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

Chapter 11

More Than Community

Dear Mr. Moss:

We are looking for a school for our fifteen year old son who will be a junior this fall. Frankly, we are being very fussy in our scrutiny of a good number of boys' schools. My requirements include:

1. First rate college preparatory standing
2. Fine esprit de corps
3. Strong on Christian teachings, citizenship and discipline
4. Preferably related to a Protestant church
5. Sports program to include at least two of these—riding, ice hockey, swimming, boating
6. Enough social life to develop poise and good manners
7. Requires a personal interview with each prospective student
8. Fills all a boy's time, constructively
9. Serves good food in large quantity

Is this too tall an order? I expect anyone who agrees to teach and mold my son away from home to be able, willing and eager to supply almost all my requirements.

"Fussy" she may have been—but the mother who wrote this letter in 1962 could hardly have set forth St. Andrew's standards and aims more exactly.

Bill Cameron gave every visitor a personal tour of the campus and facilities, setting a pattern for interviewing applicants that has been followed ever since. For years he was the only one to show prospective students and their parents about, but in 1957, a group of students, believing there should be an added dimension, sent him a note offering their services. The system of student guides was born, and quickly became one of the great strengths of the admission process, for students can convey the flavor of the school as no faculty can.

Once admitted to St. Andrew's, Paul Keeley (1985) "was excited about my new life at a boarding school and yet nervous about what to expect. I recall saying to my parents, 'Do you think I'll make any new friends there?' I believe every other incoming new student experienced the same butterflies in their stomach as I did."

There were no butterflies for Ed Strong (1966).

> St. Andrew's was home base for me for the first time in my school career and I thrived there; I walked down the halls with arms outstretched, exclaiming "I'm free!"—of home, of parents, of suburbs. I was in fact in one of the most carefully monitored, nurturing environments I would ever know, but in my mind, to paraphrase Loudon Wainwright III (1965), "I was Brando, I was Dean." I worked harder in more concentrated stretches than I ever have since, the seeming asperity of the mix of class, athletics, chapel and study with 165 other boys in the middle of Delaware a flag to my competitive, inquisitive, cadet-like nature. I was driven to try a little of everything and it seemed like the more I took on the more I liked it.

Bentley Burnham (1983) speaks for many. "Before I came to St. Andrew's I had absolutely no direction in life. I didn't know why I was going to school in the first place, what I was going to do after high school, or what life was really going to be like. It was at St. Andrew's that I began caring what I looked like in front of other people, discovered what my strengths and interests were, made many friends, and learned what it was to be responsible and in charge."

For some, boarding school was a "solution" to a problem. One student (1969), now a physician, writes, "When I was sent to St. Andrew's, I felt that my parents had other concerns and it would be easier if I was boarding full time. When I went home I had very few friends. My classmates were from all over the country and none lived near me. My summers were lonely." Another student's parents, recently di-

The dormitories are not designed for social gatherings, recreation, or lounging. The dormitories are suitable for sleeping and storage of personal effects.

—*Handbook*, fourth edition, ca. 1960

vorced, insisted on equal time with their son. If both arrived on a Saturday afternoon, faculty had to keep them going in different directions, shuttling the boy between them.

For a child from a close-knit family, separation was wrenching. Marnie Stetson (1983) felt "locked away from everyone who loved me and locked in with a whole community that seemingly already knew and loved each other and didn't need me at all." She was wrong, for as Becca Bailey (1982) says, "one of the great things about SAS is its size. Nobody remains lost or homesick for long without someone finding out and helping." Marnie never forgot what it was like to be a youngster away from home for the first time. As a prefect four years after her own arrival, she says, "Despite the sometimes overbearing pressure, a paper could wait if someone needed you. I learned as a prefect that a freshman's homesickness took precedence over college applications. I could talk to the girls about homesickness with all the authority of the #1 victim, and tell them the ache would soon end."

Jay McNeely (1965) recalls, "When I arrived at St. Andrew's in 1961, the South Dorm was home. All of us new students in the Third Form were completely disoriented and therefore very apprehensive about our surroundings. I guess what made life bearable was the fact that there were thirty other kids in the same situation."

"St. Andrew's is not quite family, but more than a community," says Skee Houghton (1961). "St. Andrew's now recalls a sense of reverence and community. And there was its isolation—those cloisters. It was a world within a world, a world within a fortress."

Most youngsters are not inclined to leave familiar surroundings and friends, so it usually falls to parents to introduce the subject of boarding school to their dubious children. Bulent Atalay (1958) brought his son along on a visit "hoping that somehow he would show interest in the school, that the school would show interest in him, that he would get accepted... that money for his tuition would drop from the sky. Michael offered an uncharacteristic sardonic observation: 'Dad, you're going to force me to go to this place?!' My answer was, 'I would never forgive myself if you did not get a chance to see St. Andrew's.'"

Michael Atalay (1984) spent three years at the school. It was no surprise, when he graduated—with acceptances at Harvard, Princeton, and Oxford—that St. Andrew's had done a superior job in Michael's academic education. His spiritual education, his training in leadership, were at least as significant. Three years after he rowed at Henley on behalf of St. Andrew's, he rowed at Henley on behalf of Princeton.

What was arrival like for a new student? Marshall Craig (1962) remembers arriving in 1957.

> My family drove up to the ivied walls in a 1955 Customline two-door Ford. I noticed a wealth of fancy cars parked before the portals of this august place. An amazing apparition stepped up to our car as we tumbled out, aching for a restroom—a person dressed in a black suit, with a starched white shirt, dress shoes, hair parted primly in the middle, and a distinct air of hauteur. He peered down at me from a six-foot-plus elevation and regarded my crew cut, string tie, nubby polyester jacket and Hush Puppy shoes with a look that suggested a dead mackerel had come to rest under his patrician nose. "Good afternoon," he intoned, "I am Peter Von Stark of the Sixth Form. May I direct you?"*
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> The incident marked the beginning of my "green-

*Later that year, Craig "had the pleasure of assisting in cutting a Brooks Brothers label out of Von Stark's jacket while he watched the Saturday night movie. It was replaced, as I recall, with one from Robert Hall."

ing," as I was transformed into an Easterner and a preppy. George Broadbent loomed up hugely in those early years. He was definitely different from the other men I had known in my brief life. The Vanity Fair prints, the pewter plates, the steaming mugs of tea and ever-present ginger snaps are stamped indelibly in my memory.

Newcomers immediately became aware of an Olympian figure. Like many others, Marshall Craig was in awe of Bill Cameron: "On the rare occasion when I came to his office, I felt as if I was sitting at Jupiter's throne. 'You, boy,' he would say. To him, all of us were 'You, boy.' We were raw, callow lumps, sniveling and runny-nosed, ready to be thrown like a pot and shaped into a useful vessel." In more ways than one, Craig became a useful vessel, for in his senior year he was appointed a prefect.

Every June Cameron wrote each incoming prefect asking him to write a letter of welcome to an allotment of new boys.

> I can't presume to tell you what should go into the letter, the principal object of which is to make the new boy feel welcome, that he is not alone in a strange world, that he has someone to whom he can turn for an authoritative answer. Tell him that you will try to meet him when he arrives, or failing that, that you will see him before "lights out" on the first night of school (and do it!). You might also tell him something of what the School has meant to you and what you hope it will mean to him. Don't be corny and do be literate. If your spelling is uncertain, use a dictionary.

Jon Smith (1965), now a college English professor, describes the metamorphosis that all St. Andreans experienced:

> I thoroughly enjoyed almost the entire five years, gaining in self-confidence and in a variety of skills the whole time. Rather soon thereafter I surmised, with some bitterness, that the school had given me delusions of competence when I was actually quite worthless. Then finally, I gradually recovered confidence in my ability to do a number of things reasonably well, and in fact traced almost all the important aspects of my education, not to college, but to St. Andrew's School. In handling any sort of problem, specific skill is always incidental to some complex mix of psychology, moral concern, experience, common sense, and God knows what else—a mix we could call "character," as opposed to the credentialed "expertise" tossed around so freely these days. Such character is best bred, I think, where one lives, works, plays, eats, worships with teachers and fellow students, and is not merely "trained" by them.
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> It is easy to be embarrassed about what most people perceive as the values of a place like S.A.S.: elitist, chauvinistic, stuffy, inhibiting. That perception always strikes me as ironic, since my lowly socioeconomic status was much less a bar to advancement at St. Andrew's than it would have been at Pocomoke High School—and Pocomoke was not a snobbish place by any means. I think people assume that if you put teenage boys in jackets and ties, and insist on table manners, you will create a young version of an English gentlemen's club. But the jackets and ties (which were subject to daily abuse), the self-effacement involved in politeness, and (I should add) the absence of automobiles all served to homogenize the wide range of backgrounds in the St. Andrew's student body. By contrast, the "freedom" and "self-expression" students seem to enjoy in public high schools often lead to a horrendous celebration of material wealth and materialistic values.
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> The truth is, any rich kid who started acting like a rich kid in any obvious way was in for a hard time of it. A particular strong point of the St. Andrew's program is the way it created so many potential channels to self-esteem, but everyone started at the bottom (dorm supervisors made sure of that!) and had to get up by actual accomplishment of *some* sort.

Dorm and corridor life

Today's occupants of the "Noxontown Hilton" have no idea of the Spartan living conditions of days past. It is doubtful there was any more cohesive force among fourth formers than the experience of dwelling together in the huge, cavernous South Dorm.

Until the 1980s, there were three surviving original dormitories: the vast South Dorm, the more intimate East Dorm, and the tiny West Dorm. (The New Dorm, now Pell Hall, served briefly as a boy's dormitory, relieving crowding in the older dorms.) Prior to 1957, two small additional dorms existed in the gymnasium on the second and third floors, with a supervisor's room in the tower and a faculty apartment on the second floor. The nearest toilet was a small restroom by the building's main entrance; the only alternatives were basement locker-

room facilities.

Because living accommodations were so widely separated throughout several floors, supervision was spotty. David Hindle (1958) was in the last class to live in the gym. "It was a great experience—making what we thought was hard cider on the roof over the squash courts—cider, raisins and yeast. No one would admit it tasted terrible."

The South Dorm (Hillier) was reminiscent of Grand Central Station, with a ceiling that followed the rafters to a peak at least thirty feet above floor level. Old-fashioned, pendulous glass-globed lights hung precariously over alcoves (also known as cubicles) separated by partitions just above head level. Alcove arrangement resembled a maze, and residents who dwelt at the end felt privileged, for supervisors and masters who rushed in attempting to catch a riot in progress invariably failed.

Each alcove was curtained off and contained an iron bedstead, built-in drawers, and a closet. Will Grubb (1959) describes them: "They were about ten by eleven feet; they were all white; each had a mirror and a place to hang your clothes and some drawers, but the space was limited. The cubicle partitions were only about six feet high and the ceilings were very much higher, so you could throw things from one cubicle to another. Sneakers and shoes and all kinds of clothing would go flying around after hours." Ridge runners were known to skip along the partition tops. Bill McAdoo (1967) remembers "a spring football game just before lights out—an indoor game, the climax of which was the entire school assembling in the parking lot for an unscheduled fire drill. One final incomplete pass had resulted in a direct hit on the fire alarm box."

The much smaller West Dorm (also Hillier), almost an annex to the big room, had many fewer occupants, a low ceiling, and little history of shenanigans. Fourth former Doug Brodie (1952) once crept commando style the length of the dorm to Carter Werth's (1952) alcove, where he spread talcum powder over the floor, thus making sure Werth's whereabouts would be recognizable should he attempt retaliation. Not every corridor master leaped into the fray when riots erupted. Russell Chesney (1959) remembers that "as a dorm supervisor, Ed Hawkins tolerated the same amount of noise as a crowded basketball stadium." Only when Ed Clattenburg's (1951) rocket, launched outdoors from a distant corridor room, went amok and flew directly into one of the Hawk's windows did he come out with a roar.

When I first saw the South Dorm, I wondered if the architects had planned it as a gymnasium or a vaulted library. No, I was told, just an airy sleeping place that would encourage good health. A sleeping place was all it was, for its occupants were denied access during much of the academic day—they were too hard to find in the labyrinth of cubicles. And if they were mischievous on weekends, the dorm was closed to all until shower time before dinner.

Supervisors lived in a real room close to the South

"We live by a code," wrote Beryl Friel (1983) in the May 1983 *Cardinal*, "one large code formed of numerous other codes. If we choose to set out on our own way of living apart, we might as well start a new language."

To survive as settlers in a foreign land, incoming students must learn this dynamic new language, in which words come and go, some vanishing to mystify later generations. "Jap" was "a horror tactic of giving pop quizzes and questions that were totally off-the-wall—as in Pearl Harbor sneak attack." No present-day St. Andrean knows what a "ringer" is—the term vanished officially in 1978.

A partial syllabus: jobs, ringer, The Pit, werefish, bing-burger, The Bank, pink belly, shinplasters, yellow death, Pouting Room, Bob Banquo, Ward's kittens, hooking, pig pot, bounds, White List, eligibility, DC, deficiency slip, hooking, watch Harvey!, Baling Room, MOD, bombing out, The Shack, break, bug barge, pitcher squeezer, bangers and mash, Jap quiz, mystery meat, spaz squad, gaboon, wandering bone, petition, holdover, car rule, white flag, flabbity, rookie-nookie, work-off, marks, Lizard Lounge, Redbirds, Sixth Form privilege, Mississippi mud, Hilton honeys, viscera stew, Green Dragon, RegOff, BOD, sourballs, B corridor, green bowl special, Blue Check, lay-over, five-bell, haycock, special study, Blue Bomb, get on the stick, *BOY!*

Dorm, far removed from some of the most violent action. "The dorm supervisors were like gods to us underformers," Jay McNeely (1965) remembers. "If they had instructed us to sleep standing up, I think we would have complied." Almost twenty years later awe of upperclassmen persisted. Louise Nomer (1980) says, "Third formers worshipped the very ground that seniors walked on. If a senior even talked to you, you felt flattered. And it was a big deal if you could date one."

Greg van der Vink (1974) remembers "being plagued by Sixth Form supervisors for having messy drawers or dust on the curtain rail of my alcove, or just being harassed by bully sixth formers." He reflects upon the "reality" that girls brought when he was a senior. "All of a sudden the community became more normal. Who would haze a girl, or give her marks for disrespect, or sloppy dress, or a messy closet?"

The South Dorm had no fire escapes or alternate routes, for a separate narrow staircase had been walled off to serve as a mimeograph room for faculty, accessible only from the floor below. The few radiators set into the dormitory walls were no match for the loose-fitting leaded casement windows. More than once, snow piled up on beds. No one who passed through the South Dorm experience forgot what survival skills were required. For Marshall Craig (1962),

> *Cold* is the dominant sensation reaching back over thirty years. The anglomaniacal notion that open windows in winter is good for boys strikes me as a low form of cruelty. I recall Colgate toothpaste crystallizing in the tube. Particularly there is the memory of the searing chill you felt up to your hair follicles when your feet hit the wood floor in the morning.
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> At night, as soon as the dorm supervisor switched off the lights, the air over the alcoves would be filled with missiles, some noxiously wet, some hard and crunchy. All were launched in silence with an expectant wait as the launcher anticipated a cry of anguish when a missile hit a launchee. This inevitably elicited a chorus of snickers and assorted moans. All this would, in due course, bring the supervisor bursting out of his room, threatening everyone with ringers. If things *really* went well, you would be rewarded with the appearance of an irritated Uncle George, standing in his skivvies at the dorm entrance, shouting, "What the hell is going on here!"

One such missile struck a large hanging lamp, causing it to crash beside an occupied bed, both globe and bulb exploding in shards that fortunately missed the terrified sleeper. While Jay Hudson (1977)

Kevin Flaherty's South Dorm alcove.

hunkered down when his supervisor, All-American soccer player Allan Marshall (1974), "maintained quiet by kicking his slippers at anyone talking after lights were out," Henry Hillenmeyer (1961) "enjoyed Third Form dorm life—attempting to sneak around at night after 'lights out,' getting involved in nighttime water balloon fights."

The big room had a single common bathroom. Will Grubb (1959) recalls, "One Sunday night they fed us goulash made with spoiled meat and about four or five o'clock in the morning everybody got sick and there weren't enough toilets to go around, so we scurried around all over the school, downstairs, upstairs, and into the basement. Some of us didn't make it."

Every major bathroom throughout the main building was a spacious tiled room with no doors on the toilet compartments, to ensure that nothing untoward went on behind closed doors. In dormitory bathrooms, the shower areas had low raised sills to prevent sudsy water from overflowing. This provided wonderful opportunities for stopping up the drains and waging naval battles. In one instance, a tiled pond was created in which a duck was released and paddled about for hours.

There was little free time during a class day for relaxing in the sparse privacy of alcoves or rooms. "We got up around 7 o'clock and had fifteen or twenty minutes to get dressed and downstairs to breakfast, which was obligatory," Will Grubb writes. "After breakfast we cleaned our alcoves or rooms, then went to do our jobs. After jobs, classes with a mid-morning break, and more classes after lunch. Athletics followed immediately. You might have half an hour before dinner. Chapel was held four nights a week, then study hall, followed by bed. Until you were an upper former, there wasn't much time during the day. Saturdays had classes in the morning and sports in the afternoons; Sunday mornings consisted of a major chapel service."

When dormitories or corridors were closed during the day due to riots and unseemly behavior, the outdoors beckoned. Jay Hudson (1977) remembers "the polar bear club when we would go swimming in January and February in the pond, sometimes having to break the ice. Alex Foster (1977) was the first female member. Other times we would go mud-sliding on the hill by the science building during driving rainstorms." That could lead to catastrophe. Other daredevils took part in bicycle gymkhanas, plummeting downhill next to the old Green Dragon.

> Music was our exit visa from the cloisters of our forced celibacy. Rock and roll was our drug. Which of us in the Class of '62 will ever forget Jud Bennett singing "Rockin' Robin," or Buddy Holly, Eddie Cochran, the Shirelles, Bo Diddley, Ray Charles, the Drifters, Del Shannon. Our angst sought expression through the innocence of these pre-Dylan pre-Stone bards.
>
> **—Bill Stevenson (1962)**

> On Sunday night, November 22, several underformers were assaulted by anonymous upperformers armed with boiled eggs. Investigation revealed that these eggs had been pilfered from the breakfast tables earlier in the morning. These eggs not only had harmful effects on the clothing and minds of the underformers, but also stained the cloister.
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> With all solemnity due the occasion, Mr. Cameron announced in no uncertain terms the penalty for the damage sustained. Boiled eggs will no longer be served the student body. A roar of approval broke forth and Mr. Cameron grumbled slightly as he sat down.
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> **—*Cardinal*, December 1959**

Dorm life can bring out unpleasant sides to human nature. Peter Laird (1961) recalls a friend "being unmercifully hazed as a student from 1957 to graduation in 1961; upper classmen coming into the East Dorm with scissors to cut his long hair; he would hide out on the roof over the cloisters at night when he should have been sleeping." Dave McWethy (1965) remembers one of his classmates holding another "upside down out of a second-story window to terrorize him."

Occupants of the East Dorm were second formers and an occasional small and immature third former, all of whom might be thought too young and tender for serious hazing. Not so. Bentley Burnham (1983) remembers what was "reserved for second formers after lights. Beds were flipped, and buckets of water were routinely dumped on people in their sleep. Shaving cream battles took place every month. One

student was 'crucified,' tied by his hands to a cross beam and left hanging."

Four supervisors lived in a large room at the end, where they could look down the entire length of the dormitory. They liked to think of themselves as big brothers rather than policemen, but every now and then they emulated supervisors in the South Dorm. Bill Helm (1959), one of the four monitors in 1958–59 (along with Eric Godshalk, David Hindle, and Dave Shields), admits, "Eric and I were a little overzealous in our 'management.' For one thing, we required that the windows be open in the middle of winter—'that will keep the germs out—use more blankets if you're cold.' It was almost a situation of hazing the new second formers. But with our peers in the South Dorm we developed great camaraderie. (And everyone thawed out by spring!) "

Second formers were an unpredictable lot, for eighth graders carry childhood with them. Most succeeded in school life and went on the next year both in academics and into the South Dorm cauldron, but some never got that far. One collected model buildings printed on the sides of cereal boxes. When he had assembled about a hundred he built a great city in the shower room. One lighted match sent the entire metropolis up in flames. Bags hastily packed, the little pyromaniac went home that afternoon and did not return. Perhaps his architectural ingenuity had one overlooked element, for as one of his dorm supervisors said, his "elevator didn't go all the way to the top floor."

The three dormitories exist only in memory. The West Dorm first became a music rehearsal room, then joined the South Dorm to become part of Hillier corridor. Hillier and Fleming (the old East Dorm) now consist of real rooms, with carpeted halls, lounge areas, and ceilings of normal height.

Girls' residence halls, though often referred to as "dorms," never were. They were corridors of carpeted rooms, comfortable lounges, laundry rooms, even kitchenettes with refrigerators, everything fresh and new and clean. "Dorm life at St. Andrew's has an energy and vitality that only the initiated are privy to," says Marnie Stetson (1983). "Chocolate chip cookies are never so good as those snuck after lights out. The assortment of diverse students in a single dorm makes for new experiences."

I roomed with Sandy Hance (1961) and our room was next to our corridor supervisors, Hunter Harris and Coley Brown (both 1959). Hunter was tough on us, but he also occasionally blinked when Sandy and I would sneak a smoke in our room. His "blinks" took the form of allowing us to shine his shoes and do odd jobs for him instead of receiving the appropriate number of ringers. It mystifies me today why we wanted to smoke when we both played three sports and when doing so kept us constantly in servitude; but we did.

—Henry Hillenmeyer (1961)

Graduating from cubicles

For boys the transition from dormitory to corridor was a major step up the school ladder. Jon Smith (1965) writes:

> One special thing about being a fourth former in 1962–63 was that we moved up to having stereo privileges at the same time the Beatles albums started arriving. We were indeed like some "watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken" when we crowded into that room and listened to "I Want to Hold Your Hand" and "I Saw Her Standing There." It was awesome. We were part of history at that moment, and *we knew it*. We were a musical class—and it seems that, to a man, we could always produce a good Beatles imitation at shower time. Shower singing was our chief way of celebrating the high points on the tribal calendar. Saturday night of a dance weekend was always the loudest, but I must admit that for some reason there was a pretty good blast on Sunday night too, after the dates went home.

Smith was to become senior prefect. He remembers "being troubled by making a rough passage from accepting authority to *being* authority. The feeling must surely be shared by other St. Andreans, who enter the school so very callow, and have so much power over others by the time they leave."

One of his first tests came with "the issue of furniture arrangement on D Corridor (Voorhees), the residents wishing to move the desks out of the center of the room, where the law said they must be. I posted a challenge to debate Mr. Cameron on the issue, then

watched nearby as he approached the main bulletin board. He read my challenge, said 'Bah,' and pulled it off the board, crumpling it in the same motion."

Corridor life introduces a new reality, remembers Paul Keeley (1985): "You must face the fact that you will be living with the same individual for the full year, and you must learn to give respect as well as a little breathing space. The words that come to mind are patience, understanding, and commitment. Without these things in mind, this 'marriage' could end in a quick and heated divorce."

Until the late 1960s, A Corridor (Sherwood) was known as the Sixth Form corridor, onto which no underformer dared stray unless specifically invited. Trespassers were thrown into the shower—the mildest form of punishment. Because sixth formers had the privilege of giving disciplinary marks for almost any reason, underform visitors to their territory often ended up with ringers that kept them busy on Saturday afternoons.

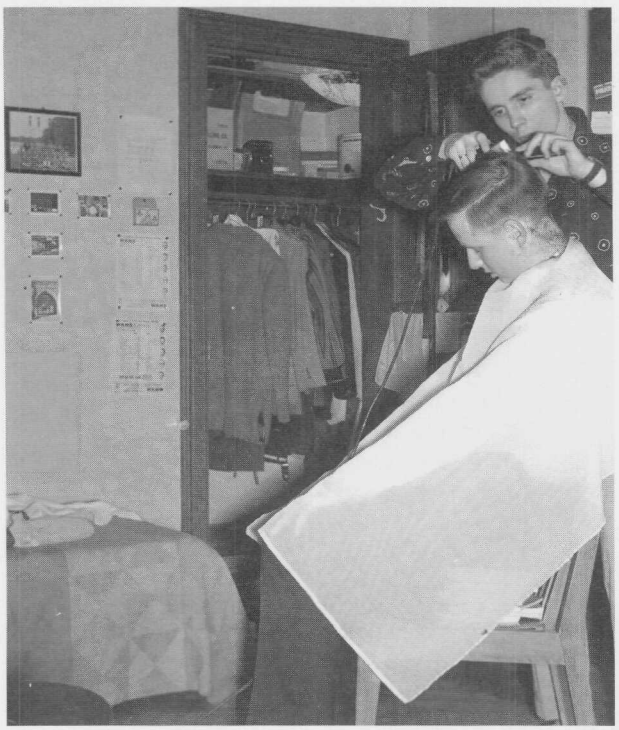
Will Grubb (1959) remembers being thrown bodily downstairs to the landing: "They wanted to make sure their rules were enforced." Grubb found "life on the corridors fun. Mice started getting into the food we kept and in the middle of the night my roommate said they were running up inside his pajama legs, so we declared all-out war on them. We took a trash can and built stairs up to the top by piling up books. Little blobs of peanut butter were spread on each step and smeared on a piece of paper stretched across the can at the top. The mice would run up the stairs, out on the paper and fall in."

Another control was more grisly. "A couple of guys strapped silver dollars onto either side of a Gillette razor blade, attached a string to the blade and put the string over the radiator pipe. The string was cemented to the floor with peanut butter with the razor blade hanging directly overhead. The idea was the mouse would come and eat the peanut butter, the string would let go and the blade would come down and guillotine the mouse. It didn't work."

Jeff Stives and John Houston (1960) roomed together in a symbiotic relationship: Stives could write; Houston could do math. Houston, "the football and wrestling ace, kept me at arm's length from the form turkeys," says Stives.

To supplement his meager school allowance, Houston used to cut other students' hair, but his electric clippers caused problems with the TV in the common room next door where interference made it impossible for their form-mates to watch Dick Clark's "American Bandstand." Would-be viewers' irritation reached an explosive point one day as a boy was being shorn. A section of telephone pole in the common room, intended as firewood, became a battering ram against the wall separating the two rooms. The first blow literally blew every pushpin and tack off the wall over my bunk and all the pictures came down at once. No one was very subtle in those years.

Ingenuity in the form of pranks against one's fellows was constantly at work. "Jimmy Dick" Harris (1965) was the proud owner of an expensive new guitar, which he kept under his bed. Harris "had various boundary disputes and trivial quarrels" with his roommate, David Walker (1965), better known as Bunker Hill, Jon Smith remembers. "Bunker managed to find a junk guitar and substituted this in the case under Jimmy Dick's bed." When Harris entered the room Bunker was apparently studying at his desk. Suddenly Bunker leapt to his feet. Screaming that he was frustrated with his homework, he ran out



With town barbers both expensive and hurried, John Houston expertly served fellow students in his own room.

The room at the bottom of the bell tower was a student's single room, and we used to jimmy the lock to the tower with a can opener. We spent idyllic days on top of the bell tower; that was where we smoked, where we went whenever we just wanted to get away.

—Dexter Chapin (1963)

This retreat improved with time, for as Gordon Brownlee (1975) tells, "Life in the bell tower included chairs, couches, lamps, etc.; it was a special hideaway."

The early 1950s saw a perplexing problem with disappearing students. A boy would walk down the main corridor toward the original auditorium (which had no outlet at the stage end), descend the stairs, and vanish completely. Nothing faculty did solved the mystery. The cement stairs were broken halfway down by a landing, to the side of which was a wooden closet enclosing electrical conduits. The narrow interior space was sealed with a wooden floor.

George Dickson (1952) would skip down the stairs to the landing, duck inside the snug electrical closet, raise the floorboard, slide down the conduits, and there he was. Not long after George graduated, the New Wing was built with its auditorium replacing the old one. During construction workmen discovered under the cement stairs a spacious earthen-floored room equipped as a luxurious lounge. To provide more convenient access to their room, George and others had considered excavating a tunnel alongside the auditorium wall to emerge under the stage with its large trapdoor. Why? "So the girls wouldn't keep soiling their dresses sliding down the conduits." Girls? "Why, girls from town, of course."

of the room, then back in, yelling at the top of his lungs. Harris continues the saga:

> He pulled the guitar case out from under my bed, ripped it open, and began jumping up and down on my beautiful brand new Martin guitar. I stood there, struck dumb, and ready to kill the s.o.b. All of a sudden he broke out laughing and pulled out what remained of the guitar from the guitar case. I realized it wasn't my guitar at all. He continued to laugh his head off, thinking it was great fun, but I was pissed off at the whole thing. Most of the class knew he was going to pull this stunt on me, for I had been very proud of my guitar and had let everyone know about it repeatedly.

So are the proud humbled.

Most adventures were simple, frequent, and directed at anyone, anytime. If a prank seemed promising, nothing was too much trouble. In 1968 Jeb Buck and Cy Hogue, both sixth formers, lived on A Corridor (Sherwood). When Jeb was away one weekend, Cy emptied Jeb's top bureau drawer and neatly lined it with plastic. Sandy Ogilby, their corridor master, recounts what followed.

> Cy filled the drawer with water, and made it into an aquarium complete with live goldfish and various underwater habitats dear to the heart of such creatures, who proceeded to swim around unconcernedly in their new surroundings. Jeb's return was eagerly awaited, but those in the know, hardened pranksters all, kept their cool and displayed no undue interest in the room, although they made sure they were nearby behind closed doors. Jeb arrived back just before evening study hour and did not bother to unpack, but throwing his suitcase onto the bed, got down to his work. Cy maintained truly Spartan self-control until Jeb started putting things away in his bureau. The outcry of discovery rang through the building and quickly became a swelling uproar as neighbors crowded into the room. By the time I arrived, most had collapsed onto the floor and furniture, howling with laughter, while Cy triumphantly hooted his own appreciation.

Imagination ran riot on corridors. Senior prefect Phil Tonks (1963) recounts:

> Crichton, Chapin, Gordy, and I—four prefects—were hacking around in a corridor room when Cooper,

who roomed with Fishburne, comes running in and said Cary [Fishburne] had gone crazy. Well, Chapin and Fishburne were very close friends and when Cooper said Fishburne was threatening suicide, Chapin took off down the hall, just flying all the way through, and just as he gets into their room, he sees this figure go out the window and hears an awful thud down below. He rushes to the window and sees this sprawled figure on the pavement. Of course it was a dummy and they'd thrown it out the window as Chapin rushed in.

Lyles Glenn and Joe Hickman (both 1974) cooked up a plan to affect the entire school the day before they graduated. "When it was hot, instead of turning lights off at bedtime the way they were supposed to, corridor supervisors would flick the switch on and off to signal everyone to turn off their room lights manually," Glenn explains. "That allowed for digital clocks and fans to continue operating. Early that morning, about 6:00 A.M., an hour and a half before we were supposed to wake up, Joe and I went around and turned off the power on *all* the corridors. From there we went to the kitchen and rang the rising bells, then into the faculty lounge and rang the last bells. To this day I can hear the whole school walking down the halls on their way to breakfast—an hour early."

Some pranks backfired. Richard Cookerly and Bill Mott (both 1978) used a broomstick to thump repeatedly on the wall dividing their room with that of Tom Schreppler and Jamie Wendt (all 1978). Then, fearing retaliation, Cookerly and Mott locked their door. Meanwhile, Schreppler and Wendt created a bottle rocket, lit it, and went into the hall prepared to toss it into their foes' room. With the door locked and no time left—"Oh, *no!* "—the rocket careened down the hall past corridor master Marc Cheban's apartment. Cheban came roaring out; Schreppler and Wendt had disappeared, but Cookerly and Mott were in the hall laughing their heads off. With no one else in sight and despite their protestations of innocence, Cheban stuck them with full blame and many marks.

When Richard Corney, Steve Flaherty, Danny Myer, and Towny Manfull (all 1978) lived on B Corridor (Baum) overlooking the entrance girls used to enter the main building, they assembled one evening with brimming buckets of water and waited for the five-minute bell for dinner. The girls emerged from their dorm across the parking lot and trooped en masse toward the door. Unexpectedly faculty member Nan Mein emerged from the door in the opposite direction and took a direct hit. As the boys fled to their rooms, her husband, Simon, tracked them all by their wet footprints.

For those coming to Founders' Hall from across the gully or along the road, the throbbing of corridor music was a prelude to dinner and the evening ahead. Don Harting (1974) remembers, "The best time on B Corridor was about five P.M., after a full day of classes when many corridor-mates were back from sports, waiting for the first set of bells for dinner. That was when Nick or Dick or someone with a powerful stereo would put the Allman Brothers' *Eat a Peach* or *Live at the Fillmore* album on and turn up the volume."

Because Jeff Stives (1960) was a late acceptance into the Fourth Form, he "was first placed in the third formers' South Dorm where I shared a cubicle with Tom Stewart-Gordon. I soon was given the small third floor tower room, previously used as the zoology rat room! My Fourth Form peers resented my 'moving up' from the South Dorm into their domain, and there followed some interesting tests of body and will. When [I was] assaulted one day in my room by the local jocks, they found my defensive reaction somewhat unsporting. No one ever took me on again, except on the mats."

The boarding-school experience could be temporarily overwhelming, Stives remembers. The next year he "decided to run away from school. I took every penny I had (probably a few dollars) and left after lights out. I got as far as the main entrance, but never left the property. There was, in fact, nowhere to go."

At times unhappiness was exacerbated by teenage cruelty. Bentley Burnham (1983) speaks of "one 'different' individual who was picked on and not chosen to accompany the 'guys' on their expeditions. Near the end of the year someone set off a fire extinguisher in his room—it was the type with a brown chemical mixture that stuck to everything it touched."

Whenever I pulled an all-nighter, I always went outside to watch the sun rise over Noxontown Pond.

—Eric Gamble (1984)

> Sandy Hazlett got a girl up in his room on D [Voorhees] corridor, innocently. She was curious as to what it was like, reasonable. Gordon Cayce filled a large rubber garbage can full of water and leaned it against the door, knocked and ran. Hazlett opened the door. The water floods. In the room below on B [Baum] corridor, tiles fall through the ceiling as the water continues downward. An unknown observer reported to say that as he walked along the language corridor, he saw Peter Seyffert sitting at his desk correcting Spanish papers, oblivious to the water cascading down the wall of his office.
>
> **—Phil Persinger (1970)**

Each corridor had a common room that residents had to keep clean. Several had fireplaces. One memorable evening in the 1950s an illegal after-lights assemblage of fifth formers decided to have a party made cozy with a fire. The fire got out of hand, smoke poured down the corridor, alarms went off, and the entire Fifth Form spent the next several weeks cleaning and polishing walls and furniture and varnishing floors. Corridor common rooms were precious and relatively private. Will Grubb writes, "We used to have our form meetings there, and around our Fifth Form year, televisions were put in every common room. The common rooms were places we could go on dance weekends when we had girls on campus. We would pull the blinds closed and shut the door so it got really dark, then play Johnny Mathis records and neck."

Most supervisors were chosen from among demonstrated student leaders; others were recognized from the ranks. Fifth Form candidates were studied more for their conduct records and how they related to and handled others than how much they had achieved in one role or another. But standards were strict, and some first-rate candidates were removed over technicalities. Daphne Edmundson (1985), widely respected and liked, on a single occasion during her Fifth Form year found herself in conflict with school rules and was taken off the prefect list. She responded with dignity and acceptance. Although she was not officially a prefect, as sixth formers she and her roommate, Alexis Sargent (1985), were assigned a Third Form corridor where younger girls constantly sought her for advice and guidance. She served them well.

In the O'Brien years penalties and decisions were more flexible. Alex Sargent remembers her last year when another girl "got in trouble for drinking—something pretty minor—and afterwards Jon O'Brien was cold to her as a way of teaching her that what she had done was wrong and that she should not do it again."

Louise Nomer (1980) recalls, "The big deal was to sneak out of the dorms at night. People tried to defeat the alarm system by sneaking through connecting faculty apartments—until they got caught! But no one could get through the special screens on our windows. They called them 'birth control screens.'"

Some got out, nonetheless. Becca Bailey (1982) remembers "playing 'spin the bottle' on the grass dock with practically our whole class in the Sixth Form. And then Cindy Yeatman came down with mononucleosis soon thereafter—panic!" With girls on campus after 1973, interdorm visits were commonplace, despite rules and security. Sometimes students were simply up to deviltry. Becca relates how she and others "skipped chapel and raided the boys' dorm for clothes and then sneaked back to K Corridor (Gaul Hall East) without getting caught."

A disparity existed between the management of boys' and girls' dorms, in part to discourage visiting back and forth, but equally to provide security for the girls against intrusions. Still rankled, Jill Chase (1982) says,

> Being locked in dorms at night really drove me crazy. I just didn't think it was fair for the boys to be gallivanting around at all hours of the night while we girls were trapped indoors. The boys would come over to our windows and taunt us, and many of them sneaked into the boathouse at night and went cruising around the lake in crew launches. Cindy Yeatman and I spent a great deal of time trying to figure how to get the screens off our windows, but we never found a solution that wouldn't incriminate us. A few daring individuals, including myself, occasionally escaped onto the roof of our 'impregnable fort' by means of a trap door. But the word got out and the door was quickly locked.

A feminine sense of sharing and healing led girls on one corridor to a unique undertaking. "We had a

book in which you could write whatever you wanted to," an alumna relates. "You didn't have to sign it. All those sixteen-year-old girls were going through the same thing at the same time. We would read each other's thoughts and we knew. 'Yeah, Beth, I feel the same way!' and 'Help, get me out of here!' and 'I love it; it's beautiful today.'"

Dormitory faculty

During the school's early history all incoming faculty were expected to live in dormitory apartments, where they would oversee student supervisors and pay close attention to dorm life. The situation created an inevitable challenge: How much could the adventuresome get away with? Who could devise the most ingenious bedevilment?

Sandy Ogilby spent thirty years "on corridor," a school record. "One evening in the winter of 1964, hearing some sounds not associated with 'study quiet'—running feet and slamming doors—I stepped out onto C Corridor (Schmolze) to investigate," he recalls. "All was quiet, but I noticed some water on the floor near the door to the shower room." Associate chaplain Ned Gammons picks up the story. "The corridor master was alert to this breach of domestic peace. With the speed of a jungle cat, yet retaining all the awesome majesty of the law, he sprang to the lavatory door. A culprit on the other side crouched at the ready. Now, throwing the door open, in walked Authority." Ogilby continues, "I was met with an entire pitcherful of water right in the face. When my vision cleared, I identified the perpetrator of this outrage as Bill Farrow (1965)." But Gammons tells the only way it could end, "Both stared at each other for a few seconds: one in horror, the other in dripping surprise, then both burst into laughter."

From time to time other faculty were drenched when water-filled paper cups had been perched over an apartment door, an unoriginal treatment, but always effective. Others had firecrackers shoved under their doors, rockets flash by their windows, eavesdroppers by bedroom doors. Phil Tonks (1963) lived on the third floor of the New Wing in his Fourth Form year, near a married couple with a small baby. He recounts that "the two people who roomed next to the baby's room would start banging on the wall whenever the baby cried." The young master—not the best fit for a corridor—remained only three years."

Sometimes a tired, overburdened corridor master simply exploded. Tonks continues, "Sandy Ogilby was the Fifth Form corridor master. We had a bat loose in the hall and he wanted to know what the commotion was. He came storming out of his apartment and there was this bat going all over the place. Well, somebody knocked it down and the chaplain of the school came over and stomped on it. It was like this was God and the Devil."

Popular young Ralph and Isabel Chamblin lived on a corridor that housed Gabby Smith and Bill Howard (both 1952), a lethal combination. According to classmate Herndon Werth, "Smith and Howard invented a machine consisting of a box with coils and two arcs. When plugged into a socket in the Fifth Form com-

The New Wing under construction.

mon room, the electricity jumped between the two elements at the top of the machine and—*zap!*—the fuse in the Chamblins' apartment blew."

For some faculty, baptism by boarding-school fire lasted only a few years before they moved to separate homes; for others it went on seemingly forever. In the past twenty-five years, some men and women have joined the faculty with no obligation to live close to students. While they are spared wakeful nights and unexpected pranks, they are deprived of experiencing the ingenuity of students as they test authority or sink into youthful depravity—and they never know the fun. In short, as *boarding-school* faculty, they are thoroughly disadvantaged.

Students had to be constantly alert. Louise Dewar (1975) knows: "Naturally we stayed up after lights on the pretext of having homework to do. Mrs. Mein used to wear rubber-soled Oxfords, which you couldn't hear coming. It wasn't until she closed the door at the top of the stairs that you knew she was there. Cigarettes would be thrown under the chairs and couches and books would get picked up very quickly, but even so she always caught us. Always. And she had this smile that she'd give you before she said anything. It was like a cobra smiling at you before it was about to strike."

Plummy Tucker (1983) remembers that "the most horrifying thing that happened to me at St. Andrew's was my second day on corridor. It was time to be in my room—I thought this was the most ludicrous thing I'd ever heard, being in our rooms at sixteen minutes after ten, or ten thirty-one. I thought Mrs. Mein had left so I stuck my head out the door to call to a homesick friend and all of a sudden Mrs. Mein was walking through the corridor door and said, 'She's all right, *but you won't be if you don't get back in your room!*' I said, 'I am in my room,' to which she replied, *'You'd better get back in your room, young lady!'* Oh, my God! And I ended up *just loving* her!"

Simon Mein inspects the girls' dorm, as caught by Louise Nomer.

Simon Mein was another matter. Louise Dewar continues,

> Mr. Mein was easy because we were girls. He had this deadly fear of walking into one of our rooms if we didn't have clothes on, which I'm afraid we took shameless advantage of. He also hated to disturb anyone who wasn't feeling well. Every other week he would come through to inspect our rooms. My roommate Diane and I would throw all our clothes under Diane's desk and would turn off all the lights except the one at her desk where she would sit, supposedly studying very hard. When Mr. Mein knocked, Diane would tell him to come in but to be very quiet because "Louise has an awful headache." Without fail he would back out, apologizing all the way, without inspecting the room. I don't think he ever got all the way into our room once our senior year.

But Mein, housemaster for eleven years, was no pushover. He had little tolerance for "Hogarthian squalor," and posted his reports for all to see.

> A6 had a very dirty floor and mat, probably produced by a very muddy pair of boots lying there.
>
> Wilson's half of B18 has reverted to its erstwhile squalor.
>
> Berdanier's half of B18 was a revolting sight.
>
> A1 (Phillips)—the state of this room has exhausted my fairly extensive vocabulary.

In the late 1940s, assistant headmaster John MacInnes, a former U.S. Navy commander and WWII battle veteran, made his rounds briskly with corridor supervisors and faculty in tow. It was rumored he used white gloves to check for dust. Bill Cameron's inspections were no less rigorous, and he would often arrive at unexpected times. "If you got caught once, then you thought twice about playing the game again," says Dexter Chapin (1963). Cameron was strictly fair. "Once Mr. Cameron did a

spot inspection and found a loaded .22 in my room and three illegal knives and all kinds of contraband like that. I didn't get any marks because he was looking for something else."

Corridor faculty complacently believed once student supervisors had turned off the master switch, electrical contrivances were out of commission. Not so. Ingenuity knew no bounds. When I was a corridor master in the early 1950s, two of my charges put a section of baseboard on hinges, which lifted to reveal a cavity in which they had a grill tapped into a live wire not on the regular corridor line. Eventually the mouthwatering aroma of a midnight hamburger gave the entrepreneurs away, but for months they fed well.

There was an adventurer who would burrow behind walls to locate electric trunk lines, somehow avoiding fire or electrocution. Ken Wilson (1966) tells how his roommate, Win Schwab, acquired illicit electrical power. "Win discovered that there was electricity in the [storage] closet next door, so he broke a hole in the wall and ran an electrical cord through. For two years we had all the night lights we needed, and a fan." When Larry Nomer (1972) rewired his room he rigged his door with a switch that instantly turned lights off if it was opened. If he threw a midnight party and a corridor master opened the door, everything would be dark and quiet. School electricians checking facilities during vacations ultimately uncovered all such arrangements.

Jeff Stives and Brian Fisher (both 1960) pulled "late-nighters" in the chapel, where Fisher knew there was all-night power. "We did a number of papers and reports somewhere behind the altar, dodging the night watchman and brewing tea on a forbidden hotplate," Stives remembers. "We were not supposed to have television, or popcorn poppers, or refrigerators," recalls Lyles Glenn (1974). They had them all. Popcorn poppers in the girls' dorms often tripped smoke alarms, resulting in fire drills.

Peer pressure, smoking being a "cool" thing to do, and the bonding found in the Smoke Shack guaranteed a permanent contingent of smokers.* Don Harting and Greg van der Vink (1974) liked to smoke while writing compositions "without bothering to walk down to the A Corridor (Sherwood) smoking room. We would request late lights and when every-

Dormitories used to be run on near-military schedules: inspections every Sunday morning; pre-lights-out warning; final lights-out after which everyone had to be in bed and quiet. No talking. All electrical appliances in each dormitory room were then nonfunctional, for baseboard outlets were cut off as well as ceiling lights. Faculty supervisors, or the MOD, would walk down the corridor later to see that all was well.

Occasional discoveries were made, usually an impromptu card game played by candlelight, or munching boxes of cornflakes surreptitiously removed from the dining room earlier in the day.

Willie Smith, Fred Lewis (both 1969), and another guy rigged the phone line between A and B corridors into a toll-free line and were making calls back and forth to wherever Willie's girl friend was at school. They would run around with screwdrivers unfastening wires, then screwing them back together. With his screwdriver, Willie reminded us of Barney on *Mission Impossible* who always had a tool in his hand, so we started calling him Mission Impossible. We never did figure out what they were doing until we heard that a phone bill on the University of Delaware computer's 800 number had been traced back to St. Andrew's.

—Chuck Shorley (1971)

Howard Schmolze outwitted the little devils by taking off one shoe and then running down the hall full speed. The sound of only one leather heel striking the floor made boys think that he was walking at a normal pace.

—Ches Baum (1936)

*The Smoke Shack deserves its own treatment, found on p. 242 as an interchapter.

one else was asleep we would lock a hook-and-eye I had installed at the base of our door and break out the Winstons. I don't know who we thought we could stop with that puny lock."

The only time I ever caught a student smoking in his room was sheer accident. After lights one night I heard a commotion and mistook where the noise came from. I entered the wrong room to find one of its occupants completely hidden beneath a heap of blankets. As I hesitated, Bob Smith (1949) shot out, coughing his head off, clouds of smoke billowing. He got the appropriate penalty, but always was curious how I had "known" he was smoking. I never told him.

Gail Wright (1984) writes, "It was a wonder to me how corridor masters got their work done at all—there was always someone in there talking with them about a paper or the hockey team or *something*. At other boarding schools the one-on-ones with students don't happen *nearly* as much; students don't just bop in and out of their apartments or ask them for rides to town. St. Andrew's fostered this closeness and a real feeling of family existed." It has always been so.

Pier Friend (1984) says that corridor master Will Speers "single-handedly kept my spirits up my first month at school. He gave me the confidence to believe in my abilities. He was more than a teacher, he was a friend. I could talk and joke with him about anything. His refrigerator was always open to me, even if he was not there. And he was an extremely strong force in helping me cope with the death of Kai Harvey." (Pier Friend was a prefect in charge of the former East Dorm the year the little boy committed suicide.)

Becca Bailey (1982) remembers how English teacher Betsy Baetjer invited the girls on her corridor to her apartment, "getting all cozy in our nighties, eating ice cream, sipping hot cocoa, and listening to tales read from *The Lawrenceville Stories* and other good books." Becca also recalls "how totally wonderful it was to escape for a few hours/days to the infirmary to be mothered without question."

Nothing escaped the notice of dorm residents—the female student who woke up a young male faculty member each morning, or the young woman faculty member who "wore those terrible clunkies, high platform shoes, and we would be cracking up because at 2:30 in the morning we'd hear, clunk, clunk, clunk, down the hall, really fast away from a bachelor teacher's apartment."

Dorm residents gained a degree of privacy with the "white flag" rule. If a white cloth was tied to the outer doorknob, the occupants were not to be disturbed. A visitor might knock, but never enter without permission.

On Saturday mornings admissions personnel often brought parents and prospective applicants on tour. More than a few times a naked boy would pop out of his room on the way to the shower to find himself in the midst of a visiting family. Students had a cry, "Visitors! Visitors on corridor!" but weren't always around to sound the alarm.

As the school grew more complex with many more students, almost half of them girls, the condition of corridor rooms deteriorated. Upon his return after twenty-five years away, Jeff Stives (1960) "felt the school was not as well maintained as remembered." Jon O'Brien replied that this probably was so, but suspected that kids now have more personal things to take care of and are perhaps not as easy to control as they once were. Stives, father of an eleven-year-old, agreed.

Another explanation may simply be the absence of a Dick Hillier, who personified the *Handbook*'s statement, "St. Andrew's is a self-help school. Keeping buildings, grounds and living quarters clean is a matter of considerable pride. Accordingly every boy is assigned a job." He had an eagle eye for what needed to be done and an understanding who best could handle difficult assignments, and ran the job system for more than half his thirty-one years on the faculty. His courteous manner and sense of fairness won the respect of students, who worked diligently, understanding theirs was an essential contribution to St. Andrew's. As long as he supervised the job system, the school shone.

Hillier built on a solid foundation established earlier by his good friend Coerte Voorhees, who knew how best to make the job system hum. In 1948 he wrote Walden Pell, "The job system to be really effective, must *ostensibly* be run by the boys. Hence I would recommend that we dispense with faculty Sunday inspection. I would rather have you and Mac [assistant headmaster John MacInnes] make a tour any day at any time and whatever meets your eyes as not satisfactory, see me or Evans [prefect Bob Evans, 1949] and let *him* apply necessary pressure." The end result, as Frank Merrill (1971) realized years later, was "to help students appreciate what it took to keep the

building habitable."

Student serfs were everywhere, often doing rote work normally expected of staff and faculty. In 1956, as the New Wing was about to open, Voorhees wrote to Pell, "Some long-standing empires are going to have to lose their serfs to the cause of cleanliness and economy."

"The job system was an extremely important part of our *education*," states Tim Bayard (1962). "It gave boys a real part in the upkeep of the school, from the second former pushing a broom to the sixth former in charge of a squad. The routine was a good habit to get into, the necessity to do the job right was another, and the system of boys supervising other boys was great."

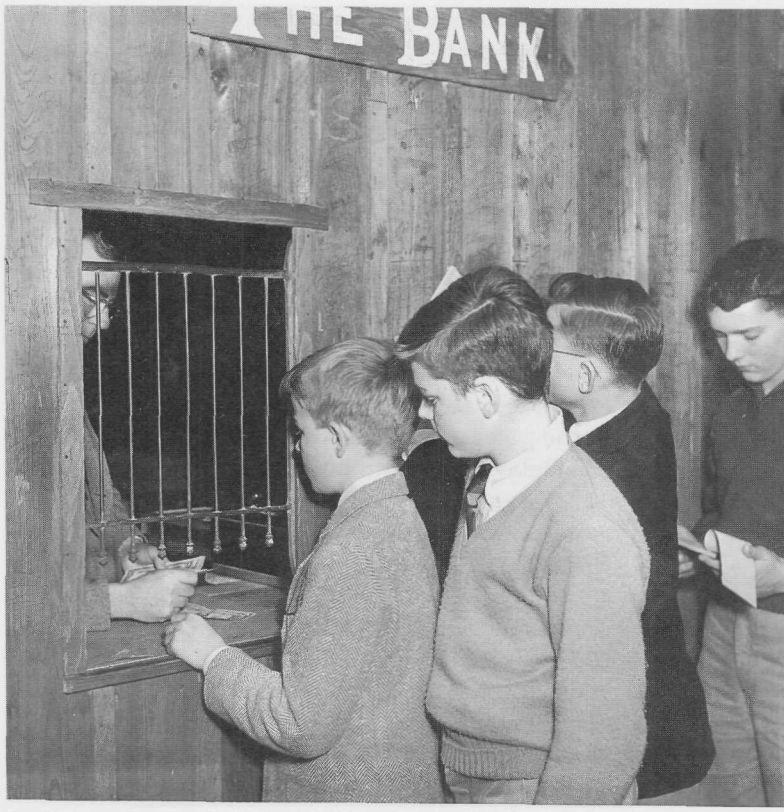
When girls arrived in 1973, the system became more diffuse. Many jobs requiring genuine labor disappeared. Even so, an occasional distasteful job (perhaps coupled with marks work-off) rankled. Jill Chase (1982) remembers "sweeping the dirt off the road in front of the school. I was extremely angered by this task and felt that my efforts could have been better spent."

In a 1963 report Bob Moss explained the rationale for the school's job system:

> How can boys for whom so much is being done escape corruption at the hands of their good fortune? A student, wherever he goes to school, is on the receiving end of countless gifts, whose donors remain out of reach or else anonymous: Discoverers, authors, artists, scientists and those who build and endow schools; all their work comes to the student gratis.... Education, especially when it is good, threatens character unless it inculcates a sense of responsibility for preserving it and transmitting and disseminating it to others. How can a student discharge this responsibility? He cannot repay Shakespeare or Darwin, but he can help the institution which brings Shakespeare and Darwin to him.

School Bank and low finance

From early days, the School Bank (established by John MacInnes) not only husbanded students' meager accounts, it taught them banking skills. Students used "Blue Checks" as legal tender throughout the school. No student was allowed to sign out for vacation until his bankbook balanced, and many an advisor spent long hours attempting to discover where things had gone awry. "The worst part of getting



Ed Hawkins doles out allowance to George Mitchell from the School Bank.

ready for a school break was attempting to balance my checkbook," Ollie Pepper (1962) admits. "I would sit there looking at the figures and not having the slightest idea how to make it balance. The people trying to help me were also lost most of the time. My wife still won't let me keep our checkbook."

The School Bank was egalitarian, for those from wealthy homes were indistinguishable from those with modest backgrounds. No one was supposed to have more cash on hand than his grade-level allowance permitted.

Jon Smith (1965) writes:

> Our parents were instructed, before arrival at school, to deposit between seventy-five and ninety dollars in our checking accounts.
>
> But what was there to spend it on? Most of my checks went to the barber, a forced expense of, what was it? fifty cents a haircut? If one was willing to walk to Middletown and back, he might find a way to spend a dollar or two. There was one Pepsi machine on campus and no way to purchase a snack between

meals. And most of the machines that eat kids' money nowadays had not been invented yet.

So I was a better steward of my father's money than he would have been himself.

Maintaining an in-house bank placed a strain on the business office and its corps of professional accountants, and in the 1980s the time-honored system was abandoned. Students were encouraged to open accounts in a Middletown bank, or have separate accounts with their home-town banks. Regulating who had how much was now impossible; wealth and the lack of it began to show, especially on weekend trips to the great malls that were springing up in northern Delaware. Middletown's "Greasy Spoon" was only a memory.

Saturday night movies

Weekends before coeducation were relatively dull, unscheduled times with few amusements. One diversion was the Saturday night movie, preceded by cartoons. Over the years various faculty were in charge of selecting films; Coerte Voorhees and later Chris Boyle were the most successful in matching subjects with teenage interests. Bill Stevenson (1962) recalls Voorhees as being "far ahead of our time" in his choices. In 1963, 90 percent of the student body voted *Stalag 17*, *Friendly Persuasion*, *Shane*, and *The Caine Mutiny* the most popular films shown, according to the *Cardinal*. The films' "rather adult standard of sophistication" encouraged faculty attendance as well.

The MOD, always in attendance as part of his weekend duty, usually had little time to enjoy the film. Soda cans rolled noisily down the bare concrete aisles, plastic bags flew about, and crumbling snacks littered the seats and floor. No matter how good the sound track, the hubbub made it difficult to follow the film. "Mr. Dunn stopped *The Warlord* because we were making so much noise," Chuck Olson (1974) recalls. "We screamed our heads off. I'll never forgive him."

Tim Bayard remembers "Dan Beard getting slightly drunk on his own [cider and raisin mash] concoction and yelling, 'Hocus, pocus, ***focus!***' " before being removed. Senior prefect Phil Tonks (1963) found the resulting disciplinary proceedings complicated because a few of Beard's classmates had tasted the stuff, found it horrible, took no more, and claimed it couldn't have been alcoholic at all. But Bill Cameron, chair of the Disciplinary Committee, argued that Beard was clearly intoxicated, therefore it had to have been alcohol. Tipsy or not, Beard's complaint was legitimate. Focus was an ongoing problem; critical shouts were heard every few minutes, every weekend.

One of St. Andrew's more famous bands: the Triaca Company. The name came from a porcelain jug that had inscribed on it, "The Triaca Company." Originally it may have contained corn whiskey. The members of the musical Triaca Company were Loudie Wainwright, the leader and guitarist, Andy McNair, Steve Mills, and Abner Haynes, supporting guitar and banjo players. I played the washtub bass, and sometimes a regular bass viol which I would pluck, and Larry Rockwell played kazoos, which were absolutely vital and necessary ingredients for a true jug band. This kind of folk music was a hot item back in the sixties and we were in the mainstream of it.

—J. D. Harris (1965)

Dances

Prior to 1973, young women entered the St. Andrew's all-male world in four ways: as pinups (forbidden if undraped, but hidden and plentiful); a few faculty daughters; occasional visitors from Middletown; and at dances.

Dances revealed the boys' ineptitude on the floor. At school meeting on May 16, 1955, Powell Hutton (1955) requested "the establishment of informal dancing classes." Such classes were held sporadically until eventually interest declined.

The only faculty involved in exchange dances were those pressed into service as chaperones. Catherine and I once accompanied a group of boys to Maryland's Gunston School. Once introductions had been made, we were separated from our charges and shepherded into a drawing room, where the elderly senior mistress and even more elderly headmistress closed huge sliding doors. One of them unlocked a wall cabinet from which a bottle of sherry was removed. Glasses were filled, refilled, filled again. The

wine had little effect upon the two of us, but the two old gentlewomen got tipsier and gigglier as the night wore on. On the bus back to school, smelling of lavender and sherry, we slumbered peacefully, heedless of the boys' savage analyses of their female counterparts or their exaggerated tales of prowess.

The luckless bachelor masters were most often chosen to accompany boys to a girls' school. Black Hughes and George Broadbent were perennial favorites. Marshall Craig (1962) remembers:

> Dances with girls' schools were a dreaded part of life at SAS. You really couldn't *not* sign up. Only wimps and real flamers wouldn't. From the fog-enshrouded banks of my memory comes a recollection of a dance at Garrison Forest School (or was it Shipley?). There was a long bus ride, marked by much joviality. The class studs smirked and vows were made as to who would score. There were assurances that we had been fed the dreaded saltpeter, to lessen the surge of youthful hormones. Of course, that one last look in the dorm bathroom mirror would confirm that you had enough zits to supply the school band for a year.
>
> Uncle George herded us off the bus and charged us to relieve ourselves. This we did, en masse, to the detriment of the boxwood hedge on the far side of the bus. Once adjusted, we gathered in the front hallway and arrayed ourselves in order according to class and height. At the top of a long staircase there gathered our partners-to-be. One by one, they trooped down the stairs—some lightly glided, some lumbered, and some leapt—and matched up with us. There was much shoving and jostling in line as each person counted back from the head of that column of the opposite sex to find his or her mate.
>
> If you were lucky, you found a girl who confessed to the same level of embarrassment and discomfort that you felt. Thus established in mutuality of feeling, you and your new friend had a decent shot at an enjoyable evening.

Ollie Pepper (1962) still sounds wistful as he recalls, "I always knew what my date would look like when she got off the bus. I also knew what Dick Steele's would look like. I never dared ask why his were always so beautiful and mine were so strange."

Will Grubb describes the "Pig Pot." "We used to take money and put it in a pot, and on the way home the boys would vote on who had the ugliest date. Whoever won got the money. I won it once and it was a nice consolation because I spent the whole evening with a girl who didn't know what deodorant was and who liked to talk of nothing but opera. That was a very long evening. But most of the time we would have dates who were fine and entertaining and would take the edge off our monastic lives."

> Some one of your dear boys gave one of my fifteen-year-olds her first kiss and, much to her surprise, she loved it.
>
> **—Anonymous headmistress after an exchange dance**

The separate accounts of Buck Brinton and John Davie (both 1961), here combined, describe a highly secret experiment. Tom Field (1961), who was electronically oriented, set up a strategically located microphone. Then—

> After the first couple of dances the girls excused themselves and went to the bathroom down the hall. We would fly upstairs to listen for the voices of our dates amid the cacophony of flushing toilets. Once in a while, what a young lady had to say about one of us was flattering; however, most often what came through was hardly complimentary and actually embarrassing, considering that several friends were huddled around listening closely.
>
> It was at that young age that we learned to our surprise that when girls get together they can be pretty callous. Some of them were saying nasty things about us, *their dates!*
>
> When this classic invasion of privacy for unethical purposes was exposed, those involved were disciplined, but the cleverness of the crime mitigated the punishment.

Davie got his comeuppance. He reports:

> [I had] a reputation for being a ladies' man which left me open to some good-natured but merciless teasing that once took the form of an elaborate ruse. A couple of days after a dance at Shipley School, when I arrived at my mail box I found a dozen classmates standing around waiting for me to retrieve its contents. The box contained forty-six scented love letters, each expressing uncontainable, undying love for me. It seems that Buck Brinton, Randy Williams and others had talked to a dozen Shipley girls into writing and sending these to me, the greatest love of their lives. When my

good fortune was announced publicly at dinner, I offered to give a letter to anyone feeling dejected because of unrequited love.

"The letters were all dashed with so much perfume the ink had run," Phil Tonks (1963) remembers. He recalls Davie's attempt to distribute the wealth, but not gratis—the letters were for sale at a dollar apiece.

"When I was at school, rock and roll was in its infancy: the Platters, Buddy Holly, and Elvis Presley were getting popular, but for our dances there were no experienced rock and roll bands," Will Grubb (1959) remembers. "'Diesel' Dave Shields (1959) had a connection with Lester Lanin's high society band. They'd come down and play for us, a big privilege."

"The preferred dress of the evening," wrote the *Cardinal*, was the tuxedo. This formality did not inhibit anyone. In a subsequent issue of the school paper formally clad Blackburn Hughes was caught in a line doing the "Boopsie-Doo."

The band played from a raised platform in the dining room, throwing out Lester Lanin hats, and at times exciting everyone to a standstill when the trumpeter, only a notch removed from the great Satchmo himself, blew his angel horn. (Marshall Craig reacted differently: "I am certain that in some corner of hell there is reserved a place for former prep school students. There, in that obscure alcove, they are doomed to listen to Lester Lanin for all of eternity.")

Dance weekends were high points in the year, and thoroughly disruptive of school routine. Will Grubb says, "Little harm was done; we never took the girls off into the woods or anything like that. We just had a normal good time." Hula hoops and frisbees furnished fun for that "normal good time."

Times were changing. A twist-and-shout band played at a 1963 weekend. For a while, writes Phil Tonks, "everyone did the pony with no partners, just dancing in big circles with some of the band members jumping down to take part. At intermission the band wanted payment in cash to go to Middletown to buy liquor, but the class advisor, Dick Hillier, had only a school check. So the band went on strike and played "Chopsticks" for forty-five minutes." Students declared it the greatest chopsticks they had ever heard. After that experience, the school exercised veto power over band selections, but the music got wilder than most adults could tolerate and faculty attendance dropped off except MOD duty.

An historical anthropologist could readily date the dining-room decorations over the years. Kirk Varnedoe's (1963) huge masterful hangings showing faculty in their favorite roles captured the elegance of the early 1960s; the filling of the dining hall with trash and students in tatters said much about the distressing early 1970s. In 1974, when the senior class dressed formally and Steve Amos' great metallic curtain, made entirely from flip-top loops, divided the dining room, we knew the sickness had passed.

With the first steps toward coeducation and twenty-seven resident girls, dances took on a new atmosphere. Exchange dances vanished and in their stead—increasingly as more girls were added each year—informal on-campus dances were scheduled, especially on Saturday nights. Kevin Grandfield (1982) "loved the Saturday night dances. I couldn't wait for the musical joy, the physical release, the social gaiety, the sexual possibilities." These affairs were great fun for all and included costume parties as well. At one, wrestling champion John Brock (1975) responded to a fierce challenge by a hulking figure in sweat suit and grimacing mask. Until a near takedown he did not realize that beneath the bulky disguise was the slight figure of a faculty wife.

School government

The architect of school government as described in 1950 or 1951 was Bill Cameron. The first *Handbook* was a thin affair, but the sixth and final edition, which appeared in 1970 or earlier, continued to provide an irresistible temptation for students to find loopholes, which every new edition had tried in vain to close. The solidly packed pages of fine print set up a wonderful contest between Cameron's legalistic turn of mind and student ingenuity.

The students always were a step ahead. In post-*Handbook* days, when male–female relationships had to be addressed, the thrill of danger tempted a few girls to spend nights in boys' rooms, or even seek intimacy behind closed corridor doors on a Sunday afternoon. Supervision in girls' dormitories was far stricter, so it was mostly one-way traffic.

School officers consisted of the senior prefect and about half a dozen prefects, nominated by outgoing officers and appointed by the headmaster. In some eras, they were also form officers, representing all form levels, and were therefore often of greater value

to both the headmaster and the school.

Until the mid-1970s, school meetings were conducted formally by the senior prefect seated behind a table on the auditorium stage surrounded by his prefect colleagues. These meetings were closely patterned after New England town meetings and followed Roberts' Rules of Order. A committee prepared the agenda, which was then approved by the headmaster. As items were presented, student and faculty members on the floor offered comments and debate. On one or two memorable occasions there were ill-tempered shouting matches, but generally meetings were excellent examples of the democratic process at work.

Proceedings are preserved in notebooks that include an agenda for each meeting, notes taken by the prefect secretary, and carefully prepared and detailed minutes. It is in the informal notes that the tone of particular meetings comes across. They include doodles, such as portraits, sharp asides ("Persinger made an ass of himself"), and other off the-record observations.

Frank Merrill (1971) recalls the moment that gave rise to the note about Phil Persinger (1970). "The most memorable meeting was when the McGowin proposal to suspend the haircut rule the following spring (1969) was being debated. Mr. Cameron was at the podium and had just made the comment that the haircut rule was intended to prevent students from looking shaggy and sloppy. The inimitable Phil Persinger asked, 'Sir, I have a very ugly face. Do I have to throw it away and get a new one?' The laughter had not subsided when Mr. Cameron shot back, 'Phil, you're beautiful. We love you!' And that brought the house down."

Merrill thought school meetings "were a waste of time. About the only ones who didn't view it this way were the people who were conducting it. A school meeting was a time to relax and anticipate lunch, with a laugh or two thrown in. I remember the endless debate that attended the Chapman-Davis-James proposal to do away with the prefect system. *Nothing* even came to a vote by the end of the third meeting, and then the Fifth Form resolved the whole issue in a minute by refusing to name any prefects for the following year."

Formal school assemblies may have first appeared in the mid-1940s, when John MacInnes established an elite group of prefects, the Noxontowners. Although they wore special blazers and insignia and ran school meetings forcefully, their role was never clearly spelled out except to augment the authority of the senior prefect. Unfortunately this occasionally took the form of hazing. While this small band did not last long, it seemed to give prefects a prestige (and power) that formerly had been largely token. By the early 1950s, the Noxontowners faded into oblivion, their passing regretted by no one. It is generally thought that the style of a New England town meeting was adapted to school meeting by Bill Cameron about this time. But school meetings in the 1980s were little more than assemblies for announcements.

We propose—

The most interesting reading of school meeting agenda concerns student proposals that cropped up repeatedly as they were argued over and honed. Students tended to ask for the moon, hoping that if they achieved anything at all it might be close to what they had in mind in the first place. Their proposals ranged from the simple, such as underformer Will Grubb's request for SAS automobile window stickers to compete with those of Episcopal High School and Woodbury Forest, to the Sawyier proposal (to eliminate winter term examinations), the Chapman-Davis-James proposal (to do away with the office of prefect), and the McGowin haircut proposal.

Doug Wilson (1969) submitted a proposal to allow students to elect an independent study project in place of a sport, one term out of three. Wilson himself demonstrated the concept's value by completing a remarkable scientific research project (involving electron microscopy on how Noxontown Pond's freshwater clams produce their shells), a first in science anywhere. For this work Wilson received second place in the state science fair. (He later married the girl from Tower Hill who had won first place.)

The single most famous proposal was made in 1955 by Arthur Haycock, whose name as a result has been known to every student for forty years. It was a simple request in reaction to the hot, humid weather of a Delaware spring.

> From May 15th to the day before graduation, during week days, boys will be permitted to attend classes and study hall and go to and from classes and to study hall, without wearing coats, between the hours of

7:30 A.M. and 6:00 P.M. Neckties and shirts with full-length sleeves must be worn and sleeves may not be rolled up.

(signed) W. H. Cameron

"Haycock" came to mean informal wear, sans tie, but not sneakers or jeans or T-shirts. Before Haycock, every student and all faculty wore ties and jackets on all occasions. The one exception was a short-lived post-WWII experiment put into effect by John MacInnes. It consisted of allowing boys and masters to wear khaki pants and shirts with open collar during class hours, as in the armed services. The informal garb was welcomed by many for reasons of comfort and economy, but after MacInnes's departure the practice was immediately eliminated.

Hair

One of the great revolutions in student affairs began when Peter McGowin (1969) rose to his feet in school meeting and "proposed that, for experimental purposes, the haircut rule be suspended for one year." Brad Walker (1970) seconded the motion. Messrs. W. C. Reyner (athletic director) and Robin Hunt (1968) spoke in opposition.

The discussion was highly animated and supportive. Near unanimity prevailed among the student body, and the motion was carried and referred to the headmaster. Because this was the last school meeting of the year, however, nothing further could be decided. The headmaster had an open mind on the subject, the assistant headmaster did not.

On September 18, 1968, with senior prefect Ken White in the chair, the McGowin proposal quickly surfaced. According to the minutes, his reworked proposal

would change the haircut rule to read: That the hair may not come within one-quarter inch of the highest arch of the eyebrow, nor over the ears on the sides, nor over the collar on the back, when combed as the person usually combs it. The sideburns may not come below the lowest part of the ear. Furthermore, the haircut must not be an extreme of teenage fashion and it must be neat. If these requirements are not met the person in question is liable for marks at the discretion of the Decorum Committee. Tom Hooper (1971) seconded the motion and it was carried by a show of hands.

McGowin and his proposal still were up against formidable opposition, for Bob Moss was on a half-year sabbatical and Bill Cameron was acting headmaster. McGowin's attention to meticulous detail was designed to placate the disciplinarian who had been known to take a ruler to measure locks on a boy's head and neck. The McGowin proposal did not die, nor did it get anywhere. Hair remained short.

On February 26, 1969, McGowin presented the third of his continuing series of haircut proposals. The student body was asked to petition the faculty that "an experiment be held at St. Andrew's School in which a haircut rule of any description be eliminated for the period of one term—the spring term of 1969." It passed unanimously.

Hair was never again the same at St. Andrew's School, but it never degenerated to the grubbiness evident elsewhere. Those who let their locks grow too long and greasy were brought up before the Decorum Committee and made to mend their ways. A few marks here and there helped, and for a while student waiters in the dining room had to wear white caps to keep their tresses out of the food.

Because his own hair did not conform to the precise rules of the experiment, Peter McGowin was not allowed to attend commencement exercises to graduate with his classmates, but was given his diploma separately. Twenty years later he wrote, "That hurt me terribly and hurts me to this day. I sometimes dream of becoming very successful and rich and even famous. Every time part of this fantasy is that the headmaster of St. Andrew's invites me back to commencement, shakes my hand and gives me my diploma."

The fruits of McGowin's labors did not mature until after his graduation, when "the Haircut Proposal" was put to a final vote, passed overwhelmingly, and was accepted by the faculty and administration.

Most faculty existed in a state of perplexity over whether or not a given boy's hair was "legal." At least one student ingeniously got around the regulations by wearing a short-haired wig, removing it when he wasn't under supervision. Bill Cameron thought the boy had dyed his hair, but had conformed to the standards he had set. A faculty member who saw him in this natural state, then later looking groomed again, thought just the reverse was true—that the boy had put on a long-haired wig to tease those in authority.

How did the faculty react to McGowin's heretical proposal? Faculty meeting minutes are filled with

statements, charges and countercharges, motions, decisions and rescinded decisions. Most of the young (and liberals of any age) were for it, many of the elders (and conservatives) opposed it. Eventually everyone simply got used to it.

> Boys should have some latitude in their personal appearance. If we have a haircut rule, it should tolerate a good deal of individualism.
>
> **—Robert A. Moss**

Prefects

Prefects were distinct from form officers, although sometimes an individual would be both. Election of form officers went through the familiar democratic process within each form. Later a form would nominate a few of its members to sit on committees.

Prefects were not freely elected by the student body, but nominated by outgoing prefects, sixth and fifth formers, and the faculty. They were then appointed by the headmaster (who was not obliged to follow the recommendations). Prefects were defined as "representatives of the Sixth Form and the Headmaster to the School."

It was the reporting and correcting of "matters amiss" that caused problems for many prefects, especially senior prefects. The office of senior prefect was the most prestigious a St. Andrean could attain, and the most demanding. By the late 1940s the senior prefect was potentially a powerful figure, although he seldom exercised his authority. Some winked at rules and the misdemeanors of their friends, even using their office to instigate pranks of their own. The role as it was defined was simply too much for most teenagers.

Bill Murray (1950) is generally regarded as the first senior prefect to have assumed *all* his duties in a responsible and even-handed fashion. He took his role seriously and was utterly reliable as an upholder of school policy. He doubtless lost a degree of popularity with his classmates during his pursuit of responsibility, but he defined an office in which a long series of outstanding senior prefects from then on placed the school first and their personal affairs, friendships, and predilections second. All had a constant attendant problem: severe and troublesome overload.

Extreme formality attended the induction of new leaders. Out-going senior prefect Jerry Wigglesworth (1958), presiding over the school meeting of June 5, 1958, made his farewell address to the student body and ended: "I shall now ask the School Meeting to stand while Senior Prefect Grubb accepts the gavel and assumes the Chair, and while his fellow Prefects assume their places on the rostrum."

Incoming senior prefect Willie Grubb (1959) accepted the gavel, made a brief address to the out-going senior prefect, the old prefects, and the student body, then said, "I shall now ask the School Meeting to stand while the new Form Officers accept the Offices to which they have been elected."

After a prescribed litany and recitations of expectations of the new officers, Grubb asked them, "Do you fully understand the nature of your obligations, and do you promise to carry out these obligations in good faith to the best of your ability?"

Fifth Form president Chick Shenk (1960)—who would become senior prefect in another year—replied, "We are cognizant of our obligations, and we will discharge them faithfully."

After a few more formalities, Grubb instructed, "Mr. Secretary, let the names of these officers be written in the minutes and let notice of their affirmation be sent to Mr. Cameron." Cameron was the proper addressee, for the entire process was his creation.

Will Grubb vividly remembers that momentous occasion: "I was petrified, absolutely petrified and was almost speechless and could hardly talk. It took a few meetings for me to gain my composure."

Induction of the year's prefects became even more of a prescribed ritual after it was moved from school meeting to evening chapel, with participants and congregation following a specially printed eight-page ceremony that ended with the formal appointment of each candidate by name and a rousing

> Although officers are elected as the most responsible people within their forms, they still are and always will be students. No matter how much like adults we appear, we still lack the stability of experience.
>
> **—A senior prefect**

hymn, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God." No one left chapel with any doubt that here were major players for the school year ahead.

"Jon, you old rascal, I'm appointing you senior prefect!" The scene "remains absolutely clear" in Jon Smith's (1965) mind as Bob Moss grabbed his hand before the boy was even through the headmaster's office door. "Then we sat down and had a chat about how unlikely a candidate I was just a year before."

> [We] talked easily and frequently over the course of the year, and I have come to appreciate that relationship more and more with the passage of time. I have not been on a campus since where (to my knowledge) *anyone* sat down so freely with the head of the place and got involved in real governance as the prefects did at St. Andrew's.... As we saw it, we were running the place, and we were just as interested in upholding the school's traditional values while maintaining (at least by our own crude standards) a humane environment, as any of the adults. It felt like a heady responsibility being a senior then, and I think Mr. Moss wanted it to feel just that way.

Jon describes a later event.

> A sabbatical replacement teacher, a very dashing, popular young man, had made passes at one or two of the students. Mr. Moss was certain the accusations were sound and the teacher had admitted it. He had just concluded the man must leave, right then—that night, if possible—and he wanted to know if I agreed with that decision. The unspoken question was, would all hell break loose in the student body. He was not sampling public opinion, he was seeking *my* approval for his decision. We talked so long that we missed dinner and we had Sloppy Joes over at his house. I was impressed—I still am—that he took a student into his confidence on a matter of that gravity.

Smith and his fellow prefects decided to do something about a growing alcohol problem among students, and planned "lightning" searches of all corridors and dorms after lights. The other boys found the scheme an alarming invasion of privacy and went howling to the headmaster about it. Bob Moss "asked me to describe and explain the operation. He said a number of angry people had been to see him and he had asked them all the same question, 'Do you have confidence that Jon Smith will generally have a good reason for what he does?'" He then asked them to give me the benefit of the doubt until my reasons were made clear, as he himself was doing. The vote of confidence that Mr. Moss had calmly collected amounted to a vote of mercy, and I was grateful to get it."

Each fall the burden of this leadership role was assumed by a young man who had much to accomplish during his final year prior to college, yet no one in the administration seemed to be aware of the stress imposed. If any faculty saw danger, no one did anything about it. On the contrary, disciplinarians and parliamentarians came to expect more and more of these exceptional youngsters, who rose to the occasion. If they didn't do their jobs, they suffered; when they did what they felt they must, they often suffered even more. For some, grades and relations with friends faltered. If they were athletes, physical demands added to long hours of supervisory duties and frequent late-evening Honor and Disciplinary committee meetings resulted in a fatigue that could not be shaken.

Most senior prefects bounced back once they had graduated. Phil Tonks (1963) "didn't feel washed out by the experience. I had a very good class with some good leaders and I never had to deal my senior year with classes other than as supervisor, and the other supervisors were good. If I tried to get too serious, I always had a group on corridor who'd say, 'Come on, Phil.'" A calm and level-headed leader, Tonks was witness to inner-school affairs not evident to most students. He saw "Cameron's obstructionism to Moss's work."

While other factors unquestionably played a role, it is an inescapable fact that three outstanding senior prefects were lost after leaving St. Andrew's—one who retreated for years from society and two who committed suicide. We knew these young men as among the finest products of St. Andrew's. Alumni write of them often, with a sensitivity that reveals a long-standing awareness of the enormous responsibility they bore. Alumni offer agonizing remembrances of Dick Steele, senior prefect 1961–62. Three of Steele's accomplishments across the spectrum of school life were recognized at graduation when he received the St. Andrew's Cross for Christian leadership, the Founder's Medal "for outstanding scholarship during *all* of his years at SAS," and the Mamo Wrestling Prize.

Marshall Craig's (1962) image of Dick Steele endures:

> Dick's leadership in sports consisted of leadership by example. You could do no less than do your best. His performance elsewhere was of a kind. He absolutely never said anything derogatory about anyone or anything. He was absolutely honest and fair. This is not to say that Dick was not without humor and laughter. But his example of fairness and direct dealing again put him on another plane. No one else could have been the Senior Prefect.
>
> His death, like Jack Kennedy's, was something you wished or prayed to disbelieve, but knew must be true. We were left 'Townsman of a stiller town' by his departure.

Craig experienced some of the pain of impending leadership. When the day arrived when rising sixth formers were to be notified by the headmaster of their appointment to prefectship, he recalls,

> I flattered myself that I had some hope of becoming a prefect. As with football, I had doggedly paid my dues and, in my own mind, had piled up a store of good works. This sort of hubris led me steadily into a state of depression as the afternoon and, finally, the evening in question drew on, with nary a word from the powers that be. My disappointment was so great that I couldn't take the casual banter of my classmates. Lest they see my sense of failure and depression and to avoid their good spirits, which conflicted with my desire to feel sorry for myself, I went to the chapel. I sat there in the dark and missed the evening meal. There I had my epiphany. The revelation came to me that who I am is not determined by title or proclamation. I had to live with myself and validate myself, not look for others to validate me. I walked out of there with a rueful smile at my own pride and weakness. I was O.K. As I got to the top of the stairs leading up from the chapel to the dining room, a lower former came up to me and breathlessly exclaimed, "Mr. Moss wants to see you!"

Of the two hundred and more prefects who held office during the period this book covers, only a few faltered, failed, or let their role go to their heads. Bill McClements (1981), a prefect and a responsible voice, was distressed by "a classmate [who] was taking his position of responsibility too seriously and was serving to 'rat' on classmates. He was a friend, but I resented what I perceived as his motivation, and I essentially moved to have him removed [from office]."

McClements was referring to a prefect who, after drinking with a couple of classmates, another alumnus explained, "turned them in and sat as an officer of the Disciplinary Committee that expelled them, knowing all the while that one word from them could damn him."

Another prefect, student head of the Disciplinary Committee, "compromised his position when he and his roommate went swimming and took a girl up to their room," an alumnus writes. Although the faculty wanted him to resign or be removed from office, the prefect was tried by his own committee and given a minimal marks penalty and suspension, after which he arrogantly refused to relinquish his chairmanship of the committee. He lost his prefectship and the respect of many.

Prefect Chuck Shorley (1971) saw his duty when the school nurse told him the bean soup they were to have in a couple of days was a frozen leftover and not fit for human consumption. At breakfast the fated morning Shorley wrote an announcement for senior prefect Tom Hooper (1971)* to read to the student body: "Authoritative sources have said the bean soup that we are going to be served at lunch today is not fit for human consumption and if you consume it, you do so at your own risk as it may lead to intestinal distress." The tureens were returned untouched to a much-troubled kitchen. When Bob Moss later observed that the incident had made the kitchen staff feel bad, the usually reserved Shorley blurted out, "Sir, I'll tell you something—that bean soup they serve usually makes *me* feel pretty bad." Bean soup became a rarity.

Shorley, second in line after Tom Hooper to make announcements in the dining room, "was so scared that my stomach and diaphragm would tighten up so badly I couldn't project my voice at all. People would yell, 'What? I can't hear! I can't hear you!' and I would run back quickly and ring the bell signaling the end of the meal." Shorley is now an accomplished public speaker and has no difficulty addressing groups of a

*Tom Hooper was the first student leader to be known as "Head Boy," one result of the Chapman-James-Davis proposal to revamp school government.

thousand without notes, a facility he attributes to recovering from his early attempts at St. Andrew's.

Mary O'Shaughnessy (1982) was the first female to hold the office. Many boys objected to having a girl as senior prefect, and Mary felt her opinions did not carry the weight of a male prefect. Early in the year she volunteered to "keep track of how many seniors skipped breakfast," but faculty member Bob Colburn did it instead. She "felt a lack of trust and also a little mad. I felt that I wasn't listened to or taken seriously by the administration or by some of the students."

Mary found it hard to retain friendships as prefect. "I still wanted to remain a member of the gang; I didn't want people to become silent when I walked into a room, but these occasions came and they were unavoidable. I was in the role of leader and of a disciplinarian. The leadership part I didn't mind, but it was the overseer part that bothered me. When ——— was head boy, rumor had it he was asked to 'narc' on his fellow classmates and I didn't want similar rumors to float around about me. I wanted to be trusted."

John Seabrook (1976) remembers looking up to "Terrell Glenn, Ralph Hickman and Bruce Abbott (all 1976)—they seemed to represent the spirit of SAS. Those guys are as dear in my memory as they were when I was sixteen, but looking back, it occurs to me they stood for a very narrow slice of what life is, of what the world has in store for you. At SAS they were the most visible, influential people on the campus: the president, the Honor Committee chairman, and the Disciplinary Committee chairman respectively in my senior year. If you weren't a part of that group, you were an outsider."

By and large, the complex structure of St. Andrew's represented security to its young members. "There was a certain relationship between boys and masters, between younger boys and older boys, between academics and athletics, between religion and the academico-athletico secular life that was central and essential to the quality of life at school," says Tim Bayard (1962). "I felt a security in the way things were, a-place-for-everything-and-everything-in-its-place feeling that was upheld by all but the most power-crazy sixth formers and a very few masters at their worst. When I was a third former, I felt that most upper formers would look out for us, and when I was a sixth former, I felt an obligation to look out for, even defend, lower formers."

Out with the old

On May 7, 1969, Mike Chapman (1969), Doug James (1969), and Mac Davis (1971) proposed a major change in school government. Some said it was too late in the year for such a momentous plan to be discussed, much less implemented. Bill Cameron saw some merit in the idea, but doubted its implementation and was concerned about relinquishing the organization that had worked well for many years. He advised tabling the proposal, to be brought up again in the fall.

In brief, the proposal recommended that the prefect system be abolished, with duties hitherto held by the small group to be spread throughout the Sixth Form and the school. It spelled out a broad spectrum of responsibilities for the entire student body, with even the youngest boys having a small voice in student government.

The following week the floor of the meeting opened to numerous one-minute speeches in favor of the proposal. Senior prefect-elect Ken White (1969) called a halt five minutes before lunch—a shrewd move, because teenage appetites took precedence over politics. A special school meeting was called on May 21 and was devoted entirely to the Chapman-James-Davis proposal. A student vote referred the plan to a faculty-student committee and to the Fifth Form, which would be most influenced by such a change the following year. May 28 saw a continuation of the discussion, with the announcement that the class of 1970 had decided not to elect prefects at all, at least at the beginning of the year. They would force the issue.

"Radical Reforms For S.A.S," the *Cardinal* reported on June 14, 1969. "The structure of school government which exists here has undergone a tremendous change as a result of student action during the past few weeks; for abolished now at least on a temporary basis is the office of prefect." The article reviewed the long, tortuous debate over the Chapman-James-Davis proposal. Although the problems were many and great, "the students have decided to refer this plan to the incoming Sixth Form." In the interim, "the school will be run by a provisional government."

Upon his return, Bob Moss saw certain advantages to the plan, but remained impartial, content to allow students to work out their own government

provided all responsibilities were covered. At the fall's first school meeting, Chester Baum described the newly created Steering Committee that would advise on the agenda before each school assembly, and explained the school's new legislative season. Everyone seemed confident that the overthrow of a system that was almost forty years old was under way and would work well.

In an editorial on May 28, 1970, Dick Coleman (1970) wrote:

> Prefects as such have been abolished, with their duties being taken over by the form officers, newly defined school officers, and the corridor supervisors. The form officers' group rather than the prefect body now meets with the Headmaster. This group is more representative of the student body, since officers representing all forms attend the meetings and because all the members are elected by their classmates instead of being appointed by the Headmaster. The Sixth Form offices of President, Vice-president, Secretary, and Treasurer have been eliminated, and in their place are the school officers (including the Head Boy, Marks Petition Boy, Chairman of the Honor Committee, and Head Job Boy), all of whom are duly elected by the incoming Sixth Form. Also, any Sixth Former is now eligible for a dorm or corridor supervising job.
>
> In short, duties and responsibilities of school government have been spread out through the Sixth Form and through the student body.

Within a few years the title "head boy" mercifully disappeared, but much of substance remained. Bob Moss quickly benefited from regular meetings with the form officers' group, which in turn met periodically without faculty presence with trustees in Wilmington—the first substantial exchange ever between students and trustees. Trustees learned first hand of student interests and concerns.

By the 1980s, in Jon O'Brien's administration, the top five student leaders were recognized as president of the student body, student head of discipline, the chairperson of the Honor Committee, student head of jobs, and the chairperson of the Social Activities Committee. The title (but not the previous role) of prefect was reinstated and each major position was occupied simultaneously by two students, a boy and a girl. New student groups (some with faculty representation as well), including the Student Life Committee, the Residential Council, the Athletic Committee, and the Social Activities Committee, joined the old standbys—Decorum Committee, Discipline Committee, Honor Committee, supervisory positions, and the vestry—as agencies of school government.

The Chapman-James-Davis proposal revised the entire system of school government. It was the catalyst for reform welcomed by two headmasters, the faculty, the trustees—and particularly the student body.

Rules, rules, rules

By and large school government had been created by, and was guided by, Bill Cameron as WWII came to a close. The sixth edition's "Charter of School Government" ran nineteen pages in the *Handbook*. Related matters occupied eleven additional pages; together occupying one-third of this small bible of school affairs.

Cameron began the section with a long paragraph from "On Liberty" by John Stuart Mill—a worthy statement, but not often read by students, who were far busier thumbing through the rules seeking escape or circumvention or grounds for appeal or a last-ditch defense. The quotation was followed by an equally long "Preamble" couched in noble Cameronian prose.

"Charter of School Government" begins with the organization of school government and the responsibilities of the headmaster, the faculty, and the student body. (In no place in this or other handbooks of the era is mention made of the staff, that vital "third leg" described in chapter 4.) Elections, forms, privileges and duties, the legislative process, school meetings, executive agencies, judicial agencies, the Honor Committee, and the Disciplinary Committee are discussed in detail.

The *Handbook* told students where they stood, spelled out what they were expected to do and forbidden to do, what the rewards and punishments might be. It was studied and interpreted by junior politicians and attorneys as well as malefactors. Greg van der Vink (1974) remarks, "Every rule creates a new category of pranks and methods of rule bending." The massive rule book evoked bonding among students, but the compendium vanished like a snowman in the sun after Bill Cameron died, for there was no one to take his place as chief justice.

In the early 1970s a succinct, much simpler loose-

leaf *Student Guide* was prepared, its emphasis less on rules than on helping new students become acclimated. Chuck Shorley, Mark Rocha, and Gardner Rogers (all 1971) co-edited the appropriate portions dealing with incoming students. The dozens of pages of rules, obligations, and penalties shrank to two or three.

Nevertheless, even the most basic rules that never changed, such as the one forbidding a student to "operate a motor vehicle on the campus, or to keep a motor vehicle in the vicinity of the School," were flouted. A prominent member of the class of 1983 admits, "I had a car on campus my senior year. We used to drive off campus and take those who were on bounds to my house. We didn't drink, just did whatever we wanted. Sometimes we made grilled cheese and bacon sandwiches. It was an afternoon to run around and play away from school."

Even riding in cars was a luxury during much of the school's history. In the very early years a student had been killed in an accident while riding with a faculty member, and from that time on rides could be given only with the consent of the headmaster or assistant headmaster. Hitching was absolutely forbidden, as it is to this day. But it was practiced. Don Harting and Greg van der Vink (both 1974) explain how they failed to get away with it.

> The two of us were coming back by bus at the end of a weekend. The buses were running late so we got off to hitch a ride back to campus. We knew it was against the rules but figured we were far enough away so no one would catch us. We also knew it was against the state law, but that didn't stop us either. One ride let us out at the northern end of St. George's bridge over the C & D canal. We stuck out our thumbs and from out of nowhere came a voice, "Boys, come over here." Three police cars had pulled up alongside us. As a policeman wrote us a ticket he said they had been staked out watching for some bank robbers and we had been standing in the middle of it. They then phoned the school to have someone come and pick us up. We thought it was funny until the Discipline Committee threw the book at us, giving us twenty-four marks for hitchhiking.
>
> We were assigned to sweep the dining room after dinner. This sort of punishment was unheard of for a sixth former, and we worried that it might erode our leadership status. We therefore decided to skip the meal and the marks work-off—an-unheard-of offense. Because the credibility of the entire Sixth Form was at stake, because we stood in unity, and because we believed in safety in numbers, the entire Sixth Form joined the protest and skipped Sunday dinner. When we heard Mr. Moss was on his way up senior prefect Joe [Hickman] dove under the bed. Mr. Moss came in and demanded, 'Where's Joe?' No one answered. 'If this form can't run this school, I'll damn well find a form that can!' he exclaimed, and stormed out of the room. Joe came out from under the bed and we decided that if the Sixth Form was to be so degraded, then we would all participate. So every sixth former got a broom and the entire class went marching into the dining room as the bell rang. As the rest of the school was exiting, we all swept the floor. Sixth formers were never again assigned marks work-off that involved nonsupervisory work.

From the time girls arrived on campus, the question of an equitable and appropriate dress code was a constant vexation. The *Student Guide* attempted to regulate dress into a concrete rule rather than an "unwritten" one—but the issue remained a thorn in everyone's side for years.

An alumna from the mid-1980s describes a faculty member's strongly expressed disapproval of an outfit worn by one of her friends. "One of the faculty said, 'That is just awful what you're wearing. Please go back and change.' What you wear is an expression of yourself and you are prevented from doing even that."

Nor was dress the only issue. An alumna from a later class writes, "There was a girl on my hall who had a punk haircut and a faculty member said to her, 'Cut your hair or you leave!' The girl came crying to me and said, 'Why can't I be different? Why do I have to be like everyone else?' They forced her to go home that weekend and change it, or she would have to stay home for good. They said she was ridiculous and was just trying to stand out. She was really upset; she liked her hair the way it was, but she had to change it."

Although attempts to have students of the 1980s conform to an officially defined norm originated primarily at the administrative level, thirty years earlier students themselves usually took care of the matter. As a member of the class of 1959 put it, "Most 'different' individuals didn't survive very long. They usually ended up unhappy and leaving. Anybody who came to school with long hair was attacked by

the seniors who used shears to cut it off. Back then, crew cuts were in." *Yearbook* photos show boys shorn like peas in a pod.

Rules concerning propriety were unwritten. "If you cheated on a test, you got called up in front of the Honor Committee," writes an early alumna. "If you got caught with a beer in your hand, you appeared before the Disciplinary Committee. But if you broke the rule that didn't exist (sexual intimacy), you were dealt with by the *rumor committee*. Very fitting, a nonexistent committee to deal with a nonexistent rule. And just like the other committees, this one was made up of both students and faculty. Anyone who wanted could be a member (and just about everybody wanted to be)." By 1983 the "nonexistent rule" was an explicit reality, occupying two full pages in the loose-leaf *Student Guide*.

Plummy Tucker (1983) found such legislation hard to swallow. "Other students were like your family, your brothers and your sisters and you get in the habit of being personal and affectionate with them. Holding hands in public, kissing in public, the fact that people would try to stifle you from doing that is crazy. Of course, there definitely are limits, but holding hands and kissing a bit, it's just a normal thing for teenagers to be doing."

Rules about noise were subject to interpretation also. The class of 1974 once provoked the ire of Nan Mein, for whom noise in the dining room had reached an intolerable level. She spoke to the headmaster, who then is said to have installed a tape recorder to verify the noise level. The sixth formers decided to foil the attempt by stifling sound of any level at their tables. Since at least one senior was at each table, an entirely silent meal ensued. Most of the diners in the great hall heard only a long story told by a faculty wife who was making a vain attempt to liven things up at her table.

The rules about smoking were definitely "written rules," and unequivocal. One spring afternoon Chris Arensberg (1961) found himself alone, with everyone else out on the pond, the tennis courts, or the ball fields.

> [It was] a perfect time to slip up to the art room and sneak a smoke. No one knew I was there; yet on the stairs was the unmistakable firm tread of Bill Cameron. It couldn't be him, I thought, as I jettisoned the contraband out the window, but as I turned back into the room he was glaring at me. "Bones," he said, "have you been smoking?" Upon confession, he informed me of the awful penalty. Nothing happened for a couple of days, and the expected twenty-four marks did not appear on the board. He then called me into the faculty library after chapel and gave me his Cameronian judgment: Take the marks, or be personally obligated to him not to smoke illegally for the remainder of the term. Because he had no evidence other than my word that I had been smoking, he would trust me not to do so again. All this became a much more valuable lesson to me over the years than the twenty-four marks would have been, and he had the wisdom to know it. But all the same, how had he known I was in the art room that afternoon?

"As president and vice-president of the Key Club," writes an alumnus from the 1960s, including his closest friend, "when we got together, there was trouble. The objective of this group was to get into every locked room at St. Andrew's. And we were successful." This now-respectable alumnus bares all:

> One Saturday afternoon I needed a key for a legitimate purpose and borrowed a maintenance man's entire key chain. He then went home, so I had the collection of keys for the weekend, and returned it to him first thing Monday morning. In the meantime I had a copy made of the master key that opened every room in school....
>
> I used to enter locked offices to rummage about. Had even a hint of this been known, I would have been expelled flat out.
>
> We used to get into the kitchen on a regular basis, and everybody in the form gained weight in our Sixth Form year, because whenever we got hungry, I would go down and get ice cream and cookies to bring back.
>
> Part of the challenge was getting into *every* locked room, even if the master key didn't open them. We took screws off hinges, got into the school store to eat candy, into the shop to use tools for projects.
>
> When I graduated, I passed the key on to the person in the Fifth Form who I thought was the biggest hell-raiser, and I'm sure he passed it on.

Periodically master keys were confiscated from students and security was restored—until the next time. As advisor to the class of 1974, I suspected one of them had a master key, and after accumulating occasional clues during their senior year, focused on one individual, but had no idea how to get the key. One day I passed him on the dormitory stairs and said off-handedly, "Oh, by the way could I have your master key?" Caught off guard, he said, "Sure, sir. It's in my room." So we went up, I got the key, thanked him, and left.

When I turned the key over to business manager Norman Thornton, his eyes bugged out of his head. "*How* did you get this?" *Where* did it come from?" It turned out not to be an ordinary master key, but a super master, of which there were only two in existence: one in Thornton's locked key safe, the other with the key manufacturer in a distant city. The boy I had gotten it from had received it from an earlier student, and its provenance was never discovered.

—Bill Amos

While few students smoked heavily, most followed the course of Louise Nomer (1980): "I wasn't particularly interested in cigarettes, but it was the cool thing to do, to hike out past the corn fields and have a smoke. Once I became a senior and it was legal, the glamour was gone."

The headmaster's choice of words used against one third former caught smoking in 1971—that he was a "bad boy"—left permanent scars. One of his close friends writes, "I was amazed to learn how vividly he could recount the incident and how it had left a deep scar—at least in his memory. Kids at that age are sensitive and self-doubting; the pre-1974 SAS had a lot of rules and customs that were far from reality."

Jeff Stives (1960) believes St. Andrew's taught him "to be more covert in some things. At home, one had only one's parents to contend with, but at school there were multiple tiers of people judging you—classmates, underformers, upper formers, faculty, staff, visitors. If you got caught, there were multiple degrees of offenses and few were really a big deal. What you *didn't* do was steal, lie, cheat or be 'gross.' Almost anything else, even though against the rules, was okay."

"Nearly every minute of the day was taken up by something you had to do to avoid being punished," recalls Ken Wilson (1966). "And if you acted dispirited, as well one might, you were chastised for lacking school spirit. Much of the time it was like being a character in Sartre's *Huis Clos*, and at times the depression one felt was extraordinary."

Dexter Chapin (1963), who had been president of the Sixth Form and returned to teach at St. Andrew's in 1984, saw the differences twenty years and coeducation had made. "We were treated like adults when we were here [as students] much more than I feel we treat the present students. We were given lots of responsibility, lots of trust. We give our students today a lot of trust, but we don't give them anything near the responsibility."

Some rules were designed to promote student safety, and marks could be a reminder. Noxontown Pond has seen its share of drownings, and vigilance was crucial. As third formers, Tim Bayard and Dick Steele (both 1962) took out the old lapstreak sailboat after their last exam. The wind died and they drifted, finally getting back to the T-dock just as Bill Cameron came down for his daily late afternoon swim. After dinner the two boys were summoned to his office and given twelve marks apiece. Cameron made sure "that we knew it really had been wrong and that we could have no excuse, despite being becalmed," Bayard writes.

DC

"I was probably in more trouble without being expelled than anyone else in school," admits Ollie Pepper (1962). "I remember 'Bull' Cameron sitting in his office with his half-glasses low on his nose, staring at me. I don't remember what I had done, but I remember his *'Boy*, you are in trouble.' I've never been so scared in my life. I admired and feared the man and knew that he could do whatever he wanted as far as my future at St. Andrew's was concerned. I thought it was all over."

Tim Bayard (1962) considers that "the DC was respected, punishment was respected, but I rarely felt the DC was *feared*. The system was neither harsh nor capricious, even though some individuals were. It

gave definite limits to behavior, but it was not a police force nor an inquisition."

Frank Merrill (1971) knew "the proceedings of the Disciplinary Committee usually provided a reminder that there were rules and that they would be enforced. This, coupled with the fact that the Disciplinary Committee meetings were usually open to the student body, provided a good number of 'What *not* to do' examples. It worked well."

Kevin Grandfield (1982) expresses another generation's point of view. "Structured rules serve to separate the school from the real world, and give everyone a feeling of being united. Because there are so many rules, there are many adventures. Doing something against the rules has a bonding effect. Sneaking into a friend's room after hours to talk is not just another expression of friendship. It also says that you are willing to break rules in order to be with this person, [making] the friendship more precious and meaningful."

Found out—and farewell

While faculty and administrators saw an older student as a young adult, they often failed to recognize the impressionable child still within. Flouting a school rule too often was dealt with legalistically rather than personally. Ed Strong (1966) remembers that "a bitter winter was the Christmas vacation when two sixth formers, including a prefect, were drunk in the Baltimore train station and were summarily expelled—justice was swift, justice was sure, one of the last certainties of that era."

The pain of actual dismissal is not limited to the person expelled. Describing an event a year later, Erica Stetson (1985) wrote, "Our greatest fears were realized when four senior girls were asked to leave. We felt betrayed by the administration and by those girls. We cared for them; they were a part of us. Why did they put their position on the line for a drink? There were only a few months left for us to be together."

"Students broke rules for a lot of reasons," says prefect Bill McClements (1981). "First, age 13 to 18 is a time when people start experimenting with alcohol, sex, and occasionally drugs. These things go on in the world. Parents can't keep their kids away from them and schools certainly can't. Kids figure out for themselves what they want to get into. Peer pressure is a factor, but ultimately they decide for themselves. St. Andrew's upholds the only policy it can, but it hurts to see a friend pack his bags because he did something 70 percent or more of the kids his age do regularly." It is this letdown by their peers, this discrepancy between those who are caught and those who are not, that hurts students remaining at school. The problem crops up over and over again—the mass exodus in 1971, another in the mid-1980s, are little different from other group expulsions in the late 1940s and early 1990s.

Being apprehended did not always cost a student a St. Andrew's education, but there was usually a steep price tag attached. "The crises that we had to endure quite regularly as schoolmasters seem in the distant golden past almost minor," Blackburn Hughes recounts. "They never were at the time—we had to take them very seriously. In 1953 a number of the rising sixth formers decided to celebrate one day early and commencement was followed by one of those endless DC meetings that ended costing several prefects and supervisors their positions in dormitories [for the next year], but to their credit they took their punishment and went on."

Substance abuse

Until the early 1950s, Alumni Day was held on commencement weekend and the most recent graduates stayed on with a supply of alcohol and attended faculty parties with older alumni. Severe intoxication among the newest alumni, suddenly free of school rules, was not uncommon and worse, was witnessed by undergraduates still on campus who only hours before had been schoolmates. After some difficult occasions, Alumni Day was moved to later in June.

Will Grubb (1959) explains what it was like in his day for almost the entire school. "It seemed to me we were a very, very tame class. There was no alcohol; smoking was done in the Smoke Shack and only

When Bill Cameron and Ches Baum proposed that one of the revised *Handbook*s specify mandatory expulsion for drinking, Lukey Fleming said, "Gentlemen, someday you will catch somebody you don't want to catch."

there; there wasn't any sexual intimacy; there wasn't any hazing. We didn't even know what drugs were."

Light years later, in terms of attitudes and sophistication, Alex Sargent (1985) admitted, "I'm pretty naive about alcohol and drugs and because of that, I seldom was aware what was going on. I don't even remember that someone was high on pot or when using it was taking place. Occasionally I was aware of some drinking." Louise Nomer (1980) adds, "The raciest thing we did was buy a couple of bottles of pre-mixed cocktails and sip them in coffee mugs around the dorm. We thought we were very daring."

Along with every other school in the country, St. Andrew's had brushes with student use of alcohol and drugs, although much less of the latter than many sister schools. Drinking has never been rampant among the student body, only omnipresent at a relatively low level compared to the outside world and other schools, ranging from after-lights expeditions to Smyrna to pick up beer for resale on campus to students bringing spirits back from weekends. One girl dropped a bottle on the platform at the Wilmington train station, where it smashed for all to see, hear, and smell. Booze has been stored in lotion bottles, stashed above false ceilings, hung with string outside windows (especially when ivy covered the walls), and taken from unobservant faculty's liquor cabinets.

Through a complex series of events, Phil Tonks (1963) discovered how some fifth formers escaped detection: "Their room was on the side of the Green Dragon and they kept their window open. They would be having wine and if someone came along, *whoooosh!*"

From time to time through the years imbibing students have been apprehended, suspended, and after repeated offenses expelled, but still there will always be some who continue their afternoon, evening, or weekend libations.

"Pot wasn't even something our age was considering," Tonks explains. "We didn't see it and it wasn't in college. The year I graduated from college, all the parties were beer parties or alcohol parties. The very next year in the same house there were drug parties." As senior prefect his last year at St. Andrew's, Tonks realizes, "I missed an awful lot of what might have been going on with alcohol because of my position; other students weren't about to tell me what was going on."

Marijuana had made an appearance by the late 1960s. By the early 1970s more dangerous substances appeared, brought back by students from their home towns or acquired through local providers. Compared to almost any other community consisting largely of teenagers, drug consumption at St. Andrew's has been extraordinarily low. Administrative, faculty, and staff vigilance have always been at a high level.

When drugs first began appearing on the national scene and St. Andrew's slowly awoke to the problem, preventive education was called for. On September 19, 1968, well ahead of immediate concern at St. Andrew's, a Dr. Pillsbury, medical examiner from Baltimore County, Maryland, offered a macabre vision of drug deaths from the perspective of the morgue. Drug pushers, he declared, "should be shot on sight." In 1969 and 1970, Dr. Donald B. Louria, a national figure with a broad background in working with young people and a wide range of mind-altering substances, spoke to the student body and held seminars. The *Cardinal* reported that his "unbiased presentation of the facts of drug abuse awakened the student body to a real concern of the problem of drugs in our society." Nevertheless, the subject still seemed foreign to our cloistered world. Louria's admonitions had little effect upon the inevitable presence of drugs on campus. They had already arrived.

In the spring of 1969, a couple of students spoke to me seriously about drugs on campus. When I relayed their concern in a faculty meeting, the reaction was one of disbelief. I was told to return to my sources and make sure of the facts before bringing such matters before the faculty again. But my informants were right.

"Mine was probably the first class to smoke dope," a member of the class of 1969 writes. "That is a distinction I'm not proud of. However, I'm not particularly ashamed of it. The winds of change were blowing in 1969, and we were part of it."

Chuck Shorley (1971) "was not greatly involved in the drug culture, but there was a significant sector that was. Some of my friends would disappear after lights-out and head to the woods and return at two or three in the morning bombed out of their gourds. There was more of that going on than anybody wanted to face."

Most coaches were adamant that no boys on their teams used drugs of any sort. Faculty didn't—

couldn't—comprehend that such things were taking place at the school we thought we knew so well.

Catherine and I hailed from a pre-WWII era. When we put up girls on a dance weekend, we were amused when they and their dates burned incense in the kitchen; we had no idea they were masking the use of other substances. How quaint, we thought, and how effervescent and talkative some of the girls were after their dates had returned to their dormitories. Nice kids. Well, they *were* nice kids, but they were experimenting with things the danger of which they didn't know.

In faculty meeting in May 1971, Bob Colburn "reported that certain Sixth Formers had expressed strong feelings that we have a serious drug problem here and they are surprised the faculty appears so unaware of the problem."

That fall Denny Madigan served his first year as assistant football coach under senior faculty-coaches. He soon spotted signs of drug use among a few football players and mentioned this privately to his colleagues, infuriating them. *There were no drugs among St. Andrew's athletes!* So Madigan went to the headmaster and an investigation was launched. His suspicions were confirmed.

In December 1971, catastrophe struck. Eight boys were dismissed and another sent home for a specified period in care of his parents. They had been caught drinking and smoking, but that was only part of the reason for their dismissal. Bob Moss called a confidential faculty meeting on December 6 to report on drug use among fourth, fifth, and sixth formers. Heroin, LSD, cocaine, and speed had been used in dormitories and in the woods, where two faculty had found drug paraphernalia. The school dump was identified as a transfer point between local suppliers and students.

One boy had been giving drugs away; another had been selling them "for considerable personal gain." Both users and dispensers had been known for a while, but they had not been caught in the act. Coming across most of them in the dormitory as a group smoking and drinking resulted in dismissals for infractions of several specific school rules—gathering after lights, smoking in corridor rooms, alcohol consumption—but not drug use per se. The matching of this group to the known drug users and dispensers had to be acted upon. Sunday evening, after those dismissed had left campus, Moss met with each form separately before bedtime to explain the situation.

"The prevailing attitude is that St. Andrew's won't do anything about disclosure so as not to damage our unique reputation," the headmaster said in his report to the faculty. "A school's reputation, however, rests on how it combats problems and not on how it avoids them. Thus the problem will be faced squarely and head on. The boys have been alerted regarding immediate dismissal. Moreover, they understand that we would not hesitate to call in professional help to locate drugs or that physical exams will be required whenever there is sufficient cause."

"SAS Suffers Loss Of Eight Seniors," ran a banner headline in the December 1971 *Cardinal*. In feature articles and an editorial, *Cardinal* editors wrote of the juxtaposition of the school's conscience, the need to protect the vulnerable, and their own sense of loss. "The cure lies in community reform which emphasizes individual concern and motivation. Personal fulfillment in art, athletics, or academics must rival intoxicants," wrote David Harms (1972). Dick Wilson (1972) summed up the misgivings many students felt: "The reasons for expulsion are obvious. But is the authoritarian way the only way to handle the drug problem at St. Andrew's? The expulsion of eight seniors was a protective measure, but no one was protected—the action has only frightened drugs into the background, and not begun to deal with the actual problems."

Corridor supervisor and honor committee chairman Joe Moss (no relation to the headmaster) domi-

> The night before graduation, the senior girls were celebrating. One said she had something special for us. It turned out to be a bottleof vodka, which she had been keeping in herbureau all year. After she produced the bottle, one by one each of us went to our own rooms and brought back a bottle we'd been keeping. We liked one another well enough to share what remained of our private stashes. But trust anyone with the knowledge that we had the bottles in our bureau drawers at any time during the year? Forget it.
>
> **—An alumna (1970s)**

nated an effective recovery effort. Drugs would not disappear from the campus in years ahead; but the overall effect was salutary. In the 1972 *Yearbook*, the names of all eight dismissed seniors were included with the rest of their class.

The uproar among students resulting from the expulsions was not soon quelled. Bob Moss thought it unwise to elaborate to students and parents the depth to which this dangerous matter had progressed, and many faculty and trustees concurred. Unfortunately there were those who, not knowing the extent of the problem, held the dismissals against Moss. He took the full brunt of criticism and outside pressures that resulted—including attempted intervention by the governor of Delaware (see chapter 6). Most students understood the severity of the problem and agreed with the decision.

On December 10, Bob Moss sent a letter to all parents spelling out the school's stand regarding drugs.

> During the fall term information came to me in small pieces from a variety of sources concerning the presence of drugs on the campus and the use of drugs by some students. This information took on a clear outline after Thanksgiving, and it was evident that a potentially dangerous situation existed.
>
> There can be no compromise on the School's policy with regard to drugs and alcohol, though we will do everything in our power to support boys who meet problems prevalent in our society. Nevertheless, a student using drugs faces dismissal from the School.

He spoke of student and faculty responsibilities and the manner in which parents "can be of great help to their sons in having a full and frank discussion with them of the drug problem in our country."

The faculty began seeing specters everywhere. Anybody going into the woods was suspect, especially with a backpack (which usually contained soft drinks, cigarettes, and perhaps beer). Rob Pasco used his dog in an attempt to track down suspected miscreants; dormitory rooms were searched for cigarette paper, joints, spoons, white powder, sugar cubes. But little was ever found. Denny Madigan, the one person on the faculty who had experience with teenage use of drugs, organized seminars that Lyles Glenn (1974) and other older students found informative and geared to their level.

Once in a while a frightening incident shook us. One of my advisees became emotionally distraught one evening and had to be taken to the infirmary. He was sent home the next day—an unfortunate decision, because his home life was so unsettled and abusive, it may well have been at the root of his troubles. The boy had taken the only escape route he knew and it almost killed him.

Youngsters with nothing more than quirky personalities sometimes suffered from the suspicions of their peers and faculty. One girl, "known to be a druggie," actually never touched the stuff in any form. Her "spaciness" nearly caused her dismissal. Guilt by association was not uncommon, and from time to time a few students were asked not to return the following year.

One student looks back with regret, and with understanding. "At SAS I felt too sheltered from the 'real world.' During my third form year I began experimenting with marijuana. These experiments pulled me further away from the endlessly positive opportunities available at SAS. I wasn't getting what *I* wanted and my attitude was changing. By my Fourth Form year I was making regular trips to the woods to party. And by the end of that year I had given up hope of ever graduating from St. Andrew's. I had very little self-confidence."

An alumna tells of teenage experimentation and abuse:

> In 1977 to 1980 pot and alcohol were the major forms of "drugs." I saw cocaine once in Fifth Form and two of the girls in the class below me had speed quite often. Frequent drug use included Vivarin (a caffeine stimulant), coffee, and diet pills. A lot of the girls would do this to stay awake for papers and exams. I would venture to guess that everyone used these regular drugs in excess during one exam period or another.
>
> Pot could only be gotten if you brought it yourself from home or someone else did. Alcohol could be gotten one of three ways: from the store in Middletown, from home after a weekend, or from one of the faculty kids. [Vodka] could be kept in a Scope bottle.
>
> I'll never forget the time one of the girls in the class below me flipped out one Sunday night. In order to cheer her up we got a bottle of Johnny Walker Red and four of us were up until two A.M. taking shots. When morning approached my roommate found us in this girls' room where two of the girls had thrown up in the trash can. I made it to sign in for breakfast and didn't have a class until 10:30, so I went back to bed.

Two of the girls recovered with a shower and made it to class but took the marks for *not* signing in at breakfast. The girl who flipped out could not afford any more marks or would be detained for the Christmas holiday—and also could not be awakened. My roommate went and signed the girl's name on the breakfast list instead of her own and took the six marks herself. No one ever found out about the incident. We were sick for days.

Perspective on alcohol and drug use on campus depends to some extent on the group you were with. A girl in the class of 1980 says, "A lot of pot was smoked in the shack and I will never understand why more people weren't caught there. On the weekends, everyone who wanted to be decadent would head out for the corn fields or in a canoe on the lake to drink, hike, smoke pot, tell stories, and just get away from the pressure of constant classes, constant work, and responsibilities."

Eric Gamble (1984) declares: "I never partied at St. Andrew's—not a drink or a smoke of anything. There were some people who partied at SAS, but they were in a small minority, and few of them regard their experience there as highly as I do. The bonds I developed there were natural, real bonds, not polluted by superficialities that are such a part of college and the 'real' world. In that respect, SAS is a haven."

After an unheeded warning to the student body, Jon O'Brien expelled a number of girls who had been conducting regular surreptitious cocktail hours. On campus and off, there were those who were disturbed at what they saw as inconsistencies in O'Brien's disciplinary procedure. Students were sure he knew that a faculty member had offered one of the girls alcoholic beverages in his apartment and that she had accepted, but nothing happened to the man. Surreptitious defiance cropped up in the months ahead, including a clandestine dormitory cocktail party held in remembrance of the departed girls shortly after they left. A member of the class of 1985 declares, "In 1984 and 1985, absolutely everyone was drinking over in the girls' dorm in the evening."

"A drinking offense or drug abuse offense is viewed very seriously, as it always has been and always will be, but now there's more flexibility," writes faculty member Ashton Richards (1978). "There is the potential for being expelled right off the bat, but there seem to be more channels, more ways to go—what do we do with this kid? Is he salvageable? Can we work with him or her?" Jon O'Brien's deliberating influence has been at work. Students have been given, and respond to, additional chances.

Some who had objected to some of O'Brien's decisions arrived at different conclusions after leaving the school. Alex Sargent (1985), who had fiercely defended a close friend she thought did not deserve the action taken, says, "Getting away from the school I can see Mr. O'Brien's job from a new perspective and understand how difficult it is. A lot of kids respect him in many ways. It's amazing how much interest he has in the school and how much personal interest he has in all the kids. But the kids that got into disciplinary difficulties lost respect for him because of contradictions that got in the way."

The drug and alcohol policy in Jon O'Brien's time broadened enormously. While the bottom line still is that "possession or use of intoxicants or drugs in any form could result in dismissal," the word *could* offers greater latitude than *will*. The *Student Guide* advises confronting and counseling students before disciplinary action is taken, and adjures the school not to "ignore the warning signs that often precede a serious discipline case." Students are encouraged "to come forward and express concern about a peer who may be drifting into trouble.... If students understand that their concern for the health and well-being of a friend will be translated into counseling rather than disciplinary action, they will be more willing to ask for help from adults." The process works, and despite dismissals from time to time, they seldom occur without ample warning.

The honor code

Since the school's founding the student body has lived by a traditional code of honor, which student leaders interpret with wisdom and compassion far beyond their years. Those who flout the code are given every opportunity to explain their failure. The minutes of the Honor Committee reveal how seriously students sitting in judgment consider each case. Ethical transgressions often result in the committee's recommendation "that ——— be reprimanded by the Chairman of the Honor Committee and by the Headmaster." Once this has taken place, a second violation of the code by the same student is rare indeed. Recommendation for suspension is an example of ex-

traordinary teenage responsibility.

For years, the names of Honor Code violators were posted on the main bulletin board, together with the committee's finding. While Disciplinary Committee notices often prompted snickering, infractions of the honor code embarrassed and affected all, the shame felt by everyone.

Many such infractions would seem strange to outsiders. A student might sign out of study hall for a tutorial with a master or to do catch-up work in a lab, then fail to show up. The misdeed was signing his name to a specific request, then not honoring the commitment. This was a violation of the St. Andrew's honor code, not a disciplinary matter as it might be in other schools.

Any violation was a grave matter, but some were more serious than others. One student stole a pen from a store in Middletown, others took things from dormitory rooms; some found their way into a locked school kitchen and removed food. One youngster made more than forty-five telephone calls on school phones and gave the wrong charge number each time. (His claim that all were "acts of forgetfulness" was not accepted by the committee.) Cheating and plagiarism were carefully scrutinized. Instances where there had been pressure of time or fear of failure usually resulted in reprimands, but flagrant violations, where entire sections of an essay or a book had been copied, resulted in suspensions. Two different students displayed a woeful lack of perspicacity for their teacher's scholarship, copying from a book being used in class!

Kevin Grandfield (1982) "appreciated the honor code at St. Andrew's. I had been raised by parents who trusted me and believed what their sons and daughters said. I was glad I had a rule in my behalf against teachers who might imply that they thought I had done something against the rules. I appreciated being able to claim my innocence, and not feeling I had to prove it."

"Very few students ever considered breaching the honor code," Jay McNeely (1965) adds, "partly because everyone knew that the student body fully supported the rules and therefore would not be open to individual infractions. There were very few problems with lying, stealing, or cheating."

Occasionally a student expressed reservations. Chris Gale (1975) felt "that the faculty observed a double standard regarding the honor code in that the students were expected to obey it to the letter, whereas the faculty rarely showed any faith in the students' ability or desire to do so. This had the effect of creating a strong undercurrent of tension wherein trust became no longer a two-way street."

Another factor in maintaining an honor code among adolescents caused Bill Cameron to ponder, "Boys generally are willing to be personally honest but unwilling to be responsible for the honesty of others. The idea that to permit a friend to pursue an evil course is to do him no favor is foreign to most, if not all, juveniles, who tend to hang together in the face of authority."

Frank Merrill (1971) recognizes that "the honor code was a very necessary and effective part of the environment. Probably the fact that it was mostly in the background is what made it effective. There was no long-winded presentation to all new students about 'This is the honor code.' It was simply an accepted part of school life."

Some alumni from the 1980s tend to see a dilution of the honor code today. "The honor code is not as strong as it used to be," said faculty member Ashton Richards (1978) ten years after his graduation. "There is not enough awareness of the honor code; kids know one exists, but are not sure they understand what we're asking of them. Remedial steps have been taken, and I hope we'll keep following up."

Conduct ratings

While only major breaches of discipline made the news, everyone was aware of his or her conduct rating. The formula was complex: a "White List" of A and B ratings, which earned numerous privileges; C ratings; and the dreaded D and E ratings. Those averaging the last for too long were close to going home for good. "Layovers" meant marks work-off was postponed; "holdovers" required students to remain at school to work off marks after others had departed for weekends or vacations. Then there were "bounds," meaning exactly what was implied: no one went beyond the specified perimeter except in cases of emergency or athletic release. The *Handbook* contains a map of school bounds.

It took little more than an accumulation of marks for minor infractions to land in the C and D categories. "I was always on the borderline," says Tim Iliff (1969). "I did as much as I could get away with, but it

was usually a combination of many small things, not a few large ones. My conduct rating therefore was always poor. I was on bounds frequently. I wouldn't clean my room, I'd talk when I shouldn't."

Jill Chase (1982) "disliked the disciplinary system and considered many of the rules ridiculous. I had a D conduct rating during my Sixth Form year, a result mainly of my failure to sign in for breakfast—I simply had a terrible time waking up that early and besides I didn't like eating breakfast. My poor conduct rating caused many faculty members to frown upon me, but that only served to lessen my respect for them. I thought it was ridiculous to judge a person by such harmless infractions."

For a new student, an introduction to the marks system was fraught with terror. Paul Keeley (1985) remembers his first night in the dorm. "After arriving a few minutes late to my corridor, I was received with sneers and glances from my fellow hallway companions. Before knowing what I had done wrong, I was confronted by our power-hungry prefect and he happily awarded me six marks with a comment about my tardiness. I knew very little about this system and took the whole situation quite personally. Fortunately for my sanity, the senior did not turn in the marks slip after finding me teary-eyed on the phone with my mother. I soon found out that receiving marks was not such an unusual occurrence."

The marks board in the front hall was kept locked behind glass to prevent unauthorized alterations, but like the grade sheet of years past, was open to inspection by anyone who was interested. Posted marks embarrassed (and angered) some, but at the same time alerted recipients to a penalty they could petition against and perhaps have removed.

After his year as acting headmaster in 1957–58, Bill Cameron's report to the trustees put his finger on the school's mood in an earlier day:

> The major problem is always student morale. It is difficult to teach people who do not want to learn. There is often a surprisingly high relationship between bad behavior and poor classroom performance, and the fact is that adolescents today are rebels. They are rebels without knowledge of the true meaning of rebellion or the nature of the vague and indefinite thing against which they rebel. They know only their own discontent and in it they would destroy. They are nihilistic. The remedy appears to them to be power and mastery, the creation of a world of those who do their bidding. Naked power, the biggest bang, the fastest car, the drag race, the stomping boot, the gun are symbols of the urge to have power and destroy, to down all authority but one's own. And the classroom is authority, the authority first at hand.

Students, of course, had another perception. Dave McWethy (1965) writes: "There was a lot of room for kids lost in their growing up to fall through the cracks. The situation for many was resolved by kids dropping out or being expelled for behavior problems. Maybe the school could have done more."

Marks work-off

The idea of disciplinary marks and "ringers" (three marks) were borrowed from Lenox School by Walden Pell, where he had been on the faculty before coming to St. Andrew's. An early edition of the *Handbook* explains, "Conduct Marks are given by masters, prefects, supervisors, the Disciplinary Committee, or those duly empowered to give them for acts contrary to school law or custom. Ordinarily six conduct marks (two ringers) is the maximum penalty assessed for breaches of conduct occurring before lights,

> More and more as I see inside some of the problems and opinions of students at St. Andrew's, I am coming to the conclusion that what some are looking for is a change of style, without a sacrifice of principles. It is very easy for schoolmasters to associate new ways of doing things with scrapping old principles for living and studying. However, I believe the ideas of civilized life in a boarding school, promotion of courtesy and loyalty and honor, respect for authority, consideration of other people, pursuit of truth, the deploring of sham—all of which are as old as the hills—are just as important to the present St. Andrew's student body as they ever were and this is even true of boys whose present attitude is hard to live with. At the same time it is encouraging that some boys are groping for new ways of living together at St. Andrew's, putting into practice ideals for the School.
>
> **—Robert A. Moss, 1968**

twelve marks (four ringers) the maximum for breaches of behavior occurring after lights."

A mark or two had little impact, but eight or more meant curtailment of recreational activity on Saturday afternoons while the penalty was being worked off. In the 1940s and early 1950s, working off marks required sitting in study hall for a given amount of time copying from encyclopedias or other sources impossible to put to constructive (and academic) use. Later it included raking leaves, folding bulk mail, cleaning out storerooms, and the like, but most miscreants walked or ran the marks off.

Many ingenious individuals managed to save their strength and precious time for other activities later in the day. Senior prefect Will Grubb (1959), the soul of propriety and honesty in office, remembers: "We used to run around the school once to get rid of three marks. Once I got twenty-four marks for being late to school (I had fallen asleep on the train and went right through Wilmington), so I had to run around the campus eight times. It was a hot day so I did what everybody else did: I found a bush and sat under it for an hour, then ran to the gymnasium and in my shorts and T-shirt ducked under the shower. I then ran like crazy to the study hall where the MOD sat monitoring mark removal. I ran in, panting heavily, shirt soaked with 'sweat,' and told him I'd run off my marks. He recorded this and let me go."

If Grubb had been caught, his problem would have been compounded, for by lying about his marks, he broke the honor code. Later, to keep students from running on the town road, white lines were painted on school roads, one near the main entrance, the other by the gym, and this distance was worked into the formula for marks work-off. It also reduced opportunities for the sort of escape Grubb managed.

Alumni who spent Saturday afternoons on marks work-off in the early 1950s remember the *Handbook*'s detailed statement:

> Marks may be written or worked off at the rate of one every ten minutes, or walked off at the rate of two per mile. The maximum number removable by any method is 18, unless the offender has been assigned telephone duty. The remaining marks will be held over until the next "marks work-off" period, usually the following Saturday.
>
> All conduct marks over eight must be "worked off" before departure for a major vacation.

The last requirement invariably meant frantic activity the last days of school as dozens of malefactors walked off their marks along the "Trail of Tears."

A student who felt he had been unjustly or too severely punished could submit a petition for reduction or elimination of the penalty. As a prefect, one of Chuck Shorley's (1971) duties was to serve as head petition boy. "I made a lot of enemies," he admits. "A lot of people thought I was too lenient or not lenient enough. It was difficult to be a judge of mark penalties, but I did my best. It was probably too much to expect unless you had an overzealous member of the Disciplinary Committee, and it was too much to expect any student to be turning in a lot of other students. I guess I was guilty because I didn't."

As executive secretary of the Disciplinary Committee, Bill Cameron reviewed petitions for removal of marks. Petitions often were supported by a student's advisor—not that such support inevitably resulted in a ruling favorable to the miscreant. At times it seemed the advisor was as much on trial as the one he defended.

Audiences of *Dead Poets Society*, filmed on location at St. Andrew's in 1990, were aghast that corporal punishment would be meted out in contemporary times (the film action took place in the 1960s), even by a fictional headmaster in a fictional school. "It never could have happened at St. Andrew's," was their conviction. It did; though very rarely. Again from the *Handbook*: "Corporal punishment may not be administered without the consent of the Headmaster or, in his absence, of the Senior Master."

Walden Pell never, to anyone's knowledge, consented to such drastic measures, but late in his term as headmaster at least two boys were paddled.

Dexter Chapin (1963), like most other boys of his day, saw Bill Cameron as a strict legalist and the cause for much of the love-hate relationship existing between him and the student body. Ed Hammond (1960) remembers when Nash McIntosh (1956) sprayed Nolan Lushington's car from the Sixth Form common room with a fire extinguisher, resulting in the car's paint peeling off. "Cameron convicted McI and his accomplices (probably O'Rorke and Close) and convicted the better part of the rest of the Sixth Form of 'misprision of felony.'" Consulting *Black's Law Dictionary*, Hammond learned that "misprision" referred to a misdemeanor that does not possess a specific name.

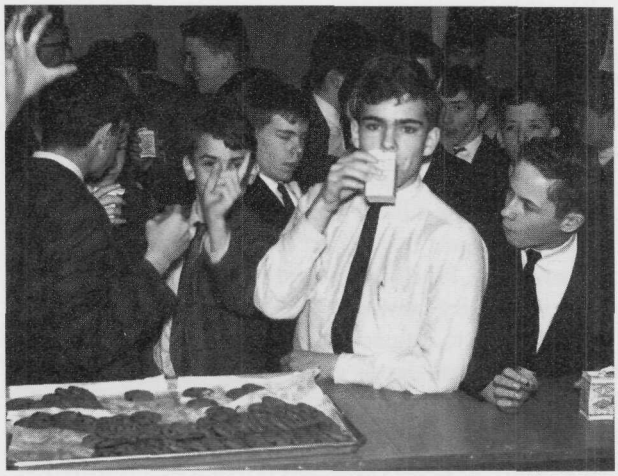
One of Bill Cameron's great delights was to immerse himself in statistics, always done longhand—the only computing machine in school was a large, cranky mechanical Marchant calculator. Cameron would sit at his desk surrounded by lists and tallies, and come up with seemingly endless disciplinary statistics. From such lists conduct ratings were derived, with all their attendant privileges or penalties.

Senior privileges

Sixth formers had special privileges, and were never loathe to exercise their authority in safeguarding them.

No underclassman was allowed to use the dining room as a thoroughfare, or even enter it. Only sixth formers could do so, and even they dared not invite lower formers to accompany them through the great hall. Conversations in progress while walking along a corridor had to be interrupted while the underformer ran outside along the cloisters and rejoined his senior companion at the other end of the dining room. This situation was due to an architectural oversight. Much of the original building had seemingly been designed from the magnificent Gothic exterior inward, with scant consideration for living in such a castle. On the first floor the only means to go from one section of the massive building to the other was through the dining room or along the windswept open-air cloisters. On the second floor, dormitory corridors failed to meet head on, necessitating a strange copper-clad protuberance jutting out into space to permit passage. Even the levels were different, providing a long sloping hall down which resident students could glide after it was waxed. Underformers, denied access to these dormitory corridors by senior privilege, had no means under cover to reach different parts of the building except through a dark basement corridor. Even the original architects' last work in 1956–57 posed problems significant enough for "After-thinkers Committee" members Coerte Voorhees, Dick Hillier, and me to seek correction of glaringly apparent omissions in the New Wing.

Will Grubb tells of other distinctions between underformers and seniors. "You didn't have any choice about going to dinner: you *had* to go. You took your turn, unless you were a senior, waiting on table and cleaning up afterward. The seniors would sit toward one end of the table and second and third formers toward the other end. Seniors ran the table when the master wasn't there, and would hold crooked raffles, slanted in their favor so they would get the extra desserts."



Milk and cookies during recess in the old school store.

Sixth Form prerogatives extended into almost every aspect of school life until the late 1970s: privileged seating in the dining room, giving marks to underformers, bicycles, certain thoroughfares, occasionally substituting for faculty, prohibiting *any* underformer from coming on the senior corridor, no matter how desperately he sought an older boy. And more. When enrollment was out of balance and a couple of fifth formers had to be housed on the Sixth Form corridor, their existence was guarded: they had to watch where and how they went, using one egress, going only to the bathroom, and never to the Sixth Form common room. "Sixth formers really ran the school," observes Tim Bayard (1962). "They had a great deal of responsibility and what they did was approved by the masters. Authority came with responsibility and usually was not questioned by either masters or underformers." (Bayard's memory appears more influenced by his senior year than by his recollections of being a lowly underformer.)

For almost half of the school's history only sixth formers could have bicycles. Everyone else had to walk to Middletown and carry their cookies and soft drinks back on foot unless a sympathetic faculty wife was shopping at the same time and offered to take the supplies back with her—but not the boy. It was forbidden for any student, sixth former or otherwise, to

ride with faculty or their wives without express, usually written, permission from an administrator or the MOD. Sixth formers, riding sturdy American coaster brake bikes with wire baskets affixed or knapsacks in which to stash their goods, were enviably mobile.

Each bicycle had to have its owner's school number painted on it, had to be equipped with head and tail lights, and could be parked only in racks at the gym or Founders' Hall. Improperly parked bikes were subject to a fifty-cent fine and might be impounded. "Bicycles are to be used for transportation only, not for acrobatics or deeds of daring," admonished the *Handbook*—perhaps in response to those who rode airborne off the T-dock into Noxontown Pond, or to Willy Smith's (1969) concussion when he plummeted down a near-vertical slope into the crew dock gully and met a tree on the way.

Will Grubb (1959) did not "understand why it was such a big deal to have a bicycle, because there was nowhere to go. The only place to ride your bicycle was into town. In those days Middletown had very, very few places to eat; the only one I remember we called the Greasy Spoon that had pretty good submarine sandwiches. There didn't seem to be any reason to have a bicycle except as a senior; it was something you had that nobody else did."

Sixth Form bike privileges prevailed through much of school history but vanished in the mid-1970s.

Others saw inequitable tradition differently. Ollie Pepper (1962) finds it "hard to believe how important the Sixth Form privileges were: to be able to walk through the dining room; to not have to wait on tables, and most important of all, to have a bicycle."

Year after year underformers pleaded in school meeting for bicycle privileges. The rule first relaxed to extend only to fifth formers, then slipped down to each form in turn. Eventually there were enough new high-priced bikes scattered around campus for a ring of thieves to come in one night with a van and remove several dozen.

One boy found a means of self-propelled transportation that was not in conflict with the rules; underformer Chuck "Obob" Olson (1974) brought a unicycle to school and rode it constantly. Score one.

At the opposite end of the spectrum were the second formers, who often were treated like mascots by sixth formers and protected against savage Third Form onslaughts. It was the uppity fourth and fifth formers who had to be restrained most vigorously by Sixth Form keepers of the faith. If one was caught slipping through the dining room, for example, the giving of marks could be carried to an excessive degree. Appeals to the Disciplinary Committee and a successful reduction of the penalty did not endear the miscreant to his senior supervisors, who waited for "the next time."

As a faculty member in the late 1980s, Ashton Richards (1978) looked back to when he was an underformer and each week checked the marks board to see which sixth formers had "given marks just for existing to some lowly third former, some little snotty-nosed third former who got in your way. It was neat as a third or fourth former to trot over to the marks board to see who was whacked with so many ringers." Times have changed. As a teacher, Richards later observed seniors going into the kitchen for a pitcher of milk or water, a task they *never* deigned to perform in his student days. He is relieved that open display of conduct marks on the main bulletin board has "gone by the wayside and public humiliation has gone by the wayside as well."

Dining-room tables are heavy oak, with thick layers of polyurethane gloss on their surfaces to fill in all irregularities. Varnish was first used in the 1950s after it was noticed that waiters and maintenance personnel had to wipe off tabletop mildew on a regular basis. During humid summer vacations a luxuriant gray-green mold was nourished by the rich organic film of spilled food rubbed into the unprotected wood grain.

Several student generations have played "Shakers" on the now-gleaming tables, using salt and pepper containers as pucks in a game unique to St. Andrew's. That future generations may reconstruct the original game, or remain true to basics, a determined player (now past his prime) explains the rules.

Opponents sit at either end of a table, alternating turns in sliding the glass salt or pepper shaker toward the opposite end. Table selection is important. Players should select the table with the highest gloss. The head waiter is supposed to inspect each table's cleanliness after a meal, but sticky spots sometimes remain, seriously affecting the glide of a shaker. Old, scarred shakers should be avoided because of their rough, chipped bottoms. Due to a slightly greater weight, salt shakers are preferred to pepper shakers.

The object of the game is to slide the shaker as close as possible to the other end of the table, without having it drop off. Wherever the shaker stops, the opponent begins his return slide. If the shaker goes over the edge, the return slide must begin at the table's end. Points scored depend upon how close to the edge a shaker travels. Because points are assessed by using the index finger as a measurement, seasoned players often select "amateur" opponents by the length of their fingers.

After a slide is completed, the opponent's knuckles are placed against the table, with only the index finger resting on top of the table. Scoring is based on the following criteria: 1 point—shaker one index finger-length or less to the edge of the table; 2 points—shaker a bent index finger-length, a knuckle-length, or less to the edge of the table; 3 points—a "hanger," where the shaker overhangs the edge of the table. To determine a hanger, the opponent slides the back side of his hand up the edge of the table, directly under the shaker. A hanger is called with the slightest movement of the shaker. Testing a "superior hanger" (1/3–1/2 overhang) results in the shaker being flipped into the air, end over end, and caught with a flourish, salt flying everywhere.

Games are won when a player reaches ten points, the low score determined mostly by the time available. Contests can be rowdy, with accusations of cheating: finger not extended all the way, hangers not acknowledged because opponents angle their upward edge-slide away from the table. In serious contests, players have spotters to back them up.

The game can keep players occupied for hours. It is a game of strategy and finesse, requiring concentration, a light touch, and a keen eye. I remember winning a long game with a hanger, costing both me and my opponent two ringers for being late to study hall.

—Steve Amos (1974)

Beyond the classroom

The beauty of the school and its grounds had a profound effect upon all who saw it, from new second formers to Hollywood director Peter Wier. When he drove onto the campus, after inspecting and eliminating more than a dozen other schools as the location for *Dead Poets Society*, Wier exclaimed, "This is the place!"

"I loved the beauty of the campus," says Debbie Kingsley (1984). "It was so easy to just 'escape' by walking—it is one of the things I remember most about St. Andrew's."

Tim Bayard (1962) focused upon an unlikely place. "The auditorium was very special to me; it always seemed like a magic place, hidden away and huge. The halls and meeting places have been among the

best parts of the school to me, their stone floors and wood-paneled walls are still fresh in my memory."

The extracurricular program has always been varied and has grown in diversity and challenge over the years. In the days BG (before girls), opportunities consisted mostly of approved activities such as publications, drama, and clubs. With an enrollment only half that of the present school, there were twice as many club-style activities as there are today.

Photography attracted both students and faculty. Bob Moss, Black Hughes, and George Broadbent were prolific photographers, but it was student enthusiasts who supplied school publications with the greatest variety of pictures. After college Ken White (1969) and Terry Wild (1965) became professionally active, and Wild's photographs appear frequently in national magazines. "Photography was a very important part of our lives," writes Jeff Stives (1960). "It stabilized us against the crazy parts of school life."

One of the most prominent clubs was not really a club at all. The Criss Cross Club was the name given to student theatrical productions, the name derived from St. Andrew's cross. With Dick Hillier, Black Hughes, and Ned Gammons as coaches, major plays relied upon dozens of student actors and technicians. When the school became coeducational, the range of plays widened. Carol Melcher, Lisa Hemphill, and Mary Barili were outstanding drama coaches, followed in later years by Lee Higgins, Hoover Sutton, and others. But the name "Criss Cross" disappeared.

The Stamp Club held crowded, animated meetings every Saturday under Howard Schmolze's expert eye. As a philatelist he had a large following of students, plus a few faculty, who enjoyed swapping stamps and stories. Schmolze guided novices through making investments and profits. The Lens and Net Society, a natural history group, transformed the old laundry room in the basement into a slate-blue Noxontown Museum of Natural History, with glass-fronted dioramas containing stuffed birds and mammals and wall murals painted by Vic Harned (1952). Behind the museum "Ma" Heater's former sewing room became the preparation room for future exhibits and club meetings. The museum lasted almost five years before the school filled the room with lockers. The naturalists took expeditions up the pond and into the surrounding woods and fields, and got off campus from time to time to dig fossils along the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal.

Bob Moss, Jr. was a ham radio enthusiast long before he joined the faculty. When he arrived, his Radio Club occupied a succession of rooms around the school, eventually coming to rest in the science building's physics area. There were only a few members, but they enjoyed elaborate facilities as they made contact with others around the world. The Yacht Club, sponsored by Sandy Ogilby, trained in a variety of craft on Noxontown Pond, and raced other schools on the Chesapeake and sometimes on New England waters.

The Spanish and French clubs put on hilarious, not-too-well-rehearsed plays. The Spanish Club was especially popular because Eleanor and Peter Seyffert prepared lavish South American dinners for student members on a regular basis. Not to be outdone, members of the Latin Club attended meals and classes garbed in togas (made from artfully draped bed sheets) and sandals. The Debate Club flourished for several years, preparing its members for confrontations in Discipline Committee meetings and occasional off-campus debates.

Student publications attracted and trained many young writers. The student productions most visible during the year were the *Cardinal,* the *Andrean,* and the *Yearbook.* The *Cardinal* contained wonderful spoofs and needled the opposition, regardless of what it was. Cartoons by able artists like Kirk Varnedoe (1963) captured prominent St. Andreans and poked fun at institutions and overly serious events.

As one reads through thirty years of the *Cardinal,* it

Ingenuity is one of debate's most potent weapons. Ed Strong (1966) remembers "Curt Coward (1964), orator, debating the proposition that there *is* a Santa Claus, and carrying the implausible day by throwing open the doors to the Debate Club, announcing to one innocent that Santa Claus did not exist, and then carrying the grief-stricken unfortunate Nicholas Nickleby-like in his arms before the debating chamber."

is impossible not to be struck by the difference in content and approach between the period of the 1950s to the early 1970s, and the period of the late 1970s to the early 1990s. Coeducation and a stronger admissions program brought in increasing numbers of students with high verbal skills, yet their energies and interests often were directed elsewhere. Fine editions of the *Cardinal* were published in the later period, with authors like witty Bob Scacheri (1985), whose flair for tongue-in-cheek pieces was unsurpassed, but the school newspaper achieved its truest distinction in the 1960s. The paper had expanded from a single sheet printed on both sides to four and sometimes six pages, and with an improved layout. For pure entertainment, incisive reporting, and excellence in writing, few eras equal the 1960s and early 1970s, especially the years in which Marshall Craig (1962) and Kevin Flaherty (1974) were involved. In 1967 the paper was an outstanding member of the International Quill & Scroll and Columbia Scholastic Press Association.

The *Yearbook* was late in developing a modern flair. After the traditional, unvarying design was discarded in the 1970s, interior color appeared in the late 1980s and the volume more closely resembled those of other schools.

In 1937 the founding of the *Andrean*, the school literary magazine, was encouraged by chaplain/English teacher Don Large, an inspired teacher who, according to Peter Brown (1940), was an early version of Robin Williams's Mr. Keating in *Dead Poets Society*, filmed half a century later in some of the same classrooms. The *Andrean* was unable to sustain an unbroken record of publication and kept vanishing, revived periodically. Individual issues through the 1950s into the 1980s contain remarkable prose and poetry, at times signaling the emergence of talent that was realized years later in professional life.

In the early 1960s off-campus trips and adventures became common. In 1962 to 1964 alone there were the annual Buck Hill Falls conferences, two successive years of biology field trips to the Florida Keys, student groups working among the underprivileged in Haiti, field trips to the marine biology laboratory in Lewes. A small group toured ancient sites in Egypt. Twenty years later, after a multitude of academic and cultural off-campus adventures in the interim, there was a two-week expedition to the Galapagos Islands, concert choir tours in the eastern states and in Europe, language groups visiting Spain and France, and wilderness survival expeditions under the experienced eye of math teacher Jake Zeigler.

The Hub in 1966.

In the sixties large numbers of students showed an active interest in spending time and effort helping others outside the school community. Social service organizations, as the various groups were called, were assembled by the Reverend Ned Gammons and persisted into the early seventies long after his departure, carried on by nonclerical faculty, especially Chip Snowden, Debbie Muhlenberg, and Eleanor and Peter Seyffert (see chapter 1).

Students in good academic standing were allowed to miss study hall and occasional Saturday morning classes to work with mentally retarded and emotionally disturbed children at the Benedictine School in Maryland (better known as St. Benedict's), a Roman Catholic home for handicapped and retarded children (visions linger of Will Cantler [1973] dandling a

happy bunch of children). They helped at Governor Bacon Health Center, a resident community for orphans, problem and handicapped children and adults, and the elderly; at the Alfred I. duPont Institute of Nemours Foundation, a world center for orthopedic surgery. An extensive tutoring program was developed to assist schoolchildren in Middletown who had reading and other learning difficulties, while others became involved with Head Start or taught Sunday school in Middletown. Some students helped Peter Seyffert prepare church service sheets in Spanish for Hispanic migrant workers in the nearby Green Giant farm community on Route 896.

Social Services in 1972: Steve Lyon at St. Benedict's.

In the mid-1970s, the impetus for social service activities vanished. Girls and boys found things to do together on and off campus; visits to shopping malls were scheduled almost weekly. By the time Jon O'Brien arrived, student activities had become internalized and self-serving, and outreach was almost nonexistent. Encouraged by O'Brien and stimulated by young faculty in the 1980s, community service activities revived and once more St. Andrew's students touched the lives and endeavors of the less privileged.

A newly created Student Life Committee "looked into not only how students spend their time in the classroom, but their free time as well," writes Ashton Richards about the 1980s. "It also listens to their thoughts and concerns; it is a clearing house for their ideas." Suggestions by the committee for on- and off-campus activities ranged widely. While many students went home on "long weekends," others remained behind out of choice or necessity. It was essential that they should enjoy a change of pace as well. In 1985, for example, a high point at the end of a long weekend was a four-student hot-dog-eating contest at Saturday night supper. Horace Jones (1988) won a close match. Arbor Day in late spring was another break from routine, when students and faculty alike were involved in campus projects.

Enriching as school-sanctioned programs and activities are, spontaneity and student ingenuity often are missing. With girls and boys residents in the school, resourcefulness in getting together out of the public eye often takes all the originality they can muster. There isn't much left over for the earlier kinds of weekend pranks and escapades prevalent in the monastic years.

Dexter Chapin (1963), who returned as a faculty member in 1984, reflects on the differences twenty years and coeducation had brought.

> You cannot afford to have bored little boys looking at bored little girls, so we run this place like a summer camp. We *have* to give them something to do all the time, which means instead of having one MOD on duty for the weekend, we now have ten faculty on

duty to run errands, take 'em to Pappy's Pizza Parlor and to malls. The faculty takes a much more active role in the students' existence, but somehow I think the faculty knows a lot less about the students. Because the faculty is so busy doing this and that, there are very few times when both student and faculty sit down and really get to know one another. Students are leaving St. Andrew's without having those long periods of introspection and of low key, find-something-to-do, amuse-yourself-with-what's-at-hand sort of thing.

Chapin's observations are backed up by Rusty Capers (1963): "St. Andrew's taught me to think and live with other people. It also taught me to be creative and innovative, something I think the school has backed off from today. Beyond the academic and sports curricula and a few extracurricular things, students had to entertain themselves. We had to figure out how to do that in a nondetrimental way, hopefully a constructive way."

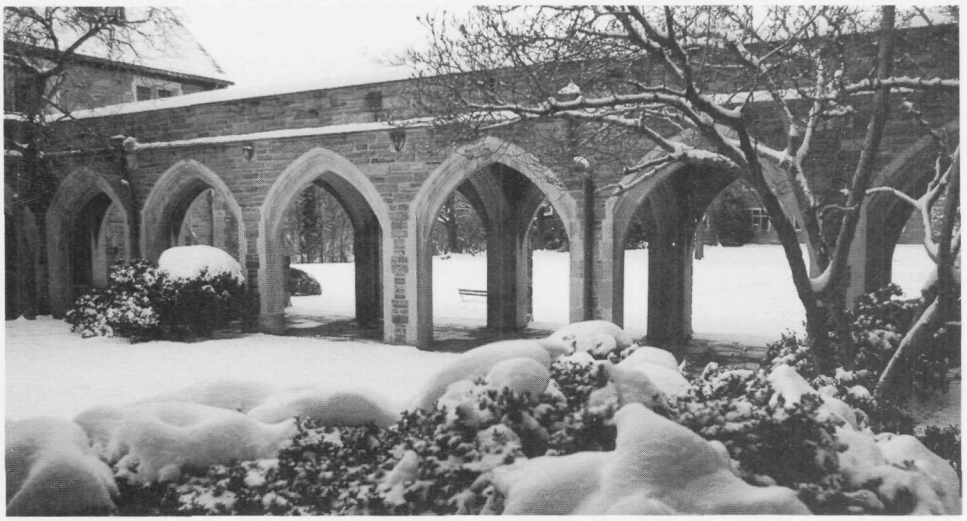
Skee Houghton (1961) counters, "I recall conversations when we lamented that *everything* was decided for us; our days and nights were fully scheduled; there was no room for choice."

In Peter McGowin's (1969) day "there was a fellowship and a creativity (often manifested in mischief and pranks) that was born of our having something of a common foe. I'm not exactly sure what that foe was, but I think it had something to do with *boredom*, and I think that the lack of the female of the species was an integral part of that. Adolescence by its very nature is closely akin to insanity and I for one am thankful that I spent that period of my life directing my limited mental energies to things other than trying to impress some big-bosomed cheerleader."

What things? Vignettes throughout this book suggest a few that came to light from time to time—bombs, the Alpine and Attic clubs, illegal use of master keys, and more. Most were never known to faculty. "Forts, corridor wars, and practical jokes all of a sudden seemed silly and unimportant when there were pretty girls around to impress," Greg van der Vink (1974) reflects.

Endings

Jon Smith (1965) calls the last weeks of his senior year "one of those rare periods that dwells as a sort of golden haze in my memory." He remembers happy spring days when "every afternoon after the long, hot practice Steve Mills and I filled our big senior mugs with Pepsi from the machine, and retired to luxury quarters on A [Sherwood] Corridor. Steve was editor of the *Yearbook*, and once we stayed up all night (getting flakier by the page) to meet the layout deadline, then took a walk and saw a magnificent sunrise. One by one, it was as if we could mentally check off the responsibilities we had held for a year without utterly screwing up. And now, these were real endings, not just a step up to new tasks. We would never again enjoy such perfect freedom."



EPILOGUE

Departure and Remembrance

Early on a July evening in 1984, I left the house Catherine and I had lived in for twenty-six years and walked past the car piled high with leftovers from the movers' departure several days earlier. After thirty-seven years, it was my last night on campus as a resident.

I walked along the pond's familiar shoreline, stood in the common room, sat in the dim chapel, but most of all I circled the buildings, looked up at Gothic details, slate roofs, the tower spire golden in the late warm sun, seeing as I had not seen before.

It was a gentle dissociation from all I had done and known, and within the span of an hour I was free, soon to be a country dweller of the north. The subject of my future writing was cherished, but past. There were no encumbrances.

Others have shared thoughts and memories of the school they too passed through, a few for a span longer than mine, the rest for shorter stays. It is good to be in their company—and in their debt.

Bill Amos

Bill and Catherine riding across campus in the 1950s.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

When Trustees of the Episcopal Church School Foundation, later St. Andrew's School of Delaware, Inc., took the risk of asking me to write this book, they had little idea the work would reach great size or consume so many years. I salute the two who showed such forbearance and were always ready with support and encouragement, Henry N. Herndon, Jr. and Winthrop deV. Schwab.

The board, of which Henry Herndon was president in 1984, opened every door, allowing me to examine the minutes of board meetings as well as those of the Executive Committee, Finance Committee, Personnel Committee, Building Committee, and several ad hoc committees. These sources provided insight to management and planning at the trustee level. The school administration granted full access to on-campus records, including administrative and personnel files and financial records. These provided an underpinning to my study of minutes of faculty meetings and of Academic, Athletic, Coeducation, Disciplinary, Honor, and Social Activities committees. The personnel files in particular provided a wealth of background on former colleagues who often shielded their light under the bushel of personal modesty.

At hand have been complete collections of school catalogs, directories, headmasters' printed reports, early *Reporter*s and *Newsletter*s, all volumes of the *Yearbook*, the *Andrean*, a thirty-plus-year file of the *Cardinal* and its occasional, generally lamentable competitors. One can trace the award-winning *St. Andrew's Magazine* back through its early days as the *Bulletin* to alumni newsletters, viewbooks, *Connexio*, and assorted other short-lived school publications.

Those who first lent authority to my basic research were, naturally, Robert A. Moss and Jonathan B. O'Brien. Following repeated thoughtful interviews, both men wrote at length and supplied copies of correspondence and reports previously seen by only a few. Each displayed complete impartiality while explaining even the most difficult circumstances. Before his death, Bob Moss fortunately was able to review the manuscript, where he found accounts of his many accomplishments as St. Andrew's grew under his leadership.

Walden Pell II was no longer with us when this book got under way, but legions of admirers were, all of whom had something to say about this remarkable man. As one who grew into school work under Waldy's tutelage, I often felt he was at my elbow, urging me here, correcting me there.

Among trustees of the Episcopal Church School Foundation, A. Felix duPont, Jr. took time to illuminate much in school history from his, and his family's, long, creative association with St. Andrew's. His insight and unparalleled devotion to the school provided an understanding of growth and events available nowhere else. Henry N. Herndon, Jr., who led the board with Felix and was its first alumnus president, was a resource I could not have done without. Long-term trustee Richard W. Trapnell III wrote repeatedly in depth and was always ready for extended telephone discussions. I am especially sorry he is not here to share in the publication of this book. Other trustees, among them Robert B. Blum, Sr., J. Bruce Bredin, Walter J. Laird, Jr., Edgar R. Miller, Jr., Annabel E. Moore, Winthrop deV. Schwab, and Elizabeth T. Seabrook, filled gaps in my understanding of board activities.

Limited to records and commentary from trustees, headmasters, and a few others, *Time To Remember* would be only a partial account. What took this work so long to complete is what gives it substance: the multitudinous rich contributions of alumni and alumnae, faculty and former faculty, staff and former staff, individual trustees and former trustees, parents and friends of the school. Without them, I could not have begun, much less completed, a book about their school.

I distrust questionnaires. Instead, a simple invitation was sent to everyone from a forty-year span: Write or tape anything at all about St. Andrew's School. The response was astonishing. One alumna typed forty single-spaced pages in installments, and one alumnus filled twenty tightly handwritten pages. Five giant-sized loose-leaf notebooks bulge with letters received, every one of which has played a role in *Time To Remember*. Among dozens of tapes, one alumnus spoke for an hour and a half before falling asleep, while a former

faculty member filled two sixty-minute cassettes. Phone calls arrive to this day, and one of several years ago stands out: an hour's conversation with an alumnus who called from Hong Kong.

Inspiration, ideas, and support also came from men and women I had worked with, and from some with whom I had not. Among them, Chester E. Baum (1936), colleague and generational twin for most of the years this book covers, provided important critical review, in-depth perception of involved affairs, and a constant supply of pithy anecdotes. The late Stanley D. Woodward (1939), assistant headmaster of the Cate School in California and a lifelong schoolman, came to be a good long-distance friend as we repeatedly shared writing experiences, for both of us were involved in preparing topical, rather than chronological, school histories. I wish he could see how *Time To Remember* benefited from his wise counsel.

Scheduled interviews were held with faculty and staff at St. Andrew's, with alumni and alumnae on college campuses and in many homes, and with visiting St. Andreans here in Vermont. Impromptu discussions took place whenever and wherever opportunities presented themselves. Longer meetings often had to be broken into more than one session when midnight dictated a needed respite. At Middlebury College a group of almost a dozen met for the better part of a day, then some of us went off to a pub and dinner—and still a few came back the next day to talk further.

Many contributors shared thoughts they and I knew could never be published, confidences that provided both foundation and insight to the school. Most of those quoted are credited in the text, but occasionally they are not. Some requested anonymity, and in other instances, I had to judge whether to credit a source or leave it anonymous. Credited or not, all quoted statements are verbatim (although many have been condensed in the interest of space).

Illustrations were selected from school files, publications, the author's files, the major collections of Robert A. Moss, George A. Broadbent, the Blackburn Hughes estate, and several other sources.

An extended bibliography of books and articles crucial to this work is available, but is not included here. The importance of Walden Pell's *A History of St. Andrew's School* is obvious. Others, such as Gloria Andujar's *The Search Handbook: A Step-by-Step Guide to Selecting the Right Leader for Your School* and Peter W. Cookson and Caroline Hodges Persell's *Preparing For Power, America's Elite Boarding Schools*, speak to modern-day issues. Selected issues of *Independent School*, published by the National Association of Independent Schools, provided insight to administrative issues and school affairs. Gilbert Highet's *The Art of Teaching* is timeless; Ian Hay's *Housemaster* and *The Lighter Side of School Life* capture the lively fun found in every boarding school. Several biographies and autobiographies, including *All I Have Seen*, by Arthur R. McKinstry, provided understanding impossible to acquire elsewhere. Re-reading novels like Louis Auchincloss's *The Rector of Justin*, *The Headmaster's Papers*, by Richard A. Hawley, and R. F. Delderfield's *To Serve Them All My Days* helped remind me that schools are rich in drama. And a small shelf of sterile chronological histories of American boarding schools told me what not to write.

Of great comfort has been the reassurance that should I or my work falter, Jonathan C. Smith (1965) was standing ready to take over. I made sealed provision to turn over all material should that be necessary. Had he picked up where my work ceased, the book and St. Andrew's would have profited from far more than an emergency rescue mission.

As writing neared completion, I again realized that an author's work can never become a book without a skilled editor taking charge. Nothing is more exhilarating for a writer than to be on the same wavelength with an editor who knows what he or she is doing.

Anne Duane Lunt knows what she is doing. Whenever I handed over a chapter that had taken me many months to prepare, confident of its content and approach, I felt sure it needed little editorial revision. Some weeks later, when it came back much shortened, text smoothed and material translocated to make more sense, I realized my work was in the hands of a master editor. Her surgical excisions and revisions were so expert, so reasonable that I did not feel the pain that many authors complain about. It is Anne Lunt who has shaped *Time To Remember* into a book.

Franchesa M. Profaci (1980), the book's project coordinator and illustrations editor, researched several thousand photographs, then placed a final selection of fewer than one hundred throughout the text. As coordinator

of the entire project, Chesa was in constant touch with printer, designers, author, archivists, school personnel, and many others. Without her energy and decisive authority that kept disparate efforts on track, the complex undertaking could not have been drawn together.

Chesa, archivists Alice M. Ryan and Chester E. Baum, Jr., indexer Pilar L. Wyman (1982), transcriber Janet Hoffman, designer Gloria Zoski, and Representative Frank M. Colgan of Cooke Publishing Company have taken the author's work and placed it before readers, but what of his most valued support? His most essential critic? Who kept him going?

Without Catherine, I could not, and would not, have written this book. Her thoughts, memories, inclusions, and corrections are infused throughout. Because my professional activities, our life together, and child-rearing, were at St. Andrew's for almost four decades, every aspect of this book was shared by her on a daily basis during an additional twelve years. *Time To Remember* is as much hers as mine.

I borrow the words of correspondent Mary O'Shaughnessy (1982), who could have been speaking for me when she concluded a letter, "This wasn't the easiest thing to write, but in many ways it was helpful in sorting out a lot of my feelings and thoughts about SAS." Marshall Craig (1962) was more direct: "Thanks, I needed that!"

As a result of this effort, St. Andrew's is clearer and dearer to me than ever, and the companions I worked with and taught are even closer in mind.

Despite carefully maintained files, in the lists that follow there may be unintentional omissions of names, for which I apologize. Alumnae student surnames are used here for recognition, regardless of current marital status. For inadvertent error of fact, I alone am responsible.

W.H.A.

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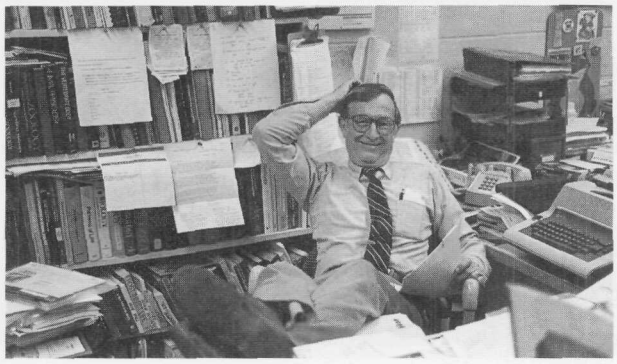
Concluding a long letter to the faculty in the summer of 1979, Jon O'Brien wrote, "Lest I be accused of having caught the same disease I have heard Bill Amos suffers from, I think I had better wind up this epistle." This 1984 photograph provides ample documentary evidence of Amos's affliction. His epistle, *Time To Remember*, is hereby concluded, Anno Domini MDCCCCXCVI.



CODA

A Chorus in Two Voices

Here you are asked to accept the words of forty-seven alumni and alumnae woven into two distinct voices, one whose school experience was not a happy one, the other for whom St. Andrew's may have been the most constructive event in a young life.

Coping

I always felt a second-rate citizen, both within myself and because I was made to feel it by others. There always are the very wealthy and the not very wealthy at St. Andrew's, and coming from a family where my father never made much money, it was a feeling I had. I felt the only reason I had any significance in the school was because I won the States in wrestling.

Private secondary education at a boarding school is a remarkably intense experience, one which encourages ego development and the definition of one's coping style. It requires compromise, adaptation, and learning to use one's time in an efficient manner. It makes one grow up, become responsible for oneself, learn how to travel and face new situations and how to assert one's talents or skills. It was never easy, but it was fun, lively, and noisy. We were all privileged to be there.

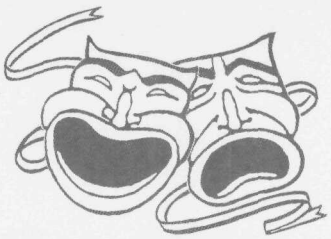
Because of the small number of students, you get to know their names and quite a bit about their personal lives—their interests, where they are from, even who they are dating. You are in the same classes, eating at the same tables, playing on the same teams. You learn people's strengths and weaknesses. An acute knowledge of human beings is gained by being exposed to the same three hundred personalities for nine months straight.

It has turned out that some situations one encounters in life can be overcome best by tactics I learned in coping with SAS—digging in and proceeding with the work to be done.

Growing

What I come up with is a vision of a fabulous opportunity which was unfulfilled. There at St. Andrew's was a lavish facility, great financial and people resources, a framework of ritual and tradition and a carefully selected group of students and faculty. Yet, after twenty years, my memory is of a very cold emotional climate and not much in the way of memories of intellectual excitement.

St. Andrew's enabled me to grow up faster than any of our own kids will be asked to mature. St. Andrew's is an intensively growth-oriented community in the academic field, sports program, and social system. There is no faster way to prepare a child for the real world. It is comparable to the military in that I would not trade the experience for anything. Both experiences develop strong character traits,



just like cutting up those formaldehyde-smelling frogs developed a strong stomach. At St. Andrew's I learned that good times come with the not-so-good, and it is how you deal with the latter that makes a difference.

One of the finest things about SAS is the combination of its breadth of activities and its small size. Nobody remains lost or homesick for long without someone finding out and, usually, helping. It is possible for a young person to try many things and experience quality in them. Because it is small, everyone must get involved and is needed—needed in sports and needed to take responsibility. The leaders at St. Andrew's. . .were always students who were contributing in all areas of the school and loved all of the things they were involved in. And the faculty were just as versatile and dynamic—coach, teacher, dorm master, all rolled into one.

Although the "individual" was sacrificed at St. Andrew's, [the school] fostered in me a faith in the endurability of the basic goodness in people and the potential for meaningful relationships and [an] understanding of books, ideas, diverse personalities, and diverse experiences. St. Andrew's has helped build whatever the "me" is and is becoming, [and has] influenced my life powerfully and for the good.

There was a lot of room for me to grow and every minute for four years there was someone there to provide the sun, water, and soil. I credit the school because it is there that I started to love learning. I found out what it was like to be so unbearably curious that I couldn't read fast enough or turn to the next page soon enough.

Community

St. Andrew's was a strained place. The year before a number of students had been thrown out when they were caught drinking and the class had been decimated by more expulsions or those "asked not to come back," and others simply leaving. Those that did remain, with some notable exceptions, wanted nothing to do with providing leadership. They felt they had gotten a raw deal from the school—and they most assuredly gave the same in return.

There is something to be said for a community experience where everyone is expected to do the same minimum, a minimum that ensures each person's health and safety and others' rights. Knowing what is expected gives a security to explore yourself, to be creative and to extend to others. Part of the school's success is due to the required aspects that it promotes. Chapel, the dress code, the marks system, and Saturday classes were not always popular, but one felt proud to put up with them.

SAS was a demanding experience within a very integrated community. Life revolved around the activities of a group of boys who were expected to use their minds, to learn, to experience, and to devour knowledge. There were few distractions and we were privileged to receive such an intense learning experience. From the headmaster, through the faculty, and on down, [it] was a wholesome community—a balance between discipline and freedom.

St. Andrew's is one of the few institutions that is *small* enough to foster intimacy and personal caring, yet wealthy enough to attract quality staff and to provide an environment for learning that is rich in content and

variety (from chapel to library to boat house to science labs). There is room for quality, values, excellence—all in a relatively small package. Thanks to the duPonts and subsequent benefactors, and to men of vision and patience, a small number of boys were set upon the road to manhood in a very special environment. With every passing year [I realize] a greater debt to certain teachers who not only prepared me for college but who helped instill in me the occasional bravery to take chances to forsake the safe in favor of the untried; to extend myself far beyond the range of sure success; to court failure by chasing great ideas.

The intensity and pressure of the school encourage camaraderie rather than competition. I often wonder... how that magic prevailed at SAS. We overlook just how close a place it is, often too close. People at that age have trouble realizing that they have more in common with each other than they have differences. It's an intensified microcosm of the real world.

Because it is so isolated, and so many activities bring you into contact with [other] members of the community, you learn [to] depend upon others whether you like to or not. The close contact with your fellow students and faculty; the family-style dinners; the gatherings for worship and assembly; the activities which provide shared experiences; the isolation; the religious grounding—all of these serve to teach you to respect the importance and delicacy of the human community.

Change

I decided not to apply to any college north of Washington, D.C. I have felt that watershed decision put me on a lower achievement track. It was my own immaturity that led me to react in a self-destructive way. The school inspired in me a rebelliousness and anti-establishment negativism that tugged successfully against the desire to succeed, but on my own terms.

When I arrived in 1970, there were about 160 males; we waited on tables in full dress, even at breakfast; there were coffee boys; we got haircuts Monday nights in the music room by faculty orders; we went to mandatory chapel four times a week, and did not see a girl our age except for a few faculty daughters and our dates at mixers.

When we left four short school years later (1974), there were still about 160 males, but now 26 females, more casual meals, a more lenient dress code, less chapel, and we saw girls every day. I cannot believe any other class went through such a drastic change in their time at school. But we were all the better for it!

Our Sixth Form year seemed to mark a change both in the school and the attitude of the students. I am not sure if the change was universal or restricted to SAS—perhaps it was the final end of the attitudes of the sixties. But for St. Andrew's it was certainly a turning point.

St. Andrew's was remarkably good at easing the transition from family to world, from parents to self, that seems appropriate for teenagers. At St. Andrew's something made it work.

The school made me reach out farther than I would have otherwise—opened my horizons. While I struggled with the academics the first year, I enjoyed the challenge. The opportunity to participate in extracurricular activities helped me immensely. Without the special attention of a small school and without the inspiration of [one master], I would never have discovered the pleasures of research, science, and the philosophy, attitudes, and methods of thinking that have served me so well ever since.

Fulfillment

One of the saddest things about our education at St. Andrew's—and I'm sure it happens continuously, year in and year out—is that we go to school where we have dedicated masters doing their very best to develop our skills. They wanted us to achieve, and we never really appreciated it. Think of Schmolze, Hillier—all of them, so dedicated. Only until we are out of school many years, until we've raised our own children and seen them go through public education, do we fully realize how valuable the time spent at St. Andrew's was.

St. Andrew's was unquestionably a critical turning point in my life. Being raised in a small town in a divorced family would never have afforded me the opportunities that SAS did. It bridged some unsettled early years of my life to a very happy family and professional life since. It molded values, it provided personal strength, it rewarded hard work, it gave credence to the work of the intellect—and it was fun!

I both love and resent [the school's] effect upon me and other students I know. It was an existence unique to a small segment of society. I loved it. I hated it. I was proud of it, yet I ridiculed it. I don't know what my life would have been without it. It was like being raised by a different family in a different city during my most impressionable years.

As I look back at my St. Andrew's experience, I can honestly say it was one of the best decisions I have made so far in my life. If I could add up all the positive and negative experiences, the end result would be a man who has grown, matured and learned how to use his natural talents, abilities and assets. [The school] has a way of bringing out these qualities in a person. St. Andrew's embodies a certain uniqueness, separating it from most institutions in this country. For me the most rewarding activity was the Social Services group; it was something I carried on elsewhere for many years.

Big names on campus overshadowed, often completely obscured, those who did not stand out academically, politically, or athletically. [One boy] was a very inconspicuous person, a quiet introvert. Even his grades were inconspicuous, a fourth group. The only time anybody would remark about him would be to say that most of the time you hardly knew he was there. When we took the National Scholarship exams, he won the top award. I learned then that grades can sometimes be a very poor index of intellectual ability, or to state the matter more broadly, outward signs may have no bearing on latent brilliance.

To me the school was:
–order
–a clearly defined set of values and knowledge, a clear set of knowable facts
–morality
–structure
–an avenue to higher achievement that was an accepted, foregone result of four or five years there.

The school made me believe that with academic achievement, I could accomplish whatever I desired. No talks were given on this subject—it was just a sense acquired through dealings with faculty members. One

of the best things about my education was being able to sink my teeth into things; we didn't just touch on or gloss over things—we had an opportunity to really learn something and follow up on it. I learned to think, to work, and to study in the process.

A sense of place and time

The cabin fever which developed sometimes helped encourage the bad things that went on there. St. Andrew's was the only thing for most people and occasionally [they] lost perspective completely. I know I did. One thing SAS never adequately addressed was the uglier side of human nature.

The "it" is a combination of place (St. Andrew's), time in history (all I remember about the outside world during my years there was looking up at the dark sky on my way back from the gym to see if I could watch Sputnik fly by), and time in life (ages fourteen to eighteen). It's tricky business to guide children successfully through those years; St. Andrew's did it well and appears to be doing it well today.

A thought that occurs about St. Andrew's was its isolation—those cloisters. It was a world within a world, a world within a fortress. Perhaps it was a world better than the world outside, but I thought little about the world outside when I was there. Its location removes one from the temptations of the city, yet it is accessible.

I have an emotional tie to the buildings. Those classrooms where I studied; the library where I whispered, and those gully stairs I climbed an infinite number of times running late to dinner after a long crew practice. When not studying or attending classes, I would spend a lot of time walking around the campus, engaging in solitary activities such as rowing a boat on the pond or lifting weights. I would be all alone on a Sunday afternoon shooting baskets in the large gym with its lustrous hardwood floor. It was a great place to meditate. I liked to spend time in the greenhouse and on Noxontown Pond, so tranquil and beautiful. I remember the tiled and parquet floors, the slate roofs, the small window panes, the stone steps, the smell of the stone, the smell of the varnish, and the texture of the wood in the stair railings.

Friendship

What can you expect with 220 students in such a small school? A lot of pain floated around that place. Almost everybody, myself included, at some time twisted a knife or kicked a down man—it's the nature of the age.

So much is demanded of you at St. Andrew's that you quickly realize how much help from other people you will need to do it all. You need people on your side in a game, or a play, or to help you with studies. If you hurt someone, you probably hurt one of their friends. And in such a small community, their friends are your friends too. The environment teaches you by practical experience how much human beings depend on each other.

St. Andrew's, without a doubt, creates a situation in which very close bonds develop. Students are different, they are on their own and they know it. Friendships established there were very strong and whatever friction existed between us has since evaporated and we are a group bound by a common experience: in essence that is what friendship is. St. Andrew's was never easy, but it was infinitely easier knowing that you were not alone. The friends I made are probably the best friendships I have ever had.

Lines were drawn sharply when I showed up in Fifth Form. I faced what amounted to a choice. I could hang out with the "Hats," a strong clique of which you were either a member or weren't. Or I could hang out with another crowd which was much less formally defined—they didn't even have a trademark. I liked people on both sides of the spectrum. The Hats were very bright and could be a lot of fun. I did not, however, want to be labeled. I also liked the other guys in the class who the Hats reveled in making fun of. Trying to be a free agent I ended up working out OK, but the lines [drawn] were incredibly strong.

I spent a great deal of time at SAS learning how to laugh—at myself, primarily. Having to live in close proximity with other highly-strung adolescents for five years gradually showed me the importance of just *hanging out* with people, and laughing. I had fun there.

I have five pictures on my desk here in front of me. One is of my mother. The other four have St. Andreans in them.

SAS—why?

I'm disappointed with what I see as a definite drawing away from the Episcopal Church. St. Andrew's used to be a place for rugged individualists; it was a unique place—unique in that it approached education religiously. Today there seems to be the feeling that as long as one is neat and polite, one is acting in a Christian fashion. People who are artsy or come in odd dress are eliminated in the admissions process much more due to the fact that they may come with some radical ideas. When I was at St. Andrew's there was a real attempt to weed out anybody who was different. Are our kids neat (in) or weird (out)? If they're weird, how can we quietly dispose of them?

Why should St. Andrew's exist? To help cultivate an intelligent love for each other (and the world) among students. To keep kids like me out of their parents' hair. It opens up all sorts of possibilities for a student's life, with the added dimension of living away from home, which should allow for greater independence of thought and action. A place like SAS should be about cultivating a sense of individual responsibility for how one lives her or his life. SAS should be about raising children who will someday raise their own—the passing on of concern about the future. There should be a constant stretching of all limits—intellectual, artistic, physical, spiritual. St. Andrew's should *not* be about following the predictable, the trendy, the already-known. Schools like SAS should exist to ensure a breed of seekers—but seekers who possess a profound respect for humankind's capacity for growth.

I am as loyal a son as St. Andrew's has. I marvel at the wisdom of my mother who insisted that I go away to school at age thirteen. I chose St. Andrew's because I somehow knew it was right for me, and when I try to analyze why it was right I must conclude it was because of the masters. I'm proud of having been

a part of the life there.

As long as this nation requires men and women who appreciate hard work and who operate under the highest standards of integrity and moral and ethical behavior, there will be a need for a school like St. Andrew's. I don't think this nation can afford for a school like St. Andrew's *not* to exist.

SAS and the real world

The main problem with St. Andrew's is that it doesn't prepare you for life in the real world—you are so insulated that it makes adjustment difficult when you come out of its structured environment. When you do come out after such a long period of time, your basic desire is to rebel. If I could change one thing, it would be the rules on visiting dorms. Interaction between students is what makes St. Andrew's what it is today. Speaking for 95 percent of the student body, [the visitation] rule is disliked, broken often, yet when it is broken, the reason is always innocent. One rarely found the time or place to spend time with one another or one's self. One's privacy was rarely respected. With the students' busy schedules and daily responsibilities, one found little time to spend alone and escape from the burdensome schedule.

It was nice to have such a hyper-protected caring incubatorlike environment to grow in. It was unrealistic, though—not a real reflection of life outside of the twilight zone. It was great to be able to do many different things, but I know it is unrealistic to think that life can continue like this, for we constantly are forced to make choices—to do one thing means to rule out another. But SAS was special in letting us do it all for a little while. At St. Andrew's I was very comfortable, having sacrificed whatever individuality might have grown on its own. This was because I was held up by friends, faculty, and the "institution." After leaving St. Andrew's for a large university, I was at a loss. I didn't really know how and where to plant my feet and take steps forward.

The structure and regimen of the school helped students while we were at SAS, but hurt as we got to college and found an unstructured atmosphere. We were prepared academically, but were deficient socially. At college, I found myself reacting against the discipline and academics of St. Andrew's. Once I got here, I felt I had missed out on a lot of things socially and now my main goal was to have fun. St. Andrew's deprived us of some typical experiences that teenagers normally have—first dates outside of school, etc. It was a shock to go to a college which was considering coed floors, after being locked in a dorm each night for three years. Was there really an alarm in the corridor master's apartment that went off if a girl went out of the dorm at night?

As a freshman in college all my peers were trying to outgrow their high school life, but that is all I wanted to talk about. They thought I was crazy when I spoke of "on-corridor," "lights-out" or dances without alcohol. One woman asked me if it was a reform school, which puzzled me at first until I realized there was no way she could understand the freedom within that structured environment. Mention "boarding school" to any kids I know today and they equate it with prison! Perhaps boarding schools, like ROTC, are parts of society that presently aren't understood or appreciated. But SAS and schools like it are, in my opinion, very

much needed. It's elitist to say so, but I think that without the elite we end up with a mediocre society lacking the achievers who put us where we are today.

After school

Going back to the reunion was an astonishing experience. The "heroes" of our day were now a little foolish. I find their lives hard to identify with. At the reunion, I tested a sense of a cold emotional climate again and again. My friendships that had arisen at the school did not have much to survive the years. Only one seemed to have found a home at St. Andrew's, and he seemed to come out of obligation. I came out of curiosity. I left tired and depressed.

It was strange going back [to St. Andrew's] after college. I was warned by others who had returned that you would feel left out or forgotten. Probably anyone feels these "vibes" when returning to an old school or neighborhood—anywhere that reminds you of good times. It's part of nostalgia. With St. Andrew's, though, these feelings are especially strong. I wanted to be a part of the school again, even though I am very happy where I am now. They were very important years for me. Nothing like that has happened since.

SAS turns out excellent upwardly mobile competitors for a capitalist society.

Caring

The advisor-advisee system was hit or miss. Some masters were nondescript mentors, while others set the stage for a lifetime attitude. The stakes were too high to have a young adolescent miss out on getting to know key faculty. One of the things about my education at SAS that I'm least pleased with is that it tended heavily to concern itself with patriarchy, hierarchy, and eurocentrism.

When I look back on my SAS experience it is like looking back at a part of my life when I was in the twilight zone. I really cannot believe it—it seems so far away. Fourteen to eighteen are the years when nurture plays an important role in the old nature/nurture duo, and at St. Andrew's we got nurturing! There is no denying the importance of the environment during those years, and mine was the most fertile imaginable. St. Andrew's was small enough so that individuals could stand out and receive recognition for their contributions.

Along with its superb faculty, diversity among its students, the school thrives on its caring and family-like atmosphere. I associate great friendship and care with that part of my life—*so many people* cared about so many others.

INDEX

Page references followed by B or N, indicate boxes or footnotes, respectively. Page references in Italics indicate illustrations and photographs.

G

H

I & J

K

L

M

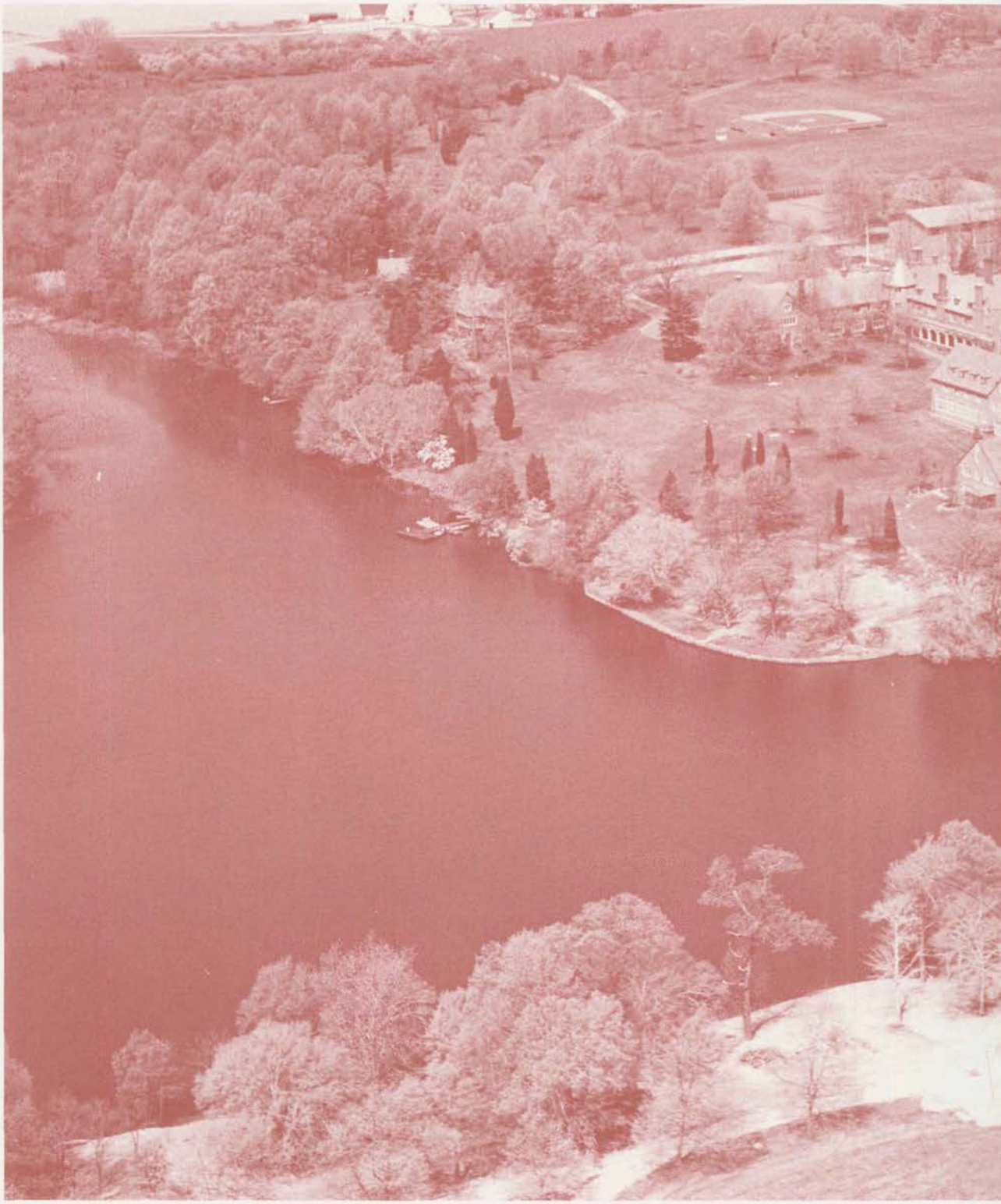
N

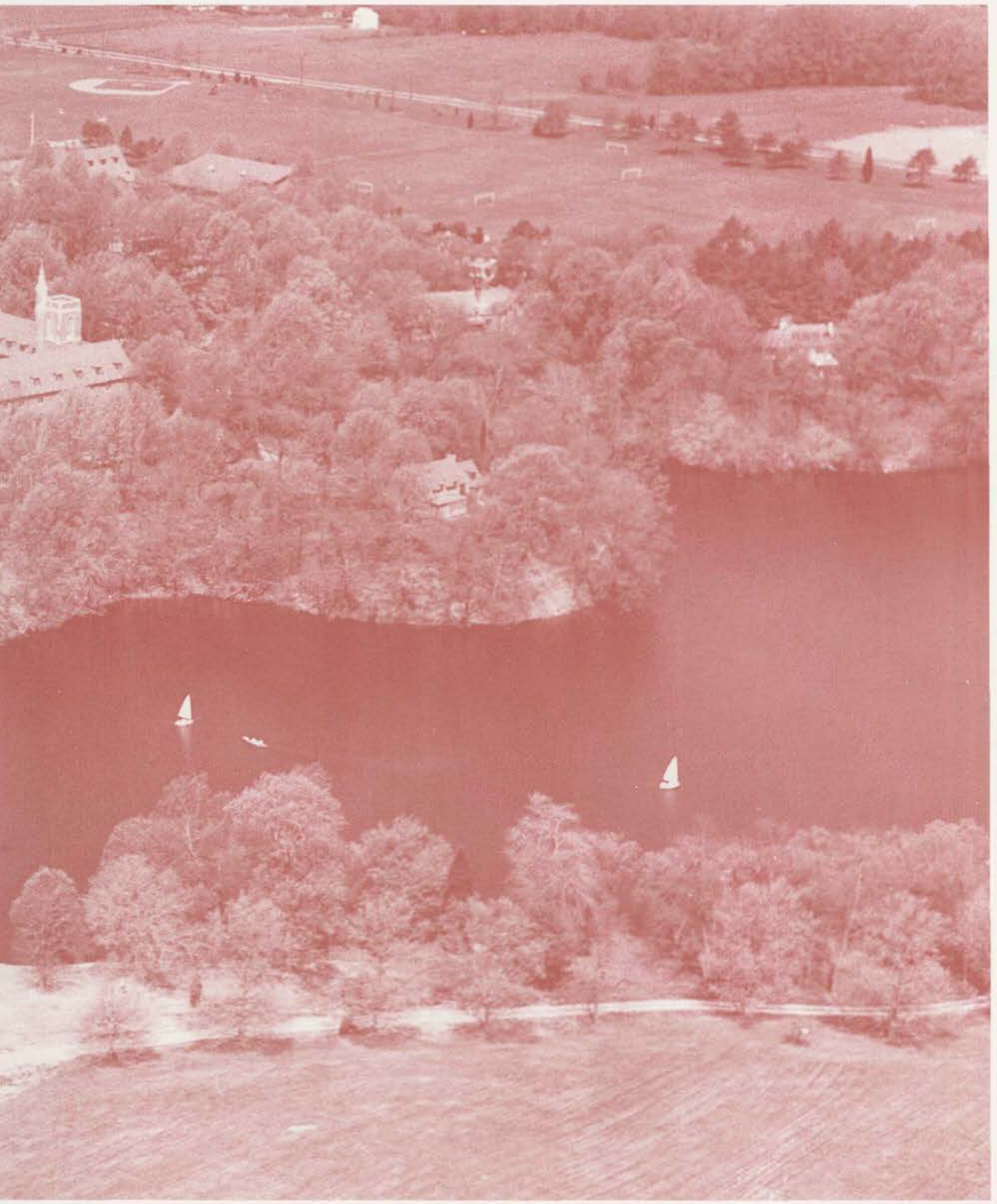
T

U & V

W

Y & Z





St. Andrew's School, ca. 1968