

THE
HOCKADAY
SCHOOL

AN ANTHOLOGY
OF VOICES
AND VIEWS

1913-2013

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A World of Difference

BY ANGELA "ANN" ARDS '87

The Hockaday School
 Established 1913
 College Preparatory for Girls
 Pre-School, Kindergarten, Grades 1-12
ANNOUNCES
 ENTRANCE TESTS—Applicants for Grades 1-8
 February 5, 1977
 Deadline for application and test registration—
 Feb. 1
 For Information Call Admissions Office—363-6311
Notice of Nondiscriminatory Policy as to Students—
 The Hockaday School admits students of any race, color,
 national and ethnic origin to all the rights, privileges,
 programs, and activities generally accorded or made
 available to students at the school. It does not discriminate
 on the basis of race, color, national and ethnic origin in
 administration of its educational policies, admissions policies,
 scholarship programs, and athletic and other
 school-sponsored programs.
 Admissions Office, 11400 Welch Road, Dallas, Texas 75229

ABOVE: The advertisement for The Hockaday School published in the Dallas Morning News in 1977 included a non-discriminatory policy statement: "The Hockaday School admits students of any race, color, national and ethnic origin to all the rights, privileges, programs, and activities generally accorded or made available to students at the school . . ."

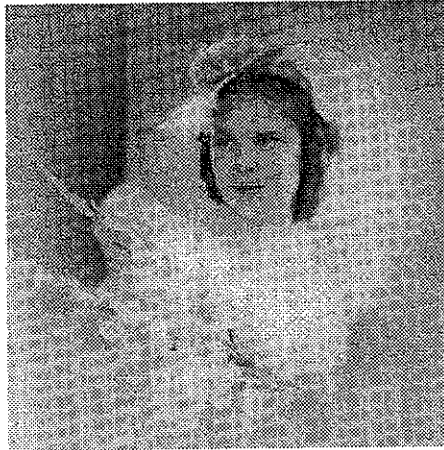
OPPOSITE: Middle School recess is a great time for friends from the Class of 2015 Aparna Rakesh, Stace Shelby, and Sydney Thomas to hang out together and smile for the camera.

¹ Frances Kramer Denning, "A Brief History of Hockaday," Hockaday: 1913-1938: The Alumnae Association Observes the School's Twenty-Fifth Anniversary, 15. (See also an edited version, above, pp. 29-35, in which this passage has been deleted from the next-to-last sentence in the final paragraph.)

WITH THIRTY-SEVEN percent minority enrollment and more than thirty languages spoken on campus, the portrait of "the Hockaday girl" at the Centennial little resembles our founding profile. In *Hockaday: 1913-1938*¹, the alumnae association's observance of the school's first twenty-five years, the only faces of color peering from the pages of that brief history were those of the service people, "janitors and cooks and maids, friendly colored faces that will be long remembered." Flip through the alumnae magazine today, or walk through the dining hall and academic corridors, and you'll encounter bright, brilliant faces of varied hue and heritage.

"It's not a hot house of complete egalitarianism," history teacher Steve Kramer concedes, lest we get carried away amid all the celebrations, "but the school has worked hard to diversify." Two years ago, walking into his world history course, Kramer observed a cross-cultural exchange that was as everyday as it was exceptional: three students, clearly friends, talking teenage-girl issues before class. One was Korean American and Christian; another, Pakistani and Ismaili Muslim; the third, Indian and Hindu. "Twenty years ago"—a hundred years ago—"that just wouldn't have happened."

Hockaday's first Hispanic student: Irma Salinas '39 of Monterrey, Mexico.



ABOVE: Hockaday's first cook, known to us now only as "Fannie."
RIGHT: Twins Traci and Staci Williams graduated from Hockaday in 1977.

Daughters of the Dallas elite comprised Hockaday's founding classes, with the boarding department, infusing regional diversity through students from surrounding states. The late 1930s brought ethnic and cultural diversity as students began arriving from Latin America; the first international boarder and Hispanic student, Irma Salinas '39, hailed from Mexico City. In the 1950s, Hockaday began hosting exchange students from Western Europe, and after the first Asian student, Jutatip Bodiratnangkura of Thailand, graduated in 1973, applications from the Far East spiked.² But as these international students came from their country's most privileged echelons, they little troubled and perhaps even enhanced Hockaday's finishing-school reputation.

It was not until the fall of 1968, in the wake of Martin Luther King Jr.'s assassination earlier that spring, that Hockaday admitted its first African American student, Lilli Josette Kirven. The modern civil rights movement prodded a nation that had fought oppression abroad to confront racial inequality stateside. Josette's arrival brought that struggle home to Hockaday, signaling a cultural shift whose long arc, still in progress, bends toward an inclusive community beyond any Miss Hockaday might have ever imagined.

"In the early 1970s, it was after all Dallas, Texas, which was part of the South still."

—GLENN BALLARD, HEAD OF SCHOOL, 1971-79

Hockaday's efforts to increase minority enrollment came at a restive time in the history of the nation and of the city. Integration may have been the law of the land but, throughout the South, its implementation met massive and at times violent resistance: Schoolhouse doors barred. Homes bombed. Families seeking private schools to avoid integrated public ones. Locally, Dallas' bussing campaign,

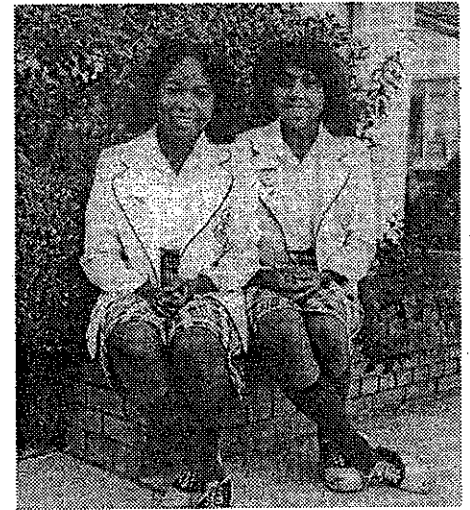
part of the city's "stair-step" approach toward desegregation, strained race relations.

You can imagine, then, the mixed reviews that Hockaday parents and trustees alike gave proposals for minority recruitment. "The enthusiasm was not great, and some of it was absolutely negative," recalls Glenn Ballard (Head of School, 1971-79). "In the early 1970s, it was after all Dallas, Texas, which was part of the South still." Compounding the political concerns was a practical one with a touchy politic all its own. The goal of minority enrollment conflicted with the school's tradition of legacy admissions: "sisters of current students; daughters of graduates, and their granddaughters," he says.

As administrators devised an admissions calculus to accommodate conflicting aims, a cohort of key trustees and faculty "worked quietly but avidly behind the scenes," says Ballard, to advocate for minority enrollment. Over time, a consensus emerged "that the school had an obligation to the common good, to Dallas, to the country, to serve the educational needs of all children. That a Hockaday education could not be complete without diversity. The question was no longer 'if?' he says, "but 'how?'"

Early on, the school relied on scholarships, advertising, and word-of-mouth.³ All of these factors played a role in bringing Valencia "Val" Mack Yarbrough '77—one of the first African American graduates, along with twins Staci and Traci Williams—as a sixth grader in 1970. Dallas' black middle class was beginning to think of Hockaday as a possibility with news of Josette's historic matriculation. After seeing a newspaper ad that the school was accepting applications, a family friend insisted the Macks take their bright daughter to be tested, too.

Like many students before her, Yarbrough also had



² "Far East Applications Received at Hockaday," *Dallas Morning News*, March 24, 1974.

³ "Blacks at Prep Schools," *Dallas Morning News*, March 13, 1977.



Jovette Kirven '80, seen here in her yearbook photo, entered Hockaday as a First Grader in 1968.



Valencia Mack (later Yarbrough) '77 as a Hockaday student with a heavy load of books.

longstanding family ties to Hockaday. Her grandmother's aunt Teema had worked in housekeeping on the Greenville Avenue campus, one of the nameless "friendly colored faces" invoked in the alumnae association's twenty-fifth anniversary publication. At 11, Val couldn't fully appreciate the seismic shift from servant to student that her admission brought. But, today, at 53, she understands that, for her grandmother, "there was this feeling of coming full circle."

"We had the opportunity to talk honestly about the dynamics of being at Hockaday in the 1970s."

— VALENCIA "VAL" MACK YARBROUGH '77

Forty years later, Yarbrough, a first-grade teacher at St. Mark's, returns to Hockaday as often as she can, for reunions and Board of Visitors meetings and the occasional HAARTS program. For her thirty-fifth reunion, she couldn't take time off work, but she did steal away while her first-graders were in PE to make the class picture. After a mad dash to Hockaday—"only seven minutes from St. Mark's, if speeding," she discovered—Yarbrough ran through Tarry House and down past Great Hall to the Liza Lee Academic Research Center, where she squeezed in just in time to add her face in the frame for posterity. Those few minutes with her classmates were worth risking a ticket, she says, because, one, reunions are more comfort than contest now. "The pressure is off. We don't show up to impress anymore, but to connect, to cherish those times together, those relationships." The other reason, though, is that she feels closer than ever to her classmates now that they have "had the opportunity to talk honestly about the dynamics of being at Hockaday in the 1970s."

At their twentieth reunion, a classmate made a confession: back in Middle School, she had had a birthday party; she wanted to invite her friend Val, but her parents said she couldn't; their country club didn't allow African Americans. The Monday after, when all their other friends were reliving the fun, the classmate detected a stunned, "why didn't you invite me?" look on Val's face.

"I have no memory of that," Yarbrough says today. But her classmate remembered, and that knowledge "stuck with her enough that she apologized as an adult for something that she had nothing to do with. That opened a door that let us establish a relationship that we could have never had in sixth grade."

That conversation also allowed Yarbrough to reflect on aspects of her Hockaday experience that she couldn't grasp, much less hold, as a child. For instance, how the invitations stopped coming when the mixers became co-ed. There was never much mingling going on among shy Middle Schoolers anyway, as she recalls, but the prospect of relationships across the color line—the fearful heart of all segregation—

was enough to exclude her. "All of a sudden, now that there were boys invited, I didn't feel as welcome," she says. "I couldn't assign any meaning to it then. Just a feeling."

While "rough moments" like the country-club birthday party are mercifully lost to her, Yarbrough does have vivid recollections of her grandmother saying—in part admonition, part consolation—"We didn't send you to that school to make friends. We sent you to get an education." Today, older, stronger, she wonders what she may have "glossed over," as "others came after and saw things I didn't." It's not that she was unaware of racism. Dr. King was assassinated when she was in elementary school. But "somehow that was distant, on TV," she says. In her world, an all-black enclave in Oak Cliff, parents protected their children from harsh Jim Crow realities. Yarbrough entered Hockaday enveloped in that innocence, expecting to make friends and to be liked—and she did, and she was, "beyond all expectation," she says.

And that's the other dynamic about Hockaday in the '70s Yarbrough understands better today than she did then: the "extra effort," and maybe even courage, of the many who embraced "the new black kid" with open arms, who "worked quietly but avidly behind the scenes," as Glenn Ballard put it, to make the community inclusive. So, as she ran from Tarry House to the LLARC to make that Class of 1977 picture, only "sweet little memories" came flooding back: morning "milk break." Playing jacks in the hall. Running stairs, two at a time, in those slick-soled saddle oxfords. And how Ernest Hemingway's "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place" always reminds her of the first day she walked through Hockaday doors: "The walls were windows that just let the light in."

"Having been 'one of the few' or 'the only' has played into the person that I am."

— IXCHEL MCKINNIE '86

In the early 1980s, independent schools in the southern United States began making conscious efforts to recruit minority students. By this time, Hockaday was well ahead of the curve. Though the strategy was rather ad hoc, it was nonetheless in full swing, mainly because of the freelance efforts of Evans Mank. A St. Mark's humanities teacher, Mank took it upon himself to recruit students of color, first for St. Mark's and then for other local independent schools, using a network of public-school teachers who would recommend their best students.

I was Mr. Mank's first Hockaday recruit, arriving in 1981 as a seventh grader, a year after Josette graduated in the Class of 1980, along with Denise Smith and Melissa Thompson. A year head of me was Angela Berry Roberson '86, who started in first grade and was dubbed "little Angie Berry" by her Upper School "big sisters," Val Mack and the Williams twins. "When they graduated, we dropped to six in the entire school, because I remember counting," Roberson recalls. "I

don't remember why I was counting, but I was counting."

Being "one of the few" minorities in the school or "the only" within a class created a keen awareness of ethnic and cultural difference. A colorblind ethos meant to make all feel included ironically left students of color struggling alone to negotiate the disjuncture between the school's cultural norms and their own.

Take something as simple as hair. Coiled locks require different care than straight ones do. But back in the colorblind '80s, Hockaday wasn't prepared to acknowledge, much less accommodate, such difference. For instance, life-saving and swimming were mandatory classes, but no one openly discussed the damage chlorine does to curly hair or that it requires more time to dress than the time between class periods allows. A black boarder far from home and in need of hair care was doubly disadvantaged, as none of the salons used by the boarding department knew how to treat black hair, says Ixchel McKinnie '86. She recalls an encounter with a stylist that left her traumatized, as much for the close-cropped hairdo salvaged from the wreckage as the clueless queries of Courtesy-deficient peers.

In 1981, McKinnie, Hockaday's first black boarder, entered eighth grade after living in various university towns as her family followed her father's coaching career. For high school, her parents wanted greater stability, so her mother headed to the library in search of schools and scholarships. By the numbers, Hockaday fit the bill. Top-tier college admissions? Check. Small faculty-student ratios? Check. State-of-the-art facility? Check. But the numbers belied "the challenges I would face going to a place that was not very diverse," says McKinnie.

No matter the decade, students of color, then and now, have found the greatest challenges in the social scene. Dating becomes an issue for students of all backgrounds, with "ruthless competition for guys" complicating friendships, says Ronnetta Fagan '90. For better or worse, straight girls of color often found themselves outside this developmental stage of adolescence. "I wasn't even allowed to participate, because if there was a Negro anywhere, then we were automatically supposed to be together," Fagan quips about classmates' annoying assumptions, the residue from old taboos against interracial relationships. Then there was the Marksman who told McKinnie they could date if she were white. "The incident stuck with me, sticks with me," she says, "because I'd never had someone tell me that who you are, something you cannot change, is not okay."

Though her Hockaday experience left "an internal impact" that took years to undo—"I feel like a real survivor," McKinnie says—this proud alumna and steadfast Annual Fund donor wouldn't trade her Hockaday education, or "the huge payoff on the other side," for the world. "Having had a single sex education—and having been 'one of the few' or 'the only'—has played into the person that I am," she says. "What-

ever success I have is attributed to that fearlessness, the ability to hold my own in a variety of settings. And that is not to be taken lightly, especially for women, who struggle with self-assertion in their careers. Coworkers are always asking me, "Where did you learn this or that? Is there some course that I can take?" We all have a past that has shaped who we are, and I'm very grateful for my Hockaday experience."

"Hockaday opened up a whole world to girls whose parents in a conservative city would never allow them to see."

—LEZLIE NICOLE "NICKI" ALLEN '88, CLASS AGENT

The lens through which you view the world colors your experience of it. Perhaps, then, it is no surprise that white alumnae from the '80s report rarely, if ever, seeing race, as the school's norms on that score matched their own. But many recall Hockaday's commitment to diversity of thought and opinion, nurtured through nondenominational chapels and school assemblies, as no less than life changing.

"Hockaday opened up a whole world to girls whose parents in a conservative city would never allow them to see," says Nicki Allen '88, a Dallas native who entered as a fifth grader from Lamplighter. A highlight of her Hockaday years was meeting then-state treasurer Ann Richards, "one of my idols," who visited as the 1985–86 Allman Fellow before becoming Texas's second woman governor. "I credit Hockaday with making me a more open-minded person," she says. "God knows my family wasn't like that!" To this day, Allen jokes, her mother blames the school for her daughter's liberal politics.

When Laura Kay Walker Berry '86, arrived as a boarder from a gated Houston suburb, she made friends from around

⁴ "Borderline Boarder," *The Fourcast*, May 21, 2012, p.21.

⁵ "The Homophobic Side of Hockaday," *The Fourcast*, May 21, 2012, p.22.

⁶ "Blacks at Prep Schools," *Dallas Morning News*, March 13, 1977.

The winning volleyball team of 1978–79 called Sarina Tabita of Japan their "secret weapon." In the first row (left to right) are Emily Stevenson, Tucker Ford, Sharon Buice, Sarina Tabita; second row: Kathy Koch, Veronica Frenkel, Anita Escobar, Katherine Greenlee, Stazy Blaylock, Mallory Macley.



MY MOTHER'S SONG

DUY LINH NGUYEN '01

I can still smell the sweet trail of chrysanthemum tea you left behind.
I was cold and you wrapped my sister's old, gray blanket around me
smothering my arms and legs until I could barely move.

I remember your eyes.

Your cloudy brown eyes

I thought could have cast shadows on the off-white walls of my room.
Sometimes when I close my eyes I can hear your songs.

I have never walked the bridges of Hanoi or wasted away hours
chasing dragonflies
beneath the shady passing.

I don't know what it's like to dance beneath the rain, collecting it in buckets,
watching

couples as they run across the muddy fields, falling back and laughing.
I can't sketch the perfect lotus, gold and green, white and yellow
from charcoal and oil.

Still, I love to listen to you sing.

Hours spent on your father's hammock watching
young children climb and wrestle trees until they tire;

then walking along the moon-kissed river to your candle-lit home
hoping no one has forgotten you.

You left but never stopped singing.

the globe and across the tracks, encountering an environment that contrasted sharply from her "very vanilla background." She relished the ethnic diversity (comparatively speaking), having been raised to believe that "we're all the same." She struggled, though, around religion, having been raised to believe "if you don't accept Jesus, you're going to hell." So, when Laura Kay, a Methodist, got assigned Parnista "Pim" Thiengtham, a Buddhist, she grappled with the doctrine that her new Thai roommate somehow needed to be "saved." The weekly ecumenical chapels nurtured this spiritual exploration. Over the course of that year, Berry came not only to know Pim—"someone who could never hurt a fly, who never spoke ill of any one"—but also to respect Buddhist principles as she did her own.

This ethos of recognizing and honoring difference gained momentum as minority enrollment reached a critical mass under Liza Lee (Head of School, 1990–2004).

Her major recruitment strategy, Lee says, was to expand the "very closed community" she found upon arrival. Within greater Dallas, she developed relationships with local women's colleges, various Chambers of Commerce, and ethnic newspapers. Within Hockaday itself, she reached out to existing families of color, establishing formal "affinity groups," both to solicit help with recruitment and to field concerns about institutional practices that excluded or disadvantaged their daughters.

Of course, there have long been de facto affinity groups developed through social ties in, for instance, the Highland Park schools, the Park Cities Y, and the Dallas Country Club. But without similar networks to provide points of entry into these well-established circles, families of color can feel as if they have been admitted to be the diversity experience rather than to share in it.

Fallyn Gray '01, came to Hockaday as a ninth grader during the unprecedented minority growth of the 1990s. The school's brand as a "gateway to a better education" attracted her family, she says, but it was "the inviting community" that made that education great, transformative. And not just in her life. In the life of the school.

In 1991, three Upper School students founded the World of Difference club, which sponsored programs such as Diversity Week to nurture appreciation for racial and ethnic difference. Though "sometimes only begrudgingly supported by the administration and faculty," says former faculty sponsor Steve Spencer, this pivotal club nonetheless facilitated the shift in cultural mind-set that would support Gray and her peers in introducing several school "firsts" in the late 1990s: the first track team to compete in the Texas Relays, the first letterman jackets, the first gospel choir—traditions that are now as cherished as SPC tournaments, Ring Day, and the Eighth Grade Musical. "What I most value about Hockaday is that it allowed us to make our vision of high school into our experience,"

says Gray, "Hockaday allowed me to share my culture with the world."

"Nothing is simply black and white anymore."

—DR. MARGARET MORSE '93, UPPER SCHOOL COUNSELOR

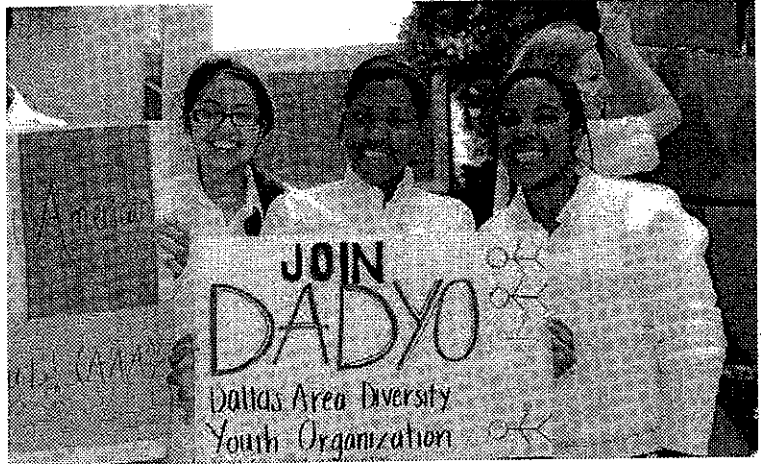
Race was now on everyone's radar, but without a common vocabulary, there was little engagement that felt safe or true. Students sought comfort in sameness (the "black table" at lunch emerged alongside all the "white tables") or they avoided the issue altogether (new courses in African American and Asian American history had to be discontinued for poor enrollment).

In 2001, four students, with then-Upper School Counselor Candee Keen, formed the Race Relations Board to guide the school in these tough conversations. Over time, the forums moved beyond race and ethnicity to include gender and sexual orientation, religion and class, age and ability—what the National Association of Independent Schools calls the "big eight cultural identifiers." On the eve of the Centennial, the board changed its name to the Student Diversity Board to better reflect its scope and attract a wider range of students.

White students in particular have avoided the forums, either thinking they have no stake in "minority" issues or fearing "they might be blamed or leave feeling bad"—a "developmentally appropriate response" given their stage of racial-identity formation, says Dr. Margaret Morse '93, current Upper School Counselor. To involve them in the communal work of creating diversity, the board has provided understanding, rather than judgment, and engaged their fears: "We won't get into college because we're not a minority." A recent session on affirmative action addressed that head-on, with everyone required to argue opposite sides of the debate. "That's the board's mission," she says, "to help students see beyond their own points of view."

A Hockaday "lifer" herself, Morse has seen diversity expand not only in terms of numbers but complexity. "Nothing is simply black and white anymore," she says, as the issues of other ethnic and cultural identities come to the fore. For instance, non-English speaking families need translations of quarterly comments and memos simply to keep abreast, much less feel a part, of day-to-day operations. And now, with 51 percent of international boarders hailing from East Asia, a stereotype "that all Asians are boarders" infects the "Hockaculture," according to a *Fourcast* op-ed.⁴ In the same issue, a student detailed how school norms, from Winter Formal to romantic plotlines in English class, exclude lesbian and bisexual girls: "Not direct, negative confrontation, but other, subtler clues that point to a less than LGBT-friendly culture."⁵

Despite the article's outspoken critique, its very existence reveals Hockaday has become a far more accepting place, says Morse. "The student felt comfortable enough to



write this in the school paper, and Hockaday let it run. That's big." In the mid-2000s, Jeanne Whitman (Head of School, 2004–11) lifted the ban on clubs about sexual orientation and religious faith, paving the way for the historic formation of the Gay-Straight Alliance and a Bible club, among others. "These days the school will support the diversity you want," Morse says, with a proliferation of acronyms—DADYO (Dallas Area Diversity Youth Organization), ICC (Intercultural Council), POCC (People of Color Conference)—attesting to this hard-won ethos of inclusion.

"We're in a holding pattern."

—SABRINA KESSEE, LOWER SCHOOL MUSIC TEACHER

In her ten years at Hockaday, early-childhood teacher Sabrina Kessee has witnessed enormous progress achieved through grit and grace: proposals written and committees formed, roundtables convened and conferences attended. The myriad initiatives, however, can feel scattered—a "hopscotch approach," she says. Though some colleagues caution that appointing one point person relieves others of the responsibility, Kessee advocates for an experienced diversity director, or a strategic plan, to help unify efforts. "Right now," she says, "we're in a holding pattern."

For instance, today's racial incidents echo life at Hockaday almost forty years ago. Like the Lower Schooler who told a classmate she "was not inviting any black or brown people" to her birthday party, sparking an impromptu division-wide forum on race. Because the adults in their lives have yet to truly embrace a multicultural ethic, the kids sometimes flounder. This often unintentional but enduring cultural bias arguably influences continuing racial and socioeconomic imbalances in class composition. Early childhood classes can reflect the rainbow, but then minority enrollment fades

⁴ "Borderline Boarder," *The Fourcast*, May 21, 2012, p.21.

⁵ "The Homophobic Side of Hockaday," *The Fourcast*, May 21, 2012, p.22.

The Importance of the Individual

The importance of the individual is fundamental to all education In an atmosphere of warmth and understanding the individual becomes known, and it is increasingly possible to create and stimulate interest to acquire learning. But learning is far more than the accumulation of fact: it is the absorption of knowledge. . . . The firm foundations of successful education are individual understanding, sound scholarship, integrity of character and goodwill.

Robert S. Lyle
(Head of School 1961–71)
(From *Ryo Vadimu*, 50th Anniversary Alumnae Magazine, The Hockaday School, 1964)



Form 1 Class Officers in May 1983: Carolyn Perot '86, Libby Crutcher '86, Donna Neuboff '86, and Isabel McKinnie '86.

after first grade, until another window of opportunity opens around seventh. The hard reality of finite spots for incoming students, of all backgrounds, frustrates efforts to diversify, says Jen Liggitt, Assistant Head for Enrollment Management and Strategic Initiatives, but one-third of Lower and Middle Schools are students of color, and nearly half of Upper School. This undeniable progress despite administrative constraints is compelling, as are signs that perhaps we are also losing ground. Between Josette's matriculation in 1968 and the very first class of African American graduates in 1977, black enrollment increased to 12 percent.⁶ On the eve of the Centennial, it is 6.4.

But by all accounts, the need to increase diversity among faculty and administrators is an even bigger issue. Alumnae argue strongly that students of color need mentors of the same background who can offer perspective and guidance, as well as sheer familiarity in an at times alienating environment. They fondly recall seeing Miss Shirley (Byrd), the longtime switchboard operator, in the vestibule or Miss Joyce (Madkins) in the cafeteria line. Students still yearn for that affirmation, as Hockaday mom Sonja Shelby discovered one Black History Month when posters featuring black staff and alumnae were displayed in the halls. "My girls were so excited," she says. "They told me about someone on their wall almost every day: the first black graduates and their stories. The security officer, Kief (Kifseab Tekle). It seems small," she says, "but the girls do see it."

Of course representation must be more than window dressing—and it must be more than staff. As one teacher of color notes, "If you tell students they can be anything they want to be, but there's a lack of representation among fac-

ulty and administrators, what's the message that you are truly sending?"

Chemistry teacher Jennifer Stimpson realizes all students benefit from the unique perspectives she brings to the faculty. For girls who look like her, her presence may "make their futures more tangible," she says. For others, she may be "the only black person in a position of authority that they will have contact with." And then there are those who see her "as no different from their math teacher or their history teacher, simply as their science teacher, Ms. Stimpson, whose homework they have to do." That happy development, she feels, is a sign that her most important contribution—a fresh, interactive teaching style that privileges the application of scientific principles to everyday life over traditional lectures—is enriching the educational experience, with "the girls excited about class, genuinely interested in science, still enthusiastic even late in the year."

"Organizational science shows that the more diverse an institution, community, or group, the more nuanced, sophisticated, and reasoned the results when given a problem to solve."

—EUGENE MCDERMOTT HEADMISTRESS KIM WARGO

In 1942, Miss Hockaday formally transferred ownership into our hands, asking us "to be more aware of the presence of The Hockaday School as an organization," to "work in harmony and work together" in nurturing "this child of mine and yours."⁷ It is in that spirit, on the eve of the Centennial, that Hockaday has invited a noted diversity consultant to host an ongoing, community-wide conversation about strengthening and streamlining initiatives. "The idea," says current Head of School Kim Wargo, "is to foster open lines of communication among stakeholders"—faculty, staff, students, parents, alumnae, trustees—"to have these conversations together rather than in silos, to be part of a larger goal and strategic plan."

As we tackle the lingering question about the "how?" of diversity, Wargo shares a compelling "why?": "Organizational science shows that the more diverse an institution, community, or group, the more nuanced, sophisticated, and reasoned the results when given a problem to solve." Which is to say, if Hockaday is to be a national leader in girls' education, a world-class institution competitive on a global market, then it must be a place where honoring difference is not a catchphrase, or a nod to tolerance, but a valued tradition—as foundational as the Four Cornerstones, as beloved as chess pie, as vital as the Hockaday girl.

⁶ "Blacks at Prep Schools," Dallas Morning News, March 13, 1977.

⁷ See *Ela Hockaday's letter to the Alumnae*, May 12, 1942, p. 50-51.