

TIME TO REMEMBER



A BIOGRAPHY OF
ST. ANDREW'S SCHOOL
FROM THE 1950s
TO
THE 1980s

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St. Andrew's School
Middletown, Delaware

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A talented and varied support group enables a headmaster to lead his school. Without the nonteaching staff described in chapter 4, the complex organization of a boarding school would instantly grind to a halt—no food, no transportation, no money, no heat, and a lack of every other necessity. The ensuing three chapters explore the roles of leaders and surrounding events in the St. Andrew's continuum, and shed light upon what being a headmaster requires. As the most visible figure in school administration, a headmaster is responsible for both successes and misadventures.

The three headmasters over the past sixty-seven years differed in personality, approach, and style of leadership. In *A History of St. Andrew's School*, author and compiler Walden Pell II reviews school growth during its first quarter-century. Modest to a fault, he barely mentions his own indispensable role in developing the character of St. Andrew's. He enters the present account at the end of his long service, setting the stage for a new headmaster.

The book's emphasis upon Robert A. Moss's era reveals strides the school took under his administration and focuses upon his appointment, his relations with others, and his resignation. In presenting Jonathan B. O'Brien, extensive interviews provide a sense of where the school is heading, where it has recently been, and how it feels about itself.

These three men were personal friends of mine. It was a privilege to serve St. Andrew's under their leadership and a felicitous duty to write about them. In interpreting their words, those of their colleagues, and of others who have spoken and written of them, the intent is to offer accounts that are impartial, accurate, and just.

PART II

A Most Auspicious Confluence



The Third Leg

A school is like a tripod, each leg joined to the others for a common purpose. Lacking one leg, the organization stumbles. To the casual onlooker, St. Andrew's is made up of students and faculty, but without the essential support of the other sturdy leg, they do not constitute a whole.

No school can function for even an hour without a large staff—groundsmen, secretaries, cooks, house-keeping personnel, nurses, drivers, electricians, painters, carpenters, engineers—dedicated specialists who perform unending, often Herculean tasks unseen by the community at large. Over spring vacation entire rooms may be rebuilt or the auditorium floor refinished. Dormitory chairs splintered during Third Form warfare reappear as good as new—until the next riot. Silent, invisible repair is a bit of magic taken for granted. Who lines the fields, keeps the magnificent sweep of lawns trimmed and velvety? Who controls the complex heating plants in more than twenty separate buildings, not including the enormous main school building that by itself has miles of pipes and hundreds upon hundreds of radiators? Who has athletic uniforms gleaming every afternoon, devoid of sweat and grass stains? Even the business manager, one of the school's chief administrators, is little seen, emerging from his office for meals or a football game or to make an announcement.

Some staff members are more visible than others. The single most visible nonteaching professional is the school nurse, with her dozens of daily contacts with student and faculty. Secretaries in the business office are besieged by students and faculty to help unsnarl financial mysteries, arrange transportation, see about UPS packages; others in the registrar's office respond to inquiries about supposedly mistaken grades, deadlines, transcripts. But the majority of staff members toil unseen (and too often unsung).

Confined to the remote Delaware countryside, the student-faculty beast grows restive on schedule. It is prowling by midmorning, when one of its rituals occurs. If the mail, delivered via van from Middletown, hasn't been distributed into hundreds of mailboxes by precisely 10:30 A.M., the impatient hydra-headed

monster clusters noisily in front of the ranks of boxes. Individuals thump the wall, slam the small metal doors, shout inquiries to the busy workers inside the post office. Faculty with master keys open the door, disrupting the work as they push their way to a particular box. School postmaster Bo Wilson finally installed an inside bolt, but the door was still rattled and tried repeatedly.

Consider stomachs. For many years, younger students were given milk and cookies at two locations in the basement. Patient kitchen workers stacked cookies in pairs only to watch the entire symmetrical arrangement disappear in a cyclone of crumbs, and no amount of authority could keep possessors of bottomless pits from grabbing more than their share. Milk inevitably was spilled, first from glasses, later from the little square cardboard containers. After the bells rang and students disappeared, the kitchen helpers would mop up the mess, wipe down counters and tables, and return to their quieter work upstairs to await the next onslaught.

Along with unfair grades, the opposite sex, or a major varsity game, food has always been widely discussed at St. Andrew's. Those who stand behind steam tables to serve, or over hot ranges turning a thousand eggs or hamburgers, receive all too little praise. "The kitchen was always a hot, loud, hectic place during meals, with student waiters charging in and out, picking up food and dumping off dirty dishes," Bob Amos (1975) remembers. "There were occasional derogatory remarks about the food—usually undeserved—and often the staff was just ignored in the rush, but there were always those students who developed lasting friendships with people such as Joe [José Vegas Fonseca], Happy [Arcadio Fonseco Vasquez], and those tough-looking but warm-hearted cooks, Dale [Ellis] and John [Fillingame]. All the kitchen staff worked their tails off in there, and though kidding was the rule, honest appreciative comments were always welcomed with a smile."

The dedicated men and women who keep St. Andrew's ticking know they are taken for granted and, in a sense, expect it. They don't seek thanks

every time they complete a task any more than parents expect constant appreciative words from their children. Sometimes, though, staff members are hurt by thoughtlessness. Preoccupied faculty or administrators may pass them in the hall without a word; they may be called the wrong name, inadvertently left out of a school gathering.

"There has to be mutual respect," one employee remarks. "In a group discussion about a problem, a faculty member said to us, 'I don't know how you ordinary people handle that.'" Another observes, "Here is a person who backpacks on vacations but can't carry a package of books across the lawn to the library; he has to ask a custodian to come and carry it for him. Apparently when he puts on a coat and tie it makes all the difference. Faculty and administrators rush about doing the 'real' work of the school."

"Real," indeed. Imagine ice-cold classrooms, meals delayed or forgotten, a pitch-dark library, a soccer field overgrown with lacerating greenbrier, a nonfunctioning sewage disposal system, grades undistributed, a dearth of vans or buses.

More than a few alumni call Sam Simmons or Davey Staats or Ward Wallace the most influential adults, and the best friends, of their school careers. They are startled to find that staff remember them too. Almost thirty years after graduation, Tony Jeffcott (1957) stood in the gym during one of his first visits back. A voice behind him said, "When I used to drive the bus, I took you and the wrestling team to Haverford. I remember you wrestling the guy who was All-American, and you were so exhausted at the end they had to help you off...but you almost beat him!"

Staff members recall athletic director Webb Reyner's wide-ranging interest in their activities, Huldah Moss's afternoon visits to the maintenance building. Senior master Howard Schmolze was the undisputed champion for any member when problems arose. Staff have always had their own personal rating system of faculty and administrators.

In the 1930s and 1940s, when the new school was younger, simpler, and far smaller, staff-faculty rela-

tions were intimate. All were attempting to establish and direct a growing organization. Many of the first maintenance men had been with the original construction crew; attracted to the novelty and purpose of this massive neo-Gothic complex springing up in dusty coastal plain farmland, they elected to stay on. After all, they knew where the wires and pipes ran, how slate was attached to roofs, how the sewage disposal system operated. Many had been born only a few miles away; they spoke the Delmarva vernacular and knew everyone there was to know in this rural area.

An organization chart depicts various subdepartments—infirmary, housekeeping, grounds, maintenance, secretarial, kitchen—but cannot capture the essence of a school's support system. An assembly of interdependent men and women provides the expertise, the continuity, the reliability that constitute the operational structure of St. Andrew's. Viewed in this light, teachers are dependents going about their bookish work, and students are ephemeral beings who vanish almost as soon as they appear.

Soon after his arrival in 1958, Bob Moss wrote to Norman Thornton, who had then been business manager for six years, "The real test of a complicated organization is whether it works and enables a school to achieve its purpose. The present non-teaching side of the school clearly meets that test." Almost thirty years later, Jon O'Brien commented upon the stability and long service of the staff. "I take absolutely no credit for any of these people; they were all at the school and in place when I came. Whoever got those guys in place did a great job. They are terrific, loyal, dedicated." Thornton had much the same to say when he arrived in the 1950s: The staff had already been functioning well for over a quarter of a century.

When I arrived, in 1947, I got to know some of the men and women who had come in the early years of the school—Dave Staats, Sr., Steve and Lillian Foley, Paul Mannering, Grace Cochran, John Jester, Ruth Heater, Austin Ginn, Austin Melvin, Delbert Nabb. One was never in doubt that they controlled the day-to-day functioning of the establishment, that they

could solve any problem, any time. As a young greenhorn, I recognized their expertise, and developed affection for many—and no little awe for one or two who displayed formidable personalities.

All are gone now. Did the school fall apart when they entered a well-deserved retirement? Not at all, for their apprentices rose in rank as younger men and women arrived to take over essential duties. The sequential careers of electricians Levi Lattomus, Steve Westrod, and Vaughn Dashiell span half a century. Today's senior staff members are like their bygone counterparts, and younger people coming along follow the same pattern of devotion to duty established by pioneers more than sixty years ago.

The pioneers

In the early 1950s, despite an increasingly bad heart, Steve Foley kept boilers and furnaces in the main building in line and gassed up faculty cars at the school pump by the garage (later converted into the student center). Lillian Foley's school kitchen was a culinary miracle. Grace Cochran handled the school's operating finances. Housekeeping in the main building was Paul Mannering's responsibility, while Ruth "Ma" Heater ruled sternly and benignly over the laundry and sewing departments. The gymnasium was Austin Ginn's province. Meg Miller not only ran the infirmary, she painted huge, beautiful murals upon its walls, and kept the school

in good health. In John Jester's hands, wood took shape, even the simplest items approaching perfection of form and sturdiness.

Delbert Nabb, seemingly asleep on his old Toro tractor towing a mower, manicured the campus with precision. "We coaches knew how intelligently he nursed the athletic fields, with just the right combination of irrigation and fertilizer and judicious mowing," writes Chester Baum. "And faculty members and their wives who enjoyed an occasional flutter at the horseraces could always count on Del to place their off-track bets with a local bookie." If a faculty flower garden appeared in the wrong place, that garden vanished the next time Del went by, cropped down to the level he thought suitable. But he met his match in Pat Fleming. Whenever she heard the Toro's growl approaching, she stood astride her garden and glowered.

There is no better way of beginning a tribute to staff than to remember Dave Staats, the sole engineer of his time. Dave repaired sheet and heavy metal, plumbing, and electrical items. When there was nothing available with which to fix a machine, he invented something, often turning it out on a lathe.

From the time he came, shortly after the first stone building had been erected, to the day he died, St. Andrew's was Dave's life. He knew everything about the school. Plot plans and blueprints had little significance for him, for all details of grounds and buildings were indelibly imprinted upon his memory. When

Maintenance staff, 1950s: John Jester (far left), Steve Foley (third from left), Dave Staats (fifth from left), Del Nabb (center) Paul Mannering (fifth from right), Austin Melvin (third from right) Calvin Davis (second from right), Austin Ginn (far right).



the school's first plant superintendent, Cedric E. Cooper, retired in 1948 after eighteen years of service, Staats "ran the show," Norman Thornton declares. Though he had no title, he was considered top man in the Maintenance Department. It made little difference what his title was.

Dave had completed only the ninth grade, but he was a thoroughly educated man in a variety of technical fields. He constantly read engineering manuals and journals on every aspect of plant maintenance, and kept up with the latest advances in machinery and technology. Each evening he thought long about the school, how to improve it, what needed to be done. Often he returned in the evening to check something that crossed his mind at dinner. His family cannot recall Dave ever complaining about any aspect of his job.

The large older campus houses, of which Catherine's and mine was one, had monstrous furnaces, the very best that money could buy in the late 1920s and early 1930s. A quarter-century later they were troublesome beyond belief. If ever machines possessed malevolence, those ancient furnaces did. They purred all day, five days a week; on Saturdays they howled and quit at midnight. Ours came to a complete halt on three different Christmas days. I hated to pick up the phone, but the chilling house was filled with small children and visiting grandmothers. Dave answered after the first ring and within minutes would pull up in his black 1949 Chevrolet, the rear floorboards strewn with every tool and spare part an ailing furnace might require. His skillful hands tamed the machine every time, and Christmas went on its way. Dave would ease into the Chevy—in which he never shifted gears—and head over to school to see that things were all right.

According to his son Davey (now among the senior staff himself), Dave waited for the phone to ring at night and on weekends, responding eagerly to one emergency or another, hoping on the most precious of his days off that he could serve the school and its inhabitants. He was such a part of St. Andrew's that he did not feel whole unless he was there, touching it, coaxing it—loving it.

Dave's life at St. Andrew's was not without adventure. Once he had to enter a laundry boiler to check for leaks. He must have expanded from the heat, because when time came to get out, he no longer could fit through the narrow opening. Those out-

Snakes

Forest, field, and marsh supported a rich snake population, at times supplemented by exotic reptiles brought to school by students. One fall Jeb Buck (1968) came back early for football camp, bringing his pet python that would soon reside in the new science lab's animal room. Until then, he kept it in his dormitory room in a hinged, latched box.

Of exploratory mind, the snake got out of the box and at first could not escape from the deserted room with its closed door. But it discovered that the old dormitories of Founder's Hall had deeply recessed radiator wells, with pipes running in spacious cavities through the hollow stone walls.

Mice were plentiful, and even an occasional rat provided the python with a supply of fresh food. Off and on over the next few years alarms were sounded when someone spied a huge snake disappearing into a recess. The reptile's size grew with the legend, but Jeb never got his pet back. Somewhere within the stone walls lies a giant snake skeleton to puzzle future archaeologists bent on reconstructing American school days.

The indefatigable Buck Brinton (1961) was "really into biology and zoology. I used to spend hours out on the pond. One particular trip I was out with Yumpy Hammond (1960) and all of a sudden this big brown water snake comes swimming along with its head up—one of those big, mean, fat water snakes. We followed the snake and couldn't get it, so I jumped into the water and grabbed it behind its neck. Yumpy was jumping up and down and screaming, but I threw the snake in the boat and climbed in, even though I thought Yumpy was going to have a heart attack. We grabbed the snake and took it back to the dorm and into the shower room. 'Here comes the snake!' I yelled and threw it at the boys showering. The place went wild; naked bodies everywhere, and the snake, scared to death, went slithering down the drain and coiled up in the trap. I stuck a towel into the drain and when the snake bit it, I pulled it out into the shower room, then took it downstairs to the biology lab."

side the boiler tugged at his outstretched arms, to no avail. Always an idea man, he took off all his clothes, slathered himself from head to toe with butter he ordered from the kitchen, and slipped through the hole like an eel.

Dave never set foot in my laboratory without first standing in the doorway surveying every cage and tank. He never ascended ladders leaning against the walls of houses and main building, then heavily ivy clad, without having someone inspect for blacksnakes, which fed upon grackle nestlings in the dense vines. Carol Reyner had trouble with her basement washing machine one morning and called Dave. He was about to get to work when they spotted a large blacksnake winding along the joist directly overhead. Both yelled, dashed stumbling up the cellar stairs, fought each other to get through the cellar door. Dave's toolbox remained in the cellar until Webb Reyner brought it up.

In 1954, upon the urging of the new business manager, Norman Thornton, the board commissioned the first of three eventual studies carried out by Cresap, McCormick and Paget, Inc. to determine where waste occurred. This organization was a division of a company that specialized in analyzing and advising hospitals, churches, schools, and even the Vatican. "Cresap #1" recommended changes, adjustments, and clarifications in personnel policies, salary ranges for faculty and staff, job descriptions, and performance ratings. Thornton used the study to convince Walden Pell of many shortcomings and poor practices. Outside consultants, it turned out, were the only means of analyzing the school's many problems and bringing them to the attention of both administration and the board.

During "Cresap #2," completed in 1960, the Maintenance Department was enlarged. A newcomer was employed as superintendent of building and grounds. There were, in Thornton's words, a number of "false starts."

Dave had been acting as foreman for years, operating in an highly informal fashion with his friends and coworkers. During the first of those "false starts" he was formally appointed to the position, with others overseeing his performance. He was miserable. He had to tell his friends on the maintenance staff what to do and how to do it, without being directly involved himself. A round of events occurred that climaxed when the new superintendent fired him, with

the acquiescence of the business manager, who had not been given all the facts. Dave remained silent, choosing to go home and wait, hoping the school would call him back. Offers from other regional institutions and firms arrived one after another, offers he ignored. The news went out by school hotline. Schmolze, Voorhees, Hillier, Cameron, and a few of us not so senior set up a howl of dismay that reached the headmaster at his summer home on Cape Cod. Dave soon returned to the work he loved. Never again was he thrust into a position he did not want and for which he was not suited

When it came to school property, Dave was always right. Large excavating machinery appeared across the gully one season to begin digging a cellar hole in a completely open area. Dave pointed out that a major power line lay buried beneath the spot, but he was overruled. At precisely the depth and location he predicted, the machines severed the main power line. Everything electrical at school stopped and remained out of service until an emergency crew patched things up.

When Dave finally retired in 1965, after a slight stroke the year before, he felt lost. "What have I got left?" he asked his son. Another, more severe stroke restricted him further, although occasionally he came out to school to look around. When I saw him last, at a funeral home in 1976, his lean, tanned face was in repose, unlined and calm, as I had always seen it.

Alvan Smith, a brilliant engineer, overlapped with Dave, learning from him the location and idiosyncrasies of the school's vast plant. He too was able to fix anything that went wrong, and he had a secret weapon neither Dave nor his own successor, Pete Connolly, possessed. Smitty's vocabulary was so rich, so readily available, that everyone was convinced misbehaving machines cured themselves simply to clear the air. Pete, on the other hand, an Australian of quiet mien who arrived before Smitty retired, studied every problem and struck straight to the heart of the matter by force of intellect. He lived in Middletown and was ready at a moment's notice to drive the two miles on weekends and evenings to coax malfunctioning machinery back to normal.

The new bosses

Randle P. Gossling, the first to hold the new position of superintendent of buildings and grounds in

1959, brought with him a friend, Dominic Paul, as an assistant. Paul turned out to be a thief of student property, caught purple-handed by Bill Cameron, who had dusted money with invisible fluorescent powder. Inept and disliked, Gossling was replaced within nine months by Nathaniel Morse. Nat remained five years and consolidated the superintendent's responsibilities, charting the course others were to follow. Walter F. Howard, who arrived in 1964, was the first superintendent to build genuinely good rapport with the staff.

Howard had an impressive background as a field construction engineer. During the building of the new gym he served as clerk of the works and did such an impressive job that the school invited him to join its staff as administrative assistant in the business office. In this capacity he not only was in charge of all new construction, but was involved with the upkeep and modernization of existing facilities, often serving as architect and draftsman. Howard oversaw improvements to the dining room, the maintenance building, the laundry, and the electrical and sewage systems. The largest of recent buildings, the science building and a new dorm, were erected under his supervision. When he retired in 1969, Walter Howard was honored at commencement for his many contributions during a dynamic stage of the school's growth.

Howard was succeeded by Kenneth C. Windle, a Yorkshireman who retained a distinctive burr. Windle had worked in supervisory capacities in private industry. He kept the plant operating and overcame most emergencies, which were not uncommon in so complicated an operation. "During this period of rapid growth and development, Windle built a fine support organization consisting of a loyal, dedicated workforce who knew their jobs," Norman Thornton reports.

An example of what a superintendent had to contend with occurred during the long-anticipated changeover from the school's notorious "Green Dragon" sewage system to the new county sewage lines that were to serve Odessa, Middletown, and St. Andrew's School. The county work crews brought their line to the edge of campus along the county road. St. Andrew's laid its new line to the spot the county had specified. When the Green Dragon in the boathouse gully breathed its miasmatic last (so everyone thought), pumps went on, sewage began to flow out the new line—then stopped. The county engineers had forgotten to make the connection at their end. Instantly more than three hundred residents were without drains and sewers. With tempers flaring all around, the newly slain dragon was quickly coaxed back to life and remained in service several more weeks until the county crews got around to

No expense was spared in creating the original buildings. Everything, from lighting fixtures to plumbing, was the best money could buy, including urinals. The men's room near the dining room had huge urinals that rose from the floor to chest height. A second former could get lost in one. (There is a long-lost photograph of a little boy standing in one, looking like a saint in Lourdes.) A mechanically minded boy studied the flushing mechanism, a broad, recurved chrome-plated affair that sprayed a fan of high velocity water back against the gleaming porcelain cavity, and discovered that the faucet could be turned 180 degrees. One night he did so.

The first user of this particular urinal should have been the janitor, or any one of a hundred boys, or a lesser faculty member. It could have occurred early in the morning before breakfast.

Fate decided otherwise.

Just before lunch Bill Cameron left his classroom across the hall and entered the room to wash. He chose the altered urinal, relieved himself, and flushed. He flushed himself, not the bowl. With most of the school gathering in the hall area outside the dining room, the roar from the men's room shattered the usual idle chatter. An enraged, two-toned Cameron emerged in full cry. His suit was gray at the top, black and dripping from the waist down. The culprit was never found.

Many years later the massive urinals were replaced by undistinguished, compact versions of the sort that hang on the wall. Too bad the original fixtures were lost, for one of them should be mounted on a plaque and hung in recognition of one brief shining moment.

linking the two systems together across a distance of a few feet.

Windle's successor, Walter Williams, arrived in 1986, assuming a new position as director of the physical plant. A Wilmington city fireman, Wally had been in charge of maintenance for ten years at Wilmington Friends School, but now wanted country life and a new challenge. His great success reaches into the next era of the school, well beyond this account.

In their footsteps

Nowhere is there a better example of continuity, in which an upcoming staff member was literally apprenticed to a master, than in carpentry. John Jester was an expert practitioner of his craft. Taciturn, easily ruffled, he always suffered in silence. Both he and Dave Staats, and later Ward Wallace, sacrificed parts of their fingers to their specialties—Staats to a metal lathe, Jester and Wallace to power saws of one sort or another. John Jester handled wood more expertly than the highly touted craftsmen who installed the handsome paneling throughout the main building. For many years, he was the only carpenter, and much in demand. He built nothing crudely, but lavished care on even the simplest piece. Each year novice oarsmen stumbled through the delicate wooden skins of the old thin-hulled crew shells, either racing craft or the notorious Tub; usually the scars could not be seen after Jester finished. He even repaired Coerte Voorhees' coaching launch, an elegant mahogany Cris-Craft, after an errant shell had impaled it.

The school grew larger and more demanding, and John Jester's approaching retirement in 1961 was in sight. In 1957 Ward Wallace was hired to help and eventually take over. Wallace called himself a novice compared to the older man. Although Jester was a crusty perfectionist freely given to criticism if work did not meet his standards, he was kindly and concerned that his successor be able to serve the school as needed. Wallace learned, suffered, and learned. By the time John retired, Ward was ready as a master craftsman in his own right.

During the time he was sole carpenter, Wallace performed the same magic of repair and inventive creations his predecessor had. The crew program grew larger and more shells needed adjustments and repairs. There was nothing about a shell Ward did not

understand. Crew coach Dave Washburn called him the best rigger in the business; more than one race was won because of Wallace's knowledge and ability to get things precisely right. He was as much a member of the crew program as any coach or the rowers themselves, and always went with the crew when they raced, for rigging might need instant attention just before pushing off. Upon his retirement he endowed the Ward Wallace Cup for the girls' crew program, in whose first season he had been a nonteaching coach, given special permission by the Delaware Athletic Association.

Spring crew duties occupied only part of Wallace's day. He had the usual multiplicity of work around school. As a science master, I often concocted ideas for unusual equipment impossible to acquire through commercial sources. I would talk briefly with Ward, perhaps make a crude sketch, and in short order the precise item would be delivered to the lab. He seemed to relish weird challenges created for him as a break from his mundane daily fare of damage control and shelf-building. The pattern repeated itself as Wallace began looking toward retirement. Young Davey Staats, who had come in 1963 as a groundsman (he got his job through the efforts of senior staff member Austin Ginn, rather than his father, who eschewed nepotism), was diverted from his general duties to help Ward. Davey could use hammers and saws, but for the first few years, not to Ward's satisfaction. Davey said of Ward, "He was stern and tough, and almost always right in his criticism. Ward could be impatient; he was a perfectionist and would do the job right even if it took all day." Another staff member put it more bluntly: "There were days when Davey probably could have killed Ward, but Ward made him what he is today."

When Wallace retired in 1984, he knew young Staats was going to be able to take over completely. And he did, keeping crew shells and broken bureaus immaculately repaired and serviceable. Davey had no assistant until Russell Perry was hired two years later. Perhaps young Russ has never heard of John Jester, but the lineage is unbroken.

Imagine working here!

—Virginia DiGennaro

Ivy, now mostly removed, once covered the older stone houses and major school buildings. The fast-

growing vine had to be trimmed and constantly kept in check by grounds personnel. They erected ladders, flushed out nesting grackles and predatory blacksnakes, cut woody stems and pulled adhesive tendrils from windowpanes and doors. It was a time-consuming and tiring job, but not without its entertaining moments. More than one faculty wife, emerging from bed or shower, discovered to her consternation that a familiar voice or face was directly outside the nearest window.

Hundreds of trees on the main campus have to be tended. If a blight appears, they must be sprayed. All must be pruned and each scar painted with a sealing compound. Cleanup occurs at once after a tree falls or a branch is dislodged, common events in fierce peninsular thunderstorms.

Another fact of life is the midsummer drought, which bakes earth into concrete and scorches grass to brown tinder. Yet when soccer and football and field hockey preseason practice begins, or summer athletic camps are held, the fields are surely the most verdant expanse in rural Delaware. Watering is not automatic. Buried pipes carry water to the major areas of need, but the actual work of arrangement and movement of sprinklers is manual.

The grounds basked under the care of John Glanding, seemingly fixed forever on his large International Harvester tractor. Blindfold Johnny, turn him around a dozen times, and he still would find his way across the twenty-odd acres of formal campus. He knew its every inch, the kinds of grass growing there, the drainage, how to care for different fields and slopes.

Friendly and generous but essentially shy, Johnny was not one to impart his wisdom readily. You didn't ask him directly how to do something. The correct approach to use was oblique: You mused out loud about something, wondering about this and that, then as an afterthought, threw in, "What do you think, Johnny?" He would reply, "Well, I don't know. Of course I could be wrong, but if I were doing it, maybe this is the best way." It always was.

Autumn brings its challenges, with strong northwesterly winds depositing windrows of leaves across campus. In early years boys half-heartedly wielded rakes as they worked off disciplinary marks, with indifferent results. Eventually the work was taken over by the grounds crew, who pitched mountains of leaves into a rubber-tired, screened-in wagon (once

Unglamorous jobs have taken on dignity because they are preformed in a beautiful place that is producing an incredibly valuable product.

—Ches Baum

the kitchen's garbage wagon) to be taken to the school dump. Mechanical geniuses in the Maintenance Department hitched up a tractor-driven apparatus that blew leaves directly into the wagon. Roberto Guzman and Eddie Loller later devised a quicker, more effective method, entailing the use of smaller tractor-mowers, their chutes modified to blast a fine confetti of pulverized leaves across the lawns, providing mulch and nourishment for another season. Watching Johnny on his gang mower, with Eddie, Roberto, and others on their smaller mowers whirling around trees, avoiding stone culverts, and coming within inches of walls, is to witness skill far beyond the ordinary. Leaf rakers on foot still take care of stubborn inaccessible spots, but the campus is cleared quickly as it settles down to the business of winter.

One exceptionally cold fall morning in the 1960s Roy Franklin and Bill Lane were raking leaves outside the Hillier house. It was no more than 35 degrees and a strong wind was blowing the leaves away from them as fast as they raked. Dick Hillier's aunt, who had been staying with them, flung open a window and called, "You boys are doing a wonderful job. You shouldn't be working so hard under these conditions." She tossed a couple of bills down to them. Roy tried to return the gift, but the kind woman would hear none of it. "Use it to get some hot coffee and something to eat. Keep warm!" Her considerate gesture was related by groundsman for many years, who tell also of Marianne Cameron's invitations to come in out of the cold for a hot drink. Such thoughtfulness is cherished in staff memory.

On a fall afternoon some years later, a member of the grounds crew was building huge piles of leaves to cart off to the dump the next day. The Hillier house by then was occupied by the Colburn family, whose large poodle, unbeknownst to the Colburns, had a history of clamping jaws on intruders on his turf. As the dog attacked, the worker swung his rake vigor-

ously and accurately—and knocked the animal cold. In a panic, thinking he had killed the Colburns' pet, he buried the carcass deep in the pile of leaves and hurried away, greatly agitated. The next morning he came early to dispose of body and leaves before anyone was about. Digging through the pile, he found no sign of the carcass. He was sure a member of the family had witnessed the crime, removed the deceased for decent burial, and was going to get him for it. Later in the day he saw the poodle, glaring at him from the steps of the house.

Snowfall in Delaware is a sometime thing. December and January can hold shirtsleeve days; in other years snow drifts over the tops of cars. When there is a heavy snowfall, maintenance crews fit a large plow blade to the heaviest school truck and clear roads, faculty driveways, and even sections of the county road. If necessary, they drive through the night, lights sweeping across whitened lawns and athletic fields, blade grating loudly. Nowhere south of New England have I seen such prompt and effective clearing.

A pampered lot

For almost half a century Ruth Heater, then Arthur Stearns, and their crews ran a free, full-service laundry—mending, washing, sorting, pressing thousands of pounds of clothes and linens each week.

A large, motherly woman, Ruth was much given to weeping. As one of her colleagues said, she was unsurpassed at snow jobs, and cried at the drop of a hat. No one took Ma Heater's lamentations very seriously, knowing it was a game. "Ahhh, Jesus Christ, I just don't know what I'm going to do!" Whatever the job was, it was always done to perfection.

Arthur Stearns, Ruth's successor, was a quiet man. While he lacked her dramatic flair, he related well to those he supervised, and the operation continued to flourish harmoniously. The laundry building, comfortably warm in winter, was a daily gathering place at coffee break. On special occasions, such as just before Christmas, the laundry crew hosted parties to which all maintenance personnel were invited. For the staff, the laundry became a focal point of pleasant conviviality.

Calvin Davis had much to tell about Ruth Heater's and Arthur Stearn's steamy empire. Davis started life

at St. Andrew's in 1952 in the kitchen, moved to general maintenance and the gymnasium under Randle Gossling, and arrived in the laundry a few years before Ruth left, taking over as wash man from Stearns when he became supervisor. During his last years of service, Calvin, in 1987 the most senior of all St. Andrew's staff, operated a small laundry for athletic clothing in the gym basement, the last vestige of the major service.* Nowadays dormitories contain their own machines and faculty do their wash at home. But when the school operated its own full-service laundry, it was run entirely by its own special crew.

A new building was constructed in 1950 expressly for the laundry, filled with great noisy machines that washed and pressed. Separate sewing rooms contained huge tables upon which curtains and other large pieces could be laid out. Here Alberta Savin created curtains and slipcovers for faculty. We were a pampered lot. Apartment curtains were furnished at school expense; occupants of separate houses had only to buy the material and Mrs. Savin did the rest.

Seven or eight people worked in the laundry building. The work they performed was prodigious. After laundering every bit of school bedding and clothing, they ironed it all, either by steam press or by hand. In an ordinary week, they ironed more than eight hundred shirts; in busy weeks, more than a thousand. Despite a propensity for button smashing with the mangle, the crew worked steadily, meeting every challenge.

Students delivered their own laundry in mesh bags, and were not always scrupulous about color separation. With dozens of bags thrown into the great machines, if one contained red football jerseys, the result of the load was identifiably St. Andrean—boys and faculty often sported delicately tinged pink T-shirts and jockey shorts.

Soiled faculty laundry was placed in large metal-framed canvas containers inside our front doors to be picked up each week, usually by Calvin Davis, and delivered back a few days later, fragrant and neatly pressed, fractured buttons often replaced. Sewn-in name tags were mandatory, and to this day some of us wear old socks bearing names of colleagues or students from three decades ago.

Faculty baby laundry created a major addition to

* Calvin Davis retired in June 1987, after thirty-five years, a record for staff employees.

the usual washing needs, as the fecundity of the faculty in the 1940s and 1950s was seemingly unlimited and good disposable diapers didn't exist. If the wet, acrid napkins were delivered by parents to the laundry building close to 8:00 A.M., they would be available for pickup, dry and clean, in the late afternoon. Should their owners fail to get them before the staff went home, plump diaper bags decorated the trees outside the laundry, swaying in the breeze.

One week disaster struck when a laundryman cracked his head against a pipe, lost his bearings, and dumped baby clothes out of their separately identified mesh bags into the common washer. For weeks afterward everyone swapped garments, tiny and large, back and forth.

The laundry operation occupied a substantial role in the budget. Norman Thornton, as business manager, kept tabs on it. To ascertain how many pounds of soap were consumed each week, he would fill a large pail to the brim and weigh it. The heavily used machines needed constant adjustment and attention, and occasional repair or replacement. Salaries alone amounted to a considerable sum.

One tactlessly expressed recommendation in the 1960 Cresap report stated that Ruth Heater should be a working supervisor. This seemingly personal attack resulted in her resignation not long after. The boys loved Ma and depended upon her. When she retired, the *Cardinal* said in part:

In her 19 years... she has sewn prodigiously for both boys and masters. "Ma" never turned down a piece of work no matter how heavy her schedule. She has sewn everything from shoes to J-Boat sails.... No one realized how much she was doing. She had just finished draperies for several masters and was working on slipcovers and countless alterations for boys [as well as] sewing on their nametapes. On her last day, as she gathered her belongings, 156 boys descended upon the laundry building, bearing for "Ma" a beautiful silver service contributed by faculty and staff... and a large testament of good will and best wishes, signed by every boy.

The Cresap study resulted in the introduction of significant changes in laundry operation to make it more cost effective. Hand ironing and diaper service were eliminated, as was finish work on feminine apparel.

The flat irons and other shirt-and pants-press

equipment were removed. A linen bank was established for students, with a commercial laundry doing the washing, but later this system was abandoned in favor of an outside service that provided its own sheets and pillow cases. Laundry for faculty families was phased out, although for a time bachelor teachers continued to benefit. Eventually the school ceased to provide any personal laundry service whatsoever. St. Andrew's gave up most of its own equipment and full-time staff in 1979. An unhappy outcome for personnel who could not be transferred to other duties was their release from school employment.

By this time, students were encouraged to send personal items to a commercial laundry that had scheduled pickup and delivery, although few did. They preferred the few self-service laundry machines that had been installed for them in an area of the laundry building now largely empty of heavy equipment. Eric Gamble (1984) remembers, "Calvin and I used to talk each other's ears off. It's amazing when you think about it—all those jerseys that he washed for all the kids for over thirty years."

When the first girls arrived, dormitory washing machines were provided so they could care for more delicate items of apparel. Some of the more conniving boys, pleading helplessness and ignorance of the complexities of laundering, soon had young female friends throwing selected masculine items into the girls' dormitory machines. The remaining heavy-duty machines were moved to the gym basement under Calvin's supervision, and the empty laundry building was ready for conversion into an arts center.

With the St. Andrew's laundry a thing of the past, so are announcements like one recounted by Bill Stevenson (1962): "At breakfast Willie Grubb read a request by the laundry that boys refrain from blowing their noses on the sheets. Where else were we supposed to blow them?"

Housekeeping on a grand scale

Other "inside" departments of maintenance included housekeeping and the gymnasium with its "whites" cage that dispensed athletic clothes daily, presided over first by Austin Ginn, then Sam Simmons. A 1963 feature article in the *Cardinal* said, "Known to the whole school as 'Sam,' he is always attending the whites cage in the gym, [caring for] the basketball court and wrestling mats, and helping

coaches in the training room." Little did the reporter know how essential to the school Simmons would become upon Paul Mannering's retirement, when he was appointed foreman of housekeeping. Simmons, the first black on the maintenance staff, was stunned by the prejudice he encountered in this small rural school below the Mason-Dixon line. He was even set up—a folded \$5 bill was "hidden" in the gym where he would come across it. He took the money at once to athletic director Webb Reyner. Over time, growing recognition of his excellent work not only made life at school increasingly rewarding for Sam, but paved the way for attaining one of the school's major supervisory positions. He became one of the most respected and admired senior members of the non-teaching staff.

In March 1963, when the Housekeeping Department was still supervised by Paul Mannering, the *Cardinal* printed a feature article about work being done in the main building:

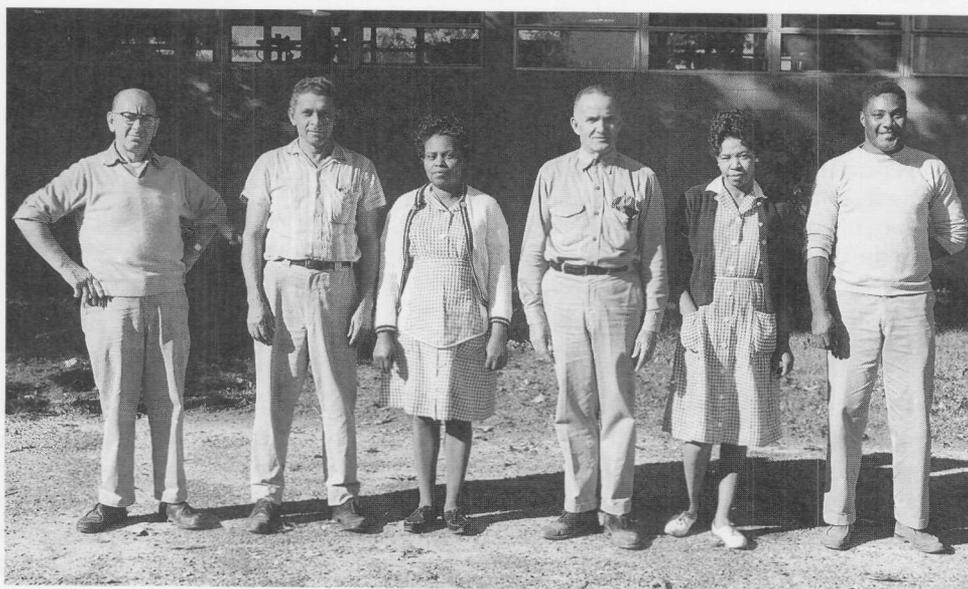
As St. Andreans go about their daily business, they seldom notice the many brigades around the building bearing ladders, dusters, floor polishers, and light bulbs. Rare is the comment that the school is orderly, tidy, and clean. Yet, to a visitor, unused to our ways and thoughts, the school's appearance is immaculate, a homemaker's delight. The responsibility for this well-done job lies with the St. Andrew's Housekeeping Department, whose members bustle and scurry from dawn to dusk.... Said one employee

[Roland Gibbs] after a day's hard work, "Man, my nerves are shot. Flabbity! If you'd been making this mop go the way I have all day long, your nerves'd be shot, too."

Students seemed unaware who stood behind this body of hard-working men and women in the Housekeeping Department, the reporter went on. It was "Mr. Clean," Paul Mannering. Mannering arrived in September 1935, the same month and year as Dave Staats, John Jester, and Austin Ginn. He too was involved with construction before transferring to maintenance. One of his early jobs was helping plant the trees that line the long main drive. Route 13 was being built the length of Delaware, running through woods and established farms. Where it joined Route 40, many trees had to be felled or moved. So chestnuts, sycamores, oaks, and beeches were loaded onto trucks, their roots balled in earth, and brought to the dusty field that was to become one of the most beautiful campuses in the East.

Paul Mannering was with the Housekeeping Department for many years, nine as foreman. He was proud that the school shone. Thirty-four years eventually took their toll, and after two heart attacks, Paul Mannering retired, with less recognition than he deserved from the place and work he loved.

The Housekeeping Department has always included men and women with humor and a bright outlook. Two special people were Cleo Henry, articu-



Housekeeping Staff, 1960s,
l-r: Walter Pochwat, Nicholas Riviera, Hazel Watson, Paul Mannering, Josephine Simmons, and Sam Simmons.

late and personable, and Cora Clifton. Cora loved a game that Austin Ginn repeatedly played: he hid her duster in the most improbable places, but she always found it. Romance bloomed when Sam Simmons, well before becoming foreman of housekeeping, married staff member Josephine Henry. Her cousin, Hazel Watson (another member of the large and devoted local family that served the school in many roles), later divided her time between St. Andrew's and working in one or two faculty homes. Hazel became a beloved member of the Amos family. She not only put our huge house in order twice a week, but managed (usually) to keep our youngest children in line. One alumnus still has a vivid memory of Hazel in rapid pursuit of a tiny Amos child fleeing screaming down the long main drive as its parents drove out of sight.

"Happy" Fonseca-Vasquez lived up to his nickname under the most trying conditions. He served in several capacities, but nowhere with greater enthusiasm and effect than as custodian in Amos Hall, the science building. Young Jim Butcher, admired and regarded with great affection by the student body during his few years with the school, was killed by a hit-and-run driver while changing a tire on the side of a road. The school mourned his death in a special chapel service at which several students spoke eloquently of how much he had meant to them. Excerpts from Jon O'Brien's poetic tribute read at this time are found in the accompanying box.

Housekeeping jobs could be tiring and not everyone was able to maintain a head of steam through a workday. Norman Thornton once surprised Julian Lockerman in a totally dark trunk room "taking inventory," while Johnny Hammond had his own "office" in the basement of the science building, where there was always a magazine to attend to. Leon Watson spent much time cleaning a completely unlighted chapel, despite his conviction that ghosts resided there.

Flabby, man, being in this environment adds to my intellectual capacity

—Roland Gibbs

Roland Gibbs is remembered by more alumni than almost any other staff figure of his time. He was the Can Man, who "massaged" sinks and toilet bowls, whose powerful aroma of El Producto cigars pre-

Life is present and future.
 Death turns us around.
 We pause, look back, and,
 with awful intensity, remember.
 Sights and sounds of the past
 blot out our present senses.
 A deep, guttural laugh.
 Eyes that danced.
 A brilliantly colored, floppy hat.
 Strong, vital, angular motion.
 A wide, golden smile.
 A singular manner of walking and talking.
 Kind words. Helping hands.
 Last to leave and first to laugh.
 A vibrant thread
 in the complex, intricate tapestry
 which is our community.
 In feeling loss, we not only celebrate
 and honor the life of our friend,
 we reaffirm our dependence upon
 one another and the dignity and worth
 of our joint enterprise
 and our own lives.

—Jon O'Brien,

at the memorial service for staff member Jim Butcher,
 1983

ceded him down the halls, who quoted Shakespeare and contemporary literary figures, who could not read music but daily played the piano in the main common room with consummate artistry, who tap-danced and soft-shoe-danced for friends (but never strangers), who greeted students in French or Elizabethan English, who at age fifty foot-raced and performed acrobatics that teenagers found impossible to match—and who spoke with wisdom that lingers in the memories of hundreds of St. Andreans. His popularity received comment in the March 1964 *Cardinal*: "Wherever you find Roland, there you will find a crowd. His friendly manner and sparkling wit automatically draw students to him.... The topics range from politics to cigars; Roland is an expert on all of them. 'When boys don't want to talk,' he says with a grin, 'I want to find out what's wrong with them.'"

Always optimistic and cheerful, Gibbs was genuinely interested in all people. He amused troubled

students and made them laugh. Even when major concerns arose in his own life—serious family medical problems, for example—Roland was a master entertainer and a master storyteller. He loved to converse. If there was no one to talk to, he admitted, he would talk to himself. Peter McGowin (1969) recalls two famous Roland aphorisms: "He called his cigar the separator: 'Separates the men from the boys.' He had a brash confidence and the poetry to go with it: 'If you see me comin' you better step aside, because a lot of men didn't and a lot of men died.'"

Roland had a well-trained upper plate. When one least expected it, he would grin and down would come the shining row of teeth, destroying one's train of thought. Little did he know that this purposeful shocking alteration of visage would be as fresh in the minds of many alumni twenty years later as it was the day it happened.

One of Gibbs's responsibilities was to drive a school van to Wilmington twice daily, transporting faculty children to and from Tower Hill School. St. Andreans who needed dental or medical attention could get to Wilmington whenever necessary. Thanks to Gibbs, each day was a treat for the passengers; some faculty daughters rode to Wilmington for nine successive years and never once found it boring.

Steve Rutter (1964), an occasional passenger, was an excellent English student who took pride in his knowledge of Shakespeare. Roland challenged him to recite excerpts, poetry, or monologues, to see who

could outlast the other. Roland always won. Barbara Thornton, Julie Amos, Mary Seyffert, and Cathy and Anne Boyle, faculty daughters who had already been exposed to Shakespeare in Tower Hill's excellent English Department, listened spellbound as Roland produced rich, rolling Elizabethan verse after Steve had ground to a halt. They were never sure whether they were hearing William Shakespeare or literally *The Song of Roland*; what issued from Roland was so perfectly constructed, its cadence and vocabulary so right, that the girls could not confirm their suspicions.

When the van pulled up to a long stoplight near New Castle Airport and a plane roared by only a hundred feet overhead, Roland would leap out of the van and cower with head covered, pretending utter terror. Just before the light changed, he would jump back in the van, pick up his cigar, and shift gears to the appreciative honking of neighboring cars. He waved at people in almost every car on the highway, sometimes startling them with his dropped-dental-plate routine while chanting, "Ching, ching, flop," a catch-all phrase no one ever interpreted. In those days of unawakened environmental concerns, the van was the Blue Bomber, not only because it was blue, but because coming home in the late afternoon it would screech to a halt by Silver Lake, the windows would roll down, and student passengers would hurl "bombs," mostly Gino's rubbish, into the lake.

Roland offered an occasional "nonstop" trip to Tower Hill, timing the red lights over the entire

Faculty children are a subculture of school life. Shown in this October 1960 photograph are thirty-three of forty-four children, including 5 Amoses, 4 of 5 Hilliers, 4 Boyles, 4 Seyfferts, 3 of 4 Baums and Smiths, 3 of 4 Washburns, 2 Dennys, 2 Reyners, 2 Timminses, 2 Thorntons, 1 of 3 Mosses, 1 unidentified, and 6 family dogs.



twenty-five miles, inching up to intersections without coming to a halt. He provided a perfect model of a relaxed, safe driver—and had fun doing it. In winter today, a former passenger still hears his warning, “Bridges ice before highways,” and when curving onto an interstate, remembers his explanation of centrifugal force.

One faculty daughter made Roland Gibbs the subject of her senior speech to the assembled Tower Hill faculty and student body. Those who heard it have never forgotten it, or its subject—to this day, older faculty at Tower Hill remember “that extraordinary man who drove the van.”

Travels with Roland were rich experiences for the many celebrities he drove to and from the train, men and women who arrived at St. Andrew’s as lecturers. T. H. White, author of *The Once and Future King*, was so impressed with Roland he wrote him a letter immediately upon his return to New York. What had Roland told him on the trip back to Wilmington? Among his outrageous claims to fame were having taught Jimi Hendrix how to play the guitar and Muhammed Ali how to box, facing down a man-eating gorilla in Africa, taking tea with Winston Churchill in India, and being the bombardier on the *Enola Gay* over Hiroshima. He also had seen the fearful “werefish” of Noxontown Pond crawling up the campus lawn, leaving a trail of fluorescent slime.

Diminutive Roland truly was, as he claimed, “187 pounds of bone, muscle, and grit.”

Green Bowl Specials

For one whose metabolism is at the highest pitch it will ever attain, what compares to *food*? Fred Coleman (1965), National Merit Scholarship Winner and our first Presidential Scholar, fueled his prodigious mental capacity by means of an equally formidable appetite. I once watched in awe as he ate seven hamburgers in rapid succession, each Dagwood masterpiece crammed with every condiment available. Then he was ready for side dishes and dessert. Fred had no spare weight on him, so there is little question the hamburgers went straight to his brain.

Dick Wilson’s (1972) meticulous survey of food preferences show hamburgers as the runaway winner, followed by steak, hotdogs, and pizza. Knockwurst came in dead last of thirteen entries.

The fare was an endless topic of conversation, at

A senior prank that went awry consisted of placing Walter Leifeld’s horses in the faculty room, where they “messed up the red rug.” Dean of students Jake Zeigler “exploded in rage,” seeing no humor in a situation that forced maintenance personnel to clean the room. The class, offended by his lack of appreciation, removed all his office furniture and placed it on the dock, whereupon it rained. This time Jon O’Brien blew up. Under Zeigler’s direction, a search-and-destroy mission was mounted, with minimal effect.

On alumni weekend, ten or twelve of us replaced the headmaster’s [dining room] table with one of the large rowboats from Noxontown Pond, spiriting off the table to a classroom, so when the visiting dignitaries arrived for Sunday breakfast, they were greeted by this rowboat, complete with table settings around the gunwales.

—Henry Hillenmeyer (1961)

Once I stole the new table seating list from the bulletin board and brought it back for my whole floor to rearrange their seating situations. One of my friends wanted to move to a table where a certain guy that she liked was seated. I did not want to sit at the teacher’s table to which I was assigned because the previous year he had not let me eat dessert unless I had five bites of my vegetables first. And of course there were certain faculty members who never came to dinner or didn’t care if their students did. We retyped the list to our suiting and subsequently fixed the cards on the tables with white-out to match. Some of us eliminated our names completely and were free from ARA dinners for an entire three weeks. It was great!

—Polly Dolan (1985)

One night some unknown upperclassmen simply removed a table from the cloister side of the dining hall, and re-spaced the remaining tables to disguise the absence. Sounds simple enough, but with sleepy students entering, on the bell, from two ends of the room, and instinctively counting off to reach the right table, it was suddenly as if everyone was in the middle of an optical illusion—not to mention waiters chewing each other out.

—Jon Smith (1965)

Bill Howard (1952) lipsticked the mouths of the stuffed animal heads that hung in the dining hall. The moosehead over Waldy's table was so ludicrous that all who saw it (with the possible exception of Waldy himself) wept with laughter. There was a simpering sort of obscenity about those enormous lips that made Howard's whole prank worthwhile.

—Ches Baum (1936)

table or away. There were the notorious "Green Bowl Specials," which actually were not bad stews, but they appeared with monotonous regularity and one was never quite sure what they contained. Students hated to be served this glutinous concoction at my table because, biologist that I am, I took pains to identify certain bits of animal anatomy emerging from the gravy, renaming the conglomerate "Viscera Stew." Other dubious favorites were "Shepherd Dog Pie" and "Ken-L-Ration," or corned beef hash. Creamed chipped beef bore a nickname not repeatable in print.

But such recollections are unfair to the kitchen staff, most of whom were devoted and able preparers of food. Inevitably, though, there were slipups. One early chef—possessed of a name designed to delight boys and faculty, Passwater—had his own restaurant down state. Elmer was not a bad cook (on occasion he served us lobster tails, which the boys hated but faculty gluttoned on); but his main interest seemed to lie in his restaurant. St. Andrew's purchased high-quality raw materials and a certain degree of exchange occurred. Late one night as I walked in the dark past the kitchen, a large, battered black sedan pulled up and an outside light was turned on long enough for me to see two unfamiliar men take a huge, blood-soaked, newspaper-wrapped package out of the trunk. They carried it into the kitchen and returned with a bulky package tidily wrapped in butcher paper. I didn't eat meat that week.

Lillian Foley—wife of Steve, who tended boilers on the floor below—had joined the school's House-keeping Department in 1933, but soon entered the kitchen. From 1952 to 1963 her official title was dietitian, which hardly defined her wide range of responsibilities—supervising the kitchen staff of ten and planning every meal for the entire school year,

more than six hundred servings a day. "Hers was a wonderful era," Norm Thornton remembers. "Her personal touch was immensely important to the school's family life."

In addition to Lillian's planning and supervisory duties, she insisted on personally baking the school's pastry so it would be fresh and warm when served. Her pies were famous. She was a soft touch, and the boys knew it. She was never too busy to provide cookies or a dish of ice cream.

Lillian was utterly loyal and supportive of her kitchen workers, who responded by giving her the very best. The Palmers were a great team. Etta Banning, who had a lovely even temperament, was an expert vegetable cook and was proud of her salads. Helen Briscoe went about her efficient work sputtering away, mostly to herself. Calvin Davis, later of laundry fame, did all the pasteurizing of milk from the school farm.

Walter Marryat, a very good chef during Lillian's time, came in for a lot of ribbing from the boys, which he accepted good-naturedly. After an exchange dance with St. Timothy's, the *Cardinal* reported, "All sat down to one of Chef Walt's famous chicken pot pie dinners." This seemed innocuous enough, but the dish's usual name, "Yellow Death," was omitted.

Lillian Foley's menus were meticulously planned; the food always was practical and good, without frills. Often she tried surprises, vastly appreciated by faculty and boys with educated palates, shunned by hamburger-oriented teenagers.

Lillian put on memorable banquets for faculty and their families after students had gone home on vacation. The dining room remained open for faculty during the several days it took to enter grades and write reports. Her Thanksgiving feasts for faculty families and relatives ultimately vanished with economic belt tightening, but what Thanksgivings they had been! Each family had a cloth-covered table in the school dining room, an enormous turkey at the head of each, traditional dishes at hand; all we provided was our favorite carving set. Leftovers were wrapped to take home. Afterward, adults gathered over coffee, and the dining room and main common room rang with shrieks and pounding feet as small faculty children dashed about in their holiday best.

For almost thirty years after the school's founding, students worked in the kitchen as dishwashers. The job was extremely popular, for two reasons: workers

could wear old and comfortable clothes, and they could have as much as they wanted to eat before the school's meal began. Professional kitchen workers always saw that the boys' plates were heaped high with the choicest portions available. When student kitchen help was discontinued, several Puerto Rican men, previously migrant laborers on surrounding farms, were hired to do the job. The popular José Fonseca and Arcadio "Happy" Fonseca-Vasquez, who later transferred to the Maintenance and House-keeping departments, were among the first.

St. Andrew's ate well, but at terrific cost. The kitchen was a major stimulus for the 1960 Cresap study, which identified inefficiencies in the original layout. Food storage and freezer facilities were inadequate, the kitchen poorly arranged. Dirt, grease, and dish washing were problems, so some of the "plagues" that felled us were self-inflicted.

"Cresap 2" coincided with the school's wish to expand, and the dining room already was a limiting factor. Designing an entirely new kitchen within the confining outer walls of the building taxed the best planners. Dick Hillier, Coerte Voorhees, and Norm Thornton worked closely with the architects, although they were frustrated by the latter's lack of progress toward a successful solution. Delay followed delay. Finally, by spring vacation 1961, the new, redesigned kitchen opened.

The troublesome side-by-side swinging doors leading to the dining room, which had caused many a calamity for waiters trying to deliver laden trays to the dining area, were separated and relocated. One of the long-standing dining-room traditions, still heard, was a thunderous ovation for the underformer who created the loudest and most extensive disaster while carrying a tray too heavy and too large for him. Without question the finest display of flying silverware, gushing milk, shattered plates, and viscous projectiles of mashed potatoes occurred when J. V. Zuill's (1950) balance faltered as he emerged through the heavy door. He fought a magnificent delaying action, staggering thirty feet almost to the mural before adolescent strength and agility could no longer forestall the inevitable. I was on my feet cheering along with everyone else.

Enlargement of the dining room at first seemed an

insuperable problem. A solution was found in 1964 by pushing out one wall into a bay covering what had been a parking area, home of the huge school-made wheeled garbage wagon that later served the grounds crew as a leaf wagon. (Before environmental awareness, school garbage and refuse were towed daily to the open school dump past the farm. The screened lid to the big garbage wagon usually remained open when it was parked by the kitchen, a delight to campus cats and to students, who aimed their corridor trash from three stories up with the precision of drunken bombardiers.)

The draftsman for the arch separating the dining room from the bay was Tim Bayard (1962), already on his way to becoming an architect. The resulting L-shaped room, dedicated in November 1964, presented a challenge to anyone who had to speak to the entire school during meals, but if one stood precisely in the right spot and shouted, intelligible announcements were heard in both directions.

After Lillian Foley's retirement, in 1963, Earle W. Christman was hired to take her place. Occasionally he tried to do Lillian one better, providing fresh Chesapeake oysters and ice fountains for faculty banquets at the beginning of vacations. Edna Burge, a beloved Middletonian who mothered faculty and their families as well as the boys, replaced Lillian as pastry chef and upheld her reputation for providing the best in freshly baked goods.

Christman was capable, but the strain of managing so demanding and complex a process proved too much for him. Influenced by the success other schools had found, the school turned toward food contractors, and in 1965 a contract was signed with Servomation Mathias. Clyde Spahr took over the operation, remaining for three years while living at the recently acquired Lewis farm across the lake.* Unfortunately, Mathias did not retain all the loyal and able kitchen employees who had worked so long for the school. Spahr's introductory early menus and minuscule portions very nearly caused a major strike by students, with faculty doing their best not to join in. Thornton directed him to return to the Foley menus, which were on file, but the contractor's head office responded that they were equivalent to "country club service" and much too extravagant for schoolboys.

*It was during this time that an accident caused four of the farm barns and outbuildings, but not the house, to burn, destroying the school's entire fleet of recreational lake craft, rowboats, Blue Jays, and a varnished lapstreak sailing dinghy beloved of generations of students.

Correspondence between St. Andrew's and Mathias reveals an increasingly difficult and deteriorating situation. After three years the school decided to return to its own operation and lured Russell Bingaman away from the University of Delaware's faculty dining hall.

Bingaman was fortunate in being able to depend upon two extremely capable workhorse chefs, John Fillingame and Dale Ellis. These men complemented one another in temperament, and both enjoyed the boys. John seemed stern, and students were a bit in awe of him; Dale, a former Army mess sergeant, was friendly and outgoing. A great deal of good-natured repartee went on between the two men and the student waiters coming through the kitchen.

After an especially good dinner the school, led either by the headmaster or the senior prefect, brought the entire kitchen staff into the dining room, where they were enthusiastically cheered. Chefs and dishwashers and the others would stand in the doorway, ill at ease, beaming and loving every minute of it.

The position of food service director was hard on Russ Bingaman. After a few years and following heart bypass surgery, he had to cut back. Fillingame and Ellis were approaching retirement, so once again the school had to decide how to operate the kitchen. From then on, St. Andrew's enjoyed an excellent working relationship with ARA [Aramark], a national organization serving a wide variety of schools and colleges. Tim Carney, the school's ARA manager with the longest tenure, took keen interest in the school and all its activities. Not only was he popular with students, he went to great lengths to give them the treats they most enjoyed. Daily compliments came his way.

Several times a year, the school hosted banquets for trustees, alumni, and faculty. On such occasions

Carney and his staff transformed the dining room into an elegant banquet hall and presented a feast that would do justice to the finest restaurant.

Despite security measures worthy of a fortress, student ingenuity permits access to the kitchen from time to time. Some head for the ice cream storage freezers, others seek different nourishment. One enterprising group, knowing its way about, kept beer hidden deep within the huge walk-in cold-storage boxes.

Bold students found opportunities for devilment even when the kitchen was open for business. During an alumni festivity Andrea "Andy" Kelly and Denise Collins (both 1983), dumped scarlet food coloring into the large ice dispenser and fled, the kitchen crew screaming after them. Ice water for the next few hours was hideous to behold. On a different occasion Andy and another girl filched all the silverware just before dinner. "We hid most of it in a closet near the chapel, but she kept some in her pocket," Andy writes. "Some dropped out—clash and clang!—it made so much noise! She stood there frozen, so of course everyone in the dining room knew why there wasn't any silverware."

Prior to coeducation the menu ran heavily to meat and potatoes and a bowl of vegetables. After girls came, lighter main courses and salads increased both in variety and in frequency. Today's lavish salad bar rivals that of any good restaurant and the increased frequency of cafeteria meals was a delight for the salad bar alone. Late in the 1980s, family-style meals were reduced to two or three a week, and many faculty missed sitting at assigned tables where they could get to know students with whom they had no other contact. Family-style meals have now returned in frequency and popularity.

The business district

Rupert "Bo" Wilson came to the school from Middletown in 1966. He was no stranger to St. Andrew's. As a boy he had biked out frequently to play with faculty children. Bo's first duties were as a truck driver and assistant to those who worked on the athletic fields, especially Johnny Glanding. He helped lime and line the fields, set goal posts, plow up fields after years of use and reseed them. To Bo, Field Number 5 is the Super Bowl of Delaware soccer fields. Other seasons Bo helped cut lily pads in the

One special day when the trustees were present and eating at the headmaster's table, one of them asked me if we always had food like this, and I told her, "No, not usually." I thought Joan O'Brien was going to choke to death, or strangle me to death.

—Gail Wright (1984)

pond with a motorboat equipped with scythe blades so the crew lanes would remain open.

Bo was the one who brought mail from town and spent an hour each morning sorting it in the school post office. The rest of the day he repaired everything in the main building that didn't have to go to the main shop, from chairs to screens to vacuum cleaners.

Immediately adjacent to Bo's postal empire is the school store, in front of which the basement has been altered to provide a large, loungelike gathering place. The famous wooden wall upon which fifty years of initials have been carved remains intact, still decorated by each graduating class. The store has been under the management of a number of talented individuals. When Dick Barron's health dictated a slower pace than was possible as organist and band master, he took over the store's operation and ran it with all the efficiency and imagination expected from that Renaissance man. After his retirement, Austin Ginn, then Russell Bingaman, handled the multifarious needs of textbook ordering and distribution, as well as sales of notebooks, toothpaste, and the dozens of other items students need on short notice. Candy and soft drinks were dispensed behind the long counter that ran where the post office has now been relocated, famous as the spot from which cookies and milk were dispensed to underformers at recess. "Only two cookies apiece! And only one carton of milk!"

The now-vanished glass candy case behind the old counter was seldom kept filled to capacity, so voracious were the appetites of boys. Nurse Mary Jane Shank, a genuine nutritionist at heart, insisted that recess fare also include unsweetened snacks. She never would have approved of the earlier "Baling Room" down the hall, in which faculty wives cooked hamburgers and hotdogs over a greasy, unvented grill to raise money for church charities.

In Austin Ginn's day the store occasionally served in a fashion completely unknown to him, notably for a member of the class of 1975 who had difficulty finding privacy to be with his girl: "I possessed one of the only keys to the school store. It was ideal. Out of the way, quiet and secure, and I don't think anyone ever knew we were there. The floor was carpeted and Mr. Ginn even kept a small electric heater there that we imagined as a cozy fire. Once we even took a small TV down."

Until 1982 the store remained relatively unchanged, running efficiently and on precise schedule. In that year Jon O'Brien made an inspired appointment by handing the store over to Judy Odden, wife of physics teacher Tom Odden. Judy transformed what for fifty years had been a service facility in a dark basement corner into one of the brightest spots on campus. "The store has helped promote a new school spirit by offering glassware, sweatshirts, T-shirts, gym bags, window stickers, all with the St. Andrew's logo," she writes.

Every Wednesday I spend shopping for the store; I go to Smyrna, Dover, and Elkton, Maryland, to get cookie mixes, cookies, soups, cocoa mix, pop corn and much more. The station wagon is loaded to the roof and seven responsible student store workers unload it at 7:30 the next morning. Thursdays are our biggest days; students rush to see what we have after school meeting.

In stocking the store, I try to put myself in a student's place and think what a teenager would need or want, things they might run out of and need immediately. I also make the rounds of variety shops to find good prices and exciting items that they can't find in Middletown or the malls. There are pencils—and there are exciting pencils!

Watchman, what of the night?

—*Isaiah xxi.11*

Security arrangements in a boarding school are complicated due to different areas of responsibility. The school police are concerned primarily with keeping strangers off the campus; dormitory faculty supervisors are more interested in keeping track of students. A gray area exists when students are out at night, legally or illegally by school rules, and are unrecognized by security men. Faculty supervisors expect to be informed at once, while the security people are more disturbed that boys or girls are outdoors without apparent reason. Norm Thornton often found himself in the middle, instructing and soothing as needed.

Young people comprising a residential community are a trusting, dependent lot, aware that they are surrounded by caring and protective adults. St. Andreans walk safely across campus to their dormitories along well-lit paths and roads located in the center of campus, surrounded by faculty housing. It

would be difficult indeed for unauthorized intruders to penetrate far onto the campus without alerting security personnel, to say nothing of night-owl faculty still up grading papers.

Through much of the school's early history, the solitary security man was known as Midnight, no matter what his actual name. Midnight Moore, the first, was present irregularly during the day, and spent warm nights out under the trees near the gym, comforted by a can or two of beer and an occasional female friend. Midnight Clarence Schwatka held forth for eleven years until one night in 1959, while sitting on the wall above the boathouse gully, he fell over backward and hit his head. He was unhurt, but the resulting physical examination showed that he was too old to have such duty.

Midnight Paul Crawford, part Indian of the Canadian Lone Star Tribe, was the most famous of all. He had been a house detective for Sears Roebuck in Philadelphia and took his St. Andrew's role very seriously, determined to impress everyone that he embodied Security. His car, painted in regulation police colors, proclaimed with custom license plate that it belonged to the "Chief of the St. Andrew's Police Force." The car had a red flasher on its roof, which he used upon the least provocation, and a walkie-talkie inside (no one knew whom he talked to, although presumably he could listen to the county police). His rotund form was tucked into a handsome custom-made uniform and a massive Detective Special Snubnose .38 hung in its holster from a broad belt. Everyone prayed ammunition for the gun was far away. One thing was sure: he could scare the daylights out of any would-be trespasser. If strangers entered the campus, he "just chased 'em off." One invading car fled straight across the athletic fields; the driver didn't know the contours, and the vehicle went airborne over the rise by the varsity football field.

For Midnight Crawford, every nuance in behavior, every unrecognized face, was a possible sign of something afoot. Early one evening I got a call from Bill Cameron. His voice choked with amusement as he told me, "Mr. Crawford has apprehended your son Bob [then nine years old] with a dangerous, potentially deadly weapon. I think you'd better come over." Midnight Crawford stood at attention in full regalia, and Bobby was perched on the edge of a leather chair looking worried. On Cameron's desk

was the dread weapon: two tennis balls taped together. Bobby had seen a TV show about Argentine gauchos and had attempted to construct a bolas, which he flung at a massive sycamore tree (presumably mortally wounding it). Satisfied that the miscreant was now securely in custody, Midnight departed on his rounds.

Midnight Crawford was nobody's fool. He saw more than the students thought he did, but whether they realized it or not, he was on their side and almost never turned them in. He achieved hero status in their eyes by opening locked areas to those who exercised the greatest persuasive skills. But if he thought something genuinely dangerous was afoot, he alerted the authorities.

Paul Crawford served the school faithfully for eleven years, from 1959 to 1970, and was interviewed and photographed by a generation of students. The October 1970 *Cardinal* quoted him on drugs and hair: "Drugs must be stamped out... before they lead to addiction and crime. About hair... I'm older now and have different tastes, but if those fellows want to grow their hair long, let 'em do it."

An editorial aside added, "Take heart, you longhairs. At least the law is with you here."

A former volunteer town policeman took over when Paul retired, a man who wanted to play cop, but he lacked humor and good judgment and was not warmly regarded by students. He occasionally created confusion by reporting events that were pure fantasy. He once had Norm Thornton and others in a dither by claiming there were deer poachers over at the dump shooting wildly, when in fact no one was there.

With Jim Taylor, or J. T. as everyone knew him, the nickname Midnight was dropped. J. T. lived in a small house on the school farm, so was nearby even during his off hours. His alternating replacement was the familiar and popular Dale Ellis, former army mess sergeant and retired cook in the school dining room. They were the last two watchmen to be employed directly by the school.

In 1979 a contract was signed with Spence Security Service. Spence provided full coverage without overtime schedules and paid for proper training and supervision of J. T., whom the school wanted to retain in the role he had filled so capably. He remained on campus, a friend to all, until his untimely death in 1985.

Office sanity

Faculty are notorious writers of reports and memos. In the 1960s—before the production of paperwork had reached today's astonishing proportions—I saved every notice for an entire academic year, and displayed the collection, which by then filled two bulging library file boxes, at the final faculty meeting. My "lesson" had no discernible effect.

The bulk of official communications comes from offices staffed by secretaries, departmental assistants, office managers, and the like. Once there were only two full-time office staff members: a single financial secretary and an administrative secretary. A faculty wife worked part time in the registrar's office, another in the alumni office. Today the school's normal academic and administrative functioning is seriously affected if a snowstorm prevents more than a dozen office workers from coming to work. The complex functions they perform are unquestionably essential, so the "paper pollution" faculty joke about is a necessary means of sharing information.

Mary Loessner, for many years the headmaster's secretary, later became Jon O'Brien's right hand as administrative assistant. "Mary is the finest administrative secretary in the East!" Jon states flatly. There was no aspect of school life and function that Mary did not understand. Just as important, she knew her boss, his needs and priorities. Lovely, calm, and gracious,

she soothed the distraught faculty member who descended upon the front office, provided advice and solutions to all, buffered the savage onslaught of minutiae so the headmaster was not overwhelmed.

Mary was no newcomer to St. Andrew's. Her father, Lewis Grubb, a fine musician who commuted from his home in Odessa, was organist and choir-master in the chapel from 1956 to 1959. As a teen-ager, Mary used to baby-sit for several faculty families.

Mary's predecessors, reaching back to 1955, included Doris Lum and Pat Teal. Jean Bradford, Bill Cameron's secretary and admissions assistant, was a warm and competent person. Jean came from one of the oldest families in Middletown and was invaluable in knowing everyone both in town and in Wilmington. She was at every faculty party and threw memorable ones herself. After Jean's death in 1974, Nancy Whitlock became the mainstay for admissions, serving under several directors longer than anyone else. The voluminous record keeping and correspondence in admissions work are vital to the school, as Nancy's patience and organizational skills proved time and again.

Myrtle Van Horn, secretary to the faculty, was greatly beloved. Stopping at her desk, you were made to feel special and welcome, even when you needed to have an examination typed and duplicated at once. After she got to know you, she had an additional treat in store. Sparkling and demure, she



L to R: Kitty Schmolze, Doris Barron, Mary Dunn, Lucille Smith, Myrtle Van Horn, Joyce Nelson, Nancy Whitlock, Doris Lum and Jean Bradford gather for mid-morning coffee.

would ask, "Want to hear a cute little story?" and go on to tell one that could never appear in print. How Myrtle came by her yarns was no mystery; her father, Bill Garten, was a master collector of such tales. From the beginning of the school, Bill had been an independent paint contractor, doing all the constant painting the school required.

Secretaries in the registrar's office must have felt as though they were in a fish bowl—or a shark tank. Faculty would burst in wanting something from the files, students anguished over a grade they never should have received, the college counselor or headmaster or admissions office needed a record instantly, and there was always someone wanting to use the photocopier because the ones in the faculty room were in use, or more likely broken from overuse. How these women preserved their sanity was a mystery, especially at the time grades were due.

At the end of a marking period, grades and comments had to be filed by a specified date and hour. (More about that, from the faculty point of view, in chapter 9.) Most faculty complied, but some seemed constitutionally unable to get things in on time. The secretaries adjusted to such lapses. I take this opportunity to salute them and to offer thanks from the bottom of a procrastinating heart.

It is surprising that personnel changes in such a frenetic atmosphere were so infrequent, but for many years Nancy Woodward and Joyce Nelson presided in the "RegOff" with energy, efficiency, good humor, and ready smiles. Joyce remained after Nancy retired to her farm home a few miles away. Her replacement, Barbara Samson, formerly of the business office, was a quiet and helpful person who after ten years with the school had already proven her skill. To write a job description for their duties is quite impossible, so when a replacement is needed, only a baptism by fire will prove whether the newcomer will survive.

Abby Mannering (daughter-in-law of Paul Mannering, foreman of housekeeping) arrived in 1959 as secretary to Norm Thornton and assistant to the financial secretary, Grace Cochran, who served from 1951 to 1964. No one trifled with Grace or questioned her command of finances, not even the first business manager, Pat Schoonover. It is probable that no one knew the school's receipts and expenditures as well as Grace—not Pat, headmaster Walden Pell, or members of the finance committee of the board of trustees. She was loyal, de-

voted, and thoroughly formidable.

Back in Pat Schoonover's day the highly informal business office consisted of a tiny cubicle just off the headmaster's office with Grace's desk in the open area facing the foyer. Security was almost nonexistent. Once, needing to open a locked fuse box on a weekend, I telephoned Pat. If his office was not already unlocked, he said, my regular master key would open the door to the room where a key board over his desk had the item I needed. I walked in and there, wide open on his desk, was the faculty salary ledger. (Forty-five years later, I confess to looking at it. What I saw was reassuring: after only a couple of years on the job I had risen from a starting salary of \$2,200 and was solidly entrenched amid the younger faculty at \$3,000.)

By the time Abby arrived, the business office had been moved to the north wing of Founders' Hall into part of the space once occupied by the old study hall. The larger portion, divided by a cinderblock wall, was the physics lab. This wall was all that separated Abby's office from the blackboard in the lab, and day after day she had to listen to Bob Colburn emphasizing points on the board with his chalk—tap, tap, tap.

The 1960 Cresap survey suggested changes in the business office. Myrtle Van Horn went from there to the front desk to act as receptionist and Abby was brought in just as the office was beginning to become automated. The first "computer" was a NCR card-and-machine sorting system, an enormous departure from the pen-and-pencil method the school had used until then. Grace Cochran did not care for the new technology, so Abby did the bookkeeping under her direction and also took Thornton's dictation. When Grace retired, Abby was sufficiently experienced to take over the operation. Nancy Whitlock, later admissions secretary, stepped into Abby's job.

"I was nineteen, just out of high school, and it was my first job," Abby says. "Grace Cochran could be a tyrant, but she was responsible for the fact I can do the work I'm doing today. She was an extraordinary instructor, and for that I'm indebted to her. A lot of other people disliked her passionately. Looking back, when she gave me hell, she was absolutely right. I try to be more easygoing than she was when teaching other people, but I find myself in the same position—a little short on patience when someone doesn't pick up on something. Grace knew her job, and she knew she knew her job, and she was willing to teach me."

Abby's career spans the entire evolution of automated bookkeeping systems. When the NCR machine's limitations began hindering necessary work, it was completely rebuilt. Later a new Philips Business Systems minicomputer was installed; Abby took to it at once, and it served for fifteen years. Finally, however, it too began to fail; it was slow and parts were no longer available.

Not long before, the school had gotten a second-hand IBM 1620 computer and placed it in the basement near Dave Washburn's classroom. It was an early, massive machine, used by students more for projects and games than for math courses. The business office could time-share on it, but to do so would be very expensive and might lead to problems both with time and breached security of school accounts. The decision was to go with a separate system.

Consulting experts recommended that the old computer be replaced by a new main-frame computer from Digital Corporation, also to be installed in the basement. The system in the business office tied in with that, time-sharing after all. Although this system possessed good protective devices and those in the business office felt reasonably secure, modern microcomputers and PCs ultimately took over in both areas, financial and academic. Through all of the technological changes, each requiring reprogramming from the ground up, Abby kept pace. The success of the business office over the years was due in large measure to her intelligence and dedication.

The business office secretarial staff did much more than keep the school's accounts in order. All requisitions for departmental needs, whether athletic, scientific, or maintenance, went through their hands. Shipments coming in were directed to the proper destination. In the days when the School Bank was in operation and student Blue Checks bounced or their elementary accounting unraveled beyond the bank's ability to knit back together, Abby Mannering was always there to solve the problem.

Transportation logistics of operating a rural boarding school and keeping it in contact with the outside world are staggering. Whether a student needed to get to the dentist or fly home to Hong Kong or Turkey, Carol Simendinger made it possible. She commanded the school's fleet of vans and station wagons, and somehow managed to keep coaches and faculty

happy. Carol could have made her fortune by opening a business combining long-distance trucking, taxi service, and a worldwide travel agency.

In 1957 there were forty-eight on the nonteaching roster; in the late 1980s there were forty. Paradoxically the numbers represent an expansion, as major service programs have been turned over to independent firms: laundry, trash removal, sewage treatment, and the kitchen. With ivy gone from the walls of buildings, the grounds crew no longer had that time-consuming task. Efficiency was been preserved by retaining full-strength housekeeping, grounds, maintenance, and secretarial staffs.

Cuts and bruises— and things that keep coming

A nurse in a boarding school must be an experienced medical person first, but no less important, she serves as a confidant and friend, an advisor to faculty and headmaster, an overseer of public health, a critical observer of athletics, as well as a booster of school morale.

St. Andrew's got a slam-bang start with Margaret E. Miller, whose years are covered in Walden Pell's book.* It was my good fortune to overlap with Meg briefly. She yelled at me as readily as at any schoolboy if she caught me outdoors on a winter day without a hat and coat. From her day on, we had nurses of wildly ranging sorts, from true and compassionate professionals to the indifferent and the has-beens.

One lovely mannered, very elderly nurse (whose claim to fame was having written the lyrics to "Let Me Call You Sweetheart,") brought class and culture to the infirmary, though little in the way of medicine. Nursing had been a part of Betty Tillotson's life a half century earlier when she trained at Royal Victorian Order Queen's Nurses in Ottawa, but it was foreign to her at St. Andrew's. She was an enchanting person and it was a sad day when she died after her first year at school.

Agnes Nelson, who arrived in 1950, was an enormous, handsome, mustached, elderly Swede who spoke with a broad Scandinavian accent. Invariably her first remark to a boy who entered the infirmary was, "Vy did you not sooner come up?" Will Grubb (1959) burned his arm, ran up the stairs for immedi-

* *A History of St. Andrew's School*, Walden Pell, 1973, p. 4.

ate help, and was asked that very question.

Her size made it physically impossible for a student to resist her egalitarian treatment. Nellie believed that most ills, whether caused by germ, glutony, or athletic collision, were cured by an enema — what was good for the lower gastrointestinal tract was good for the whole body. Some alumni even claim to have visited the infirmary for splinters and come away with cleaned-out colons. Will Grubb states emphatically that you never went up there unless you were very, very sick.

Nellie was a dedicated nurse for all of that. When a flu epidemic hit in 1957, the infirmary overflowed with patients for two full weeks. "One hundred and

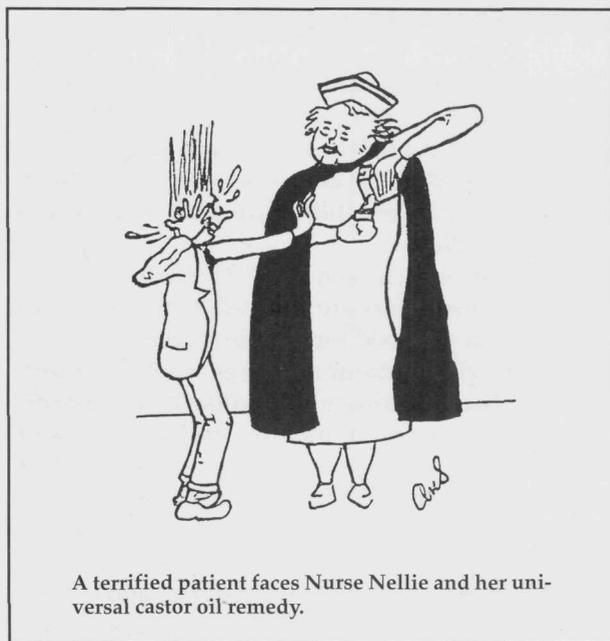
sixteen boys fell ill and at the peak of the epidemic, fifty-one patients were bedridden," Bill Cameron reported. When all the rooms on Schmolze Corridor were filled, the sufferers took over Voorhees Corridor. Will Grubb, one of the student volunteers seemingly immune, joined nurse assistant Mrs. Harry Labour, Ruth Heater and other women from the laundry, and many faculty wives to help Nellie, who directed the enormous nursing job.

Nellie had a cooking specialty relished by faculty. After the boys had gone home for the holiday each year, George Broadbent and Black Hughes hosted a boisterous Thanksgiving party. There were vivifying liquid refreshments and quantities of delicious food, and when Nellie arrived bearing a large steaming dish, a whole new meaning was imparted to Swedish meatballs.

Nellie was followed in the infirmary by Miriam Jeffrey, a young, well-qualified nurse who quickly saw that life in a boarding school did not hold much of a social future; she married and moved to the Caribbean. After her came the three "supernurses," as I think of them.

Maxine McLane arrived in 1959 and remained until 1972. She established a long-range professionalism matched with personal concern. Improvements both in facilities and in practice were made under Maxine, and she instituted many of the procedures peculiar to boarding schools that remain in place to this day. Students loved Maxine. "Maxine McLane was like a mother to all of us," recalls Phil Tonks (1963). "Dexter [Chapin, Phil's roommate] at that time was going through his diabetes determination and he had to have something to eat at bedtime. She made him the greatest milkshake going, and fed him many of his meals up there. She also made the best applesauce cake I've ever had. Chip Gordy (1963) and Eric Middleton (1964) were her two big boys, and she was always making things like that for them. I spent two weeks in the infirmary, and she was wonderful to me."

Maxine was no pushover, and she knew boys well. Ken Wilson (1966) remembers how she put an end to a cherished experiment: "I decided to grow a goatee once; it had to be very small to go undetected, so I hid it under a large bandaid on my chin. One day I went to the infirmary for another matter, and Mrs. McLane was curious to know what had happened to my chin. She wouldn't take 'Oh, nothing,' for an answer. That,



A terrified patient faces Nurse Nellie and her universal castor oil remedy.



Nurse Maxine McLane is lifted to new heights.

of course, was the end of the goatee.”

She attempted an innovation that might seem odd to both earlier and later generations, but was simply a sign of the 1960s. St. Andrew’s was an all-boys’ school existing in rural limbo while the rest of the world grew long hair. St. Andreans weren’t about to be left behind, and thereby commenced a prolonged and often furious debate with the administration—principally Bill Cameron, who equated short hair with godliness, or at least manliness. Hair continued to grow, and for once Cameron had to admit defeat.

As the boys’ hair lengthened, Maxine saw a sanitation problem with waiters whose locks dangled in the platters of food. For a time waiters’ caps were mandatory, to the vast amusement of those being served and the rage of those serving. Huldah Moss still chuckles over the sight. “Maxine wanted the boys to wear those little white overseas caps as if they were selling hotdogs in the grandstands. They didn’t last long.”

Maxine’s successor, Mary Jane Shank, had only from 1972 to 1974 in which to develop outstanding health services, before she died suddenly of a heart attack. During those two years she made a powerful impact. She was the one to alter the meat-and-potatoes diet, encouraging the kitchen to include salads and a wide variety of vegetables in the menus, as the cooks had long wanted to do; and it was she who instituted birthday dinners. At intervals of a month or two, several tables were joined, covered with tablecloths and decorations, and transformed into an enormous birthday party table, served by members of the Women’s Guild. These meals always were sumptuous, and the rest of the dining room had to wait for dessert until the large cakes had been cut and served with ice cream to the celebrants.

Mary Jane saw her role as a calling to the entire community. When a male faculty member fell ill, she at once visited him to make sure he was behaving himself and that his wife was up to the task of handling a complaining and irritable spouse. As nurse during the first year of coeducation, Mary Jane had to cope with problems entirely new to St. Andrew’s—an infirmary that did not have proper facilities for housing girls simultaneously with boys; a sewage disposal plant that rebelled against nondisposable tampon applicators that in 1973 repeatedly jammed valves and stopped pumps. A realist, Mary Jane shocked many faculty with a memo-

September 17, 1968

Blue Cross and Blue Shield of Delaware

To Whom It May Concern:

I sometimes wonder what I buy this stuff for.

I injure my thumb so severely that even lifting a plate, a spoon, driving a car or shaking hands is an impossibility.

I visit a doctor and have the thing taken care of.

You tell me my health insurance does not cover it, even the extended coverage because, presumably, I am neither sick nor injured nor in need of care.

What the devil do you cover?

A Subscriber,

William H. Cameron

randum instructing them to bring any intoxicated student to the infirmary at once.

A resident nurse couldn’t be on duty every day throughout the school year, so associate nurses arrived to serve one or two days a week. In different years faculty wives, among them Jessie Timmins and Doris Barron, and Middletonians like Lucille Smith, were necessary complements to health care. But the one most St. Andreans remember was a diminutive elderly woman in immaculate white, the unusual fluted nurse’s cap of Philadelphia General Hospital perched high on top of her white hair. From 1958 for almost twenty years, Edith Labour, wife of manual arts teacher Harry E. Labour, appeared for a day or two every week to relieve the different resident nurses she worked with. To generations of boys and girls she seemed the ultimate grandmother.

If I had been asked between 1974 and 1990 what a boarding school nurse should be, the answer would have been easy: Go to St. Andrew’s and watch Mrs. D. at work. Virginia A. DiGennaro, who followed Mary Jane Shank, a vivacious grandmother in “real life,” deserved a quiet life, resting her feet after a full professional nursing career in Wilmington. But devotion to her extended school family kept her at St.

Andrew's year after year. Ginny oversaw the second year of coeducation. An apprehensive faculty had tentatively asked every kind of question, many of which had not been answered the previous year as the first few girls settled in. Ginny was unflappable, with a deep faith in human resources. She knew that matters of sexuality, discrimination, nutrition, health, emotional upheaval, and everything else common to a closely knit coeducational community would work out provided they were approached sensibly, sanely, and with confidence. All would be well.

St. Andrew's was a totally foreign environment to one who had been a head surgical nurse in a metropolitan hospital. "Each new generation generates new problems. It isn't just their cuts and bruises, you have to keep up with all the other aspects of the students' world, the things that keep coming their way," she says.

I was very naive. I believed everything the students told me. I couldn't believe they would fake an illness. If they said they were sick, then they were sick and I gave out enough excuses to paper walls. If they came and said, 'I don't feel so good today,' I'd put them to bed and allow them to miss class. I couldn't believe they didn't want to go to sports. That was the hardest thing to get adjusted to. When I found out later some of them had lied, I took it personally and would think, Why would they want to do that? I was a nurse and used to dealing with doctors and orders; here I was looking at sprained thumbs and earaches and I'm making judgments. I thought I was not going to last long. I cried myself to sleep every night for a month. By the second year, I realized it was typical behavior for just kids in general. I had been away from teenagers too long.

Ginny quickly realized that she had to know students individually in order to evaluate them. Their aches and complaints might be genuine, or they might be symptoms of stress. Mary Jane Shank had left complete files, but nothing in files substitutes for intuitive feelings an experienced medical person has about a potential patient. In her last years at St. Andrew's Ginny recalled,

I had no difficulty treating their regular illnesses, that was cut and dried. We always have two or three each year who we have to help with severe homesickness, but that's normal and it doesn't last.... Today the big-

gest problem we have is the emotional: a lot of it is divorce or stressed families; that is a big factor today and the kids have an awfully hard time adjusting to it. They have so many choices to make in the world they live in—the sexual revolution and alcohol and drugs are all facing them. It took until my second year to realize that a very few students—they were called the Banana Group—were into drugs. I couldn't believe that children were using them, because I came from a very different background.

There are the social problems with girls—*anorexia*, *bulimia* and all that; this was new to me. We've had only a few cases, but one or two got really ill.

On the surface they may seem uncaring, but when one of them is in trouble, and has gone too far, they'll come up here right away and say, 'Look, Mrs. D., she's not eating, she's doing this and that. Will you please help her?' When two or three girls come up here and say, 'Can we talk?' I know something is coming.

After working so many years, I know almost automatically which ones to take to a doctor immediately if they feel sick.... You still make mistakes, still misjudge. But if I recognize certain signs, I'll say, 'You're goofing. Hey, you go!'

Mrs. D. was important to students, and not just when they needed help. Where there is love, there can be a bit of fun too.

There were two or three girls in bed in the infirmary, all got better until the last day when their temperatures started climbing, one of those recurrent flus, I thought. I'd put thermometers under their tongues, then go about my business. Each time their temperatures were higher and I was concerned. Of course they were putting their thermometers on the radiator and having a ball. After a while they couldn't keep it a secret any more and burst out, "We can go!" I'd been had. They taught me. Hey, you can't leave these kids alone, because if you do, they're going to get you!

One night two girls, Polly and a friend, came up looking distraught. Polly said, very quietly, "Can I talk to you?" "Sure, come on in." "Mrs. D., I don't know what to do." "What's the matter?" She whispered, "I think I'm pregnant." (Jesus, my first one!) "O.K. Let's talk." So I started explaining and asking if it really was possible, and what the signs were. I was so serious, I was really getting into this, wondering how I was going to handle it. But after a while, both girls exploded in laughter. "April Fool, Mrs. D.!!!"

The physical demands upon a school nurse are probably more intense than for any other employee. When I asked Ginny about her hours, she replied,

I'm here! Hours are from seven in the morning to eleven at night, and there's no way to break it. I've tried. They come when they have time. You tell them and ask them, please, but they all have different schedules and they all are busy and know you are here. They don't realize it, but they space themselves about every 10 or 15 minutes all day except for meal-times, so I have to stay right here, or be in my apartment reading. I like their games, though, so after the big rush after classes, I go out and watch soccer or crew races, but then I find I'm needed back here because someone got hurt and they shouldn't have to run around trying to find me. They don't stop coming until bedtime.

Without fanfare, the staff teaches important lessons to those comprising the other two legs of

the tripod, usually without realizing it themselves. Two thousand years ago, Horace told us the purpose of our lives is simply to become what we are. Here are men and women going about their lives quietly and with certainty that what they do has worth. Slowly this becomes part of our perception of the wholeness of the small community on the banks of Noxontown Pond.

In 1966, H. F. Lowry, editor of *An Oxford Anthology of English Poetry*, wrote, "When the familiar becomes wonderful again to the touch of new insights and associations that the years and mind bring to it... there is a new and deeper affirmation. One remembers Thornton Wilder's turning Grover's Corners into an existence beyond price when all the little things become important." More than we realize, St. Andrew's School and Grover's Corners have much in common. Time passes, a commonality is revealed, and we wish we could return to spend another hour with a carpenter, a nurse, or a raker of fallen leaves.



"Flabby, man!" After the work day was over, music began in the main common room and Roland Gibbs was soon surrounded by admiring students.

Maintenance staff, late 1970s: faces change, dedication remains.

The year 1952 saw the heyday of the Alpine Club and its abrupt end. The great Gothic buildings were too great a challenge to ignore. For years members had scaled the granite walls, unknown to faculty and unprotected by experience. One night when club members—unsupervised as usual—were exploring the gym roof in the dark, George Groves (1952) took a wrong turn and fell almost three stories into a soft mud bank, inches from an iron railing and cement causeway. His clubmates descended in panic, found him conscious and unhurt, picked him up and rushed him to the locker room, saying, “You’re all right, Georgie. Take a cold shower!”

An early version of the Attic Club discovered a lightly secured trapdoor in the solid third-floor ceiling of Founders’ Hall and explored the cavernous spaces of that enormous building. It was easy to get lost in the vast attic, and one night an expedition did. They came to another trap, lifted it, and dropped into the darkness of an unfamiliar room. The lights came on, and they found themselves in Jack and Dotty Campbell’s living room. Jack had heard them and turned off the lights, while he and his wife sat comfortably waiting to hit the switch again.

Buck Brinton (1961) founded the “new” Attic Club in the fall of 1957, the first year the New Wing was open. He lived with Yumpy Hammond (1960) in a room next to the bell tower and looked for places to hide his “contraband of money and girlie magazines.” Experimenting with hung ceiling tiles, he discovered they could be replaced leaving no evidence. Curiosity finally got the better of him, so he shone a flashlight into the dark cavernous space above, and “before long I couldn’t stand it any longer and crawled up.” First he did so alone, then

with Hammond and Brian Fisher (1960) investigated the school from a new perspective. They had the entire New Wing at their disposal; they could go anywhere, and did. The cinder block walls extending just above the ceiling formed a convenient passage they could walk along. Brinton tells of their exploits:

We listened in on the masters in their apartments, parking ourselves right over where Mr. —’s dining room was and spent hours listening to him and his wife. Believe me, their conversations went from A to Z, and they would talk about this teacher or that, this boy or that boy. We always knew what was going on in school.

After a while I grew careless and thought I could skip along the tops of the walls very quickly, and as I lost my balance, I fell through the ceiling into the third floor hallway, leaving a great gaping hole in the ceiling. It was a disaster and I knew I’d be expelled. Everybody on the corridor was laughing like hell at the pile of broken tiles on the floor. I managed to find some old tiles lying around in the attic—they were a completely different color—but I got the ceiling back together, except looking up you could see there had been a major accident. But nobody ever noticed it.

Removing ceiling tiles to hide items became a common subterfuge, until maintenance workers eventually found evidence. Over summer vacation they completely sealed all hung ceilings in the dormitories so tiles could never again be raised without the use of major tools.



Rappelling from the bell tower in late 1970's.

Dear Chief

"It is certain that no school can ever become great, or remain great, without a great man at the head of it," wrote schoolmaster-author Ian Hay. St. Andrew's School had the potential of being a great school the moment it was founded. Through its three headmasters, it grew in stature and national esteem. And happily for St. Andrew's, each headmaster was affected more by the school than the other way around. Viewed through the window of time, St. Andrew's is an apparition of Gothic buildings, of playing fields in a bucolic setting, peopled by ghostly figures fading in and out of the frame, leaving scarcely a trace. But its mission, "Faith and Learning," remains unchanged, the course steady—thanks to uncommon leadership. There is nothing ephemeral about the role each headmaster played in pursuit of that mission.

The people of St. Andrew's—staff, faculty, and trustees—make the school what it is. They have been well led. The three very different men who guided St. Andrew's through its first sixty-eight years sought no recognition for themselves; their only wish was to serve. Each built upon the work of his predecessors, Walden Pell taking his cue from the vision of the founder himself, Felix duPont, Sr. Standing in an empty, dusty farm field with duPont and trustee Allan J. Henry, Pell understood what was intended for the years ahead and followed the plan devotedly. Through his faith as a priest and his experience as a New England schoolmaster, he instilled the church's

St. Andrew's is unique among modern boarding schools in having had only three headmasters in sixty-eight years, each exactly right for the time in which he served.

—An alumnus (1967)

firm foundation and gave the school its heart. Through moral commitment, force of intellect, and a sound business sense, Robert A. Moss—the "doer" the trustees sought—yanked a complacent and reluctant school into the twentieth century. Through intuitiveness, a keen perception of the future, and a rare ability to reach out, Jonathan B. O'Brien promoted growth of program and community, and brought gladness to the school.

What is a headmaster?

Organization charts show the headmaster on top, just a step below the financial angels. In actuality, a headmaster is at the center of a web of conflicting interest groups, none of which can ever be fully satisfied. He is, by definition, almost always wrong. If he spends much time meeting with students, he is neglecting the faculty. If he spends much time with the faculty, he is being dictated to by them. If he is off campus, he should be back minding the store. If he is on campus, he should be out raising money. If he pushes his pet educational thoughts, he is trying to run the show. If he doesn't, he is not interested enough in education. If he changes his mind on issues, he is wishy-washy. If he doesn't, he is pigheaded. If his name isn't in the paper, he is letting the school down. If it is, he is a publicity hound. If he smiles a lot, he is naive on the problems of the school. If he frowns, he has given up too soon. It's all very interesting, and not hard to take once he gets over wanting to be right and settles instead for doing the best he can.

John Coleman, president of Haverford College, was writing about a college president (the term here replaced by "headmaster"). The two posts are identical—except the headmaster, who is more intimately involved with his school, has the more difficult job.

Leaders are best when people scarcely know they exist. Of good leaders who talk little, when their work is done, their task fulfilled, the people will all say, "We did this ourselves."

—Lao Tsu

Several St. Andrew's trustees use a familiar title from corporate America to define a headmaster. "He is a CEO," they declared in 1986. But duties and responsibilities in the business world do not translate well into education, especially in an independent boarding school where the "CEO," in addition to his administrative duties, is counselor, parent, friend, lecturer, prosecutor, coach, teacher, role model, and the ultimate authority in all school matters. Autocrat or oligarch, he must have his finger on the school's pulse, be observant of every nuance, listen to whispers as well as shouts, be both sensitive and thick-skinned, work hours no corporate CEO would consider. By school standards, a headmaster is well paid, but if dollars are equated with hours spent on the job and in reflection about it, chances are a grocery clerk's hourly wage is higher. At St. Andrew's the headmaster's house lies a hundred feet from his office in Founders' Hall. St. Andreans remember the lights in that office burning most evenings and weekends as Bob Moss or Jon O'Brien tried to catch up on their work. They never succeeded. Moss's and O'Brien's summer vacations were half the length of other faculty's. When they occasionally left on one-semester sabbaticals, they took the school with them, in mind and briefcase. In a profession in which burnout is a common occupational hazard, the remarkably long tenure of St. Andrew's three heads testifies not only to their stamina, but to their love for and accord with the school they served so well.

Being a headmaster "engenders Tact," wrote Ian Hay, "and Tact is the essence of life to a man who has to deal every day with the ignorant, the bigoted, and the sentimental. These adjectives are applicable to boys, masters, and parents."

Surely tact is essential when discussing a student with parents. Every faculty member at one time or

another learns—to quote a master in another school—that "all parents are educational experts; we have only to listen to a new boy's mother laying down to the headmaster the lines upon which his school should be conducted to realize that." I well remember a meeting in which the headmaster and at least a half-dozen faculty were roundly castigated by a father and mother—we could do no right. Needless to say, their youngster could do no wrong.

"A headmaster must have a sense of humor," says another school head. "If he cannot see the entertaining side of youthful depravity, magisterial jealousy, and parental fussiness, he will undoubtedly go mad. A sense of humor, too, will prevent him from making a fool of himself, and a headmaster must never do that."

Another confesses, "You simply have to employ a certain amount of low cunning if you are going to keep a school going at all." A headmaster must see nothing, yet know everything that goes on. He must have his hand on the pulse of his school, and "be able to read volumes from the demeanor of a group in the corner of a quadrangle, from a small boy's furtive expression, or even from the timbre of singing in chapel. He must notice which boy has too many friends, and which none at all."

Above all, a headmaster must have sympathy and insight. When a master or a student "comes to him with a grievance, he knows whether he is dealing with a chronic grumbler or a wronged man. A grumbler can be pacified by a word or chastened by a rebuke; but a man burning under a sense of real injustice and wrong will never be efficient again until his injuries are redressed."

If a faculty or staff member comes to him with an idea, an alert headmaster must quickly evaluate its value or effect—or recognize it as the work of

a busybody. He must stimulate the indolent, forestall burnout in the workaholic. He must know intuitively “when to be terrible in anger, and when to be indescribably gentle.”

If a preoccupied headmaster inadvertently snubs someone, initiative and drive may suffer. Some faculty who remembered Walden Pell greeting everyone he met were bothered when Bob Moss passed them by without acknowledging their presence. Assistant registrar Kathryn Schmolze understood. “There are a lot of people who fix their minds on one thing and are blinded to everything else at the moment. After you got to know him better, you realized he had so many things on his mind, or he was pursuing one particular object or person at that moment, he was concentrating completely and was not aware of you, so didn’t say ‘Hello.’ But when you sat down and worked with him, there couldn’t have been anyone more genial and easy to talk with—on a one-to-one basis or in a group.”

A headmaster must not allow unpopularity to trouble him, because the real cause is an unavoidable job-related isolation from colleagues and students. Close personal ties are hard for a headmaster to sustain on campus; it is only with more distant friends that he can completely unwind and let cares and the attention due his school take a back seat for a while.

“Such a man is an Atlas, holding up a little world,” Hay writes. “He is always tired, for he can never rest. His so-called hours are clogged by correspondence, most of it quite superfluous, and the telephone is an added terror to his life. But he is always cheerful, even when alone; and he loves his work. If he did not, it would kill him.”

In 1962, seeking to pinpoint how he used his time, Bob Moss made a minute-by-minute summary of one day’s activities, from before breakfast until late evening. The twenty-three separate items he listed show only 20 percent of the day spent with students and faculty. Moss taught a class, corrected papers, met with a new teacher, consulted with faculty about academic affairs on and off campus, received a student delegation requesting a change in the distribution of grades. Other items included several contacts with the business office (revising the telephone system; parents’ outstanding accounts), the registrar’s office (specific students’ academic problems and the school’s relationship with a certain college), the director of athletics (okaying a spectator bus; discussing

injuries and the school physician), the Maintenance Department (carpentry and interior decoration). He signed nine letters of commendation and five semifinalist notices for the National Merit Scholarship Committee, discussed the upcoming Fathers’ Weekend, defended at lunch his choice in the World Series, and reviewed portions of the *Handbook* that needed revision. During the afternoon, he visited each team’s practice and noticed drainage problems on two playing fields. During the day he was visited by several students, by a floundering faculty member, and by another with a complaint. In the course of the day he dictated letters, made and received phone calls from parents, a trustee, and the diocesan headquarters, and read his mail. He and his wife had dinner in Wilmington with a trustee. Had it been a Friday, he would have remained in his office all evening, door open, to talk with anyone who wanted to see him about anything at all.

This day of a headmaster was much like any other. The challenges facing American headmasters, if widely understood, might diminish interest in the profession almost to the vanishing point.

A headmaster, new or old, lives in a pressure cooker. A job description calls for a “broad background with perspective and multiple skills, an engaging personality, and a management style that wins friends and influences people.” It is remarkable such a *rara avis* actually exists.

“L’école, c’est moi”

The lifelong headmasters of earlier New England schools ruled like emperors, challenged by no one as they led their schools from one invariable year to the next. Walden Pell brought with him the long, familiar tradition of New England and English boarding schools. While he learned on the job, the role he played was accustomed and comfortable. It was a good fit, man and the school just being formed.

Years later, when a fatigued Pell needed to step aside for a new, more progressive administration, a cult of defenders of the status quo formed among the senior faculty. For several years it was they who literally ran the school. But when leadership officially changed hands, in 1958, St. Andrew’s quickly displayed a readiness to face the future, to break the lockstep—although not without vigorous dissent from traditionalists.

Bob Moss, seeking above all to preserve the best of what had gone before, read everything about the school he could lay his hands on. The farthest thing from his mind was to make St. Andrew's a replica of Groton, where he had taught previously. Twenty years later, Jon O'Brien preferred to extract only the essentials from available records; he knew the school had grown well, and now needed a fresh outlook for the 1980s. Each approach suited the individual's style of headmastering and the era in which he served.

When a new head is appointed, a school's reactions mingle anticipation and dread, especially among faculty. Whether the new man constitutes a new freedom or a threat is unknown, and his every word and every action are scrutinized and endlessly discussed.

A school is a rumor factory in which a new head is almost instantly characterized by people who hardly know him. Even a headmaster many years into his career can be affected by gossip and distortions. Stress builds unavoidably, and only long hours and hard work overcome problems and frustrations. Experience may lessen uncertainty, but seldom diminishes the effort.

Bob Moss's chapel talks periodically addressed problems and concerns within the school. On one occasion, when rumor and backbiting within the community came to his attention, he spoke to all:

There are times when school life seethes with criticism of other people. Everyone's faults are inspected, and everyone is found to have some weakness, some conceit, some tendency to lord it over others. If one doubted the reality of the destructiveness of human self-centeredness, let him live in such a place as this, paying particular attention to how and for what reasons we criticize one another.... Much criticism is like a boomerang—it usually ends up criticism of yourself.

People are pretty much alike. The difference is often in ourselves. The qualities we condemn most are our own faults mirrored back to us... and that is why we express outrage when we see them in others. Anyone who thinks seriously about himself knows what a burden he carries.

He was addressing the student body, but certain faculty squirmed with recognition—or should have. He also was intentionally speaking about himself.

Faculty and trustees may see a headmaster as a bottleneck rather than a filter. Faculty suspect he does not represent them adequately to authorities outside of school. Trustees are inclined to measure a headmaster against their own concept of a chief executive officer. Initially they think of a new headmaster in terms of liberation from the past, but how long the honeymoon lasts depends upon unpredictable factors. Trustees tend to be unaware of the enormous differences between their experience and interpersonal relationships within a school. The cyclical school year has no counterpart in business. Yet because a trustee is an educated person, perhaps having emerged from the same school, he believes he is uniquely equipped to oversee the headmaster's functioning. He may also suspect that a head does not fully transmit trustee concerns and advice to faculty in the trenches—a reverse bottleneck.

A headmaster must deal with these perceptions, attempting to educate those who control his fate as much as those he supervises. A good headmaster—and both Moss and O'Brien were very good in this regard—transfers and translates one group's ideas and concerns to the other, because faculty and business-world trustees do not speak the same language.* Before Jon O'Brien was elected to the Board of Trustees in 1985, St. Andrew's never had a bona fide secondary school educator as an official member of its board.

Both Bob Moss and Jon O'Brien came to St. Andrew's with an assistant headmaster already in place who had been a popular candidate for the role of head. In any school this is a difficult, even explosive, situation, and St. Andrew's was no exception.

An assistant headmaster is an essential part of a school's administration. He serves as the head's alter ego, freeing him of a multitude of mundane affairs. He must be thoroughly supportive of his chief. If the two cannot work together, a potential disaster threatens, especially if the school community becomes polarized. Moss's predicament with Bill Cameron fes-

* Bob Moss was criticized by both trustees and faculty as being more of a bottleneck than a conduit between the two groups. This was inaccurate. Comparisons of minutes of faculty meetings with those of trustee meetings show that faculty concerns and ideas invariably were carried to Wilmington and presented accurately, while only those trustee deliberations that were confidential or needed to be delayed were not relayed to the faculty. This was in contrast to Walden Pell's day when, by mutual intent, no faculty-trustee contact existed whatsoever.

tered for many years. Bob Moss did not have his "own" school to run until a new assistant headmaster was in place, and by then valuable opportunities for growth and change had been lost.

Many years later, Jim Brown, who—having been a headmaster himself—knew well the difficulties and differences that could arise between a new headmaster and an entrenched senior man, said Moss's mistake occurred at the very beginning. As a term of employment, the new headmaster should have insisted that the trustees clear the slate of previous administrative officers, thus making Bill Cameron a senior faculty member and nothing more. Upon taking office, Moss could then have said to Bill Cameron, "I appoint you as *my* assistant headmaster." Such a clear demonstration of his admiration might have made an enormous difference in their relationship.

Two decades later a similar situation arose, but this time Jon O'Brien had been given authority by the trustees to act as he saw fit in his role as new headmaster. After working together for a year, both men found that their styles were very different. Brown was offered a headmastership in England and left St. Andrew's.

Olympus, Delaware

In early Greek mythology, gods dwelling on Mt. Olympus were hidden from mortals by a wall of clouds. It was just as well, for the gods themselves were not much different from those whose fate they controlled—they possessed the same virtues and faults, squabbled among themselves, were not always aware of what went on below them, made mistakes, played favorites. From the 1930s to approximately 1960, trustees in Wilmington and in the DuPont Company, securely walled off from faculty and students twenty-five miles to the south, exercised the same sporadic control as their Olympian counterparts. Their main—sometimes *only*—meeting of the year was in the spring, when they approved the headmaster's budgetary requests. Their dominion was limited, "control" was mostly *laissez faire*, and periodically they blundered. The authority the board exercised was almost entirely financial. "We take care of the money. You take care of the school," they said more than once to Walden Pell—and, early in his headmastership, to Bob Moss.

At first, the board numbered eight men, with

Walter "Chick" Laird (father of Walter, Jr. of the Moss and O'Brien eras) the first chairman. Committees were few and very small, often consisting of the action of but a single person. Before the 1960s, trustees seldom appeared on campus. Board meetings were held in Wilmington in the DuPont Building, later in Wilmington Trust Company offices. Allan J. Henry, impeccably formal with high starched collar, served as secretary, taking notes in Spencerian script at a desk that had not been moved since placed in his office in 1916. These brief, strictly formal meetings were held no more than twice a year. Until his death in 1938, the president of the board was The Right Reverend Philip Cook, bishop of the Diocese of Delaware. The Right Reverend Arthur "Mac" McKinstry presided from then until the early years covered in this book. The diminutive "Bishop Mac" was a powerhouse, a financier, a blunt tactician, intimidated by no one. He was on close terms with two United States presidents, and had officiated at the wedding of Lyndon B. and Lady Bird Johnson. He ran the Board of Trustees, he ran the diocese, and he dominated all affairs in which he was involved.

Financial resources were almost limitless, but Bishop Mac doled them out with exquisite care. When a young clergyman, David Leech, was being interviewed prior to becoming chaplain of St. Andrew's School, he mentioned the paltry salary. McKinstry shot back, "I could make you the highest-paid Episcopal clergyman in the United States—but I'm not going to do it."

After McKinstry's retirement in 1955, the next three bishops were each appointed officio chairman of the board, while Felix duPont, Jr., became vice-president in 1956 and executive vice-president in 1960. The most influential of these later prelate chairmen in school affairs was The Right Reverend J. Brooke Mosley, who served throughout most of Bob Moss's time. More of a diplomatic strategist than his predecessor, Mosley was not given to a good fight, but he had a winning manner and usually got his way.

When The Right Reverend William H. Clark retired as bishop of the diocese in 1985, the trustees concluded that the school's longer-term interests and continuity would be better served if the bishop were simply an ex officio member of the board. As a consequence, during the interim period prior to Bishop C. Cabell Tennis arriving on the scene in 1986, Felix

duPont became chairman and Henry N. Herndon, Jr. (1948) became president, a role he ably filled until late 1993.

Bishop Mac, retired but never out of touch, had definite ideas how a diocesan bishop should serve the school and its governing foundation, of which he was chairman. After Bishop William H. Mead (who followed Mosley in 1968) had been in office for about a year, Bishop Mac appeared on Richard W. Trapnell III's (1936) doorstep one Sunday morning and ordered, "I want you to go to Bishop Mead and tell him he is not doing his job as far as St. Andrew's is concerned." Trapnell did as he was told—with no discernible effect.

Until 1978, when the Episcopal Church School Foundation Corporation became St. Andrew's School of Delaware, Inc., a unique and astonishing situation prevailed. St. Andrew's was probably the only well-established school in the United States technically lacking its own board of trustees. The board administered the Foundation, which had the power to appropriate funds to other schools and Christian enterprises (it never did). The Foundation served as an autonomous body, managing its own investments and making annual appropriations to St. Andrew's School, its one dependent. The investments of this corporation came almost entirely from two branches of the duPont family, Felix's and Irénée's, and in the late 1950s and early 1960s amounted to between \$16 and \$25 million. The board was heavily weighted in favor of family members. Not all bore the famous name, of course, for some were related on the distaff side—J. Bruce Bredin, Thomas E. Cadwalader, William Prickett, Jr. At least six members of the duPont family were active during the late Pell years and a portion of the Moss era, and a lesser number in Jon O'Brien's time. When one family board member retired or died, another took his place.

"The Episcopal Church School Foundation was a business and its business was run off quickly," recalled Felix duPont, Jr., son of the founder, in 1986. "It didn't take any more time from businessmen than absolutely necessary, and that threw more on the shoulders of the headmaster." Beginning in Bob Moss's time and developing into the present, "Things changed... It's spread out now so everybody is involved in committees doing all kinds of important jobs for the school. It is still taking a lot of the headmaster's time; it's still just as chal-

Waldy Pell, seigneur of our fiefdom, was oblivious to privacy and who might be occupying a particular domicile. After a single firm knock, he would stride in on whatever business he had in mind.

Catherine and I were living in the faculty apartment on A Corridor (now Sherwood). One afternoon The Right Reverend Arthur McKinstry, bishop of Delaware, president of the Board of Trustees, brought a visiting friend, Bishop Y. Y. Tsu, to see the school, with the headmaster as guide. Waldy stopped outside our apartment, knocked, and without waiting for an answer strode in, followed by the two prelates.

A few days earlier, Hume Horan (1951) and a friend had captured an enormous snapping turtle. There was no place to keep it in the cramped biology lab, so I took the irritated monster to the apartment where I placed it in our bathtub. Each time we went into the bathroom, the huge reptile reared back, opened its jaws, and hissed like a steam engine.

Waldy showed the two bishops the splendid apartment, with its sweeping view of Noxontown Pond. That was not the real purpose of their visit. Bishop Tsu had an urgent call of nature, and it was Waldy who promptly pointed to our bathroom. It happened so quickly, neither Catherine nor I had a chance to halt the diminutive Chinese bishop as he skipped into the tiled room and shut the door. There was a muffled cry, a not very bishoplike expletive, and he popped out again, making sure the door closed behind him. He was distressingly in need of an unoccupied facility and frantically left the apartment, followed by a puzzled Waldy and Bishop Mac. Fortunately the boys' toilets were across the hall.

The headmaster never mentioned the matter. As time passed, we discovered no matter how odd an event, nothing ever truly bothered Waldy. As far as he was concerned, there was no reason in the world why a young biology teacher should not have an angry thirty-pound snapping turtle in his bathtub.

—Bill Amos

lenging for Jon [O'Brien]."

A work list of the Episcopal Church School Foundation showed that by the time Moss had been headmaster for five years, board activity had markedly increased. During his second five years (1963–1968), the entire board met thirteen times, the executive committee twelve times, the building committee seventeen times, and the personnel committee ten times. The finance committee met on only three occasions, but produced sixty-six detailed memos, compared to forty-four for all other committees combined.

In the early Moss years there were giants among the trustees, men who served and advised far beyond what might have been expected of preoccupied businessmen. Bruce Bredin (who represented the Irénée duPont side of the family), a man of impeccable taste, was especially interested in the architecture of new buildings and campus landscaping. He funded the latter himself. Bredin also stood out as one whose interests focused on the academic growth of the faculty and intellectual opportunities for students, which he promoted at every opportunity. He made it possible for two groups of students to go on marine biology expeditions to the Florida Keys, and arranged to have the biology master go on a Smithsonian expedition to the Lesser Antilles. He went along with coeducation without enthusiasm, believing that girls needed a warmer, more personal atmosphere than a boys' school could provide.

After Bredin resigned from the board in 1982 to spend more time in his role as chairman of the Board of Trustees of the University of Delaware, a St. Andrew's alumnus and board member of a younger generation, Dick Trapnell (1936), became deeply involved in every building and grounds project until his death in 1989.* He took up the cause of Noxontown Pond's health and the inevitable dredging needed to restore it (something I had been loudly advocating since the early 1950s). Trapnell devised an ingenious arrangement. After the school purchased a large floating hydraulic dredge, its operation was carried out by the state, which subsequently purchased the dredge for one dollar to operate in other inland bodies of water. Catherine Amos christened the great dredge, fittingly named the *Richard W. Trapnell III*, by smashing a bottle of Noxontown Pond

water over its blunt prow.

From his earliest days on the board, quiet, shy, and gentle Alexis Felix duPont, Jr., son of the founder, displayed complete dedication to the school. While his father was alive and for many years thereafter, young Felix never visited the campus and knew very little about St. Andrew's. After he was appointed to the board in 1956, he never missed a board or committee meeting, never shunned a difficult assignment, and gave unstintingly of his time, energy, and resources. In 1957 Felix duPont was elected vice-president, three years later executive vice-president, then president, finally chairman after the position no longer was occupied by the bishop of Delaware (who became a member ex officio of a greatly enlarged board.)

Around the time of Bob Moss's arrival, property acquisition became a major objective. Parcels of land, ranging from small acreage to entire farms, were purchased, often quietly, using one ruse or another to keep prices down and real estate agents in the dark about the foundation's intentions. Long after, Felix duPont remembered: "One of the first things I did when I got on the board was to try buying more land around the lake. It took a while so real estate people wouldn't find out about each farm being bought. Little by little we got title to the [surrounding] land." School records show that a "straw man" (Felix, of course) bought the Lewis farm (365 acres with house, barns, and frontage on Noxontown Pond) for the Foundation, then turned to Bob Moss and said, "Here. It's yours." The idea was that some of this acreage could be exchanged for a similar amount belonging to the adjacent Home Sweet Home farm, which the Foundation later acquired in its entirety.

The process of picking up land adjacent to the school and Noxontown Pond continued into the O'Brien years. Some of the major acquisitions included the Lewis farm, Staats farm, and Joseph's Grove (later renamed Rodney Point), the Naudain farm and its great colonial mansion, the Maloney and Hickory Point farms, the Home Sweet Home farm and the adjacent potato farm, the Walter Lee property, and the Wilson estate. This huge tract, much of it still being farmed, provides a buffer against active development, the surrounding farmland now rapidly be-

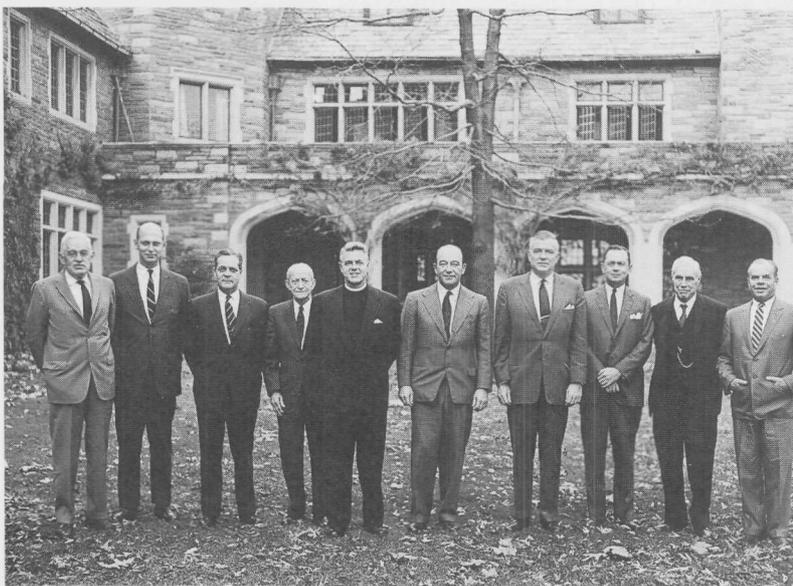
*Other alumni trustees of this era included Arthur B. Dodge, Jr. (1941), Henry N. Herndon, Jr. (1948), Winthrop deV. Schwab (1936), and William Hollingsworth Whyte III (1935).

coming a bedroom community. During the years of acquisition, the school sometimes came up against major adversaries, like the Green Giant Corporation, which already had a large asparagus farm and migrant worker barracks across Route 896, within a mile of the main campus. Green Giant wanted more, and would have leveled hedgerows and other natural features that provided windbreaks and havens for wildlife, but eventually left the area.

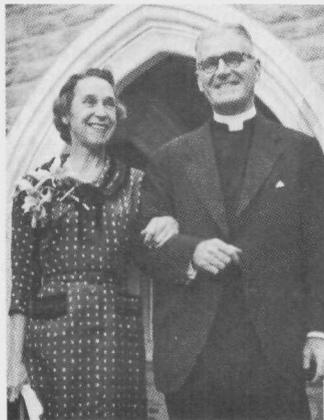
In later years, surplus land was sold off to fund development or to acquire more useful land. In 1975 rental income from farm property was \$27 an acre per year, raised to \$70 in 1983. But the idea behind land holding was protection, not profit, for even in the 1950s it was clear that Middletown's "urban sprawl" would continue. By the 1990s, much former farmland surrounding school property had been transformed into suburban lots, even mobile-home parks. The early efforts to secure land began none too soon, and now the two thousand contiguous acres owned by St. Andrew's are either parkland or remain actively cultivated.

After World War II, as DuPont stock suddenly began going up, Bishop McKinstry told Felix, Sr. it was a good time to add to the school's endowment. DuPont did so, simply and substantially. Because the Episcopal Church School Foundation holdings were Christiana Securities and DuPont stock, adding to the portfolio posed no problem.

Long before coming on the board, Felix, Jr. was aware of his father's "worry about Buchmanism [also known as Moral Re-armament or the Oxford Movement] and the whole movement that was going on in schools and colleges." Walden Pell had become increasingly interested in the Oxford Movement, and he organized discussion groups on campus. Felix, Sr. grew concerned that St. Andrew's "might bury the hymn books" and commence some sort of evangelistic, revivalist activity. While nothing came of it, when Felix, Jr. arrived on the board at the end of the Pell era as a search for a new headmaster was about to get underway, he remembered the earlier brush with fringe elements and was determined to find "someone who had his feet on the ground." Felix, Jr. was instrumental in finding the next headmaster, and after Bob Moss was appointed the two men were in continuous touch, meeting at least once a week to discuss matters to be brought before the board. At least once a month Felix visited the school, something no other trustee



The Board of Trustees in 1958: (l to r) Albert Nalle, Richard W. Trapnell III, William S. Potter, Honorable Richard S. Rodney, The Right Reverend J. Brooke Mosley, A. Felix duPont, Jr., Henry Belin duPont, J. Bruce Bredin, Thomas F. Cadwalader, Emile F. duPont.



Walden and Edith Pell at their retirement in 1957.

Felix and Marka duPont at a field hockey game in 1980.



had ever done on his own. More than any other trustee of his era, Felix, Jr., had time to give to the school, and he did so unsparingly. He was imbued with a humane spirit; he had a sense of public service and brought to meetings a light touch and humor when one did not expect it.

From the school's first days, the board has included an unbroken line of prominent Wilmington attorneys. The Honorable Richard S. Rodney, William S. Potter, and Henry N. Herndon, Jr. scrutinized every plan, decision, transaction, and event. They were companion architects of St. Andrew's School.

At Bob Moss's arrival in 1958, Judge Rodney, respected and beloved as one of the most powerful and supportive trustees of all time, was the only remaining original trustee. When he heard the new headmaster speak of his intention to desegregate St. Andrew's, he immediately provided strong support—remarking that his grandfather probably would have disinherited him for doing so. Rodney had a phenomenal memory, and a persuasive manner that placated surrounding property owners as parcel by parcel the school acquired more land. The judge served as the primary source for Moss's grasp of the founder's plans. He was adamant that Felix, Sr.'s money must never be used to create a school different from the one he had endowed and created. While Moss did not see St. Andrew's as a shrine to the elder duPont, he wanted to be true to the founder's aims and at the same time help Rodney see that there might be new ways of progressing while retaining the school's basic principles. Described by board member Dick Trapnell as "a most eloquent spokesman," Rodney advised the new headmaster in every way, often having the Mosses to his handsome New Castle home for dinner. "He was one of a kind. I thank my lucky stars that I knew him," Bob Moss remembered.

Following Judge Rodney, Bill Potter was the legal guide to the board. "He enjoyed the respect and affection of each member and was a powerhouse on the Board," one of his colleagues said. Potter went over all building contracts with a fine-tooth comb, and with Moss worked out revised employee application forms and contracts, for he was concerned about the fairness of any decision that affected faculty and staff.

He was an effective watchdog in keeping federal and state governments out of school affairs. Moss found Potter available for counsel on anything that arose; one had only to call to be assured of a warm, friendly listener on short notice. Potter saw integration purely as a legal matter on which the school had no leg to stand. He did not want the duPont family exposed in court or in church circles as a holdout against integration. While he and Bruce Bredin opposed coeducation, both later changed their minds and voted for the change.*

Henry N. Herndon, Jr. (1948), son of a one-time rector of Calvary Church in Wilmington, was an active alumnus from the time of his graduation. After joining a prestigious law firm in Wilmington, he quickly rose to prominence. He was elected to the Board of Trustees in 1979 and only six years later, when Felix duPont became chairman, was chosen as his successor as president, the first alumnus to achieve distinction on the board. DuPont, the board, and the school soon came to depend upon Herndon as they had upon Bill Potter and Judge Rodney, not only for his legal expertise, but as a humane overseer with a deep commitment to the school that had figured so prominently in his life.

During the Moss years, two trustees stood out as the most influential of all, perhaps because they worked so closely with the headmaster in many detailed and difficult matters. Both were "working duPonts" (a term applied in Wilmington to family members who inherited great wealth but worked long and hard for "The Company"). Both had other business interests, both provided energy and direction to the Episcopal Church School Foundation, and both had known Felix duPont, Sr. and were sensitive to his goals for St. Andrew's.

Henry (Hank) Belin duPont's enormous expertise in financial affairs as a vice-president of the DuPont Company (and formerly as an executive at General Motors) assured competent management of the Foundation's portfolio. He was a prime mover for fiscal responsibility in the 1950s and a powerful supporter of Bob Moss's work. In meetings H.B. duPont seemed almost sleepy and detached, a manner somewhat attributable to his deafness. He did not speak

* As a newly elected trustee when coeducation was being decided, Win Schwab (1936) did not know of Bredin's and Potter's original opposition. He remembers, "I was the only one who voted against it. I was brand new and didn't even know those two had expressed negative feelings."

often, but when he did, what he said was direct and to the point. When I had to propose and defend the need for new science facilities at a board meeting, it was to this trustee I spoke most directly, made apprehensive by his stolid, unsmiling presence. He asked penetrating questions. When he finally nodded, I knew the presentation had been successful. He did not leave it there, however, but arranged for two of his engineers who specialized in laboratory design to go over the preliminary plans with science faculty. The design of the science building emerged not only from our specific needs, but from the attention of qualified advisors—trustees, engineers, teaching scientists from other schools and colleges.

Like Judge Rodney, Hank duPont was immediately supportive of Bob Moss's wish to integrate St. Andrew's. As one of three trustees to interview the prospective headmaster in 1957, he was well aware of Moss's determination on this matter. For years he had a strong commitment to improving conditions for minorities in Delaware, primarily through the Greater Wilmington Development Council to provide housing and jobs for low-income blacks. He backed the public health unit in Middletown and headed the Longwood Foundation.

In the early 1960s, when Moss thought the time was overdue to admit African-Americans to St. Andrew's, he visited each trustee in turn to persuade them to pass a resolution declaring that scholarship money should be administered without regard to race, religion, or gender. H. B. duPont thought the move was overdue and was instrumental in getting the school's policy changed.

DuPont had an enormous capacity for work, arriving at his office every day before 7:00 A.M., often calling Moss between 6:30 and 7:00 in the morning to discuss a school matter, especially in his role as chairman of the Finance Committee.

He was a lifelong political conservative, while Bob Moss was a committed liberal. One evening the Mosses dined at the duPonts' to meet Fulton Lewis, Jr., a radio commentator for the extreme right. Lewis gave a short talk, after which Moss remarked, "Mr. Lewis, if you were an educator, I would say you were educating students for the nineteenth century." There was an embarrassed silence before conversation resumed. The next day Hank called Moss and said, "That was some comment you made. I'm

glad you came!"

DuPont admired the way the headmaster was running the school and keeping the trustees informed. Each month Moss prepared a highly confidential two-page paper on the state of the school, trends observed, problems solved and looming. After some years, he was surprised to learn that Hank duPont had regularly sent his reports to the Pomfret trustees as examples of how a headmaster should remain in touch with his board. Some of the recipients then shared the reports with other schools and they were making the rounds in New England and getting results. Moss, who wanted the letter to be a symbol of the special relationship between the headmaster and the board, decided he would stop sending the reports, and went to duPont's office to explain his decision. The big man listened in silence, then said, "You're right. I was wrong. Keep on sending the letter to the board."

When Moss visited him during his final illness, Hank duPont spoke to him like a father, saying, "You should have been a businessman. You have an orderly mind; you have ideas and you produce facts." From 1959 the school always ran on budget, ending each year with a surplus of unspent funds, and every building project had been completed without an overrun. DuPont had been one of those who had insisted on having a "doer" as the second headmaster, and in this his wish had been fulfilled.

Emile (Chick) duPont, perhaps the most brilliant and influential trustee of all, had been in charge of the company's nylon project in Seaford. In the 1950s he became head of personnel for the entire DuPont Company. Chick gave almost equal time to personnel matters at St. Andrew's. He had known Felix duPont, Sr. well and with Hank duPont played a dominant role in the dynamics of the board.

He was chairman of both the personnel and pension committees for St. Andrew's, and was deeply interested in faculty and their compensation in relation to other schools, including perquisites and pensions. He was Bob Moss's closest and most influential advisor, and was keen to learn the interests of individual faculty. He occasionally asked me about my work in marine biology, and invited me to inspect his beachfront vacation home, which had been endangered by a nor'easter, and recommend what should be done to prevent such damage in the future. He was capable of establishing an instant easy relationship

and displaying genuine interest in others.

Behind the scenes, Chick influenced other trustees, seeking agreement before meetings took place. He was an enormously skillful negotiator and mediator. When discussions among trustees lagged or became ambiguous, he would courteously intervene, clarify what others had meant to say in the first place, keeping the meeting on track—always without overriding or offending other members. He was an accomplished diplomat, and an uncommon man.

At board meetings Chick would think beyond the agenda and ask probing questions to be taken up the next time. Sensitive to the founder's goals, he wanted St. Andrew's to be a church school, but a better and more innovative one than in the past. He kept pressing for a better admissions system, which still operated as it had for years under Bill Cameron's traditional approach. "Where are you finding hidden talent throughout America?" he asked. "Don't be satisfied with just those who apply. What are you doing for those families who never think of applying?" In the late 1950s, the school's answer was, "Nothing." Chick duPont believed that the school had to have a more imaginative admissions program, and that the unchanging old school catalog looked and read like a textbook.

At a luncheon meeting at the Hotel DuPont on June 16, 1966, the trustees invited Bill Cameron to discuss and explain the school's admissions policy and procedure. While the explanation was lucid and detailed, it did little to allay their concern that the school was failing to acquire first-class students from wider and more varied sources. Aware that Cameron was almost solely responsible for a catalog that had changed little in thirty years, both Chick and Hank duPont encouraged the headmaster to prepare a photographic insert that became the first of many subsequent changes. At their urging, the board provided special funds so Moss could scour the country, making contact with newsboy organizations, college faculty in small towns, the National Park Service, the Foreign Service, overseas corporation families, and junior high schools everywhere he went. They wanted Moss to explain that scholarships were available to cover all expenses, if necessary, for deserving, ambitious boys from any walk of life. As a result, some of the finest St. Andreans appeared on campus from distant and often modest origins, going on to become scholars and leaders of the first rank, at school,

college, and in professional life.

Chick duPont deplored how the DuPont Company employed more and more people, spending more and more money, to keep doing the same job. He related this proliferation to what he saw in many schools that were appointing deans, directors, receptionists, specialist secretaries, and assistants of all kinds, and advised Bob Moss to keep his administration simple. As a product of Kent School, he knew how private schools operated, and was aware that some headmasters worked behind closed doors, leaving their assistant heads and other lieutenants to take care of daily affairs. He commended Moss on his open-door policy, his practice of sitting in his office every Friday evening from chapel to bedtime to talk about anything with anyone. On such evenings the headmaster was the last person on campus to go to bed.

More than any other trustee, Chick was sensitive to pressures that a busy school generates on the headmaster. Often after a trustee meeting, he would ask Moss to have lunch with him to continue talking over a point the headmaster had made and that he wanted to know more about. He never failed to speak his mind, and was always ready with counsel whenever Moss asked.

Chick duPont was the trustee who took the most personal interest in Bob Moss, who recalled, "What a friend he was over the years, and what wisdom he again and again imparted to me." When Chick was terminally ill, he spoke to Moss with affection and commended his steering the school through difficult times. "You steer a good course; stick to it," were his last words to the headmaster he had befriended. He died on December 5, 1974. In faculty meeting four days later, Bob Moss spoke at length of this "great trustee of St. Andrew's... whose wisdom and judgment and values" had a profound influence upon the school and its administration.

In any school, the headmaster generates the majority of new business items for the board's consideration, and he plays an extremely important, if not public, role in shaping his board of trustees. Although the trustees guided a foundation, not a school, Moss saw that they interacted with St. Andrew's in similar fashion to other independent school boards and the institutions they administered. Yet there were differences, with a group complacency he found disturbing. Consisting of only one or two individuals, such

“committees” as existed had almost no impact upon Foundation proceedings. As was so often said, the board looked after the Foundation and the headmaster looked after the school. While building needs or pension problems would be funneled through the headmaster to the trustees, other avenues of communication did not exist and were not needed.

Bob Moss appeared at a time when the climate in schools throughout the country was changing, when the roles of trustees everywhere took on new dimensions. While someone from the 1960s might profess amazement at what running a school in the 1990s now requires, the truth is that the greatest change in school operation throughout the eastern United States occurred a decade after the end of World War II. One summer evening in the mid-1950s, John Kemper, the new young headmaster of Phillips Academy, Andover, spoke to me about his bewilderment that *nothing* and *no one* from preceding days gave him direction—he was exploring and charting entirely new ground. Only a few years later I heard Bob Moss say the same thing.

During Walden Pell’s headmastership, contact with the Board of Trustees consisted mostly of requests to make up an operating deficit over and beyond the annual appropriation, to effect repairs, or to fund a new faculty house. Cost overruns, almost an annual occurrence, were not the only evidence of a lack of business acumen on campus. Bishop Arthur McKinstry remarked more than once that Pell was not at ease “unless he had a quarter of a million dollars in his pocket.” How finances were handled at the school made little difference, because they hardly made a dent in the investments. For the first three decades of the school’s existence, the Foundation seldom appropriated more than a small percentage of its investment income to St. Andrew’s. Gradually, however, it became apparent that the comfortable margin between Foundation income and school expenditures was slowly narrowing. Soon they would balance, then tip the other way. As much as Walden Pell’s health, this was of growing concern to the trustees. Where did the money go? But they still did not examine operations at the school itself, believing this was solely the province of the administration. A more businesslike headmaster was an attractive—but still remote—idea.

Under Walden Pell, St. Andrew’s gradually became a fiscal nightmare. The first business manager,

Cortlandt Schoonover, signed the checks produced by financial secretary Grace Cochran and in offhand fashion saw to the upkeep of buildings and grounds. It was during the school’s first quarter century that the myth of the bottomless well was born.

Although many students existed in a rather Spartan existence in barely heated open dormitories, the faculty felt no want, and Pell instantly made funds available when they did make a request. It was in keeping with the graciousness of the school to approve curtains made by school seamstresses, wallpaper, paint, appliances, furniture for apartment dwellers and bachelors, improvements to house and apartment interiors. Dr. Pell made sure his faculty wanted for nothing and they, in turn, came to expect the best.

Garlic, milk, manure spreaders, and the man from Harvard

The school farm was a constant drain. At one time it provided all the school’s milk and some of its vegetables. (Spring meals at St. Andrew’s were memorable, for the cows had eaten garlic grass whose pungent aroma came through undiminished in the milk.) The sandy alluvial soil each year produced bumper crops of asparagus and corn, and a huge strawberry plot attracted faculty families on weekend picking forays. The apple crop was big enough for the entire year, but the arrangement was absurd: apples were shipped to Wilmington for cold storage, then trucked back to St. Andrew’s when needed. The school in effect *paid* for its own apples.

In the summer of 1952, the board’s attempts to promote fiscal responsibility were bolstered by the hiring of Norman M. Thornton, a recent graduate of Wesleyan College and the Harvard Business School, as the school’s second business manager. Thornton took hold with enthusiasm; but he knew nothing of the school’s operation. During his one conversation with Pat Schoonover, whose role he was taking over, Schoonover preferred to talk about Wesleyan College, his interest in bobsledding, and his own new opportunities starting a local lawn service as representative of a tractor company. The administration of St. Andrew’s, its financial operation, and its staff were hardly mentioned.

The school was not prepared for a Harvard-trained manager with modern ideas. Pat Schoonover had almost no duties other than being a purchasing agent

for faculty and staff, with Grace Cochran keeping books in longhand, and a baseball coach. The dedicated maintenance staff worked with little supervision. In a general sense Norm Thornton's duties—and more specifically his salary, because he was staff, not faculty—were set by a faculty Executive Committee (described below and in chapter 6). Despite the committee's knowledge that Thornton had been employed by trustees to bring responsibility to the school's business affairs, his efforts were stifled. Anything he suggested or tried to implement had first to be presented to, and approved by, those senior faculty comprising the Executive Committee.

For six years Norman Thornton's salary barely increased. When Bill Cameron took over as acting headmaster, Thornton wrote him a memo on May 27, 1958, asking for a reappraisal of the business manager's job, suggesting a salary commensurate with his self-defined duties. Two days later Cameron wrote Felix duPont, "Mr. Thornton is very unhappy about his position here, particularly with the salary he receives. Mr. Thornton requests that his position and responsibilities be re-evaluated and weighed in relationship to other administrative personnel."

Not much happened. When Bob Moss arrived in the fall, he found Thornton dispirited, unsure of his role, and in need of support. No proper job description for the business manager was on file, and nowhere were his duties specified.

Thornton quickly saw the farm as a liability. The farm operation was never cost effective. In its early years the farm represented a substantial portion of the school's annual budget. It was maintained as a protective buffer zone and was not seen as a profit-making venture.

Walden Pell did not recognize that the farm operation in fact competed with the school; that the purchase of a manure spreader ruled out a new station wagon. Why not buy both, requesting additional funds as necessary? But one trustee, Judge Rodney, understood very well, and asked fellow board members what running a farm had to do with educating boys. The message began to get across.

Only a few months before Norman Thornton took up his duties, Walden Pell had enthused to Bill Cameron over plans for improving the herd. "The Farm was authorized to buy twenty cows from a wonderful herd in Chestertown, and they were brought over yesterday amidst great excitement at

the Farm. We now have a herd of about fifty cows and got fifteen cans of milk this morning. We figure that the cost of the extra cows will be retired in three years. We shall have to add to the cow-barn a bit, and that is being worked out."

This plan had been suggested by Sam DeBoer, an ambitious young graduate of the University of Delaware's School of Agriculture who, with no practical experience, had recently been employed as the school farmer, but he was losing interest in the operation. The herd, in fact, was well past its prime and a poor investment, although no one listened when Thornton explained this.

In 1955 a mature, well-qualified farmer, Tom Hermon—from Brooklyn, New York—improved the herd to the extent that a calf won a blue ribbon at the state fair. But an old problem still remained: What to do with milk when school was out? For three months in summer and during shorter vacations, the entire yield was sold to a Wilmington dairy, then *bought back* by the school kitchen when St. Andrew's was in session. When Thornton made this additional absurdity known to the trustees, the herd was quickly sold and a decision was made to sharecrop the farm, renting the land. Hermon did not want to stay in the capacity of landlord. After a careful search Thornton hired Rodney Ford, who remained for many years. Land-rental income paid county and school taxes based on "income-producing land." St. Andrew's was at last rid of a drain that had sapped its resources for years.

As Thornton attempted to bring sense to school operations, serious grumbling arose among senior faculty who resented losing perquisites they had always taken for granted—families now waited for interior decorating and new appliances; the school gas pump service was discontinued. Still at the mercy of the faculty Executive Committee that ran the school, Thornton was unable to accomplish all the trustees were urging him to do. While Walden Pell usually rubber-stamped their requests, the Executive Committee decided actual expenditures, then it was Thornton who was held responsible for cost overruns. He had no authority to prevent what was happening. The prevailing mood of those in control was, "Wilmington will pay for it." After Bob Moss arrived and helped define the business manager's role and authority, corrective action commenced at once. Many other traditional faculty "perks" diminished or

vanished, which did not enhance the new headmaster's popularity. One senior faculty wife berated Moss, telling him "the Founder would never countenance such deprivations." Students too viewed some of the changes askance: "We thought Mr. Thornton's house was paid for by buying margarine instead of butter," says Tim Bayard (1962).

The King reigns, but does not govern

—*Louis Adolphe Thiers*

The power of most headmasters is absolute day to day, more tenuous from year to year. Yet the degree and extent of that power is ill defined. The headmaster walks a tightrope, often seeking support of trustees or faculty. Such truisms never applied to Walden Pell, who toward the end of his time barely "ran" a school that ran itself as a wealthy extended family. His power was benevolence. While he reported regularly to the trustees, the support he sought was routinely financial—dipping into an apparently bottomless well. His faculty loved him, for not only was he a kind and saintly man, he never interfered with their affairs, academic or otherwise, and he invariably supported their wishes and requests. Students admired and respected their handsome, cultured headmaster; most were in awe of him, even though some found him severe and distant. He was a giant of a man, larger than life to those who served with him, yet he suppressed an internal anguish that gradually took its toll in the late 1940s and early 1950s. A new faculty member of that time wrote, "By the time I arrived Walden Pell had lost any real feel for leadership."

In earlier days, Pell, Brooke Stabler of Tower Hill, Clarence A. Fulmer of Wilmington High School, and Wilmot Rufus Jones of Wilmington Friends, together with three Main Line headmasters from Philadelphia, formed a group that rivaled the powerful New England Headmasters' Organization, with which they met annually, driving together to Long Island's Rye Country Day School, the usual site of meetings. "Each of us accepted the idea of serving one school for a lifetime and all of us did so," Fulmer says. "Pell made St. Andrew's School his life work and he set the tone for the school. He was St. Andrew's; his students idolized him. A private school headmaster was in charge; he had no superintendent or assistant superintendent to set his policies or choose his staff."

Walden Pell was unflappable. He often asked Clarence Fulmer to speak to "his" boys at periodic scheduled assemblies after dinner. Once there was a mix-up and Fulmer arrived a week early, but Pell told him to stay and a special assembly would be called. The boys resented having free time taken unexpectedly from them. "Someone dropped a vile-smelling something into the ventilating system," Fulmer recalls. "Waldy just smiled and opened windows and I went on with my speech. He said nothing to the boys—just smiled and made no comment." That was vintage Waldy.

But even a casual acquaintance like Fulmer was aware of something indefinable that set Walden Pell apart. For the many years both were members of the regional headmasters' association, Pell was the only member never chosen as president. He seldom spoke at meetings or on their drives to New York. Fulmer recalled, "He had a certain reserve in his personality. In small groups we discussed everything, sharing philosophies, but Walden was more reticent about his personal problems than others."

Walden Pell's physical well-being was astonishing. Ramrod straight, he strode about the campus, seigneur that he was, with assistants, students, or maintenance men trotting along behind. He once climbed a dead tree to look into an eagle's nest, then fell twenty-five feet when a branch broke under him. He wasn't hurt, but realized his size and weight were too much for the tree, so ordered his son, Stuyvesant, to climb instead. Stuyvie, impressed by his father's precipitous descent, declined.

Family members aside, no one ever said "no" to the Reverend Dr. Walden Pell II. Immediately after I arrived as a young biology teacher, I became an instant ornithologist, even though all my work had been in marine and aquatic biology and I could hardly tell one bird from another. I was ordered to take over Waldy's bird-banding station, and got nipped repeatedly by the school's official bird, a nasty-tempered cardinal. A few years later, Dave Washburn and I were "invited" to accompany Waldy on his rigorous, day-long annual Christmas bird census. The two of us puckishly claimed ridiculous and spurious sightings, all dutifully recorded by the headmaster. We kept going year after year, partly because we could not refuse Walden Pell, partly because an elderly woman bird-watcher from Middletown shared with us an endless supply of sandwiches and

cookies, high-energy fuel to keep us going in the field for the ten hours the count lasted.

St. Andrew's boys of the 1950s found him a man they did not understand very well, if at all, yet he touched their lives. David Hindle (1958) saw him as "an integral part of the school. His sacred studies classes were tough to take and his occasional attempts at sex education gave us all a good laugh. His nature walks were physical fitness tests—he was in incredible shape. And he was respected."

Senior prefect Will Grubb (1959) found Pell "cold and calculating. He was intimidating then, but not years later. He had a very dry humor and was devoted to the school and to his job. His involvement with boys was limited."

Faculty saw Walden Pell's era as "familial, one big happy family—great times." When Chris and Mary Ella Boyle were interviewed in 1955 for a position on the faculty, Mary Ella found the headmaster "elegant, warm and welcoming." Edith Pell charmed them—as this lovely, serene lady did all.

There may be no more beloved person in the school's history than Edith Bonsal Pell. She is generally acknowledged as one of the all-time greats of St. Andrew's School, a patrician possessing great strength in a slender frame, a strength she gave her husband when he faltered. David Leech, chaplain from 1954 to 1959, remembers "what a strong and lovely person his wife was, and how much credit goes to her for maintaining Waldy on an even keel in such a gracious way for so many years. A remarkable and good woman."

Walden Pell's supporters were legion. The faculty Executive Committee ran the school for him, the first business manager, Pat Schoonover—actually "secretary to the faculty"—affably paying bills and submitting overruns to the headmaster, who then had only to forward them to Wilmington to be covered.

"How much of the success of SAS was due to the people Waldy gathered around him?" one of his faculty wondered. "I suspect that a lot of the success is owed to his defenders who worked with him. One has to give credit to Waldy, as bothered as he was, that he could still find good people, and attract them to him and to the school. Waldy's school didn't cease after he left, and that's a compliment to him. Many good people had always run the school, and they had run it well because Waldy trusted them."

David Leech felt that "Walden Pell in a sense

lucked out because of the times in which he was available to do what he did in life. What he accomplished was no mean thing. It's hard to lead a group of opinionated men and to get them to stay with you and to accept what you have to offer them, and to pull together on a common enterprise. He had the talent to do that."

A friend saw Pell as "a man with a very heavy burden, a man not altogether happy, a man who had done the best he could conceivably do, with the frailties and the burdens he carried. Waldy was one of those men who was helped by his physique, by his stature, by his good looks; helped by the friends he had; he was helped by the money he could get and control. He was a worthy man. But if he tried to do now what he did then, I don't think he could pull it off."

One of those closest to Walden Pell found "a worried man, a man who was finally defeated by his insufficiencies. His strengths were considerable and extraordinary, but they were undergirded by the tremendous resources he had to work with. It's a shame that those resources did not in the long run diminish the enormous load of anxieties he carried."

In the summer of 1951, Walden Pell's condition worsened into a second breakdown requiring hospitalization (the first occurred in 1947). He remained in touch with the school and on July 8 wrote Bill Cameron, "After about five days here I am really feeling well and sanguine again, and am going to proposition the doctor about coming down to SAS for a day or two this week, to go over things with you.... We'll see!" In September Pell took up his duties as though nothing had interfered.

Walden Pell *looked* successful. "The man was the very image of the school headmaster—handsome, confident, eminently representative of the Church," David Leech writes. "Waldy was a prime factor among those who were drawn to SAS; one had the impression when coming to SAS that it would be good to be associated with this man and this school. All of us who worked under his benevolent headmastership shared this feeling."

Leech—who went on to serve as headmaster of three schools—found that "Waldy believed that every Tom, Dick and Harry could be redeemed, and did not see that evil in some boys will persist longer than the years given [a school] to work with them. Waldy would expel others for moral trivia, but he

would keep those who could only have learned from being kicked out."

A person who served as Pell's confidant and sometime counselor saw that "as I began to learn the impairment and faults of Walden Pell, he turned out to be internally very frail. Despite what was tearing him apart—which indeed almost destroyed him—I never lost my affection for him. One wonders how many great priests could ever be great administrators. Seeing the conflict within the priest-headmaster helped me firmly decide St. Andrew's needed a lay headmaster." Most of the trustees, although they knew little of Pell's anguish, were thinking along the same line.

Members of the senior faculty were not blind to their friend's fatigue and distress. Normally he remained at school much of the summer, working on admissions, keeping in touch with maintenance of the complex plant, reviewing financial requirements for the coming year. During the summer of 1950 Bill Cameron, Howard and Kitty Schmolze, and Pat Schoonover gave up their vacations and "forced" Waldy to take the months away from school as a true vacation.

In April 1956, upon doctor's orders, Pell was again absent from school for a while. The end of his headmastership was in sight. Walden Pell had given the school its heart, at the expense of his own well-being.

After Pell first indicated his impending retirement, the board, on March 15, 1957, authorized Bishop Mosley to invite Bill Cameron to become acting headmaster, at a salary only slightly above that which he had been receiving. He accepted. There was now the question of procedure and timing.

On April 3, Pell wrote Mosley, "I suggest the trustees ... send out an announcement of my resignation and Bill's appointment as Acting Headmaster as soon as the final decision about the date is made. This will assure a correct and well-timed announcement by the press and save a lot of 'phone calls and possible inaccurate information getting out to the public.... Bill Cameron and I discussed the time of his taking over the Acting Headmastership. We feel that I should remain officially as Headmaster during the month of June" (so Pell could write student reports as usual). Cameron would assume his duties after the board meeting in late June or early July. It was not until the faculty meeting of May 13 that Pell announced his re-

tirement to his colleagues, although most faculty were aware it was imminent.

Pell's formal 1957 annual report to the trustees concluded:

You may have heard that about two years ago Mrs. Pell and I decided that we would leave our work here (for it has been her work as well as mine) at the end of this school year. The effective date for my resignation (and please don't call it my "retirement" for I have much work to do before I "retire") has been decided upon. It is this June 28th. After that date your admired and trusted and well loved William Cameron will serve as Acting Headmaster until a new headmaster has been appointed perhaps a year from now.

On April 15, 1957, Bishop J. Brooke Mosley, president of the Foundation's Board of Trustees, wrote an announcement for the school, its alumni, and area newspapers.

It was with extreme reluctance that the Trustees of The Episcopal Church School Foundation have felt compelled to accept the resignation of Rev. Walden Pell II as Headmaster of St. Andrew's School, effective as of June 28, 1957. The resignation was prompted by considerations of health and in order to conserve his energies to write, to travel and to continue his active interest in educational ministry.

Dr. Pell has been Headmaster of St. Andrew's School since its foundation and the resignation was accepted with a lively understanding of all that he has meant to the school during its entire history, and with a grateful heart for his effective administration and the lasting impact he has made on the lives and characters of those who studied there.

Sensitive to the trauma brought to the school community by the loss of its first and only headmaster, Mosley reassured those on and off campus that no immediate changes would take place and that all would be well under the leadership of a senior St. Andrean: "Upon the retirement of Dr. Pell he will be succeeded as Acting Headmaster by Mr. William Herron Cameron, the present Assistant Headmaster, until a permanent Headmaster is installed. Mr. Cameron has been at St. Andrew's since its foundation, and is deeply imbued with its aims and traditions."

Students took their headmaster's departure in

stride. The front page of the May 11, 1957 *Cardinal* ran a banner headline: "Dr. Pell Retiring, Plans To Write At Eastern Shore Home." The single greatest change in the school's twenty-seven-year history was about to take place.

At the conclusion of a meeting of the Board of Trustees on June 6, 1957, Walden Pell II "turned over to Mr. A. Felix duPont, Jr., as Vice-President of the Foundation, the Baton of office of Headmaster. Mr. duPont, in turn, handed the Baton representing the School's authority to Mr. William H. Cameron, Acting Headmaster of St. Andrew's School."

In one of his first reports to the trustees, Bill Cameron wrote, "Dr. Pell has left us a good School—a School so good all of us feel *certain* pride in being here—a School so good that to be asked to lead it—if only for a short time—is an honor no one who knows this School and the people in it could refuse."

The Bull's year

After World War II, Walden Pell needed a strong second-in-command to take over the daily operation of the school. Senior master Granville Sherwood, the outstanding member of the early faculty, died in 1945. Other senior faculty (all were in their thirties and early forties) included the new senior master John MacInnes, Bill Cameron, Lukey Fleming, Dick Hillier, Ham Hutton, Howard Schmolze, and Coerte Voorhees. In MacInnes, Pell recognized an able man, dedicated to the school; one whose outstanding qualities had enabled him to rise to senior rank as a decorated naval officer in the Pacific war. Among the prewar faculty, he, Baum, Hillier, Hutton, Schmolze, and Voorhees had volunteered to enter the service. Schmolze, refused on medical grounds, remained at school with Cameron and Fleming.

MacInnes, something of a dour Scotsman, utterly loyal, hard working, and devoted to the school, was appointed acting headmaster during Walden Pell's hospitalization in the winter of 1947. Following the late spring return of a still emotionally fragile Pell, MacInnes became assistant headmaster, bringing order and discipline to the postwar school, which was somewhat in disarray. Bill Cameron was then named

senior master. A fine math teacher and outstanding coach, Mac created the School Bank, the gym store, and the Fathers' Club, and helped establish the Interstate Academic Conference that joined St. Andrew's with a number of other independent schools in Delaware and neighboring states.

Mac was not popular with those boys who chafed at rules and codes of conduct they had flouted under a weakened wartime faculty. His sense of humor, apparent to his friends, seldom broke through the severe façade with students. A few senior faculty who had things the way they wanted in the young school resented his elevation to an administrative role. Faculty and staff were notified of events and procedures by means of yellow mimeographed routing slips sent directly from the assistant headmaster's office (which were soon used by everyone for exchanging information).^{*} Because Pell's approach to similar matters had been personal and informal, the headmaster felt left out. The mounting confusion and tension eventually reached the board, which abolished the assistant headmastership in the spring of 1951. At the same time Pell asked MacInnes for his resignation, which he submitted. He rejoined the navy as a senior officer.^{**} Upon his departure, Pell appointed Bill Cameron as his "chief administrative assistant," for the senior master then chaired the all-powerful Executive Committee composed of a few other senior faculty. Not until 1955 was he appointed assistant headmaster.

The same year, Cameron produced "St. Andrew's School: A Study 1930-1955," an informative, lively, and reverential 88-page memoir. In many ways, it is the best account of the first quarter century of St. Andrew's, dispensing philosophy, history, and humor as well as light-handed criticism. With typical modesty, the author is nowhere identified, although all early St. Andreans knew from the booklet's insight, thoughtfulness, and turn of phrase that only "Bull" Cameron could have set such words on paper. He was a man who loved the school and in turn was loved—and feared.

An anecdote about a fictional schoolmaster pinpoints Bill Cameron. In Ian Hay's *The Lighter Side of School Life*, an alumnus reminisces:

* In 1951 the routing slips, familiar in form to naval personnel, contained six symbols of "action to be taken" and thirty-six names of faculty and staff. All recipients had to initial receipt, with MacInnes usually approving of action taken with his own bold initials.

** For a fuller account, see Walden Pell's *A History of St. Andrew's School*, page 244, from which some of the above was taken.

I had got a leave of morning Chapel on some excuse or other, and was skating up and down the Long Corridor, having a grand time. The old man came out of his study—I thought he was in Chapel—and growled, looking at me over his spectacles.... “Boy, do you consider roller-skating a Sunday pastime?” I, of course, looked a fool, and said, “No sir.” “Well,” chuckled the old bird, “I do: but I always make a point of respecting a man’s religious scruples. I will therefore confiscate your skates.”

Cameron faithfully kept Pell informed of every bit of school business, invariably addressing the headmaster with the salutation “Dear Chief.” Memos and summer correspondence between the two old friends flowed easily, with mutual respect and affection.

When Waldy finally retired and Bill Cameron was appointed acting headmaster, faculty rallied behind him and the school went on its normal and familiar course. He reported dutifully and accurately to the trustees about school events, although the financial situation remained as haphazard and unpredictable as ever, with cost overruns continuing despite Norm Thornton’s best efforts.

Cameron’s year was little different from those preceding it, although in November 1957 unfamiliar ideas were exchanged between Bill Cameron and Felix duPont, Jr. In thanking the latter for a dinner invitation in Wilmington, Cameron wrote, “As the principal speaker pressed home the point that in many schools teachers were hesitant even to mention communism, I was forcibly reminded of the unusual degree of academic freedom St. Andrew’s enjoys. One of the things I liked best about your father was the fact that, while he always took a very lively interest in what we were doing here, he never in any way registered the slightest disapproval of an academic point of view.”

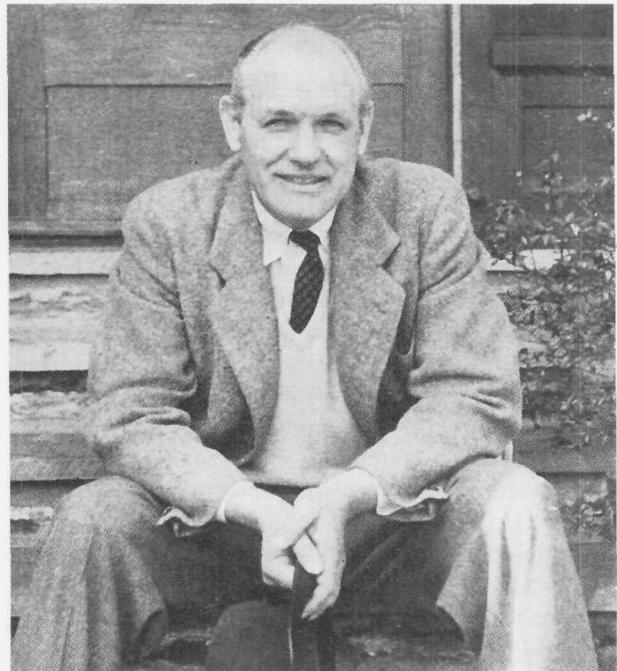
DuPont responded by sending the acting headmaster several books, one of them *Democracy vs. Communism*. Cameron wrote back that the subject “would be difficult to incorporate unless the structure of the History Department is changed; we can’t formulate a course around this subject.”

Felix duPont took his new election to the board seriously, and the same month wrote Cameron, “Enclosed is a catalogue of the Advanced Studies program which is being tried out at St. Paul’s School in the summer of 1958. If the money were obtained,

do you think that St. Andrew’s could be the school to try it in Delaware?” It was not long before several department heads explored this challenging new concept, and I for one became involved in the construction and testing of the first biology AP examinations.

Bill Cameron knew well how discontented some of the faculty were when it came to the education of their own children. Middletown schools were inadequate and St. Andrew’s could accept only boys in the eighth grade and above. One of his first acts as the temporary head was to discuss with the trustees the possibility of providing free transportation for faculty children to schools in Wilmington. The provision was approved on February 11, 1957, and from then on, youngsters and older girls who were accepted at Wilmington schools were given a first-rate education.

Among the signal events Cameron included in his interim formal report to the trustees was recognition of the school’s first National Merit Scholarship winner, Rollin C. Newton III (1958); a flu epidemic of unprecedented proportions (116 boys ill, with 51 in bed simultaneously); and recognition of the impact upon the school of Webb Reyner, the new athletic director. He also wrote of student dis-



Bill Cameron in 1952.

content and rebelliousness.

Bill Cameron's next school publication was "St. Andrew's School: A Brief Review, 1957-1958," actually an annual report to the trustees, similar to those Walden Pell had prepared each year. In its preface, he thanked "Dr. and Mrs. Walden Pell, who gave us our start in life and saw us through 27 years. If we walk alone now, we hope it is in a way that will bring some measure of gladness to them."

Cameron implemented a few changes. He encouraged teachers to put greater effort into their classroom work; abolished housing based purely on seniority; identified long-range building plans for raising the roofs on both ends of Gaul Hall to create additional two-story faculty housing, for a new field house-gymnasium, and a science building; and recommended the creation of a Life Science Department so its chairman could sit with the Academic Committee (see chapter 8).

Bishop Mosley's April 1957 announcement, which went to other schools as well as the St. Andrew's community, evoked congratulations from well-wishers who thought Bill Cameron had been appointed the permanent headmaster. Many congratulatory letters arrived from friends and headmasters of other schools, including one from the legendary Frank L. Boyden of Deerfield Academy in Massachusetts. Cameron's replies, in addition to expressing appreciation, all contained the same message: "The appointment is for a year only. There is no possibility of extension, but the interim is mine."

His use of the word "interim" appears coincidental. Bill Cameron may not have distinguished clearly between an *acting* headmaster and an *interim* headmaster. An acting headmaster, almost always already an employee, is appointed for no more than a year. He lacks a permanent headmaster's authority to make substantial policy or operational decisions. The Board of Trustees sees him as an inexperienced administrator and endorses requests only for normal school business. An interim headmaster is as fully in charge, with as much authority as one with a permanent appointment. Invariably he has administrative experience and skill, and as a rule leaves to head another school. An acting headmaster usually returns to his former role—in this case as assistant headmaster, a difficult position after having tasted real power. And as happened with Bill Cameron, inadvertently he may become a rallying point for oppo-

sition to the new administration.

In May 1957, the *Cardinal* stated what everyone thought: "To date no other administrative or faculty changes have been made besides the elevation of Mr. Cameron to Headmaster." The student body generally had no understanding of the difference between a headmaster and an acting headmaster. "Mr. Cameron *was* the headmaster, so we were surprised when Mr. Moss was named headmaster." Many were at first resentful. Chris Arensberg (1961) writes, "You can imagine my sense of injustice when Bill Cameron was not named headmaster. I simply could not comprehend how the trustees could overlook such a monumentally obvious leader. I observed him closely over the next three years and concluded that he was indeed happy in his role, and as he showed only respect and even admiration for Mr. Moss, I should as well. But it wasn't the same."

Faculty opinion was divided. Some wanted Cameron as headmaster, a few did not, most were ambivalent. "When his portrait went up in the dining room, I was not the only one who would look at it and say, 'There is the headmaster of St. Andrew's School,'" David Leech remembers. But numerous good friends of Bill Cameron nevertheless wanted the school to have a fresh start and a new vision.

Cameron's year at the helm went well. In the late summer of 1957, before the school year began, a few faculty sat with him in the Voorheeses' backyard overlooking Noxontown Pond. We knew nothing of trustee action or intent, and very little of what was needed to lead St. Andrew's in a new era. Cameron was familiar, he knew the school; what else than to have him continue? We urged him to seek the permanent headmastership. A single response he made stands out: "I don't want to take it on. I'm too lazy." We demurred, but it was clear he was not interested and expected no different role from that of acting head.

There were reasons beyond liking and respect for wishing Cameron to be headmaster. To faculty and staff who were anxious about their own future, who were marginal in ability and energy, he posed less of a threat than someone unknown. Most were confident that with him in charge, the status quo—to which he was determinedly wedded—would be maintained. Everyone would remain safe and comfortable.

The Alumni Council strenuously supported

Cameron's supposed candidacy. Most had been his students in his earlier, more vigorous days, and held him in high regard. Early in their hunt, the Search Committee of the trustees (such as it was, for it bore no resemblance to that of 1976) approached Cameron to determine his thoughts. Somewhat frustrated, they could not tell what his feelings were, but they finally concluded that he was not interested.

As the trustees continued to search behind the scenes for a headmaster and friends among the alumni and faculty urged him to apply for the job, Cameron's thinking underwent a change. By mid-year he knew he wanted to be headmaster—and having heard nothing from the board about other applicants, he began to believe he had an excellent chance of being appointed. Because he was already in control, having literally run the school for several years under a headmaster who was failing, he was confident he could administer the school in its time-honored tradition.

During the year an inexplicable event bolstered his growing belief that he was leading the pack of candidates. Retired bishop Arthur McKinstry, onetime president of the Board of Trustees, wrote him a letter informing him unequivocally that he would be the next headmaster of St. Andrew's School. McKinstry had not been a board member since 1955, and he had no authority to make such an assertion. Whether he had discussed the matter with any active trustees is unknown, but to make such a statement on his own was not out of character.

During April 1958, three months after Bob Moss had been appointed, Cameron exchanged letters with the one person he knew who had been in touch with the Board of Trustees, a headmaster from Long Island who declined to consider the headmastership. He hoped to learn from his friend's experience, but the correspondence shed no light on Cameron's failed candidacy or on the search process. The procedure, completely veiled from those on campus, had taken eighteen months, commencing well back into Walden Pell's last year, even before Cameron knew Pell intended to resign.

No record exists of any discussion or correspondence between Bill Cameron and the trustees concerning the search, the identities of candidates, or the possibility of his permanent appointment. Certainly nothing was said to him about *not* being a candidate, yet despite his growing interest in running the school

William H. Cameron's summers and winters:

Bill has been fishing *all* summer—up at 4:30 A.M., to bed at 8:30 P.M. Damned unsocial. He bought a leaky boat that will run out of the harbor but won't run coming back. He hasn't had a haircut and he shaves and bathes once a week.

—Marianne Cameron reporting from Monhegan, Maine

One sometimes regrets the necessity of working for a living.

—Bill Cameron's doodle during faculty meeting

and the wish of a number of alumni to have him appointed, the trustees were not considering him. The primary reasons they gave were his age, his personality ("a problem"), his "lack of strong administrative skills," his adherence to the status quo and a "lack of vision," his apparent lethargy, and the fear—probably valid—that his appointment might be divisive among the faculty.

The announcement in January 1958 of Moss's appointment came like a bolt out of the blue to Cameron and his supporters. "I am the first to appreciate that the running of St. Andrew's School is certainly none of my business, but I want to tell you how sorry I was to read in last evening's paper of the game of leap frog the Bishop is playing," wrote R. D. Chichester of Wilmington, a member of the duPont family but not a trustee. "I was so in hopes they would give you a real chance to do a job I know you could do." Cameron's reply is the only surviving evidence of how deeply the decision had affected him. "I own to being rocked a little too—something like seeing the ball sail out of the park after pitching ten hitless innings. But I expect the dust will settle."

A faculty meeting was held on January 24 and it is here that Bill Cameron's fairness and generosity became apparent, for he called upon Ches Baum, Bill Amos, and David Leech to draft a resolution of congratulation to Robert Adams Moss.

Cameron's wisdom and especially his sense of humor, expressed in inimitable prose, left a lasting impression upon all. Notes to students and faculty were infused with Cameronian flavor. Among a mul-

The memory of this man will be as durable as
was the goodness of his life.

—Jim Totten (1949)

tiplicity of duties as teacher, administrator, and admissions officer, he took on the job of responding to requests put in the wooden suggestion box that hung in the hall near his office. When Fred Klutey (1953) asked that the organ not be played during study hours, Cameron replied: "Your request has the full approval of the Administration of St. Andrew's School and will be forwarded to all organists, embryonic or accomplished." John Ferguson (1955) wrote, "We would like to have pancakes for breakfast," and Cameron agreed: "Your request has been forwarded to Mrs. Foley who will do what she can about serving up 'shin-plasters.'"

Bill Cameron was graceful even when his life was drawing to a close. Before entering the hospital in early February 1971, he wrote the headmaster:

This is by way of confirmation of the decision I took to resign from my responsibilities at St. Andrew's School as of February 4, 1971.

The reasons are purely personal but to me compelling. They have nothing to do with my relationship to the School, which has meant more to me than I could possibly tell.

It has been a life. I thank God for it.

During his absence, Bob Moss led a hushed faculty in prayer. After major lung surgery, Bill returned home to find flowers and a welcome from all the students. He acknowledged their thoughtfulness in a noticeably weakened hand, but with the usual flair:

Gentlemen of the Session 1970/71:

Greetings,

And my thanks to all of you—the one hundred and eighty rogues and rascals who contrived the great greeting scroll I found waiting for me when I came home Saturday, February 13, about one in the afternoon. After an absence of nearly two weeks occasioned by an indisposition now happily believed dispatched.

And my most particular thanks for the brave pot of yellow daffodils which accompanied the scroll....

The Daffodil was the favorite flower of a Taurine figure, Ferdinand the Bull, famous in another day, a great favorite of all children under five. One Saturday in the winter of 1940 or thereabouts, a particular Ferdinand found his way from the nursery to the gym and so to a wrestling match we happened to win against all expectation. Ferdinand from being a toy became a totem and from being a totem he became a nickname and to this nickname cling vestiges of Ferdinand the Bull's once-being, amongst them a certain fondness for rascals, rogues, and daffodils.

Happily and gratefully,

W. H. Cameron
(The Bull)

now laid up
but not laid low
St. Andrew's School
Valentine's Day 1971

Following surgery, Bill Cameron knew he would not be able to continue his work at St. Andrew's. Bob Moss wanted to keep him on as an advisor for long as he felt able. Cameron discussed his retirement at length with Moss and trustees, and on March 29, 1971 wrote a letter to the Foundation stating his "intention to retire from employment at St. Andrew's School as of June 30, 1971 on an early pension."

Bill Cameron never retired from St. Andrew's School.

A SAD NOTICE TO THE SCHOOL

As is well known Mr. Cameron returned from the hospital in February following a successful lung operation. His recovery continued at home and he began to take up again some of his work in the admissions office with characteristic humor and vigor. Unfortunately he contracted pneumonia in late March and he was not able to throw it off. He returned to the hospital where the best efforts failed to save his life. Mr. Cameron died in the Delaware Hospital at 4 A.M. this morning.

A chapel service for the whole School will be held this evening at 7 P.M. There will be a memorial service to which all members of the School community are invited on Wednesday, April 14 at 2 P.M.

Robert A. Moss

April 12, 1971

The chapel overflowed with alumni and friends for the service, conducted by two St. Andrew's chaplains, the Reverend James O. Reynolds of years past and the Reverend Alexander Ogilby, chaplain at the time. The Right Reverend Arthur R. McKinstry, retired bishop of Delaware, officiated. In the *May Cardinal*, Kevin Flaherty (1974) wrote:

For many days the office looked very empty as I walked past the open door. The same big desk and pictures, the brown briefcase lying on a chair, but never you.

I sent you a note, saying that life here with you gone was like a wrestling match without a mat. Maybe you never got it....

But I knew you would be back, and the day when you finally were, it was almost as though you had never been gone. I now ask myself why I didn't come in to talk those first few days, because soon you were gone again. I thought that I might find a little flower outside and bring it to you. But I never did.

At first I did not worry when you were gone that second time, because I knew that you would be back. But you never were.

The day was clear and bright. We stood quietly on the grass outside before going into the chapel, full of people. Flowers were beginning to rejoice in the coming of the warmth, and birds sang a newfound testament of hope. I thought of the little flower that I had wanted to bring while there was still time. I shall bring one still.

On Alumni Day in 1973, a plaque in honor of WHC was unveiled in the chapel:

William Herron Cameron
November 7, 1908 – April 12, 1971
Master At St. Andrew's School
Teacher Of English
Coach Of Wrestling
Director Of Admissions
Assistant Headmaster
Acting Headmaster
"Well Done, Thou Good And
Faithful Servant"

No more largesse!

During the early 1950s the trustees became increasingly bothered by the way in which St. Andrew's was being run. Hank duPont and Chick duPont wanted no more "open appropriations" to bail out budgetary overruns and warned that the day would come when the needs of the school would exceed the Foundation's income. Then what? they asked. The board recognized that the school needed an improved organization and that trustees should exercise better management. St. Andrew's should have a richer, more imaginative program; the school must attain distinction for what it did, not merely for its endowment and magnificent plant. Only then would the Foundation be confident its funds were being spent prudently.

By the end of the Pell era, trustees of the Episcopal Church School Foundation were thoroughly alarmed. In 1958 St. Andrew's finances were a mess, its budget almost hopeless. The school's fiscal year was entirely different from that of the Episcopal Church School Foundation, so it was very difficult to get the two audits to agree. Bookkeeping methods at the school could not produce meaningful figures regarding departments and programs. The business manager was hamstrung by the faculty Executive Committee and uncertain of his role. Even though the school called on the Foundation for more and more money to operate, the Foundation's cornucopia still produced an income twice what it appropriated to the school, so Hank and Chick duPont's warnings for the future were not taken very seriously.

Some trustees were still smarting over the extravagance of the New Wing, a financial and architectural near disaster with original plans calling for a two-story-high library with balcony, clusters of broom closets in one location and none at all in others, and tiny classrooms.* No one knew what it was supposed to cost. New and unpredicted bills were sent again and again to Wilmington, where money was always made available to cover them. Resentment among the trustees mounted over the financial irresponsibility of the school's administration.

* Design flaws were so numerous that in March 1956 Voorhees, Hillier, and Amos designated themselves the "After-thinkers Committee" to attempt corrections while construction was underway. We at least moved some broom closets. Nearly forty years later redesign of an efficient two-story library with mezzanine was reviewed in 1995, with construction underway in 1996.

Quite apart from new construction overruns, there were built-in problems with the existing plant. Maintaining and repairing the older buildings often meant unavailable budgetary overruns, a constant drain on resources. They were hideously expensive to heat and keep in good repair. The heavy steel casement windows leaked air and their custom pull-down screens were disintegrating. Delmarva humidity was on the attack: dining room parquet floors buckled, paint peeled off basement walls. During summer, mildew covered unvarnished dining-room tables with a velvety green patina. The crypt chapel might flood, take on the steamy atmosphere of a sauna, or be cold and breezy in the winter. Furnaces in all buildings, once the best money could buy, broke down regularly. Wiring, electrical fixtures, boiler rooms, the kitchen, and the school laundry were obsolete. The sewage system seriously needed attention and replacement—no St. Andrew prior to 1964 needed to be told the Green Dragon was not functioning properly.

Design was a problem, for the great main building as well as the New Wing seemed to have been planned for external aesthetics, with interior accommodations falling where they lay. When sections of Founders' Hall were built at different times in school

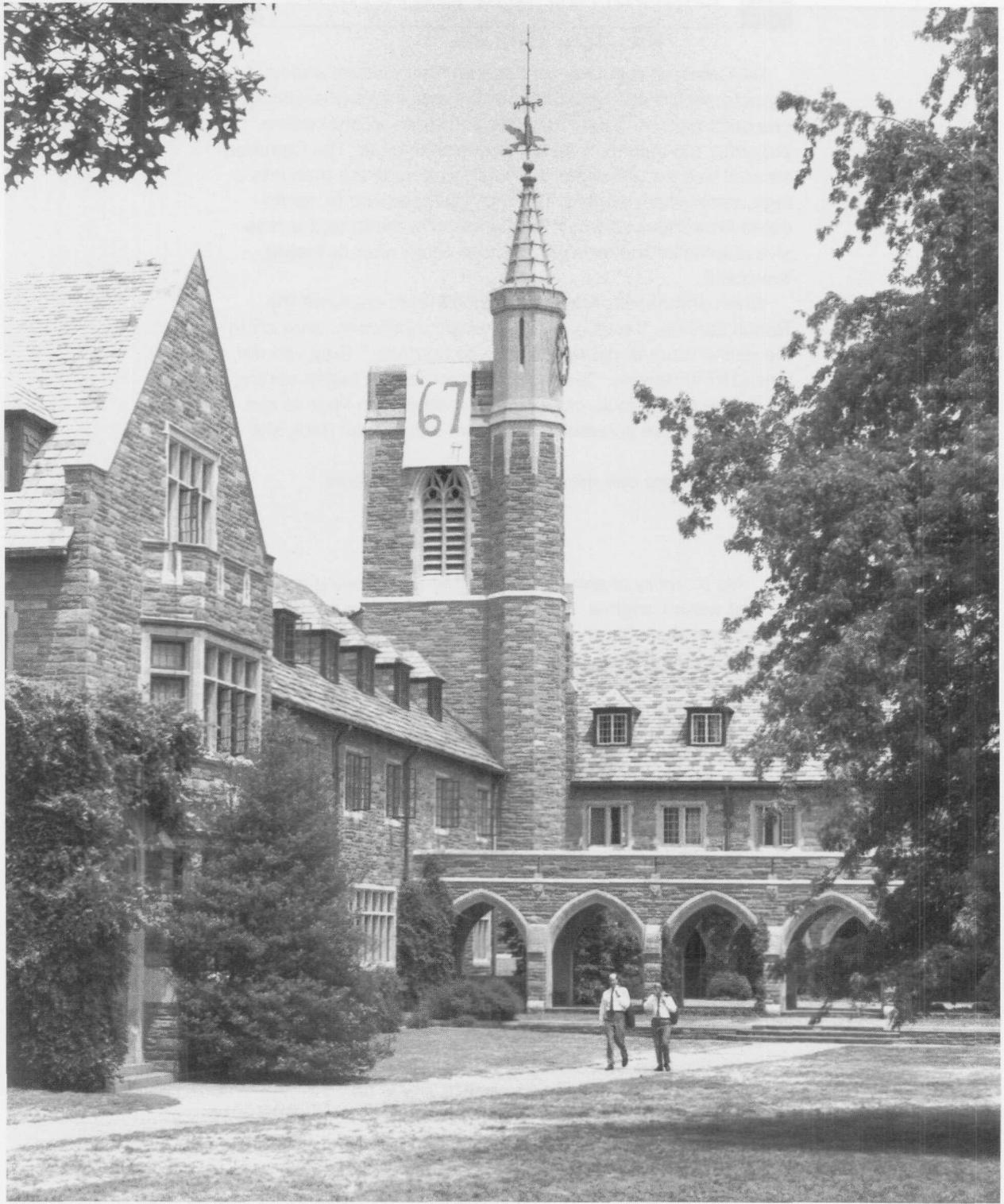
history, corridors on the second and third floors were not in line and did not meet, so corridor ramps were necessary and a connecting ornate sculpted copper-sheathed causeway hung out over the parking area that was eventually covered by a dining-room extension. Dormitory rooms in the old building were too large for two students, not suited for three. Many classrooms were hardly larger than dormitory rooms and did not lend themselves to specialized use, although they were fine for seminars.* New construction was necessary in the near future, but the grand neo-Gothic style of the school precluded building "cheap" structures nearby.

The three duPonts on the board—Felix, Jr., Hank, and Chick—were also on the boards of the three New England schools they had attended—Kent, Pomfret, St. Paul's. They had firsthand knowledge of how well these schools were administered and how effectively their trustees served. Chick said St. Andrew's was "throwing money instead of ideas at educational problems." As much as anything, it was their determination to see St. Andrew's join the ranks of financially responsible schools that led to a search for a new headmaster. They intended to put St. Andrew's School on a sound business basis.

Refreshments in hand in 1954, future president of the Board of Trustees, Hickman "Hick" Rowland, stands in front of Walden Pell.



*The classroom used by Robin Williams in *Dead Poets Society* was a perfect replica of a small one in the main hall, except that in reconstructing it in an indoor set in Wilmington, its size had to be doubled.



The Class of 1967 takes over the bell tower.

Explosives and graveyards

Bill Cameron regularly confiscated firecrackers, and kept them to set off during faculty parties over vacations. During one such party a faculty member, for whom alcohol was a soporific, fell asleep in an upright wooden chair. The Cameron arsenal was set off under the chair, wakening the man into a rage, upon which we fled. The most glorious use of confiscated fireworks was when Bill Cameron orchestrated a massive display for the returning football team after defeating Tower Hill.

When another St. Andrew's football team captured the Tatnall cannon, it was properly, though unofficially, shot off in the dining room at dinner. "Not to be outdone," Greg van der Vink (1974) reveals, "a couple of junior faculty began setting it off on the grass dock, causing new mother Nan Mein to run out of her house screaming words we didn't even think she knew."

Fireworks are one thing, true explosives another.

My memory of getting into trouble was blowing things up. That wasn't original. Everybody blew things up with cherry bombs—throwing them down the john to see the water-spout. But I had to do something different.

I went to Middletown and got a tank of acetylene and some tubing, and I took some aquarium air stones from the biology lab so I could get bubbles of acetylene. I mixed a silver nitrate solution, then bubbled the acetylene gas through it under mild pressure. I built the system in the lake and let it bubble for days to get silver acetylde. I'd check it every day and sure enough, pretty soon it came out, a very fine explosive.

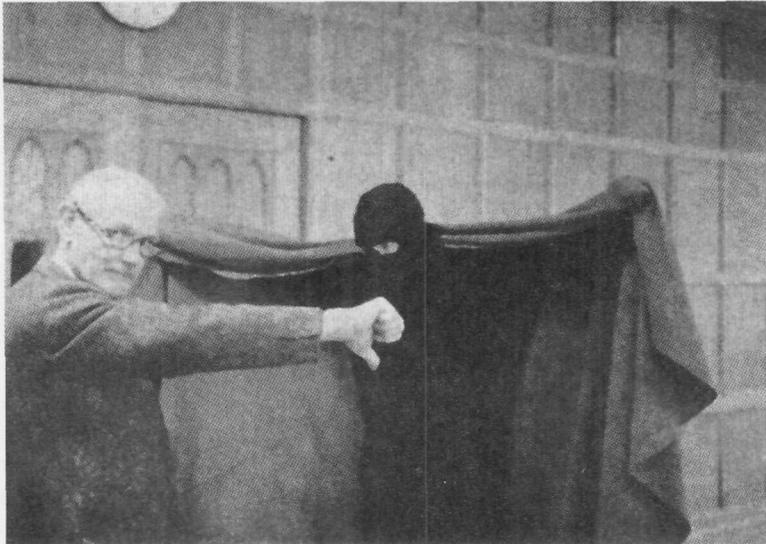
I painted a tree and let it dry for an hour, then hit it with a rowboat oar, and split the oar right down the middle of the blade. So I decided it was strong enough to bring back to school and paint it on the chapel steps. But then it just came to me in a flash of brilliance that it would be exciting to blow the door off the headmaster's office. It wasn't animosity toward Mr. Moss. He'd just close the door and there would be this big WHOMP!

I was painting the door jamb with a very heavy coat. I wanted it to be spectacular. Mr. Cameron came along and discovered me doing this in the wee hours of the morning. He had no reason to be there—but he was. He and I

decided on the spot that I would do some kind of penance and he would forget the whole thing if I would clean it off and personally guarantee there would be no explosion.

—Dexter Chapin (1963)

Bob Moss never learned of this dangerous exploit, but he did catch Chapin for something in which he played only a minor part. Members of Bruce Anderson's (1963) class were distressed when, for reasons known only to him and the administration, he did not return to school for his senior year. Other members of the class were also absent, so on commencement morning the main lawn sprouted a number of wooden grave markers, each displaying the name of one "deceased." It was a tasteless exhibit for the morning on which families were to arrive, and Moss was understandably incensed. Phil Tonks (1963) explains, "It wasn't Dexter who did it, but it was Dexter who was the first guy Moss caught on the corridor."



"Bull" Cameron rates an imposter of The Phantom.

Chapter 6

With Keenest Anticipation

When the time of Walden Pell's retirement arrived, no one on campus had the slightest knowledge of what the board intended to do. The school-Wilmington separation was partly the result of an extraordinary hands-off relationship. In 1958 St. Andrew's was the only school of its type with no trustees of its own.

But despite its small size compared to what it would become in Jon O'Brien's time, the board included a number of outstanding men who were instrumental in bringing the school's complacency, even decline, to a halt.

Henry Belin (Hank) duPont's specialty was finance, experience he used well as a St. Andrew's trustee. Rather than allowing the school to continue with its conventional depreciation approach, Hank duPont established the concept of major repair and replacement accounting.

Emile F. (Chick) duPont, head of the company's Personnel Department, was masterful in his relationships with others and a source of great wisdom to those in administrative positions at St. Andrew's. Richard W. Trapnell III (1936), a fellow trustee, specified the "three principles that Chick conveyed to Moss: (1) delegation of authority; (2) telling the person reporting to you what is expected of him; and (3) telling that person how he had performed against the requirements. The explanations offered for each were erudite, persuasive, and brilliant."

Bob Moss frequently went to William S. Potter, another major contributor to the school and its administration, for counsel. Dick Trapnell, an admirer, called Potter "the epitome of support for the principles of the founder, believing strongly in the Christian faith and being active in the diocese.

He was well-connected politically and an important influence on the board."

It was these three, plus Trapnell and J. Bruce Bredin, who with the new board president A. Felix duPont, Jr. established far-sighted plans for the school's development. Success would depend upon a new and different kind of headmaster.

A small search committee of trustees was formed, without faculty representation, which for a year and a half conducted a rather desultory search. For the most part, candidates were suggested by friends of trustees; in only a few instances were schools and professional administrators approached for advice or suggestions. Potential candidates briefly visited the school, unannounced, usually meeting no one on the faculty and staff, who were kept completely in the dark. Rumors were rife; worried speculation ran amok. Only after the search had been under way for many months did Robert A. Moss's name come up, and when the announcement was finally, *suddenly* made, few even knew which candidate Bob Moss was.

More than anything else, the trustees wanted a "doer"—one who could take the school over, reorganize its unwieldy administration, and run it in a fiscally sound fashion to finally take it out of the red. Felix duPont, Jr. had a good friend on the board at Groton School, a man who knew Bob Moss well and recommended him as "a great one for getting things done." Moss came to Wilmington to meet with Felix and the two other duPonts, Henry Belin and Chick.

As assistant to the headmaster, Moss was involved in every aspect of school life at Groton, and was familiar with its entire financial management. Through Felix, Hank, and Chick, he would be able to consult

This is a time of testing, when old principles are examined, when honest and sincere people seek a new style for them and a better way of expressing them. For St. Andrew's it is a creative time and whatever pain it sometimes causes, the School is the better for it.

— Robert A. Moss

four well-run schools: Groton, Kent, Pomfret, and St. Paul's. He came with the highest recommendations from all who knew him and had worked with him, and while he was not the trustees' first choice (a school head on Long Island had earlier turned them down), they found him admirably suited for the job. Here at last was someone who could do the job that was desperately needed. A small engraved card announcing the appointment of Robert A. Moss as headmaster of St. Andrew's School was sent to alumni, parents, friends of the school, other schools, and the media.

Most who knew the school were genuinely delighted that St. Andrew's had made a successful transition to a new administration and a new era. Others, who had wanted Bill Cameron and assumed he would be named, were taken by surprise; many were angry, and telephoned or wrote in protest of the appointment. J. Brooke Mosley, bishop of Delaware and president of the board, bore the brunt. A master politician, gracious with words, Mosley attempted damage control with a letter to a much wider audience, urging support for Moss and underscoring how much the board thought of Bill Cameron.

When Dr. Pell resigned as Headmaster, the Trustees began an intensive search for a young man as a successor who would hold the School to the high standards set by the leadership of Dr. Pell and Mr. Cameron.

This interesting task of seeking a Headmaster continued steadily for eighteen months and ended happily by the election of Mr. Robert A. Moss and his subsequent acceptance of our invitation.

Mr. Moss... comes to us with the highest recommendations as a scholar, an administrator, and as a

sound Christian churchman with a contagious enthusiasm for all the Church is and stands for. We are confident that you will give him your complete loyalty and know you will quickly come to have the same full confidence in him that we have.

We also wish, at this time, to express our sincere and keen appreciation for the life and work of Mr. William H. Cameron. As Assistant Headmaster, Mr. Cameron, on Dr. Pell's resignation, was made Acting Headmaster and his markedly strong leadership in this capacity has been a decisive factor in holding our standards and morale high. We are entirely grateful to him for these strengths in recent months and for his continual willingness to serve St. Andrew's faithfully at all times. He also needs and deserves—and he certainly has—our lasting loyalty and confidence as he continues this good work.

The bishop's letter came too late to change attitudes that had almost instantly crystallized with the breaking news. The trustees' secretiveness throughout the search had been a serious blunder. "A few people were really hot under the collar about it; they were strong for Bill Cameron. Enemy lines were drawn then and there that took years—maybe never—to be erased," says faculty wife Mary Ella Boyle, who had arrived in 1955.

First and foremost, the trustees instructed Bob Moss to put St. Andrew's on a sound fiscal basis. Second, they wanted him to reorganize the administrative structure of the school. He was to take charge personally of the school's budget and all other requests for funds. This was no simple matter, he soon discovered—and it meant many headmastering duties would have to be either delayed or shouldered by others.

Moss told board members not to employ him unless they understood that integration and coeducation were major priorities. But these and other vital goals had to be postponed while he attended to trustee mandates, confirming faculty recognition that "Bob Moss was a good man, very unlike Waldy, but a man who had to come."

Moss was dismayed at the threadbare appearance of what should have been a magnificent establishment. Paint was coming off interior walls, curtains were in shreds, the whole school seemed shabby. The faculty appeared divided, students somewhat repressed. Little was done to alleviate the school's extreme isolation. The only blacks in the community worked on the kitchen, laundry, and housekeeping staffs; there were no female students or faculty. St. Andrew's was almost unknown beyond the Delmarva peninsula, and seemed to have lost sight of its own character and mission.

Other, more positive impressions excited the



Bob and Huldah Moss and Ranger.

new headmaster. St. Andrew's was explicitly a *church school*, one possessing quality and potential purpose. The job system was admirably democratic, and rooming, eating, learning, worshipping, administering, and relaxing all took place under one enormous roof. The infirmary and faculty apartments were in the same huge building. Delaware's flat alluvial plain was well suited for present and future athletic programs, and Noxontown Pond was a jewel, not only for crew, but for recreation and for enhancement of the landscape. The setting was beautiful. He looked forward to his headmastership "with the keenest anticipation."*

Bob Moss applauded the central place that religion occupied in the school. Two things caught his attention right away, he said:

One, that its chapel does not show on the outside—you have to make a pretty thorough search of the innards of the main building to find it. Perhaps this is accidental; perhaps it reflects the well-known conviction of the Founder that religion should not be isolated in a compartment of the school, but should inform and stimulate, illuminate and protect every aspect of a boy's education.

Also my attention was drawn to the fact that here is a Church school which was founded by a man who was neither a schoolmaster nor a clergyman. This said something eloquent to me about Christian education: it does not belong to a special caste of teachers, nor is it the exclusive function of the clergy. This Church school exists not to glorify itself, but to use itself up in the effort to add a ray of light and hope and moral courage to the lives of those who pass through its doors on their way to the larger life of the world.

Huldah Moss had an instant impression of St. Andrew's as

a friendly school with a sort of informality about it; it had a family feeling. I liked the lack of sophistication in the boys compared to those at Groton.... St. Andrew's was more countrified with a simpler kind of boy....

Bob knew the direction he wanted to go, but was more easy-going than some, letting the picture unfold as it would. He wanted to get scholarship aid to

* Bob Moss's first words to the faculty at the opening meeting in September 1958 were, "Gentlemen, I have looked forward with the keenest anticipation to this day. I appreciate the time each of you gave me to answer my questions and to help me begin the task of learning the ropes."

more able boys, whereas he felt formerly they had been given to [whoever] applied for them. He got out and beat the bushes to find able students to come and take advantage of this wonderful opportunity. Bill Cameron dragged his feet on some of these ideas.

Judge Rodney made a big impression on Bob when he said, "I don't see why St. Andrew's can't be the finest school in the country." With the great resources behind it, and with a great faculty, it needed somebody to roll up his sleeves and get things going.

Bob Moss was that man.

There had been a general expectation that the headmaster succeeding Walden Pell would also be an Episcopal priest. Ann duPont, the founder's widow, was particularly uneasy that a layman had been brought in as headmaster. When Bob Moss learned of her misgivings he quickly went to New York to see her. The meeting went well, with frank opinions expressed on both sides. Ann duPont was much relieved to find a man of deep faith strongly committed to the Church. The subject never came up again.

Faculty were intensely curious about their new boss. The first week they were on campus, Catherine and I had Huldah and Bob Moss for a picnic supper on our patio. I had known two of his brothers in earlier years, so there was an instant bridge of communication. We found them enthusiastic, pleasant and easy to talk with. The new headmaster made one clear statement that stands out thirty-eight years later. "The trustees have instructed me to put this school in proper financial shape," he said, "and that is going to take some doing. Some people are going to be affected and they aren't going to like it."

The brass

After the departure of assistant headmaster John MacInnes in 1951, the school was essentially run by a small, powerful faculty Executive Committee, chaired by senior master Bill Cameron and consisting of Lukey Fleming, Howard Schmolze, and Coerte Voorhees, with Pat Schoonover (and later Norman Thornton) sitting in as "secretary to the faculty." The senior men were very much in charge.

Through "recommendations" that were almost never rejected either by the headmaster or the trustees, this committee hired and fired, wrote job descriptions, determined academic and extracurricular programs, and approved or disapproved purchases,

work on the plant and grounds, and almost everything else arising in the normal course of events.

The academic, disciplinary, and honor committees—and whatever other committees or groups there were—reported either to the faculty Executive Committee or to certain of its members. (The academic "committee" almost never met and its entire business was determined solely by Lukey Fleming. The disciplinary and honor committees were in the hands of Bill Cameron for many years.) If a matter went to the headmaster's desk, it usually was a formality. No action could be taken or decision made until the Executive Committee presented it as fait accompli to the faculty. One of the first things new faculty were made to understand was the authority of "the brass." Non-brass, whether new or seasoned teachers, remained an amorphous, near-voiceless group. Some junior faculty were invited one at a time to sit in at Executive Committee meetings as nonparticipating observers, further impressing them with the brass's complete authority. They never attended meetings of a sensitive nature.

The reason for this unusual administrative state of affairs was Walden Pell's periodic and often prolonged inability to lead the school. In the spring and summer of 1947, following his second breakdown, he rested at his summer home in West Hampton, Long Island, and in the 1950s he was periodically hospitalized or was receiving treatment. In his final years as headmaster, Walden Pell played a limited role, albeit an imposing one, revered by faculty, students, and their parents. The school continued to run smoothly, apparently unaffected by the headmaster's relinquished control, because the senior faculty in charge knew its operation. Above all they wanted to keep things on an even keel. Change was not one of their priorities.

The trustees told Bob Moss very little about on-campus operations; it is unclear how much they even knew of school affairs. If things ran well enough, it made little difference who actually handled the school on a daily or monthly basis. And the most important members of the faculty, resentful at the passing over of Bill Cameron, were far from helpful to the new man.

The task facing Moss was formidable. Not only was the school in financial disarray, its administrative structure was in lock-step. More than anything, he wanted the school to become distinguished for qual-

ity and achievement. Promoting the school was going to take more time and imagination than had ever been spent before. He knew he would have to take one year at a time, especially in these years of change, but he also was reassured that St. Andrew's had enormous strength with which to face the future.

Unknown to Bob Moss, as it had been to Norman Thornton six years earlier when he arrived as business manager, was the previous absence of a headmaster who was in control. No one had told him of the existence of the faculty Executive Committee, much less of its power. In early May, before he took over, faculty members Blackburn Hughes and Jack Vrooman filled him in. Senior faculty—"The Brass"—ran the school, he learned; the faculty were there "to row the boat"—as "galley slaves," Hughes added wryly.

As the new headmaster, Bob Moss replaced Bill Cameron as chairman of the committee. This posed no threat to the establishment because each member had one vote, so the new man could be kept in check. The four original members believed they would continue to run the school, and the new administration would be obliged to maintain the status quo. No trustee had questioned their authority or the existence of the committee, so there was no reason for them to believe school administration would depart from its familiar channel.

After one or two meetings in the fall, Moss knew he had a choice: bring about a head-on collision or find a way to avoid an encounter. He chose the latter course. As chairman, Moss called meetings and proposed items for the agenda. After Christmas vacation, he never called another meeting and the faculty Executive Committee quietly passed into oblivion. Howard Schmolze and Lukey Fleming were grateful for being relieved of a responsibility they had not cared for; Bill Cameron grumbled a bit, then took the change in stride. Coerte Voorhees was outraged. The different reactions were early indicators of attitudes that were to persist for many years. And it was years before Bob Moss felt he was completely in charge of the school.

With a better-organized, more active board in place, Bob Moss was ready to immerse himself in financial matters. For his first two years his work was aimed at making it possible—internally at school and externally with trustees—for the school to accomplish its purpose whenever it embarked upon a plan

or project. Daily affairs still rested more in the hands of Bill Cameron than Bob Moss, a fact that was not lost on faculty or students.

Norman's keen eye

If initial impressions of the new headmaster included a sense of detachment from daily operations, it was because so much of his time had to be spent in *creating*—not revising—a sound fiscal policy. Although the school's early books had been meticulously kept in longhand by Grace Cochran, then brought up to date by Norman Thornton and Abby Mannering (chapter 4), Moss had few guidelines and almost nothing to work with in the form of organized, properly apportioned budgets. Departments and individuals had always been given almost everything they asked.

The financial challenge facing the new headmaster was partly revealed in his summary to the faculty on April 4, 1961. The Foundation was putting \$400,000 into the school's operation each year, he pointed out, a figure that, conservatively estimated, would rise to \$525,000 by 1970. Clearly, the endowment would have to be increased. Predictions had shown other schools would raise between \$3 and \$4 million in that period; St. Andrew's, if it continued on the same course, would raise only a fraction of that. The school must save enough to plow back into operations.

In Norman Thornton, a graduate of the Harvard Business School, and Abby Mannering, an exceptionally able bookkeeper, Moss had the team he needed. Thornton had little or no access to committees on the board, and knew his own ideas to improve efficiency did not have the weight of recommendations provided by outside consultants. But now, with the teeth of the Executive Committee pulled, he could begin to assume responsibilities denied him previously. Convinced that great opportunities were being missed for "potential savings through reduced manpower and greater efficiency," in 1959 he sold Bob Moss on the idea of again retaining Cresap, McCormick and Paget to make a major study of the entire school, including the business office, all operating departments, personnel, and policies and practices. Moss liked the plan and took it to the trustees, who approved "Cresap #2." (Faculty members Ches Baum, Coerte Voorhees, and Dick Hillier regaled each other with satirical thrusts at the

“efficiency experts,” whom they designated “Milsap, Cresap, Winesap, and Sapsucker.”)

Using Bob Moss’s analogy, the study identified the school’s several “businesses”—hotel (room and board), laundry, sewage, maintenance services (electrical, plumbing, carpentry, grounds), and a small hospital. The school had a bookkeeping office, collected money, paid bills, and employed a large staff of specialists, from academicians to heating engineers.

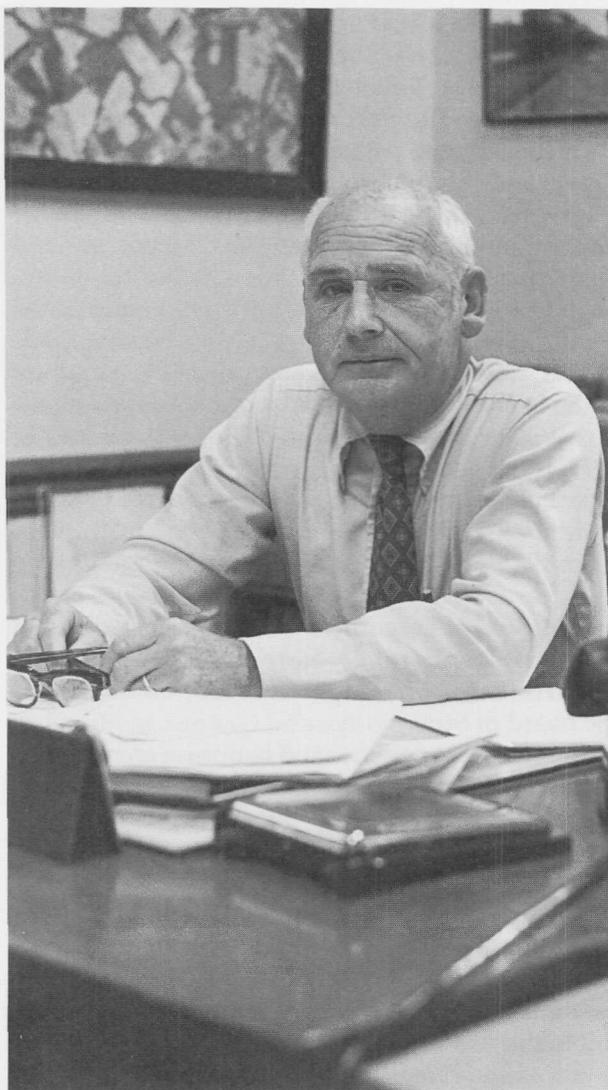
The report pinpointed areas of wastefulness, inappropriate job assignments, poor faculty salary and pension plans. The business office was instructed to move into mechanical bookkeeping, to show grounds personnel how to mow lawns more efficiently, and to reorganize equipment and personnel in the laundry. About one-sixth of the entire business of running the school was operating a restaurant—and from a financial viewpoint the “restaurant” had been terribly wasteful. Plans were provided for rebuilding the kitchen, including the installation of large freezers so food could be purchased when prices were low. This suggestion alone meant substantial savings.

Cresap #2 cost \$50,000—and in just one year saved the school more than that. Almost all of the study was acted upon. (Further details of the findings and results of Cresap #2 are given in chapter 4.) Thornton’s role expanded as Bob Moss took hold, and the new Cresap report incorporated many of his ideas. Changes in grounds work, maintenance-staff organization, and laundry operations were especially evident, as he assumed an authority that the faculty Executive Committee had largely denied him.

One of the most important changes was to integrate the two fiscal years of the Episcopal Church School Foundation and St. Andrew’s School, thus interlocking the two budget systems. Furthermore, the previous time-honored accounting system at school had provided no breakdown of generalized spending; “housekeeping,” for example, included staff wages, light bulbs, brooms, and minor repairs. Assigning such items to proper categories and having the two fiscal years agree at last allowed Thornton to exchange information with other business managers on the multiple expenses and activities involved in running a school. Projections could now be made for future operating budgets, and the long-awaited building program could be financed from the surplus of Foundation income beyond its annual appropriation to the school. At last adminis-

tration and trustees knew where they were going, and what the cost would be.

Moss and Thornton began work on the budget each January, many months earlier than had been the custom in the past. Moss checked with trustees on cost-of-living adjustments, changes in perquisites, departmental requests. Sometimes the board sent back preliminary budgetary items for another try if they were expensive. Moss tried to provide what academic departments said they needed, while holding back on nonteaching expenses. Thornton made up



Norman Thornton.

the payroll for nonteaching staff. Moss presented salary proposals for the faculty (and for Thornton), asking each department head to evaluate its members; he also kept his own log of faculty evaluations. Thornton did most of the other work, but consulted Moss on the "big items," such as fuel oil, food service, and maintenance costs. He was an effective business manager at last, and his growing expertise became known and respected at other schools.

To an outside observer, it appeared that the Episcopal Church School Foundation Board of Trustees was in reality a duPont family enterprise, with almost no input from the school or its head. For his first year or two, Bob Moss was not always aware of actions or deliberations by the board—not that they consisted of anything more than what basic financial operations decreed. But good personal relationships on an individual basis developed between the new man and several senior and influential board members—Judge Rodney and Hank, Chick, and Felix duPont, Jr.—and soon other important figures were invited to contribute their own unique expertise. J. Bruce Bredin joined the board in 1958, the same year Moss became headmaster; Raymond P. Generaux, head of engineering at the DuPont Company, arrived in 1964; and alumnus Winthrop deV. Schwab (1936) was elected in 1972. Bredin became treasurer of the board and was especially interested in development of the grounds and campus horticulture. Generaux was instrumental in planning buildings and working with architects, particularly those designing the science building. He was keenly interested in academic affairs and was deeply involved in keeping abreast of departmental offerings. Schwab, chairman of the board of Strawbridge and Clothier in Philadelphia, brought experience and hands-on competency to heading the Pension Committee. A kindly and considerate man, he made himself available to employees, either individually or in groups, when explaining changes in benefits.

Moss proposed a new structure for the slowly enlarging board, creating several clearly defined committees, each charged with a particular school function. Every trustee would be active on at least one committee; those responsible for personnel and pension were especially important to the welfare of the school employees. Moss did not invite trustees to form a curriculum committee; he wanted his faculty to develop the academic program without interfer-

ence by nonprofessionals. The all-important Executive Committee of the board was to be composed of subcommittee heads, plus Felix duPont, both as vice-president and, after 1974, as president. One year later, Bob Moss's last year, the board had grown to fifteen, with younger and more alumni members demonstrating their talents as they served on various committees. By 1984 there were twenty-two trustees and ten years later twenty-nine.

By 1960, the new committees were active and performing valuable service. Board secretary Bernard J. Fox rounded up members, kept detailed minutes and records, and saw that things decided on in meetings were carried out. Without question Ben Fox was largely responsible for the success and efficient operation of the "new" board (which still consisted mostly of long-term members).

The restructured board invited the headmaster to all meetings, most of which he attended. At each of the eighteen annual meetings of his tenure Moss reported on one topic in depth—admissions, athletics, extracurricular, academics—anything integral to school operation and growth. For the first time in school history, the trustees were kept informed of current school affairs. Moss's monthly confidential letter to the entire board kept trustees abreast of events and developments as they occurred. Such contacts produced an orderly building program, a new pension plan, integration, coeducation, an increase in size of the faculty, establishment of research projects, and, most important, fiscal structure and responsibility.

Every March or April Bob Moss presented the budget in specific portions to the several trustee committees. After each had been worked out, the whole budget was submitted to the board's Executive Committee in May. At that meeting, Moss accounted for every item line by line. The board acted upon the budget in June.

Closely attentive to on-campus costs, Moss exercised his authority, sometimes with rough going. Faculty felt the change at once. A few could be heard grumbling about not having bedrooms re-papered every few years, having to supply their own curtains, making do with an old refrigerator. Lavish vacation feasts diminished, then vanished. The new administration was stingy, it seemed. When the librarian carelessly overran his budget early one fall, he was forbidden to spend another penny the rest of the aca-

ademic year. There were occasional upheavals in athletics and other nonteaching areas where a coach or advisor might want an immediate purchase of equipment. The response was always the same: "You should have anticipated this." Everyone in a position of responsibility tightened budgetary management and as a result became more aware of values, priorities, and outlays. In the end, few hardships were felt, for budgets were liberal and departments learned to stay within them.

St. Andrew's got organized rapidly. Weekly faculty meetings, now limited to an hour, had printed agendas. The administration knew how personnel and machinery worked, academic departments began coordinating objectives, and the future was planned in an orderly fashion. The aim was not simply a better organization, but an organization devoted to achieving the school's primary scholastic purpose.

Thornton had an unexpected new responsibility added to his normal duties after the 1962 Cuban missile crisis. St. Andrew's was within a prime target area, and Thornton made a suggestion that was quickly put into effect. The new gymnasium had an enormous underground complex of locker rooms, showers, and other special areas that were readily converted into a shelter, stocked with hundreds of huge sealed drums of drinking water and cartons of food, blankets, and medical supplies. Space was made available to local county officials, making the school eligible for radio communications equipment to keep in touch with the outside world. An emergency generator was installed, not only for lights, heaters, burners, and radios, but to power pumps for the school's deep wells. An underground gas tank held two weeks' supply of fuel. More than two hundred people could be accommodated in the shelter for at least that long. Thornton saw to it that the shelter was kept ready for occupancy. It was strictly out of bounds to students and remained intact for much longer than the period of near-hysteria that prevailed throughout the country at the time. A smaller shelter was constructed in the basement of the main garage and maintenance personnel could remain near essential equipment. Had a Soviet missile attack occurred, Norman Thornton, an officially qualified air raid shelter warden with organization and procedures fully worked out on paper, would have been genera-

lissimo for the entire St. Andrew's community.

After twenty years, the water drums were finally emptied and moved to the science building for use in projects and equipment storage. The food was destroyed, usable medical supplies were sent to the infirmary, and students took apart out-of-date radios.

The new science building also figured in national defense and fire alert: an enormous siren was installed on its roof as soon as the building was complete. When tested periodically, it was heard everywhere for miles around—including a New Year's Eve midnight test by Norm Thornton and Dave Staats, who were highly satisfied with the results.

While the shelters eventually were returned to normal school use, the siren remained, for good reason. In the intervening years, a nuclear plant had been constructed in Salem, New Jersey, approximately fifteen miles away across the Delaware River. In order for the plant to be licensed, the state developed evacuation procedures for St. Andrew's School; worked out by someone who either did not know his geography or had his head in the sand, Thornton declared. Thornton did his best to brief the faculty on nuclear emergency procedures. Periodic drills were held in the state, but the school was never notified until after they were over. In the case of a genuine alert, yellow school buses were supposed to drive twenty-five miles south from Wilmington or an equal distance north from Dover, depending upon wind conditions, to pick up students (faculty families would tag along on their own), and deliver them to one destination or another where there were no provisions to accommodate the sudden influx. Thornton was beside himself attempting to make sense out of the contradictory statements in a huge book of procedures.

Thornton's and Moss's relationship was "businesslike," with ups and downs, mutual respect but no great warmth. From Thornton's point of view, Moss seemed more interested in bricks and mortar than academic affairs. During their years working together, Thornton almost never attended trustee meetings—as he had not in the Pell years or when Bill Cameron was acting headmaster.* He rarely came into contact with trustee committees, but he kept abreast of developments through board secretary Ben Fox.

* After Jon O'Brien's arrival in 1977, Norman Thornton was invited to be present at board meetings on a regular basis.

In early 1972, Norm Thornton pushed for a long-range planning committee to study coeducation. But in one faculty meeting he and a few others pushed too far, and Moss became irritated. He said the trustees would "tell the faculty when it was appropriate for such studies, meanwhile back to the classrooms." Unknown to all were the highly confidential deliberations being carried on by the Board of Trustees; Moss did not want to let the cat out of the bag. That October, there was an announcement that the decision to go coed would take effect in September 1973. Moss asked what the faculty thought about it. "What the hell difference did it make *what* we thought about it?" Denny Madigan, the outspoken director of athletics, said afterward.

In 1973, for the third time, the trustees retained Cresap, McCormick and Paget, Inc. for an in-depth study of St. Andrew's School. For six months, from September to February, a member of the consulting firm lived at the school, examining every facet of its activity and business. Cresap #3 was critical of both the business office and the administration. Bob Moss, whose job it was to convey the findings to the Executive Committee of the board, wrote on April 19 that the study had questioned the "the efficiency of the Business Manager, whether the responsibilities and work load have out-grown him? Whether he is employing the most up-to-date methods and instituting innovations which can make the School a more economical operation."

Thornton reacted strongly. He went to the trustees to rebut the report's findings and in an attempt to defuse an increasingly uncomfortable situation on campus. Relations between him and Bob Moss had reached a new low. The trustees instructed Thornton to report from then on to assistant headmaster Jim Brown, who subsequently went over matters with Moss. The reactions of both Thornton and Moss to the critical report of Cresap #3 may have been exacerbated by Thornton's persistent (and unappreciated) attempts to initiate long-range studies of the effects of coeducation, now that it was a *fait accompli*.

Relations between Moss and Thornton soured further. Except for an occasional report, the faculty meeting of June 13, 1973 was Thornton's last during Moss's headmastership. Bob Moss had decided that

the business manager should be relieved of attending faculty meetings, where he had served as secretary since 1952, in order to spend more time in his duties as business manager.* Since faculty meetings were held in the evening, his reasoning was suspect.

The relationship between the two men improved thereafter, although one-to-one meetings became less frequent. Thornton was disappointed, because he felt he could have "benefited from friendly tips and advice how to improve performance" in the business end of the school's operation. Nevertheless, the headmaster's annual evaluation of the business manager and notification of his next year's salary were invariably complimentary, and Thornton always had a "high regard for Bob's administrative abilities." The records show that over the years Bob Moss and Norman Thornton worked well together in preparing proposals, summaries, and evaluations for the board. Thornton submitted many carefully prepared ideas for necessary maintenance overhaul, as well as organizational modifications within the staff. Moss commented on the business office's activities reasonably and fairly, with no hint of the personal friction between them.

Trustee Dick Trapnell remembers Thornton as "a friendly man to do business with [who] handled his responsibilities with a light touch." Thornton in fact was one of the most prominent and popular citizens of Middletown, and did more for town-and-gown relations than any other person at St. Andrew's.

When Norman Thornton retired in 1983, he was given a warm send-off by his many faculty friends, Jon O'Brien, and the trustees, who presented him and Ruth the wherewithal for a trip through England and Scotland. Finding a replacement for this man, who for thirty-one years had played a major role in the Middletown area, in the Rotary Club, and at St. Anne's Church as vestryman and a member of the choir, was going to be difficult.

Thornton's successor was R. Elliott McBride, who had over fifteen years' experience as business manager at Babson College, where he taught courses in the MBA program. Dick Trapnell called him "a tough negotiator, a hard-headed businessman, with a lot of good sense." McBride quickly took charge of financial policies, plant operations, land-use operations,

* John Moses took over as an able and accurate recorder and secretary, but his successor seldom got his notes transcribed promptly and actually lost the minutes of several important faculty meetings.

purchasing, and nonacademic personnel. After being at St. Andrew's for seven years, he became involved in planning a new senior center for Middletown, reaching out to the larger community as Norman Thornton had done for so many years.

In all Moss's eighteen years, every building project was completed on or under budget, and the school dipped into the red only once: the "drug year" (1971–72), when twenty-eight students were dropped (many of them for non-drug-related reasons) and tuition income was lost. The Board of Trustees had gotten what they had wanted: a financially responsible "doer."

A Cadillac at Chevy prices

With income from the invested endowment, St. Andrew's never had to balance tuition with outlay, so in effect, every student was on scholarship, a condition that exists to this day. In the Moss era—1958 to 1976—the tuition rose at the end of every two years. Some trustees thought full tuition should be close to what a student actually cost the school. One said to Moss, "Bob, you're selling a Cadillac at Chevy prices. Parents who can afford full tuition will think the school is not first rate." Backed by Chick duPont, Moss countered that the school should be attractive to less-well-off families that could afford full tuition if it wasn't too high. The important goal was to bring together a student body that represented a wide spectrum of economic and social life, with "55 percent receiving aid, perhaps 25 percent from average middle-class families who could pay the full (but low) tuition, and 20 percent getting a bargain." Percentages have changed over the years, but the concept remains.

The Foundation had ample funds, but in many ways the school was poor, especially in the area of alumni support. Why had the school never had stronger support from its alumni? Bob Moss wondered. While a few like Barry Register (1951) and Herndon and Carter Werth (1952) were faithful in attending alumni council meetings and in expressing loyalty to St. Andrew's, most had never suspected the school needed money. They had been raised in the belief held by older faculty that Wilmington could always supply its needs.

The tiny alumni office was run by Altje (Pat) Fleming, Lukey Fleming's wife. Pat worked several

hours each week keeping in touch with alumni and maintaining the cumbersome file of metal Address-O-Graph plates. The alumni council worked through her, sending out dues notices, receiving pledges, then forwarding checks received to the business office for posting and deposit to the alumni office's account. Checks received were few, and generally minuscule. Dispersal of accumulated funds went to the War Memorial Fund for scholarship aid and similar time-honored disbursements.

Moss was determined to see greater alumni involvement. Alumni contributed nothing to help with the school's expense of the annual reunion, he observed. Why should the school provide liquid refreshments and other amenities with little or no return on the investment? In the early 1960s he organized a meeting at school of alumni officers, including Barry Register and Herndon Werth, together with Thornton, who reviewed accounting methods and financial records. Alumni present discounted Moss's appeal for funds and his description of what the school needed. Their skepticism was heightened when Bruce Bredin, chairman of the Finance Committee, said, "The trustees look after the Foundation; the headmaster and administration look after the school." His remark seemed to reinforce alumni belief their support was unnecessary.

By 1961, Pat Fleming was tiring. She sent a memo to Moss saying the workload—now increased by a new annual giving program—was more than she could handle. Moss responded with an easing of her previous job description and eliminating one alumni council meeting for which she had to prepare. In May 1963, following her husband's sudden death, she resigned, drained physically and emotionally.

Edward Hawkins, who had retired from the faculty two years earlier and was living in Middletown, returned to handle alumni affairs. Hawkins was meticulous in his management, but not an outgoing person, so the situation stayed very much the way it always had been until he left the position in 1966. The following year, faculty member Dick Barron's wife, Doris, took over what was still a small but essential effort with enthusiasm and energy for the next twelve years. Only in 1979 was a full-time alumni secretary, Christa Richter, available to handle an increasingly demanding job, made more complex and efficient by the new use of computers.

At a March 1973 meeting of the full board Moss

introduced the idea of a director of development. The board was agreeable, but no action was taken for the time being.

The Boss

For the majority of students, staff, and faculty, Moss was simply the headmaster, an authority figure, the "boss." Some, who had little knowledge of what went on within the administration, considered him a tyrant, and perhaps deceptive. Mary Ella Boyle, a faculty wife who lived on campus for twenty-five years and knew the Mosses as well as anyone, says:

I understand why Bob might not have been liked by some people. It was because he did the dirty work; if there was somebody to be fired, or parents to be dealt with, he did it. Bob did not tell people much of what he had to do and why he did it. Without hearing from the horse's mouth why a man does what he does, people start to build suspicious cases. Some were intelligent, capable people but they weren't in a position of final authority, yet they really wanted to know. So Bob Moss was damned for things he didn't do, and damned for things he did do. A lot of people got the impression Bob was doing things behind the scenes, was devious, because he didn't tell people much of *why* he did things....

Bob Moss ... was willing to be the one person you could blame or praise for any decision. I wonder if anybody in this world knows what a bonus that is to a group?

For many he was, in the words of one senior faculty member, a "benevolent dictator." When asked about that description many years later, Moss agreed that it probably was accurate. Many found him kind, generous, and considerate.

At the beginning of his headmastership, trustees saw Moss in a role they had come to expect from Walden Pell. "Moss's relationship with us [trustees] was to serve as a communication link between trustees and faculty," states one. Another observes, "Waldy was inclined to preserve his dominance of the school faculty and staff and not encourage any communication between school and trustees. Moss started off that way, but began to bring more people in."

Moss's detailed annual reports, he wrote in his first one (May 1961), would consist of "reviewing the

changes which have taken place, new ventures undertaken, concluding with a look to the future." The last of these periodic addresses, in January 1973, examined "costs, alumni, arts, girls, Second Form, tuition increases, scholarships, departmental plans (how to grow and improve)." In almost every instance, what he foresaw ultimately came about.

Moss's role as the single go-between therefore was built into the system. Older trustees were comfortable with the situation, but newer ones coming on the board were not. One said, "Moss represented a single channel from board to school. Members of the board felt that they were shut off, to some degree, from staff and faculty." Neither was Bob Moss comfortable with the traditional arrangement, and in the 1960s and early 1970s he initiated occasional informal meetings between those in Wilmington and faculty, staff, and students on campus.

Toward the end of his career, trustees became critical of the separation of board and school with communication through a single person. "We heard from Bob Moss only what he wanted us to know, and vice versa with the faculty," says one—a statement soundly refuted by examination of minutes, notes, and reports of the board, faculty, form officers, and business office. Moss's statements remaining in trustee files were taken almost verbatim from faculty or committee meetings at school. He was more of a filter in the opposite direction, for trustee deliberations and decisions often were not meant to be heard and discussed by the entire faculty; yet when a major change or proposal was made in Wilmington, it was summarized accurately in the headmaster's statements to the faculty. Dick Trapnell was inaccurate when he characterized Moss as "operating quite independently of counsel from the board and staff and faculty," at least as long as Hank and Chick duPont were alive to serve as his intimate and frequent counselors in Wilmington, and George Broadbent and Jim Brown were available on campus. Yet Trapnell credited the headmaster for encouraging "informal access to members of faculty. Moss did many things to promote dialogue between board and faculty; his sponsorship of annual dinners for officers of each form and members of the board was very important. These meetings were the spark that ignited the conflagration that resulted in coeducation."

Even so, several trustees felt that toward the end of his headmastership "Moss became insecure, defen-

sive, and showed an unwillingness to consult with anyone. He was not sharing with students or faculty." Yet he believed he was pursuing the goals both Chick and Hank duPont had favored, for during his final illness, Chick had urged the headmaster to stay on the course he was steering.

In conversation in 1985, five senior trustees looked back: "Bob Moss brought a sense of conscience and enthusiasm. He provided a capable administration; he was articulate, communicating well and leaving a good, strong impression—but he was better dealing with people outside of school than inside."

Six faculty of the Moss era went on to distinguished careers as headmasters on their own after leaving St. Andrew's. When they found themselves in his shoes, they saw their one-time headmaster from a very different perspective. Webb Reyner, a headmaster himself three times over, writes:

Bob Moss must have had a difficult time when he arrived as it [his appointment] was somewhat of a surprise to me and to others. I did not think that anyone but Bill Cameron would be the headmaster as he hired me [the previous year] and no one said differently. Not knowing how a school operates, I was loyal to the one who hired me. I'm sure Bob may have interpreted our closeness with some degree of difficulty. I think, having been a headmaster myself, that it created a most difficult situation for Bob.

I thought we had the best school in the country in all areas and we had the freedom to voice our views. Sometimes that freedom was trying. Bob was smart enough and patient enough to listen to all sides. I have used that style since then and made a decision only after gathering all the facts.

I think Bob did an excellent job as headmaster. Many things cannot be said when you make a decision, as you can hurt others by telling all. It is necessary to be judged in a poor light in order to protect others and to meet the overall objective.

"One of Bob Moss's great strengths was that he pretty much left us alone to do our thing as long as we didn't screw up too much," observes Chris Boyle. "That was good for me; I was self-motivating and didn't need pushing. Bob dealt with people in terms of their jobs and in terms of their ideas—not very much in terms of them as friends. Older and wiser, I now can see a lot more wisdom in that approach than I did then."

Students generally went about their business con-

fident that the school was not only a permanent fixture in their young lives, but being run well. Schoolboys wouldn't be normal if they weren't caught up in conjecture or indulging in griping, but they also recognized good things that came their way.

Russell Chesney (1959) felt "great kinship and sympathy for Bob Moss—a new leader who had to replace both Walden Pell (who seemed a god to me, and was extremely popular with the old boys) and 'Bull' Cameron. Many of the members of the classes of 1958 and 1959 were critical of Bob Moss, not for what he said, but for who he was replacing. Bob Moss, however, was tremendously fair, an interesting teacher. His discourses on moral dilemmas were wonderful, for the approach he gave is still useful to me nearly every day—problems with colleagues, staff, and what is the right choice."

Will Grubb, senior prefect in Moss's first year, remembers him as

very outgoing, very sincere, friendly and energetic. I remember our first meeting with him in his office: we were all very anxious to get to know him, and he was so casual and so much the opposite of Dr. Pell. We were sitting on the couch in his office, some of his papers were piled on the desk, so he just pulled up another chair and joined us. He immediately asked us what *we* thought about the school. It was clear he wanted to be a part of us, a part of the school. He did not want to sit behind his desk and impose *his* will on everyone and change the school the way *he* wanted it to be. He was a very good listener; when he asked us a question, you got the feeling that he was really listening to the answer.

What impressed me was that Bob Moss came into the school knowing he had some big shoes to fill and that those shoes were still there—that Pell had not retired 100 percent and that Cameron, who had been the interim headmaster, was still there right down the hall. But Moss came in and made the transition very easy for everyone.

Loyalty to Bill Cameron was not universal among students of Moss's first years, but when they looked for someone at the top to be involved with their daily affairs, the headmaster seemed conspicuously absent. "He never conveyed a sense of communicating with the community—'this is where we're going, this is what I want to accomplish,'" says an alumnus of the early 1960s (when Moss was still preoccupied with fiscal and organizational matters). After success-

fully achieving his first goals, largely unseen by the campus community, he showed how much he liked doing things with students, especially in anything to do with drama, one of his great interests. A student actor in the 1970s “thought it was great that a headmaster would come backstage and work with us. He was the design coach, working on various plays with the kids. In a small but basic way he was just there, helping out and taking part.”

Some alumni from the period remain permanently embittered against a man they did not understand—but thought they did. Moss’s actions and words were construed to fit their preconceptions, and healing became nearly impossible. Headmaster-student misunderstandings invariably are built into a tight residential school community, and it is possible to find replicas of Moss era critics in Jon O’Brien’s time as well.

Most of the students who disliked Moss had either crossed his path in ways they shouldn’t have, or evoked a response from him that shouldn’t have been made. One time he truly blew his top was on the commencement morning when the Sixth Form erected a number of white crosses on the main lawn in memory of members of their class who over the years had either been expelled or had failed to make the grade. Moss went roaring up to the Sixth Form corridor seeking the culprits. Later he regretted his overreaction.

Each of the school’s three heads at one time or another seriously offended a few of his teenage charges—although Walden Pell was generally so removed and aloof from boys that his were mostly sins of omission rather than commission. Both Bob Moss and Jon O’Brien, more directly in charge and trying to do what was right at the moment, occasionally so angered a student that his or her outrage persists to this day. The problem usually lay with either a lack of communication between the boss and a young teenager, or an exchange of clumsy words.

Such misunderstandings come with the territory. Far more common are the rewards, loyalties, and friendships from which a successful headmaster draws his strength.

Work is love made visible

—Kahlil Gibran

Bob Moss hit the ground running. At the begin-

ning of his second year he minced no words to the Executive Committee of the board, stating unequivocally: “St. Andrew’s should be a better school before it tries to be a bigger school. This is not to say the School is not doing a good educational job. The point is that it might be a great school and at the present time it is not.” He went on to identify weaknesses in the faculty, faculty housing, faculty salaries and the pension plan; a need for a more diverse student body, an organized admissions process, and a director of admissions who could travel widely “carrying the story of St. Andrew’s School.” Moss himself had just completed a trip visiting twenty-eight schools and several colleges and universities, bringing back proof that “the school needs to make itself known better in wider circles, and to attract boys of more vitality.” He “did not consider the morale of the boys to be high.”

During Moss’s eighteen years minorities enrolled and women teachers took up residence, followed by girl students. Slipshod health services were improved, parents became more involved (and welcome), and an annual Arts Day celebrating student creativity came into being. Larry Walker became the first chairman of the new Arts Department, whose creation was almost entirely due to Bob Moss’s determination that arts should take their rightful place in the curriculum. Minor courses widened the intellectual spectrum and a new “MiniTerm” broke up the legendary winter doldrums. Overall curriculum enrichment took place in every department—some at once, some only after a great deal of cajoling and pushing on his part and that of the academic dean.

Alice Ryan, a long-term faculty member whose tenure included serving as registrar and director of studies and teaching French, describes the headmaster as she saw him:

Bob Moss was an outstanding headmaster. As an administrator he encouraged the growth of the school; how to structure the movement of issues from one group to another; how to be an ambassador for consideration and seeing that the contributions of each group were taken into account and implemented. He was thorough and did not ask others to do things that he could work through by himself. He was aesthetic, placing good paintings in the halls, saw to landscaping, and spoke annually to faculty about the appearance of their classrooms. He had a meticulous approach to design; before a new building was constructed, he had temporary brick

walls built for comparison to nearby buildings. But at times his attitude toward certain [unproductive or misfit] faculty was too Christian, alienating and embittering other faculty.

At Bob Moss's urging trustees began learning more about school functions and goals. Improved organization of the board and definition of its duties continued through Moss's last years and during much of Jon O'Brien's first decade. By 1975, six committees under the Executive Committee were chaired by senior trustees: building, personnel, finance, pension, and legal, plus a one-year committee on alumni that quickly vanished. Trustee chairmanships and assignments to various committees were constantly altered. Temporary committees, such as the Search Committee for a new headmaster in 1976–77 and the Capital Campaign Committee in 1989, were created to fulfill specific needs.

By 1977, as more trustees were added, the Nominating Committee came into being. In 1979 the Development Committee was established, and the Legal Committee a year later. The school's first Education Committee appeared in 1982, and a committee on trusteeship in 1988. But expansion did not continue, for with Henry Herndon as president of the board and an eminent attorney who handled the few legal matters himself, the Legal Committee disbanded and the Finance and Pension committees were combined.

In many ways, the 1960s were the most intellectually stimulating era in school history. As one faculty member recalled, Bob Moss "intellectualized" the school. He brought a galaxy of prominent figures to speak to the school community and meet afterward at length with students and faculty. *New York Times* journalists Harrison Salisbury and David Halberstam, *The New Yorker's* Nat Henthoff, NBC's commentator Irving R. Levine, and stage and film actors enriched the academic years during one- or two-day stays. Ed Strong (1966), now a Broadway producer, recalls, "Viveca Lindfors' lecture/demonstration on Bertolt Brecht led me to serious consideration of the dramatic form." In the years the country was stumbling toward racial equality and St. Andrew's became integrated, NAACP's Roy Wilkins, author John Howard Griffin, the Urban League's Whitney Young, Shirley Chisholm, and attorney (and former president of the NAACP) Cecil Moore spoke to rapt St. Andrew's audiences. International affairs

One day after lunch Mr. Moss escorted an extremely important guest to the faculty coffee room for the customary demitasse. I was walking just behind, and saw Mr. Moss start making introductions all around the room. By the time I reached the door at the other end of the room a second or two later, Mr. Ryan was hustling out. "That's why we have two doors," he said.

—Jon Smith (1965)

at the highest level were brought to St. Andrew's by Camille Chautemps, former premier of France, and Lord Gladwyn Jebb, former Secretary General of the United Nations. "Lightning Joe" Collins, veteran of Guadalcanal and the Battle of the Bulge, vividly described NATO's origin and mission, as well as the intransigence of Charles de Gaulle. Admiral Arleigh Burke, chairman of the Joint Chiefs, visited, spoke, and presented the school with "that important tool of education," an English cane; it was suitably mounted and hung behind glass for all to see (and fear). Semanticist S. L. Hayakawa discussed the power of the spoken word, no matter how irrational, using Hitler and Mussolini as examples. George Cabot Lodge (son of our U.N. ambassador at the time) made a stumbling defense of our southeast Asian policy, ineffectual and poorly received.

Lecturers spoke about the developing national problem of drug abuse. One, a Dr. Pillsbury, medical examiner from Baltimore County, Maryland, unequivocally stated that "pushers should be shot on sight." Other speakers and counselors came later, Dr. Donald Louria several times.

British novelist T. H. White, author of *The Once and Future King*, gave what was generally conceded to have been the single greatest talk in school history. Classical musicians, choral and instrumental, ballet, and globetrotting adventurers were scheduled regularly. Paul Cherney and Dmitri Rebikoff, inventors of an extraordinary submarine, white shark expert Stan Waterman, and African explorer Quentin Keynes (who returned several times) kept audiences enthralled. All this was heady stuff. The only speakers I remember in pre-Moss years were innumerable clerics, a fossil hunter who showed every evidence of personal petrification, a professional wrestler who

The cane

I noted that your school has followed the English form as well as the English tradition in teaching. I particularly noticed, however, that an important part of English tradition had not been adopted by your fine school. I have endeavored to rectify what I believe to be a very serious deficiency in your educational system. I tried to get a proper cane in the United States, but found that not only has the practice of using a cane been discarded, but in addition that important tool of education is not available in the United States. It was necessary for me to secure a proper cane from one of my friends in a public school in England. The one I have acquired was in use only a short time, and consequently has a great deal of use left in it. I am informed that canes, like many other important apparatus, deteriorate by disuse more quickly than by use—a fact worth remembering. ... I would ...advise that the wielder of this cane have, in addition to the physical attributes necessary for handling the cane, the proper mental attitude; that is, that caning does the boy more good than it does the wielder, and that it does the wielder a tremendous amount of good. If such an attitude is adopted, I am sure that the cane will be laid on with more enthusiasm and better effectiveness. A cane represents a certain kind of power. Like all power, it is effective in proportion to the will to use that power. And the will to use power must be apparent.

—Admiral Arleigh Burke,
chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff

demonstrated secrets of this entertaining form of fakery on suspicious boys, and a man who whistled bird calls nonstop for an hour and a half. What was most extraordinary was that the boys of those days politely sat through such events.

After coeducation became a reality and Jon O'Brien's headmastership was underway, speakers and programs from "outside" were not so common, for the school was a busier and more mobile place with students frequently attending events in New York, Philadelphia, and Washington. But still some came each year—the National Players

brought Shakespeare, opera stars and modern dance groups performed, and the Delos String Quartet astonished and delighted a largely untutored audience. In February 1984 the great Maya Angelou took us through her childhood and into the world at large in poetry, song, and dance.

In hope of provoking and invigorating the faculty, Moss initiated a lecture series for them alone. Catherine Drinker Bowen spent two days on campus, her commentary and her presence a stunning experience for faculty, who were able to speak with her at length. St. Andrew's own historian, Dick Hillier, gave a memorable illustrated talk on the architecture of ancient Rome in its heyday, and English chair Ches Baum told of his exploits in Greece and the Adriatic. Other faculty spoke on literary and biological themes. Students were invited to faculty lectures if they were interested, at times swelling the group to fill Room 34, the old basement meeting room. The elegant faculty coffee room, where other programs and faculty discussion groups were held—with blazing fire, silver tea service, rich draperies, and deep upholstered furniture—was infused with civility and intellectual stimulation.

Bob Moss encouraged faculty to probe more deeply into their academic interests. I proposed a research fund to aid faculty with projects that might not only benefit the school's program, but augment their own specialties as well. There were no obligations or restrictions once an application had been approved and grant awarded. Lukey Fleming's famous French grammar and Dick Hillier's ancient history text were among the first projects supported by the fund, as was an exhibition of color biological photographs that periodically hung at St. Andrew's, universities, museums, and scientific conventions. Sam McCandless's study of programmed learning in mathematics was underwritten. Others followed.

Moss also encouraged faculty to get away to attend professional conventions and special seminars and retreats—with full financial support—although a disappointingly small number took advantage of these opportunities. The parochial nature of the school community was insidious and the usual response to a suggestion to get away was being "too busy" (and sometimes too tired). Moss had other means of getting the minds of faculty and their wives away from the school. Periodically he invited two couples at a time to dinner and a play or

concert in Wilmington. Every month he and Huldah invited a stimulating mix of faculty to their home for a convivial evening.

Years later Bob Moss reflected, "When you have a school with all that money and all that potential, if you don't have your eye on its scholastic potential, it isn't worth having the school. It ought to turn out people who can think, who can think deeply, broadly, and innovatively. I think we got ourselves organized to be a pretty damned good school."

Where prudence points the way

—*Robert Lowth*

The new headmaster found he had inherited an assistant head who was not at all his type of progressive schoolmaster; their ten-year age difference seemed more like a generation gap. Moss was a product of New England boarding schools that were awakening from their nineteenth-century tradition. Groton's headmaster, John Crocker, had recognized a sense of urgency in the younger man's attempt to bring that school in tune with the times. Bill Cameron had attended and taught at a venerable school in Virginia—a school whose headmastership Bob Moss had turned down because it was encased in southern gentlemanly mores and conservative racial views.

Bill Cameron had never played second fiddle before. As assistant headmaster, when Walden Pell was no longer actively leading and MacInnes had left, he assumed many of the school's administrative duties. The faculty Executive Committee, with him as its chairman, handled nearly every aspect of school business. After Bob Moss arrived, Cameron was in charge of discipline, admissions, and writing the school handbook and catalog.

Even before administration of the school changed hands in 1958, the trustees realized that Cameron's admissions policies were hopelessly parochial, but they had no immediate solution and he remained firmly in charge. Interest in the school was largely by word of mouth and the scantily illustrated school catalog was a succinct statement of purpose, rules, and courses. The 1957 "Application for Admission" consisted of a single sheet of six questions, the last of which requested detailed information about church membership and participation, with emphasis upon the Episcopal Church. One requirement was a recent photograph of the applicant.

The trustees quickly granted the headmaster time and funding to range far afield to make contact with other schools and sources of qualified applicants. He became a part-time admissions officer exploring opportunities off campus, then reporting back to Cameron. The pool of applicants began to widen.

Once finances and administrative structure had been taken care of, and Moss turned his full attention to details of running the school, Cameron's methods and his hold on tradition lay squarely across his path. Something had to be done if the school was going to move forward.

Bill Cameron's firm stand on tradition, his inability (or reluctance) to extend support to the headmaster in matters of change, left Moss without a genuine assistant head. Moss soon found in Howard Schmolze an equally senior, experienced master who knew the school inside out. Within his first year or two, he began going to Schmolze with problems that needed careful consideration. Schmolze would say, "Bob, if you don't mind Kathryn knowing it, she and I will discuss it and I'll tell you what we think tomorrow." Moss appreciated an in-depth opinion that had been thoroughly thought out, and for several years Howard Schmolze acted as Moss's primary sounding board and consultant, serving in a "kitchen cabinet" capacity that ordinarily would have been an assistant headmaster's role. The two men developed a close relationship. As far as school administration was concerned, Howard Schmolze became the most valuable member of the faculty, although his importance generally escaped the notice of his colleagues and the boys, who saw Cameron as the major figure. His advice and activities were vitally important, yet he did not have an assistant head's authority, nor could he be jumped over Cameron.

When Howard and Kitty Schmolze retired in 1975, Howard after forty-four years of service, Bob Moss wrote by hand his innermost feelings for this staunchly loyal couple. "I wanted you to work closely with me, not because you were a hold-over from a previous regime, but because you were you. In the seventeen years we worked together I never altered that initial judgment, and I have thanked the Lord many, many times you were at my side." To Kitty he said, "What you have done for St. Andrew's you have done in your own right, and your imprint is your own.... How I learned from you and what fun it was!"

Bill Cameron went on his first-ever full sabbatical leave in 1963–64, a respite both trustees and Bob Moss thought was needed after thirty-three years on the job. The trustees hoped his absence would allow Cameron to gain a more objective view of the school and the direction in which it was headed. Early signs of ill health, manifested mostly as bouts of serious fatigue, concerned his friends. He and Marianne spent the year in Europe, touring the Continent and Scandinavia but spending time mostly in England and Ireland.

The two men exchanged many warm and open letters about school events and the Camerons' travels. Cameron wrote of the chill of Norway, a glimpse of reindeer near the Russian border; he listened to the British prime minister hold forth in Parliament for three hours ("Groans and cheers; Hear! Hear!"); an old student showed him the glories of Heidelberg; he visited the graves of John Donne, Oliver Goldsmith, and Rob Roy. The warmth generated in the extensive correspondence was a thaw; the therapy was working, and early in the year, Bob and Huldah Moss and their daughter, Heidi, visited the Camerons in London.

The impasse of ideas endured, however. In February 1964, after his return from London, the headmaster used a new tactic to open up one of Cameron's responsibilities. He wrote to the Executive Committee of the board: "I failed to convince Mr. Cameron that he should turn over the admissions business to Mr. Broadbent," then spoke of his intention "to create a new post to be known as the 'Admissions Officer,'" and to appoint Broadbent "to this position so that next year we will have Mr. Cameron and Mr. Broadbent working on our admissions. Both men will be teaching half time."

With board approval, in a letter to Cameron, Moss explained what he intended to implement within the next few years. The letter was a subtle reminder to the older man that he had too many duties and commitments for his own good.

Our conversations about School matters were, I felt, an imposition on a man in the middle of his sabbatical. They certainly were a help to me, for it helps me to do my thinking out loud with you. Some of the matters we discussed are so important for the future strategy of the School that I did not want to postpone getting your views on them. St. Andrew's is progress-

ing nicely and in the direction its Founders had in mind. The School seems to have gathered momentum in many departments and to be striving for really high standards all around. One question which looms in my mind is the one I discussed with you, namely, how to divide myself among my various responsibilities. There is no doubt that more buildings are in the offing and judging from my experience with the gymnasium, this new construction will occupy much of my time in the immediate future. This is responsibility I can not properly delegate. Also work with the faculty and the counseling of boys and the teaching of the Sixth Form are duties I love and, in the kind of school we have, they are duties that belong to the Headmaster.... It is our own admissions work that I plan to remove myself from to a large extent.... What I want to do now is to turn over this work to George Broadbent, asking him to work under you. ... He will be a real help to you next year. I look forward to your having this help so that you will be under less pressure.

Something was in the air, but not yet tangible.

More than once in speaking with faculty colleagues, Cameron was critical of the headmaster. Some of what he said and felt was passed on to alumni, especially those who had been partisan for his headmastership in 1957. Rumblings occurred and exaggerations grew, not unknown to Moss, although they neither bothered him nor swayed him from his course. More important was the need to have an assistant head who was fully supportive of the headmaster's aims and style of administration.

Clarence A. Fulmer, principal of Wilmington High School and a member of the regional headmasters' association, recalls:

I asked [Moss] whether he had anyone at school he could talk to. I was surprised to hear his answer. The board only met once a year and problems were not discussed with them. "I am in complete charge: budget, personnel, curriculum, etc. I have a senior faculty member who is no longer efficient." After hearing details I advised Moss to fire him in the interest of the student body. When Moss came to see me again the following year, I asked what he had done about his problem faculty member and he said, "I did not have the heart to fire him." I felt his problems would increase. I understand that later, due to protests from faculty and students, he was fired by the board he failed to use.

Bob Moss consulted frequently and regularly with Hank and Chick duPont about the administrative problem, which continued to fester. Several courses of action were possible. One trustee—probably Hank duPont, although his identity is not clear—recommended that Bill Cameron be encouraged to seek a headmastership in another school. But Cameron was deeply entrenched, and Moss would not consider nudging him out. Another plan evolved. Bill Cameron wore three distinctly different hats—chairman of the Disciplinary Committee, director of admissions, and assistant headmaster. The latter two posts both needed a fresh approach and more energetic input. More than anyone else, Chick duPont recognized roadblocks when he saw them, and thought it best that Cameron specifically give up the role of assistant headmaster. He urged Moss to return to London to talk it out with Cameron.

Moss wrote Bill Cameron to tell him he was returning to talk about their relationship and the school. St. Andrew's was more important than either of them, the letter stressed, and must move forward with greater momentum. Then Moss flew to England to discuss a change in responsibilities that has been misunderstood by more people than almost any other event in school history. In the minds of those with only a partial knowledge of events—and that included many alumni and almost everyone on campus—a myth emerged of skullduggery, dissembling, undercutting, and every unpleasant motive and action that unbridled rumor can create.

In their meeting, Moss specifically proposed that Cameron give up the assistant headmastership; he would have accepted his relinquishing either of his other two responsibilities. Cameron flatly refused to consider any of the choices, telling Moss bluntly, "I'm not going to give up admissions. I'm going to continue to be assistant head, and discipline is going to stay the way it is." Cameron was still upset about the dissolution of the powerful faculty Executive Committee, and he was at odds with Moss on integration, coeducation, and the arts, which he considered effeminate. When the school had Howard Schroeder, a distinguished Delaware artist, in residence a couple of days each week, he insisted that boys should not be seen going into his studio.

A frustrated, dispirited Moss flew home. No one knew he had gone anywhere out of the ordinary over the weekend. He had no idea how to unleash

new talents at school—people with energy and vision—when his assistant headmaster wanted to keep everything as it had been in the past. He was at his wits' end.

Moss had lunch with Chick duPont to report on the meeting. DuPont struck to the heart of the matter as he saw it, stating that it was now up to them; that the school had to have an assistant who thought the same way as the head, and that a more imaginative admissions program was essential.

But Bob Moss did not want a confrontation with Bill Cameron. He thought the school would suffer greatly if, as a new headmaster, he threw people out of office and made abrupt changes. At the same time, he had no idea how he could approach the future with so much locked in place. He wondered aloud if it might not be best for him to resign from the school, a thought duPont instantly checked. "For now, there is nothing you can do," he said. "Don't blow your stack and don't leave the school. You've got to bide your time. You think you've ended your conversation with Bill Cameron in London, but it's not over yet. He knows that when a man flies the Atlantic for a two-day weekend meeting in London, he's got something big on his mind."

DuPont was right—but it took longer for the change to come about than expected. The administrative rearrangement Moss hoped for was still five years away.

In the summer of 1964, the Camerons returned to their summer home on Monhegan Island in Maine. Moss wrote him in August: "The next big matter looming up is the new science building.... Bill Amos should be the Chairman of [the] committee and Bob Colburn and Webb Reyner should serve on it; but may I ask you to be a member of it also? I am a little fearful that Bill Amos may go overboard for everything in the scientific catalog.... If you would sit on the science building committee, you would, I know, counteract [his] somewhat squirrel-like tendencies." Cameron served in this capacity well, challenging the science squirrel to defend his claims and choices. Plans for the science building grew steadily more suited to the school's needs.

During the next few years Moss never felt the school was his to develop as both he and the trustees hoped. Discussions with Chick duPont continued intermittently, and the headmaster was told to initiate the first of several steps toward bringing about a

change. Moss was to consider not only who was able to step into the assistant headmastership, but who would be most agreeable to Bill Cameron.

An exchange of letters between the two men in 1966 reveals the range of their discussions. DuPont saw that "the need for extra help is apparent, but the question of just where the help should be introduced needs careful consideration." Moss, hoping for help that would "enlarge the School's influences" into the "larger community," preferred not to name his assistant headmaster in writing, but reiterated that "the man we discussed is most effective and most interested in the internal business of the School. The responsibilities I would like to shift are not the kind of responsibilities he enjoys." Nevertheless Moss was content, saying "I really think that the present arrangement is serving the School remarkably well and I would not for a minute want to change it." He spoke of additions at "some future time," ending with the assurance, "I am going to move very slowly."

In July 1967, Cameron was brought into the picture by attending a meeting of the Personnel Committee to discuss his eventual successor, although the timing was not discussed. With the understanding that no action would be taken immediately, he and Moss identified four likely candidates—William Amos, George Broadbent, Alexander Ogilby, and Webster Reyner. After evaluating the four men for nearly a year, telling his decision to no one on campus, Bob Moss selected George Broadbent, whom Cameron admired, as the best choice.

In August 1967, with a half-year sabbatical only months away, he faced the inevitable and appointed Bill Cameron as acting headmaster for the period June 1968 to mid-February 1969.

Still holding his choice for assistant head in confidence, Moss wrote Felix duPont on April 30, 1968, "I would like to propose to the Executive Committee the name of the person I shall appoint when I return from sabbatical. While the Board through its Personnel Committee will confirm the appointment late next winter and thereby make it official, I would like assurance from the Board that nothing stands in the way of my making this administrative change as soon as I get back."

This letter was followed by one the following week to Chick duPont: "I would like to know the Board's decision on the process itself, the timing as well as their tentative judgment of the candidate I shall propose. It is important for Bill Cameron to know as soon as I get back what his assignments will be in the following year. It is my wish that there be an orderly and clearly understood transition from Bill Cameron to his successor."

Correspondence between Moss and Cameron in 1968 reveals clues to what was to follow. The Fifth Form was about to elect a new advisor, the two candidates being George Broadbent as first choice, and Chip Snowden as second. Just before returning to school in January 1969, Moss wrote,

The choice between George and Chip for Fifth Form advisor is a delicate matter. I know it needs to be settled now but I wish you and I could talk about it as it has wider ramifications.

Without putting the reason down on paper, I think it is very important that George not take on any additional assignments (including history sections) next year so that he will be free to undertake a totally new position for me.

You and I will be discussing this soon after my return.... I am sure you can put the case over without either the Form or GAB being disappointed. Of course you won't say anything to George about any changes that are in the offing.

Immediately upon his return, Bob Moss met with Bill Cameron off campus, saying unequivocally that their awkward and unproductive arrangement could not continue. He suggested that Broadbent step into the assistant headmastership in the fall of 1969, but that Cameron should take a week to think it over.

Only a few days passed before Bill Cameron, showing admirable foresight, told the headmaster he had reevaluated himself and his role at school. Cameron expressed delight over the choice of George Broadbent, who in his opinion was absolutely right for the job. Moss wrote Chick and Felix duPont of Cameron's acceptance, and the matter was closed—but remained unannounced, for Broadbent still had no inkling of the new role he was to be offered.*

* Moss was unaware that in 1958, when Bill Cameron thought he was in the running to head the school, he had told George Broadbent he wanted him as assistant headmaster should he get the job. Moss's recognition of Broadbent as a potential major figure in school administration was a happy coincidence.

Moss found it difficult to take up the reins again. In June 1969 he reported to the trustees his puzzlement and discomfiture. He needed to talk about "the strange state of the school this year." He said he did "not feel fully informed as to how things went last fall and winter. Something was amiss. Chaplains and the senior prefect were 'down,' and there was an undercurrent of antagonism among the boys, manifesting itself in undue breakage and vandalism, in refusal to get haircuts. There was something wrong in the atmosphere." He cited the Chapman-James proposal to dismantle school government, the Fifth Form's refusal to nominate prefects and school leaders, personal criticism of the headmaster by masters and boys, wrangling over the McGowin proposal regarding hair length, a thief in the school, difficult honor offenses, a change of attitude among some of the student leaders.

Bill Cameron's health was declining, a fact noticed increasingly by his colleagues. His secretary, Jean Bradford, expressed her concern to Bob Moss. The once-rugged "Bull" smoked constantly, and just coming up the few front steps left him huffing and puffing. Pallid and tired, he plodded on, refusing to take time off.

George Broadbent was on sabbatical, and in mid-winter history repeated itself when the trustees authorized Bob Moss to fly to London to discuss the change. Again no one on campus was aware that the headmaster had spent a weekend in England, because he was back in the chair for faculty meeting Monday evening.

Before agreeing, Broadbent needed to determine exactly how his friend and mentor felt about stepping aside for a younger man. Years later he wrote, "Bill Cameron *did* know in advance and did in fact make the choice and help in the decision. There is no other way that I would have taken over this part of his role. I am equally certain there is no other way that Bob [Moss] would have asked me to do so."^{*}

As soon as Moss drove onto the campus after fly-

ing back, he stopped at the Cameron house to report on Broadbent's decision. Bill Cameron was relieved, and the die was cast.

After his appointment, Broadbent wrote Moss a long letter analyzing the state of the school and the "age of change," concluding, "One thing you have always done is to try to make St. Andrew's a livable place for faculty." He cited Broadmeadow School, scholarships for faculty children, and other steps.^{**} "I think this will... be a vital job. I hope that I can help you."

Many on campus misunderstood the manner in which the assistant headmastership had changed hands. Rumors and speculation flew, invariably critical of Bob Moss, suggesting he had arbitrarily and without notice demoted Cameron, who was portrayed as resentful and upset. Over time the myth consolidated into erroneous "fact" that persisted for many years.

At the last faculty meeting of the year, June 17, 1969, Chester Baum introduced a special resolution in recognition of Bill Cameron's long service as assistant headmaster, including the resolution to establish an annual "William H. Cameron Award" to a sixth former for outstanding service to the school.

Moss and the trustees believed that Cameron should remain in charge of admissions, with assistance from Chip Snowden. Alumni were now returning with school-age children and would be glad to see the Bull still there to welcome them and to discuss applications. Cameron shared in this decision and Snowden's appointment with apparent relief. He did not—could not—leave the school to promote admissions, but with Snowden to assume part of the burden and Moss continuing to explore new sources of applicants, an invigorated Admissions Committee grew to include several more faculty.

Bill Cameron did not live to see girls in the student body, nor even more than one or two women on the faculty. Just as years before he had dragged his feet on the admission of black students, he

* It had not been a difficult decision for Cameron to make after all. Already feeling the effects of an as-yet-unsuspected terminal illness, he knew the time was right to relinquish a fatiguing and difficult role to a younger man whom he admired.

** The founding of this elementary school, grades one through eight, immediately improved the lot of St. Andrew's faculty families who were troubled by the low caliber of public schools in the area. To assist his faculty with tuition at Broadmeadow, on November 1, 1965 Bob Moss asked the Finance Committee and Executive Committee of the Board to subsidize the education of faculty children at this small elementary school. Broadmeadow School had a slow start until late 1966 and again in mid-1968, when the Episcopal Church School Foundation, recognizing its value to St. Andrew's families, assisted the new school with substantial grants to partly offset its financial difficulties, purely on the basis of providing a good education to the youngest St. Andreans.

was unequivocally opposed to coeducation. He told one faculty wife her role was entertaining advisees, housing school guests, and keeping her mouth shut about school affairs. A staff member recalls, "Bill Cameron believed women should not be employed here except as secretaries. When librarian Dick Barron was hospitalized and could not return, it was suggested that faculty wife Mary Dunn (who had been assisting in the library) take over, but Bill Cameron replied that women should be told what to do, not take charge." Mary Dunn became a first-rate head librarian.

Cameron was not loath to share his ideas about women. Mary Ella Boyle remembers him saying, "If you ever want to figure out what a boy's going to be like when he's a man, look at the dam of the family." He regarded women as strong creatures, but one had to beware of them. "There's nothing wrong with any boy but his mother!"

The Bull continued to chair most Disciplinary Committee meetings, for the school loved the near-circus atmosphere when miscreants were tried for such heinous crimes as hazing, concocting homemade alcoholic beverages, being out after lights. There was enormous anticipation prior to the posting of a printed Cameronian edict on the main bulletin board.

As a pioneer in the 1930s, Cameron had seen the need of establishing order in the new school. Once it was defined, he maintained that order throughout his life, even as the school itself changed with the times. The problem, of course, was that Cameron knew the school so well, thought so highly of it, that it was difficult for him to accept the idea that those responsible for its future—trustees, the headmaster, and many faculty—wanted to see it evolve into something more than it had been. Some of the new headmaster's approaches and ideas bothered him, and he was not reluctant to say so. He was uneasy about Moss's open-door policy of listening to anyone who had something to say about the school or his work. He thought it released a Pandora's box of real and imagined complaints that were best kept locked away. Such ideas were threatening. He felt a need to nail everything down; he became more legalistic, more wedded to precedent. With every edition, his creation, the *Handbook*, grew longer and more complex—and more of a delicious challenge to students who pored over it to find loopholes and impose their own interpretations

of school regulations. (One of the last editions contained ninety-seven pages of rules, penalties, and explanations of school affairs.)

It was sad to watch Bill Cameron, so heroic in his prime, falter and lose his way in his later years. Bob Moss visited him in the hospital many times during his last weeks of life. The day before he died, the now-wasted Bull took Moss's hand and said, "You've done a good job. I wish I could see it through with you."

Some found it easy to paint Cameron in dark colors, but Bob Moss never did. He wrote about Cameron's peak years, "He worked in the heat of day, knew the vagaries of faculty, had an instinctive understanding of how people worked, taught English with fervor and with demanding standards, and was a fine coach. I am happy I did not ever have a confrontation with him." When asked to describe Bill Cameron with a single word, Bob Moss said, "Noble."

Good-by, Uncle

When George Broadbent resigned the assistant headmastership in 1971, those who sought hidden meaning embellished his departure with the rumor that he could not serve under the headmaster. Another reason was floated: that he missed being "Uncle George" and was uncomfortable in a disciplinarian role. Broadbent puts the latter theory in perspective: "A grain of truth to be taken with a grain of salt." But there was no truth whatsoever about his rumored inability to work with Bob Moss, whom he liked and admired. He wrote, "In a small community it is quite natural for things that happen not to be taken at face value—and sometimes with reason.... [My resignation] was all it appeared to be."

The headmaster's March 6, 1971 announcement to faculty, students, alumni, and trustees stated: "A few weeks ago, when his father died, George Broadbent found himself charged with substantial family responsibilities. He has given long and careful consideration to how he can fulfill these obligations and also remain on the faculty of St. Andrew's School. It is quite clear that, because of the distance between the School and his home in Scranton, Pennsylvania, it is impossible for him to do both. He has decided, therefore, to resign from the faculty in June 1971."

George Broadbent had been a fixture, popular and respected, and his sudden departure prompted trib-

utes from all over. He played an undefined, but enormously important, role as friend and confidant to legions of students, both the outstanding and the neglected. "Most of it can be attributed to geography," he says with characteristic modesty. "I lived in the midst of students for twenty-two years. I think Black [Hughes] and I and one or two more were simply 'Mayors of Boys Town.'"

At commencement, the Headmaster's Award, "given each year to an alumnus who has greatly served his community," went to George Adamson Broadbent (1941), "a great schoolmaster who has served this School with distinction for 22 years."

Several tangible results of Broadbent's caring approach remained for many years. He designed or greatly influenced the design of the school blazer, the school tie, the *Yearbook*, and the class ring. But his greatest contribution to the school, Herndon Werth (1952) wrote, "was intangible. Long before the 'generation gap' became a part of our vocabulary, it apparently existed, if only in a lesser form, as a 'communications gap,' and George bridged this gap for over two decades."

His colleague Blackburn Hughes wrote in the June 1971 *Newsletter*:

I think that the most appropriate place to salute George is in his own apartment.... If we knock at the proper time, we will find at least two rooms comfortably filled with students, two or three faculty, and, on weekends, a set of slightly bewildered parents. Between 5:30 and dinner there will be a meeting of the publications staff; some one in charge of the St. Timothy's dance will need help; three Fifth Formers will call to see if the new blazers really fit; two seniors will stop to say college applications are lost; and several English history students will express concern about tomorrow's tests.

During all of this, a certain serenity is maintained by heavy infusions from a mammoth pot of Earl Grey and a two-pound box of ginger cookies. It is a remarkable hour, one that has buoyed the spirits of many of us at various times during the past twenty-two years.

The team is completed

After George Broadbent's successful, though brief, assistant headmastership, Bob Moss and the trustees were eager to find a permanent assistant head, pref-

George has told me how understanding you have been about his leaving. Your note to the students and faculty was wonderfully expressed. The same thoughtfulness was extended to me four years ago. When you wrote about George's treating the school like a family, you described his style perfectly. He knows how to help boys, especially the ones who seem lost in the shuffle.

—Black Hughes to Bob Moss, April 1971

erably from outside the school, who could provide an infusion of new ideas, fresh approaches to established practices. Almost immediately James Orville Brown's name came up; but he had recently been appointed headmaster of a Pennsylvania school, so a delicate approach had to be made.

Jim Brown had extensive independent school experience. For twelve years he was academic dean at Pennington School, New Jersey, until 1969, when he accepted the headmastership of Perkiomen School. Perkiomen was just then admitting girls as day students, experience that could be vitally important as St. Andrew's embarked upon its own momentous venture into coeducation. Brown was fully aware of forces affecting boarding schools—students' desire for an easier life, problems of attracting faculty, chafing at rules, athletics, and chapel, and other problems. His wife, Barbara, knew the ropes for entertaining, meeting parents, and advising students.

Brown responded with cautious interest to Moss's first written overtures. Then Moss drove to Pennsylvania, where the two men discussed the matter at length. The plan went into high gear in Delaware, and on March 19 Moss wrote, "The Trustees have given their enthusiastic approval of your appointment as Assistant Headmaster. To this I add my own invitation to you to join the St. Andrew's faculty in September 1971."

Brown did not want Perkiomen to suffer by losing its new headmaster after so short a time, and declined the invitation. A disappointed but determined Bob Moss wrote on April 12, "I can well imagine the anguish you and Barbara have suffered these past weeks and I want to tell you that I agree with your decision and I admire it. In fact, it is the very guts you have shown at Perkiomen that make me want to have you here. And, therefore, I

have decided to postpone the appointment of an assistant headmaster until next year."

The trustees agreed to Moss's proposal to bring in Rob Pyle (1963) to serve as assistant to the headmaster for a single year, a job he did ably and with good humor. In October Moss wrote to Jim Brown: "The Trustees have decided to start all over again at the beginning in the search for an Assistant Headmaster. They want me to assemble another roster of candidates, narrow the choice down to a few, and then ask those few to meet with a committee of Trustees in Wilmington before a final decision is made."

It was a highly correct, professional letter, promising to keep Brown posted, but giving no indication that he was still Moss's first choice. Now events moved rapidly. In mid-1972 Brown met with Chick duPont, Dick Trapnell, Walter Laird, and Felix duPont. Bob Moss had provided a full résumé of Brown's education, religious affiliation, military service, teaching and administrative experience, and family. The four trustees knew everything necessary about the man's record; now they needed to size him up in person. They found him impressive, knowledgeable, precisely right for the job. They questioned him closely about coeducation. After two good years of getting Perkiomen in the best shape possible, Brown now felt he could leave. The announcement of his appointment appeared in February 1972 in the first issue of the *Reporter*, a school publication that was the brainchild of Bob Dobson, the new director of admissions.

Why did Jim Brown leave a successful headmastership to become second in command at St. Andrew's? "Because of Bob Moss's presence," he declares. "He ran a *good* school, one I wanted to be affiliated with." Brown understood that a headmaster has to make decisions based on things he knows, that he can discuss with a valued colleague, but that the public does not, and cannot, know. He felt he could help in this regard.

The original announcement named James O. Brown *academic dean* for the first year, not assistant headmaster, which in effect he was at once, and in fact thereafter. It was a fine beginning. On May 19, 1973, Bob Moss sent a handwritten note to Jim Brown: "I have enjoyed working with you tremendously and I think your presence at St. Andrew's is making a real difference to the School.... Both students and faculty have great confidence in your standards, judgment

and efficiency. For my own part, I am able to do things and think things this year that have been denied me years past. I hope you will always feel free to tell me about any aspect of your position that seems undefined or uncomfortable. I am always open to suggestions of new ways to do things at St. Andrew's. Thanks for a great first year."

Primarily, an assistant headmaster acts as the headmaster's surrogate in all matters. He is informed of every item that crosses the head's desk, and is ready at a moment's notice to take over the running of the school. His role as an alter ego is essential to administrative continuity and efficiency—he is there to serve as a sounding board and advisor to the headmaster, who, by every definition, has a lonely role. At St. Andrew's he has access to the headmaster's "green book" (kept in that era by the head's secretary, Doris Lum), which records school policies and precedents. Jim Brown's extensive school personnel file contains hundreds of memoranda from Bob Moss during Brown's five years as assistant head, and dozens more from Jon O'Brien during the year Brown served as assistant head and academic dean in the new administration.

On a year-to-year basis, no other faculty file approaches the bulk of Jim Brown's. Its scope is enough to make the head spin—and might well cause a would-be assistant headmaster to think twice. Memoranda deal with late bells, recess food, a possible drug courier at the school dump, new faculty evaluations, athletic director candidates, departmental self-evaluations, weak students, calendar matters, weight of period grades on term/year grades, alumni/faculty seminar, school holidays, daily schedule, student evaluations of teachers, faculty assignments, rooming assignments, departmental problems, a student's emotional difficulties, faculty handbook, student guide, trustee matters, exam week schedule, JOB as acting head of modern languages during the chairman's absence, academic committee matters, faculty gripes, sports, tutoring, parents' weekend, students in danger of failing, weak faculty, vandalism, defacement of posted notices, the dress code, menus, advisor-advisee relationships, admissions, college advising, coaches, corridor operations and rooming matters, reduction in use of gasoline in school operation, interfaculty conflicts, music practice, school physician reports, change of classrooms, regional conferences, faculty presence on weekends,

female guests to the school.

A chapel talk given by Jim Brown in his first year so impressed Bob Moss that he asked him to address the faculty at the opening meeting on September 8, 1972. It was a memorable talk.

Perhaps there are times when we would all like to recapture... a time when the curriculum was set, when we went through the same routine year after year, when students more nearly accepted our infallibility, and when we were so sure that we were *always* right. But those days are gone.... We must always be willing to change—but at the same time we must always pray for the wisdom to know what to change, and what to leave alone....

Educational institutions, in general, are the most inefficient conglomerates in the experience of the human race. We are slow to change, comfortable in a self-righteous, almost priggish way in which we who run schools are in danger of being *too* sure we are *too* right, *too* much of the time. Our ruts run long and deep... setting arbitrary standards that we would find difficult to defend on any rational basis....

Our schools express concern for the individual, but still the highest virtues too often continue to be obedience, conformity, or even submissiveness.

Jim Brown's greatest interest and involvement was with academic affairs. When Bob Dobson and I suggested, then organized, a winter interim known as MiniTerm, Brown was an effective proponent and overseer. Each year I prepared a lengthy report on MiniTerm activities, with data gleaned from every student and the entire faculty, from which we planned the following year's program (see chapter 9 for a fuller discussion).

Brown was appalled to find a statement in the student handbook sanctioning corporal punishment. Bill Cameron had inserted it there years before and "had not let Bob Moss take it out." (There is only one instance on record of a paddling during the period this book covers.) In Brown's new, brief, completely rewritten handbook—now called the *Student Guide*—that statement was omitted, along with much else that defined rules and "appropriate" punishment.

Jim Brown's experienced eye saw many matters that needed attention. Young faculty in certain departments seemed to be "thrown to the wolves,"

left to fend for themselves. He watched and advised as Bob Moss attempted to improve communication between headmaster and students, holding regular meetings, finally establishing effective rapport through a form officers' group. He also noted how the headmaster was maligned over matters about which others had limited knowledge.* He admired Bob Moss for his thoroughgoing professionalism and his patience.

The academic program was much on the headmaster's mind. He wrote Brown: "Somewhere in its program St. Andrew's must excel. We must be known for something. Indeed it takes excellence in one field to increase the improvement in others. We have a reputation in biology and we should promote this in the future. I hope we will strive in the future to promote excellence in the arts and at least in one non-scientific field." All departments grew under his counsel and prodding, with Jim Brown constantly at work in the same direction.

Kathryn Nevin (1984) recalls Moss telling the school at the time of its fiftieth-anniversary celebration "that one of the best things about SAS [in his day] was its *uneasiness* about itself." She continues, "I'm afraid the main uneasiness SAS has today is making sure its image stands up to scrutiny... rather than an uneasiness born of a desire for self-improvement."

In 1972, in giving credit to his assistant headmaster, Bob Moss wrote in his report to the trustees, "Changing a *curriculum* is like moving a graveyard. Changing an *athletic program* is like moving frontiers in the Balkans. Quite a feat to have done both in one year."

Brown's importance to the headmaster was so great in his second year (1973–74) that Moss felt comfortable taking a much-needed half-year sabbatical that had been urged by the trustees. He sent a handwritten note:

I am personally grateful to you as I see how I have a little more freedom and scope to do things in education that mean a lot to me. And I am well aware that my sabbatical is only possible because you are here....

I want you to be more than a caretaker; take the reins and drive your way, and keep the momentum going forward. There is no question but that from

*These included the continuing "austerity program" (chapter 5), the chaplaincy change (chapter 1), and the previous assistant headmaster decision.

February 21 on you are in charge and so you can make decisions as you think they should be made.

Finally, let me just say it's fun working with you. Thanks for a lot of help.

Peripeteia

Within classical drama's tetralogy lies *peripeteia*, the moment of crisis when the drama abruptly changes course. The Moss years at St. Andrew's School had elements of Sophoclean tragedy, in which the human will is at the mercy of circumstance. The final precipitous change in events was widely misunderstood, even by participants and close observers—trustees, headmaster, faculty and staff, students, and alumni. Only now, with access to every source, does the story emerge—a circumstance that ran away with itself.

Bob Moss's first two years established in people's minds what sort of headmaster he was—a sort he had no intention of being in the long term: immersed in finance and organizational matters, remote from ordinary school life, leaving daily administration to others. The long middle period that followed was one of slowly gathering the school within his administrative grasp, overcoming resistance and working to reduce inherent problems. The final brief climactic stage was one of collapse at a time when he thought he had secured his role—a position those in Wilmington saw differently.

The seeds of discontent were sown before Moss set foot on campus. Many senior faculty did not want an outsider. The fact that he spent a year or two putting the school on a sound business basis, leaving day-to-day supervision of students to Bill Cameron, reinforced the idea among some that here was a man not totally in charge, that Cameron really ran the school. As Moss began to gather in the reins and Cameron resisted change, the headmaster found himself battling an opposing current. But he never wavered in his determination to lead the school into a new era.

The trustees who supported the new headmaster occupied the center of power for much of his tenure. In one memorandum they suggested that Moss "de-

fang" certain members of the faculty. But unless a staff or faculty member was totally inept in his job, or his behavior was thoroughly unacceptable, Moss valued his presence, and was reluctant to act precipitously. One important but discontented member of the senior faculty found a headmastership elsewhere as a result of exploratory work by Moss.

A staff member, embittered after being forced into an early retirement after a long history of inefficiency, expressed his grievances in writing to sympathizers. One faculty member sought support for such protests by calling an ad hoc gathering of selected faculty. The meeting ended abruptly as invited faculty quickly detected disloyalty to the school's administration, but word delivered off campus found its way into a file being kept on the headmaster.

The intensity and inward focus of boarding school life sometimes affect vulnerable faculty unhappily. One man, agitated over what he perceived to be a slight, came to my back door at midnight to seek advice. Another bided his time over many years, laying out an entire structure intended to topple the headmaster. He "could not rest until the man was gone." Communicating with "friends on the board," he claimed "the school has no heart"—the exact words repeated later by members of the board as they attempted to explain to Bob Moss what his failings were. In a letter to an alumnus (1963) the headmaster acknowledged learning of this comment by a board member he had previously thought supportive. Covert opposition to Moss personally and as a headmaster gained momentum on and off campus, and the cumulative effect was devastating.

Even in moments of anger or despair, Bob Moss never exhibited a cruel or base design. Dissembling was anathema to him. But he did not easily project his convictions, hopes, or an interpersonal warmth to more than a few. One of his unbiased faculty, Chris Boyle, suggested he simply wasn't a "people person," and that ultimately was his undoing, because it allowed misunderstanding and speculation to run unchecked. "Bob dealt with people in terms of their jobs and their ideas—not very much in terms of them as friends," Boyle added. Chaplain David Leech, who worked well with the headmaster, says, "I really

* Leech had been found "guilty by association" even before the new headmaster took over. Because Bill Cameron was unavailable one weekend, Leech was called by Bishop Mosley to drive to Wilmington to meet Bob Moss on one of his early visits. Some read into the chaplain's taxi duty a covert involvement with the headmaster's selection. Leech never lived it down, but others were unaware of his assessment of the new man.

don't think the man was capable of the kind of warmth I would like to have had."* Another faculty member described a kind of "hardness" that contrasted with the "benign attitude" of Walden Pell. Moss was aware of all this, but did little to counteract it, believing that rumor and errors in judgment would collapse under their own weight.

When a genuine need arose, in deference to individuals involved, Bob Moss kept his concerns and actions very much between himself and the Board of Trustees. His public silence reinforced the opinion that he cared little for employees in time of trouble. But time after time, the record reveals a compassionate nature not seen by others.

Employment of both Steve Foley and Dave Staats dated back to the first days of the school. By the time he was in his sixties, Foley's heart had deteriorated to such an extent he was severely handicapped in doing his job.

While he could not do work requiring physical exertion, doctors confirmed that light activity would be good for his morale, and Moss created a special job that enabled him to continue his employment without seriously damaging either his health or his sense of worth. When he was hospitalized, in 1960, Moss wrote a long letter to Ben Fox, assistant secretary and assistant treasurer of the board, asking him to explore several questions involving Social Security and pension. "In view of Steve's long and faithful service," Moss wrote, "we should give him every possible benefit." The school should continue to employ Foley in some fashion, no matter how light the duties might be.

Ultimately, Foley's health grew so precarious that retirement was the only alternative. On July 1, 1960, Bob Moss wrote him a letter of appreciation, describing the pension plan selection that would be best for him and concluding, "I can well imagine how difficult it has been for you to even think of retiring, and particularly how hard it must have been for you to think of stepping out of the School which you have watched grow stone by stone, boy by boy. It has meant a lot to the School to have had you on the job, come what may, year after year. Your loyalty and hard work during difficult years and in emergencies will not be forgotten."

During the summer of that same year, Dave Staats became ill with a mysterious ailment. He took sick leave, then his accumulated vacation time, but still

was unable to return to work. He was then hospitalized for two months, during which time Moss saw to it that the school kept him on extended sick leave with full salary—an expensive matter. When Staats returned to work in December, he had not missed a single paycheck, but health-related expenses had been a considerable drain on family resources. On December 8, 1960, Bob Moss wrote the trustees a full summary of Staats's illness and his current situation, urging them, "In view of Dave's twenty-five years' service to the School, I think we should consider sending him a Christmas present to help him out at this time.... It seems to me entirely in order that in this time of trouble the School go out of its way to help."

On December 14, Moss was dismayed to learn that the trustees had decided not to take up the matter of a Christmas gift for Dave Staats. He protested, persisted, and had Norm Thornton gather more detailed information about Dave's expenses and his medical coverage. Eventually the trustees authorized the assistance he insisted upon.

Bob Moss continued to care for former St. Andrew's employees after they had gone elsewhere. When Coerte Voorhees died while headmaster of the Cathedral Choir School of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, Moss learned of the paltry pension insurance the other school provided his widow, Lois. He went into action at once, writing to the board president Brooke Mosley: "I think the Choir School is taking a cold-blooded attitude.... I am really concerned that an Episcopal institution, such as the Choir School, should take what to me appears to be a cavalier attitude toward the misfortune of someone whose husband they worked very hard to persuade to come to them."

During Bill Cameron's final illness, when it became evident he would have to retire, minutes of the Pension Committee of the Board of Trustees, March 19, contain a confidential Moss memorandum urging that Cameron receive "a gratuity equal to one year's salary, in addition to and having no relation to the amount he will receive from the Pension Plan."

Similar concern and assistance affected many others, staff and faculty alike. Bob Moss always had in mind the welfare of both individuals and the school as a whole, but his demeanor was such that this was seldom apparent to those outside of an immediate situation. An occasional love affair between adults

would be handled with such discretion that few were ever the wiser, and those involved emerged unscathed and appreciative. If a marriage actually dissolved, the employee was urged to stay on or, if that was not in his or her best interest, Bob Moss sought new employment elsewhere for the person.

One of Moss's most skillful maneuvers involving the well-being of the school, especially its students, was shown in May 1965 when a young faculty member from abroad was found to be in homosexual contact with a student. A thorough, detailed, and utterly confidential investigation by Bob Moss followed. The boy and his parents were counseled by the headmaster and the boy's advisor, with salubrious results.* The man left St. Andrew's within twenty-four hours and few at the time, or for years after, knew the precise reason for his sudden departure. Bob Moss's notice to the faculty read, "I am sorry to announce that Mr. _____ learned recently that his visa has not been extended and that this means he will not be able to return to St. Andrew's next fall.** In order to permit him to see other schools in America during the next few weeks, I am granting his request to leave St. Andrew's at this time. Other masters will assume his duties for the remainder of the year. We wish him well." While a number of other students to a degree were aware of the situation and were counseled as well, the effect upon the school, student body and faculty alike, was negligible, thanks to the confidential manner in which the situation was handled. Even the perpetrator, shaken at first, wrote Moss after his departure, "You have been so kind to me and I hardly know where to begin thanking you for all the considerations on my behalf." He carried this gratitude back to his home overseas. In September a letter arrived from a mentor at his university. "There is no question but that he realizes fully the import of the situation and I think you must be congratulated on bringing this home to him without losing his admiration or confidence.... He is evidently taking advice you may have given him" (Moss had written bluntly, "I do not think school teaching is the right career for him.")

Other matters could not be kept out of the limelight. Drugs arrived on the scene in full force in the fall of 1971-72 with several sixth formers involved, either as suppliers or as users. Coaches and advisors,

mostly out of ignorance, were incredulous at first, then kept silent, either feeling unnecessary guilt or engaging in furious denial—"Not on *my* team, they're not!" While sources of information were accurate, physical evidence was necessary. Bob Moss and Rob Pyle, assistant to the headmaster, found a saucepan used to mix drug concoctions. They did not understand drug usage much better than had Bill Cameron a few years earlier, to whom the whole problem (marijuana in his day) was foreign and unbelievable. The inescapable fact was that hard drugs were present in the school. Moss, Pyle, and corridor master Simon Mein went on what was called "a police raid." While a number of boys known to be involved with drugs were found in a dormitory room drinking wine, the real hunt was for drugs, which were not found in the search. But the illegal drinking of alcohol provided sufficient evidence for immediate expulsion. Parents, either protesting their sons' innocence or angry at having them expelled without "trial," expressed extreme hostility toward Bob Moss. Some complained to Elbert Carvel, a former governor of Delaware who was prominent in the Episcopal Diocese, who informed the school that he intended to come to St. Andrew's to inspect all records of proceedings, correspondence, and records of the students involved, to conduct personal interviews, and so on. "I told him to go to hell and never heard from him again," Moss said. "For about three months I felt pretty lonely. But Joe Moss [a strong prefect and chairman of the Honor Committee, no relation to Bob Moss] and others in an *excellent* Sixth Form turned the school around. And the faculty pulled together to help."

When Felix duPont visited campus not long after the event, he commented to a corridor master that he felt sorry for the expelled students and their families. "It's a pity we can't have a more flexible approach," he said. "Bob Moss wants a more flexible approach; it was senior faculty who were hard-nosed about it," the man replied. One senior faculty member recalls, "There was a group of faculty who insisted that the students involved *shall be dismissed*, the way it was written in the *Handbook*. Bob Moss, however, wanted the rule restated to read 'may be dismissed,' although others would not hear of it, so it remained in print."

* See "Baum's Maunderings" in chapter 9.

** The visa was not extended because Bob Moss withdrew his certification and informed the Immigration Department the man was *persona non grata*.

Several years later, when Jon O'Brien first read the rule, he changed it at once.

Moss knew well that any headmaster inevitably would become somewhat unpopular, at least in some areas of administration and among a few of his charges. He did what he had been empowered to do, did it effectively and in the best interests of the school. But there were times when being the target of the students' rebellious state—typical of student behavior in the late 1960s and early 1970s—made him uncomfortable. Traditional Cameronian rules were overrun, and the headmaster's appeals to good sense had little effect. Huldah Moss deplored the feeling that students "were thumbing their noses at everything the school stood for."

A twofold erosion of the administration had set in. The undercutting of the headmaster's base intensified; the file being kept on him, now including complaints from the families of students who had been expelled, ascended the chain to senior trustees. Further, trustees began questioning the headmaster's judgment, and his tenure. Now that his major objectives had been realized, Moss's view of the future appeared to some diminished. Several thought they detected signs of wear and tear—one reason for encouraging him to go on a half-year sabbatical in 1974, leaving the school in the hands of Jim Brown.

After sixteen years, St. Andrew's had moved far along the course Moss had charted. Before leaving on sabbatical, in his annual report to the trustees he contrasted the school with that of 1968, when full tuition had been \$2,200, the science building and New Dorm had recently been completed, the teams had won most of their games, and the year ended "culminating the long uphill growth from the dismal days at the beginning of the 1960s." Then he turned to the current school.

Everyone says the school has changed; we hear this from members of the faculty, alumni, and parents. It is the girls. The school has shed reluctance and apathy in favor of involvement. Academic work is a little less cerebral and there is less athletic pressure. There are more choices in the curriculum, and authority is more diffused. With the exception of Howard Schmolze, the old guard has gone. There is a new assistant headmaster, a chaplain-housemaster, a director of admissions and director of athletics. The school is a more complicated operation, with more

people, more choices and programs, a more flexible schedule....

There is almost too much going on and centrifugal tendencies almost shatter the unity of the school.... The cost of running the school is up almost 50 percent. Tuition will be \$3,500 in September and we are having to reduce scholarships from 50 percent to about 42 percent.

Much of what he said sounded as though it could have come from the mouth of Jon O'Brien a few years later, especially, "The school is less strict, but may be a more friendly place." The third stage of the school's growth had already begun.

Bob Moss's confidence in the good job he had done was unshaken, recognized, he thought, by trustees and school alike. But when he returned from his half-year sabbatical, refreshed and full of ideas, he began to notice subtle changes in attitude and behavior among certain trustees. One of middle rank with whom he had enjoyed a particularly close working and personal relationship avoided talking with him. Unannounced trustee meetings were held without his knowledge. In that era, when the headmaster was not a member of the board as he is today, this was possible, but it was almost unheard of.

Moss and Chick duPont, chairman of the Personnel Committee, had an explicit understanding that each would approach the headmaster's eventual retirement from his own viewpoint. "When the fun had gone out of headmastering," Moss would know the time to stop had come and would discuss it with duPont. Chick, in turn, agreed to give Moss an annual evaluation, and when the trustees felt the strain was getting to him or that his leadership was faltering, discussions about the future would be initiated. After Chick's death, Moss assumed Felix duPont would follow the same procedure, which was on record. In



Bob Moss and Felix duPont at the dedication of the new girls' dorm, 1974.

the year or two prior to 1975, there was occasional, informal mention of a time when Bob Moss might hand over the school to someone else, but apparently too obliquely for Moss to get the drift. The stage was set for *peripeteia*.

Early in 1975, Moss spoke with some trustees about his sixtieth birthday coming up in September. If he retired at sixty-five, he pointed out, his pension would be based on twenty-three years of service. Following this discussion, on March 3, 1975, the trustees requested Walter Cady, secretary of the board, to compute Bob Moss's pension from 1976 to 1981. Certain other deliberations were afoot in Wilmington. Some trustees believed Moss had become insecure, defensive, unwilling to consult with anyone. They were only partly correct. Chick and Hank duPont, his most valued advisors on the board with whom he consulted frequently and regularly, were gone, and while his administrative style had verged on authoritarianism, it had grown less so after George Broadbent, then Jim Brown, shared the burden as supportive and contributing assistant headmasters. Some trustees still saw him as a bottleneck between the faculty and the board. On the contrary, exchange of information was vastly improved since his early years and since Walden Pell's headmastership. Dick Trapnell recalls, "Waldy was inclined to preserve his dominance of the school faculty and staff and not encourage any communication between school and trustees. Bob Moss started off that way, but then began to bring more people in."

If it's hard to communicate with fellow mortals, don't think it's going to be easy with the gods

—Ches Baum (1936)

Moss may have had a subconscious perception that his future was being weighed without his knowledge. On April 4, 1975, bypassing his secretary, he sent a confidential handwritten memorandum to Felix duPont, Jr.

My strongest hope for the future of St. Andrew's is to see it pass smoothly and graciously into other hands when the time comes.... I want my successor to take over a strong school without any kind of internal discord and confusion. To this end I want to work very closely with the Trustees.

I give it some thought now and then, especially when I worry that my upbringing, education, my experience in teaching during the 40's and 50's and my style of headmastering may be becoming out of date....

1. When I leave St. Andrew's, if I am able to do so, I want to go on to some other work....

2. If I feel that I am losing my edge or that I am running out of physical stamina, I will retire early... and make a clean break from the School. In this case I will let the Trustees know a year ahead of time.

3. I urge the Trustees to look at each year as it comes and goes and not hesitate to tell me when they feel the time has come for the School to march to a new drummer.

4. If I can be useful to the School after my retirement, I shall certainly want to do so without hindrance to my successor or obligation.

I am glad to send you these, my private thoughts. I hope we can talk about them some more.

Bob Moss received no acknowledgment, written or spoken, to this invitation to discuss his eventual departure. He was puzzled by the lack of response, but not alarmed.

In the meantime, the trustees engaged a "headhunter," Francis Lloyd of Bass Harbor, Cape Cod, to find a successor to Bob Moss. At the time Lloyd was retained he was not told that Moss was unaware of a search getting under way. When he learned the truth, seven months later, he resigned immediately. Lloyd knew Moss and did not want to be involved in anything that seemed professionally unethical.

Moss's concern began to build. He had lunch with Dick Trapnell, then visited Walter Laird in his office. He felt that neither man provided satisfying answers to his questions, and he sensed a new distance between them. He wrote Trapnell in October 1975, "From time to time individual Trustees have asked me how good a school is St. Andrew's in relation to other leading schools? [The answer] often comes down to what the Headmaster says about St. Andrew's and what insights he can develop regarding other schools, and both of these are pretty subjective."

Moss mentioned a man who might more objectively evaluate the administration of St. Andrew's: Paul W. Wright, former headmaster of Groton, who had recently visited the school. Should the trustees think an assessment from him would be valuable, they could be assured that whatever Wright

reported to them would be highly professional and in strict confidence.

A week later, Moss prepared a two-page confidential commentary for the trustees, "When a School Changes Headmasters." In the 1960s, he said, it was commonly thought headmasters should serve no more than ten years, to allow flexibility and new currents for a school to retain vitality. Moss disagreed. It takes at least five years for a new headmaster to settle in, he pointed out. A good headmaster should serve twenty-five years, thereby providing continuity and stability. He ended on a personal note, saying he wanted to remain in office seven more years to complete a full twenty-five years of service.

Again, there was no reply. Wilmington remained silent.

Certain trustees were squarely facing the probability that Bob Moss would not be the headmaster much longer. On November 6, Trapnell wrote his own commentary, "Questions Relating to Retirement of the Headmaster of St. Andrew's School." In it he raised a question asking what "stability" in a school meant, or what was going on in the school as it evolved: "Why do we believe that young people thrive in an atmosphere of stability, when, in fact, our recent 'good' years have resulted in large measure from changes in schedule, program, boy/girl education?"

Another question in particular revealed a businessman's mind about running an academic institution that was also a closely knit residential community. "Why can't a boarding school be run by 'committee management,' with a chairman, as most business enterprises are run?" He then revealed the hand the trustees were soon to play. "Why is it good for a Headmaster to terminate his leadership suddenly without a complete, forward-looking, and agreed-upon plan of changeover?"

By now, having heard nothing about his status from Wilmington for over seven months (such meetings as he had with trustees during the period were devoted to normal school matters), Bob Moss clearly sensed a change in attitude. One trustee twice avoided meeting him on the street. Phone calls were not returned. On November 12, he again wrote Felix duPont. "There have been times when I have been

uncertain of my relationship with the Board of Trustees," he wrote. He mentioned his concern that trustees harbored criticism of his action in the 1971 dismissal of students involved with drug activity, criticism that they were not sharing with him. Only recently, he said, through the former governor's attempted intercession, had he learned of dissident parents of the dismissed students. He had remained ignorant of serious complaints until a year later when an alumnus astonished him by apologizing for having taken part. "How about parents and alumni who endorsed the school's position?" he asked the trustees.

That dissatisfied parents, former teachers, and staff were on his mind was revealed in an October letter to attorney and board member William S. Potter. He wrote of New England schools in which lawsuits had been brought against headmasters, the schools themselves, and boards of trustees. "In my own case, I wonder whether I should have a personal policy covering 'professional accountability,' or whether I am covered by an overall policy which the Foundation or the School carries."

As apprehension built, he wrote Felix duPont yet again, reciting difficulties from his earlier years that had been well known to Chick and Hank duPont, but were unfamiliar to most other members of the present board. An element of desperation was evident:

My first ten years as headmaster of St. Andrew's were a trial. Since my path was blocked on so many occasions, I had to bide my time in some areas, and devote time to up-building the facilities and the faculty of the School. Bill Cameron's type of schoolmastering was twenty years out of date when I reached St. Andrew's in 1958. He had a powerful grip on the School through older members of the faculty, the admissions procedures, and the discipline system. He intimidated the new faculty... and maintained a stance... against change.... It was not until I returned from my sabbatical in the winter of 1969 that I felt I had the reins in my hands. Bill had nearly wrecked the School while I was away and confidence in him on the part of both students and faculty was badly shaken. This I realized as soon as I returned and reported the same to the Trustees.* Many of the

* At the semi-annual meeting of the Board of Trustees in June 1969, members discussed "the strained atmosphere at the School" that Bob Moss had found upon his return from sabbatical. There was "antagonism among the boys and between the boys and the faculty," and "considerable resentment toward the haircut rule and the 'pettiness' of the School regulations." Some boys were "bitterly critical of the School."

students who got in trouble in 1971 were the disaffected students of 1969.

It was only since 1970 that I have had my own team...who support my aims and work together to make the School tick.... It has been a long uphill pull and now the School has achieved real momentum....

Five years ago you, Chick, and I talked about my continuing as headmaster, and at that time I said it ought to be one year at a time. I really did not know in 1969 whether I could get the reins in my hands and whether the School was ready to move ahead.

Once more, there was no reply.

Why didn't Felix duPont answer Bob Moss's letters? If it had been left to him alone, this kindly man might have done so. But during much of this period there was no consensus among the trustees for Moss's future; opinions and options ranged widely, and it is doubtful a reliable response, specifically directed to his questions and thoughts, could have been prepared. Moss's letters stuck in duPont's mind as tacit suggestions that retirement was imminent, even emerging—as at least one trustee thought—as a *request* to retire.

An inescapable fact was that a headhunt had already begun, and the clock was ticking.

Felix duPont wrote Dick Trapnell expressing his hopes and questions. "Naturally I want to see SAS the best school in the country, but I may be wrong in saying someone else will improve the school in the next few years, if we can find him. Whenever the change comes, I hope we get a humanitarian who is loved by students and parents. This brings up the question of timing and deciding now whether Bob is to retire 7-1-81 or earlier and in either case talking to him about it. While lunching with Win Schwab, he suggested that two trustees might sit down with Bob and discuss the subject in a congenial atmosphere."

In mid-December Felix duPont asked Paul Wright (whom Moss had mentioned to Dick Trapnell) to comment on the school and the probability of success for Moss's headmastership over the next five years. Wright replied,

I liked what I saw. There seemed to be a warm, relaxed relationship between students and faculty; there was a seriousness of purpose in the academic areas, there were thoughtfulness, perception, and constructive interest in the school on the part of the faculty. I observed both enthusiasm and sanity on the

athletic field, and I felt a natural, quiet reverence in the Chapel that I have rarely seen in any school anywhere.... I can't help but believe that somehow, somewhere, I would have picked up negative feelings, if in fact such feelings were present. Knowing something about the way boarding schools operate, I am quite certain that the satisfactory state of affairs... must be largely attributed to the Headmaster. I urge you... to keep the present Headmaster for another four or five years....

I cannot answer with certainty whether Bob Moss can meet the challenge of the new and the different problems which I suspect are bound to come up during the next four or five years.... I would venture to say that the probability is high that he could. An intelligent man, who has been through the difficult times and the exceedingly rough sledding that he has, *must* have learned a great deal, and it is the fact that Bob Moss has come through the way he has which prompts me to bet on him in the future.

Moss did not learn of this letter until much later, when it was referred to in a trustee meeting. Apparently it did little to sway an opinion that had already solidified in Wilmington.

Fireworks

At the end of fall term, 1975, a few students were held over to work off disciplinary marks. On their last evening, December 17, several surreptitious teenage smokers retreated to a third-floor attic hideaway in the wing containing the administrative offices. They left behind a waste can of smoldering trash that hours later burst into flame.

Around 9:30 the next morning, one of the secretaries, Lucille Smith, discovered the fire and reported it to Ken Windle, superintendent of buildings and grounds, who was about to have his morning coffee in the dining room. He ran to the business office to get Norman Thornton, while alerted maintenance men rushed to the scene with fire extinguishers. Nancy Whitlock, another secretary, offered to call the fire department, whereupon Thornton shouted, "Stay off the phone—this is my fire!" Felix duPont had instructed him to avoid calling the fire department, because firemen "always make a greater mess than the fire does." He told the women to return to their desks and get back to work.

Someone did call the fire department, and every

engine within miles arrived. When the fire marshal ordered the women to leave the building at once, Nancy Whitlock replied, "Mr. Thornton told us to stay here and work." The marshal loudly replied, "To hell with Mr. Thornton. I'm in charge here and you get out!" Abby Mannering, financial secretary and comptroller, grabbed the payroll, the only item removed from the offices. Hearing the fire engines, Ruth Thornton, Norm's wife, rushed over and "made a valiant effort to calm him," says Mary Dunn, who witnessed the whole affair. "I know he is going to have a heart attack, he is so upset and red in the face," Ruth exclaimed.

There was one casualty that day, and it wasn't due to the fire.

As the fire engines arrived outside the headmaster's office, so did I. Bob Moss and Felix duPont were standing outdoors on the grassy oval, stony-faced, oblivious to the unfolding spectacle. I spoke to them, but got only a nod in reply. The fire was put out without great damage except to the adjacent storage area, and we dispersed. No one knew the drama that had been played out in Moss's office only moments before.

At 9:00 A.M. Felix duPont had unexpectedly appeared at Bob Moss's office door. A startled Moss invited him in, the door was closed, and duPont uncomfortably came to the point. The message that he conveyed was simple; the Board of Trustees had decided it was time for Moss to step aside. The fire upstairs terminated whatever discussion might have developed and they hurriedly left the building.

Felix duPont remembers that morning with sadness. "Bob wanted to complete his job to retirement. That's when I got the mission [from the Board of Trustees] to go and tell him he couldn't go on. When I went down to the school representing the board, to talk with Bob in his study, the school caught on fire. The whole thing left an awful impression on me; it was one of the worst times I've ever had."

The following day Moss went to duPont's office in Wilmington and was told the decision was final. Why? Because "it was time." Why had the decision been discussed in secret without consulting the primary figure? There was no explanation.

Felix duPont is a caring person, one of the kindest and gentlest of men, who has difficulty expressing himself in sensitive matters. He admired Moss for the excellent work he had done as a headmaster who had

imposed fiscal responsibility on operations, who by force of commitment and will had brought integration and coeducation and academic distinction to the school; who had carried St. Andrew's into the twentieth century. As president of the board, however, he knew he was the one who had to convey the message, and he did not shun a predictably unpleasant duty. At the same time, he had been an integral part of the decision. He had received Moss's increasingly worried letters during the year, and by the time the matter came up openly in a board meeting, he believed the headmaster was initiating retirement proceedings. Other trustees received the same impression, which may have prompted Dick Trapnell's November memo regarding a headmaster's retirement. This belief fortified both discussion and the action that was already under way. The final decision was readily made in mid-December, and shortly afterward Felix drove down to St. Andrew's.

Bob and Huldah Moss had a trip planned to Florida. He said nothing about his personal upheaval to anyone on campus, but before they left, he called a close friend, John Crocker, headmaster of Groton. Outraged, Crocker called or wrote headmasters at other New England schools, among them St. Paul's, St. Mark's, Kent, Exeter, Andover, and St. George's. All rallied around their deposed colleague. He also wrote Bishop William H. Clark, chairman of the board of the Foundation, and Felix duPont. Crocker then advised Moss how to proceed.

Following his return in early January, Moss again went to Felix duPont's office to hear an explanation for his dismissal. Exasperated and very uncomfortable, duPont told him the trustees had "a whole file" on him "full of bad stuff." He would share nothing in the file with Moss, and they parted in unfriendly fashion. Only later has it been possible to reconstruct the file's contents: two unfounded allegations and one misinterpretation, (each originating from outside the trustee body); and complaints from several irate parents of dismissed students. A few disgruntled ex-employees wrote that Moss had wronged them, when in fact the decision to terminate their employment or determination of their benefits had been corporate decisions upon which the headmaster was obliged to act. Although a confidant of a board member spelled out the essence to him, Bob Moss himself never saw the contents of the file. After numerous requests to be told what the charges were

(but not who had made them), Moss desisted from further attempts.

In early January, Bruce Bredin and Bill Potter, both senior trustees who had always been friendly to Bob Moss, came to see him at school. They wanted him to sign a letter of resignation, to "do it our way," but he refused. Subsequently he called each trustee, one by one, learning nothing more than "the school runs beautifully, so it's time to change."

Felix duPont was truly distressed by the turn of events. He wrote to Dick Trapnell, mentioning letters supportive of Bob Moss from George Broadbent and board secretary Walter Cady, and expressing his wish for a calm, peaceful, and hopeful transition.

The bylaws of the Foundation permitted the headmaster to request a meeting of the full board. Bob Moss did so. Present on January 12 at the Hotel DuPont were Executive Committee members Bruce Bredin, Felix duPont, Walter Laird, and Bill Potter, trustees Win Schwab and Bishop Clark, and the headmaster. Bill Potter served as spokesman, saying in essence that this was the way retirements are handled. Again Moss was asked to sign a letter of resignation. Paul Wright's letter was brought out, and a lengthy discussion ensued, following which Bob Moss was asked to remain through spring 1977. Some trustees accused him of stirring up the board, calling him a thorn in their side. Moss ended the meeting by saying he would continue to run St. Andrew's as best he could and would have no more to do with the deliberations, but would reply within two days.

On January 14, he wrote Felix duPont, with copies going to Potter, Laird, Clark, and Bredin, restating his wish to remain until the school's stated "normal" retirement at age sixty-five. He made no offer to resign and said it was unfair for the trustees not to have shared criticism with him. He still did not know what it consisted of.

"The trustees have decided that they feel the time has come for the school to march to a new drummer," Felix duPont replied on January 21. "Would it not be better for the school and for you if you were to announce your retirement as of this school year? It seems orderly for you to get your proper acclaim this spring and for Jim Brown to be acting head next year while a search committee functions."

Bluntly duPont pointed out that Moss was making things worse by refusing to resign. He then leveled heavy artillery: "The Executive Committee is consid-

ering adopting an announcement to go to alumni and parents advising them of the termination of your employment this March first. It is my one hope that you will accept the inevitable with that dignity and forward thinking you have shown in the past. Please give me your reply by Tuesday next."

There was nothing left to do that would not harm the school. On January 23 Bob Moss officially tendered his resignation to Felix duPont, effective June 30, 1976.

In a covering letter, Moss wrote, "It has been five weeks since the Board met to discuss my future at St. Andrew's School. During that five-week period, I have waited in vain for written notification of the Board's action with reasons given." He declined to be a lame duck headmaster for an additional year. He also explained that he had called several trustees—Schwab, Dodge, Brownlee, Trapnell, and Bredin—and learned that the board had received criticism of his management; that his style engendered "a school with no heart"; that criticism had come from former faculty, a former employee, some parents and alumni. The trustees did not specifically cite criticism from current faculty. Moss reiterated his surprise that trustees had not shared such criticism with him and had withheld annual evaluations of the sort that Chick duPont had formerly provided. He confessed to being genuinely puzzled, then recounted the reassurance by Bruce Bredin and Bill Potter that criticism of his performance did not amount to anything and was not a significant part of the decision. If this was so, what role did the secret file play?

Moss concluded, "I have responded to the [board's January 21] letter asking for my resignation by sending you my resignation. This I have done for the sake of the School which is bound to be the loser when contact between trustees and headmaster is broken.... I want to close on a positive note. St. Andrew's is a great school, the creation of many good people: trustees, faculty, students and employees. I am proud to have had a part in its history."

He was given a choice between two already-prepared versions for a letter of resignation. One spoke of a disagreement between the headmaster and the board; the other was a simple statement of his resignation. He chose the latter.

By now the immense blow to his self-esteem had begun to take its toll, and on February 12 Moss prepared a mimeographed confidential letter to be sent

to selected alumni, fellow headmasters, friends, and a few others, explaining the entire process from his viewpoint. It was clearly written by someone who had been hurt, sought support, and could not see the event objectively. It was, of course, too late, but it evoked sympathetic letters and an indignantly supportive letter from an outstanding alumnus, Alex Hemphill (1940), a distinguished lawyer in Philadelphia and father of several children who attended St. Andrew's. He addressed all trustees stating his belief that reconsideration would be in the best interests of the school. Moss replied that he had no intention of pursuing the matter further.

Moss consulted a major law firm on the basis that he had been asked (from his viewpoint) to dissemble and that derogatory information had been withheld from him, then used against him. He was advised that his case was excellent and the suit unusually strong, but he was also advised not to proceed, because the power and resources allied against him would cause the case to be dragged on for five or six years, there would be enormous drain on his personal life, and the press would find the story "juicy." The headmaster would be seen as suing the *school*, not the Episcopal Church School Foundation. Bob Moss loved St. Andrew's and would not consider harming it, his colleagues, or his students. He did not proceed.

Unpleasantness between the two camps reigned much of the spring. The board wanted a trustee to sit in and monitor every faculty meeting, but Moss refused to allow this. The faculty is an autonomous body, he explained, and the board of the Foundation had no authority in its meetings. While no trustee appeared at a faculty meeting, several were present at the school meeting on February 2, 1976, when Bob Moss announced his forthcoming departure.

Felix duPont visited Bob Moss at school on March 10, but the meeting did not go well. The next day duPont wrote, "The real purpose of my visit with you was to improve our relationship for working together through the Spring term. I find my job is a difficult one, as it seems impossible to speak for the whole Board.... It falls upon me to be the whipping boy at this time.... Since I was sensitive as to how you would take criticism, I may have erred in your eyes now, for which I hope you will forgive me.... Marka asked that I give her love to you and Huldah, to which I add mine."

Bob Moss expressed his own regret over a dis-

cussion gone awry.

That was not a Christian way [for me] to speak... and it only makes our relationship strained. I am sorry and I hope you forgive me.... In the last months of my headmastership I mean to run the School well in every department and to turn the School over to Jim Brown in A-1 order.

"Education of a definitely Christian character"... "The teaching and conduct of the school are based on the Christian religion." These words of your father should continue to guide us all—trustees as well as all of us who work and study at St. Andrew's. They should provide the glue to hold the whole enterprise together.

Damage control

On January 2, 1976, Bob Moss asked five senior faculty to come to his office: assistant headmaster Jim Brown, senior master Bill Amos, director of admissions Bob Dobson, chaplain Simon Mein, and associate chaplain Sandy Ogilby. In strict confidence, Moss told us of his dismissal. He asked for comments, but we were too shocked to register anything other than dismay and the promise to say nothing to anyone. Moss charged us with the responsibility of keeping the school on an even keel and, when the matter was finally made public a month later, of providing every kind of advice and assistance to faculty, students, parents, and friends of the school. Prior to the faculty meeting on February 2, when Moss announced his resignation, he asked me to gather senior faculty in my office immediately after the meeting, provide whatever reassurance seemed necessary, and answer their questions. At no time did Bob Moss ask for sympathy or seek our support.

A senior master has no real clout, but he is listened to. During the eight years I was the one with the longest tenure of anyone on the faculty, I was called on frequently by two different headmasters, an interim headmaster, and a number of trustees for opinions, ideas, advice, and evaluation. Sometimes I took the initiative. After learning of Bob Moss's termination, I wrote the Board of Trustees, not in protest or even defense of the headmaster, but to provide reassurance the school was in excellent shape, being run well, with an able faculty and energetic, reliable, and supportive student body. There was an additional point to make: I, and many others, strongly disapproved of

what we saw as subversive efforts over the past several years by a few faculty to undermine Bob Moss. This was not conjecture, but based upon factual evidence. My letter expressed hope that such disloyalty to an administration had not precipitated or unduly affected trustee action. My letter was acknowledged with gratitude, but the point made went unanswered.

Nothing seemed out of the ordinary when the Monday evening faculty meeting began. The headmaster gave the opening prayer, minutes of the previous meeting were read, and matters from the academic and honor committees were considered. There was no old business. Under new business, after two minor items were considered, Bob Moss addressed us calmly and succinctly. His remarks were clear, objective, with no hint of disappointment or rancor. Nervous trustees who had wanted to be present had nothing to worry about, as the minutes show.

On and off over the years Mr. Moss has had private conversations with individual trustees on the subject of his ultimate retirement. These conversations did not include a specific date nor a plan for his retirement.

During the past seven weeks there have been discussions of his retirement and the process of changing headmasters.

Mr. A. Felix duPont, Jr., is making an announcement. It is already in the mail. It speaks highly of Mr. Moss's leadership of the School, and contains these sentences: "Our headmaster, Robert A. Moss, who has been an outstanding leader of St. Andrew's for 18 years, has announced to the Board of Trustees of the Episcopal Church School Foundation his intention to retire from the headmastership at the end of the current school year.... We are grateful to Mr. Moss for his long and faithful service to St. Andrew's and we wish him success and happiness in his future endeavors." The announcement also appoints Jim Brown interim headmaster effective July 1, 1976.

Mr. Moss then urged the faculty to close ranks and to work as a team; to seek greater warmth and unanimity in faculty life; to put an end to criticism of one another; and, above all, to keep close to the student body during the period of transition that is coming. He reminded the faculty that a boarding school is a very fragile organism. He stated that the School has sound administrative machinery which is well tested. Mr. Brown... deserves enthusiastic support of every member of the faculty.

Mr. Moss closed by saying he would not discuss this matter or answer questions until later in the

week. He will speak to the students at 9:40 this evening in the auditorium.... He asked the faculty to say nothing to anyone until that hour.

Bob Moss was fully aware of the activities of the handful of faculty who had made every effort to unseat him over the years, yet he never confronted or admonished them.

Immediately following adjournment at 8:37 P.M., the senior faculty whom I had earlier invited to come to my office after the meeting walked down the hall in silence. They had been puzzled by the invitation, for which no reason had been given. Chris Boyle, Bob Colburn, Don Dunn, Roy Ryan, Evert van Buchem, Larry Walker, and Dave Washburn sat or stood quietly as I explained that the whole thing had come about through a natural series of events, initiated long ago by Bob Moss when he had brought up the subject of his eventual retirement. I gave no details and advised that we go about our business in a calm and orderly fashion, quieting fears and squelching unfounded rumors. My comments were offered to reassure them that the procedure leading to his resignation had been uneventful, that there was nothing for them to be concerned about. Very few questions were asked; all appeared subdued, immersed in their own thoughts of the impending change in their lives and the school. It seemed to work, for the entire faculty performed its duties the rest of the year in exemplary fashion, showing little sign of shock.

The school meeting that evening was short, simple, and straightforward. Bob Moss spoke kindly and directly to the students, who were quietly surprised and puzzled. In their youth and short stay at St. Andrew's, they thought faculty and especially the administration were a permanent part of the edifice that embraced and supported them. In general, they were less affected than the faculty.

In the minds of the five of us who had been taken into his confidence a month earlier, at both meetings Bob Moss had never been more in command. We knew the depth of his hurt, the wrestling with the decision and when and how to announce it, yet his two public statements were masterpieces of dispassionate explanation, infused with support for the school community. Among the boys there was talk on the corridors at bedtime, but little conjecture. Predictably, a few were glad to see the headmaster leave, but the overwhelming sentiment

seemed to be, why? What's next?

The surprise now past, the school settled down to normal activity. Moss performed his administrative and social functions as though nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. Under the surface, it was a stormy spring, full of baffled inquiry, contentious opposition, recrimination, anger, and a festering deep hurt. It was not one-sided. Felix too suffered.

It was not an easy period, at least for me as senior master, a role that extended into the next year with Jim Brown in charge. I received frequent calls in the early morning from Walter Laird, chairman of the new search committee, who wanted to keep his finger on the pulse of the school. I supplied only facts about which I could be sure, never conjecture or rumor—there were far too many of those floating about. We both were concerned about the mood of the school during Moss's last months as well as the time ahead while a new headmaster was being sought. The faculty *had* to be kept calm and reassured.

Soon the story began to spread beyond the campus. School heads elsewhere rallied to their colleague's side, writing letters of support. A number of alumni wrote backing the headmaster and expressing disapproval of the board's action. Speaking as an alumnus rather than as a previous member of the faculty, George Broadbent (1941) wrote admiringly of the school and its administration to Felix duPont: "I believe that St. Andrew's has come into its own, has matured, and is a sound, first rate, and unique institution. After all, forty-five years in the life of a school which began in a depression, weathered three wars and the spin-off of the so-called student rebellion of the late sixties, is still a short time."

Walden Pell and Howard Schmolze—both retired, but living nearby—learned of the matter in January. Schmolze says, "After Bob Moss told us about the trustees' request for his resignation, Kathryn and I went to Waldy at his home in Maryland, 'Perfect End,' with a letter [we had] written in longhand. We talked all afternoon. Waldy typed two copies of the revised letter." The Schmolzes signed one, Pell the other, expressing astonishment and indignation, and asking to be told why Moss's headmastership was being terminated. The letters cited all the good things Moss had done. They were not personal letters, but formally addressed to the president of the Board of Trustees. Both copies were mailed separately on the same day. Neither was acknowledged, and neither

Pell nor the Schmolzes ever heard anything further about the matter. Until their deaths, Walden Pell, the man who had literally created St. Andrew's School, and Howard Schmolze, a surviving faculty member of the school's second year, remained baffled about the whole affair.

Moss attended the April and May board meetings, but was ignored except to provide figures for the following year's budget. At the last board meeting in the spring, Dick Trapnell stood up, said, "That's it," and walked out. Walter Cady, the loyal and impartial secretary of the board, looked down and shook his head.

For the June board meeting, Bob Moss asked Jim Brown, as incoming interim headmaster, to make the annual summary report. Included in his remarks was a strong admonition that the board must exercise greater direction under which the headmaster could operate. To Brown's astonishment, the trustees made no mention of Moss whatsoever. When his presentation was over, there was only one question: "Do you want us to send more money?"

Trustees were apprehensive about commencement. Few (one faculty member remembers two, another only one) attended either the baccalaureate service or graduation ceremonies. Had they heard Bob Moss's sermon the previous Sunday, they might have been reassured—and perhaps engaged in a bit of introspection.

I hope St. Andrew's is always a place that looks on people expectantly, seeing through whatever they appear to be now, to see what they might become. This means softening our judgments of one another. It means always looking for a person's possibilities in the future. I hope that each one of you in the lives that you will live away from this place will look at other people compassionately, that you will not be blinded by conventional criticism, what the world thinks, or stereotyped classifications—he's one of those—but instead you will look upon your fellow man and try to perceive what is the best in that person, and the best that person can become, and then treat that person with expectation and love and forbearance.

At commencement, Felix duPont offered a gracious tribute to the headmaster, citing the many accomplishments during his era: coeducation, vast improvement of the academic program, the creation of an arts department and the MiniTerm. Enrollment had risen from 160 in 1958 to 210 in 1974. Much addi-

tional property had been acquired and a major building program had gotten under way, including a new faculty house, the field house addition to the old gymnasium, the science building, a new dormitory, the new sewage plant, and complete renovation and enlargement of the kitchen and pantry. A major addition to the dining room and extensive redecorating and additional seating in the chapel eased the problem of crowding. Library facilities were expanded, and renovation of the South Dorm erased its traditional Spartan atmosphere. With termination of leases over a six-year period, all lake-front cottages of the former Lewis farm had been demolished and the handsome parkland, newly named Rodney Point, came into being, complete with pavilion and numerous outdoor grills. As an added inducement to attracting and keeping young faculty families, in 1966 Bob Moss had been instrumental in founding nearby Broadmeadow School.

“Older people do not like change,” duPont observed, “and Bob Moss found tough sledding—both at school and among trustees—when it came to opening the doors of admissions to anyone mentally and physically acceptable. Now girls are winning crew races and twelve will graduate.” He concluded his short address by paying honor and giving thanks to both Bob and Huldah Moss. St. Andrew’s was a good school because of them, he said. They were given a standing ovation.

At a party after commencement, the faculty presented the Mosses with a beautiful painting of the school by former art teacher Howard Schroeder, a preeminent Delaware artist. I had arranged to have Schroeder return when Bob Moss was away and sketch the scene from a spot known to be one of his favorites.

In a letter to all trustees written five days later, duPont hinted at his disappointment at not having

What Bob Moss did stands as a matter of record. He can take great pride in making life a little better for those he touched. The rest is just part of the heat of being in such a position. He did it, did it for a long period of time and the school is that much stronger for it.

—Webb Reyner

other trustees present at commencement—as they always had been in numbers before—to join in a recognition of all Bob Moss had accomplished and given to the school over eighteen years. He wrote of his hope for healing ahead: “A happy relationship between [Moss] and this Board will be good for the School in the future.”

For many trustees, the relationship that he hoped for was not to be.

Times were changing. Elizabeth T. Seabrook, one of the first two women trustees, remembers that “private schools were moving out of the extreme disenchantment of the students in the late sixties and early seventies, which was a blessed relief, but into a new kind of crisis—inflation.” Faced with the search for a new headmaster, her

first view of the board was of a group overly complacent. There was no doubt they had the school’s best interests at heart, but for various reasons these interests had been too narrowly focused on financial matters. Because of the unique financial security enjoyed by the school from its founding, the trustees felt an overwhelming responsibility to protect this heritage.... A decision to replace the headmaster after eighteen years meant that not only the Search Committee, but the entire board, be involved in what kind of a person was needed and what faculty and students were thinking.

John M. Cogswell (1957), another former trustee, was “appalled to learn that during the highest inflation years of our lifetimes—in 1977–1978 or in that general area—the endowment fund decreased nominally by 4 percent. This is quite an indictment on leadership and certainly deprived St. Andrew’s of its ability to expand the spirit of opportunity that has been one of its trademarks.”

Most students of the pre-O’Brien era had little contact with the trustees or knowledge of their responsibilities. A start had been made when Bob Moss initiated occasional meetings between student form officers and members of the board. Freewheeling discussions developed during these dinners in the Wilmington Club, as for the first time trustees began learning about the school directly from its most important young citizens.

Tim Bayard’s (1962) memories are typical for a student of the day. “Do you know what I remember most about the trustees? Getting a better meal when they

were at school. They did not loom large at St. Andrew's. In fact, even during the time I was on the Alumni Board, I hardly ever saw any trustees." A residual impression remained into the 1980s. "It is my feeling that SAS trustees have very little to do with the school; I question even their interest in the school as a whole." Even in the best of times, trustees are only periodic visitors to the campus and the school therefore seems to govern itself through the administration and student leaders.

Students got glimpses of outstanding trustees' love of the school. Louise Dewar (1975) writes, "I never actually met Mr. or Mrs. [Felix] duPont, but they gave a lot of things to us: a pumpkin for Halloween, a painting of a crew race for our common room, and flowers. They always delivered them in person, but never when we were in the dormitory, and we never got a chance to thank them. In my Fifth Form year the girls were given a brand-new crew shell that we decided to name *Felix*. Mr. and Mrs. duPont came down for the christening and the following race."

JOB's turn

In the winter of 1975–76 the trustees turned to the one man who had the experience to run the school while a permanent headmaster was being sought. Jim Brown, thoroughly professional and knowing very well the distinction between an *acting* headmaster and an *interim* headmaster, agreed to assume responsibility for the school providing they appointed him to the latter position. An acting headmaster is required to clear all decisions and policy changes with his board of trustees. Brown wanted none of that.

At the first faculty meeting in September 1976, Brown spoke of his position, of the importance of the forthcoming transition year, of morale. "Patriarchal" leadership was on its way out, he declared, and leadership by consensus was emerging.

Unlike the administratively inexperienced Bill Cameron eighteen years earlier, Brown knew he could run St. Andrew's School effectively. In the spring of 1976, knowing Jim Brown would have his hands full once he took over, Bob Moss appointed me to assume immediately the academic welfare of the school, freeing the interim headmaster from a major responsibility. It was a familiar role, one that I had held for a number of years before Jim Brown joined the faculty, so continuity was preserved.

Robert A. Moss for eighteen years has tried to lead our school in the ways of excellence. His willingness to listen and sympathize, his efforts to show us the exciting realities of both the life of the mind and the life of Christ, and his energetic devotion to bringing out in every teacher and every student the best we have in order that his community might be a place in which "all good learning flourish and abound"—for these things, we shall always be grateful. And we give great thanks to Huldah Moss, who, for so many years, has given her love and dedication to St. Andrew's.

—Class of 1976

During his year in charge, Jim Brown tossed his hat in the ring as a candidate for the permanent headmastership. This time the trustees conducted a thorough, well-organized search that officially commenced in February of Bob Moss's last year. Walter J. Laird, Jr., chairman of the search committee, prepared a summary, "Desirable Qualifications for the *Next Headmaster* of St. Andrew's School," which he distributed to other members of his committee: Dick Trapnell, Elizabeth Seabrook, and Holly Whyte [1935] (who was later replaced by Win Schwab [1936]). The committee retained the services of Carl W. Andrews, a consultant from Boston, who visited the campus in May to advise how to evaluate candidates and structure their visits, the role of the headmaster's wife, sources of candidates, and other matters. Advice was welcome, for voluminous résumés were received and had to be sorted out. Brown was personally endorsed by many faculty, and the Search Committee took his candidacy seriously.

In February 1976, Laird invited the faculty to select two members to join the committee. As senior master and academic dean, I took myself out of the running, wishing to devote all my time and energy to assisting Jim Brown during what would clearly be an unusually demanding year. I nominated Alice Ryan and Sandy Ogilby, who were elected on February 16, 1976. A few weeks later Laird called and asked that I join the group regardless of teaching and administrative duties. So three senior members of the faculty were

involved in the search for a new headmaster—a new experience for the school.

Walter Laird revised his summary and distributed it to all members of the board. They would call further outside consultants only if a need arose. Résumés from would-be candidates began arriving almost at once.

On September 10, 1976, Walter Laird wrote an open letter to the faculty to bring them up to date:

We began our search last Spring with but one objective in mind: to search the entire country over for the person we felt best qualified to lead St. Andrew's in the years ahead. Our premise was that the school is now at a crossroads in its development. It is and has come to be recognized as a very *good* school. We believe it has the resources and the potential, under the proper leadership, to become a *great* school....

To date we have reviewed some 70 résumés. Following an exhaustive screening process this summer we have narrowed the field down to eight candidates whose credentials suggested the kind of character, leadership potential and experience we are seeking. I am happy to report that two of these men, Mr. James O. Brown and Rev. Simon Mein, are members of the St. Andrew's Administration.

Another candidate was a former St. Andrew's chaplain, the Reverend James O. Reynolds—known affectionately during his time at the school in the 1950s as "Straight Arrow."

Neither Mein nor Reynolds made it to the final draw. Although Jim Brown's candidacy remained viable throughout the year, echoes from the past arose. Like Cameron long before, Brown was not kept apprised of how he stood, nor did faculty members of the Search Committee know how he was ranked.

Alice Ryan, Sandy Ogilby, and I were kept busy evaluating qualified applicants. I wrote the same kind of evaluative letter about Jim Brown to the trustees as I had for all candidates after having met them, pointing out his strengths and what he could do for the school. As the year wore on, however, it was increasingly obvious that Brown was out of the running. His disappointment did not affect running the school, which prospered.

When the school year ended, as senior master I wrote a tribute to Jim Brown that was published in the *St. Andrew's Bulletin*.

As Robert A. Moss's retirement approached, Jim's firm hand inevitably took him into... demanding and difficult areas of administration.... As interim headmaster, he approached both major and minor difficulties or commendations in the same fashion we had come to expect; calm, seemingly dispassionate, lucid, humane, and utterly reasonable. I say "seemingly dispassionate" for beneath that quiet, almost cool exterior, there is a man of passion for his profession, of humor and strong feeling that becomes apparent only to those who know him well.

One of the high points in coming to know Jim Brown was during his Chapel address to the Class of 1974 during their last week at School, in which he looked straight at them, and spoke unequivocally of his love for them.... There was a hush in the Chapel and a surge of warmth, for not in my memory had a layman in our midst used that word directly to a group of students in a public gathering....

It tells us how he has been able to guide us through a demanding, often exhausting, Interim Headmastership during this year of transition; it reveals his dedication to our corporate enterprise; it predicts the essential role he will play as our new Headmaster, Jonathan B. O'Brien, enters to take over a School that is in good shape and that has grown as a result of Jim Brown's service this and past years.

The right man at the right time

Seven final candidates (there was a later addition to Walter Laird's September list) were invited to meet trustees and visit the campus. It was then the three faculty members of the committee became actively involved. The top candidates were impressive; any one of them could have handled the job, and a couple were exciting prospects.

Evaluations are unpredictable procedures, influenced by more than established criteria. The wife of one front-runner—an athlete, a clergyman, and a personable man—was professionally occupied in the arts. Almost at once several faculty wives decided she was not "right"—did not look right, did not dress right, did not view her role as a headmaster's wife in the traditional manner. Others found her a delightful and independent woman. The man's candidacy was discontinued. Subsequently he was offered the headmastership of one of the most prestigious church schools in the East, where he has remained for many years.

One candidate instantly ran up a red flag, declaring at the outset that he intended to clean house and shake things up. His wife made disparaging remarks about several aspects of the school. Calls to the two schools where he had been headmaster rang alarm bells in the three faculty search committee members, for we were told his administrations had been disastrous. The man made such a good impression on the trustees that he was at the time their top choice. He and his wife attended a Monday night faculty meeting and were on view to all. Nothing, absolutely nothing, endeared the couple to a single member of the faculty, and my phone almost rang off the hook. We vigorously opposed his selection and told the trustees as much, even before my usual written evaluation could be prepared. A week later, as we walked out of a board meeting, Walter Laird placed his hand on my shoulder and said, "We're not going to take anyone the faculty doesn't want"—an encouraging promise.

The younger candidates dwindled to the vanishing point. An older man—a latecomer—who was a highly respected and beloved long-term headmaster of a fine New England school, expressed tentative interest, but loyalty to his school and to a major benefactor who was terminally ill caused him to withdraw. In the late fall of 1977 we were left with no one who fit. Walter Laird's list had been exhausted. It seemed we might look forward to a second year with Jim Brown as interim headmaster, an agreeable and happy alternative.

Unknown to us, Laird then learned of a young teacher-coach at Westminster School, a Connecticut school most of us knew nothing about. Jonathan B. O'Brien visited the campus with his wife, Joan, and their three daughters during Christmas vacation. Jon was not at all sure he wanted the job and insisted on making the visit unofficially, meeting no faculty or staff. The family drove down one weekend when nothing was going on, parked outside Founders' Hall, saw the pond, and were astonished by the mag-

nificent neo-Gothic buildings. They barely got out of the car and did not enter any building before heading home. Without delay, Jon O'Brien told Walter Laird he was interested.

Elizabeth Seabrook remembers the search and its conclusion: "As the many candidates were narrowed down to six finalists, the entire board became vitally interested in staying in close touch with the developments. And when these candidates had been personally interviewed, more than once in one promising case, and no consensus could be reached—again, the atmosphere within the board was one of unanimous consent. We must continue to search. We did, and from the first interview Jonathan O'Brien brought a perceptible change in the mood. Here was a person that struck a common chord among the members. Personable, young yet experienced, not jaded by previous headmastership experiences, and with a talented and supportive wife, Jon seemed almost too good to be true."

When Jon and Joan entered our home to be greeted by Catherine, then to talk with Alice Ryan, Sandy Ogilby, and me, the chemistry was instantly "right." Our discussions flowed effortlessly. O'Brien's administrative experience was limited, but we all sensed enormous promise. One of his attributes was a lawyer's mind, for prior to entering teaching, he had briefly practiced as an attorney. During our extended discussion, not a single false note was struck. It was plain that he was not attempting to please by saying the right thing. His convictions were clear, uncompromising, and precisely what we had been searching for. We immediately got in touch with Walter Laird and others on the trustee Search Committee to say, *this is the man for us*. Joan passed the "faculty wives' test" with flying colors, and charmed us all with her cheerful, effervescent personality.

In July 1977, Jonathan B. O'Brien was appointed the third headmaster of St. Andrew's School. The long search had ended auspiciously; hope and new enthusiasm were in the air.

Two eras

The nineteen-year interval between the commencement of Bob Moss's headmastership in 1958 and Jon O'Brien's arrival in 1977 saw vast changes in the national and international scene.

In 1958, St. Andrew's was neither integrated nor coeducational; no women were on the faculty. False eyelashes were in fashion, but seen only occasionally on campus during dance weekends that brought a tantalizing vision of the real world beyond school. It was the year of the hula hoop, tested on campus by Black Hughes and Bill Cameron. Nikita Krushchev assumed control of the Soviet Union, and U.S. postage went from three cents to four. The John Birch Society was founded at the same time Pope John XXIII commenced his short reign. Tradition prescribed curriculum, activities, and manners—coats and ties were required at all meals. North of us, the metropolitan East lost the New York Giants and Brooklyn Dodgers as they moved to San Francisco and Los Angeles. People were reading *The Ugly American* and *The Affluent Society* at the same time that sack dresses, fitness gyms, and colored stockings appeared. Zorro was in command of his black-and-white world; the Air Force Academy opened its doors to the first cadets. Except for the master of the day, faculty had no weekend duties. We went to see *Vertigo* at the Everett Theater and watched television reports from Arkansas as National Guard troops enforced school integration. St. Andreans listened to "The Purple People Eater" and "The Chipmunk Song," played on LP records,

which had just begun replacing 78s. The Korean "police action" was over, the Vietnam War had not yet begun, and Walden and Edith Pell were in that country running a mission. As president, Dwight Eisenhower made no waves. The Woodstock generation was in its subteens.

When Jon O'Brien arrived in 1977, the country was at peace again after Vietnam. Stereos on the corridors were thundering "Da Doo Ron Ron," "Blue Bayou," and "I Just Want to Be Your Everything." Long hair on males had almost vanished; hippies had given way to yuppies, and President Carter healed wounds by pardoning draft evaders. The neutron bomb was tested for the first time. Anwar Sadat visited Israel; Elvis Presley and Bing Crosby died. Elizabeth II celebrated her Silver Jubilee, while the United States watched awestruck as the first space shuttle flew successfully. Because the Everett Theater opened only for weekend matinées with films for children, we had to go to Wilmington to see *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and *Star Wars*. *Roots* and *The Thorn Birds* did not remain on library shelves long. And in the basement, a small cadre of students devoted hours on a large main-frame computer to math projects and electronic games. The student body had enlarged, new buildings had sprung up, the curriculum was diversified, and most important of all, minorities and girls were now an integral part of the student body, with women on the faculty.



The first chapel service of a new year.

A Testament to Affection

What did Jon O'Brien find when he took over as headmaster? Ten years later he recalled impressions from his first months.

A formality I wasn't used to; a stiffness; a school that had many more rules and regulations than I was accustomed to—rules governing everything. What the school needed most was warmth, heart.... There wasn't enough laughter; there wasn't enough respect between faculty and students, between faculty and faculty. I felt a sort of isolation and loneliness.

I was overwhelmed by the physical plant; it was absolutely gorgeous. Bob Moss had obviously done a good job and eliminated the shabbiness of the place. The physical presence of St. Andrew's is what hit me first... the wide expanse of land, the woods, the wildlife. If anybody wants to see deer and fox and hooting owls, they are right here.

I was astonished that a church school did not have a community service program... that everything about the Christian element was internalized into the chapel and not externalized into the broader community. [Ed. There was no remaining evidence of the large, far-reaching "social service" program that had occupied a large portion of the school during the 1960s and early 1970s.] But one of the great things about St. Andrew's is the very strong, intellectual commitment to Christianity and to the chapel program. There was learning in the classroom, participation in chapel, but the third base was lacking—the acting out.

The faculty was rather undistinguished for a school with such endowment and resources. I was told by the board when I was interviewed that one of my missions would be to guide and elevate the quality of the faculty. The biggest decision I had was whether to act quickly or to act slowly, and I decided—for better or worse—to act quickly. I let a whole bunch of people go at the end of the year, and it was not pleasant; it did not make for a joyful year for Joanie and me. But I believed it was in the best interests of the school. I didn't think there was much chance of changing my basic attitudes toward these people and I figured the longer I waited, the more difficult it would become, so I bit the bullet.

I was very impressed with the quality of class-

room teaching—overall it was excellent, with some glaring exceptions. There was a seriousness of purpose. Education was not put on a back burner; in a lot of schools the front burner is fun and games and sports, but not here. What went on in the classroom was important at St. Andrew's, not something that was secondary to winning teams or the social life.

It was very clear that we needed more girls.... They were only about a third of the student body and some of their rooms were terribly crowded. If the school had made a commitment to be coeducational, we had a lot more to do.

The November 1977 meeting of the Board of Trustees represented a departure from all previous meetings. It took place at St. Andrew's as usual, but was held on a Saturday morning, November 12. Jon O'Brien invited the trustees to come to the school on Friday, with their spouses, and spend the night. Almost every trustee showed up for a late Friday afternoon meeting with the form officers before proceeding to the O'Briens' house for cocktails with a few faculty, then had dinner in the dining room with selected faculty and students. The next morning, while the trustees met, their spouses were invited to sit in on eleven different classes, then were given a tour of the science building.

That first 9:00 Saturday meeting on campus was devoted to a financial statement and other fiscal matters, with business manager Norman Thornton presenting exhibits covering the school's financial operation. Jon O'Brien then gave his first headmaster's report, concluding at 12:45 P.M. The remainder of the afternoon consisted of watching a varsity football game.

O'Brien spoke to the trustees from handwritten notes. He felt himself to be an observer, he said, looking, listening, talking with students, faculty, and heads of feeder schools. He would always be available to every student and faculty member, would attend all faculty functions and religious services, and would try to meet most families visiting the school. He intended to test attitudes on certain is-

sues at committee meetings, faculty meetings, and with the form officers' group. Clearly, Jon was tapping the pulse of the school.

He told the trustees he was planning certain changes, a few of which he had already made with regard to Parents' Weekend, the opening of school, and Sunday services. He offered a brief assessment of the internal divisions of the school, including the roles of assistant headmaster, academic dean, chaplain, housemaster, business manager, college counselor, dean of students, and directors of admissions, athletics, and development. Most of those already in place he believed he could work with. Some he thought excelled; a few were weak and needed replacement. Some roles were ill defined: "The office of development, publicity, and alumni affairs at present is an amateur hodgepodge."

The new headmaster summarized his assessment of the teaching faculty, citing "academic firepower" but also recognizing that some individuals' ammunition was in short supply. He recognized the students as "a remarkable group" in attitude and atmosphere. He foresaw the need to distinguish real problems—alcohol and drug abuse, lying, cheating—from minor infractions of school rules. He admired student participation in extracurricular activities but knew the boy-girl ratio had to be brought closer to parity. His goal, he said, was to make St. Andrew's *the* school between Philadelphia and Washington.

O'Brien recognized tangible needs, all of which were to be realized in the years ahead: more dormitory space, a complete overhaul of the barnlike South Dorm, a student center, more athletic fields, even an indoor swimming pool that would not be constructed for fifteen more years.

In concluding, O'Brien defined unequivocally the correct relationship between the headmaster and board. It must be a two-way street, he asserted, a relationship conducted with total candor, no secrets, no surprises. He wanted to be evaluated each year and to receive an annual letter of reappointment. O'Brien told the trustees they had to be the strongest advo-

cates and best salesmen for their school. Their belief in and commitment to St. Andrew's had to be sensed clearly by the faculty, the student body and alumni, and the public at large. Gone were the days when trustees might be remote in participation and clandestine in action.

The following week, alumnus-trustee William H. Brownlee (1944), in a handwritten note to Jon O'Brien thanking him for the weekend, wrote: "Not only did everyone enjoy themselves, but there was more communication between Trustees and students and faculty than I have ever seen.... I know that all the Trustees felt the spirit of enthusiasm that is shown by everyone at school this year."

A new, fresh wind was blowing through the school.

O'Brien at once included Norman Thornton in trustee meetings, where he could respond directly to committee questions or proposals. The two men enjoyed an excellent relationship. Thornton found working with Jon O'Brien "a warm, cordial experience." At first they met weekly to discuss school operations, then the frequency diminished. O'Brien apologized, explaining that he now knew he could depend upon Thornton to run his side of the school while, as headmaster, he could devote his time to other matters.

The new headmaster established an Administrative Committee, reminiscent of the faculty Executive Committee that had surprised Bob Moss his first year, but with an entirely different function. The new committee, composed of senior faculty and those holding important offices, was an advisory cabinet to the headmaster—never did it set policy or control operations.

With Jon O'Brien's support and encouragement, Norm Thornton developed new self-confidence. He valued expressing his ideas openly, and welcomed the opportunity to work with Dick Trapnell, chairman of the Buildings and Grounds Committee. For Thornton, "those last years working with Jon were the golden years."

One of Jon O'Brien's early impressions concerned school publications. They were shackled to the past, he said; St. Andrew's was not putting its best foot forward. Parents who requested information received a small publication that still bore traces of the formal catalog Bill Cameron had produced years earlier, although now embellished with photographs. The *Reporter*, a small, folded publication, had space for only a few newsworthy items. Class notes were provided separately in a newsletter published for alumni.

Fortunately a quick cure was available. Four years earlier Bob Moss had proposed a school magazine "to be published three times a year and distributed to 3,000 people, schools, companies, churches, government agencies who do not receive the catalogue.... The magazine will be the size of *Time* and contain 12-16 pages per issue. One-third of it will be devoted to... material of special interest to alumni. The rest of the magazine will carry news of the School, photographs, articles by members of the faculty and students." The *Reporter* would be dropped, and the estimated \$6,500 cost of the new magazine would be borne mostly by the Foundation, but in part by alumni as well. That magazine had never gotten off the ground, but its description was almost identical to what the new headmaster envisioned.

Jon O'Brien had an ace up his sleeve: Carol Stegeman, a new faculty wife, had a background in art design. Given a free hand, Carol created a fresh, attractive, large-format magazine. With each issue of the new *St. Andrew's Bulletin*, she refined the basic concept. Reader response was immediate and highly favorable. Within a few years, the magazine won the first of several national awards. Later edited by Donna Kinney Speers (wife of assistant headmaster Will Speers), the periodical was renamed *St. Andrew's Magazine* when it passed to JoAnn Fairchild in 1995. In design and literary content, the school's premier publication is one of distinction. JoAnn has also redesigned *St. Andrew's School*, an entirely new catalog of the same size and similar format, filled not only with necessary facts and academic listings but with essays defining the goals of each academic department.

The October 1975 issue of the *Reporter*, published in Bob Moss's last year, was devoted to the faculty—their educational background, their individual duties, their awards, professional affiliations, and publications. When Jon O'Brien took over, the concept

was enlarged into *St. Andrew's Faculty*, an illustrated booklet containing individual portraits and capsule biographies. Families who inquire about St. Andrew's School nowadays are provided three handsome, colorful, exceptionally well-written publications that leave little to the imagination.

The school lacked clearly defined development activity. That which existed was shared by a number of people with more pressing duties. In his third year, O'Brien appointed Charles F. Zimmer to run a development office, to be guided by needs the new headmaster and trustees agreed upon. When Zimmer left three years later, director of admissions John M. Niles, who had been on the faculty since 1976, became director of development as well. This felicitous appointment allowed an interlocking of fund-raising, alumni affairs, and recruitment of new students in one office. Under Niles, the development office became vitally important to the school. School publications, and the image of St. Andrew's, progressed beyond anything previously envisioned. An increased budget for both the development office and publications began to pay dividends in increased inquiries and a broader range of applications.

O'Brien was appalled by the lack of alumni interest in St. Andrew's. Alumni were not brought "on board" and back to the campus in large numbers until after he had plugged away at the problem for several years. The previous tiny, one-woman alumni office exploded into a major activity handled by staff and faculty, several of them full time. The development and publications offices took over the old basement chemistry lab and the once-popular "Baling Room," a snack bar run by faculty wives thirty years earlier. By the mid-1980s, they fully occupied the Richard W. Trapnell III Alumni House (formerly home to the Hutton, Voorhees, Washburn, and Higgins families). Each year alumni and alumnae flock back and attend regional gatherings in greater numbers than could have been predicted after almost half a century of minimal involvement. Some thirty years earlier, Bill Cameron had summed up the prevailing attitude, growling, "Why can't we educate them and then just let them go?" At the time, most alumni agreed.

Fortunately for Jon O'Brien, Dick Trapnell's earlier idea, asking trustees why a boarding school could not be run as a business, with a chairman and committee management, did not take hold. Despite his lack of experience as an administrator, the new young head-

master was granted and vigorously accepted complete authority.

Within a few years, one of the faculty said with conviction, "Jon has taken very good care of his faculty. He's a protector; he has done a lot to beef up our summer study program and he's instituted an essential R&R program for corridor faculty."

From his first weeks, Jon O'Brien found ways to promote warm faculty–student relations. At the opening of school in 1977, he initiated a field day for all, with games and informal fun. When students walked into class a day or two later, their teachers were familiar, some already friends to youngsters away from home for the first time in their lives.

Jon O'Brien had to rely upon a few senior faculty to get his feet on the ground. The first thing he did when he arrived on campus in mid-summer was confer with Jim Brown, whom he found bitterly disappointed with the trustees, but an experienced professional who as assistant headmaster was invaluable. Three others, chaplain Simon Mein, senior master Bill Amos, and director of admissions Bob Dobson, were in and out of the headmaster's office constantly throughout his first year, helping fill the gaps.

As the year progressed, it became obvious that a maxim of school-administration-in-change was true: when a new headmaster takes over from an acting or interim headmaster, it is almost always best, even inevitable, that the latter should leave to head his own school. O'Brien's and Brown's styles of running a school were very different, sometimes at odds. After having been a headmaster himself, after five years of working closely with Bob Moss, then running the school for a year as interim headmaster, Brown's attempts to mesh gears as assistant to a new and inexperienced head—one with powerful convictions of how he wanted to shape the school—were doomed. He accepted the headmastership of an American school in England, taking with him Rob Pasco, who upon his recommendation had served as dean of students for one unsuccessful year. Pasco and O'Brien differed on their approaches to discipline.

Discipline can be a problem in a school, especially in a country boarding school. Bill McClements (1981) offers an objective reflection:

Administrators don't ask for trouble, but they have to keep the place under control. Most were reasonable; some, however, gave a lasting impression that they

wanted to clean house—perhaps because they had lost perspective; others may have gotten sick of some of the wise-ass kids who they knew weren't 100% clean. Fortunately both were rare, but the impressions they left were lasting. It's bad enough when you've got all those adolescents around, but it is unbearable when it is compounded by an adult who takes him/herself too seriously. Fortunately most of the faculty did not fall into that category.

As Jon O'Brien began to understand the school, changes were clearly in store. A headmaster's approach to leadership emerges from his personality, and to be successful he must not cultivate a style out of keeping with his character. Jon O'Brien was very different in personality from others who had led the school, and he had an entirely new style. By his second year, the honeymoon now over, occasional grumbles were heard among faculty and staff. As years passed and a few more faculty left, or students were dismissed for abuse of school rules, small nests of discontent inevitably appeared, although no organized coterie of malcontents emerged as they had with his predecessor. Many years earlier, an experienced head had written: "A headmaster is always going to be slightly unpopular with some of his constituents. But he does not allow this to trouble him overmuch, for he is a man who is content to wait for his reward. He remembers the historic verdict of 'a beast, but a just beast,' and chuckles."

Sometimes a headmaster loses his cool. Both Bob Moss and Jon O'Brien were known to deliver admonishments publicly. Both men believed what they were doing was right for the school; both, upon reflection,

In the heavy oak doors leading from the main hall to the cloisters outside the dining room, one of the thick arched glass panels has a small impact hole that has been there for at least half a century. But it had special meaning for Hugo Heriz-Smith (1985) when he was a wide-eyed underformer. A prefect warned him not to tell a soul—it was much too dangerous—that the hole resulted from a bullet fired by Jon O'Brien as he shot at one of his rivals for the headmastership in 1977. Somewhat later, Heriz-Smith heard a twist to the story: that someone had chased Jon O'Brien and shot at *him*. Missed.

For a senior prank in 1985, Heriz-Smith, Bob Scacheri, Desh Hindle, Barry Olson, and Ian Montgomery (all 1985) hatched a plan.

"We took all the dining room benches, four or five at a time, to the field equipment room under the greenhouse to which I had a key [as student lab assistant]. We started late in the week and kept it up until Tuesday lunch when, with everybody there, thirty to forty benches were missing. Everyone stood around Jon O'Brien, who had neither solution nor suggestion. The faculty en masse searched high and low around the school, but couldn't find them. A rumor started that they had been weighted and sunk in the pond. As we walked past Jake Zeigler, Don Dunn, and Mary Dunn, we heard them talking heatedly about the disgraceful act.

"Jon O'Brien finally made an announcement: He admired the ingenuity involved, but the benches had to come back. So Bob Scacheri prepared a sequence of written clues in poetry, starting with one to the headmaster. Eventually the seekers arrived at the proper destination, and a maintenance truck with the student perpetrators returned all the benches to the dining room. O'Brien enjoyed it enormously, and shook hands all around."

Heriz-Smith's challenge was one of a series of pranks played against three different school administrations over many years: the nurse's parrot live and squawking in a soup tureen at Sunday dinner; the headmaster's table gone; a car inside the dining room (another on the Garth); the dean of student's office set up on the barge in the middle of the lake; dining room tables on assorted rowboats; the entire dining room moved to the main lawn; ad infinitum.

sometimes wished they had handled the situation privately or differently. And both suffered a temporary decline in student esteem.

Whatever students think of a headmaster at the time he exercises his authority, they may later see the school and its disciplinary actions in a different light. One student from the class of 1980 recalls:

Mr. O'Brien had a vision of changing the student body from bright troubled kids to bright normal kids. His vision was correct, but his decisions not so visionary.... The futures of several kids I have known for over ten years [were hurt]. Though I never finished St. Andrew's because of circumstances I feel were like getting Al Capone on tax evasion, I was able to use the circumstances that I was part of, and caused, to my advantage. The others never finished college and are still struggling to overcome their St. Andrew's days and their troubled youth.

I am lucky in this respect. I look back at Mr. O'Brien's decision to ask me to leave as meant to be, and I harbor no ill feelings. Mr. Zeigler and Mr. Colburn were always helpful and seemed to understand us and the committees they headed that had to discipline us. I credit them as well as Mr. O'Brien.

Apart from those who were asked to leave the school or who had been severely reprimanded, criticism of O'Brien's headmastership by students, faculty, and alumni was uncommon. When it occurred, it was directed less at the man than at his policies. A former senior prefect writes: "My greatest concern for SAS is that Jon O'Brien doesn't seem to understand (or believe) that St. Andrew's strengths lie in its differences from 'the New England Schools,' not its similarities. He is losing what has always made it a wonderful place to learn and to *grow*. There is nothing inherently wrong with these other schools, only in wanting all schools, and especially SAS, to be exactly like that."

Among the early changes made, beginning in his second year, was the appointment of a number of "directors" and "deans"—not entirely new titles at St. Andrew's, but now more clearly defined, and more numerous. Little red-and-white signs identified the offices of titled faculty with specific responsibilities. Bob Colburn became director of athletics (later director of co-curricular programs), Bob Dobson director of admissions, Jake Zeigler dean of students. O'Brien brought in a former Williams College classmate, Robert H. Stegeman, Jr., who had spent twelve years teaching in public schools in Massachusetts, to take over chairing the Academic Committee as academic dean. As the O'Brien era progressed, others succeeded to each position. Alice M. Ryan became a nearly irreplaceable registrar and director of studies. Alice had perhaps the sharpest, most accurately ordered mind in school history, and an infallible memory. She was never caught in an error or a mis-

taken judgment, and rode herd on tardy and procrastinating faculty. When a perennially late biology teacher managed—just once—to get his grades in on time, she presented him with an enormous medallion emblazoned “Alice’s Award.” (Authorial privilege permits me to conceal his name.)

Not only did O’Brien encourage alumni participation on the Board of Trustees, he brought others back to join the faculty. Instructors were John Austin (1983), Eddie Chang (1983), and Ashton Richards (1978), while Tami Maull (1977) and Chesa Profaci (1980) took over annual giving and development. Whenever an opening or a need occurred, there was no shortage of alumni and alumnae applicants, but they had to compete with the best. As Jon O’Brien’s first decade rolled by, his “oligarchic” style became clear. He was always in charge, but comfortable and confident in the responsible appointments he had made, shifting them from time to time to find the best fit.

His relationship with trustees was close from the start. Almost at once he began to involve board members in the school’s everyday activities, planning seminars in which they could meet with students and faculty, establishing a Education Committee whose members were encouraged to visit classes on a regular basis. Rising costs and tuition created another reason for trustees to pull together. For the first time the school was going to reach out to friends, alumni, and the trustees themselves for money.

This was a major departure. “I have never asked anyone to give money to St. Andrew’s and I never will,” Felix duPont had said. He meant it. “People did not give money,” trustee Elizabeth Seabrook confirms. “The trustees didn’t, the alumni made only the most minor contributions. For several years the largest single alumni contribution was twenty-five dollars.”

With the need to ask for money came the obvious decision to involve more alumni. Seabrook continues, “The board began to grow and change. Many of the

old-timers stayed on and made the transition gracefully and enthusiastically to this new regime. They were spurred on by the enthusiasm of Jon O’Brien, the new opportunities to meet and chat informally with the faculty at the board meetings held at the school, and by the eager and willing new board members drawn from the alumni body.”

Understanding at last the importance of their role, alumni began to take an interest in the school, often meeting with students to share a kind of pragmatic wisdom that only old grads can offer. Years came and went with the usual unfortunate, almost predictable dismissals of students caught on the wrong side of school regulations. A few of those who had to leave in the 1980s and their parents, like their counterparts throughout the 1960s and 1970s, angrily accused the administration of insensitivity or clumsy handling, particularly the headmaster who, as all heads must, served as the lightning rod. Because of increased alumni interest and presence on campus, however, many of those who had gone through an earlier painful separation saw reason to return to see friends and a school they still liked.

The school grew under the new leadership. John Seabrook (1976) observed ten years after he graduated: “Jon O’Brien has brought the school out of its provincial past, when it was perceived as a good little school but with a definite second-class status, and has made it a legitimate competitor with any school in the country.”

Progress during O’Brien’s first decade was marked both in the functioning of the school and in buildings and grounds. Among the new buildings were two new girls’ dormitories, a spectacular new boathouse, and an enclosed swimming pool.* The old laundry building was converted into an arts center, the varsity wrestling arena into a meeting and concert area (while retaining its original purpose for wrestling matches), and the faculty garage into a student center.** Both East and South dorms were converted into corridors with rooms, rather than bays,

* One new construction (early 1984) amused those in the know: the “Jon O’Brien Memorial Paddle Tennis Court,” built in nearby woods precisely on one of the hidden spots dear to the hearts of long ago illicit smokers.

** Woollen Associates, an architectural firm, engaged to study possibilities for a student center, focused on a basement area in the main building and on the former Voorhees-Washburn house, now Trapnell Alumni House. The decision was difficult, so while on sabbatical in 1979, I was asked to review plans with the architect. For many years the large four-bay faculty garage, with its casement windows and stone exterior, had intrigued me as a candidate for recycling. I showed the garage to the doubtful architect, urged him to consider it, and went back on sabbatical. When I returned, there stood a handsome and inviting building, a complete metamorphosis after fifty years of intermittent garage use.

much to the joy of underformers.

The Second Form had always been very small, the largest by far ("The Snake Pit") consisting of nineteen boys in 1949. By Jon O'Brien's time, it averaged about a dozen boys and girls. After a year of school experience, this small group generally served as a nucleus around which incoming third formers gathered, looking for reassurance and leadership. Historically many form officers and school leaders emerged from the Second Form.

The Second Form also presented problems. Eighth graders were not old enough or large enough to participate in interscholastic athletics, or even at the lowest level of intramural sports. So they had their own league consisting of two teams, the Vikings and the Achaeans, augmented by the smallest third formers (see chapter 10). Furthermore, they were not especially well taught. Second Form courses did not count toward graduation (except the first year of Latin), so there was seldom incentive to develop courses of real substance (see chapter 8).

Academic challenges and other questions were periodically addressed in faculty discussions. If the Second Form was eliminated and a dozen additional students were distributed throughout the rest of the school, academic departments and extracurricular activities would benefit. Housing arrangements would be more equitable, as would assignments in the job system. Furthermore, it was clear that because of parents' reluctance to part with their children so early in life (and to endure another year of tuition), the Second Form could never be enlarged. The caliber of applicants for the Third Form was constantly improving, many of them coming from feeder schools where junior high academic preparation was first rate.

For these and other reasons, abandonment of the Second Form was inevitable, but for faculty and students alike it was a wrench to realize these "little people," almost the pets of the school, would no longer be among us. Who, for example, would carefully work out and present the headmaster with clear requests such as these from the mid-1960s?

Suggestions for the Improvement of the Dining Room as a Whole

1. That Sunday breakfast should be southern style e.g. country ham, grits, eggs, stewed apples, cherry pie, or chess pie.

2. That weekday breakfasts should include such things as stewed apples, sausage, or scrapple.
3. That the kitchen should serve a training meal for Senior Eleven Football.
4. That the kitchen should cut down on the amount of jello.
5. That the kitchen should serve better fruit juices.
6. That the kitchen should serve more Mandarin Oranges.

Respectfully submitted,
The Second Form

The Second Form's innovative chapel services, scheduled every few months, attracted almost everyone in school. For several years they maintained a weather station as part of their science program. Since their posted forecasts were invariably incorrect, they switched to a review of the past week's weather. One 1965 weather summary notice read: "The weather is the same. It started getting better and then Saturday it got worse."

The year 1984 was the Second Form's last. Something very wonderful was lost when they no longer were around to attempt, in their earnest fashion, to make the school a better place.

One of the major changes that took place early in Jon O'Brien's time involved the relationship between the school and the Foundation. Originally trustee Allan J. Henry was commissioned to handle the portfolio that was taken over in 1952 by the capable Ben Fox, secretary to the board. Fox conducted much of the business for the trustees and handled all pension matters and insurance. When he grew ill, the portfolio was assigned to the Wilmington Trust Company. Walter R. Cady, the next secretary, worked on investments while developing an excellent relationship with Bob Moss and Norman Thornton. After Bruce Bredin, chairman of the Finance Committee, resigned, Cady became the new treasurer of the Foundation and kept the office open, arranged board meetings, took minutes, and prepared financial reports and statements. With Cady's death, not long after Jon O'Brien became headmaster, it was time for a decision. Should the Foundation office be closed? What purpose did the Wilmington office serve, now that the portfolio was handled by others? Wouldn't people give more freely to St. Andrew's School of Delaware than to an obscure foundation?

Recognizing that the school now had the capacity to handle complex accounting, the board's decision was swift: The Episcopal Church School Foundation became St. Andrew's School of Delaware, Inc. Now the corporation's real role was to cement the relationship between it and the school. Trustees at last became trustees of the school itself, rather than of a foundation that administered the school. With Ben Fox and Walter Cady both dead, Thornton was the last tie to the old method of conducting business operations. It was a change he welcomed, and the new arrangement prospered. He went through the Wilmington files, deciding what should be removed to Middletown.

For eight years, except when salary and performance were under discussion, Jon O'Brien attended trustee meetings as Bob Moss had done, by invitation and of necessity. In 1985, however, O'Brien was elected to the board, about the time older trustees were becoming emeriti—welcome to attend meetings, but no longer voting members. For the first time a St. Andrew's headmaster was an intimate part of all board functions and decisions. Parent representatives and alumni swelled the numbers to almost thirty; youth and middle age predominated, with a wide range of interests and expertise available as the autonomous Board of Trustees developed further its responsibility for the direction of the school, guided by the principles outlined by the founder.

In 1985, A. Felix duPont became chairman of the Board of Trustees. Henry N. Herndon, Jr. (1948) was elected president, the first alumnus to serve in this capacity (see chapter 5). The second, H. Hickman Rowland, Jr. (1958), was elected in 1993. Hick, a native Delawarean originally from Sussex County, was one of many St. Andreans who hailed from the Lewes-Rehoboth area, most of them children of Delaware River pilots. Building a major shipping-related business in Wilmington, Hick Rowland was an unusually supportive alumnus, then an alumni-term trustee (elected by the alumni body), and then a regular trustee and chair of the school's first capital campaign before becoming president of the board.

The First Lady

Ten years into his headmastership, Jon O'Brien used precisely the same words as had Bob Moss: "It's a lonely job." But St. Andrew's headmasters always

had indispensable support and companionship from the most important people in their lives—their wives.

There is no training program for a headmaster's wife: She learns through experience only. Her husband got his job in part because of her. A search committee studies her appearance, personality, support of her husband's work, interest in schools, social acceptability, personal interests and activities. She is seen as a conduit to her husband and an extension of his authority, an influential force. She is the school's hostess, entertaining trustees and parents at times not of her own choosing. She is a friend, a confidante, sometimes even a surrogate mother. She is expected to be at all school events with knowledge of what they entail, even if certain sports bore her or a student rock concert makes her squirm. She organizes faculty wives—when they consent to be organized—into committees and groups supporting school activities. She has little privacy, may never develop a deep, confiding friendship with another campus wife, although a troubled wife may seek her out for support and counseling. She may be lonely, keeping delicate and critical opinions to herself. And there are always a few senior faculty and their wives who think she should remain in the background, pleasant window dressing.

Who is this remarkable woman? She is a wife and mother like any other, with concerns and devotion to her overworked husband and her children who are growing up in a goldfish bowl. She worries that her children carry with them the identity of being the headmaster's sons and daughters, a bit suspect. She watches that they do not overcompensate and become hellions or defy authority simply to reassure their friends they are "regular guys."

A headmaster's wife is the most important person in the world to this man who also is isolated, lonely, the subject of criticism, who wonders constantly if he is doing, or has done, the right thing. No matter what her schedule requires, first of all she is his wife, his sounding board over breakfast who listens to his innermost thoughts the last thing at night. She worries over his worries, over his stamina and health. She may develop intense dislike for those who cause him grief and, in doing so, unintentionally exacerbate an already difficult situation for him.

St. Andrew's has known three extraordinary "first ladies."

Edith Pell was one of the most remarkable women



Edith Bonsal Pell (portrait by Robert Skemp). "She was a mother to every St. Andrew's boy, giving love and support to the faculty, sending birthday cards to every alumnus."

any school has seen. To many early St. Andreans, she *was* the school, even more than her imposing husband. She kept records of every event, every publication, visited the sick, wrote parents and alumni regularly. No one was overlooked when birthdays and holidays arrived. History and data in Walden Pell's *History of St. Andrew's School* were derived almost entirely from her massive notebooks.

The inner strength of Edith Pell, frail in appearance, was legendary. When Waldy struggled with his own troubles in the last years of his headmastership, Edith was there to support him in private and in public. Her nobility was an example to all, and affection for her grew with every year. The Pells left St. Andrew's in 1957 for two years in the Far East. After they returned from Waldy's ministry in prewar Cambodia, Laos, Singapore, and Vietnam, he administered to Chesapeake City's St. Augustine's Church and Church of the Good Shepherd. Several years later Edith underwent major surgery, and in December 1973, she died at their home near Elkton, Maryland. The first "First Couple" of St. Andrew's lie in the nearby cemetery of Old St. Anne's, and their handsome portraits hang in the school dining room.

When Huldah Moss arrived, she discovered there was no money allotted for entertainment by

the headmaster. For the first several years, before hiring a maid/cleaning lady—whose wages she paid out of her own pocket—she did everything herself. Her first Christmas, she bought a small gift for every member of the staff—maintenance, laundry, kitchen, and secretarial. She appreciated and respected these hard-working people, and wanted them to know that their work was important to the teaching and boarding school experience. In turn, Huldah was beloved by them for her gentle kindness and considerate generosity.

A headmaster's wife must find her own way. There are always those among the old guard who want to point it out to her. Lois Voorhees "attempted to take me under her wing to indoctrinate me into the lore of the place," Huldah remembers. But the most senior of all, Marianne Cameron, living next door, kept her distance both from Huldah and from school functions. Huldah found the St. Andrew's faculty "so different from the craggy New England types that I didn't make any judgments—I just let time prove it." She found them "a friendly and likable bunch," and they in turn came to admire and feel great affection for this warm and modest woman.

Like Edith Pell, Huldah sprang into action when someone in a faculty or staff family was ill or beset with problems. She was never too busy to send flowers, write a note, pick up the phone, pay a visit. Most instances of her thoughtfulness are known only to grateful recipients.

Edith Pell, Huldah Moss, and Joan O'Brien opened their homes to students, faculty, trustees, alumni, and parents—dinners, teas, receptions on a never-ending schedule. Huldah and Bob Moss regularly had faculty in for dinner, or took them to dinner and the theater in Wilmington. Students were in and out of the headmaster's house all the time, sometimes on business when form officers met, but mostly to visit and play the many games kept for them on the spacious sunporch. She took in stride an occasional rescue: "One morning, Scott Stanard (1976) came to the door with a pair of trousers on a hanger and handed them to me, saying he was going out to dinner with his father that evening, and would I please wash them. I obliged."

Dance weekends before coeducation took an enormous amount of time for Edith and Huldah, who wrote individual invitations to each girl, recorded the replies, and arranged for housing on campus. The

headmaster's house always took in seven or eight girls for the weekend.

One St. Andrew's sixth former must have had—or created—a long-distance problem when he wrote Huldah a note altering his date's name: "This is the *real* girl I am having. Scratch off J. Mulholland."

Most of the girls put up in the faculty houses wrote polite notes after their return home. One young lady gushed:

I want to thank-you for having me at your dance weekend; I had a delightful time. It was very well prepared, and your campus is more than beautiful. Your boys are so nice and yet all so polite. The food was great and the dance even more so.

I really enjoyed meeting the two of you, and your faculty, you're all so nice. What an imagination you all must have to run such a wonderful school. I still think it should be co-ed. I'm quite sure nothing would change, though perhaps be more lively. If you ever try it as a trial basis, I promise I will be the first to come and serve as much as possible for the school.

Well, I just wanted to show my deep gratification, and thank-you ever so much! By the way Mrs. Moss, thank-you for the blankets that Bunny and I used, even though they did smell a little like moth balls, they did serve their purpose. Thank-you both again and I hope we will meet soon (again).

Sincerely,
Cynthia _____
"California girl"

Friends and family knew Huldah would much prefer gardening, taking nature walks, thoughtful reading, time with family and a few close friends to performing the multiplicity of roles her position called for, yet none were neglected; all were done quietly, simply, without ostentation. Her lasting contributions still adorn the school, for as much as landscape architect Bill Frederick, she beautified planting around the school buildings.

"If Huldah's imprint remains today, it does so in the Garth," says a former faculty member. "One of the first projects was to transform it into a Cloister: not merely a garden of flowers, trees, shrubs and birds, but a place of beauty and serenity (if you could muzzle the stereos on A Corridor) in the heart of a workplace. Ruth Thornton assisted enormously in the rejuvenation of the Garth. The magnolia trees today are magnificent—worthy of Longwood Gardens." The lovely bank of daffodils along

the pond shore is among numerous projects she created on her own, often with minimal recognition. Beauty was her reward.

Huldah purchased numerous art prints, which she had framed and hung about the school. She put time and effort into decorating the chapel and main common room for the Christmas service. During years of bird walks along the shores of Noxontown Pond she located dependable sources of fir and holly for the boughs she cut and carried home every year. Under Huldah's careful supervision, with director of admissions Bob Dobson choosing the colors, the faculty coffee room was transformed into a spot where faculty and guests were instantly at home in gracious surroundings. After the Mosses left, the beautiful room, a showplace of the school, was turned into a much-needed classroom and exists today only in memory. The students' little-used Lizard Lounge later became a utilitarian faculty coffee room.

Like her husband, Joan O'Brien was a product of a younger, activist generation, experienced in school matters far beyond the social role of a headmaster's wife. After six years as associate director of admissions at Westminster School, she immediately continued this work at St. Andrew's, becoming one of the chief officers in that all-important exercise in the growth of a school. Despite busy days filled with her job in the admissions office and being an administrative partner to her husband, she filled the other roles of a headmaster's wife seemingly effortlessly. Schooldays and weekends alike were busy from rising to bedtime. Her home was perhaps the most open of all faculty houses, with youngsters entering at will any hour, any day, always welcome, leaving later satiated with punch and cookies. Quickly seeing in her the best in surrogate motherhood, girl students trooped gaily into her house whenever they wanted a little fun and a sense of home life, and sought her out privately when they felt the need. Joan O'Brien's warm, observant, often merry influence upon the school is rich material for a future historian. The O'Briens' partnership is a model for others in a modern world where man and woman work together in a common enterprise. It is impossible to separate them in the successful running of St. Andrew's School. Living in a boarding school is like "sitting in the middle of a feudal society," Joan says. She remembered her father telling her, "You have been born to a certain position in life and you must serve people. You're

here to help others, whether it is with your time or money, but mainly your time and yourself."

"There is no way on earth that I could have survived at this school or at any school even half a year without Joan," Jon O'Brien says. "I don't see how a single person can be the head of a school. It's incredibly lonesome. And it's even more lonely in an isolated boarding school like this one, where there is simply not a support community outside the school grounds. This has been a team effort; we consult on everything that comes before us. I use her as a sounding board. She is very much my confidant and my chief advisor and I listen to her very carefully."

Thoughts of the head

A future author will examine Jon O'Brien's years as headmaster; my task is to comment only superficially upon his early years at St. Andrew's. Simply put, he arrived, felt the pulse of the school for a year, then made changes to set a course toward what he envisioned the school of the future should be. Unlike his predecessor, his settling-in period was brief. Year by year his administrative skill grew, and with it his popularity. Like every good headmaster, he took a hand in, and was responsible for, every aspect of St. Andrew's School's operations and planning.

O'Brien was handed a school in excellent financial condition, with a solid academic program possessing some areas of genuine distinction. The faculty was good, the staff excellent. Students were able and motivated, with commendable college records. What did he identify as needing the most attention? Continued improvement in these same areas, plus major attention paid to tepid alumni involvement and to the rather pallid image of the school nationally and in target colleges. College admissions counseling needed beefing up. The enrollment should grow somewhat, with the girl-boy ratio narrowing. The admissions program could stand a major shot in the arm. With greater enrollment, additional physical facilities would be necessary. The faculty was weak in a few areas, and must be enlarged to maintain the school's favorable ratio as more students arrived. The aging board of trustees had to look toward younger members, preferably alumni and parents. In the late 1970s the board increased in size to twelve, then fifteen, finally more than twenty, including newly created groups with term limits so new blood would

constantly infuse through the group. Elizabeth Seabrook, elected to the board the mid-1970s, looks back on its members as too complacent. "They took for granted the brief reports on school matters given by the headmaster and as a whole did not involve themselves very much in the relationships of students, faculty, et cetera. It has been my privilege to watch that change dramatically."

One relatively new board member clearly did not fall into the "complacent" category—Richard Chichester "Kippy" duPont, Jr. (1955), grandson of the founder. Kip became secretary of the board and an unusually valuable member of the Building Committee. He was a strong contributor to board actions. Because his roots were in the Middletown area—he was president of Summit Aviation outside of town—Kip duPont "knew everyone between Dover and Wilmington."

Kip was one trustee no one had trouble describing as "beloved." He accompanied a student-faculty expedition to the Galapagos Islands, enjoying every minute, yet constantly concerned he would inhibit or slow up the group. He need not have worried, for he was probably the only trustee in school history who was quickly and comfortably addressed by his nickname by fourth to sixth formers. When Kip died unexpectedly in 1986, St. Andrew's lost a man who undoubtedly would have been one of the giants among trustees.

With the awkward relationship between the Foundation and the school terminated, St. Andrew's enjoyed a more tightly knit and efficient arrangement. The new headmaster saw a pressing need to engage alumni and encourage an enlarged, vitalized board. The list of necessities to address seemed endless, yet at the same time O'Brien had to be an active headmaster constantly in touch with all parts of the insular community. His arrival on a wave of good feeling included genuine excitement for the years ahead. He had to tread carefully not to dampen enthusiasm or foment premature criticism.

Like any headmaster, O'Brien was not immune to faultfinding by some students, faculty, and parents, and like Bob Moss, he did not dwell on it. More important was the support he received from the faculty, who found him "a really good headmaster and a good colleague and a straight shooter." In 1986, O'Brien's ninth year, Bob Stegeman said, "He has the best interest of the school at heart. When

you think of the number of times other bigger and fancier schools have tried to lure him away, and he's said 'No,' I think that's a testament to the affection he has for St. Andrew's."

Stegeman praised O'Brien's ability to make up his mind—after first considering both sides of a problem. "If you approach him with a question he doesn't agree with, he'll tell you why.... In almost every case, there's a second time around, and often he will have reconsidered.... The door is still open, and he has an even better perspective on what's important and what's not. And he's willing to try new things."

One objective Jon O'Brien had at the outset was attracting and keeping the best faculty talent he could find. Headmaster-designate (1997) Tad Roach says, "I came here because of the impression made by Jon O'Brien during my interview.... [and because] St. Andrew's offered me more responsibility than I could possibly get at the other schools I was interviewing." Will Speers, assistant headmaster (student life), had similar reasons for coming. "I was really excited about coming down here... because of the headmaster and the academic responsibilities and the extracurricular opportunities." They, and dozens of other men and women while being interviewed, were introduced to St. Andrew's through the headmaster's vision of what it was and what it would be. If they were fortunate enough to be invited to join the faculty, invariably they accepted.

For the most part, senior faculty adjusted easily to the new leadership. Younger members fell in with O'Brien's approach immediately. John M. Niles, director of development and director of admissions for over a decade, was hired by Bob Moss in his last year and came to St. Andrew's during Jim Brown's interim headmastership. He describes an unusual experience:

When we came down, everything was in place and idling. One did the daily routine of teaching and coaching, but I didn't sense a direction. We would convene in the headmaster's house—that empty place with its gray walls—in our faculty meetings, and it was very strange....

In making the decision to come to St. Andrew's, we wanted to find out about the school. Kim had worked while in college for a feeder program at Westminster School, for a man named Jon O'Brien. He was the only person we could think of we could call who would know. So we called Jon O'Brien and he said, "I've never heard of the school. I'm sorry, but

Problems came from pressure by the top dogs [faculty] who were trying to get rid of people who they felt were different—while we accepted them for what they were. They asked me to reveal things about my really good friends that I would never reveal.

—An alumnus (1983)

someone on our faculty must. I'll check and get back to you." He called about a week later and said, "You know, I've been chatting with people, and it's a pretty interesting school. You ought to go down and take a look at it."

In the interim year, we were sitting around the table at Christmastime and the phone rang. It was Jon O'Brien, who asked, "How do you like St. Andrew's?" He had recently been contacted by Walter Laird as whether he would be interested in the St. Andrew's headmastership. So I chatted with him about the strengths and weaknesses I had seen in the interim year, and the potential and possibilities. And within four weeks, in January, he came down with Joanie and the rest is history.

Research for this book makes little use of files of today's school that are still incomplete, or of opinions



Jon and Joan O'Brien in mid-career.

from recent graduates and present faculty. Time enough for their considered views in the future. What follows, in his own spoken words, are Jon O'Brien's perceptions of today's school, its successes, its problems, and thoughts for tomorrow—extemporaneous observations from an active headmaster at the height of his career. Sources are primarily tapes recorded during long evening talks with the O'Briens in their home, mostly in 1986. Occasional material is also drawn from Jon's public talks, sermons, and publications, such as the newsletter, "Report from the Headmaster."

First impressions—girls

My first impression was frankly appalling. A girl would be out there on the baseball diamond rubbing coconut oil on the pitcher—that bothered me. I believed very strongly the girls should be... participating fully in sports. I'm awfully glad Bob Moss made the decision not to have [girl] cheerleaders—he was absolutely correct. It took a long while before we were having girls elected to be president of the class. That's something we have to keep educating these kids about. Now a male and female member [is] on every committee in every form, so there can't be any choosing a boy over a girl.

First impressions—African-Americans

Middletown is still a hard place for black students and I think for black faculty. The quality of African-American kids when I arrived was weak, for we were relying almost exclusively on ABC (A Better Chance), not a wide selection. They had a hard time here and I felt awfully sorry for some of them. The black kids who are here now are doing much, much better than those in the early days when I first came. Tad Roach's open house for African-American kids every Friday evening—or any time they want to come—is great. He's been a father figure to them. I have nothing but the highest praise for him. And in DyAnn Miller [coordinator of counseling program] we have a superb person. She's warm as a counselor and has wonderful values. She has a toughness and high expectations, but also the complete trust of the kids.

First impressions—student life

When I walked into the South Dorm my first year, some of the business that went on there at night—picking on kids—was really bad news. One of the things that bothered me most about St. Andrew's is

probably something the alumni love the most: the old English system brought here by Waldy—Sixth Form privileges, handing out marks, the rigid disciplinary system. It created in my mind an incredibly inflated self-importance among the seniors.

My philosophy in life has been, the older you get, the higher office you attain, the more you should serve, the harder you should work. I think I work as hard as or harder than anyone in the school. What we were telling the kids by that incredible English system was that the higher you go, the less you do and the more others must serve you. I found that appalling.

I don't think St. Andrew's was brutal, but it was a boys-will-be-boys attitude—almost a survival-of-the-fittest mentality on the corridors which got you to toughen up. Everybody *had* to play football in the old days. It was symptomatic of a lot of boarding schools.

I've been told by an [older] alumna when he was here the guys would think nothing of sneaking out the windows and taking teachers' cars, getting smashed, going to Wilmington. It was much more wild and lawless in the thirties and forties than it has been since I've been here. When you consider alcohol, those old-timers tell you of goings-on that make things today seem tame. I think the hard drugs, illegal substance use in the school today is minimal compared to any other school in the United States. The kids use alcohol, not a whole lot, but they do. I wish they didn't, but they do.

The student body

Our intact family group is more together than would be found nationally. The reason is that people who select St. Andrew's are more middle class, from a socioeconomic point of view. They're more conservative; and they tend to be more committed to the church; many find out about the school through an Episcopal connection. They're not in the fast lane of parents who send so many kids to the New England schools. This is not a school for troubled children.

The school community

St. Andrew's was formed as a very coherent community. At first, only Episcopalian students came here and Waldy only hired Episcopalian faculty. The school had a very good, but very narrow classical curriculum. It probably did one sport in the fall, one

or two in the winter, and so on. It was all boys. Everything was wrapped up and coherent and pointed in a certain direction. From that time on, an inevitable force has been unwinding that coherence—the introduction of diversity into this community. Many other factors and forces have come into being. Girls, minority groups, fewer Episcopalian teachers. Frankly, it's sometimes very difficult to find an avowed Christian who is a good teacher.

The increase in the number and diversity of our students and the increase in the number of sports and activities offered have brought a richness to the community that it did not have in earlier days. But it's a delicate matter, one I'm keeping my finger on—you can go too far one way or the other and if you lose a certain coherence and direction to the school, you're lost. Every school must have that central coherence, that direction, and within that tolerate as much diversity as possible and add to the richness of the fabric, so that you don't become too precious and too selective. It's a delicate balance and we're walking that tightrope right now [1986]. We've gone as far as some of us think we can go in terms of diversity of program—academic, co-curricular. We can't go much further without losing the coherence that I think is a staple and the hallmark of St. Andrew's.

Holly Whyte (1935) once said the uniqueness of St. Andrew's is that its strengths are its weaknesses. Three come to mind: one is the school's size, another is its location, and a third is its endowment. The size forces us to depend upon each other. When you're a school of 240 and you're trying to run a variety of programs and activities, *all* the kids have to participate. Good growth and a breadth come from that. And exhaustion also comes from that. You can stretch yourself too thin; you can burn yourself out; you expect the kids to do too much, the faculty to do too much, and you get awfully tired. But our size creates an opportunity to be together and work together. The fact we are an all-boarding community means we really do have a community.

I'm glad we are distant from the glitter and distraction of urban/suburban life. Thank God we have the woods. To be removed from suburbia today is a great asset. At the same time our isolation is a weakness. We are desperate for culture here—the faculty especially, but the kids too. We'd like to have a four-star restaurant in Middletown, to go to an opera or

symphony without driving half the night.

Endowment... enables us to be what we are and do what we do—have a financial aid program, and so on. It also has created a complacency on the part of our entire constituency, from headmaster (the headmaster can be the most guilty of all) to trustees, alumni, parents, everybody associated with the school. Over the years it has created a complacency that we don't have to roll up our sleeves. The incredible inflation of the late seventies and early eighties brought that to a crashing halt.

Just the cost of maintaining an aging plant is enormous. For instance, we are about to embark on a program which will replace every window in Founders' Hall. Every single window in the main building in which the hinge breaks has to be soldered or welded—there are no parts available. Every window is going to have to be replaced in the huge main building, an enormous expense. This aging plant is catching up to us, and we have a long way to go to get the alumni body supporting the school the way other schools' alumni bodies do.*

Teenage years and student problems

A positive revolution took place in the late 1960s and early 1970s. Anybody who went to school in the fifties was left with scars. Barriers were broken down that were ten feet high when I was at school. When I was in Hotchkiss I never went into a faculty member's apartment, *never*. There was no close contact between faculty and students. It was very rare if you met wonderful faculty who actually paid attention to you. I'm reminded of Bill Cameron's story in Waldy's book... about the opening days of school, what it was like here then. The Sixth Form chased the little mice—cat-and-mouse stuff. A totally different world.

Life today moves at a frantic pace, and people are unsure of what they believe in. Life moved at a slower pace in the first half of this century, and, for better or worse, most people had faith—faith in God, faith in their families, and faith in their country. Today there is nothing but uncertainty, and the situation for the young is made worse by the dissolution of the family. That is why St. Andrew's is so important. We offer stability and a community of people who share values.

On top of the uncertainty came the revolutions

*By 1992–93, the school's Annual Fund topped \$400,000.

which brought drugs to our children and sexual promiscuity to many who are very young. My parents raised four children and never had to worry about any drug but alcohol. I went through college without ever seeing marijuana used, and I graduated in 1960. And I was married when I was twenty. That's what one did back then when you found the right girl. Today we see youngsters going from partner to partner.

Our culture today is whirling around like a top, not knowing what direction it's going in. There are few guiding lights out there that act as beacons. One of the great services we provide is good parenting and stability, and a value system. Not everyone on this faculty believes in the same thing, but I think that all of us can sit down with a kid and say why it is not right and proper and healthy to jump from one bed to another. We're willing to sit down and talk and reason and explain why we believe that. And why abortion should not be used as a birth-control method. It may be fine to have a choice, although there are those on the faculty who would disagree with that. We sit down and talk with kids about it. Things like this were never discussed in school before. I'm not saying these problems are limited to St. Andrews, I'm saying this is across the board in the United States today, in the Western world today. The issue of sexual promiscuity among very young kids is one of the most important issues that we have facing our culture.

Admissions and the student body

We have an extraordinary student body; we track our kids carefully in college, where they are doing a phenomenal job. We are too good a school not to attract the very best qualified kids, leaders of tomorrow. If that's an elitist concept, it's one I believe in. There are not a lot of schools that have the opportunity to deal with students who have the intellectual capability to be leaders of this country, no matter what they do. If we are going to be elitist at all, I want to be elitist in the admissions process.... I want kids who are spread out in their backgrounds, with a common denominator of being bright, intelligent people who are capable of taking advantage of a uniquely qualified faculty and a very good program. After that, I want to be egalitarian. I don't care who comes in, but I want them all to be bright and capable of taking advantage of what we have to offer. Otherwise we're wasting our time.... Let 'em go to a public high

school—or to a day school; let 'em fool around with their neighbors.

This school is unique in its ability to be able to say to kids, come here no matter what your financial background, we're going provide a place for you if you have the brains to get in and a desire to work.... The one thing I don't want St. Andrew's to become is a school for dumb rich kids. I couldn't stay here for two days if we were that kind of school. Makes me shudder even to think about it.

Headmastering

The biggest problem with headmastering is the loneliness of the position. In a tight boarding community like this you are everybody's boss, you are the authority figure, and no matter how you, the head, want to relax with [others], it is very difficult to do so, and very difficult for them to do so. If you don't have a reservoir of friends and acquaintances who are not school people, to cope with and deal with and let your hair down with, it's very isolated and lonely. I've talked with lots of headmasters about this and it's not unique to St. Andrew's and not unique to me. Or to Joan—it's just as bad being a headmaster's wife. It's something you learn to cope with and live with, or you get out of the job.

There are some wonderful compensations for the role—more for the headmaster than for the headmaster's spouse. There is nothing like seeing goals set and accomplished and feeling that you have had a part in the process. When things are going well for a headmaster and his school, it's very gratifying and you feel very good. The stakes are high: You go from euphoria if things are going well to absolute depression if they are going badly. So if you have a [student] suicide, you live with it the rest of your life and you wonder if you could have done anything or should have done anything. When things look bad and you expel a daughter [of a friend], you have to live with that agony and you live with it every time you see him and you look into his eyes and see the hurt and the anger and resentment. It cuts you up.

The plusses of being a headmaster are real and very rewarding, and the minuses are really horrible. It's a life of extremes.

Administrative structure

There isn't anyone who likes to have someone looking over his shoulder and checking up on him.

I wouldn't want that done to me. If the board was checking on me every second of the day or week, I wouldn't stay here for two minutes. If a person here earns my confidence—if I really believe that person is doing a good job—that person has a lot of free sailing. I delegate authority to such a person. For example, I have total confidence that Bob Colburn runs the Athletic Department better than I could ever run it. If I have confidence in a person, I don't want that person feeling he has to report to me every ten minutes. One of the major reasons for coming to St. Andrew's School is that it's small enough so you don't have to have a bureaucracy, or layers of people, such as an assistant headmaster who takes over a whole division of the school. I don't want a department head reporting to someone else—I want him reporting to me.

If you drew an administrative chart of St. Andrew's, it would be a long lateral chart. If I don't have confidence in someone, he will know it, and I will find someone whom I do have confidence in.

Any headmaster who tries to run everything is doomed to failure. I don't see how it can be done today, although it was done in the old days. It could have been done in the fifties and sixties but the onflow of the seventies began to change all that. There is just too much to do, too many board committee meetings, too many development office things, with memos coming to me every day.

Strengths

St. Andrew's today does not stray very far from the specific goals that are stated in the [early] catalogs. One good piece of feedback I hear from parents time and again is that we do a very good job of accomplishing what we say we're going to. We are able to do this because we're not very large, and we don't try to do too much. St. Andrew's is a narrow school in that respect. In a day when change is the everyday fare for most young people, a day when everything seems to be turned upside down for their kids time and time again, we *do* represent stability. Kids see people [around them] who are living exemplary lives. The faculty is a very stable group of people. Most of them are very good role models from the standpoint of old-fashioned virtues—they are good, God-fearing, moral, ethical people. I think perhaps the greatest gift we can offer students who come here is the example of these lives that they live with for

three or four years. With a seven to one faculty ratio, we pour innumerable hours into discussing kids, the parenting aspect of a boarding school. We do a very good job. I can't believe there are boarding schools around that do a better job of parenting than we do.

It's a busy world we live in, and being secluded here in Delaware in the cornfields in a funny way is a great benefit, a great lesson. It backs us away from everything, and puts us in this wonderful backwater. It can also be a real drawback, in terms of attracting faculty and holding faculty, getting students here. But overall it's great and I like it.

Other strengths are the people here—the greatest strength. In the faculty now, there will be changes tomorrow, there will be changes five years from now—faculties always turn over and evolve. I am as satisfied with the faculty today as I have ever been, recognizing there are some holes that need to be filled. I'm pleased by its diversity; this is not your typical yuppie prep school faculty. You've got different personalities and talents on the faculty. Then again, that causes its own problems. A few years ago there was not a lot of collegiality on the faculty, but that is far from true today.

Academics

[The academic program] was good when I arrived and it's good today, but we weren't doing something right. We had very able kids here in 1978 when I came, but the colleges weren't aware of us. We were not marketing St. Andrew's School to the colleges. Those kids were bright and able kids and if they wanted to get into other colleges, they should have had a shot at it. That was something that had to be worked on. When Waldy was here Howard Schmolze could call Trinity and say, "I want you to take these kids, they are good boys and you take them," and they would.

One reason we have a good academic program is because we have a pretty darned good idea of what we want to do. The board the last couple of years said, "Why don't you teach economics at St. Andrew's? Andover teaches economics, why doesn't St. Andrew's?" Very worthwhile people—Ray Generaux, Dick Trapnell—sent us down copies of the Andover curriculum. And that's fine; I have nothing against Andover teaching economics, but I think one of the great strengths of St. Andrew's is that we really do concentrate on a thorough preparation for college.

One of the great mistakes of a lot of secondary education since about 1967 or 1968 is that some schools have decided they are going to do the job that colleges do. And St. Andrew's hasn't. That's not thanks to me, it's thanks to Bill Amos and thanks to Jim Brown and Bob Stegeman and other people who have controlled the curriculum at the school, a good curriculum. There are certain fundamentals of learning that kids must have before they go to college. It doesn't do a whole lot of good for them if they're conversant in economics. What is important for them is to be able to *think*, to read critically, analytically, to write coherently, gracefully, and to have, frankly, an old-fashioned context to work with.

The Future

The trustees and faculty would like St. Andrew's to remain pretty much what it is today in all outward appearances. In other words, they don't want the school to grow a great deal; they want it to remain a small school. They see it continuing as a school with a maximum of three hundred students, even in the year 2000, and maybe not even that much growth. They want it to remain a coed school; they want it to be sex-blind in admissions; if it can float to fifty-fifty, that's what they would like to see it do. When you look at this long-range plan you won't see anything drastic, no right-hand turns, no left-hand turns. It's a

continuation of what the school has been ever since 1929; really no basic changes in goals and philosophy—the curriculum, the religious perspective—everything the same. Now a lot of people might think how dull, you're not going to change anything, but I get very excited about it because what this school is doing now and what it did in 1935 and 1965 it should be doing in the year 2000 and beyond. I see no reason for change as long as the people who are teaching here change, as necessary, with the times. I'm sure when Waldy Pell started the school, coeducation was simply not anything that one even considered. It wasn't something that was done, so how can one fault Waldy or the trustees or faculty? Who knows? In the year 2000 there might be something else introduced that is very different and radical, and we must hope whoever is sitting here then will have the courage to make the right decision at that time. Fundamentally we see a continuum here, the school is going to remain the kind of school it has been.

Can it continue to be that kind of school? That is the big question. The trustees want to continue a seven-to-one student-faculty ratio; they want to continue to be need-blind in admissions. Those two things alone will require an influx of endowment income which is second only to the original endowment income through old Felix and his sister. And that's what we are going to have to do.

St. Andrew's School's success and growth forward from 1958 did not go unnoticed by others in the business. Jim Ten Broeck, on the faculty in the 1950s and for many years thereafter at Tower Hill, where he was involved in college counseling, was a frequent critic (to the author) of the school's parochial approach, and the apparent reluctance into the mid-1980s by one college counselor after the next to explore far afield in the search for colleges suited to our graduates. No longer. Lately he wrote, "St. Andrew's has been excellent at recruiting strong faculty and retaining many of the good ones. It has been vigorous and effective in terms of expanding, extending its reputation across the country. The name carries greater clout than it ever has.... It has a strongly traditional academic program and has a considerable reputation in that field." The roster of colleges its graduates now attend equals that of any other fine preparatory school.

Academics are only a part of St. Andrew's School; there are other elements possessing lifelong effects upon those who experience them. Concern for his school—students, faculty, and staff—is at the top of the list of attributes a successful headmaster must have. One has only to serve under such a man—as I did three times at St. Andrew's—to learn first hand how a school adapts and strengthens its character as a result of the headmaster's influence. Walden Pell, Bob Moss, Jon O'Brien—each had a distinct style emerging from very different personalities. Time and again, each revealed compassionate understanding of

a particular dilemma facing him. Each acted in what he believed was the school's best interest. In his 1967 commencement address, Bob Moss said, "St. Andrew's is a partnership. It is not a mere collection of individuals each bent on his own career, nor is it a federation of interest groups each satisfying itself in its own way. We are members of another, a school where an individual's best interests and the common good of all constantly interact, where the achievement of each one becomes the achievement of all." Nineteen years later, in 1986, Jon O'Brien expounded on the same theme. "I am not interested in heading a school whose only goals are to produce smart people or good athletes or talented artists.... There must be a moral and ethical and spiritual dimension to education."

That same year, ten years after having been appointed (along with Annabel E. Moore) one of the first women trustees in the school's history, Elizabeth T. Seabrook recognized the school's ethos of community, stewardship, and leadership. She concluded, "St. Andrew's has been blessed by the most auspicious confluence of people and events during times that have proven destructive to other schools." Her observations apply to the past three decades, when national issues and problems buffeted and affected schools everywhere. That St. Andrew's on steady course rode out these turbulent times must be credited in large part to the leadership of Bob Moss and Jon O'Brien.

From the Chairman of the Disciplinary Committee

Bill Cameron's Disciplinary Committee notices, posted on the main bulletin board following a committee hearing, were eagerly anticipated by students and faculty alike. Charles (Chip) D. Snowden, Jr., a master of the late 1960s and later a headmaster himself, remembers the "public examples that all will remember fondly—even the subjects." Although only a few spectators could crowd into Room 34 in the basement, trials were open to the public as Cameronian justice was dispensed from the chair, but it was not until the proceedings had been posted that the verdicts were known. Most of the notices no longer exist, but the following have been kept by the author in memory of his advisee, Justin Comstock (1966).



The Disciplinary Committee deliberates, Chairman William H. Cameron, Jr. presiding.

Sunday, December 12, 1965

10:00 A.M., Room 34

PART I

I THE DEFENDANTS:

J. Comstock, M. Ellison

II THE CHARGE:

Violation of the rules governing decorum, in that on the afternoon of December 11, a girl was discovered in the closet of Ellison's room, Comstock and Ellison being present.

III THE PLEA:

Not guilty.

IV THE LAW AND PRECEDENT:

In uncomplicated cases (i.e., in cases where no more than innocent presence is involved) the mandatory penalty for violating the rules of decorum obtaining when girls visit the School is a minimum of 48 marks.

To establish the offense, these elements must be present:

- 1) female presence
- 2) prior knowledge, or consent, or effective invitation on the part of the accused
- 3) absence of a real and effective attempt to expel the female intruder(s) by the accused

V THE FACTS:

On the afternoon in question, Alan Lansman, ex '67, brought a bevy of girls to the School. Comstock and Ellison had seen and spoken to the group in Mr. Boyle's classroom, but the encounter is believed to have been brief. The Defendants did not then or at any other time issue an invitation of any kind or suggest in any way that the girls visit the VI Form Corridor or any room on it.

However, shortly after Ellison had retired to his room, one of the girls, accompanied by Lansman, came into Ellison's room. Leaving the girl behind him, Lansman immediately went off to greet other friends down the hall. Within a minute or two Comstock appeared. He told Ellison what Ellison already knew—that the girl had to go forthwith.

Unfortunately, at this juncture, Mr. Broadbent appeared on the corridor, spied the girl emerging from the room, and after pausing to converse with boys in the corridor went to Ellison's room.

Meanwhile, Ellison and Comstock, knowing Mr. Broadbent was on the corridor, but not knowing Mr. Broadbent had seen the girl, and hoping to avoid an encounter with authority, shoved the girl in a closet, where Mr. Broadbent found her. So far as could be determined, the girl could not have been in the room more than five minutes.

VI

In view of these facts, the charge "violation of decorum" as specified in its entirety was withdrawn, for while it was certain that the girl was in the room, she was not there by invitation, etc., and an honest attempt had been made to expel her.

But the attempt was not effective.

Up to the point at which the Defendants forcibly advised the girl to take refuge in the closet, they had committed no offense. They were guilty of nothing, they could have been punished for nothing. Had they simply gone off the corridor their intention would have been clear and the expulsion effective. The presence (or absence) of Mr. Broadbent would have been immaterial; what had begun well would have ended well.

By attempting to hide the girl they cast doubt upon their intention, rendered the attempt ineffective and found themselves exposed to public gaze and public censure in consequence.

VII THE VERDICT:

Guilty of a misdemeanor only, in that the Defendants substituted bad judgment for good.

VIII THE PENALTY:

Six marks.

IX THE COMMENT:

One particularly disturbing fact appears. Many people were on the corridor. Many people saw the girl (led by Lansman) on the VI Form corridor, but none raised his voice in protest, not one told Lansman to get off and get out. In short, none did what is the plain duty of every citizen to do—to prevent crime where prevention is possible, or to alert authority when it is not. Such indifference implies tacit approval. It suggests complicity. Every boy who let Lansman and his girl pass without raising his voice in protest is as guilty as the Defendants themselves, and would, if they were known, receive exactly the same penalty.

PART II

Because this is not the first time Lansman has appeared on this campus with guests who have broken school rules (he was in fact prevented from leading his flock to the basement on the morning of the 11th and was turned back and warned by Mr. Schmolze) the Committee was moved to support and does support a petition placed before the Headmaster, requesting that Lansman be prevented from visiting the campus except on such terms as the Headmaster sees fit to impose.

The Committee does not know and does not propose to explore the obscure motives which lead Lansman to strut about this campus like a rooster with a flock of pullets in tow, but it sees grave danger in it.

The Committee scents trouble, and for this reason prays that this rooster be told to crow and his pullets to scratch in their own backyards.

Respectfully submitted,

William H. Cameron
Chairman
Disciplinary Committee

April 11–14, 1966, Room 34

CASE I

A) The Defendants:

Comstock, Gilpatric, Gwinn, Rake

B) The Charge:

The public humiliation of Bise in that on April 9, 1966, circa 10:05 P.M. Comstock (together with others unknown) seized upon Bise before a large and disorderly gathering, shot shaving cream down the back of Bise's neck, while Gilpatric and Rake (together with others unknown) stood idly by enjoying the spectacle. Gwinn furnished the cream.

C) The Plea:

Comstock: guilty of shooting cream, innocent of seizure inasmuch as he did nothing more than pull back Bise's collar and discharge the contents of the shaving cream can.

Gwinn: guilty as charged.

Gilpatric and Rake: innocent of evil doing, inasmuch as they were just there. The tenor of their testimony suggested that they were deaf, blind, dumb, and powerless to act in the prevention of a crime.

Comstock and Gwinn received 12 marks each, Gilpatric and Rake, 6 apiece.

CASE II

A) The Charges:

Constructive participation in any of the three acts of hazing—"pink bellying," forcible dousing in showers, "gabooning." To "pink belly" is to beat another (usually held down by confederates of the beaters) on the abdomen and midriff. "To forcibly douse another in a shower" is self-evident. To "gaboon" is to force the head of another into a toilet bowl.

Following this statement of the charges came three tightly packaged pages of events, pleas, verdicts, penalties and comments. A typical event:

A gabooning was given to Underwood (Form II) who was seized outside the study hall by Prier and dragged to the IV Form lav by Prier and there gabooned by several hands.

Tucker, one of the guilty on most of the charges, nevertheless was not guilty of gabooning

...in that all Tucker did was flush the toilet three times before Underwood's head was thrust in; that this was an act of mercy, not a constructive part of the gabooning.

Hazing in any form was decried and viewed very seriously by all in authority. Summing up his long notice, the chairman of the Disciplinary Committee wrote, "Forbearance and civility characterize a civilized society. Meanness, barbarism, and hooliganism have no place here."

The guilty nine received a total of 546 marks, no one person receiving less than 30 and two amassing 138 each.

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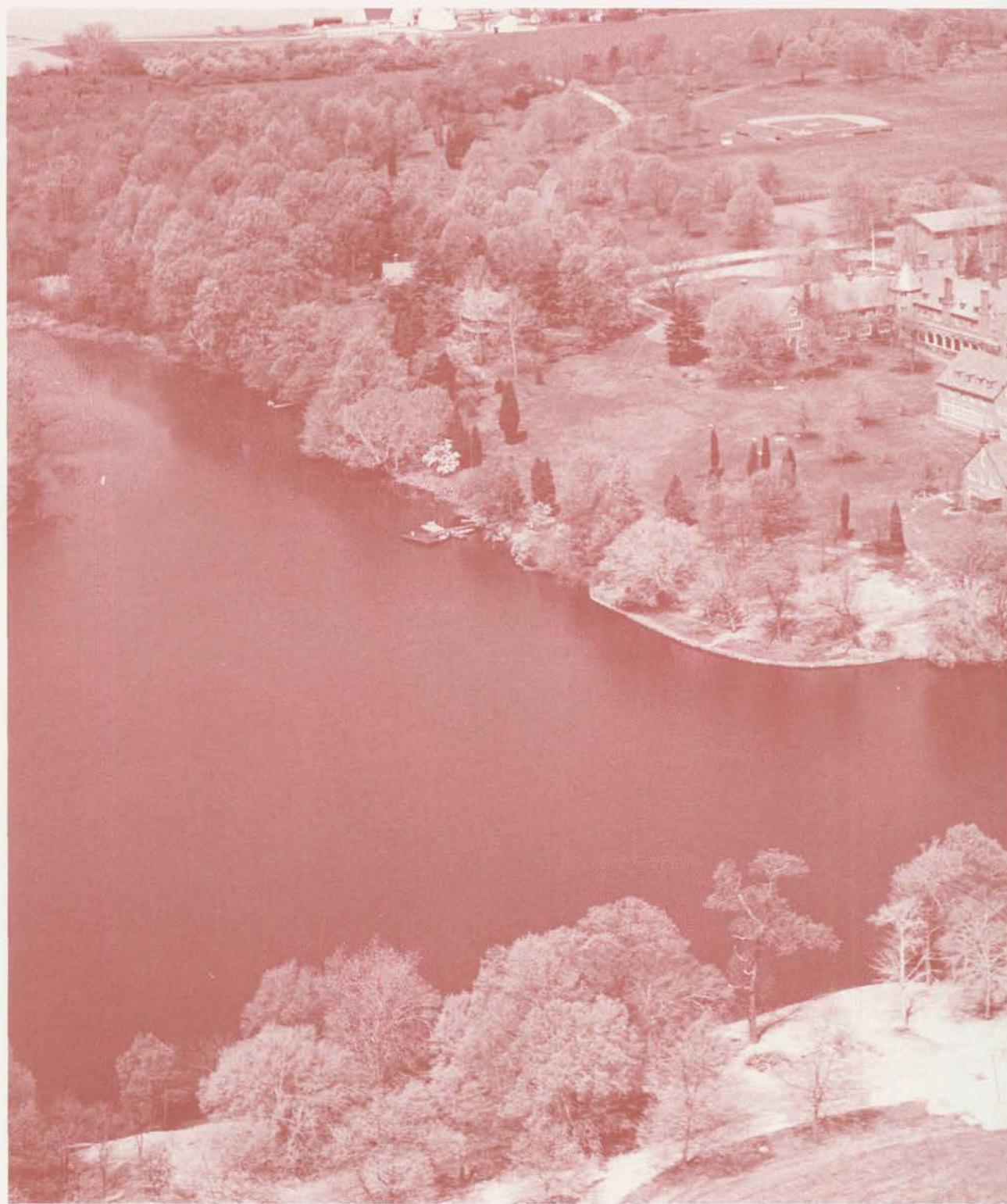
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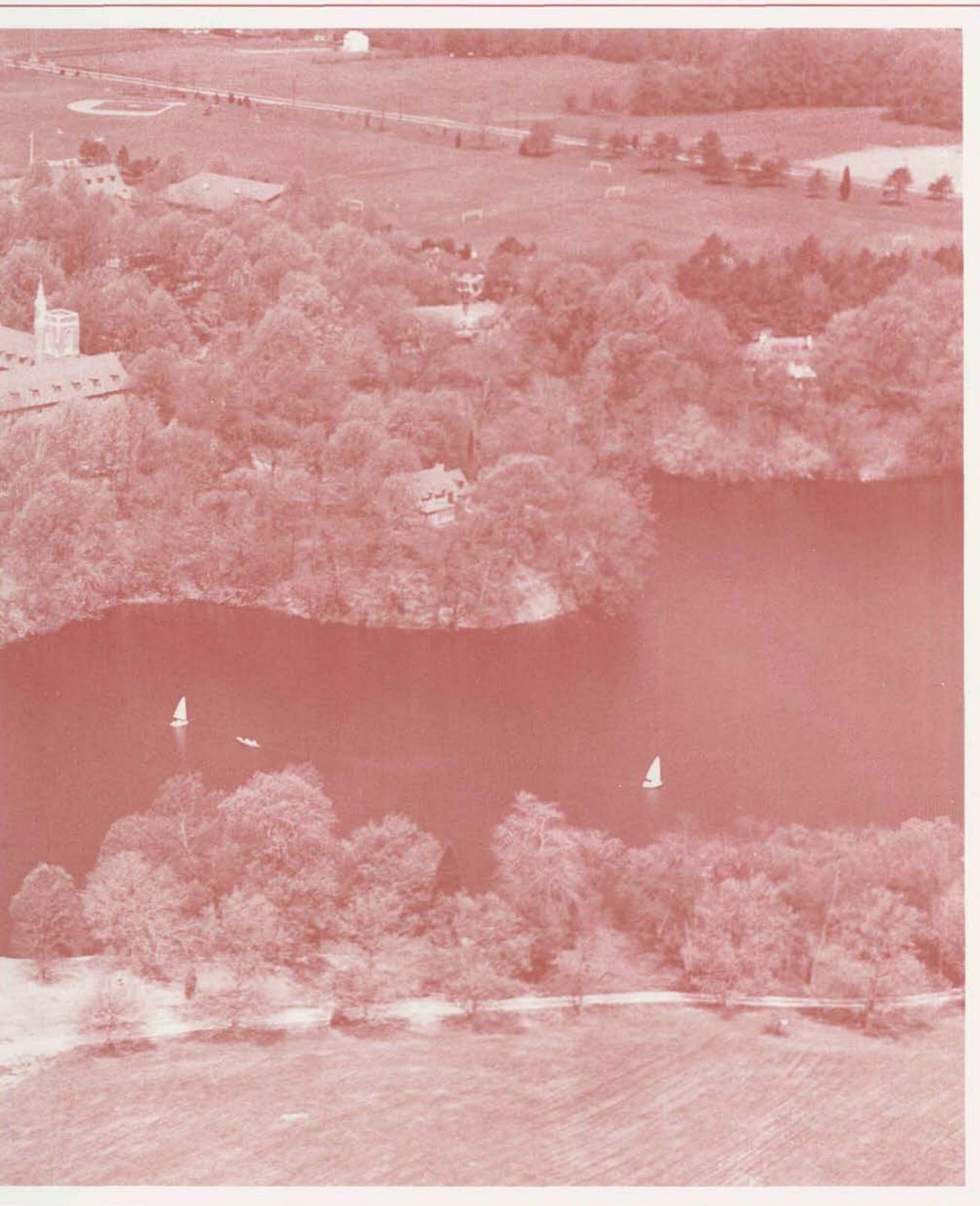
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