be interested.

Sandy Hazlett is offshore again and currently living in Singapore. He is Sales Director/South Pacific for Eaton Corporation Hydraulics Division, which makes components for agricultural and construction equipment, hydrostatic transmissions, fluid-linked steering, low-speed high torque motors—"mostly things that make stuff go around." Sandy has been with the same company for nearly 22 years, 28 countries and counting. He covers all of Southeast Asia, plus Australia and New Zealand. "Things seem to be going well in spite of the crisis," says Sandy. "I just returned (as of September) from a swing through Australia, where I have been traveling pretty regularly for

the last five or so years."

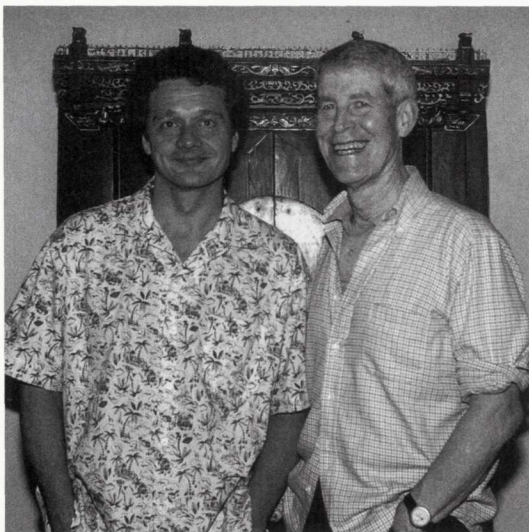
Alan Sibert had a great time at Homecoming '98 in September, which doubled as a chance to visit daughter **Laura '00**, a V Former. "We made it a family day," says Alan, "since my dad, **Bill '40**, was also at the School planning with the Alumni Corporation Board. It felt great to be in the stands with **Ches Baum '36** and **Dave Washburn '44**, watching the Saints roll up and down the field. I had time to catch up with **Dale Showell '68** and **Chuck Shorley '71**, both of the Ocean City 'mafia' and fully engaged in alumni activities. I also checked in with **Stew Barroll '72**, sporting a bright red SAS sweatshirt. The School is in great shape and appears to be thriving.

"Meanwhile, all is well here at Dataram in Princeton, where I get to direct the marketing effort. Francine has just returned to the workforce now that our younger daughter, Julia, is nine. The recent addition of a nine-week-old Jack Russell terrier, Milo, makes for a hectic morning. So, all in all, life is well. Looking forward to Reunion 2000. That'll be my daughter's graduation year, our 30th, and my dad's 60th."

Tom Stephens and his wife, Diana, have been living in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia, since they left Naperville, Ill., in the fall of 1994. "I am still with Unilever (21 years)," states Tom, "now running the business on the Arabian Peninsula. The quality of life here is much better than most westerners would expect. The sun shines 360 days a year; snorkeling and scuba diving in the Red Sea are among the best in the world. And there is even a green golf course for us to enjoy!

"We have kept in regular contact with SAS through our three children: **Beth '96**,

Commencement!
Sunday, May 23



Norman Ware '75 and Hume Horan '51 were in Korea at the same time for a while.

Tom '97 and Michael '01. Beth is now at Barnard and Tom at Dartmouth. It's been fun reliving old memories through the kids. But my sense is that the School is now much more rigorous than in our days. I certainly don't remember working as hard as they describe. I'd love to hear from any classmates."

'71 *Class Agent Needed*

'72 *Bill Bean*
2242 Via Tiempo
Cardiff By The Sea, CA
92007-1216

David Harms
334 Pelhamdale Avenue
Pelham, NY 10803

Rick Swenson's letter of October 27, 1998, reads: "I have been here for two weeks and am teaching ESL (English as a Second Language) at the Seien School for girls in Hamamatsu, Japan, located close to the coast and two hours south of Tokyo." Rick was not used to the large classes of 45 students, and he is illiterate in their language. He made some progress in speaking it, but couldn't read the characters or understand it when it was spoken to him. He stayed with four host families, a week at a time.

On the way back to the States, Rick stopped over in Hawaii and met wife Robin and daughter Nora. Nora is in third grade and Robin is in her third year of real estate. Last summer they visited Las Vegas and then went to the Aspen area in Colorado and stayed in a rustic cabin.

After leaving St. Andrew's, Ben Rosenberg attended St. Ann's High School in New York. He graduated from Oberlin College in Ohio and The New School in New York. He and his wife, Ann, live in Stamford, Conn., with their three children: Sarah Jean (12), John Jakob (10) and Julia

Maria (6). Ben is self-employed as a computer programmer. His latest client is Salant Corp., a clothing manufacturer.

'73 *Sam Marshall*
457 Glyn Wynne
Haverford, PA 19041

Everett McNair
238 31st Avenue Court, N.E.
Hickory, NC 28601

After 13 years in non-profit professional theater, Glenn Horton finally left. "I'm now wrangling computers and network administration," states Glenn, "for a company called The Production Network, which handles technical management, design and production management for corporate events, trade shows and the like. Major clients include Microsoft, Intel, Nintendo and Boeing. This is a company with a soul, from the partner/owners on down—great support. I'm married to the fabulous Carol, with an amazing daughter, Sarah Rose, who entered kindergarten and is already reading smoothly.

"My best to all classmates, especially those who broke free and stayed free. At one time we cared more about each other than about the institution. Anyone who wishes to correspond without getting all mushy over imagined good-old-days should shoot me some e-mail at glennho@tpnevents.com or write."

'74 *Joe Hickman*
10057 Perkins Hill Road
Chestertown, MD 21620-3159

25TH REUNION

'75 *Ralph Neel*
404 Timberpoint Court
Columbia, SC 29212-0806

Norman Ware and Hume Horan '51 were the only members of the short-lived St. Andrew's Club of Korea, before Hume traveled to West Africa. Norman is capitalizing on his status as a freelancer by taking six months off for travel.

Gordon Brownlee, who is now living in Ellicott City, Md., is the director of development for The Kennedy-Krieger Institute in Baltimore.

'77 *Carolyn Matthews*
7100 Lakeshore Drive
Dallas, TX 75214-3554

Peter Jacoby, a member of the Clinton White House legislative affairs staff and

former aide to the late Rep. Mike Synar (D-Okla.), is one of four new hires in the AT&T lobby office.

'78 *Garrett Hart*
860 N.E. Rimrick Drive
Bremerton, WA 98311

Alison Pell writes: "My husband, Michael [Helms], is going to be in and around Stockholm, Sweden, in July for the International Police and Fire Olympics. He is competing in the shotgun sports. I, on the other hand, will be staying home with the kids. Watching him shoot in Sweden is pretty much the same as watching him shoot at home. How do you say 'pull' in Swedish?" Alison would like to know if anyone has any great ideas for bed-and-breakfasts, local lodging, etc. Please e-mail her at: Graywolfc@aol.com.

Alison Amos Muller and her daughters, Anna and Julia, participated in a summer community theater production of *Peter Pan* and had a great time. "Yes, the kids DID fly!" In July, she took the girls to Vermont for a few days to visit her parents. In August, the whole family stayed in Nag's Head for a week with three other families in an eight-bedroom house. Now they're "back into the chaos of the school year." Anna (fifth grade), Julia (second grade) and Barbara (first grade) are busy with soccer, scouts, flute lessons, etc.

Alison states, "I had a great time at reunion. It's funny how everyone has changed so much, and yet still seems the same in some ways. It was a very comforting feeling that even when we only see each other every five years, we still feel like good friends."

"Following three years and 300 classroom hours of study," says Tom Schreppler, "I will sit for my final examination to obtain licensure as a certified clinical nutritionist. Therapeutic nutrition is a perfect complementary approach to my chiropractic practice. On a more relaxed note, Richard Costello and I spent Halloween weekend brushing a couple of duck blinds on the Chester River. Let us know if there are any plans to be in the area during the season."

Aubrey Smoot enjoys reading about his classmates and feels he has been negligent about sharing his own information, so he submitted a short account of what has happened in his life since graduation from SAS. He graduated from the University of Delaware with a degree in finance and graduated from the American University School of Computer Science with an M.S. in technology management. He and wife Terri ("she is wonderful") have been married for 13 years and have three children: Micaela (12), Aubrey, IV (10) and Colton (6). They live in Raleigh, N.C. Aubrey's jobs have included working for Peat Marwick (6 years), Hewlett Packard (4 years) and Rational Software Corp. (7

years). He teaches Karate at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, and travels a lot with his job. Aubrey sends this note to SAS friends: "Life is wonderful and can be anything we make it. We are limited only by our own imagination, drive and lust for living. Anyone driving around the Raleigh area is welcome to stop in, spend the night, and drink a beer. The only requirement is that you come planning to have fun."

David Lawson enjoyed flyfishing all summer near Santa Fe and "still can't get enough of it. The San Juan River is only four hours away and there are countless great small streams within one or two hours. The kids, Gil (8) and Cooper (7), are doing great and eagerly await the ski season since the mountains are covered in snow (October 30). My house's remodeling and addition are almost done, and I will never do another." He and his wife, Lauren, are doing fine.

Ellen Nelson writes: "What a difference the girls are making here at The Hill School! It's no wonder SAS went coed years ago."

'79 Mike Berrigan
7908 Fair Oaks Court
Pleasanton, CA 94588-3607

20TH REUNION

Keely Clifford and husband Bruce Sweeney welcomed their new pride and joy, Morgan Clifford Sweeney, on August 30, 1998, weighing in at 8 lbs. 10 oz. Keely says, "Morgan is such a delight—full of joy and wonder." Bruce traveled to Kiev, Ukraine, for "an interesting job," and Keely and Morgan joined him in November.

Dave and Anne (Starr) Mahood became parents on August 3, 1998, when Christopher Matthewson was born.

Betsy Beard Stillings wants to know: "Hey, where are all you '79ers? Hope to see you all at the next reunion—June of '99—our 20th. Don't you remember when we were students and we looked at all those old alums from '59? Well, that's what we look like now! My family and I will make the trek back from Seattle in June—see you then."

On October 10, 1998, Janet and Bill Luke welcomed their third child, Margaret (Meggy) Milligan. Brothers Walker (5) and Alex (3) love their new sister so much that she was part of Show and Tell when she was ten days old.

Kirk Jones is busy writing software for a large multinational (www.brite.com) for the wireline and wireless industry. "I actually enjoy being a software geek," jokes Kirk. "Not married yet, therefore no children as well." He was looking forward to seeing Janet and Bill and the new baby at Thanksgiving, while visiting his sister, Pam, in Delaware. Reports are that he will probably move back to Delaware in January to take a new job as a computer programmer.

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

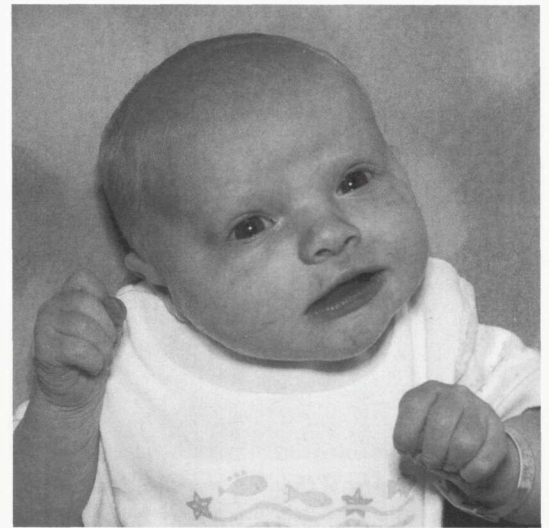
Meredith Golde reports that she is still in Atlanta, a full-time student and research assistant, currently in her second year of the Ph.D. program in social work at the University of Georgia. She is also a "harm reduction" volunteer, providing education, advocacy, outreach and services for people who use drugs in order to help prevent the spread of HIV/AIDS and other blood-borne diseases. "Unfortunately," comments Meredith, "needle exchange programs [where used needles are exchanged for sterile ones] are not yet legal in Georgia nor in a number of other states, despite compelling scientific evidence that they help prevent the spread of HIV and do not encourage illicit drug use. I encourage fellow St. Andreans to examine the research and to assist in efforts to legalize needle exchange: Needle exchange saves lives! Peace."

Judi (Skelton) Spann and her family took a trip to Venice in May. The children, Dylan (5-1/2) and Kirstin (4), loved the gondola ride. They have enjoyed Bill's Navy tour in Italy, especially the traveling. During the summer they spent a week in Greece, two weeks in Spain and a week in Portugal. They were getting ready to head back to Norfolk in the U.S. in November. Bill was promoted to commander and will be working on the 2nd Fleet staff. Judi hopes to find a part-time job in public relations in Norfolk or Virginia Beach.

Margy (Campbell) Van Note e-mailed an update on her family: "I have been living in Maine for 13 years in a 200-year-old farmhouse with my husband, Eric (married 1990), our daughter, Abby (born 1992) and a couple of big dogs. We have been renovating the house ourselves and are currently on the 12th year of what we expected would be a 10-year project. My husband is a carpenter and the work he does is outstanding. It is very gratifying to see the old house come back to life."

Margy works for Geiger Bros. in Lewiston, Maine, in a high-growth division (only five years old) that handles fulfillment programs of promotional products for their corporate clients. She says the job has been "a blast because of the explosive growth and constant change." Her focus is developing the systems, procedures and positions on the sales and customer service side of the division, and coaching the staff through the changes and growing business demands.

"I really enjoy working in organizational development and personal development of individuals in a team," states Margy. "I have had the opportunity to be quite involved in Geiger Bros.' total quality initiatives and I have even been fortunate enough to work as a facilitator for teams using our low ropes course at Geiger Bros.



Morgan Clifford Sweeney, daughter of Keely Clifford '79 and Bruce Sweeney.



A gondola ride in Venice was tops with Judi (Skelton) Spann's '80 children, Kirstin and Dylan.

It is very gratifying and there is never a dull moment!

"I don't run into many St. Andreans in Maine, but I get some great jokes from Robin (Gage) Lilly via e-mail. My family would be happy to have any visitors on their way to the ocean or the mountains or any of the diversions of this beautiful state."

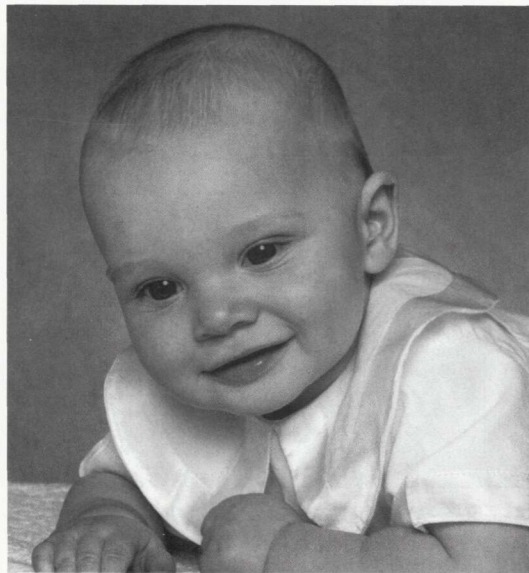
Nancy and Vince Spoltore are the proud parents of Egan O'Neill, born on December 9, 1998. Vince reports that "all is well in Middle Tennessee (Duck River)." He has 11 horses and "would like to sell nine of them." His cattle herd is slowly increasing in size with the purchase of three cows, two of which have already calved.

'81 Eric Ellisen
111 Downs Avenue
Stamford, CT 06902

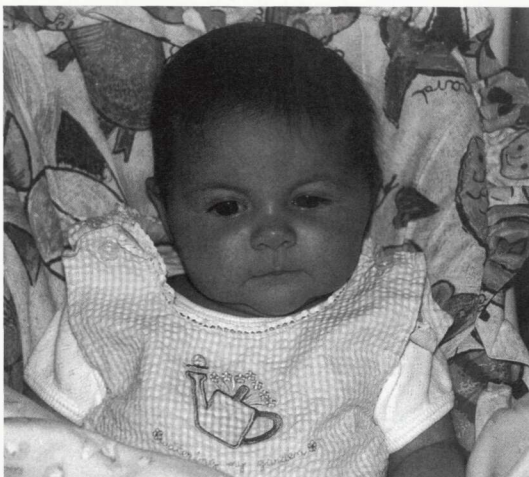
Life is very full and hectic for Amy (Dilsheimer) Currie. She and her husband, Jim, live in Summit, N.J., a suburb of New York City. Their three children keep them busy: twins Jimmy and Catie (3-1/2) and William (1-1/2). Amy loves her job at *Parenting* magazine in advertising sales as the pharmaceutical category director. She speaks to Chandler Luke often and Suki



Ellie Profaci, daughter of Chris '82, sports her Anne Geddes Halloween garb, which her mother, Mary, made.



Samuel Buffington Jenkins, son of Greg and Mary Buffington (Wallace) Jenkins '84.



Claudia Harper Willingham, daughter of John and Gretchen (Rada) Willingham '82.

Guernsey Rohrer, "when she's not jetting off to Europe."

Tom Murray is an international business consultant, and in the past year he has been doing international economic development consulting in countries like China and Mongolia. Last summer he did a consulting project in Ukraine, which was to help medium-sized companies with their strategic planning, marketing and general management. Most of the project was in Mykiliev, which was the major shipbuilding center for the Tsars and the Soviets, on the Black Sea about two hours east of Odessa. Tom also worked on a series of short assignments with companies in Bulgaria, Romania and Moldova.

News came from Macon, Ga., that Chris and Lizzie Bleke Clark's second son, Robert Stevens, was born on June 16, 1998 (8 lbs. 11 oz., 21 inches long).

'82 Paul Eichler
866 Monroe Terrace
Dover, DE 19904

"Life's greatest miracle—a newborn baby" is the thought of Christa Cullen and John Downing. They welcomed Emma Louise ("Emmylou") Downing into the world on October 30, 1998. The happy family is living in San Francisco.

Lydia (Jarrett) Montgomery and her family now reside in Fair Haven, N.J. Son Charlie (4) attends nursery school while Lydia commutes every day to her job with Katz Communication in mid-town Manhattan. Husband Ian '85 is the curate of St. George's-by-the-River in Rumson.

John and Gretchen (Rada) Willingham are thrilled with the latest addition to their family, Claudia Harper, born on June 16, 1998. She joins Molly (6), Madison (4-1/2) and Sawyer (2-1/2).

Jeff and Lisa Velasco-Creamer are enjoying their life in Annapolis. Lisa's trip to Ireland "was a lot of fun but very challenging as far as biking goes." She and Jeff joined a group in Vermont for a weekend bike trip before she left in November for ten days in Hong Kong. Jeff works in retail as the district manager for Barnes and Noble.

'83 Boo Percy
17 Notch Road
West Simsbury, CT 06092

After spending seven years as a private school teacher, Andrew Liefeld "moved onto the challenges of the publishing world." He is the network administrator for Soundings Publications in Essex, Conn. "I am finding it exciting but not as fun as parenting my two kids, Amanda (5) and Aidan (2)," expresses Andrew. "I am living in Old Lyme, Conn., with my exhausted grad student wife, Julie. We bought a little house that we work on whenever we can find the time."

'84 Mary Ashton Roberts
7228 Summit Street
Kansas City, MO 64114

15TH REUNION

Although Maylene Hugh loved St. Louis, she left there and McDonnell Douglas in 1996. She has been with Owens Corning for two years at the Science and Technology Center in Granville, Ohio (30 minutes outside of Columbus), working closely with the marketing group doing application development and new product development. For the last year, she has been the Technical Project Lead for "a very exciting new opportunity" for OC. Her team is small, made up of technicians and inventors. "I think the most challenging aspect of my job is not to 'lead,'" writes Maylene, "i.e., not to tell people what to do, but rather to keep us all focused on moving towards our common goal. I find that open and honest communication is the key to success, particularly with the diverse group that I've got."

Maylene also had the opportunity to be a Diversity Council representative for OC's Composites Systems Business. "Although the work has mostly been on my second 40 hours of the week, it has been a lot of fun. Being a minority not only by race, but also by gender in the male-dominated field of engineering, I think at this point in my life I have something to say about this area. It's been a real gas being able to help form the

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www.dca.net/~sas

Diversity message for OC. In fact, in my past two years of interacting with the various groups around our campus, I've found that there is much more commonality, recognition and understanding when the message is opened up to include more than race, gender and sexual orientation. Most of the scientists, engineers, business and finance people, leaders, etc., understand and recognize thinking style, for example, as making a much larger and more immediate impact in preventing folks from getting along. To summarize, it's been a lot of fun for me."

Maylene caught up with **Sarah Stivers '83**, who's living in Cincinnati and happened to be in the Columbus area. "To put in a plug for the SAS webpage," comments Maylene, "Sarah contacted me using my e-mail address from there. When we realized that we were only a few hours from each other, we knew we had to get together."

Last summer, Maylene attended **Christa vonder Luft's** post-nuptial reception. "She and Matt Poppel eloped last May to the Dominican Republic," remarked Maylene. "I think they had a hard time on their vacation on deciding to continue wind surfing or stop and get hitched. When they came back, they shocked the hell out of everyone with their news. Mr. and Mrs. Luft threw a great New England clam bake from the Luft Compound in Wellfleet, Mass. I'm extremely happy for them and very fortunate that I could attend."

Maylene is "very much looking forward to seeing everyone at the 15th Reunion."

On November 6, 1997, **Mary Buffington (Wallace) Jenkins** gave birth to Samuel Buffington Jenkins, her parents' first grandchild. Aunt Liza (Wallace) Becker '90 remarked, "Samuel has amazed us all by learning to walk and kick a ball before he was 11 months old. We are madly in love with him."

Elizabeth and **Michael Atalay** were married on November 8, 1997, and were happy to have some of their St. Andrew's friends join them to celebrate. Michael is in his first year of residency in radiology at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, and Elizabeth is completing her M.A. in documentary film and anthropology, and working as production manager for an advertising photography studio. They are thrilled to be expecting their first child in February and look forward to the 15th Reunion in June.

Wedding bells also rang for **Will Wrightson** and Laura Stein, on September 19, 1998, on Gibson Island. Will's sister, Elizabeth, was the maid of honor, and his brother, Charles, served as best man. There were a few St. Andreans in attendance: **Roger Redden '50** (Will's godfather), **Michael Keating '58** and **Dave McNaughton '84** (an usher). As Will is a graduate of Princeton University, there were a number of Tigers present. Will is a vice president and chartered financial analyst at Wellington Management Company in Boston. Laura is a graduate of

Vanderbilt University and has a master's degree in speech-language pathology from George Washington University. The couple took a wedding trip to Nantucket, Mass., and now reside in Boston.

Yet another wedding: **Lou O'Brien** and **Chris Berl** were married on October 3, 1998.

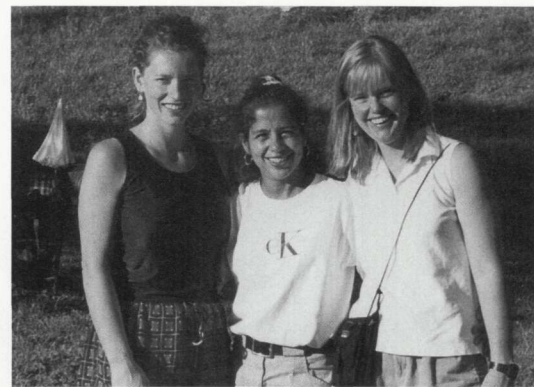
'85 **Ian Montgomery**
35 Laurel Drive
Fair Haven, NJ 07704

On August 7, 1998, **Karen and Dave Phillips** welcomed their daughter, **Annie Christine**, to the family. She weighed 7 lbs. 2 oz. They're all back at Eaglebrook School, enjoying the brand-new lifestyle.

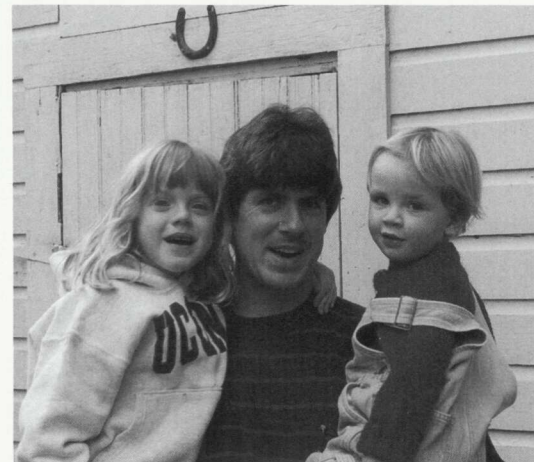
It has been an exciting year for **Erica Stetson**. She got engaged to **Kirk Ward** in the winter, defended her dissertation in the spring and graduated with a Ph.D. in school psychology from the University of Denver in the summer. She started two new jobs, one as an adjunct faculty member in the teacher education program at the University (part-time) and the other as the school psychologist at an elementary school for Jefferson County Public Schools (full-time). "But the highlight of the year was my vacation in Spain and Italy with my fiancé," writes Erica. "We were lucky to stay with **Kathy Hart**, who lives in Madrid. Then we went to see **Viviana (Rodriguez) Davila**, who was leading a group of students from Episcopal High School. Who would have thought that 17 years after we shared a triple on F Corridor we would be reunited in Spain? It was great!"

The Reverend **Ian and Lydia (Jarrett) '82** and **Charlie Montgomery** live in New Jersey, where Ian (ordained deacon in June) is curate of St. George's-by-the-River in Rumson. Other St. Andreans in the parish include **Callen Hurtt '90**, **Jen (Hurtt) Mullins '88**, **Alex Houghton '88** and **Scott Henderson '91**. Lydia continues to work for Katz Communication in mid-town Manhattan to which she commutes every day. Four-year-old Charlie attends a local nursery school.

"Things are going very well" for **Hugh Lesster**, who is teaching special education at the first year-round school in Pennsylvania. He and his wife, Sue, his co-teacher, were married last year.



Class of '85 members Kathy Hart, Viviana (Rodriguez) Davila and Erica Stetson had a great reunion in Spain.



Andrew Liefeld '83 has fun being the father of Amanda and Aidan.

'86 **Amy Barto**
9941 Highland Way Dr.
Streetsboro, OH 44241

Edward Hammond travels internationally, working on regulating human gene patenting. He rooms with **Charlie Crystle** in Seattle.

John Gordy is comptroller of Ocean Petroleum, a large Exxon distributor that he and his father, **Chip '63**, co-own.

Bill Brakeley and **Karen Ann Carney** were married in June in Wilmington.

In March 1998, **Alex Thrower** moved to Albuquerque, N.M., to open a new office for UETC (Urban Energy & Transportation Corporation), a nonprofit

www.standrews-de.org



Friends gathered at SAS to celebrate the wedding day of Sherry Gamble Punches '87 and her husband, Michael. Front row, l to r: Elizabeth Gulick, Marina Glad '87, Jim Brabhan, Sherry, Michael, Shana Weinhold Moore '87 and Leeanna Varga '87. Back row: Greg Gulick '87, Alex Varga '88, Joan Rader and Ross Ellis '87.



St. Andreans celebrated the marriage of Liza Wallace '90 to Frank Becker in June. Pictured are, l to r: Sara O'Connor Zurbach '89, Frank, Liza, Sunita Barhan Sierros '90, Harry "Smiley" Wallace '86 and Mary Buffington Jenkins '84.

www.dca.net/~sas

association representing local officials. Alex is a manager for the company. "In May," reports Alex, "I was in Richmond getting sworn in as a member of the Virginia State Bar and was surprised to hear Squigg Gubb's '88 name being called out at the same time! There's only one Ishneila." Alex adds, "If anyone ends up out here in the desert, give me a ring."

Jim Thomas is on leave from the Department of Defense for a year, working as a research associate at the International Institute for Strategic Studies in London.

'87 Greg Doyle
108 Earlington Road
Havertown, PA 19083

Crawford Keenan
3210 Saint Paul Street
Baltimore, MD 21218-3325

Class Correspondent:
Kibbey Perry Crumbley
3969 Shady Drive
Atlanta, GA 30047

Jud Wolfe works for Hess Oil in its corporate environmental affairs division, jetting from far-flung places like St. Lucia to

the U.K. He was last seen on Halloween night, sporting his Hess Oil jumper suit, complete with gas mask.

Jud reports news from the West Coast: "Mike Pogue and Manish Agarwal are both practicing personal injury law in San Francisco. Word has it that Mike has a new roommate, too."

Duke Snyder, after managing a few New York clubs and San Francisco restaurants, has cashed in his chips (and motorcycle) and headed to Asia with Kate Gamble '89 for a three-month tour.

Heather Mallory lives in a flat in Paris, where she writes stories for *Swing* magazine.

Jason Gardner is a trader for Heartland Securities in Manhattan.

Pete Laird was married to Jane Barkin in Boston on October 10, 1998, in a ceremony officiated by his father, Pete, Sr. '61. Pete's mentor and former SAS faculty member John Lyons (now a teacher and football coach at Groton), and his wife, Hannah, were in attendance fresh from a Groton victory over the Rivers School. Pete is a stockbroker at Merrill Lynch-Wellesley and resides in Back Bay, Boston. Jane is a marketing executive with A. C. Nielsen.

Sherry Gamble and Michael Punches had a beautiful wedding ceremony at St. Andrew's on July 11, 1998, with the Rev. Simon Mein officiating. "Michael and I were in agreement and could not think of a more perfect setting for our wedding," remarked Sherry. "St. Andrew's is already a special part of my life, and now Michael and I can share that same feeling since we were wed in the School Chapel." Those St. Andreans who attended were: Marina Glad, Shana Weinhold Moore, Leeanna Varga, Greg Gulick, Alex Varga '88, Ross Ellis and Ali Zheng. Marina and Jim Brabhan became engaged at about the same time the wedding took place.

Richard "Duke" Snyder says that his name hasn't been mentioned in the *Magazine* for a while and he's beginning to feel like Rudolph the red-haired alum. He writes: "I'm back from vacationing in the remote New York City suburb of San Francisco. I had the opportunity to catch up on the exciting lives of Paul Rogers and roommate Steve Gratwick, Monty Agarwal, Wells Constantine, Cormac Kehoe, Mike Pogue, Betsey Woody, Liz Erhardt and, most importantly, Kate Gamble '89. Paul continues as a computer guru for Oracle. Monty, Mike and Liz are busy practicing law, but they are different from other lawyers, just ask them. Wells is vice president of Headlands Mortgage Company. Cormac is surfing in L.A., awaiting his sentence of marriage. Betsey is teaching speech at the University of California, Berkeley.

"Jud Wolfe, after receiving his master of the universe degree from Duke University in environmental economics, is working at Amarada Hess in New York City.

"Before leaving for San Francisco, I was living with Mary Blair and Liz Dunton.

Mary Blair is senior editor of a corporate magazine and a freelance writer who has had articles in various publications, among them the *New York Times*. Liz is now at Darden getting her M.B.A. She deferred her enrollment at UVA to expand her network in the international art world while working at the prestigious Robert Miller Galleries.

"I opened and was general manager of Chaos, a New York City club-lounge which catered to celebrities and the jet set. After returning from San Francisco, I jumped back into the sordid nightclub business and ran Spy in Soho. While living in San Francisco, Kate Gamble and I became 're-acquainted' and are days away from embarking on a 12-month trip that will take us to Asia, Africa and Europe. Along the way, we will be volunteering in various politically and economically troubled countries such as Indonesia and Cambodia. Kate, before deciding to embark on this around-the-world jaunt, was the marketing director for The North Face.

'88 *Jennifer Hurtt Mullins*
883 Boulevard East, Apt. 2G
Weehawken, NJ 07087

Class Correspondent:
Elizabeth Baxter
102 W. 80th Street, Apt. 24
New York, NY 10024
ECB21@columbia.edu

Brandon Mathews works for AIG International in New York.

Jonathan Banks is a systems operations analyst for Datek Online, a brokerage firm in New Jersey that once employed four SAS alums, including **Jason Gardner '87**. Lately, Jonathan has been spotted in many New York Portuguese restaurants and jazz clubs, sipping Scotch on the rocks and laughing loudly.

John Chamberlin retired from scouting for film shoots and works for New Century Systems, Inc., as an account manager.

Harrison Braxton is in graduate school at James Madison University pursuing an M.A. and Ed.S. in counseling. He spent over four years working in a wilderness-based school for delinquent boys, first as a counselor and then as a staff trainer and supervisor. In his last year, he was asked to help develop and run a similar program for delinquent girls. "It was a fantastic experience and one I'll never forget," said Harrison. "While I was there, I met my wife, Beth, who was working with the families of the children at the school. We were married on June 8, 1997, in Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Since then we have lived in the Shenandoah Valley and have pursued our degrees while working intermittently."

Harrison lives about 20 miles from Charlottesville and would love to hear from St. Andreans. He's sorry he missed the reunion.

Michael Hindle and **Catherine Dunn** were married on June 20, 1998, in Cincinnati and are now living in Brooklyn, N.Y.

T.C. McCarthy defended his dissertation for the Ph.D. in silicate chemistry and thermodynamics at the University of Georgia in November 1998. He has published two journal articles and co-authored a book chapter.

Todd Perry is in his sophomore year at Kansas State University. After leaving college, he joined the U.S. Navy, served five years, left and went to Kansas to go to school. He and his wife, Leah, celebrated their sixth wedding anniversary. "I plan to graduate in May of 2001 (!)," states Todd, "at which point I hope to know what I want to be when I grow up."

'89 *Susan Willock*
301 Spring Hill Farm Circle
Chestertown, MD 21620

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

10TH REUNION

Elizabeth Hammond is working at Harvard doing atmospheric studies research.

Emilie Sinkler is a trader for TIR Securities in New York and works part-time as a party planner for up-and-coming 20-somethings in the city.

Tom Pinckney, spotted chugging beer in many dimly lit late-night establishments in New York, spends his days as a project manager for InterWorld Corporation.

Robb Ellis and **Jennifer Taylor** were married on June 21, 1998, in Acton, Mass. They are now living in San Diego, Calif., where Jennifer is attending UCSD Medical School and Robb runs Ellis Digital Designs, a new media marketing company.

Shannon and **Adam Stegeman** are very happy living in Boston (Newton) and enjoying the good life and Red Sox games.

Adam is working for Art Technology Group, a computer software company with offices in the The Prudential Center, where **Chip Dietrich** also works. Shannon is taking a course at Boston College and working nearby in a bookstore.

Rebecca Wendell strolled down Memory Lane and recalled her achievements: she finished her M.D. at UCLA, married a sitcom writer, took a year off to write short stories, trained for the New York Marathon and embarked on a career in psychiatry. She writes, "Hello to anyone who cares. Drop me an e-mail (rtwendell@msn.com) or stop by if you pass through this sun-drenched town [Los Angeles]."

Being at Georgetown University, **Rick Hall** is able to spend a lot of time with **Scott McClary '90**, who is teaching and coaching in D.C. Scott is still learning how to drive in a major city—quite a change from Allentown, Pa., and Cecilton, Md. Rick is looking forward to Reunion.

'90 *Sarah Savage Hébert*
8808 Waxford Road
Richmond, VA 23235

Carey McDaniel Koppenhaver
15 Balthursol Court
Dover, MD 19904

Ridie Lazar
Box 2006
Kent, CT 06757

After graduating from Connecticut College with a major in child development and a minor in psychology and receiving a teaching certificate, **Liza (Wallace) Becker** realized that she was not ready to go into the classroom full-time. She attended the University of Virginia and earned a master's degree in education in order to be a school counselor. On June 6, 1998, Liza was united in holy matrimony with Frank J. Becker, whom she met at UVA. The wedding ceremony was performed in her grandmother's garden in West Virginia. They now live on

How to Submit Your Class Notes

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2. You can FAX us: (302) 378-0429
3. Or MAIL to:

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350 Noxontown Road
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If you would like your news to appear in a specific issue, use the deadlines listed below:

Issue	Deadline
Spring '99	March 1, 1999
Fall '99	July 1, 1999
Winter '99	November 1, 1999

Unable to reach your class correspondent? Call Fran Holveck, Class Notes Editor, (302) 378-9511, Ext. 256.



At the wedding of Tina de Leon '92 and Jarrett Sell '92, l to r: Bevin Sell '93, Christos Adamopoulos '92, Tina, Jarrett, Ty Jones '92, Kari Rolph '92, Melissa Batie Johnson '91, Chris Gaither '92 and Joy McGrath '92.

the west side of Richmond. Liza works in Charlottesville as an elementary school counselor. "My work is both challenging and rewarding," states Liza. "The frustrations facing some of today's young people are unbelievable."

Liza keeps in close contact with **Sunita Barhan Sierros**, who was married in May 1996. Sunita and husband Kon have a daughter, Toulia, who was born on August 16, 1998. They are living in Northampton, Mass.

Liza also corresponds with former SAS College Counselor Hoover Sutton and has spoken to former faculty member Eliot Jacobs, who had her third child, Jay, in the spring of 1997. He joins Morgan and Harriet.

Liz Dunton, who sold art in New York for the last three years, is now getting her business degree from the Darden Business School at the University of Virginia.

Cal Hurtt keeps himself very busy and he filled us in on what he has been up to. He received a B.S. in petroleum engineering from the University of Alabama in May. In July, he moved to Price, Utah, to work as a drilling engineer at River Gas Corp's Drunkards Wash project. He spent the summer and fall running the drilling program for about 60 coalbed methane wells. "I'm constantly amused that of all my friends at SAS and Harvard, I ended up becoming the engineer. I doubt that Mr. Washburn could have imagined, when I practically failed Algebra II, that one day I would take, and actually pass, Differential Equations and Multivariable Calc. In any case, as our '98 drilling program winds

down, I'm looking forward to trying out all the Utah skiing."

Austin Wheelock writes: "My wife, Katy, and I are still in Dakar, Senegal. We decided to stay a second year after the U.S. Embassy hired me as the office manager of the political and economic sections. As a result, I am much more aware of what is going on in West Africa and am thoroughly enjoying myself. Katy has been working for the International Organization of Migration and provides cultural orientation to refugees who have been cleared to immigrate to the U.S. I am quite jealous of her travels throughout West Africa with IOM. If anyone is traveling near Dakar, stop in and stay awhile—we have three bedrooms. Just call the embassy and ask for me."

Carter Meyer and **Mac Wilcox** were a couple at SAS in 1990. They went their separate ways in college (Vanderbilt and Trinity), but they were reunited on May 30, 1998 . . . in holy matrimony! The wedding took place in Savannah, Ga. Carter and Mac are pursuing graduate degrees at

the American Graduate School of International Management in Glendale, Ariz.

Matt Carey finished his M.B.A. from the University of Delaware in the spring of 1997 and is currently living right outside of Philadelphia in Haverford, Pa. (just down the road from Haverford College). He works for a software company and spends his time in both the Wilmington and New York City offices. After graduate school, he took some time off to backpack across Europe with a friend. He played lacrosse all through his undergraduate career at Dickinson College and captained the team during his junior year. Matt speaks with **Tim Gibb**, who is in Mexico teaching English at a university.

Mark Cheng admits that he hasn't had much contact with anyone from SAS. While he was doing undergraduate work at UCLA (1995), he bumped into **Jared Ravich**, who was teaching guitar lessons. And, in 1992, he saw **Amy Goldsworthy** at a black-tie party in Santa Monica. Mark lives in Los Angeles and has been teaching martial arts almost full-time since graduating from UCLA. He is working on his master's degree researching Chinese medicine (acupuncture, herbs, etc.). "Following the California State Acupuncture Board Exams," states Mark proudly, "UCLA's East Asian Studies Department is asking me to come back to enroll in their doctoral program. Academically, it's pretty exciting. I should tell Mrs. Mein that her East Asian History class did all this to me!"

"As far as the martial arts go, it's given me a chance to travel around the world and teach. I went to teach in Johannesburg around the same time Will Speers was there. The seminars turned out so well that I have South African federal grants for me to go back and teach there again, and also an invitation to teach in New Zealand. At the beginning of October, I gave a guest lecture on Tai-Chi history and appeared in the October 1998 issues of *Black Belt Magazine* and *Inside Kung-Fu*, the two major martial arts publications. If any members of our class come out to L.A., they've got a place to stay."

Christina Robbins's note reads: "There is a palpable feeling of anticipation in Brussels as we near the January 1, 1999, deadline for the introduction of the euro—the European single currency. This introduction is the first of a three-stage intro-

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duction, as European citizens will not actually start tucking notes and bills away in their wallets until 2001, or 2002 at the latest. But we are starting to see dual pricing on everything, so that we can get used to converting local currencies to the euro. So, soon enough, we will also be able to boast about having our version of the euro-dollar! I go to the European Parliament about once a week to sit in on various Committee and Sub-Committee meetings, to catch the latest on issues like money-laundering, cross-border transactions and taxation, electronic commerce and distance selling via the Internet.

"My brother, **Karsten '88**, is in Boston doing a master's at Emerson and enjoying himself—working really intensely but enjoying himself. He and his wife, **Caroline**, will be coming to spend Christmas with us here in Brussels, so that'll be great!

"**Alix Beith '88** is back in Barcelona; we are regularly in touch. She is in a new job that sounds terribly exciting and was in Peru for a two-and-a-half-week mission to look at health and development issues. We 'talk' by e-mail quite regularly."

Carey (McDaniel) Koppenhaver went to the UVA-UNC football game in November and met up with **Rob Mattson** and his girlfriend, who are doing very well. Rob finished his undergraduate degree in engineering from the University of Virginia and is in law school focusing on patent law at George Mason. He lives in Alexandria, Va., and still talks with **Jeff Miller**, who lives in New York City. The night before the game, Carey ran into **Carey Albertine**, another UVA grad who lives in NYC.

'91 *Webb Armentrout*
117 East Clement Street
Baltimore, MD 21230

While sitting in the library of the University of Zambia in Lusaka, **Edwin Williamson** checked out the SAS web page. "I showed off the good looks of SAS to the folks I work with here," comments Edwin. "I'm heading back to Capetown in a few days, then perhaps off to West Africa, all the while dodging bombs, civil wars and other hazards that will be close on my heels."

David Rich moved back to the East Coast from Utah and lives in Boston, where he started graduate work at Boston University's School of Medicine in September. He is pursuing a master's degree in medical sciences. "After two years of teaching, it's strange to be on the other side of the homework again," writes David. "I also got engaged to Page Fairman. We met while teaching at Alford Lake Camp in Maine in 1997. We're in the first stages of preparing for the wedding on October 9, 1999."

'92 *Joy McGrath*
2727 29th Street, NW
Apartment 516
Washington, DC 20008

In October, **Cy Philpott**, an investment banker, moved from Charlotte to Boston to work in his company's new office, and he's "having a great time."

Another new arrival to the Boston area is **Libby Moore**, who lives in Somerville and is shopping for graduate programs. Her latest plan is to go to a conservatory in France for graduate work in music. Libby had been temping in London for several months last year and then worked for the manager of brewery development at the Guinness Brewery in Dublin. One of the perquisites: taste-testing the new brews. While overseas, Libby saw **Rachel Ruane '93** in Leicester Square, and the pair went to visit **Adrian Keevil '93** in Oxford.

(Grimace) **Drew Virden** has been cruising for '92ers on the SAS web site: "I posted to the SAS guestlog recently and have subsequently heard from **J.P. Lopez**, **Tyson Kade**, **Ty Jones**, **Josh Downs** and **Hugh Cameron**. I ran into **Lukas Kohler '93** at a house party in D.C. in July." After a five-year hiatus, **Drew** returned to the East Coast and works for Chrysler as a sales and marketing district manager in Wilmington, Del. He is living in King of Prussia, Pa., and writes, "Ironic how life comes full circle! In any event, it's nice to be back where one's skin doesn't freeze upon contact with the outside air."

Tina de Leon and **Jarrett Sell** were married on September 13, 1998, in Ocean City, Md. **Christos Adamopoulos** was the best man and **Ty Jones** was a groomsman. **Bevin Sell '95** was a bridesmaid. **Chris Gaither** read from scripture during the ceremony. The couple honeymooned in Barbados until **Jarrett** could no longer play hooky from the University of Virginia medical school. The Sells are living in Charlottesville, Va., with their dog. SASers attending included: **Melissa Batie Johnson '91**, **Dave Blanton**, **Hardy Gieske**, **Joy McGrath** and **Kari Rolph**.

Hardy joins **Heather Williams** on the SAS staff this year. He teaches mathematics and coaches soccer.

Kari is working in Princeton at the moment but is planning to move to San Francisco in January to work at the Pacific Stock Exchange.

After driving across the United States in the fall, **Martine Conley** plans to move to Namibia right after Christmas to teach for a year.

Robb Toomey has been living in Telluride, Colo., since graduation. For the past two years, he has been working for AMMV Investments, a development company that is currently building the Franz Klammer Lodge in the mountain village of Telluride. In spite of the demands of the job, he manages to go fly fishing and skiing in his spare time. "Regardless," he says,

"life right now is great, and I expect to move back to either the Annapolis or Boston area within the next year once our project is completed."

Sarah Hammond is at medical school at Vanderbilt. When she isn't dicing her cadaver, she's working on her bowling score with fellow med school classmates. She also reports that **Ann Imes** is teaching at a school in Columbus, Ohio.

Brian Court is studying architecture at the University of Washington in Seattle.

SEEN or BEEN at the Head of the Charles in October:

Stew Barroll '72
Richard Cookerly '78
Mike Zimmer '84
Molly Higgins '93
Betsy Rivinus '93
Stony Grunow '94
Dan Wolf '96
Holly Fling '97
Morgan Foster '97
George Hutton '97
Casey Chopek '98
Lisa Cohan '98
Jamie Granum '98
Ian Malloch '98
Jamila Trindle '98
Anne Willis '98

Head-of-the-Schuylkill Regatta in Philadelphia the following weekend:

James Reeve '96
George Hutton '97
Casey Chopek '98
Mike Evans '98
Mike Everhart '98
Anne Willis '98



An SAS student and alum: Sarah Atwater '99 joined Alex Koprowski '96 in Baltimore for a Fourth of July bash.

Jenny Hughes writes, "Had dim sum with Josh Downs when he was up in Boston for the weekend. He says to tell all that he is gainfully employed as a DoD consultant for Booz-Allen & Hamilton in northern Virginia. He adds, 'I've been good and have not left a trail in my troublemaking.'"

Hugh Cameron checked in this fall, reporting that, if all goes as planned, he will graduate from law school mid-November [1998]. As for the future, "I guess that means the end of my carefree student days as I'll be then off with the Royal Australian Navy as a legal officer—a definite challenge, but I'm looking forward to it." Even more exciting, he writes that he is engaged to a "wonderful girl" named Juliet Potter. They plan to wed in late 1999 or early 2000. He adds, "All I have to do now is convince her to send the kids to SAS!"

Emily O'Brien is still in D.C., working at World Wildlife Fund in the marketing department. She started at Tulane Law School in the fall and has been elected Davidson young alumni president for the D.C. area. She writes, "I occasionally see Megan Peters in D.C., because she lives with a few of my friends."

Tyson Kade bumped into Emily at the Davidson homecoming in the fall. He writes that he loves his work at the Duke School of the Environment, and he "never thought [he] could enjoy school so much." He studies fisheries issues and has an assistantship working with the director of the marine lab to study Bluefin Tuna. Over Christmas break, he hopes to get the opportunity to help tag some tuna off Cape Hatteras.

Tyson reports that Lori Unruh is at North Carolina State studying to get her Ph.D. in agriculture. And another SAS encounter: "I was at a grocery store in Chapel Hill during the summer and I bumped into George Simpson and then into Anne Bond Archie within ten minutes of each other. We bonded in the frozen food section about the old days." Food, folks and fun.

www.standrews-de.org

'93 Frank Crawley
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Raleigh, NC 27608
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Class Correspondent:
Keri Brenner
25 Moore Road
Bronxville, NY 10708

Charlie Pratt sends greetings to everyone: "Hello from sunny Russia. If anyone is going to be in the Russian Far East, feel free to drop in on me. I'll be here for at least another year."

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

Anne Keller
16 W. Highland Ave., 3rd Fl.
Philadelphia, PA 19118

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

5TH REUNION
Megan Forney plans to travel to Latin America in the Peace Corps this year.

Cosmo Fattizzo graduated from Trinity College with a degree in economics. His love for the stage is being realized as he is on tour with the Shenandoah Shakespeare Express Company playing Mercutio in *Romeo and Juliet* and Lucentio in *Taming of the Shrew*. At the end of the tour, Cosmo will head to Broadway to try out for *RENT*. He also had an appointment with The William Morris Agency in L.A. at the end of last year.

During the summer between her sophomore and junior years in college, Dionne Thomas interned at the White House . . . "and no," she says, "I did not meet Monica Lewinsky. She was there a year before I was. Since then, I graduated cum laude from Amherst with a B.A. in political science and Spanish. Right now, I am working as a paralegal in New York for Simpson Thacher & Bartlett." Dionne sends her regards to classmates, faculty and staff and hopes anyone interested will write.

Anna Stancioff moved to New York, where she started a job at a public relations firm. "It's going pretty well, and I'll be doing a good amount of overseas traveling, which should be fun. I see Alex Rainert and Alexis Nuti-de Biasi quite a lot, because they live right near my office. Alexis is in journalism graduate school at the University of Colorado-Boulder." Anna also saw Katie Padden, who was finishing up at Middlebury in the fall, and spoke to Ali Papson, who is living in Richmond and working in human resources.

A Testimonial to a Good Class Agent

Peter Megargee Brown '40 compliments Class Agent Bill Sibert:

"Dear Buceph, I'm particularly pleased to receive your good letter and be reminded of your staunch support and affection for St. Andrew's School. You have put life and thrust into the Class of 1940. What achievements and what great memories! The eleven stalwarts today are subsisting because you dug them out and persuaded them the School and the class needs their faithful support and collegiality. I was also glad to hear of your recent visit to the School where your granddaughter, Laura, is enrolled in the Class of '00. Could we have imagined? Alexandra and I send you, Jessie and your great family our love, and hope to see you very soon."

IN MEMORY

Powell Pierpoint '40

Powell died on November 17, 1998, in New York City. He is survived by his daughter, Harriett P. Bos, her husband, Gerard A. Bos, and three grandchildren, Pier, Abbie and Evan Bos, all of Charlotte, N.C.

(See Powell's letter in the Class Notes Section for the Class of 1940.)

H. Scott Snead, Jr. '42

Scott, 75, the retired director of pension funds and investments for Johnson & Johnson, died on November 4, 1998, at Norwalk Hospital.

Born in Montclair, N.J., he was a Fairfield, Conn., resident for more than 25 years. He graduated from Trinity College in Hartford and was a U.S. Army veteran of World War II.

Scott is survived by his daughter, Katherine A. Snead, of Fairfield and New York, and a sister, Virginia Keyser, of Dunedin, Fla.

Lewis Henderson Gordon, Jr. '50

We recently learned that Lew died in January 1998 but have no other information at this time.

Daniel D. Moore '64

Dan died on August 24, 1998, after a brave battle with lung cancer.

Dan was born August 14, 1945, in New Orleans, son of Daniel Sequin and Helen McDermott Moore. Dan's father was an executive with Exxon and the Moore family lived in South America for a time. Dan attended bilingual English-Spanish schools in Caracas, Venezuela, and Havana, Cuba, through the seventh grade. After graduating from St. Andrew's, he attended the University of Miami in Coral Gables, Florida (1964-66 and 1968-70), where he studied personnel management and industrial relations. He was in the United States Marine Corps from 1966 to 1968 serving a year in Vietnam.

Dan worked in the restaurant industry in south Florida and Milwaukee from 1968 to 1975, and moved to Cashiers, N.C., where he was one of the founders/owners of Yesterday's Ltd. restaurant from 1975 until 1984. He was also founder/editor and publisher of the Cashiers Chronicle from 1981 to 1984. In 1984, he became the owner of Cashiers Printing & Graphics.

Dan married his wife, Marcia, in September 1978, and they had two daughters, Andrea, now 18 and a freshman at Lees-McRae College, and Monica, 17 and a senior at Salem Academy.

Dan was a devoted member of the Cashiers community and an active citizen. He was treasurer of the Cashiers Community Council, two-time president of the Cashiers Area Chamber of Commerce, president of Cashiers Travel & Tourism Authority, and a member of the Highlands-Cashiers Hospital Board of Trustees, serving as chairman two terms. He was named the 1989 Outstanding Business Person of Cashiers and the Cashiers Citizen of the Year in 1996.

He was very active in the Church of the Good Shepherd as layreader, lector, usher, Sunday School teacher, young adult leader, Outreach Chairman and Junior Warden of the Vestry.

Dan fought a long and valiant battle against cancer. In the three years of struggle, Dan was ever optimistic and tried every possible form of therapy. He was always an inspiration to his many, many friends and touched so many lives.

Bill Bathurst '50, a fellow North Carolinian and true friend, wrote: "Dan was a cherished member of our community and a superb St. Andrean. His wife, Marcia, and daughters, Andrea and Monica, were with Dan. His will to survive was extraordinary. He wanted to make his birthday on August 14, and he did. He wanted to see his daughters off to college and school, and he did. He wanted to make his wedding anniversary, but he, sadly, did not."

Scott R. Weimer '82

Scott, beloved son of John and Ann Weimer, died September 30, 1998, on Mt. Desert Island, Maine. A memorial service was held at Grace Episcopal Church in Silver Spring, Md., on October 24, 1998.

The following remarks were made by Chris Profaci '82 in remembrance of Scott at his memorial service:

From our first year at St. Andrew's School, where we lived in adjoining alcoves and talked about adolescent boyhood things, Scott and I became natural friends. It was easy for Scott to make friends. He had the ability to make things happen. That old trite saying "never a dull moment" was meant for Scott. Scott's involvement always provided entertainment and adventure in whatever the endeavor.

I remember one time Scott and I were hunting geese. We had just put out the decoys in the field, and I was returning from parking the truck when a group of geese intent on joining our decoys appeared. Scott knelt down among the cornstalks as the flock headed straight towards him. I stared enviously as Scott stood up while the geese hovered above his head. With the first shot, Scott cleanly harvested one, and I thought to myself he will probably try for two birds, maybe

three—but instead, Scott put down his gun and started running towards the falling goose with his hands outstretched like a wide receiver. Sure enough, Scott caught the goose in his hands before it struck the ground. It was unbelievable, but utterly amazing. It was so unbelievably Scott.

After college, Scott told me that he was off to the Pacific Northwest to work as an observer on a joint venture fishing trip. I can't remember if I was shocked, amazed or jealous but I reminded him of how he got seasick the last time we went off-shore fishing. Scott told me that was a detail, but the experience would be an adventure. It was—and it led to more adventures in Alaska.

Alaska. Every boy who has ever picked up a hunting or fishing magazine has yearned to travel to Alaska—to stand waist-deep in an ice-cold stream and catch giant salmon, to hook up with a huge halibut, or to face down a grizzly bear in remote country accessible only by plane. I have never had the opportunity to go to Alaska, and probably never will, but my friend Scott had related his adventures to me, and I feel I have been there: the silvery slime of an ocean-bright salmon as it is released after a fight on the fly; the sensation of euphoria and exhaustion as you adjust to the summers of endless sunlight; and the smell of a grizzly bear as she inspects your tent while you are inside. Pure adventure. I soaked up Scott's adventures and found myself telling and retelling his stories—sometimes with an embellishment or two, but Scott's stories, the places, the people, the experiences were unequalled.

I often missed Scott's company during the seasons he was away; however, I knew he was off pursuing what he had to do for himself. There would be an adventure he would relate, some tale of heroic proportions in which he would somehow extricate himself and return triumphant. He would return, and we would go to the places of our youth, to share new stories, and reiterate the old ones.

I know that we will not visit those places together again, but he will always be there in part, through the legacy of his friendship and the stories and adventures that we have shared.

I will miss you, Scott.

Andrew Seymour writes about his classmate:

During my senior year, not only was Scott my classmate but we were dormmates. There are many times that I remember, and I have no way of expressing them so others would appreciate. You-had-to-be-there type of things.

The last time that I saw Scott was at the 10th Reunion, and he had grown like a weed—he was up to about 6' 4". He was living in Alaska, working for the Federal Fish and Game Commission and having a great time!

At the 15th Reunion, Chris Profaci '82 told a story about Scott leading a hunting trip into the Alaska backcountry. During the trip, there was an accident in which Scott slipped off the edge of a very tall cliff. As he fell, a branch caught

him, saving his life. Because the group was so far back in the backcountry, it took four days to get to the nearest hospital; and from what I understand, this accident permanently injured his ankle.

Needless to say, and I hope to speak for the rest of our class, our deepest condolences go to Scott's family. Scott will be missed by our class and the rest of the SAS family.

Kevin Grandfield '82 notes, "One small memory I want to share with those who also knew Scott was that he roomed at SAS with J. W. Clements, with whom I was good friends; and one morning I went to their room early and it was freezing. Scott opened the window at nights, because he liked to wake up with a warm body and a cold face. Little things like that make an individual unique." When Kevin learned of Scott's death, he says it generated overwhelming emotions. The news reached him right before he left for a six-week trip to Europe, where he wrote the following elegy for his classmate.

I think now of the many
whose deaths I have known
but whose lives I did not
though I could have:
the boy from high school,
man from reunions—
big as a bear
and living with them up in Alaska.

Alone in nature,
always fishing
while others courted.

In school, we shared a time
now ended,
as was,
all the time,
our time
together.

We just never knew.

I still don't know
when
time will bring us together again.

I see him in his senior picture
staring at deep waters,
his reflection
or the swirling below the surface,
and when he got a bite,
and hauled something up wet and wiggling,
how could he decide
what to throw back
and what to save?

IN MEMORY

Andrew St. John Mein '90

Andrew, 25, of Newark, Del., died on December 6, 1998, at Christiana Hospital from injuries sustained November 22, 1998, when he was struck by a car while riding his bike.

Andrew was a service manager with Wooden Wheels Bike Shop in Newark and, for the past two years, worked as the East Coast technical representative for Specialized Bicycles Inc. He competed professionally in mountain bike races and was a member of the Wooden Wheels Mountain Bike Team.

He was a member of the SAS varsity crew team that competed in the 1989 Henley Royal Regatta in England.

Andrew attended Cornell University and the University of Delaware. He volunteered with the MS Bike to the Bay, the Tour de Cure and other fund-raising events where he provided technical support to the participants.

He is survived by his wife, Olivia S. Court, and his parents, the Reverend Canon Simon Mein and Nancy Mein. A memorial service was held in the School Chapel on December 10, 1998, and a private burial took place at Old St. Anne's Cemetery in Middletown. The family suggests that those wishing to honor Andrew's memory make donations to the Brain Injury Association of Delaware, P.O. Box 9876, Newark, DE 19714, or to a favorite charity.

The following eulogy was delivered by Headmaster Tad Roach at the memorial service for Andrew:

I know today that I speak for generations of St. Andrew's students, faculty, staff and trustees, as well as countless friends throughout the world and the Diocese of Delaware, who love the Mein family, who admire this family, who honor this family. Precisely because Nan, Simon, Andrew and Olivia bring us such life, such blessings, such wisdom, such care, we join together with their relatives today in expressing our grief and our sympathy, and in celebrating Andrew's life and our collective belief in the resurrection.

Andrew was a St. Andrean through and through. As an inquisitive and lively little boy, he roamed the campus and the woods with delighted abandon. As the child of brilliant parents, he was uncommonly well-read, bright, articulate and precocious. His lofty vocabulary and wit drew adults toward him. Those same qualities often surprised St.

Andrew's students when they engaged in verbal skirmishes with the young Andrew. From his earliest years, we all saw Andrew's love of life, of language, of reading, of tinkering and creating.

Andrew entered St. Andrew's as a student with the following wise words written by his mother on her parent statement:

Andrew is highly verbal and imaginative. When he works on projects of his own choosing, he has a high degree of concentration. He can, for example, read more than one hundred pages of a new book at one sitting, and it is virtually impossible to move him on to something else in such a session. On the other hand, in areas that do not immediately appeal to him but in which application is required, he is not so self-directed.

Andrew developed beautifully as a young man of uncommon sensibility and humanity. He wrote on his St. Andrew's application that what he liked most about himself was that he tried to be nice to people and that he was optimistic. At another point in his application, he said that he was most concerned about the threat of nuclear war and about the need for racial equality in America. He wrote these words as a boy of twelve years.

Andrew found great delight in his friendships with students and teachers. Will Speers, Elizabeth Roach and John Austin praised his intelligence and analytical insight. He loved the opportunity, camaraderie and spirit of St. Andrew's rowing and earned the most improved rower award two consecutive years. His body filled out, his confidence grew as he helped inspire his crew to Henley. As his advisor, Bob Stegeman, wrote in 1990, Andrew was "a special and delightful boy."

At St. Andrew's, we develop great respect, affection and love for our students, for we live together in a small sanctuary, and we learn to embrace our common humanity while celebrating our wonderful individuality. But faculty children are somehow even more special to us, for they live their lives, before and sometimes after attending St. Andrew's, on this campus with all of us. Because they live with us, we revel, like parents, in their

growth, their progress, their accomplishments. All of us particularly rejoiced with Andrew when he brought Olivia into his family and into our community. It was Olivia who essentially completed Andrew, made him whole, made him the happy, energetic young man he was. His love for his wife, his care for and delight in his parents, his passion for bicycles and people made him vital, delightful and engaging.

Andrew returned to St. Andrew's often, most notably as a magnificent and exuberant crew coach, mentor and friend to our younger students, and most memorably for me last year when he dropped by the house to inspect the bikes my children Matthew and Hadley were then riding. When Andrew arrived, he met with my children, shook his head at the quality and condition of their bikes and set to work with his remarkable hands. In minutes, as if by magic, all passing faculty children appeared on our driveway, spellbound by Andrew's work, kind spirit and warm, engaging personality. It was wonderful to see his touch with children, his love of bicycles, his delight in seeing the current group of faculty children. Andrew is beautifully linked and connected to all the faculty children who have followed him and now grace this campus.

When I told Nan about the experience of seeing Andrew with the children, her eyes gleamed with love and pride. Her son, Simon's son, Olivia's husband captured the Meins' love of life, the Meins' love of people.

I have watched Olivia, Nan and Simon keep vigil these past two weeks, I have heard them speak to Andrew about love and faith and peace and healing, I have seen them come to accept God's will—and I can only pray that we earn and be granted such grace, such dignity in our own greatest tests of faith and self-definition. This family deeply inspires us with their courage, grace and sacrifice. Perhaps Olivia, Nan and Simon have never taught us so well, so eloquently, so wisely. Jesus' words speak powerfully to us today, for faith in and love of God is so central to this family:

Let not your hearts be troubled; believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many rooms; if it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? And when I go and prepare a place for you, I

will come again and will take you to myself, that where I am you may be also. And you know the way I am going.

(John 14:1-4)

May God bless Andrew, Olivia, Nan and Simon. We thank God for sharing Andrew with us for these wonderful and lively years. We will dearly miss him, but we know, we believe he is at peace and with his God.

The Reverend James Oren Reynolds

Jim, who served Episcopal churches in Delaware and on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, died on December 3, 1998, of post-surgical complications in Johns Hopkins University Hospital, Baltimore. He was 69 and lived in Georgetown, Md.

A native of New Orleans, Jim was a 1947 graduate of Amherst College. He received in 1950 his Master of Divinity degree from General Theological Seminary in New York City and was ordained deacon in 1950 and a priest of the Episcopal Church in 1951. He served as chaplain of St. Andrew's School from 1950 to 1954 and was rector of Immanuel Church on the Green in New Castle, Del., from 1954 to 1968. He was the rector of Augustine parish in Chesapeake City, Md., from 1968 to 1980, when he became rector of Holy Cross Church in Tryon, N.C., where he served until his retirement in 1990.

Jim was active in many leadership positions in the Diocese of Delaware before moving to Maryland. He was president of the Standing Committee in the Diocese of Easton and a delegate from that diocese to the General Convention. While at Holy Cross, he was a member of the Executive Council of the Diocese of Western North Carolina.

Jim was a remarkably effective pastor and preacher; he was a person with a love of music and an insatiable intellectual curiosity. During his priesthood, he studied at the Royal College of Music in England, the University of Salamanca, Spain, and the Vienna and Rome Ecumenical Institutes.

At the time of his death, Jim resided at Hexton Farms in Georgetown, Md. He is survived by his nieces, Linda Corbett Holiday of Spartanburg, S.C., and Martha Corbett Williams of Charleston, S.C., and by his nephew, Howard Corbett of Albany, Ga.



Eric Crossan photographed the T-dock at dawn after an early snowstorm.

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