

FALL 2004
ST. ANDREW'S
MAGAZINE



The Foundation of a Dream

PLUS: Summer Studies • Campus Update • Living Diversity at St. Andrew's

Bare fields turned green. Trees went in.
Buildings went up. Cloisters went on.

Why affords a nice speculation.

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

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

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

And when you're done, another question remains:

What are you going to do with what you have?"

William "Bull" Cameron
Master and Assistant Headmaster
Founders' Day 1966

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ST. ANDREW'S

MAGAZINE

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Fall 2004

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

ON THE COVER

N.C. Wyeth depicted the inspiration behind the founding of St. Andrew's School in his mural, which graces the School's Dining Hall.



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Ridgely appointed to Delaware Supreme Court

Trustee Henry duPont Ridgely was nominated by Governor Ruth Ann Minner and unanimously confirmed by Delaware's State Senate to fill a vacancy on the Delaware Supreme Court.

In a June 16 news release, Gov. Minner praised Ridgely, calling him "a respected jurist with a distinguished record on the bench going back two decades." Ridgely had served as President Judge of Superior Court since 1990, a Superior Court resident judge from 1988 to 1990, and an associate judge from 1984 to 1988. He was presented the American Bar Association's and National Center for State Courts' Award for Outstanding Service in Adopting and Implementing Standards Relating to Juror Use and Management in 1993. In 1997 he received the Chief Justice's Annual Award for Outstanding Judicial Service. In 2000 the American Board of Trial Advocates - Delaware Chapter presented to Justice Ridgely its Award for Judicial Professionalism and Civility.

The Delaware Supreme Court consists of a chief justice and four justices who are appointed for 12-year terms. Three of the justices must represent one of the major political parties while the other two justices must be members of the other major political party.

During remarks at his July 22 investiture before the General Assembly, Ridgely acknowledged his father's lasting influence, as well as the time he spent at St. Andrew's:

At an investiture, one cannot help but reflect a little bit on the past, and I have done that. I did not begin my legal career expecting to be a judge. I intended to practice law with my father, Henry J. Ridgely. Many of you in this courtroom knew him.

Pop, as his sons called him, inspired me to be a lawyer. As a lawyer, he showed me how law was to be practiced with civility. He loved to help his clients, and his word was always his bond. And he was fair.

Chancellor Grover Brown wrote about my Dad in the Delaware Lawyer magazine, as he reflected on his own early days as a country lawyer. He said, "I was never much on heroes or role models, but Henry J. Ridgely and Collins Seitz came about as close for me as you could get. Henry was tall and had a gangly gait. His stride was easy and confident, and as he walked across The Green from his office to the courthouse, he symbolized a man completely in control of whatever it was he had to do.



Delaware Supreme Court Justice Henry duPont Ridgely '67

"He greeted you with a smile and always seemed concerned for your well-being. His eyebrows arched upward in apparent interest as he made some inquiry or offered a compliment on something you had done. He had only one pace, at least as far as I ever saw him, and that was steady.

"I never knew him to show anger, or give any indication that he would ever lose his composure, no matter what was going on around him, in court or out. He always spoke in the same soothing measured tone. He was always just Henry. He was also a very good lawyer."

I want to add to the Chancellor's description: He was an even better Dad.

The advice he gave me that I want to share with you today was, "Get as much education as you can. No one can ever take that away from you." He said that with the perspective of a man who had seen the Great Depression and knew how material possessions could be lost.

I know today that he and my mother set the right course for me by sending me to St. Andrew's where academic and athletic challenges were matched by the same steady encouragement by the faculty and Headmaster. I'm glad the current Headmaster and many present and former trustees can be here today to hear me say how grateful I am to St. Andrew's School for the foundation of faith and learning that the school has given me.

Two new Trustees appointed to Board

Adm. Dennis C. Blair '64, USN (Ret.)

Dennis Blair joins the Board as a nonclassified Trustee. Dennis attended the Naval Academy following his graduation from St. Andrew's and then Oxford University as a Rhodes Scholar, earning a master's degree in Russian language and European history. During his 34-year career in the Navy he served at sea in the Pacific; ashore he served on military staffs in the Pentagon and on the National Security Council staff. His final assignment on active duty was Commander-in-Chief, U.S. Forces Pacific. For the past year Dennis has been president of the Institute for Defense Analyses in Alexandria, Va. Dennis and his wife, Diane, live in Alexandria. They have two children: Duncan works in the environmental field, and Pamela is a social worker.

In 2000, Dennis delivered the commencement address at St. Andrew's.

Richard B. Vaughan '88

Richard Vaughan has been elected to the Board as an Alumni Term Trustee. Richard is managing director of private equity at Cockrell Interests, the investment arm for the Cockrell family in Texas. He is responsible for investing family capital as well as other client capital managed under the Pinto Group of funds. Previously, Richard was a managing principal of Zephyr Management in New York, where he focused on private equity investing in non-U.S. developing markets. In this capacity, Richard traveled extensively and worked in markets throughout Latin America and Asia, including being based in Seoul, South Korea 1997-2000. Prior to Zephyr he worked at Bankers Trust Company in New York in global investment management and the bank's proprietary funds management group. He graduated from Princeton University with an A.B. degree in politics.

Richard is a native of Texas and resides in New York and Houston with his wife, Ann Davis Vaughan. Ann is a native of North Carolina and is a senior special writer on the Wall Street beat for the *Wall Street Journal*.

Cynthia Primo Martin completes service to Board

Cynthia Martin has made distinguished contributions to the Board during her tenure. As a past parent and leader within the Delaware community, she has inspired St. Andrew's deep commitment to diversity, to service learning and to human rights. As the leader of the Primo Lecture Series, Cynthia has connected St. Andrew's students to the inspiration and works of Archbishop Desmond Tutu, former U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young and other national and international figures.

While a Trustee, Cynthia served on the Board's education and diversity committees, and she has been a trusted mentor and friend to Headmaster Tad Roach.

Celebrating 75 years of visionary education

I do not know about you, but I have never enjoyed my own birthday celebrations. As a young child in Buffalo, I distinctly recall watching lots of children running around my back yard as I resisted my mother's entreaties to join my own party. And now that I am nearly 50, the birthday each year becomes a reminder that I probably should have enjoyed those early birthdays when I had the chance.

As we begin our celebration of the 75th anniversary of the founding of St. Andrew's, I stand on much more secure ground; for as we celebrate the School's birthday, we have the luxury of remembering the past and creating its future. I have thought a great deal about how I should mark this 75th anniversary year, and in this essay I would like to share my conclusions and observations.

I began the 2004-05 year by talking to the faculty about the recently released 9/11 Report. This is an important document for Americans to read and study as we seek to understand a new era of world terrorism. But the study is also a fascinating challenge to all organizations, especially schools and colleges. The report's most compelling finding is that a distinct failure of imagination on the part of two administrations, the Congress and our intelligence communities, led to the tragic events of September 11, 2001. The Commission described this failure of imagination as an inability on the part of individuals and organizations to view the world without preconceptions, without a blind adherence to old principles and assumptions, without an ability to speak up, question and ultimately change course. We know that individuals and particularly organizations fear creativity and change, but we also know that a sense of complacency and self-satisfaction can lead to stagnation, paralysis and mediocrity.

The history and legacy of St. Andrew's School describes an institution that has sought to be creative and imaginative as America and our understanding of education has evolved. What strikes me as I survey these 75 years on the campus is how wise our founding principles were. They clearly have stood the test of time. The radical idea of a new kind of boarding school, one designed to offer access to all regardless of means, was a great idea in 1929 and still is in 2004. In 1929, that concept of socio-economic diversity was one that was rarely articulated or pursued either by other private schools or colleges. Today, socio-economic diversity is the

foundation of admissions, student life and academic programs at the most creative and enlightened college campuses throughout the country. Mr. duPont understood this almost a century before it became important for colleges, universities and schools to give educational opportunities to all.

St. Andrew's was always envisioned as a community—a community of learning, a community of faith, a community of goodness. The School's values and ethos were never tied to individualistic success, materialism or the lure of the world. Dr. Pell, Bishop Cook and Mr. duPont were skeptical of the worth of a life of materialism, greed and individual ambition. They sought to create a community where character and responsibility and stewardship come first, where teachers and students share a love of learning and a deep respect for one another.

And finally, the Founders believed that a beautiful setting would provide the stage for learning and community to flourish. So it was that from the barren cornfields and desolation a school grew, took shape and prospered.

As America changed, our definition and understanding of diversity changed. Once a school for white boys, rich, middle class and poor, St. Andrew's slowly developed into a school for all: girls, students of color, international students, students of varying faiths and religious backgrounds. The original vision and gift provided to ensure socio-economic diversity inspired us to be more and more creative, more and more inclusive and more and more diverse. Now we see an educational community with the potential for deep learning in our classrooms, dorms, studios and playing fields.

What was our most important creative act in all of these years? . . . impossible to say except to remember that the Founders made possible the notion of St. Andrew's as a distinct, unique boarding school. They gave us the resources and the incentives to dream.

I plan to celebrate the 75th anniversary of the School's founding with all of you. And I ask you to join me in thanking those who came before us and in thinking actively and imaginatively about St. Andrew's future.





By late summer, construction work on the O'Brien Arts Center neared its final phase.

O'Brien Arts Center and Amos Hall near completion for students' return

As school opened this fall, construction workers worked diligently to complete the final phases of the new Joan D. and Jonathan B. O'Brien Arts Center, the facility in the center of campus that will bring all of St. Andrew's arts programs under one roof.

The roof, in fact, was one of the most striking features in students' eyes as they returned to campus Labor Day weekend. The side of the building facing Founders' Hall, clearly visible across the gully, is completely covered in the roofing material selected for the building by architect Richard Conway Meyer of Philadelphia—lead-coated copper. This material was also used for the roof of the bays of the Kip duPont Boathouse, also designed by Meyer, in 1990.

Meyer also used Belden brick for the other sections of the building. These materials firmly connect the completely new and modern design of the O'Brien Arts Center to the other important buildings surrounding it. According to Fine Arts Department Chair John McGiff, "the building provides a truly generous bridge between both sides of campus and shifts the center of our community to its real geographical center—the gully."

The new building, whose construction was headed by Michael Loessner '84 of Bellevue Holding Company (construction managers for the project), opened to students during September, as soon as a certificate of occupancy was obtained for the building. The fact that the Arts Center was open for the first weeks of school is impressive when the obstacles to construction are taken into consideration—including a snowier than average winter and heavy rains and flooding throughout the spring and summer.

There is no doubt that faculty and students alike love the new building. As John McGiff said, "the space is immediately magnificent—the studios are spacious and light-filled and the architect's love of windows allows one, indeed, invites one, to peer into many different, enticing spaces at once."

While eagerly taking in the appearance of the building and admiring its design features, students were mostly just excited to move in and begin to use the building.

The dedication of the O'Brien Arts Center will take place at noon on October 15, 2004.



The rear façade of Amos Hall underwent a significant transformation.



The Strand bridge connects the Arts Center to Amos Hall.

Founders' Hall doors and woodwork restored

Visitors to St. Andrew's this fall will find the meticulously crafted doors and the floor-to-ceiling wood paneling in the Main Common Room restored to their original splendor. Master craftsmen spent hours this summer removing the original hardware from the solid oak exterior doors, sanding and refinishing the wood and polishing it to a high finish. The original hardware was cleaned and restored. In the Main Common Room, the wood paneling that surrounds Felix duPont's gun collection and the hearth was stripped and refinished, adding a new sparkle to the most used room on campus.

Infrastructure work rolls into second year

At the close of the summer, underground fire sprinkler water lines had been run to all buildings on campus, including the boathouse, gym, dormitory buildings and classroom buildings. Over the summer, automatic fire sprinkler systems were installed in Gaul East, Gaul West and North Hall. As construction on the childcare center and Edith Pell Student Center is completed, these facilities will have sprinklers as well. Next summer and the following summers, sprinkler systems will be installed in Founders' Hall, Moss Hall, Amos Hall and the Cameron Gym.



Following a summer restoration, the doors of Founders' Hall look just like they did in 1930.

Infrastructure work rolls into second year *(continued)*

A major roof and building envelope project was initiated in July and will last for the next several years. In the first phase, completed this summer, several flat roofs around campus were repaired. Leaks had become a problem, particularly in Founders' Hall, during the extraordinarily rainy weather experienced in Delaware over the last year. Brick masons also rebuilt several of Founders' Hall's massive chimneys to accommodate the exhaust systems for the new boilers. Over the next several years, other roofs, including Founders' Hall's slate roofs, will be rebuilt.

Three new boilers were installed in Founders' Hall, and new boilers were installed in Pell and Moss, the Edith Pell Student Center, and the burners of the boiler in the Cameron Gym were retrofitted to burn a more efficient grade of oil. The new boilers are dual fuel burners, able to use both oil and natural gas. Natural gas lines were therefore brought into campus in July, and should be on line by the heating season.

Aspects of the electrical systems on campus were also overhauled this summer. Two new primary electrical lines were brought into campus. The main electrical vault will also be overhauled during the year. The entire system needed extensive work to meet the present needs of the campus. Dorm, classroom and laboratory electrical equipment and appliances have increased demands for electricity on campus since the current electrical systems on campus were installed decades ago. Another major improvement in campus electric is the installation of a new generator, capable of keeping all of Founders' Hall and the houses on the main drive up and running for three days during an emergency. On a day-to-day basis the generator will provide backup electricity during short or minor power failures.

McKinstry Garth looking beautiful again

Cranes, trucks, dumpsters and huge piles of rock were a constant presence on the front lawn this summer as stone masons worked to refurbish McKinstry Garth, which had been the victim of decades of water and weather damage.

There was no sign of the construction when School opened in early September. The stonework was repaired

and limestone caps installed to improve the stability and appearance of the area that has become a central architectural feature of the School.

While the floor of the upper level of the Garth was not re-installed, the courtyard floor was completely refurbished. The courtyard area was also updated with fresh landscaping and new lighting.

Initial phase of campus lighting project completed

Thirty-five custom-made streetlights were installed in the central area of campus over the summer, on the main drive, around Founders' Hall and near the O'Brien Arts Center. The lights are designed for safety, offering better lighting with no dark areas.

The lights are modeled after lights appearing elsewhere on campus, on the exterior of Founders' Hall and other original School buildings. The metal armature attaching the lanterns to the lampposts is designed in the shape of a St. Andrew's cross.



In addition to capping the stone arches of the Garth, the flagstones of the courtyard were refurbished and the underlying drainage structures were repaired.

Students spend summers in service and learning

From internships to community service to foreign travel, St. Andrew's students filled the three months of the summer with engaging opportunities.

Allison Prevatt '05 traveled with other St. Andreans to St. Mark's College in Jane Furse, South Africa and then spent a month in Paris taking creative writing courses and working as a *benevole* (volunteer) in a geriatric ward at L'Hôpital Vaugiraud. Allison helped during an exercise period that focused on patients' physical disabilities, played games battling the effects of memory loss or often simply engaged them in conversation to liven their afternoons. She also managed to fit in some coxing at the Northeastern Rowing Camp in Maine.

Allison Stewart '07 worked towards earning her Congressional Award, a program that recognizes excellence in initiative, achievement and service among young persons, age 14-23. Candidates pursue the award through voluntary public service, personal development, and physical fitness and then undertake an expedition or exploration. Allison took Spanish, learned how to row a scull and volunteered for over 100 hours, 80 spent with Landmark Volunteers and Scenic Hudson cleaning up the Hudson riverside to help create an eco-friendly park.

Adam Mantha '07 conducted a small-scale study on the prevalence and management of diabetes in a suburban family practice setting, examining more than a hundred charts to familiarize himself with various demographics of the disease in this setting. He also found time to compete with the Riptide swim team.

Ashley Hart '07 spent time in Spain enjoying the museums of Madrid and the horse country of El Escorial and proving once again that the world is never too big for St. Andreans to find each other. In the small town of Tarifa, Ashley and her family were walking the streets when they stumbled across faculty members Darcy and Peter Caldwell and their three children.

Ashley Holbrook '05 spent a month living in Tanzania working in the horse stables on a reserve called Sasakwa, exploring the land on horseback and contributing to a diverse community of people who each traded village, anti-poaching, construction work or other skills in return for room and board. Ashley also spent time in the villages surrounding the Serengeti Plain. "Not only did it cause me to be grateful for what I have, but I also felt an admiration for the good-nature of the Africans and their dedication to supporting themselves and their culture, despite the immense hardships that are a part of their

everyday lives," said Ashley. "Never once did I meet an African without a smile from ear to ear." Ashley was able to learn a small amount of Swahili—just enough to carry on a brief conversation—but is very interested in the language and hopes to pursue it further.

Chad Shahan '05 spent his fifth straight summer working as a volunteer at the Mount Vernon Estate just outside Alexandria, Va. This summer, Chad worked in the Hands on History tent, an exhibit for children and families near the mansion. The exhibit included activities such as building a bucket 18th-century style, trying on colonial attire and mending pottery shards like an archaeologist.

Christina Conell '05 traveled to Segovia, Spain, a small city about one hour southeast of Madrid. Christina had the opportunity to see the Roman aqueduct and the Alcazar Castilla, which is the castle that Disney imitated when building Disneyland. While in Segovia, Christina took Spanish classes every morning, focusing on grammar, literature that included works by Gabriel García Márquez and Octavio Paz and the culture and history of Spain as taught by a local historian.

Dana Daugherty '05 was part of a leadership development program in New Hampshire where candidates participated in physically demanding activities, helped at a camp for ability-challenged kids, built part of a house for Habitat for Humanity, learned how to be a counselor in a cabin for a week, spent 10 days on a canoe trip along the Chibougamau River in Canada and spent 48 hours alone in the middle of the woods with nothing but a tarp, a

Ashley Holbrook '05 spent the summer in Tanzania, working near the Serengeti Plain.



sleeping bag, two bottles of water and a pen and paper.

Duncan Kirby '05 visited Tibet for six weeks, backpacking, doing community service and a seven-day homestay, as well as looking at numerous monasteries and studying Tibetan Buddhism.

David Agia '06 spent time in Europe giving concert tours in two separate trips. The first was a trip to Spain for 10 days at the end of June. The orchestra consisted of about 12 Americans playing violin, viola, cello and bass. The group gave four concerts around northern Spain, including Madrid. In August, David spent time at a strings festival in Italy. For this tour, the orchestra was more international, with students from America, Italy and a few other European countries. There were also a number of professionals in the group. The main focus for this tour was not giving concerts, but rehearsing and learning through those rehearsals. Students received private lessons every morning, followed by a chamber music rehearsal, then orchestra practice. The groups performed nine concerts around central Italy.

J. J. Geewax '05 volunteered in Sharp Laboratory at the University of Delaware, working under physicists George Hadjipinayis and Mike Bonder, currently doing research on magnetic nano-particles. J. J. performed

computer analysis of data from a transmission electron microscope (TEM), which magnified surfaces up to 200,000 times. He created graphs and models of how different particles reacted when they were "sputtered" at different temperatures and pressures. Sputtering is a way of shooting a thin film of silver particles onto a piece of metal, usually silicon.

Dexter Walcott '05 spent the first months of summer working in construction, renovating an old trucking terminal into an office building. Before returning to campus, Dexter plunged into the political arena for a few weeks when he volunteered with his local Democratic Party office, helping to register voters and conducting telephone research. Of the experience, Dexter reported, "I am especially excited about the involvement and interest of young people in America." Optimistically he added, "I believe that we may get to see the majority of 18- to 24-year-olds out at the polls—which is very exciting."

During a month in Chile, Manaami Ransom '05 lived with a host in the town of La Serena/Coquimbo, performed community service at the Hogar de Cristo (House of Christ), a home for senior citizens of Chile that were abandoned, ill and homeless, and Hogar de

Enjoying the summer—on the airwaves

by Peter Zimmerman '05

This summer I had an internship at a local public radio station—WXPB 88.5 FM in Philadelphia. I worked specifically with the staff of a show called "The World Cafe." This is a show which is programmed and directed from WXPB, but is then sent out to about 160 other public radio stations in the United States. The World Cafe is a two-hour program which is hosted by longtime music connoisseur David Dye and every day features a different live performance by an artist or band, ranging from the likes of Warren Hayes to Alanis Morissette to Lucinda Williams to lesser known artists such as the Clumsy Lovers or Jem. The artists donate an hour of music to the station—they are not paid to come in to WXPB but do it as a way of promoting themselves. They are also artists who do not normally receive much airplay on commercial radio. I had the experience of meeting a lot of artists this summer while I worked for the World Cafe, including the Indigo Girls, the Frank and Joe Show, Rachael Yamagata and many others.

However, for my internship I was working on updating databases, cataloging copies of past World Cafe shows, sending files to the RIAA (which described exactly how many listeners tuned in per hour and exactly what songs were played in each show), and contacting artists' labels about updated contact information and to confirm bookings. This may sound like a small amount of work, but in a station that is funded completely by member donations, the need for work is incredibly high, and I actually found myself going beyond these duties many times. For example, one Friday I was able to help the on-air DJ take request calls and set up the show for two hours of "Crazy Requests," a time period of playing just what people are requesting, no matter how obscure the song.

The internship was incredible because I had the opportunity to make relationships with so many of the interns and hired workers at the radio station. I was expecting to be pushed to the side and not really needed because I was an intern, but I

Vida (House of Life), an orphanage for suicidal, abandoned, homeless and sexually abused children. At both homes Manaami spent many hours playing games and engaging the residents with dominoes and El Gato y El Ratón (the Cat and the Mouse). She also cleaned, painted and helped build walls at both establishments. The trip called upon Manaami to sharpen her language skills, speaking only Spanish and attending La Universidad de La Serena a few times each week.

Paul Harland-White '06 spent a portion of his summer working at a local theater camp for elementary and middle-school kids. The camp put on a different show every two weeks—first *Peter Pan* and then *Anything Goes*. Paul then took to the stage himself in a third show for students his own age. The cast did a revue of four different shows as well as a few of the director's favorite numbers from numerous other shows. Throughout the production, Paul played Tony in *Westside Story*, Pawnee Bill in *Annie Get your Gun*, Billy Flynn in *Chicago*, Rademeis in *Aida*, and a waiter in *Hello Dolly*.

Faculty enjoy enriching summers

St. Andrew's endowment contains several funds established to support faculty to pursue advanced degrees and acquire new skills and information in their subject areas. Funding is available to all faculty, and each summer faculty who receive grants generate new classes and programs for St. Andrew's curriculum. This summer was no exception.

Donald Duffy worked on designing and setting up an Internet-based language lab. The system allows students to complete assignments on the Web and receive immediate feedback. Donald also worked to incorporate teacher-authored multimedia files, such as Quicktime movies, for listening and reading. Donald is hoping to include recording capabilities for the students in the language lab. As he described the system, "This is a chug and plug language lab with self-authored tools for the teachers, not a packaged lab given that confines teachers without pedagogical flexibility."

quickly found this was not the case. The energy from working there was amazing. I came to work every Thursday and Friday morning at 9:00 a.m., after two long hours of commuting, but I was quickly jolted out of my tiredness and into a whirlwind of music and excitement about music. I did not meet one person who worked there that did not love exactly what they did. Another part of the internship which made it great for me was the exposure to such good new music. While commercial radio plays to the trends and spins songs that sometimes are indistinguishable from others, it was such a relief to hear fresh new music from artists that would not normally be heard. I was introduced to many different types of music with which I was not familiar,



Peter with the Indigo Girls, Amy Ray and Emily Saliers.

such as bluegrass, Celtic music and funk. WXPN plays such an eclectic mix of songs that one cannot get tired of the music quickly. I do think it helped that WXPN also plays my favorite music, but I still found myself faced with such different kinds of music and artists that I really felt I was learning something every day. After this internship I

have really become interested in communications, and want to return next summer and work there again, but perhaps this time in a different section of the station, producing a different show, or maybe even programming the shows. During a summer chock full of college trips, SAT prep, summer work and applications, this was an invigorating breath of fresh air.

Awards Night 2004

In addition to the prizes awarded at Commencement, students are also acknowledged for their achievements in specific disciplines. Recognition was given to the following students at the Awards Night ceremony, the evening prior to Commencement Exercises.

Cresson Prize - Athletics Edwin Cuervo '04 Elizabeth Hardwick '04	Chinese Prize Stephanie Pfeiffer '04
Art Prize Bianca Brown '04 Julia Donaldson '04 Tarlton Long '04	G. Coerte Voorhees Prize for Classical Languages Kate Whitesell '04
Purchase Prize Marten Elder '04 Tarlton Long '04	Walter L. Harrison Prize for Mathematics J. J. Geewax '05 Peter Salas '05
Larry L. Walker Band Prize Edwin Cuervo '04 Laney Smith '04	William Day Scott Prize for Science Hugo Beekman '04 Laney Smith '04
Choir Prize Edwin Cuervo '04	William H. Amos Prize for the Life Sciences Cory duPont '04 Elizabeth Hardwick '04
Drama Prize Peyton Coles '04 Laney Smith '04	Virginia Layton Orr Prize Nia Chaney '04 Marten Elder '04
Hoover C. Sutton Drama Prize - Technical Ashby Hardesty '04 Carl Hayden '04	Walden Pell Prize for Religious Studies Ashby Hardesty '04 Claire Teigland '04
Keri J. Advocat Photography Prize Anstes Agnew '05 Chloe Arthurs '05 Jane-Paige D'Huyvetter '04	Francis L. Spalding Award Arkadiusz Adamczyk '06 Marti Dumas '06
Chester E. Baum Prize for English Maggie Bryan '04 Matthew Roach '04 Natalie Stewart '04	Harry C. Parker Prize Cory duPont '04 Mary-Carson Saunders '04 Scott Willey '04
Charles H. Welling Jr. Prize for Writing Bianca Brown '04 Will Blue '04 Sydnor Scholer '04	Peer Tutoring Award Laney Smith '04 Kate Whitesell '04
Amanda C. Leyon Prize for Creative Writing Betty Cox '05 Allison Prevatt '05	Community Service Award Janet Daniels '04
Louis C. Mandes Jr. Library Prize Shayna Alleyne '05	Calder Prize Andrew Forsthoefel '07 Hadley Roach '07
Sherman Webb Prize for History Elizabeth Hardwick '04 Laney Smith '04 Matthew Roach '04	J. Thompson Brown Award Antonia Clark '05 Mark Kavulich '06
W. Lewis Fleming Prize for French Sarah Unger '04	Malcolm Ford Award Elizabeth Burns '05 Dana Daugherty '06 Tyler Montgomery '05
Joseph L. Hargove Prize for Spanish Maggie Bryan '04	Robert H. Stegeman Jr. Award Monique McDermoth '05 Peter Zimmerman '05

Faculty summers

continued

Diahann Johnson spent a month studying at the Sorbonne in Paris. The advanced seminar entitled 'Cours de Civilisation Française de la Sorbonne' was specifically designed for French teachers and language students. The topics ranged from art to history to international relations and urban studies. Diahann especially enjoyed the music and literature conferences given by noted professors from the Sorbonne and professionals in specialized fields of study.

Emily Pressman was a Fellow at the Klingenstein Summer Institute, a two-week program at Columbia Teachers College. The Summer Institute is specifically for independent school teachers who are in their first two to five years of teaching. Participants spent the weeks learning about and discussing educational theory, cognitive development, issues of diversity and discussing the teaching of our disciplines. St. Andrew's faculty member Nigel Furlonge was one of the lead teachers for the history discipline group.

Kevin Schroedter spent two weeks in France leading a group of 25 high school students from California. The group stayed with host families in Lyon and then traveled around the southeastern part of the country. Kevin also attended the Advanced Placement National Conference in Orlando, Fl. in July.

Nathan Costa continued his work in a master's program at St. John's University School of Theology in Collegeville, Minn. St. John's is a Benedictine university, secondary school and monastery centered on intellectual endeavor, daily prayer and a nurturing life in a community bound by tradition, faith, openness, respect and hospitality. This summer, Nathan's second, he took courses in early liturgy, Gregorian chant, the development of psalmody and hymnody and Christian theologies of salvation. He also worked in the liturgical music department taking lessons in organ and voice.

The South Africa I didn't expect

by Allison Prevatt '05

When I boarded the plane for South Africa, the only thing I knew about my destination was from what I had seen in the news or studied in Colonial History class. I was expecting a country in political upheaval, blatant racism and hatred, poverty, misfortune, and an undercurrent of resentment against the dominating institutions of religion and government. The more I learned about the injustice of their past, however, the more convinced I was that the black South Africans should feel victimized, wronged, and logically (almost rationally) respond with anger and violence, living up to the expectation the rest of the world seems to hold. This perception, however, this ignorance, was soon to be corrected by our stay at St. Mark's College where the overwhelming energy of hope and faith of the students and school's founding principles would complicate, challenge and fulfill every gap of understanding.

The defining moment for me, and I believe the rest of the group would agree, was the first morning we went to their chapel to celebrate Youth Day. What we learned was that the infectious love for their country, school, each other and us was but a fraction of the passion that they tirelessly poured into their faith. Lunga, their school president, showed me this faith. On the morning of Youth Day, he gave an eloquent and moving description of how children led the revolt against apartheid and how their generation is blessed by God with opportunity and ability to lead the new, free, South Africa. In a country that has been going through years of cultural assimilation, they have every reason to feel victimized and to reject Christianity, but instead he embraced his faith and encouraged his peers to do the same. He encouraged his classmates to be assertive, confident and passionate towards their studies, to act as the children revolting against apartheid had, trusting in the change their power can create rather than falling into a pattern of submission. Lunga has no desire to leave for study in America because he sees hope in God's plan for the future of his country, and he has faith in the life he will live as an educated South African.

Lunga's spirituality that permeated every conversation became clear to me the first night Ms. Duprey and I attended LCF, a student-run religious group that meets early in the morning before classes and chapel. Before 8 a.m., praise songs and vocal prayers, booming in three or four of their own languages, filled the old missionary church with a steady, proud pulse of divinity and respect for each other's interpretations and expressions of God's word. I wanted to sing along, to step and clap along, to feel the depth of the faith that hung in the air and pounded into the earth as they prayed together, to understand what faith that strong even felt like. Still dizzy on this passion for song and prayer, in chapel that morning when an 8th grader preached "God is African," we laughed at the thought amongst ourselves, but to tell the truth, from what I had seen and heard, I believed it.



Eight new faculty join St. Andrew's community



Demond Baine
Ceramics



Margaret Coffey
Mathematics



Wes Goldsberry
Religious Studies



Gretchen Hurtt '90
English

Eight new faculty members join the St. Andrew's community this fall, filling positions in academics, advancement, arts and college counseling.

Demond Baine teaches ceramics and coaches football. Originally from Chicago, Demond attended Truman State University in Kirksville, Missouri, and earned a B.F.A. in painting in 1996. His art focuses on the peculiar nature of the human figure, borne out of direct relation to himself and his perceived experiences. Currently attending the University of the Arts in Philadelphia, Demond is working on his M.F.A. in ceramics. As a ceramicist, he is currently concerned with understanding his culture from a visual perspective and working toward a thesis that covers the range of perception for African Americans and their cultural heritage.

At Truman State, Demond earned an athletic scholarship and received the Derringer Cade Inspiration Award in football. He was selected to the National All-Star Game in Minnesota in 1996. After college, Demond worked in administrative education as well as teaching art. His interest in education involves influencing youth to think positively and to understand their true worth.

After 14 years of teaching high school and community college students in northern Virginia, Margaret Coffey joined the St. Andrew's mathematics department. Margaret grew up in Gary, Indiana, graduated from Berkeley (Calif.) High School and attended Stanford University, where she earned an A.B. in German studies. During her years as a stay-at-home mom, she decided to pursue her love of mathematics and returned to school. Her study led to an M.S. in statistical science from George Mason University in 1998.

Margaret enjoys writing about teaching mathematics, and her articles have appeared in *Mathematics Teacher* and *Virginia Mathematics Teacher*. An active member of the Northern Virginia Council of Teachers of Mathematics, Margaret served as that group's secretary and president. Last year she field-tested curricula developed for the Young

Epidemiology Scholars program. She has also worked as a freelancer for PBS Mathline.

Wes Goldsberry teaches religious studies, coaches basketball and serves as a corridor parent for IV Form boys. Born and raised in North Carolina, Wes is a graduate of William G. Enloe High School in Raleigh. He completed his undergraduate studies at Davidson College, obtaining an A.B. cum laude in music and philosophy with honors in music. Wes served as concertmaster of the Davidson College Symphony Orchestra for two years, earning multiple awards from the music department for outstanding scholarship and service. Wes received a Tate Ministerial Challenge Scholarship in the spring of 2001, sending him to Columbia Theological Seminary in Decatur, Ga., for one year. He has completed his Masters of Divinity at Princeton Theological Seminary and is pursuing ordination in the Presbyterian Church.

Wes has served as a teaching assistant at the Phillips Academy Summer Session and at Columbia Theological Seminary, teaching courses in geometry, journalism and biblical Greek, as well as directing choral ensembles at each institution.

Gretchen Bensinger Hurtt '90 returned to St. Andrew's to teach English and coach field hockey and lacrosse. Gretchen grew up in Pottstown, Pa., on the campus of The Hill School. While attending St. Andrew's, Gretchen played field hockey, basketball and lacrosse, was an editor of the *Cardinal*, played flute in the band and was a residential leader.

At Princeton, Gretchen majored in English, played field hockey and lacrosse and managed Tiger Pizza, a student-run company. During her summers she taught at the Salisbury Summer School in Connecticut and The Hill School Summer Program. After graduating, Gretchen taught upper school English at the Severn School in Annapolis, Md. She also coached field hockey and lacrosse and served as the faculty advisor to the literary magazine and yearbook.



Callen Hurtt '90
Annual Giving



Betsy James
Mathematics



Heidi Pearce '00
Athletics



Alix Ross
College Counseling

After earning her master's degree from Harvard, Gretchen taught at Harvard-Westlake School in Los Angeles and at the Kent Denver School in Denver, Colorado. In recent summers, Gretchen has studied at the Klingenstein Summer Fellowship through Columbia University, Berkeley Summer Study at Oxford University, and The Curriculum Initiative at Princeton University.

Callen Hurtt '90 joins his wife, Gretchen, in returning to St. Andrew's. Callen serves as the Director of Annual Giving and coaches soccer and squash. As a student at St. Andrew's, Callen captained the soccer team, played squash, and stroked the varsity eight. He served as Warden of the Vestry, was a residential leader, and won the Henry Prize for athletics.

Callen studied anthropology at Harvard, where he rowed varsity lightweight crew. While at Harvard, he worked at the Kennedy School of Government and served as a teacher in Boston Public Schools through the Harvard Program for International Education.

Immediately after his Harvard graduation, Callen moved to Alabama to work for a family oil and gas company. From 1995 to 1998 he pursued his B.S. in petroleum engineering at the University of Alabama while working full time in the field. Callen received Alabama's Outstanding Student in Mineral Engineering Award each year he attended. He also coached and helped develop the University of Alabama club crew program.

Rebecca James returned to the faculty in her own right this fall, having joined last January as a mid-year maternity-leave replacement for Kim Klecan. Betsy grew up in Birmingham, Ala., and attended Vestavia Hills High School, where she played soccer and tennis, was a member of the math team, president of the French Honor Society, and chaplain of the National Honor Society.

Betsy graduated cum laude from Auburn University with a B.S. in mathematics and a B.A. in French. While at Auburn, Betsy was a member of the freshman forum in the student government association, and eventually a senator

for the College of Sciences & Mathematics. She received Freshman Academic and John & Rosemary Brown scholarships and spent two summers abroad studying French. Betsy also played club soccer and flag football and was a Tiger Tutor, helping student athletes. Betsy attended UCLA for graduate work and completed her M.A. in mathematics.

Heidi Pearce '00 serves as the Assistant Director of Athletics, in addition to coaching field hockey, basketball and lacrosse. A native of Chestertown, Md., Heidi earned distinction as one of the most accomplished athletes in the history of St. Andrew's School. She was twice named the state lacrosse player of the year, was part of the School's first state champion team, and continued to play lacrosse on a scholarship to Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Md. In 2002, Heidi was named to the First Team All-Conference and was the college's midfielder of the year in 2001 and 2002 and rookie of the year in 2001.

At Johns Hopkins, Heidi completed the major requirements for her B.A. in sociology by the spring of her junior year. She spent her final semesters fulfilling the prerequisite coursework for nursing school, which she will continue this fall at the University of Delaware.

Before joining the college counseling office at St. Andrew's, Alix Ross worked as an assistant director of admissions for Kenyon College. While in admissions, Alix was part of their multicultural recruitment team, as well as a committee analyzing Kenyon's resources for students with learning disabilities. She managed the student volunteers and was responsible for coordinating transfer student admissions in addition to her regular admissions responsibilities.

While attending Kenyon, Alix majored in English, had a weekly radio show, was very involved with the Craft Center, where she took quilting classes, and tutored at the local elementary school. In addition, Alix was very involved with costume design and backstage crew for the drama department.

Staff Profiles

Editor's Note: Beginning this year, the St. Andrew's Magazine will feature a regular profile of a member or members of the staff. Since its founding, St. Andrew's has been fortunate to have a staff composed of men and women who are essential to the School's success. We hope these profiles reassure you that this tradition of dedication is alive and well.



Dave McKelvey
Director of Facilities
Services

SAM: What are your priorities this year, as we enter a busy school year with new buildings and facilities to care for?

Dave: My priority this year is continuing to improve the facilities department's structure, with the goal of establishing the best facilities department among all boarding schools. This is a big job, but our facilities group has the talent to achieve that goal. We are aiming to better utilize people's talents and reconfiguring to cover the new territory and equipment in the O'Brien Arts Center and new infrastructure around campus. We are also more frequently using outside vendors to broaden our in-house expertise. Another chief goal is to be more safety conscious, fully compliant with OSHA, and increasingly attentive to health issues.

SAM: Given how large our campus is, and the fact that you only have 30 full time people, how does Facilities Services care for a 2,200-acre campus every day?

Dave: Teamwork is how we get the work done. We have a lot of people who show initiative every day, use their own ideas and demonstrate great leadership in the department. I am fortunate to be working with these people every day, along with a supportive group of Trustees and the School's administration. They understand the scope of what we're trying to get done and have provided us with the resources to do it.

SAM: What can you tell us about the new computerized work order request system?

Dave: The computerized system on the campus intranet is working well because it helps us track when work orders are assigned and completed. Its presence on the network provides better information for the faculty who have submitted the work orders. It also allows for analysis of the projects coming in the door—we can easily identify patterns and become more efficient in our preventative maintenance.

SAM: What are you looking forward to in the year ahead?

Dave: After 75 years, we are taking action to renew the campus and in the next 10 years we hope everything will be to the point where it will be good for another half century. Before, on this campus, we always heard about deferred maintenance; now we are going to hear more about preventative maintenance. We are installing new equipment with a view to maintaining it, rather than letting it deteriorate to the point that our tradesmen have to put it back together again. We still have another two years of growth before we are a fine-tuned machine.

I am most excited about the teambuilding and changes in staffing. We just brought in a new facilities care supervisor, Eric Sharp, who will supervise house-keeping, light groundwork and minor maintenance. This part of our work is important, keeping people on the campus happy with their environment and their surroundings.

SAM: What is your favorite part of your job?

Dave: The St. Andrew's community itself. People come forward and help—students and faculty try to make our work as easy as possible. They share their ideas, and are patient and understanding of the work we have to do. I'm excited to work with these people during the year coming up. It will be a time of exciting changes and progress.



Bill Soukup
Director of Facilities
Management and Planning

SAM: How would you describe your job at St. Andrew's?

Bill: I am the project manager for all capital projects, and I lead strategic planning for the facilities part of the School. Dave McKelvey deals with all operations issues in our facilities, and we work closely together. He knows the School's buildings well and therefore helps with planning, and we communicate frequently during projects because he takes them over for maintenance when they are completed.

SAM: With the O'Brien Arts Center, Amos Hall renovation, Pell Student Center and campus infrastructure projects nearing completion, what are you looking to accomplish this year?

Bill: My priority is to get the work we did this summer on-line, operating to specifications and doing so efficiently. I will also be very busy training and helping the operations side use all the new equipment and keep track of it.

There are a lot of complicated issues with the Arts Center that I'll stay involved in throughout the year. Foremost in my mind is the fact that we need to use all the investment we made in the building—arts faculty and building staff will have to learn new systems, for example, the complicated audio-visual systems, HVAC, blackout screens for the windows in Engelhard Hall. A critical mass of faculty and students need to learn to use all that equipment so that we get the most use out of it. In addition, there will be landscaping and follow-up work to be done around the building throughout the year.

I'll be continuing to work on long-range planning for Founders' Hall. We are going to close Founders' Hall to all occupants and offices next summer to install sprinklers, all new HVAC, new wiring, new fire detection systems and new data lines. Like all renovations, this is a major project with many complicated steps.

I will also continue our review of the long-range campus plan, which includes a review of the athletic facilities, academic program facilities, lighting, safety, the health facilities and our outdoor gathering spaces. We are looking at the status of these areas over the next 10 years.

SAM: What's your favorite part of your job here at St. Andrew's?

Bill: Actually, that's a tough question to answer. It's exciting to be involved in projects in general. There are certainly not many places that do projects on the scale we do here. The best part really is to be part of the community—part of a wonderful team and to be part of this whole new start in the department. The “rejuvenation of the campus” has really been across the board. When I came I just thought I'd be building a couple of buildings, but here we are looking across 25 years and making some great long-term decisions for St. Andrew's.

The other thing is that the kids are great. That's the best thing about this place. I was kind of scared when I first arrived—I don't have kids. But I've been working on the jazz program with Fred [Geiersbach] to develop more structure for a more determined approach towards improvisation in the jazz ensemble. My work with the students on improv was fun—they were really nice and seemed to enjoy their interactions with me more than I thought they would. I was always pleasantly surprised when they and their parents told me that I made a big difference!

At my age the involvement with kids is something I never expected. When they offered me the job, they offered me the opportunity to become involved in music here. I thought it would be a little faculty band, not anything at the level that I've been able to do. This year, I hope to play with orchestra more; I have been playing some bass clarinet or second clarinet with them. I was trained classically first and later in jazz. When you get older, though, it's hard to play in an orchestra; the day job takes over from the routine of practice and discipline. My involvement here in the arts has given me a whole new perspective to the O'Brien Arts Center project, and it's been very helpful.



The Foundation of a Dream

Compiled and written by Hope McGrath '01 and Joy McGrath '92

When Walden Pell II read in the news that A. Felix duPont and his sister Irene were to generously endow a new school, he recalls his initial reaction as one of skepticism, even derision. As he wrote in his history of St. Andrew's, he thought, "a school to be born with the silver spoon of a huge endowment in its mouth? Preposterous!"

Within a month Mr. duPont and

his friend Allan J. Henry were standing in Pell's Latin class at the Lenox Hill School. That meeting, in which two of the founders described their plans for the School, softened Pell's attitude and would eventually lead to his agreement to head the new church school.

This fall, as St. Andrew's begins to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of its founding in 1929, the

School will of course celebrate the great vision of the Founder. His generosity and vision for the School still sustains and guides it today, three-quarters of a century later.

His gift was indeed splendid, as Pell would learn, and he endowed the School with much more than money—he gave it a mission, leadership and lifelong devotion.

The Cornerstones Campaign and

the upcoming anniversary celebrations this fall present something of a quandary—they ask friends of the School to do a difficult, even paradoxical thing—to look back while at the same time looking to the future. We try to look back to a moment 75 years ago when the founders—for Felix had friends and help in this endeavor—were indeed looking ahead.

One constant and familiar image of the founders' vision is N.C. Wyeth's mural in the School Dining Hall. Commissioned in 1936 by Irene duPont and completed in late 1938, the mural is not only a fine focal point for the dining hall, it is a group of accomplished portraits by a great American painter.

The mural captures precisely the moment the St. Andrew's community celebrates this fall—the Founding of the School. While the Trustees muse over blueprints, the young headmaster hovers nearby. Bishop Cook directs Felix's gaze toward the realization of his vision. The English cathedrals, dream-like in the background, suggest the Anglican tradition so important to the Founder and the School's character.

Unlike the left-hand side of the mural, with its clear-eyed boys and stolid Alma Mater with symbols of church and country, the right-hand side of the mural leaves its viewers with a sense of the imagined undefined. Wyeth's feathery brushstrokes and airy coloring convey to onlookers that these men are dreaming, imagining and envisioning a new

kind of school. At the same time, the perplexed and intense expressions on their faces communicate the outer signs of the inner workings of passionate, intelligent and intentional men.

Walden Pell II testified in his history of St. Andrew's that Wyeth depicted the founders very realistically. But who were these men, and how did they support Felix and St. Andrew's School, not only when the idea was initially proposed, but well into the School's first decades?

We often hear of Felix's desire to found a school "of definitely Christian character," and his intention to endow the School so that it would educate boys from families of modest means. What is perhaps less well known is the story of his preliminary work and research as he formulated in detail his plans for this School. Some of the men in the mural, particularly Allan J. Henry and Bishop Cook, were intimately involved in this process well before the cornerstone was laid in 1929.

Moving from dream to reality

In the fall of 1928, Felix started quietly to move forward on his plans for St. Andrew's (yet unnamed). He and his close friend, Allan J. Henry, a former classmate from the University of Pennsylvania and a stockbroker in Wilmington, met with Bishop Cook and Mr. Theodore Denslow. The latter man was the former headmaster of the

Donaldson School near Baltimore.

Much in the way today's philanthropists hire consultants to assess community needs, they commissioned Denslow to investigate "certain prominent citizens of the Church and State" and get their opinion on founding such a school. He also was to survey "the best known church schools of the East" and gather information about their programs and how the relationship between church and school worked. He reported his findings to duPont, Henry, and the Bishop in November, 1928, according to Bishop Cook's 1934 account of the School's founding.

Felix duPont and Henry also traveled to independent schools throughout New England and the mid-Atlantic to learn how other schools were administered. They traveled to Washington, D.C., at the Bishop's suggestion to speak with young clergy to acquaint themselves with the type of men who might be interested in working at their School.

At about the same time, Mr. Henry bought the Comegys Farm for \$150 per acre for 360 acres. The farm was obtained through a "straw purchase" so that locals who imagined that Felix duPont had infinite resources would not attempt to profit unfairly from the deal.

The first official announcement of Felix's project appeared in the *Wilmington Morning News* on December 22, 1928. Mr. duPont, Allan J. Henry, Walter J. Laird and

Bishop Cook were the “original incorporators.” In January of the next year, these men met and agreed that the School needed to expand its Board.

Several names were chosen, and then these men were contacted to see if they would consent to serve as Trustees. Later that month, the following were formally elected to serve on the Board of Trustees: Mr. J. Thompson Brown, Mr. Caleb S. Layton, Judge Richard S. Rodney, all citizens of Delaware, and Mr. John O. Platt, of Philadelphia. This group's first order of business was to choose the new headmaster.

DuPont and Henry choose a headmaster

In his introduction to *A History of St. Andrew's School*, Reverend Walden Pell II writes about his first encounter with the School's Founder. He was drilling his Latin II class for the College Board exam at the Lenox Hill School when two men entered; they were Felix duPont and Allan Henry, secretary-treasurer of the Episcopal Church School Foundation, Inc., the corporate body that would organize, build and oversee the new school. Pell



First Headmaster Walden Pell II writes at his desk.

notes, “Both these men were accomplished classicists and they must have suffered agonies as my class butchered the passages from Caesar's Gallic Wars.” Pell said their ideas for an Episcopal boys' school “sounded interesting, even exciting.”

Shortly thereafter Pell received a letter from duPont, asking him to head the School. He and his wife Edith then traveled to Delaware to see the site for the School. The couple toured the site on Noxontown Pond with duPont and Henry.

At that point the “site” was simply at one end of a wheat field. Pell writes, “The grain was too wet to walk through, so we rented a boat from one Bill Ellison, and Mr. Henry wrapped his straw hat in his handkerchief, laid it carefully on a seat, and rowed us up to the Pond to the point where St. Andrew's School now stands.”

Pell accepted the job in July of 1929. He was twenty-seven years old.

Soon after that, on November 30, 1929, St. Andrew's Day in the

This article, describing the cornerstone ceremony—and amply demonstrating the challenges of grammar and spelling in the days of manual typesetting—appeared in the Wilmington papers.



liturgical calendar, the cornerstone was laid. This cornerstone, which is beneath the Headmaster's Office, contains: a Bible, a copy of the new (at that time) Prayer Book, a copy of the Journal of the diocese of Delaware for 1929, in which appears the Bishop's address, with an account of the School's founding; a copy of the incorporation and the bylaws of the Episcopal Church School Foundation; names of the Trustees; copies of several newspaper accounts of the School's founding; a photograph of those who had gathered for the ceremony; a statement by the Founder; a brief outline of the plans for the School by the Founder; a statement by Bishop Cook about Felix duPont; architectural drawings for Founders' Hall; one dollar bill and coins.

About the men in the mural

At this point in its history, all the men depicted on the mural were formally involved with St. Andrew's School. Who were they?

The mural features the following people: Allan J. Henry, Walter J. Laird, Hon. Richard S. Rodney, Rev. Walden Pell II, John O. Platt, A. Felix duPont, J. Thompson Brown, Rt. Rev. Philip Cook, Henry Belin duPont, Caleb S. Layton.

Allan Henry, a classmate of Felix duPont at the University of Pennsylvania, was a trusted adviser to Felix from the moment he decided to found a school. Henry was involved in the day-to-day workings of St. Andrew's from the beginning, described by Walden Pell as his

"chief point of contact with the Trustees." In fact, Henry's office originally contained all of the Episcopal Church School Foundation's files.

Henry's perfectionism benefited St. Andrew's for many years. With no children of his own, Pell recounted in his *History*, Henry and his wife Sarah "gladly poured out parental guidance and affection on the members of the St. Andrew's School family, beginning with the Headmaster." Henry was even the editor of the School's first catalogue.

His name is familiar to many



Allan J. Henry, founding Trustee and friend of Felix duPont.

The men behind the founding efforts, as depicted by N. C. Wyeth—L to r, Allan J. Henry, Walter J. Laird, Hon. Richard S. Rodney, Rev. Walden Pell II, John O. Platt, A. Felix duPont, J. Thompson Brown, Rt. Rev. Philip Cook, Henry Belin duPont and Caleb S. Layton.



Inspired Design

Architecture in the Mural

N. C. Wyeth quotes liberally from Anglican church architecture in his composition of the right side of the mural in the Dining Hall. Hovering in the clouds behind the Trustees and Headmaster planning the School, several familiar English cathedrals appear, emerging from the façade of Founders' Hall portrayed in the background of the left side of the mural.

The architecture tells us something about the Founder and original Trustees. Wyeth meant the cathedrals to represent the Anglican Church tradition from which boarding schools emerged, but also to allude to the British church and school roots of Walden Pell II, as well as Felix duPont's admiration for British institutions



of learning, particularly their emphasis on classical learning and the importance of the church.

The dome in the foreground belongs to the current St. Paul's Cathedral in London, designed by Sir Christopher Wren and completed in 1710. St. Paul's Cathedral School was founded in 1509 and has operated continuously to the present day near the present Cathedral.

St. Andrews because of its association with the Henry Prize, given out each year at commencement to the athlete who has given the greatest service to athletics at St. Andrew's. Henry was himself an outstanding athlete, and throughout his life he played baseball, cricket, squash and tennis and was an enthusiastic rower.

Walter J. Laird was a trust officer of the Wilmington Trust Company. He and Henry, a stockbroker, balanced out the conservative and adventurous temperaments of each other. Pell wrote that, "The friendly

tension between these two men produced a well balanced portfolio which was not only increased by the continuous munificence of the Founder and the Donor but also underwent substantial appreciation as the country emerged from the 1929 depression."

Richard S. Rodney was an associate judge in the Delaware Supreme Court for 24 years, and during that time he was asked to serve on St. Andrew's Board. He later served as a judge in the U.S. District Court, District of Delaware (he was appointed by Harry S. Truman in

1946), and he was the mayor of New Castle, Delaware, for six years. A self-educated man, he was an avid historian and the author of *Early Relations of Delaware and Pennsylvania* and *The Collected Essays of Richard S. Rodney on Early Delaware*. According to the history of the Delaware Supreme Court, "Rodney was universally acknowledged to be one of the most respected and loved judges in Delaware history."

Little is known of John O. Platt, except that both Walden Pell II and Felix duPont considered him a dedi-

The square tower appearing the upper left is that of Canterbury Cathedral, in Canterbury, Kent, England, one of the most important pilgrimage sites of the Anglican church. Its archbishops include eight saints of the church, including its first Archbishop, St. Augustine, and St. Thomas Becket, who was martyred in the cathedral.

The smaller church, on the left, with “pepperpots” surrounding its steeple, is Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, England. This architectural landmark must have been included for two reasons: its place in church and educational history and its association with Walden Pell II, the first headmaster. Pell left Princeton after three years to attend Christ Church, a college of Oxford University, as a Rhodes Scholar. He received his Oxford B.A. in the Honour School of Theology in 1926. He was ordained into the diaconate in 1927, ordained a priest in 1928 and received his M.A. Oxon in the spring of 1930.

Dating to the twelfth century, this church inhabits a privileged position in the Anglican world. The only church in the world to be both a cathedral and a college chapel, it also serves as the chapel for Christ Church, the

wealthiest and largest college of Oxford University and the cathedral of the diocese of Oxford. The cathedral is one of the oldest buildings in Oxford, and one of the smallest Anglican cathedrals in England.

The tall, thin spire, in the center of the background is Salisbury Cathedral. The spire pictured here was completed in 1258, and at 404 feet remains the tallest church spire in England as well as the tallest Medieval structure in the world. Its chapter house contains the Magna Carta.

The tower appearing to the right of St. Paul’s dome is the spire of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in Trafalgar Square, London. (The church was originally located in fields outside the city, thus its now inappropriate name.)

As the Founder and Trustees below these spires imagine the possibilities of a new school, duPont and Cook together look back to the history of Anglican scholarship and faith, and observers of the mural today see a moment in the past that informs their vision of St. Andrew’s future.

Nan Mein’s keen memory and knowledge of British architecture contributed immeasurably to this article.

cated servant of the School. He was also a disciplined rower. In 1932, he stroked a crew of Allan Henry, Felix duPont and Walden Pell, with Mrs. Sherwood as the coxswain. With Platt’s steady oarsmanship, they handily defeated the best crew the students could assemble.

The Right Reverend Philip Cook, D.D., Bishop of Delaware, is the man whose name is mentioned most closely with Walden Pell II and A. Felix duPont in the School’s histories. In fact, it was Cook who, in 1934, wrote the original account of the School’s founding, modestly

excluding much reference to his own involvement. Felix duPont first floated the idea of founding a church school in Delaware to Bishop Cook in August 1927.

From that moment, the Bishop was intimately involved in the new school. It was Cook who took the matter to the gatherings of Episcopal clergy, confirming his and Felix’s notion that if a new church school were founded, it should be open to boys of all means and backgrounds. In 1928, when duPont and his trusted advisors applied for incorporation so they could begin

the process of funding the development of St. Andrew’s, it was Bishop Cook who recommended the name Episcopal Church School Foundation, so that, in time, the money invested could be used to establish additional schools. The original incorporators were Felix duPont, Bishop Cook, Allan J. Henry and Walter J. Laird. Cook celebrated his last service at St. Andrew’s at Commencement in 1937, though he did attend Lessons and Carols the next winter. He died on March 25, 1938 and was buried in Old St. Anne’s Cemetery.

J. Thompson Brown was the DuPont Company vice-president and served as vice-president of the Episcopal Church School Foundation from 1938 until his death in 1953. A 1902 graduate of Virginia Polytechnic Institute (Virginia Tech), he later served as the Rector of their Board of Visitors. A respected educator, Brown had donated artworks by Frank Schoonover to his alma mater. In 1933, Brown donated to St. Andrew's the eight Schoonover paintings of *Ivanhoe* that had been created for Harper's publishing house. Most important to St. Andrew's, Brown possessed a keen and expansive mind.

Henry Belin duPont was a young man of about 30 years when he became involved with St. Andrew's. He was an executive and engineer for the duPont Company in Wilmington, holding a bachelor's degree in history from Yale and a bachelor of science degree in aeronautical engineering from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He worked in internal combustion laboratories throughout the 1920s, and after the discovery of nylon in 1937, he was involved in the company's development of related textiles such as polyester and acrylic fibers and plastics.

Caleb S. Layton, an attorney in Wilmington, performed all the legal work of examining the deed for the School property, making the contract and completing the sale in all of its details. He was an active member of the Board's building committee and was very involved in the construction of Founders' Hall and the other original school buildings.



The first faculty—L to r, Granville H. Sherwood, John N. MacInnes, Rev. Walden Pell II, Martin Curtler and William H. Cameron, Jr., who arrived in January of 1931. Absent from this picture is the first Chaplain, Rev. James C. King, Jr., who tragically perished in a sailing accident on Noxontown Pond in November of 1930.

Early involvement in a new school

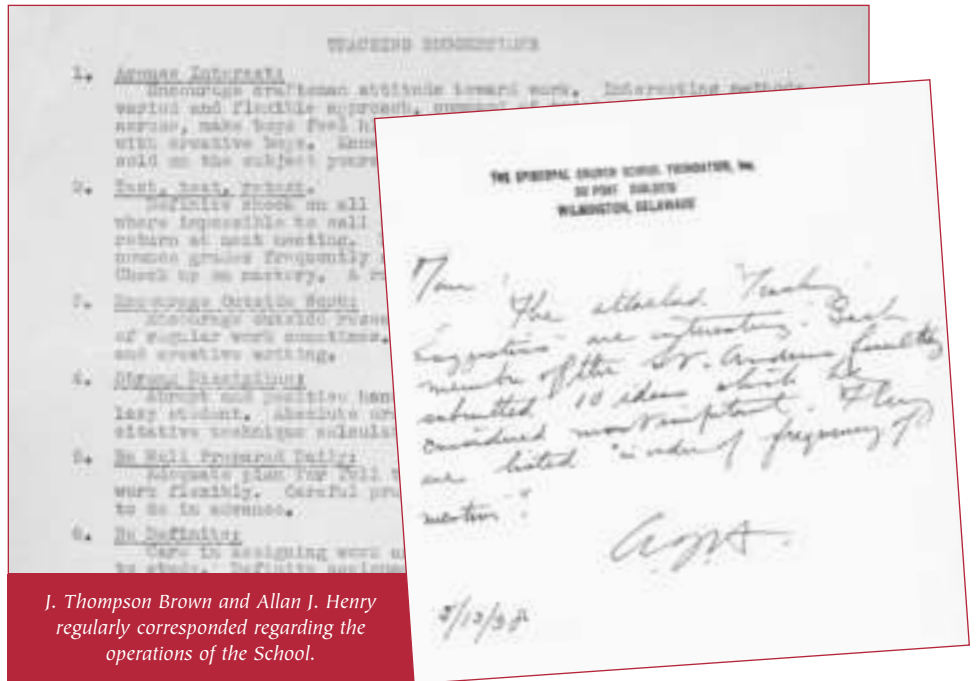
In September of 1930, the doors of St. Andrew's School opened to 35 boys.

Correspondence between Pell, J. Thompson Brown and Allan J. Henry particularly shows how, even decades after the School's founding, these Trustees were intimately involved in the inner workings of

School life and administration as this new phase of St. Andrew's history began. While Pell was a knowledgeable (if fairly young) educator, the other trustees were largely new to education and running a school. They were business people and used their business experience in administering the School, but they were new to the idea of putting together and organizing a faculty and staff and group of students.

Together this group worked to make St. Andrew's a successful endeavor. Questions were debated openly, the men shouldering much of the responsibility of the day-to-day operation of the School. In these early letters they discussed everything from salaries and wages to facilities and maintenance issues to various questions of School life. The first Trustees were also in near constant communication with the Headmaster.

At one point the three considered whether the maintenance employees' request for higher wages should be granted. The liberal Brown wrote to Pell that, "It would be highly desirable and actually good economy to preserve the present maintenance force intact, since they are a picked group, well trained for their present jobs and a very flexible organization."



J. Thompson Brown and Allan J. Henry regularly corresponded regarding the operations of the School.

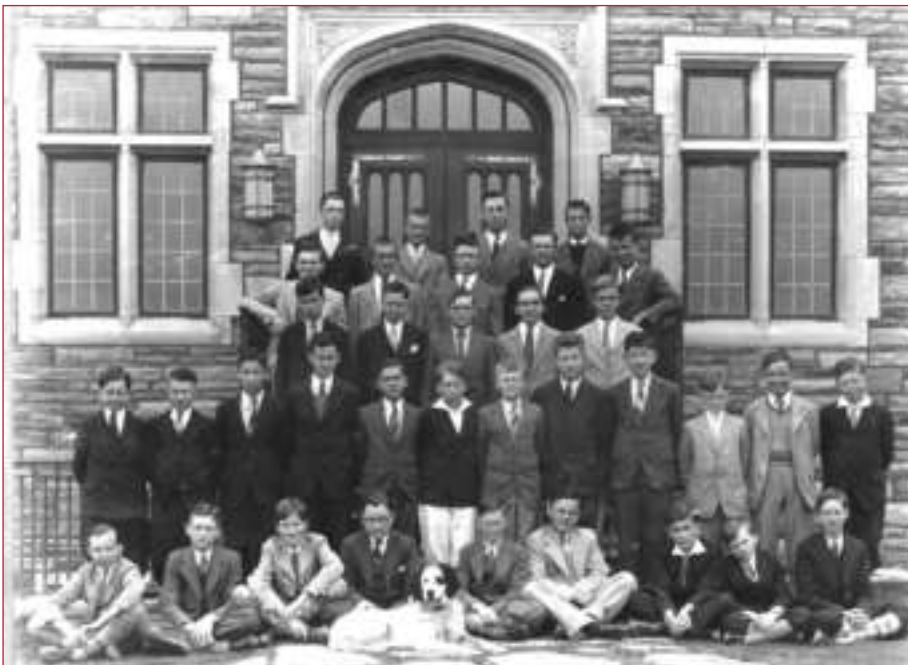
Other letters discuss whether a divorced faculty member who remarried was desirable for the faculty, whether faculty should be paid according to the size of their household (as Pell believed) or according

to the requirements of their job (as Brown believed) and tuition disputes raised by dismissed students.

Without a doubt, these Trustees were deeply invested in this new School, which for them may well have seemed risky, even an experiment. They were doing something new to themselves at least, and perhaps new in American education. Their excitement for the project was palpable.

The Founder and first Trustees look back on the first year

In June of 1931, the first year of St. Andrew's behind him, Walden Pell II issued his first headmaster's report. The correspondence between J. Thompson Brown and Allan J. Henry at that time expresses these men's delight at his good news—and perhaps even some



The first student body at St. Andrew's—32 boys, and one faculty dog, in 1930.

relief. Brown's note to Henry upon receipt of Pell's report to the trustees takes us back to the excitement of these first years. He writes:

Dear Henry,

Many thanks for sending me Mr. Pell's report of June 8th! It is most interesting, comprehensive, and satisfactory, and I feel that all of us Trustees should be very happy over the results achieved in this first year, and eminently satisfied with our selection of a Headmaster.

*Sincerely yours,
J. Thompson Brown.*

This note is part of the archives at St. Andrew's. At the bottom of this letter is a note hand-written in pencil from Henry to Pell; presumably he passed along Brown's words of praise with the following note:

WP II: This epitomizes the feelings of the Trustees. Send it back when you can. AJH. June 16, 1931.

Indeed, Pell's report to the Trustees was one full of energy, pleasure and optimism for the School's future. They had come through the first year largely without a hitch; the forecast for the future looked bright and clear.

Pell discussed every aspect of the School: the physical plant and grounds of the new campus; the cross-section of students and their

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MR. WALDEN PELL, JR.
HEADMASTER

St. Andrew's School
MIDDLETON, DELAWARE

Sept. 1, 1900 to
Sept. 30th, 1901

STATEMENT OF OPERATIONS, SCHOOL YEAR 1900-01

		TOTAL
<u>ADMINISTRATION</u>		
Office supplies and printing	554.01	554.01
<u>INSTRUCTION</u>		
Salaries of Faculty	10784.11	10784.11
Schoolroom supplies	71.43	
<u>WARE AND DOMESTICITY</u>		
Salary of Housemaster	1200.00	
Wages of Kitchen Help	2070.00	
Food	5681.48	
Household supplies	413.48	
Laundry wages	559.80	
Laundry supplies	88.08	
<u>PLANT OPERATION</u>		
Salary of Plant Superintendent	1800.00	
Wages	1080.00	
Fuel	2370.00	
Electricity	2178.70	
Transportation	783.28	
Janitors and Engineers Supplies	740.78	
Freight Miscellaneous	15.14	
Insurance	1750.07	
Telephone and Telegraph	455.72	
<u>REPAIRS AND IMPROVEMENTS</u>		
	215.04	215.04
<u>CO-EDUCATION ACTIVITIES</u>		
Chapel	361.80	
Salary of Nurse	1000.00	
Medical supplies	115.55	
Athletic supplies	173.89	
Recreation and Library	80.38	
TOTAL EXPENSES OF SCHOOL OPERATION		234804.00
<u>LIABILITIES</u>		
Fund due S.C.S.P. for Scholarships	550.00	550.00
Faculty salaries	180.00	
Due to boys' checking accounts	30.00	
TOTAL LIABILITIES AND LIABILITIES		835441.00

The first Headmaster's Report to the Trustees included this statement of financial figures from the first year of operation at St. Andrew's School.

various capabilities; the academic curriculum and athletic program; the job system and the chapel program; the finances and tuition plans; and the faculty.

Even in the School's first year, Pell wrestled with how the endowment would bear upon the School life—both its obvious benefits and possible challenges.

In the first place, he was immensely pleased with what he called the "cross section" of students they were able to enroll. Twenty-one

of the 35 boys enrolled the first year received a scholarship. Pell wrote in his first Headmaster's Report that they had "a few boys from humble and a few boys from wealthy homes, with a preponderance of the sons of professional men. This has given diversity and breadth to the tone, and a solid and loyal spirit, content with hard work and simple pleasures."

Yet this document makes clear that his anxiety over the comfort imposed by the endowment still

occupied his mind. The job system, a fixture of School life since its first days, was meant not only to save money but also to instill in the boys a sense of stewardship. He wrote in his 1931 report to the Trustees that, “Where so much has been given to boys in the way of equipment and their surroundings are so fine, it is of extra importance that they should be brought up to care for it themselves.”

A vision for a bright future

The men in the mural—and at this point, a skeleton faculty and staff along with a handful of boys—had brought St. Andrew’s safely through

its founding and first year. However, the vision they beheld in Wyeth’s mural would continue to evolve and grow over the next 75 years, perhaps in ways they could not have foreseen.

There is no question that the leadership and vision the founders provided launched St. Andrew’s on an historic path. Wyeth’s mural provides an appropriately symbolic image for a school of faith and learning: while the founders cannot see the School itself, they imagine its models in the academic institutions of England, presented as a sort of city on a hill in the distance, thus leaving the interpretation of the School’s core mission open to later generations of leaders.

Wyeth’s mural expresses to all who see it that these men’s vision was meant to be changed, improved upon. The “silver spoon” of the endowment, as Pell called it, allowed these men and leaders who followed them the luxury of dreaming. The legacy of their engagement, support and imagination inspires St. Andreans still today.

Generations of St. Andrew’s students, eating meals before the mural, have, no doubt, continued to amaze those founders, who watch the students come and go, changing in their composition and appearance, living up to and surpassing their original, daring vision for St. Andrew’s School.



Headmaster Walden Pell II strongly believed that the students should share in the stewardship of the campus and its operations. In the photo at left, boys take their turn washing silverware in the kitchen. At right, boys clean desks in one of the original classrooms on the Main Hall, with a view to the farm through the window.

“A Living Experiment”

Diversity at St. Andrew’s School

by Nicole and Nigel Furlonge

Living Diversity

Former headmaster Robert A. Moss once described St. Andrew’s School as “a living experiment, a work of art which is never finished.” His vision of St. Andrew’s as a malleable institution, even in the face of resistance or mere indifference, helped guide his work as the headmaster who oversaw—thankfully—the integration and co-education of the School. Today, Moss’ poetic description of the School poses a challenge to St. Andrew’s and our current students and faculty involved in “the living experiment.” If, as Moss suggests, St. Andrew’s is an unfinished work of art, a place that constantly is evolving, what does this fluidness mean? In particular, what are the implications of this context for diversity initiatives at the School today? What is our educational responsibility now to diversity? Moss’ words resonate with our current approach to diversity, for diversity at St. Andrew’s is an exciting process, an ever-evolving and perpetually incomplete endeavor. In other words, we are living diversity.

What drew us to St. Andrew’s School five years ago was largely Tad Roach’s vision of the School as “a place that refuses to play by the rules of the indifferent, often distrustful outside world” with regards to social equality and justice. We were struck, then and now, with the institution’s willingness to think actively and continually about how the School considers the socialization of its student

body in general, but more particularly in terms of race, gender, class and religious differences. Diversity efforts certainly involve, for example, recruiting students, faculty and staff members of color and international students, supporting non-traditional boarding school students and their families during their tenure at the School, and practicing need-blind admissions to create a socio-economically diverse student body. But equally important to “recruiting diversity,” St. Andrew’s is becoming more thoughtful about communicating the values connected to diversity to any potential member of this community. A prospective student, family, or faculty member must understand that when choosing St. Andrew’s, they are choosing to live diversity as well. This is critical because St. Andrew’s is a school whose culture wrestles actively with issues of difference and thrives because of its willingness to do so. Ideally, diversity permeates the entire life of the School. It is this approach to diversity as process rather than product that distinguishes St. Andrew’s from other schools.

Diversity is Community

Here at St. Andrew’s, we aim every day to recognize this important idea: that diversity is about strengthening and building community through the thoughtful, constant and imaginative questioning of it. Further, while “diversity” and “community” are often thought of as mutually exclusive, in actuality, the

existence of a healthy and vibrant community is contingent upon diversity. As James Baldwin asserts convincingly in “A Talk to Teachers” (1963), “The purpose of education, finally, is to create in a person the ability to look at the world for himself.... To ask questions of the universe, and then learn to live with those questions, is the way he achieves his own identity.” For Baldwin, the very absence of such questioning ultimately leads to a society’s demise. Baldwin concludes, “The obligation of anyone who



thinks of himself as responsible is to examine society and try to change it and to fight it—at no matter what risk. This is the only hope society has. This is the only way societies change.” We may apply these thoughts more readily to the worlds beyond our campus, our community, but Baldwin’s call for a citizenry prepared to enact change applies to St. Andrew’s as an educational institution as well. While we educate and encourage our students to consume actively, to think critically and globally, and to serve openly, we

must also cultivate in them a willingness to use those skills locally, in the very community in which they live, work and play every day. This is, in part, what our diversity initiatives today aim to accomplish.

Changing Faces of St. Andrew’s

While socio-economic diversity has been a cornerstone of St. Andrew’s philosophy since the School’s inception, the same has not always been true for racial diversity. Walden Pell

lamented, “When the history of St. Andrew’s School is written, the chapter on desegregation will not be glorious.” And, when offered the headmastership in 1958, Robert Moss responded, “I believe that St. Andrew’s will be in dire jeopardy if it excludes blacks. It has to change. If I come, I want you to know this will be very near the top of the agenda; you must expect to hear from me about this. If you do not wish to consider integration, please do not employ me.”

According to Bill Amos in his history of St. Andrew’s, *A Time to Remember*, the School saw the first application from a black student in 1952. Applications and inquiries followed thereafter from 1954-1958, all without positive result. For many reasons, including the trustees’ position on integrating the School, the School’s geographical location in the south, and the large southern constituency many of whom were also pro-segregationist at the time, the School did not confront the issue of integration.

St. Andrew’s is clearly a different place today. Over the past few decades, the School has changed and grown significantly from a single-sex school into a leading co-educational institution. The faculty, staff, and student body represent a marked difference from a time when they were virtually homogeneous. Of course, the concerns articulated by Moss’ pioneering vision would seem absolutely anachronistic in our current climate where any leader within



St. Andrew’s School Concert Choir, 2004.



The Class of 1934 and, 70 years later, the Class of 2004.

the School must actively position diversity at the core of their thinking. Just a glance at our current community, however, reflects much of the change that has occurred over the School's 75-year history in terms of diversifying the School. Today, St. Andrew's enrollment is 23 percent students of color and international students. But this percentage is a small part of the story, for it does not answer the most important questions about our student community: Are students of color thriving here academically, athletically, socially? Do they hold leadership positions? Are they recognized for their contributions to the life of the School? Are they leaving positive legacies at the School? The answer to all of these questions is "yes." Especially in the last five years, students of color have held major leadership positions at the School, including heads of honor and disciplinary committees, residential leaders, peer tutors, heads of the Student Activities Committee (SAC), and active in the Chapel program. They have served as captains of varsity sports teams, played important roles in theatre productions and



mentored younger students. They are academically, athletically and artistically talented and successful. They earn numerous awards presented during awards night and graduation. In short, our students of color and international students by and large hold a stake in their performance at this School and, increasingly, in the School itself.

Diversity in the Classroom

Ideally, we strive to create an environment in which diversity permeates the culture of this School. The ultimate signifier of this change is best measured in our academic curriculum. The curricular changes are far too numerous to chronicle here, but a mere sampling of the dynamic, exciting changes includes Will Speers and his pioneering work on African American literature in the English Department and Diahann Johnson's creation of a francophone literature course that explodes notions of what stands as French literature. The foundation these established educators laid makes it possible for someone like Emily Pressman, a second-year teacher at St. Andrew's, to offer a new history course in 2004 focusing on social justice and reform on a global scale.

In reflecting on the value of a diverse classroom, Darcy Caldwell, an English teacher here at St. Andrew's and mother of two IV Formers, writes, "Having a diverse classroom gives me enormous energy; it keeps me from being complacent and it nudges me to teach beyond what I already know. It pushes me to learn and keep learning. When I first entered the profession, I thought teaching English was about

reading and writing skills, and it is that, but it is so much more. I have come to understand that my greatest responsibility is to teach kids how to embrace the world around them, and one way they can do that is by reading diverse literature."

While one might suppose that, of all disciplines in a curriculum, those that fall under the category "the humanities" are the quintessential and most likely site of diversity initiatives, Mark Hammond debunks the notion that the sciences are disconnected from this conversation. Hammond, a physics teacher at St. Andrew's, explains, "I don't teach American science, or African or European science, Christian or Buddhist science. I teach science, the process of questioning, observing and experimenting in order to develop useful models for how the world works."

Hammond goes on to remark:

One key to creating a broad and useful understanding of the physical world is the mastery of the 'rules' and the 'language' of science. The mastery of the 'rules of the game' for science is just one part of the 'rules of the culture of power,' that set of linguistic forms, communicative strategies and presentation of self that middle- and upper-class children learn by default and non-white, poor, immigrant or otherwise marginalized students must be explicitly taught.... [T]oo often science is taught on a level that presupposes proficiency in the rules of the culture of power. Having a diverse student body forces me to confront the need for clear and direct explication of the assumptions, rules and norms of the scientific enterprise. Just as I cannot assume that all of my students already

know how to present themselves within the culture of power, I cannot assume that all of my students have already assimilated the culture of science.

More importantly, a diverse curriculum benefits students because it challenges them to see the richness not only of thinking critically, which the St. Andrew's curriculum has always done well, but also of thinking contextually. Many of the courses here no longer are driven by content first, but rather by the essential questions that drive both engagement and enduring understanding.

For instance, a recent English course focusing on *Moby-Dick* highlighted the tensions emerging in the 19th century around defining a distinct American identity and nation. Central to Melville's concerns as he wrote this interdisciplinary, intercultural text were poignant questions around race and social difference as it figured in emerging notions of American-ness and American literary tradition. As the students studied the chapters of the novel concerning scientific categorization and organizations of knowledge in the 19th century, Dan O'Connell, the AP biology teacher, met with these literary scholars. During that class meeting, O'Connell assisted students with walking through the thick discussion Melville provided concerning whales, and shifted to talk about the connections Melville was drawing between his whales and social hierarchical difference. He concluded the class with a discussion of current notions of race in biology—according to biology, racial distinctions do not exist. The following class day saw stu-

dents discussing the different questions one can pose concerning race.

As Tarlton Long '04, a student in the class, reflected, "Before that class meeting, I did not know that scientists thought about race, or that people studying English would be concerned about what scientists thought about this [issue]. Our study of Melville has helped me see that each discipline brings something unique to the conversation and, when they come together, they help complicate what is possible about thinking about race. While science says it does not exist, society leaves us to grapple with the meanings we have given this category." Such collaborations broaden conversations about difference for our students and allow them to think both critically and contextually.

Diversity beyond the Classroom

Another way to measure a school's involvement in issues of diversity is to consider programming around major moments and special programs throughout the year. At most schools, public and private, lower through college, the Martin Luther King, Jr. Holiday is an occasion to highlight issues regarding racial equality and to perform community service. St. Andrew's also has specialized programming that takes the students and faculty beyond the exigencies of the daily academic curriculum, but these programs occur throughout the year. Some of these specialized moments that qualify as diversity programming come from the students themselves and student organizations

like Spectrum. Others come from students through the Student Activities Committee (SAC). Over the past few years, the Diversity Core Group, which Tad Roach started four years ago, was charged with thinking about diversity in the broadest sense. And, this committee constantly changes, much like St. Andrew's itself. While someone like Ana Ramirez, head of Girls' Residential Life, has served on this committee all four years, Nathan Costa, Director of Studies, is new to the group this year.

Perhaps the most visible legacy of this group is the planning of workshops, held on one Saturday morning each year, geared towards engaging issues of social justice and celebrating cultural difference and equality. Some of the workshops offered over the past five years to students and faculty

Students enjoy the academic exchange in the English classroom of Allison Thomas-Rose '96.



include Dean of Athletics Bob Colburn's workshop on Jackie Robinson and his courageous integration of Major League Baseball and Dean of Students Brad Bates' workshop on gender and racial imagery in the film, "Gone with the Wind." In some years, faculty offered the workshops, while other times leaders from around the country came to St. Andrew's to facilitate the event. Speakers always come to speak to the School on Friday night to set the stage for the Saturday morning workshops. During April 2004, for instance, the School focused on the intersections between service, service learning and diversity work. Cultivating in our students and adult community the importance of an active dedication to service—whether through a School-sponsored program or on one's own—is integral to our educational process at St. Andrew's.

Conversations that are encouraged and engaged on a daily basis are another sign of a school's successes with regards to diversity. It is incredibly important to provide spaces where true dialogue can take place.

One example of this is the Headmaster's Forum, which Nan Mein began and the History Department continues to organize. This past year discussions considered the War in Iraq, the 50th anniversary of the *Brown v. Board of Education* decision, and consumerism in America. These forums illustrate a school environment in which open dialogue around cultural and social issues of justice exist. These forums

provide venues for all students to voice their opinions and to listen actively, respectfully and in challenging ways to one another. Educational institutions have the responsibility of fostering dialogue that not only engages students where they are, but also, and perhaps most importantly, pushes them in ways they could not have imagined.

To Where from Here? Towards the 100th Anniversary of St. Andrew's

At our opening meeting this August, Tad Roach urged the faculty to take seriously the power of imagination, of envisioning the School beyond what it is now. After reading the 9/11 Report this summer, one of the Commission's conclusions struck Tad in particular: that part of the failure to anticipate such an attack stemmed from a lack of imagination on the part of policy makers, security advisors and our national leaders. He cautioned the faculty against our own failures of imagination. "We must challenge the blind embrace of old ideas and paradigms," Tad said, "for a failure of imagination leads to a blind, mechanical embrace of old ideas and ways. Failure of imagination leads to faculty complacency, indifference to high standards, a curricular unresponsiveness to world happenings, an embrace of homogeneity, a resistance to change and to entitlement." It is this challenge that frames our work in this, the 75th year of the School's existence.

Being institutionally imaginative entails acknowledging St. Andrew's past, recognizing where it is situated currently, and envisioning creatively its myriad possibilities. Further, being imaginative involves a willingness to enact and embrace change, as difficult and as daunting as that change might seem to us. As we celebrate the School's 75th anniversary, our Headmaster's charge to re-imagine St. Andrew's now points to the School's future. What do we envision as our continued educational responsibility to issues of diversity? Where do we hope these current imaginings find the School in the near future? How will the next 25 years find St. Andrew's 'living diversity'?

Over the next 25 years, we imagine a St. Andrew's School that chooses to remain as committed as it is currently to creating and maintaining a socio-economically diverse student body. This commitment has, over time, resulted in an increasingly diverse student body. The wider we cast our admissions net, attracting more families from all racial, ethnic and international backgrounds, the stronger a community St. Andrew's will be. Likewise, we imagine a St. Andrew's that continues its commitment to assembling a talented and diverse faculty, and that remains committed to providing to the faculty professional development opportunities that focus on issues of diversity.

We imagine a St. Andrew's that is more actively involved in creating a community that supports gay students and faculty. Although St. Andrew's diversity initiatives

mainly have focused on issues of race and socio-economic class, as educators, it is our professional responsibility to be concerned with a multitude of important differences that impact our students' individual and world-views. An increased awareness and engagement of these differences, we believe, allow us to provide more nurturing, safer environments for students. We must confront and deal with our fear, discomfort or disagreement with the need to acknowledge sexual orientation at this boarding school. We need to move beyond the idea that, if we don't talk about difference—particularly this difference—it will somehow disappear. As Howard Stevenson, a University of Pennsylvania psychologist, argued during a winter in-service day with the faculty, "Schools are socializing environments...whether they are active or passive about this socializing process. How schools socialize is the question." How can we ensure that we are socializing our students to be inclusive thinkers, not only with regards to race, class and gender, but also with regards to sexual orientation? We need to confront this issue, and collaborate with other independent schools that can provide models for how we might insure that we are creating an open community with regards to sexual orientation.

We imagine a St. Andrew's whose alumni, regardless of background, assume more of an active role in the School's diversity initiatives. We imagine a St. Andrew's whose alumni of color claim more of a stake in their alma mater, that they recognize

the importance of their involvement in this community, for themselves and for current students struggling with issues of difference. As Jillian Black '03 remarked during her senior year, it is very important for alumni of color to return to St. Andrew's and talk to current students of color. During an exit interview, Jillian recounted, "I especially remember [St. Andrew's trustee and 1970 graduate] Mr. Tom Hooper and how he always showed a genuine interest in me and how I was feeling here at St. Andrew's. It was really nice to have someone who had gone through the School before me reach out to me." It is our hope, also, that alumni of color understand how important it is for current students to benefit from their involvement in School life.

We imagine a St. Andrew's that continues in creative ways to reach out to alumni of color and encourages them to reconnect with their high school. Independent schools often struggle with ways to increase alumni of color interest in current school matters. But, those schools that have experienced success in this area all point to one common approach: the schools accepted that it is important to acknowledge the difficulties these alumni experienced while at the school around issues of difference, oftentimes even to openly acknowledge the school's complicity in that difficulty. Again, failing to discuss issues of difference and injustice on our campuses, even if they existed in the past, does not make them go away. It mainly creates a gap between the past St. Andrew's and the present

St. Andrew's, a gap that grows more and more difficult to surmount as time passes and memories calcify. Over the past several years, alumni of color increasingly have returned to St. Andrew's to reconnect with faculty, attend alumni functions, and some even to inquire about working here. It is important for St. Andrew's to re-connect with alumni of color who have not been associated actively with the School since their graduations. Building an active alumni of color constituency not only helps to create a richer dialogue among the alumni body around issues of difference, but also affirms St. Andrew's commitment to creating a diverse community, not only within its current student, faculty and staff bodies, but also in the community that exists beyond the boundaries of campus.

We imagine a St. Andrew's that continues to build and draw from the religious diversity in America and in the world. One recent alumna, Kyu-Bin Lee '04, noted: "I hope that the School becomes not only tolerant, but promoting of religious diversity. Right now, I cannot picture a Muslim student in the School. Since religion is often related to geography, this lack of religious diversity is a loss for the School. I am confident that more religious diversity would add much to the dynamics of the School."

We imagine a St. Andrew's that develops a systematic approach to service learning. As we explored in the Diversity and Service workshops last spring, service work is diversity work. Service work allows individuals to stretch themselves beyond what

is familiar, to share resources with others and to become active in social justice matters. Also, in order to support our dedication to service learning, we might consider creating a fund for students who are invested in doing service work over the summer but cannot afford to spend their vacation working without pay.

Lastly, we imagine a St. Andrew's that engages willingly and constantly the complex, challenging local and global community. As a private institution, St. Andrew's could very well opt out of diversity initiatives. It could avoid the complications that arise in the face of diversity. But doing so would put St. Andrew's in the business of exclusive education, an education far removed from the

School's mission. As Deborah Meier writes in *The Power of Their Ideas*, "Schools dependent on private clientele...not only can avoid the democratic arts of compromise and tolerance but also implicitly foster lessons about the power of money and privilege, a lesson already only too well known by every adolescent in America." As a private, privileged institution, however, St. Andrew's suggests a different model of independent education, one that seeks not to avoid democratic engagement, but to foster it in the very ways it lives communal diversity. In order to continue to be a "counter-cultural" independent school, we must build and maintain a willingness to constantly lean into discomfort. Meier

again writes, "Difference makes things complicated. But dealing with the complicated is what training for good citizenship is all about. Ideas—the way we organize knowledge—are the medium of exchange in democratic life, just as money is in the marketplace." St. Andrew's is intelligently aware of the benefits of leaning into discomfort. Most importantly, this School is and can continue to be a model for the students it educates, a model that encourages everyone associated with the School to, as Don Saliers suggests, "experience humanity at full stretch." This is the St. Andrew's we want our children to know and claim as their own to change even further.

As Seniors Graduate...

For the past three years, faculty members of the Diversity Core Group at St. Andrew's—a committee dedicated to facilitating diversity initiatives at the School—have conducted exit interviews with seniors of color and students who have been especially interested and active in issues of difference during their tenure at the School. One of the interview questions asks, "When/if you return to the campus for your 5 year reunion, what changes do you want to see implemented at the School with regards to diversity and community development?" Here are some of their hopes for their alma mater:

"There are more students of color at the School every year, but I wish the School would make moves to look for diversity in the white student population. I mean, I wish there were more white students here who were more open to issues of diversity, who didn't feel indifferent or who would rather not hear about it."

—Grace Awantang, '02

"I would send more students to the NAIS/Student Leadership Conference or to other conferences that teach students how to be leaders for change at their schools. If I could pick one of the single most important moments in my career at this school, it would be going to that conference. There I learned again that the only way to improve diversity is to live it. I would also like to see more male students of color. There are only three guys of color in my class."

—Angel Gonzalez, '03

"A lot of people think about diversity and recognize it as an issue, but they don't think it is their issue. I do think more white students here need to know that diversity is everyone's issue. My friends, for example, don't understand why I care about these issues. I'd like to see this change. I also think St. Andrew's could help this change happen by including diversity issues in the orientation program. We should talk about these issues starting on the first day we arrive here, every year."

—Alex Pfeiffer, '02

Kirk Varnedoe '63, renowned art historian, passed away in August of 2003. This article appeared in the May 10, 2004 issue of The New Yorker, and is reprinted with the kind permissions of Adam Gopnik, Steve Brodner and Condé Nast Publications.

LAST OF THE METROZOIDS

A teacher's final lessons.

BY ADAM GOPNIK

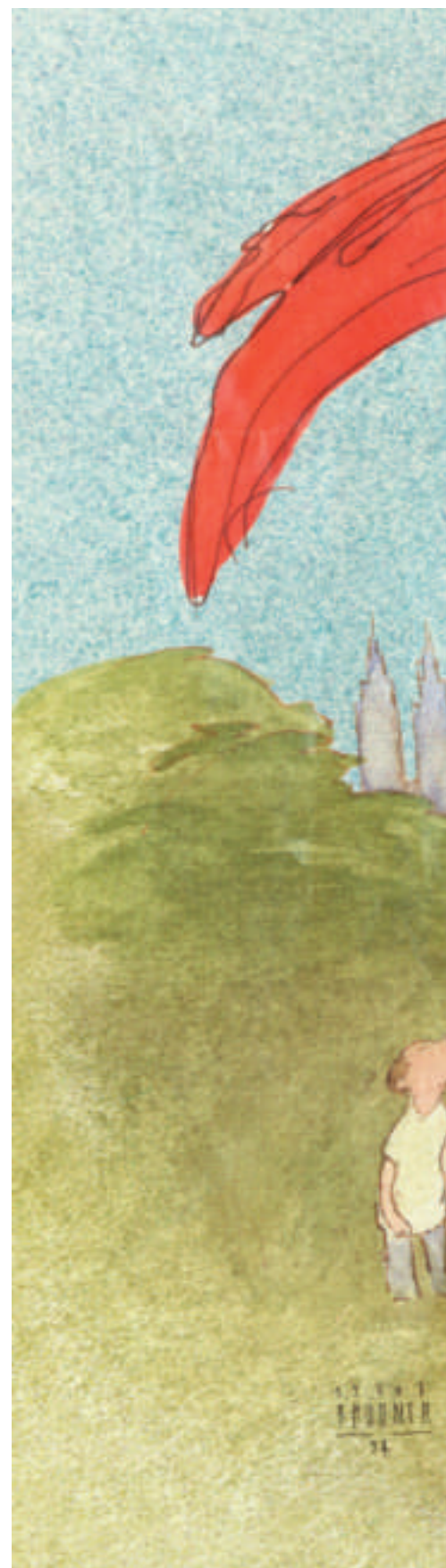
In the spring of 2003, the American art historian Kirk Varnedoe accepted the title of head coach of a football team called the Giant Metrozoids, which practiced then every week in Central Park. It was a busy time for him. He had just become a member of the Institute for Advanced Study, in Princeton, after thirteen years as the chief curator of painting and sculpture at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and he was preparing the Mellon lectures for the National Gallery of Art in Washington—a series of six lectures on abstract art that he was supposed to deliver that spring. He was also dying, with a metastasis in his lung of a colon cancer that had been discovered in 1996, and, at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, in New York, he was running through all the possible varieties of chemotherapy, none of which did much good, at least not for very long.

The Giant Metrozoids were not, on the face of it, much of a challenge for him. They began with a group of eight-year-olds in my son Luke's second-grade class. Football had replaced Yu-Gi-Oh cards and the sinister water yo-yo (poisonous) as a preoccupation and a craze. The boys had become wrapped up in the Tampa Bay Buccaneers' march to victory in the Super Bowl that winter, and they had made up their minds to be football players. They wanted a team—"a real team that practices and has T-shirts and knows plays and everything"—that could play flag football, against an as yet

unknown opponent, and I set about trying to organize it. (The name was a compromise: some of the boys had wanted to be called the Giants, while cool opinion had landed on the Freakazoids; Metrozoids was arrived at by some diplomatic back formation with "Metropolitan.")

Once I had the T-shirts, white and blue, we needed a coach, and Kirk, Luke's godfather, was the only choice; during one of his chemotherapy sessions, I suggested, a little tentatively, that he might try it. He had been a defensive-backfield coach at Williams College for a year after graduation, before he went to Stanford to do art history, and I knew that he had thought of taking up coaching as a full-time profession, only to decide, as he said once, "If you're going to spend your life coaching football, you have to be smart enough to do it well and dumb enough to think it matters." But he said yes, eagerly. He gave me instructions on what he would need, and made a date with the boys.

On the first Friday afternoon, I took the red cones he had asked for and arranged them carefully on our chosen field, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Seventy-ninth Street. I looked over my shoulder at the pseudo-Renaissance mansion that houses N.Y.U.'s Institute of Fine Arts, right across the street. We had met there, twenty-three years earlier, his first year at the Institute of Fine Arts, and mine, too. He had arrived from Stanford and Paris and Columbia, a



For Kirk, football was a set of steps, art a set



of actions. The mysterious things—modern art, the zone defense—weren't so mysterious if you broke them down.

young scholar, just thirty-four, who had made his reputation by cleaning up one of the messier stalls in the art-historical stable, the question of the authentic Rodin drawings. Then he had helped revive some unfairly forgotten reputations, particularly that of the misunderstood “academic” Impressionist Gustave Caillebotte.

But, as with Lawrence Taylor’s first season with the Giants, though we knew he was supposed to be good, nobody was this good. He would come into the lecture room, in turtleneck and sports jacket, professor-wear, and, staring at his shoes, and without any preliminaries, wait for the lights to dim, demand, “First slide, please,” and, pacing back and forth, look up at the image, no text in his hand but a list of slides. “Last time, we left off looking at Cezanne in the eighties, when the conversation between his code, registered in the deliberately crippled, dot-dot-dash, telegraphic repetition of brushstrokes, and his construction, built up in the blocky, stage-set recessional spaces, set out like flats on a theatre,” he would begin, improvising, spitballing, seeing meaning in everything. A Judd box was as alive for him as a Rodin bronze, and his natural mode was to talk in terms of tension rather than harmony. What was weird about the pictures was exactly what there was to prize about them, and, his style implied, all the nettled and querulous critics who tried to homogenize the pictures into a single story undervalued them, because, in a sense, they undervalued life, which was never going to be harmonized, either.

It was football that made us friends. In that first fall, he had me typed as a clever guy, and his attitude was that in the professions of the mind clever guys finish nowhere at all. Then, that spring,

we organized a touch-football game at the institute, and although I am the most flat-footed, least gifted touch-football player in the whole history of the world, I somehow managed to play in it. A bunch of us persuaded our young professor to come out and join in one Sunday. The game was meant to be a gentle, co-ed touch game. But Kirk altered it by his presence. He was slamming so many bodies and dominating so much that a wary, alarmed circle of caution formed around him.

Finally, I insisted to John Wilson, the Texan Renaissance scholar in the huddle, that if he faked a short pass, and everybody made a lot of noise—“I got it!” “There it is!,” and so on—Kirk would react instantly and run toward the sound, and I could sneak behind him for the touchdown.

Well, the play worked, and, perhaps recognizing that it was an entirely verbal construction, he spotted its author and came right over, narrow-eyed and almost angry. “Smart play,” he said shortly, with the unspoken words “Smart-ass play” resonating in the leaves above our heads. But then he shook his fist happily, a sign meaning O.K., nice one. He turned away. He sees right through me, I thought; he knows exactly what I’m up to. I began working harder, and we became friends.

A quarter-century later, he was coming to the same field from the hospital. He was a handsome man, in a big-screen way, with the deep-set eyes and boyish smile and even the lumpy, interesting complexion of a Harrison Ford or a Robert Redford. The bull-like constitution that had kept him alive for seven years, as the doctors poured drugs into him like Drano into a clogged sink, might have explained why the chemo, which thinned and balded almost

everyone else, had somehow made him gain weight and grow hair, so, though he was a little stocky now, and a little gray, his step was solid and his eyes were rimmed with oddly long Egyptian lashes.

The boys came running from school, excited to have been wearing their Metrozoid T-shirts all day, waiting for practice: Eric and Derek and Ken, good athletes, determined and knowing and nodding brief, been-there-before nods as they chucked the ball around; Jacob and Charlie and Garrett talking a little too quickly and uncertainly about how many downs you had and how many yards you had to go; Will and Luke and Matthew very verbal, evangelizing for a game, please, can’t we, like, have a game with another team, right away, we’re ready; and Gabriel just eager for a chance to get the ball and roll joyfully in the mud. I was curious to see what Kirk would do with them. He was, first and foremost, a teacher, and his lectures still resonated in the halls of the institute. But how would he teach these eight-year-olds to play football? Orate at them? Motivate them? Dazzle them with plays and schemes?

“O.K.,” he said, very gently, as the boys gathered around him in an attentive, slightly wary circle. “Let’s break it down. First thing is how you stand. Everybody get down in a three-point stance.”

The boys dropped to their haunches confidently.

Kirk frowned. He walked up and down the line, shoving each one lightly on a shoulder or a knee, and showing how a three-point stance could be a weak or strong tripod, a launching pad or a stopping place, one that let you push off strongly or one that held you back. At last, he got everybody’s stance

correct. "O.K., let's run," he said. "Just run the length of the field, from these cones to those cones, and then turn back. Last guy does fifteen pushups." Luke stumbled and was the last guy, and Kirk had him do fifteen pushups. The point was made: No favorites.

Right around then, a young park worker came up in one of those officious little green carts the park people ride around in. "I'm sorry," he said, "you can't play here. It's ruled off for games."

I was ready to get mad—I mean, hey, who was making these rules? We had been playing touch football here for years—when Kirk stepped in.

"We-ell," Kirk said, and the Southern accent he brought with him from his youth in Savannah was suddenly more intense, an airplane captain's accent. "Well, uh, we got ten young men here eager to play football. Where can we take them to play?"

To my surprise, the park worker was there for the enlisting. "Let me see—I'll come back," he said. We went on with the drills, and ten minutes later the guy scooted up again in his cart.

"I think I've found just the place," he said. "If you go off there, right over the road, and take the left fork, you'll find this field that's hidden there behind the parking lot." He added, almost confidentially, "It's just opposite the toilets near the Ramble, but it's flat and large, and I think it's perfect."

"Much obliged," Kirk said, and he gestured to the boys, a big arm-sweeping gesture, and led them off in search of the promised field. They followed him like Israelites. We walked across the road, took the left, and went down a hill, and there it was—a little glade that I had never seen before, flat and fringed by tall trees, offering shade to the waiting moms and dads. It had a slightly derelict

look—I could imagine that in a livelier era this field might have been a Francis Bacon mural, men struggling in the grass—but today it was perfect.

"Gentlemen," Kirk said clearly to the boys as they straggled on, looking around a little dubiously at the tufts of grass and the facing bathrooms. "Welcome to Metrozoid Field. This is the place we have been looking for." He set out the red cones again around the fringes.

"O.K., let's scrimmage," he ordered. He divided the guys in half with a firm, cutting gesture, and they began an intense, slightly nervous touch-football game. Kirk watched them, smiling and silent.

"Shouldn't we teach them a play?" I suggested.

"No," he said. "They're off to a good start. Running and standing is a good start."

The scrimmage ended, and the winning team began to hurrah and high-five.

"Hey," he said, stepping forward, and for the first time I heard his classroom voice, his full-out voice, a combination of Southern drawl and acquired New England sharpness.

"No celebrations," he said, arriving at the middle of the field. "This is a scrimmage. It's just the first step. We're all one team. We are the Giant Metrozoids." He said the ridiculous name as though it were Fighting Irish, or Rambling Wrecks, an old and hallowed name in the American pigskin tradition. The kids stopped, subdued and puzzled. "Hands together," he said, and stretched his out, and solemnly the boys laid their hands on his, one after another. "One, two, three, together!" and all the hands sprang up. He had replaced a ritual of celebration with one of solidarity—and

the boys sensed that solidarity was somehow at once more solemn and more fun than any passing victory could be.

He had, I realized on the way home, accomplished a lot of things. He had taught them how to stand and how to kneel—not just how to do these things but that there was a right way to do these things. He had taught them that playing was a form of learning—that a scrimmage was a step somewhere on the way toward a goal. And he had taught them that they were the Giant Metrozoids. It was actually a lot for one hour.

When I say that I began working harder, I can barely begin to explain what his idea of working hard meant: it was Bear Bryant's idea of hard work circa 1955, it was General Patton's idea of being driven, only more military. It was coupled with a complete openness and equality, a vulnerability to his students' criticisms so great that it was almost alarming. He was working that hard, and was as eager to have you spot his weights as he was to spot yours. In what now seems like the halcyon days of 1984, a Saturday morning in winter would begin with a phone call and a voice booming, breaking right through the diaphanous protection of the answering machine, "Hey, folks, it's Kirk. I got up early to walk the pooch and I think I got some progress made on this here problem. What say we meet at eleven and trade papers?" I would curse, get out of bed, get to work, and be ready three hours later, with a new draft of whatever the hell I was supposed to be working on. We would meet at the little island that separates SoHo, where we lived, and Tribeca, where he and his wife, the artist Elyn Zimmerman, had their loft, and, standing there, he would turn the pages, and I would turn the

pages, and he would show me all the ways in which I had missed the boat. Above all, he would insist, break it down: Who were the artists? What were the pictures? Give me the dates. Compile lists, make them inclusive, walk through it. You break it down in order to build it back up. What does it mean, why does it matter, for this artist, for art history, for the development of human consciousness? I would go back to work and the phone would ring again at three. “Hey, folks, it’s Kirk. What do you say we meet and go over this new draft I’ve done and then maybe get some dinner?” And we would meet, and all four—or six or eight or ten—people would come together around him, and have dinner, and drink a good bottle of white wine and a good bottle of red wine and finally, exhausted, I would get to bed.

And then the phone would ring again. “Hey, folks, it’s Kirk. I got to walk the pooch one last time, and I was just thinking that I may finally have sorted out the locomotive from the caboose in this thing. What do you say. . .” And I would put a coat on over my pajamas and go out one last time, in the whipping cold of midnight, and he would open the envelope right there and start reading, signalling to me to do the same, while his black Chow raced around, and we would try one more time to clarify exactly why Picasso looked at African art or why Gauguin went to Tahiti, while a generation walked by us in Astor Place haircuts and long vintage coats on their way to the Odeon.

He gave football all the credit. He had discovered himself playing football, first at his prep school, St. Andrew’s in Delaware, as an overweight and, by all reports, unimpressive adolescent, and then at Williams, where, improbably, he became a starting defensive end. The appeal of football wasn’t that it “built

character”—he knew just how cruddy a character a football player could have. It was that it allowed you to make a self. You were one kind of person with one kind of body and one set of possibilities, and then you worked at it and you were another. This model was so simple and so powerful that you could apply it to anything. It was ordinary magic: you worked harder than the next guy, and you were better than the next guy. It put your fate in your own hands.

I had always loved football, too, and we watched it together on Saturday afternoons and Monday nights for years. We saw a lot of good games, but we missed the big one. In 1984, we went up to New England to celebrate Thanksgiving, and we were supposed to watch what promised to be the greatest college football game of all time, Boston College-Miami, Doug Flutie versus Bernie Kosar. But our wives wanted to do something else—go look at things at a Shaker fair, I think—and we came home to find that we’d skipped the greatest college football game of all time, which Flutie had won by a Hail Mary, a long, desperation heave, on the last play of the game. We stared at each other in disbelief—we missed that?—and for the next twenty years “Boston College-Miami” was code between us for something you really, really wanted to do but couldn’t, because your wife wanted to do something else. “You want to try and grab a burger at six?” “Uh—Boston College-Miami.” It was code between us also for the ironies of life, our great, overlooked game, the one that got away.

“I think I’m going to make the motivational speech,” I said to Luke as we walked over to Metrozoid Field the next Friday. I had been working on the motivational speech for several days. I didn’t see a role for myself on the Metrozoids as a leader, and I thought I might make

a contribution as the Tommy Lasorda type, raising everyone’s spirits and bleeding Metrozoid blue.

“O.K.,” he said, relenting for the moment. “Tell it to me again.”

“We’re here to separate the men from the boys,” I said, stopping at the Miner’s Gate entrance to the Park, at Seventy-ninth Street, and trying to growl like Gary Busey as the Bear, “and then we’re going to separate the warriors from the men.” I paused to let this sink in. “And then we’re going to separate the heroes from the warriors—and then we’re going to separate the legends from the heroes. And then, at last, we’re going to separate the gods from the legends. So, if you’re not ready to be a football god, you don’t want to be a Metrozoid.” Long pause. “Now, won’t that make the guys motivated?”

He reflected. “I don’t know if they’ll be motivated. They’ll certainly be nauseated. Nobody wants to be motivated to play football, Dad. They want to play football.”

Kirk ran another minimalist practice on this second week, and he missed the next because he was too sick from the chemo. I ran the session, and I thought, ambitiously, that it would be good to try a play at last, so I set about teaching them a simple stop-and-go. I got them to line up and run short, stop, and then go long. They ran it one by one, but none of them could get the timing quite right, and the boy who was supposed to be quarterbacking the thing couldn’t get the right zip on the ball. Everyone was more annoyed than motivated, so I stopped after ten minutes, and sent them back to scrimmaging. They were restless for their coach.

It wasn’t any surprise that he missed a practice; the surprise was that he made as many as he did. The chemo he was getting was so caustic that it had to be infused gradually, over sessions lasting

three or four hours. Years of chemotherapy had left the veins in his arms so collapsed that sometimes it took half an hour for a nurse just to find an entry. He would grimace while being poked at with the needle, and then go on talking. He had the chemotherapy at one of the midtown extensions of the hospital, where the walls were earnestly decorated with Impressionist posters, Manet and Monet and Renoir—the art that he had taught a generation to relish for its spring-coiled internal contradictions and tensions there as something soothing for dying patients to look at.

He would talk, for hours. Sometimes he talked about the *Metrozoids*, and sometimes about Dylan or Elvis, but mostly he tried to talk through the Mellon lectures he was to give in Washington. He was, he said, going to speak without a text, just with a slide list. This was partly a bravura performer's desire to do one last bravura performance. It was also because he had come to believe that in art history description was all the theory you needed; if you could describe what was there, and what it meant (to the painter, to his time, to you), you didn't need a deeper supporting theory. Art wasn't meaningful because, after you looked at it, someone explained it; art explained itself by being there to look at.

He thought that modern art was a part of modern life: not a reaction against it, or a subversion of it, but set within its values and contradictions, as surely as Renaissance art was set in its time. His book on the origins of modernism, "A Fine Disregard," used an analogy from the history of rugby to illuminate the moment of artistic innovation: during a soccer game at the Rugby School, in England, an unknown young man named William Webb Ellis picked up the ball and ran with it, and a new game came into being. A lot of people

thought that Kirk was celebrating a Romantic view of invention. But his was a liberal, not a Romantic, view of art. It began with an individual and extended to a community. What fascinated him was the circumstances that let someone act creatively and other people applaud instead of blowing the whistle.

That was what he loved to talk about when he talked about Elvis. He revered the moment when, in 1954, Elvis walked into a studio and played with Scotty and Bill and Sam, and everything suddenly came together. Had any of the elements been absent, as they easily might have been, as they usually are—had the guitarist Scotty Moore been less adaptable, the producer Sam Phillips less patient—then Elvis would have crooned his songs, no one would have cared, and nothing would have happened. The readiness was all. These moments were his faith, his stations: Picasso and Braque in their studios cutting the headlines right out of the newspapers and pasting them on the pictures to make collage, Richard Serra (first among Kirk's contemporary heroes) throwing hot lead in a studio corner and finding art in its rococo patterns.

Toward the end of one chemotherapy session, as he worried his way through his themes, a young man wearing the usual wool cap on his head came around the usually inviolable barrier of drapery that separated one "suite" from the next.

"You are professor?" he asked shyly, with a Russian accent, and Kirk shook his head.

"No, you are professor. I know. We have treatment at same time, every week. Same three hours," and he gestured toward his cap, with a short, we're-in-this-together smile. "I used to bring book, but now I just listen to you."

That Sunday of the first Mellon lecture, Kirk walked to the lectern

after an introduction. The room was sold out, and the overflow had been sent to another lecture room. "Can I have the lights down, please," he said, and I saw that he had kept his word: he had no text, no notes, just a list of slides. He began to show and describe objects from sixties American minimalism—plywood boxes and laid-out bricks and striped paintings. He didn't offer a "theory," or a historical point. He tried, instead, to explain that a landscape that looked simple—there had been Abstract Expressionist splashes, and then there were all these boxes—was actually extraordinarily complex: there was a big difference between the boxes of Donald Judd, elegizing New York Canal Street culture, and the gleaming, body-shop boxes of the West Coast minimalists, glorifying California car culture.

"The less there is to look at," he said, pacing, as he always did, "the more important it is that we look at it closely and carefully. Small differences make all the difference. So, for example, the next time somebody tries to sell you on the mechanical exactitude of Frank Stella's stripes, think again about the beautiful, delicate breathing space in these stripes, the incredible feathered edge of the touch of the picture, which has everything to do with its kind of espresso-grounds, Beat Generation blackness that gives the picture its particular relationship to its epoch and time."

So he walked people through it. There were the bright, Matissean stripes of Ellsworth Kelly, made from the traced shapes of Parisian shadows, and those dark, espresso-bar simplicities of Stella. There was the tradition of the Bauhaus diaspora, all those German refugee artists who had been forced to go to South America, and who had proselytized for a kind of utopian, geometric abstraction—which had then appeared in New York just as New York artists

were using geometric forms to indicate a cool-guy stoical distaste for utopian aspirations, creating a comedy of misunderstanding and crossbreeding. An art that had seemed like a group of quadratic equations set by a joyless teacher had been revealed as a sequence of inventions thought up by people. Where there seemed to be things, there were stories. The audience, at the end of the hour, was riveted. Someone was breaking it down, and then was going to build it back up. You didn't want to miss it.

“O.K., we're going to learn a play,” he said, the next Friday at Metrozoid practice.

The boys were standing on Metrozoid Field in their Metrozoid shirts in a semicircle around him. He showed them the play he had in mind, tracing it in the dirt with a stick: the quarterback takes the ball from the center and laterals to the halfback, who looks for one of three downfield receivers, who go in overlapping paths down the right sideline—one long, one medium, one short. The boys clapped hands and ran to the center of the field, terrier-quick and terrier-eager.

“No, no. Don't run. Just walk through it the first few times.”

The boys then ostentatiously walked through the play, clowning around a bit, as though in slow motion. He laughed at that. But he had them do it anyway, five or six times, at a walk.

“Now let's just amble through it, same thing.” The play took on a courtly quality, like a seventeenth-century dance. The boys did it at that pace, again and again: hike and pitch and look and throw.

“Now let's just run easy.” The boys trotted through their pattern, and

Garrett, the chosen quarterback, kept overthrowing the ball. Gently but firmly, Kirk changed the running back with the quarterback, Ken for Garrett, so that Garrett had the honor of being official quarterback but wouldn't have to throw, and then had them trot through it again. Ken threw hard, and the ball was caught.

After twenty minutes, Kirk clapped his hands. “Full speed. Everybody run.” The boys got in their stances, and took off—really zoomed. The ball came nervously back, the quarterback tossed it to the halfback, he turned and threw it to the short receiver.

“Great!” At top eight-year-old speed, the ball had been thrown for a completion. The Metrozoids had mastered a play.

“Now let's do it again,” Kirk said. I heard him whisper to Matthew, the short receiver, as he lined up, “Fall down!” They started the play, Garrett to Ken. Matthew fell down. Ken's eyes showed a moment of panic, but then he looked up, and saw the next boy, the middle receiver, Luke, waiting right in line, and he threw there. Complete.

“Nice read,” Kirk said, clapping his hands. “Nice read, nice throw, nice catch. Well-executed play.”

The boys beamed at each other.

“You break it down, and then you build it back up,” Kirk said as they met at the center of the field to do the pile of hands. “The hardest play you learn is just steps put together.”

By the fourth and fifth weeks of the Mellons, the scene at the National Gallery was almost absurd. People were lining up at nine in the morning for the two-o'clock lecture; I met a woman who had driven down from Maine to be there. The overflow room had to be

supplied with its own overflow room, and the museum finally printed a slightly short-tempered handout. (“But what if I need to use the restroom while standing in line?” “If you need to use the restroom while in line, ask your neighbor to save your place.”)

The fifth lecture would, he thought, be the toughest to put over. He found it easy to make an audience feel the variety, the humanity, of abstract art, even an art as refined and obstinate as the art of Judd or the young Frank Stella. But it was harder to make people accept, and relish, that art's perversity, and harder still to make them see that its perversity was exactly the humanism it offered. In the lecture hall, he explained that, as E. H. Gombrich had shown half a century ago in his Mellon lectures, representational artists were always making forms and then matching them—taking inherited stereotypes and “correcting” them in the light of new things seen. Leonardo, for instance, had inherited the heraldic image of a horse, and he had bent it and reshaped it until it looked like an actual animal. Abstract artists were always making forms and then trying to unmatch them, to make sure that their art didn't look like things in the world. Sooner or later, though, they always did, and this meant that, alongside abstraction, there was a kind of sardonic running commentary, which jumped on it anytime that it did look like some banal familiar thing.

Pop art was the most obvious source and form of this mockery: Roy Lichtenstein made fun of the abstract Op artist Victor Vasarely for making pictures that looked like the bottom of a sneaker, and Andy Warhol thumbed his nose at Barnett Newman for making pictures that looked like matchbook covers, and so on. But this counter-tra-

dition wasn't mere jeering. It was generative, too: it forced and inspired new art. It kept abstraction from wallowing complacently in a vague mystical humanism. In the parody and satire of abstraction, its apparent negation, lay its renewal.

This process, Kirk explained, easily visible in the dialogue of minimalism and Pop, was just as vital, if less obvious, in the relationship between Jackson Pollock and Cy Twombly, two of his heroes. Twombly's squiggles and scribbles were not dutifully inspired by but actually parodied Pollock's method: "Everything that Twombly achieves he achieves by the ironic distancing of himself from Pollock. Everything that is liquid is turned dry. Everything that is light is turned dark. Everything that is simple and spontaneous and athletic is turned obsessive, repetitive, self-conscious in Twombly. By this kind of negation, he re-realizes, on a completely different scale and completely different terms, the exact immediacy of energy conveyed to canvas that Pollock has." Negation and parody were forms of influence as powerful as any solemn "transmission" of received icons. Doubt led to argument; argument made art.

That Friday, out on Metrozoid Field, Kirk divided the boys into two teams. "A team runs the play and B team defends," he said.

"But they'll know what we're gonna do," someone on the A team complained. "That's O.K. Most of the time, the other team knows what you're gonna do. That's called your tendency. The key is to do it anyway."

"But if they know—"

"Just run the play. Most of the time, the other team knows. The hard part is doing it right even when you know exactly what's coming."

The offense boys ran their one play, the flea-flicker, and the defense boys ran around trying to stop it. Standing on the sidelines, I was amazed to see how hard it was to stop the play even if you did know it was coming. The boys on defense ran around, nettled, converging on the wrong receiver and waving their hands blindly at the ball. The boys on offense looked a little smug.

He called them together. "You know what they're going to do. Why can't you stop it?"

The boys on the B team, slightly out of breath, shrugged. "You can't stop it because they know what they're going to do but you don't know what you're going to do against it. One team has a plan and the other team doesn't. One team knows what it's doing, and the other team knows what they're doing but it doesn't know what it's doing. Now let's figure out what you're going to do."

He went to work. Who's the fastest kid they have? O.K., let's put the fastest kid we have on him. Or, better, what if each guy takes a part of the field and just stays there and knocks the ball down if it comes near him? Don't move now; just stay there and knock it down. They tried both ways—man-to-man and zone and found that both ways worked. The play lost its lustre. The boys on the B team now seemed smug, and the boys on the A team lost.

"Maybe you need another wrinkle," he said to the A team. "Let's work on it."

Watching him on Metrozoid Field, you could see what made him a great teacher on bigger questions for bigger kids. Football was a set of steps, art a set of actions. The mysterious, baffling things—modern art, the zone defense—weren't so mysterious or baffling if you broke them down. By the

end of the spring practice, the eight-year-olds were instinctively rotating out of man-to-man into a zone and the offense audibling out of a spread formation into a halfback option, just as the grownups in Washington were suddenly seeing the differences and similarities between Pollock's drips and Twombly's scrawls.

One particularly bright kid, Jacob, was scared of the ball, the onrushing object and the thousand intricate adjustments you had to make to catch it. He would throw his arms out and look away, instead of bringing his hands together. Kirk worked with him. He stood nearby and threw him the ball, underhanded, and then got him to do one thing right. When he caught it Kirk wasn't too encouraging; when he dropped one he wasn't too hard. He did not make him think it was easy. He did not make him think that he had done it when he hadn't. He made him think that he could do it if he chose.

It is said sometimes that the great teachers and mentors, the rabbis and gurus, achieve their ends by inducting the disciple into a kind of secret circle of knowledge and belief, make of their charisma a kind of gift. The more I think about it, though, the more I suspect that the best teachers—and, for that matter, the truly long-term winning coaches, the Walshes and Woodens and Weavers—do something else. They don't mystify the work and offer themselves as a model of rabbinical authority, a practice that nearly always lapses into a history of acolytes and excommunications. The real teachers and coaches may offer a charismatic model—they probably have to—but then they insist that all the magic they have to offer is a commitment to repetition and perseverance. The great oracles may enthrall, but the really great teach-

ers demystify. They make particle physics into a series of diagrams that anyone can follow, football into a series of steps that anyone can master, and art into a series of slides that anyone can see. A guru gives us himself and then his system; a teacher gives us his subject, and then ourselves.

If this story was the made-for-television movie that every story about early death threatens to become, we would have arranged one fiery game between the Giant Metrozoids and another team, a bigger, faster, slightly evil team, and the Metrozoids would win it for their coach. It didn't happen like that. Not that the Metrozoids didn't want a game. As their self-confidence increased, they kept urging us to find some other team of eight-year-olds that they could test themselves against. I was all for it, but Kirk, I sensed, was not. Whenever the boys raised the possibility, he would say, diffidently, "Let's wait till the fall," knowing, of course, that the fall, his fall, would never come.

I understood the hold he had on the Metrozoids. But when I thought about his hesitation I started to understand the hold that the Metrozoids had on him. I had once said something fatuous to him about enjoying tonight's sunset, whatever tomorrow would bring, and he had replied that when you know you are dying you cannot simply "live in the moment." You loved a fine sunset because it slipped so easily into a history, yours and the world's; part of the pleasure lay in knowing that it was one in a stream of sunsets you had loved, each good, some better, one or two perfect, moving forward in an open series. Once you knew that this one could be

the last, it filled you with a sense of dread; what was the point of collecting paintings in a museum you knew was doomed to burn down?

But there were pleasures in life that were meaningful in themselves, that did not depend on their place in an ongoing story, now interrupted. These pleasures were not "aesthetic" thrills—not the hang gliding you had never done or the trip to Maui you had never taken—but things that existed outside the passage of time, things that were beyond comparison, or, rather, beside comparison, off to one side of it. He loved the Metrozoid practices, I came to see, because for him they weren't really practicing. The game would never come, and the game didn't matter. What mattered was doing it.

At the last practice of the school year, the boys ran their plays and scrimmaged, and the familiar forms of football, of protection and pass routes and coverages, were all there, almost magically emerging from the chaos of eight-year-olds in motion. At the end, the boys came running up to him, and he stood in place, and low-fived each one of them. "See you in September," the kids cried, and Kirk let the small hands slap his broad one, and smiled. "We'll work again in the fall," he said, and I knew he meant that someone would.

That Sunday, he did something that surprised me. It was the last lecture of the Mellons, and he talked about death. Until then, I had never heard him mention it in public. He had dealt with it by refusing to describe it—from Kirk the ultimate insult. Now, in this last lecture, he turned on the audience and quoted a line from a favorite movie, "Blade Runner," in which the android leader

says, "Time to die," and at the very end he showed them one of his favorite works, a Richard Serra "Torqued Ellipse," and he showed them how the work itself, in the physical experiences it offered—inside and outside, safe and precarious, cold and warm—made all the case that needed to be made for the complexity, the emotional urgency, of abstract art. Then he began to talk about his faith. "But what kind of faith?" he asked. "Not a faith in absolutes. Not a religious kind of faith. A faith only in possibility, a faith not that we will know something, finally, but a faith in not knowing, a faith in our ignorance, a faith in our being confounded and dumbfounded, as something fertile with possible meaning and growth. . . . Because it can be done, it will be done. And now I am done." The applause, when it came, was stadium applause, and it went on a long time.

By July, the doctors had passed him bright out of even the compassionate trials, and were into the world of guesses and radiation. "It's a Hail Mary," he said of a new radiation therapy that they were proposing. "But, who knows, maybe I'll get the Doug Flutie of radiologists." Then a slight ache in his back which he thought was a disk he'd hurt water-skiing turned out to be a large tumor in his spine, and the end came quickly.

His wife, Elyn, had to be out of the city, and I spent the last Saturday afternoon of his life with him. In the old way, I went into his office to work on something I was writing. Kirk went to see what was on television. He had, I noticed, a team photograph of the Metrozoids at their last practice

propped up on the coffee table. By then, he could hardly walk, and his breath came hard.

But he called out, “Yo. You got to come here.”

“What?”

“You won’t believe this. Boston College-Miami.”

Damned if it wasn’t. ESPN Classics had a ‘Hail Mary’ Saturday, all the great games decided on the last play, and now, twenty years later, they were showing the game from beginning to end: the whole game, with the old graphics and the announcer’s promos, exactly as it had first been shown.

So we finally got to watch the game. And it was 1984 again, and the game was still thrilling, even though you knew what the outcome would be, and how it would happen. Kirk’s brother, Sam, came around, and he watched, too, the three of us just enjoying a good game, until at last here we were, at that famous, miraculous, final Hail Mary, Doug Flutie dropping back and rolling out, to heave the ball desperately downfield.

“Look at that!” Kirk cried, and the ball was still in midair out of view, up above the television screen.

“What?” I asked, as the ball made its arc and fell into the hands of Gerard Phelan and the announcers went wild.

“That’s no Hail Mary. Watch it again and you’ll see. That’s a coverage breakdown.” The old defensive-backfield

coach spoke evenly, as, twenty years before, the crowd jumped and screamed. “Safety steps up too soon because he doesn’t think Flutie can make that throw on the run. What he doesn’t see is that Flutie has time to square around and get his feet set on the rollout, which adds fifteen yards to his range. Safety steps up too soon, Phelan runs a standard post route, and that’s it. That safety sees Flutie get his feet set, makes the right read, and there’s no completion.” Turning to us, he said, “That is no Hail Mary, friends. That’s no miracle. That is just the play you make. That is one gentleman making the right read and running the right pattern and the other gentleman making the wrong read.” And for one moment he looked as happy as I had ever known him: one more piece of the world’s mysteries demystified without being debunked, a thing legendary and hallowed broken down into the real pattern of human initiative and human weakness and human action that had made it happen. We had been waiting twenty years to see a miracle, and what we saw—what he saw, once again, and showed us—was one more work of art, a pattern made by people out of the possibilities the moment offered to a ready mind. It was no Hail Mary, friends; it was a play you made.

He turned to me and Sam, and, still elated by the revelation of what had really happened all those years ago, we

began to talk about Ralph Emerson and Richard Serra. And then Kirk said, heavily, “There is nothing in the world I would rather be doing than taking part in this conversation. But I have to lie down.” He died four days afterward, late at night, having spent the day talking about Hitchcock films and eighteenth-century hospital architecture.

Luke and Elyn and I went up to the football field at Williams last fall and, with some other friends, spread his ashes in the end zone, under the goalposts. At his memorial, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Renee Fleming sang and the violinist Arnold Steinhardt played and the art world of New York turned out and listened and recalled him. I think a lot of them must have been puzzled in the slide show that Elyn had prepared to begin the evening, and which recapitulated his career, from Savannah to Princeton, to see toward the end a separate section gravely entitled “The Giant Metrozoids,” with the big figure surrounded by small boys. But I’m sure he would have been glad to see them there. The Metrozoids are getting back in business again, with an inadequate coach. I’ve thought about finally making the motivational speech, but I don’t think I need to. The Metrozoids don’t need to learn how to separate the men from the heroes. They know.

St. Andrew's alumna Lainie Thomas '88 talked with us about her work in Sudan for a relief agency, Mercy Corps. This is the first in an ongoing series of articles from or about St. Andreans working for change around the globe.

Working for change in Sudan

by Lainie Thomas '88

One day in college, I saw a flyer on a bulletin board advertising a study abroad program that had both a study and a work service component. The types of work included working in poor hospitals, community development activities and construction. I was so interested in this program that I took down the flyer and immediately wrote away for more information.

Since that summer in 1989 when I worked with malnourished children in an urban slum outside of Guayaquil, Ecuador, as a community activist for the non-governmental organization, Children International, I knew that this was what I wanted to do. The challenges met my skills—how to help empower people with very few resources and how to raise awareness of those who have so much less than we do was extremely rewarding.

That first summer led to another semester abroad in Bogotá, Colombia, which then led to a Peace Corps assignment in The Gambia, West Africa. I graduated with a double major in math and Latin American Studies, so I figured I would be a shoo-in for a job as a math teacher in Latin America, but that was not the case!



That was my first lesson: if you have technical skills, then those skills should be transferable to anywhere in the world. In fact, that has stayed true until today, where I am again posted in a

country where I have no experience at all.

While a Peace Corps Volunteer, I knew that I wanted to make a career out of this type of work, so when I came back to the United States, I did a master's

degree at Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies in Washington, D.C. They have a very interesting program on social change and development, where we looked at how to effect change from the grassroots level. We talked a lot about how change in societies occurs and how change differs from place to place.

Since then, I have worked in Cambodia, England, Somalia, Azerbaijan and now Sudan. All of my work has been to work on projects—a specific activity that a non-governmental organization gets money to implement—with the



A typical Sudanese house, called a tukul. It is nice and very cool inside all day long. One thing that baffles me is that the doors are very low, but the Sudanese are very tall!



A fair number of people have bikes, and they always decorate them with plastic flowers like these!

aim of helping poor people make changes in their own lives.

I am a little hesitant to discuss too many specifics about Sudan, as my experience in this job barely spans two months. I work with a lot of Sudanese in Nairobi, but they are generally better educated and better off than those still in Sudan. I can say that the general political situation is hopeful. People feel like peace is imminent and that it will bring meaningful change to their lives. For example, people will be able to return to their homelands after decades away, the availability of goods will multiply enormously and the security will improve dramatically.

As for the economic situation in Sudan, it is very basic. I have been to many very rural parts of Africa, but I have never seen this

much poverty. In the town where Mercy Corps works, Wunrok, in Twic County, Bahr el Ghazal region, there is no infrastructure to speak of: there are no roads, just dirt or mud tracks. But then, the roads are not that important since there are no cars—in a week I saw only two vehicles, both owned by aid agencies.

Likewise, there are no gas stations, so even if one did have a car, getting gas would be a problem. The aid agencies have to send barrels of gas by air to the villages to fuel their cars. This is in a country whose civil war is fueled by the need to control the country's vast oil reserves! There is no electricity at all, anywhere, even in the government buildings or homes of important officials. At the markets, there is very little to buy—I saw soap, salt, sugar, tea leaves, cigarettes and lighters, batteries, flip-flops and bicycle parts.

I couldn't believe that you could not buy food! There are no telephones; while I did not expect to see telephone

booths at each hut, I was surprised that the bigger towns do not have telephone access in this modern world. The village where I lived as a Peace Corps volunteer 12 years ago had a single telephone that was as heavy as a cinder block, but it was available. It was four days until I saw a permanent building—everything was made of mud and thatch until I saw a brick primary school. There is one hospital in south Sudan.

On a day-to-day basis, we are working to help out farmers. We



A stall where fish is sold. This market is unique. It's called a Peace Market, because under a special agreement, the Arabs from the north can leave their weapons at the north-south border and come and trade at the market without being attacked by the southerners. They bring goods available from the north like salt and sugar, and they buy cattle from the southerners.

do this in several different ways. First, we are helping some farmers who are willing to try new methods to train their oxen to pull a plow. Plowing in our area is all done by hand, and this is extremely time consuming and hard work. A pair of oxen can plow six fields in the time a man can do one. Some farmers resist this, as they think that animals should not be used for this hard work. However, some see the big differences that it makes and are interested to find out more. Likewise, we are designing donkey carts for farmers to use to transport their goods to the markets. Mercy Corps has introduced some new seeds to the farmers that will increase their productivity and produce more nutritious varieties. We

are also repairing roads that lead to the markets so that people—sellers and buyers—have better access. One of the most interesting parts of our work is that we work with a Sudanese organization from this area called SUPRAID, Sudan Production Aid. They have been drilling boreholes for people to access clean water for many years, and they have established a small agricultural research center where they are planting crops to demonstrate to other farmers.

In the near future, we are planning to have money available for groups from this area to apply for a grant from us. They can make a plan on what they want to use it for, and if it will benefit the community, then Mercy Corps will give

the money to the community groups. For example, a women's group may buy a grinding mill to grind their sorghum, or some businessmen may want to build a new shop at the market.

I was very inspired by people's faith in the impending peace. Already, thousands of people are making the trek back to their homelands—by bus from Khartoum, the capital in the north, and from there by foot. In Sudanese English, they call this “footing.” People making the trip are harassed by police who suspect that they may be going to Darfur to help the rebels. They frequently get malaria, have no food and suffer extreme fatigue from walking so many days in very, very hot temperatures. The peace is the



This person is getting clean, safe water from a borehole. I only saw two of these during my entire stay.



This is why most people don't have cars! This is the main road to the capital of the county in Twic County, Bahr El Ghazal.



An airplane arrives with supplies to rehabilitate roads to improve access to markets. The plane has landed in a field. If there are cows or goats on the runway, then the pilot flies very low to scare them away, and then comes back for the landing!

first step in making change in Sudan. Without it, people cannot travel, the general populace does not have access to goods in the market and infrastructure and communications cannot be built.

There is so much room for improvement that I cannot believe that the future is not brighter for the Sudanese.

The Sudanese whom I met are both hopeful and realistic. They, too, realize that peace is essential to the future of the country. However, there have been many other peace talks earlier that have

failed, and that is discouraging. They are just trying to get by day to day and make life better one small step at a time.

For those who want to help the Sudan cause, political pressure has been extremely powerful here. I read in *The Economist* that George Bush is more popular in Sudan than anywhere on earth! People can write their members of congress and senators and make sure that they understand the importance of putting strong pressure on all sides in the Sudanese conflict to keep their promises, by tying finan-

cial assistance to keeping the peace. For those who want to do more, there are many agencies like Mercy Corps who are working in Sudan now. They always need support, and operating in Sudan where all supplies have to be flown in, is very expensive. In particular, these organizations need unrestricted funds, money that is not allocated for a specific cause. That gives organizations the ability to respond very quickly to changing situations, to emergencies and to help the most vulnerable people of all.

Hume Horan '51 passed away on July 22, 2004, after a battle with cancer (see obituary, p. 59). During his diplomatic career, Hume served the United States as Ambassador to Saudi Arabia (1987-88), Sudan (1983-86), Equatorial Guinea (1980-82), and Cameroon (1980-83). He was regarded by colleagues and observers as one of most knowledgeable Arabists to ever serve in the State Department. In the final year of his life, Hume worked as a senior counselor to the Coalition Provisional Authority in Iraq.

On August 6, 2004, the *Wall Street Journal* published some of Hume's final thoughts on Saudi Arabia, excerpted from his writings for the American Enterprise Institute. Hume's essay is reprinted here with the kind permission of the *Wall Street Journal* and the American Enterprise Institute. A fuller volume of Hume's writings are available on-line at www.aei.org.



Our Enemy's Enemy

By Hume Horan '51

Of all the strange forms of nationhood that fill the world today, none stands out like Saudi Arabia. It is the only country named after a family—the Saudis, who have ruled in the Peninsula since the 18th century. In a world of competing ideologies, it is the only state that abjures them all, in favor of its version of Sunni Islam. And as for a constitution? The Saudis would reply, “Ours is the Koran, a constitution granted by God himself.”

Outside viewers, even critics, might agree that Saudi Arabia seems, up to now, a successful anomaly. In a particularly conflict-prone region of the world, it has survived intact the destabilizing inrush of untold wealth and the challenge of ideologies. Communism, Baathism, Arab nationalism—all have come and gone. But today, Saudi Arabia, which controls two-thirds of the world's oil, is threatened from within by jihadist Islam, the movement that includes al Qaeda. So a serious question for the U.S. is: How much help can we expect from Saudi Arabia against a common threat which is, however, Muslim?

Strange People

For much of the last century, U.S.-Saudi relations were mostly of interest to specialists. In the 1930s, American oil developers—no cross-cultural specialists they—got the U.S. off on the right foot with a strange people in a strange land. When I arrived in 1972 as deputy chief of mission of the embassy in Jiddah, FDR's and King Abdul Aziz's 1945 meeting aboard the USS Quincy seemed almost a current affair. The country was deeply conservative, but in a way that seemed almost frictionless. Foreign diplomats and businessmen could live as Westerners in their compounds and enjoy folkloric forays into the town and countryside. By the time I left in 1977, Jiddah had become a city of cranes, as the U.S. Corps of Engineers went about its job of terraforming Saudi Arabia, the new El Dorado. Oil prices had quadrupled after the 1973 Arab-Israeli War and the Arab oil boycott.

My Saudi friends were smug. The true faith had—no surprise—bested “godless communism.” Friends would ask: How could an

ideology produced by a German Jew (Marx) or another by some Arab Christian (Baath Party founder Michel Aflak) hold its own against God's revelation? Nor did they believe Saudi society needed lessons in democracy from the morally ambiguous West. It was no accident that God had revealed his Koran in Arabia and afterwards had blessed the Kingdom with such economic and social justification. Per capita income was close to rivaling that of the U.S. Many Saudi friends saw the Kingdom as a theodicy, “an end of history.” Some were astonished that I, who had extensive knowledge of their culture, did not become a Muslim. The minister of defense, Prince Sultan, passed word that if I converted, he would give my son, born in 1975, Saudi citizenship. (I thanked him for his offer, but explained that I—however misguided—could not part with the faith of my fathers.)

The Saudis were not altogether mistaken in their self-congratulation. Their ideology had in fact shown remarkable resilience. A foreign ministry friend once explained that Westerners were wrong in supposing that there

were no political parties in Saudi Arabia. There was a single, all-powerful party, one that operated far, far better than Nasser's comic-opera "Arab Socialist Union" or the communism of the U.S.S.R. That party was the royal family. It could count on the loyalty—ensured by blood ties, not ideology—of 10,000 princes. "Call them cadres if you wish." All were further knit together by the knowledge that they sat atop the greatest source of geologic wealth ever vouchsafed to mankind—and by knowing that, should they fall out amongst themselves, their envious neighbors would snap up the pieces. "The result," I was told, "is a super-conductive network of command and control without parallel in the Arab world." But Saudi rulers could also be wise. "Not like that animal Saddam." King Faisal had restored to favor a dissident intellectual, after years of imprisonment. During those years, Faisal had continued to pay the man's salary to his family—thus linking control with forbearance.

The extremists' seizure of the Mosque of Mecca in 1979, however, might have warned the Saudi government of problems inherent in making Islam a formal pillar of the state. But when the Soviets invaded Afghanistan in the same year, the Saudis pushed ahead even more vigorously with their Islamic "public diplomacy." They stuck with what in their eyes was a winner.

In 1987, when I returned as chief of mission, the Saudi government was proud to stand at the head of an anticommunist crusade for the liberation of Afghanistan, fueled by Saudi (and American)

money and more than a few Saudi volunteers. I recall a visit to Riyadh in which CIA Director William Casey presented King Fahd with a Kalashnikov. Its stock featured a brass plaque explaining that the weapon had been taken from the body of a Russian officer. Mr. Casey might as well have been giving the keys to the Kingdom of God itself. The King rose, flourished the weapon, and struck a martial pose. The last Soviet forces left Afghanistan in 1989. The Kingdom could rightly share in the triumph.

In 1991, operations "Desert Shield" and "Desert Storm" again gave Saudis reason to see themselves as uniquely favored by God. We had (of course) dispatched a mighty army to rescue them from Saddam Hussein. Our military officers in Arabia observed that our sacrifices were received by the Saudis as no less than their due.

By the '90s, however, internal pressures on the regime grew. Saudi Arabia's population had begun to double every 17 years. But these additions to the workforce had neither marketable skills nor a significant work ethic. Per capita incomes slumped. Class divisions were rising and the homogeneity of public life was waning. Millions of young men—isolated from any normal contact with women—seethed with sexual frustration. Saudi wives, mured up in nasty bungalows, suffered from depression. The tragedies of some American women married to Saudis gave the embassy occasional but instructive insights into the pathology of Saudi folkways. The U.S. was rarely of help to these women.

Until recently, criticism of Saudi Arabia was deflected by American apologists who would refer to "Saudi exceptionalism." Isn't Saudi Arabia undemocratic? Doesn't it lack a constitution, deny religious freedom to other faiths, have a weak human rights record? No matter, Saudis would say. In the Koran, God Himself had dictated the final word concerning other religions, human rights and every aspect of life on earth.

U.S. discussions with Saudis at the highest levels often dealt with security, military sales, economic cooperation and sometimes intelligence exchanges. But in the back of the King's mind was the belief that, so long as the Kingdom remained helpful in oil production and pricing (20 percent of U.S. oil imports come from Saudi Arabia) and in purchasing billions of dollars of U.S. military equipment and training, he could deflect our requests on domestically sensitive issues (such as kidnapped American children) to an always-later time. The record has shown the Saudis to be right.

Saudi Arabia and the U.S. are now forced to confront a new common enemy: Islamic radicalism. The Saudis were at first slow in recognizing jihadist Islam as a threat. For years they practiced denial. Their reaction to the 1996 Khobar Towers attack, in which 19 U.S. soldiers were killed, was to delay, obfuscate and deny. So was their first reaction to 9/11: It's inconceivable that 15 of the 19 hijackers might have been Saudis! More recent events, such as the quadruple bombings in Riyadh in May 2003 and the suicide bombing of a security forces building in April last year—not to mention

attacks on Western workers—are changing the regime's attitude. Concerning the May 2003 attacks, Crown Prince Abdullah declared “there is no place for terror” in his country, and vowed to “destroy” the group responsible. But the May 2004 attack on Al Khobar, with 22 deaths, and the murder of Paul Johnson showed the Saudi government and the U.S. that the threat from Islamic terror was still active.

What can we say about the Saudi government's response? Intelligence cooperation will be nothing new. For decades that has been a key element in our strategic partnership. But the Saudi government always preferred to shield domestic developments, particularly those that involved the ruling family, from foreign eyes. If they let the U.S. follow the big money trail, it would surely lead to some Saudis of high degree, who for various reasons gave money to al Qaeda. The contributors might have done so out of habit, like buying a ticket to the policemen's ball. Or to buy protection, or because they actually supported al Qaeda's mission. For sure, some Saudis, like many other Arabs, felt a certain *Schadenfreude* over 9/11.

There are three reasons why the Saudi government is likely to stop stonewalling on terrorist financing and other common actions against the jihadists. First, the threat to the royal family itself from al Qaeda, and jihadist Islam in general, is now direct. Second, the U.S. interventions in Afghanistan and Iraq have made it equally

clear that terrorism is one issue for which Uncle Sam will not take no for an answer. Third, one gets the impression that the entrée of the Saudi ambassador in Washington is no longer what it was in the days of Bush 41. The Saudi government's June decision to place charitable fund-giving under central control may help cauterize some of this suspect donor activity.

Saudi cooperation on matters of security interest to us is feasible—especially if that cooperation proceeds “with muffled oars.” But we will have to keep up steady pressure on the Saudis and show uncommon consistency of purpose at all levels of our government. The president himself must be tough and persistent. Years of U.S. deference to the royal family have made the Saudis uncommonly resistant to requests by ambassadors and the State Department.

Ruthless Cadre

It's possible that the Saudi government will work with us in the fight against international jihadist Islam, while becoming a more overtly repressive police state that rules not on the basis of social covenant, but via a ruthless cadre. There will be gestures toward reform—Crown Prince Abdullah's cabinet of 1995 looked good in the shop window: 14 Ph.D.s among 17 non-royal cabinet members! Those foreign-trained Ph.D.s, however, have no power base and are bound to the regime by personal interests. That power will remain, for the near future, in the same

practiced hands that it has for decades. And when today's princes finally give way to successors, we can expect the domestic policies of the past—apart from a window dressing of democratization—not to change much. Neither should one look for change from the Arab disposition to “mitosis.” The Saudi Royal Family, Inc. has its factions: The powerful, full-brother “Sudairy Seven” princes have little love for their half-brother, Crown Prince Abdullah, who has reformist tendencies and possesses popular authenticity. Nonetheless, the royal family has shown a unique ability in the Arab World to avoid division—and hence to avoid being overthrown either from without or within.

It may well be that the Saudis will continue to find utility in their policies of the past 40 years—that is, to cooperate with the U.S. on common strategic and security concerns while keeping us at arm's length on a wide range of American “druthers.” This would include many domestic social, political and religious issues, where the Saudi position will remain contrary to what the U.S. stands for. Such a government would resemble some of its despotic neighbors. Will we continue to show forbearance to Saudi Arabia's domestic policies because of its oil and, now, its importance to us in the battle against Osama bin Laden and jihadist Islam? It will be interesting to see how the United States reacts if Saudi Arabia pursues a governing style at home similar to Hafez al-Asad's Syria.



Digging around for a good investment?

**Plant a seed for the future (of St. Andrew's School)
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Get the dirt on charitable gift annuities. Put some cash or appreciated securities into a charitable gift annuity with St. Andrew's School as the beneficiary for higher returns for both yourself and the School. This irrevocable gift will pay you an annuity for life that's guaranteed and fixed. You'll also be eligible for an income tax deduction.

For gifts of \$5,000 or more,
the following rates apply:

Age of Annuitant	Annuity Rate*
60	5.7%
65	6.0%
70	6.5%
75	7.1%
80	8.0%
85	9.5%
90	11.3%

* Based on one annuitant, rates are slightly lower when there are two annuitants.

For more information, contact the Advancement Office, 302-285-4260.

ACB

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The mission of the Alumni Corporation Board is to nurture stewardship of the St. Andrew's community, making possible the total involvement of all members of the St. Andrew's family, to facilitate communications within the St. Andrew's community, to plan and participate in events and to support the experience of current students. Board members are elected from within the greater Alumni Corporation, the association of all St. Andrew's graduates and former students.

And the survey says.....

Over 600 alumni (22%) returned the spring 2004 alumni survey, updating their contact and professional information for the forthcoming Alumni Directory. More than half of those expressed interest in participating in events and professional networking.

Many people said they would attend and even co-host an event thereby giving the ACB Regional Events committee a cadre of volunteers and venues into previously untried locations. By thinking creatively and assessing these responses, we plan to expand our offerings and involve a larger segment of the alumni body.

Of great importance and interest is the professional networking aspect of the survey. Efforts at networking promise to connect alums of all ages, and to connect them to current students—further emphasizing the relationship between

alumni and the School today, and advancing our goal of “St. Andrew’s as a lifelong experience.”

At the fall Alumni Volunteers Weekend at St. Andrew’s in October, the ACB Regional Events, the Resource Networking and Communications Committees invited Class Agents, Correspondents and other alumni volunteers to join them to discuss the implications of the survey. The groups created action plans for capitalizing on this interest.

ACB President Garrett Hart said, “We are trying to build a continuing relationship with the alumni on the strong foundation Tad Roach and the School has laid. Alums must know that St. Andrew’s commitment to them doesn’t end at graduation, just as St. Andrew’s hopes their commitment to the School, fellow St. Andreans and the St. Andrew’s ethos will not only continue, but grow stronger.”

St. Andrew's Career Networking:

How St. Andrew's helped me find the right job

by Matt Wolinski '00

At the beginning of this past summer, I found myself in a position which many of my classmates may find familiar: I was unemployed, living with my parents and basically clueless as to my future plans. I had just graduated, and I was lacking not only a clear idea of what I wanted to do, but information and insight into the vague possibilities floating around in my head.

During my ensuing job search, St. Andrew's became one of my most valuable resources. I used the St. Andrew's alumni Web site to search the alumni body by career field, and I found that there are thousands of St. Andreans in many different fields around the world. I called or emailed several people who worked in non-profit organizations and asked if they could offer me any advice. I got many responses, from people whom I had never met, giving me tips on the best online employment sites, the "hot spots" within the field and even an offer for an interview.

When the time came to apply for jobs, I found that my connection with St. Andrew's was even more valuable. My work and experience as a Class Agent was suddenly a sought-after career skill. Former teachers and the St. Andrew's alumni office provided enthusiastic references. After sorting through several offers, I accepted a great job in Washington, D.C.

Beginning or changing a career are challenges we all face. Being able to take advantage of the connections and knowledge of thousands of St. Andrew's alumni is a tremendous, easily accessible resource for us all. So don't hesitate to ask someone in the St. Andrew's community for help or advice in your job search—our shared experience of St. Andrew's is a bond that never stops paying off.

St. Andrew's Regional Group Activities:

Extending the reach of faith and learning

by Ian Montgomery '85

Well, it worked. We began.

As a local alumni body, about a year ago, we decided to do more than raise money for the School and have cocktail parties. We decided, in the spirit of St. Andrew's School, to try to find ways to serve our community.

I remembered an article which had run in the *Episcopal New Yorker* two years ago about the Harlem Episcopal School (HES). It told of St. Luke's Church in Harlem offering its facility as a home for the school, but beyond that, I couldn't remember much. I mentioned it to the National Association of Episcopal Schools Executive Director, Fr. Peter Cheney, and he put me in touch with Mr. Vinny Dotoli, the founding headmaster of HES.

We kicked off our commitment to begin finding ways to serve the community with a St. Andrew's alumni service of evening prayer with sermon and choir at Saint Mary the Virgin last March. St. Andrew's headmaster, Tad Roach, came up to speak, the School Concert Choir just back from an Italian tour came and sang, and over 100 gathered on a Wednesday night to worship, reunite, and hear about the Harlem Episcopal School.

The school opened on Monday, September 13, for its first day in the Hamilton Terrace section of Harlem in temporary

digs while construction is done on St. Luke's Church to make it their permanent home. On the Wednesday prior, a group of St. Andrew's alumni went up to help them move into their new classroom and generally get the place in shape.

It was only a start and we only helped for a few hours, but it was a start, nonetheless. We look forward to continued and increased involvement with the school as their construction gets underway this fall and winter, and maybe even to a day in the future (about six years from now) when we can start telling 7th-grade students from the Harlem Episcopal School about a place they might consider on a pond in Delaware!



Ian Montgomery '85, Alan Washington, John Chamberlin '88, Herndon Werth '52 and Vincent Dotoli at the Harlem Episcopal School.



Crews align at the starting platforms during the 2004 Diamond State Masters Regatta.

Attention, Go!

Every year for the last 14, the Howard M. Smith Diamond State Masters Regatta has spread the word that all St. Andrew's alumni rowers already know: Noxontown Pond is the best race course in America. Over 1,000 competitors sampled the fine waters this past July, racing in all masters' categories, from single sculls to eights, from ages 27+ to 80+. Races started at 8:20 a.m. and plowed through to the day's last event at 6:33 p.m., with all rowers racing nearly 1,100 meters to a finish line near the Rodney Point pavilion.

A number of St. Andrew's alumni were among the competitors and attendees, as is the case every year. Behind the scenes, and also on the water, was Wilmington Rowing Center's John Schoonover '63. Schoonover was instrumental in the creation of the Diamond States, and helped transform the regatta into the premiere masters' racing event in the United States. Molly Higgins '93 serves on one of the regatta planning committees, and was also vending her custom blade artwork. George Shuster '63 made his annual appearance on the waters, competing for the Occoquan Boat Club. Henry Hauptfuhrer '74 wore the colors of Philadelphia's Bachelors' Barge Club, while Debbie Davis '77 pulled oars for the Chester River Rowing Club. Andy Washburn '71 sculled for Narragansett Boat Club, winning the men's lightweight single. The Noxontown Rowing Association was represented by faculty member and crew coach Greg Doyle '87. Among the crowd of spectators was J.P. Blandin '88.

With the Regatta going strong, several of the St. Andrew's alumni present agreed it's time to make the push for some alumni entries. If you're interested in pulling oars together with other St. Andreans, contact Greg Doyle at gdoyle@standrews-de.org.



J.P. Blandin '88, Henry Hauptfuhrer '74, John Schoonover '63.



1963 classmates George Shuster and John Schoonover.



By tradition, a bagpiper signals the start of the day's events.

ACB Quick Quips

Jackie Paradee Mette '83



“ I am into a second term with the ACB, after a hiatus, and I am thrilled to be back and working with fellow alums who are so dedicated to St. Andrew's. There is something truly magical about spending your formative years in a boarding school, and that experience connects you to the school, even when you don't realize it. It is that connection, among others, that inspires many of us to work on the Resource Networking Committee of the ACB, to facilitate contacts among our many alums for both professional and personal reasons.

“ The class of '83, of which I am a proud member, has a special relationship with Tad Roach and Will Speers who came to SAS when we were Third Formers. It is a privilege to work with them through the ACB, and to see first-hand their outstanding leadership. The ACB will continue to benefit all St. Andreans as it strives to find new resources and innovative ways to reinforce connections among alums.”

Taylor F. Cameron '90

“ The most rewarding part of participation with the ACB is the opportunity to support and contribute to the School's unique mission. Undoubtedly, the crown-jewel of this mission is St. Andrew's commitment to a robust financial aid program. As Co-Chair of both the Scholarship Golf Tournament and the Annual Fund, I see how the alumni's efforts directly impact the School's ability to meet this commitment. I am also afforded the opportunity to remain actively engaged with a dynamic and inspiring community and I feel included in the School's development and success.”



Jonathan S. Wilford, Jr. '41

Reprinted from the *Star Democrat*, Easton, Maryland:

Jonathan Seltzer Wilford Jr. of Slipper's Cove on Island Creek, Oxford, died on Saturday, July 24, 2004. He was 81.

Born in Philadelphia, March 18, 1923, he was the son of the late Jonathan S., Sr. and Grace Christine Geiger Wilford.

Mr. Wilford, or "Bus" as he preferred to be called, attended the Easton High School and graduated in 1941 from St. Andrew's School in Middletown, Del.

In the fall of 1941, he entered Williams College in Williamstown, Mass., and in 1942 enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps Reserve. His Marine Corps service took him to Guam and Iwo Jima. Following his release from active duty in 1946, he rejoined his class at Williams College and graduated as a member of the class of 1945.

After his return to Talbot County, he started farming at home and later became extensively engaged in continuous grain farming. On rented land, he increased his activity to over 2,000 acres, including his own grain drying and storage facility, which at the time was the largest such operation in the county.

In 1968, he entered the real estate business and later founded and operated the Wilford Land Company, licensed in both Maryland and Virginia, brokering exclusively boat-yards and marinas around the Chesapeake Bay.

A lifetime member of the Tred Avon Yacht Club, he was the last living member directly descended from a founder of the Club, his father. He served on the Alumni Council of St. Andrew's School and was, for many years, his class representative in the SAS Alumni Association.

Mr. Wilford served for nine years as a trustee at the Country School in Easton, where all four of his children graduated, and was a member of the committee that drew the first plans for the beginning of the brick building that is the present school. A lifelong member of Christ Church in Easton, he attended Sunday School and was confirmed in 1937. Mr. Wilford served the church as an usher, Vestryman and Senior Warden.

A daughter, Grace Cordo Wilford, died in 1977. A sister, Grace W. Myers, died in 2002. Mr. Wilford is survived by his wife, the former Beatriz LeBaron Zar of Oxford; two daughters, Kate Spencer Wilford Carraher and her husband, Dick, and Evelyn Seltzer Wilford Lippincott and her husband, Richard, all of Oxford; a son, Charles Curry Wilford and his

Jonathan S. Wilford, Jr. '41



wife, Susan, of Oxford; a sister, Jean W. Ewing of Easton; and six grandchildren.

Jon's daughter, Kate Wilford Carraher, read the following remarks at the funeral services:

Thank you all for coming today. Dad would have been genu-

inely pleased. He loved everything about Talbot County: the people, the geography and the customs.

I would like to share some of my memories of growing up and living with Bus. Many of you took some part in these events. I am certain everyone here has at least one "Bus Wilford" story.

He was my Dad, and he was a farmer. In the spring and the fall, he farmed—so I learned to farm. He "let" me help him plant and harvest corn, wheat and soy beans; but we also had some cows and pigs.

In the early summers, we sailed on the Captain Bray and later the Glass Slipper. We spent many weekends in Trappe Creek, Dun's Cover, Poplar Island, Cambridge, the Miles River, the Corsica River, Rock Hall, the Tred Avon, Chestertown, West River, and on special occasions, we went all the way to Annapolis. Once, we circumnavigated the Delmarva Peninsula. I think the most important thing Dad taught us in all that was to steer for the stern of freighters as we crossed the Bay. The Captain Bray was never going to cross the bow of one.

During the summers when we were not sailing, we were probably crabbing in Boone Creek. He taught us how to catch and steam crabs and to sit at the dining room table for hours: eating crabs and corn and tomatoes. I assumed everybody lived like this.

In the winter, we would plan one ski trip to Vermont after Christmas. We had to be in shape: so we ran down the road most every day. Pucky, Cordo and I only had to go to the Big Tree. Curry went much further. As it got closer to December, we even did the Marine Corps duck walk around the dining room table. By the time that trip rolled around, we were ready.

Dogs were a vital part of my father's life. I don't think he was ever without one. Horses and cats were tolerated.

Bus liked short hair.

Travel: Dad did not like to go “east of Trappe.” In the early years, he did go to Guam and Iwo Jima. He made one trip to England and one to the Caribbean, but mostly he stayed in Talbot County.

Dad was not big on sports but he would go to St. Andrew’s almost every year in the fall to watch at least one football game and probably relive his experiences at that school. We went to St. Andrew’s faithfully every year until we began having our own Thanksgiving football game at Boone Crest. For a non-sports guy, he moved that cornfield enthusiastically in preparation for “the game.” One year there were actually two separate and complete games going on at the same time. Often times, three generations of a family would come to the game. You had the current players, the future players, and the spectators or the past players. It is fun to know it still goes on today. It was a highlight of the fall social season for Dad. In the last two years, Dad returned to St. Andrew’s to watch once again home football games.

Politics was one of my father’s favorite topics. During the ’60s, we were the only registered Democrats at the Country School. After Jimmy Carter, Dad moved to the Republican side and lately he has been faithfully listening to Rush Limbaugh.

Family has always been important to my father. Growing up, we spent time with his parents fishing, skiing, traveling and visiting them. Later Dad seemed pleased to have his three grown children and their families living in such close proximity. Some of you may have heard of this part of the world referred to as the “Wilford Triangle.” Most of all, Bus adored his grandchildren. He followed them faithfully throughout school, on the stage, on the playing field and on the race course. Wherever those grandchildren were, Granddad was cheering them on.

My father believed in discipline. He was not bashful. What he did not understand was why everyone did not think exactly the way he did. I think we all looked forward to those Letters to the Editor in the *Star Democrat*. Finally, what you saw was what you got with Bus: Dad showed up and he participated in life because of his love of Talbot County, the Tred Avon Yacht Club, St. Andrew’s, sailing, farming, his marinas, his family and his friends.

Hume Horan ’51

The following obituary is reprinted from *The Washington Post*, Sunday, July 25, 2004. Written by *Washington Post* staff writer Patricia Sullivan.

Hume Alexander Horan, 69, an American ambassador to five countries who was recalled from Saudi Arabia in 1988 because of King Fahd’s wrath, died of prostate cancer July 22 at Inova Fairfax Hospital. He was an Annandale resident.

Mr. Horan, widely described as a quiet and conscientious man who spoke excellent Arabic, spent six months in 2003 as a senior counselor with the Coalition Provisional Authority in Baghdad, dealing with religious and tribal affairs.

Fifteen years earlier, he was recalled from his ambassadorial post in Riyadh, nine months after his arrival. In the spring of 1988, the United States discovered that Saudi Arabia had bought and accepted delivery of medium-range ballistic missiles from China. Mr. Horan was instructed to make a strong demarche to King Fahd about the unacceptability of the missiles.

Mr. Horan served as the second-ranking officer in the embassy from 1972 to 1977 and had wide-ranging contacts in Saudi society, which annoyed the ruling family. So he called Washington to be sure officials understood how offended the king would be by the verbal rebuke. He was ordered to deliver the message. When he returned from carrying out his task, he received a new telegram from Washington saying “a message different in tone and substance” had also been communicated to the Saudi Embassy in Washington. “My goose was cooked,” he told *The Washington Post* in 2002.

In an unusual move, Philip Habib, a retired undersecretary of state, tried to mend fences with the king. But Fahd asked Habib, in the presence of Mr. Horan, to have him replaced. The State Department then asked Mr. Horan to seek Saudi approval for the next ambassador, a request that humiliated the career diplomat.

“They made us kowtow,” he said. “The American ambassador’s influence ended in Riyadh” and from then on, the Saudi ambassador in Washington dominated the U.S.-Saudi relationship.

Mr. Horan’s parentage didn’t help the situation. He was a native Washingtonian whose mother, Margaret Robinson Hume, was from a prominent family and whose father was Abdollah Entezam, an Iranian diplomat who served as foreign minister long before the 1979 downfall of the shah.



Hume Horan '51

They divorced when Mr. Horan was 3, and his mother remarried Harold Horan, a newspaperman. But the Saudis disliked the Iranians, and by extension, Mr. Horan.

Mr. Horan served in the Army from 1954 to 1956, graduated from Harvard College in 1960 and joined the Foreign Service. He received a master's degree from Harvard's Center for Middle Eastern Studies in 1963.

Mr. Horan requested a first assignment in Baghdad, a choice unusual enough that the undersecretary for management remarked, "I don't get many volunteers for Baghdad." Mr. Horan studied Arabic in Beirut and later in Libya. From 1966 to 1970, he served as Libyan desk officer in Washington during Moammar Gaddafi's coup and congressional fellow to Rep. Brad Morse (R-Mass.) and Sen. Edmund S. Muskie (D-Maine).

In 1970, Mr. Horan was assigned to be a political officer in Amman, Jordan, and from 1972 to 1977, he was deputy chief of mission in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia. After a stint in Washington, culminating in an assignment as principal deputy assistant secretary of state for consular affairs, Mr. Horan was named ambassador to the Republic of Cameroon in 1980 and non-resident ambassador to Equatorial Guinea.

He became ambassador to Sudan in 1983, a time that included the rescue of Ethiopian Jews and their transport to Israel, terror attacks against the embassy and the overthrow of President Nimeiri. He spent 1987 as a diplomat-in-residence at Georgetown University and then was assigned to Saudi Arabia. After the incident in Riyadh, he was recalled to Washington.

In 1992, Mr. Horan was named ambassador to Ivory Coast, which he described as "a pleasant and stable country, at least until the death of the country's founder." Upon returning to the United States, Mr. Horan spent a year at Howard University as diplomat-in-residence, directed the African training program at the Foreign Service Institute and retired in 1998.

Mr. Horan retained an optimism and idealism about the diplomatic corps. In a 1992 article for *The Washington Post's* education issue of Book World, he wrote that Foreign Service officers "are the infantry of American diplomacy. We'll never be able to dispense with them. Consistently to work at our national purposes, someone has to be on the

scene, speak the language, meet with the leaders, make the argument and report back — saying what he or she thinks we should do."

For his work with the Coalition Provisional Authority in Baghdad in 2003, he received the Department of Defense's Distinguished Public Service Award, the Pentagon's highest honorary award for private citizens.

Mr. Horan was an enthusiastic cyclist, having toured in France, New Zealand and many parts of the United States. His other interests included French, German, Spanish and Arabic literature — he translated a novel and several short stories from Arabic into English. He was the author of a novel about the Foreign Service, "To the Happy Few."

He was a longtime member of Chevy Chase Presbyterian Church and was deacon and elder more recently at Georgetown Presbyterian Church.

His marriage to Nancy Reinert Horan ended in divorce.

Survivors include his wife, Lori Shoemaker of Annandale; two children from his second marriage, Michael Harry Horan and Elizabeth Hume Horan, both of Annandale; three adult children from his first marriage, Alexander Hume Horan of San Diego, Margaret Bond Horan of Annandale and Jonathan Theodore Horan of Boston; a sister; and four grandchildren.

Classmate Jack Fiedler wrote the following recollection:

The Class of 1951 has lost one of its most accomplished members with the passing of Hume Horan. His professional career as one of the State Department's leading Arabists was appropriately crowned by his service in Iraq. We shall miss our friend, his erudite wit, his exotic tales of the Middle East.

I knew two Hume Horans. The first was an engaging and friendly young fellow, always helpful, always interested and always interesting. Hume was a good listener and a good analyst of teenage trials and tribulations. I valued his friendship and his judgement.

At SAS, I chased Hume academically, both of us reaching for the elusive stratosphere of First Group. I remember long conversations with him, often trying to second-guess the next day's encounters with Messrs. Hillier or Baum. I learned from him more about snapping turtles than I ever wished to know. I bested him only once, in a swap of sport coats—mine a sickly yellow garment from a local clothing store in my home town, his a lovely, soft herringbone tweed from Brooks Bros. Wore it for years.

When Hume reappeared at our reunions 40-50 years later, he was still the same nice guy, but with an impressive list of credentials and a deep knowledge of Islam and Middle

W. Fell Davis, Jr. '55



East geopolitics. His views on Islam, developed through strong cultural ties and decades of diplomatic experience, were particularly enlightening. Few were surprised that Ambassador Bremer coaxed him out of retirement to act as his senior advisor in the Coalition Provisional Authority in Iraq. When Bremer finally writes of his Iraq experiences, we shall learn more of what our classmate did for our country and for the world.

Many of us were in touch with Hume during his Baghdad days. He was terribly busy, living in a trailer, enduring great hardships, shouldering great burdens, yet he unfailingly answered emails from his old schoolmates, always enlightening us and amusing us on events both serious and mundane during the first six months of occupation. I remember one email recounting a hairy ride down the median strip of a Baghdad highway at 60 mph in an armored SUV with Bremer, protected on each side by an escort of Marine Humvees, enroute to the U.N. Headquarters, which had just been blown up and Hume's friend, U.N. Ambassador Sergio de Mello, killed. Another, a day trip to the ruins of Babylon. He was equally at ease in the past, the present and the future.

Hume was a old school Christian gentleman. Unfailingly gracious, courteous, and considerate, an accomplished linguist and educated diplomat, he would have been perfectly at home in Renaissance Italy. To his wife, Lori, and their children, and to his first wife and their children, go our deepest sympathies.

It is fitting that he rests at Arlington, among so many others who also spent their lives serving their country in ways we cannot always know.

W. Fell Davis, Jr. '55

The following obituary is reprinted from *The Baltimore Sun*:

Wilmer Fell Davis Jr. of Federalsburg passed away Sunday, June 6, 2004, at home surrounded by his family. He was 67.

Born in Baltimore on June 15, 1936, he was the son of the late Sen. Wilmer Fell and Maud Ford Davis.

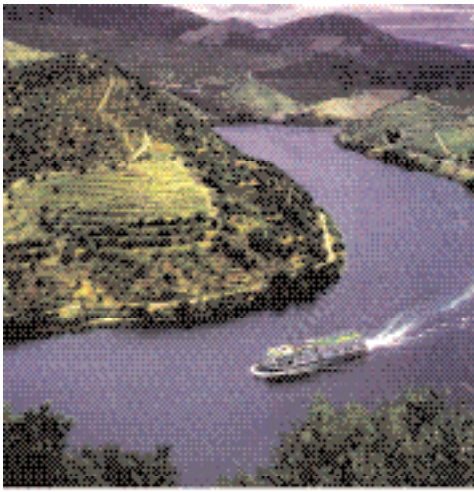
He received his elementary education at Federalsburg Elementary School and graduated from St. Andrew's School in Middletown, Del., in 1955 and from Lycoming College, Williamsport, Pa. He joined in December 1959 the U.S. Army Reserve Battery "A" 7th Holister Battalion 6th

Artillery 79th Infantry Division of Seaford and served on active duty from Feb. 29, 1960, to Aug. 29, 1960, at Fort Will, Lawton, Okla. He returned to Federalsburg to work for his father at the W. Fell Davis Egg and Feed Co. until June 1964, when he joined

Prudential Insurance Co., where he retired with 32 years of service in June 1996. Since his retirement, he was a courier for Provident State Bank. While at Prudential, he was a LUTCF and a member of the National Association of Life Underwriters and the Delmarva Life Underwriters Association, for which he was president from 1974 to 1975. Prior to moving back to Federalsburg in 1977, he and his family had made their homes in Dover and Salisbury, where he was actively involved in many community affairs.

He was a member of Union United Methodist Church in Federalsburg, a member and past president of the Idlewood Ruritan Club, a member of Nanticoke Lodge 172 A.F. & A.M., a founding member and treasurer of the Men's Auxiliary of Veterans of Foreign Wars Post 5246 and a former member and past president of the Caroline Country Club. He was a member and past president of Hillcrest Cemetery, president of the L.D. Club and member and treasurer of the Black Water Honga Game Dinner. He was also the president of the David-Noble-Kinder Family Reunion for many years and also a past member of Caroline County Ducks Unlimited, where he served on the committee for many years.

In addition to his wife, the former Barbara Kay Pusey, whom he married Nov. 17, 1962, he is survived by one son, Wilmer Fell "Chip" Davis III of Federalsburg; and two daughters Renee Davis Smith and her husband, Dean, of Federalsburg and Laura Davis Walters and her husband, Craig, of Preston. He is also survived by three grandchildren, Mitchell Davis Smith, Mallory Renee Smith of Federalsburg and Chandler Alan Walters of Preston; one sister, Alice Jane Davis Jenkins and her husband, Paul, of Pittsburgh; and three nephews, Paul Davis Jenkins of Chicago, Edward Rieber Jenkins of Andover, Mass., and Walter Ford Jenkins of Pittsburgh.



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Within the pages of this issue are two articles that truly reveal the wonderful institution that St. Andrew's has become during its 75 years of existence. Hope '01 and Joy McGrath '92 have compiled a stunning look into efforts of the founding Trustees, while faculty members Nicole and Nigel Furlonge have provided remarkable insights into the past, present and future of cultural diversity at the School.

What I hope you will acquire from these articles is definitive confirmation of what most of us already believe to be true—that St. Andrew's is simply the best school in the nation. Make no mistake—there is no other school that so affirmatively undertakes such a purposefully inclusive mission. Felix duPont wanted St. Andrew's to break the mold of boarding schools. We stand 75 years later still aligned with that founding vision.

You can be sure that over the course of those many years that the journey held obstacles and challenges. Many of them former oarsmen, the founding Trustees knew full well that no ship moves forward without an occasional tap of the rudder to correct course. From their selection of Walden Pell as the first headmaster to the present Board's appointment of Tad Roach as the fourth, that ship has been guided by skilled helmsmen.

The celebrations that we will hold this year in honor of those 75 years and the individuals who helped the School traverse them are thus a milestone in every sense of the word. They are significant moments indeed, when we pause and reflect on the experiences to date, yet they mark merely another leg of the journey we continue to make.

In the fall of 1980, Robert A. Moss, the School's second headmaster (1958–1976), returned for 50th Anniversary celebrations and, standing in front of the Founders Mural, spoke the following words:

St. Andrew's is made for these times, times when we seem to hover between being bored to death and blown to bits. Made for these times? After all, as you have heard, St. Andrew's was founded in the dark days of the depression and nurtured in the desperate days of war.

The way ahead of us is murky. Many guideposts that were here when this School was founded have been painted over, the peoples' leaders stumble and falter. It is a fierce and frightening world outside these thick walls. The nations are disoriented, groping in the dark. Disaster is never far away.

For us, the St. Andrew's family, the lesson is clear. The future has always belonged to those who trusted the best in the worst of times. St. Andrew's must not fail the future.

Moss had a clear picture of the outside world and St. Andrew's place in it. Sadly his words still easily apply today. And unfortunately withstanding the efforts of St. Andreans who have charged headlong into its murkiness, the world is still a dangerous place—and the guideposts of society are still subject to the whims of political convenience. But we're only 75 years young.

As we watch two alumni of other boarding schools jockey for the highest office in the land, I dream of the day when a candidate has a deeply personal appreciation of the motto, 'faith and learning.' I'm not sure the present political machinations could accept those two terms in the same sentence. Let's hope someone taps the rudder.



clothes closet \ 'klo(th)z kloz et \ n An alumni-student clothing exchange, whereby alums donate their gently-used, outgrown, or no-longer-used items of clothing that meet SAS Dress Code: blazers, suits, ties, sportcoats, women's sportswear, semi/formal dresses and other business attire. All students have the opportunity to purchase items several times a year (as inventory allows) from "the Closet" in Trapnell Alumni House using their SAS debit card. Prices range from \$1-25. Several things are accomplished: students have well fitting clothes in good repair, their parents are not bankrupt clothing their children's growing bodies, and alums have another way of directly supporting the experience of current SAS students while students know there is a tradition of "giving back" to others.

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

Contact Chesa Profaci at 302-285-4260.



Thanks to the Class of 1978, a brand new T-dock graces the School's recreational waterfront.

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