

## Glenn M. Andrews '57

No. 21369 ■ 31 Jul 1932 – 27 Dec 1999 ■ Died in Los Angeles, CA  
Cremated. Ashes scattered in Pacific Ocean



*Glenn Miller Andrews* was born in York, PA, the eldest child of Robert A. and Mary I. Andrews. His father was a grocer and, during his high school years, Andy often worked in the family store. He attended William Penn High School, graduating in 1950. Wishing to become a teacher, Andy enrolled that fall in the state teacher's college in Indiana, PA. After two years, he decided to try his luck at obtaining an appointment to West Point and was successful. He enlisted in the Air Force in September 1952 and attended the USMA Preparatory School, then located at Stewart Air Force Base.

In 1953, following Beast Barracks, Andy joined the ranks of cadet Company I-1. Being among the older, more mature cadets, he managed to stay out of trouble and do well academically. He directed his extracurricular interests towards the theater and joined the Dialectic Society, where he was bitten by the theater bug. He especially enjoyed the production part of theater. He was truly talented along these lines, and by Firstie year he was the unanimous choice to direct the 100th Nite Show. Wishing to have a first-class production, he sought out noted choreographer and director Fred Kelly, the younger brother of screen star Gene Kelly, and asked him for advice and assistance, which Fred provided

generously. Andy stayed in touch with Fred all of that year, and as opening day grew near, Fred came to West Point to offer the show his personal touch. Needless to say, the show was a smash and that only served to increase Andy's desire for a future career in the theater world.

Andy wasn't always successful. Once, he wrote to stage star Tallulah Bankhead and asked if it would be possible for her to receive him as a backstage visitor at the theater where she was then playing. He waited and waited for a favorable reply he was sure in coming, but alas, she gave him the cold shoulder.

Andy was also an avid football fan, but lacking the athletic skills to play the game, he offered his services to the team and became the football manager for Army. He took many light-hearted ribbings about his duties but listened to them all in stride and responded only with his huge grin. He was proud of his team and was thrilled with their successes, a feeling that never left him.

Andy's choice of service was the Air Force, despite the fact he was unable to pass the flight physical. He enjoyed his short active duty time and considered himself fortunate to be stationed at Davis-Monthan Air Force Base, where he could be near his parent's new home in Phoenix. Upon leaving the Air Force, Andy enrolled at the Pasadena Playhouse College of Theater Arts, graduating in 1962, and then was hired by the Pasadena Playhouse as a production manager, where

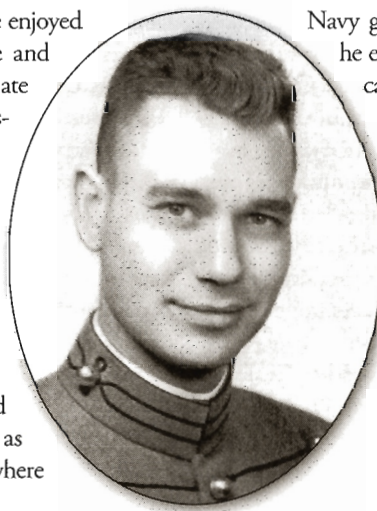
he remained for eight years. He developed an interest in computers and pursued it as a hobby. Years later, when he became disillusioned with "theater politics," he made a career change, joining Honeywell, where he spent ten great years working in Phoenix, Hawaii and Los Angeles.

He next worked for a large savings and loan organization, running their computer department. These years were the happiest of his life. His hard work paid off with a promotion to vice president, and Andy was able to buy a beautiful home in La Crescenta, a Los Angeles suburb. Here he was surrounded with a vast array of dogs, cats, and even a pot-bellied pig, which he adopted and doted on.

Andy's career flourished until he became sick and was forced to retire. He soldiered on, but his body could not overcome his illness, despite two years of struggles. During this time, he was a frequent and welcome guest of his younger brother's family. Their three children loved to listen to his stories and go boating with him. He remained an Army football fan and never missed an Army-Navy game on television, which he enjoyed with great and vocal enthusiasm.

Andy joined the ghostly assemblage of the Long Gray Line on 27 Dec 1999 in Los Angeles. He was cremated and his ashes scattered into the Pacific Ocean. His brother Bruce and three nieces and nephews survive him. Rest in peace.

—*Classmate and friend*



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