



# the thai that binds

ISB Reunion Virginia Beach, Va  
August 26-29, 2010

ISBN Newsletter  
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July 2009

## Message From Maile

By Maile McCoskrie Lindley '67, [isbmaile@sbcglobal.net](mailto:isbmaile@sbcglobal.net)

Greetings,

I am writing this in mid July and we are just a bit over 400 days out from our next reunion, August 26-29, 2010. For some this seems like a long time to wait and for those of us making the plans and getting all of the bases covered, it seems to be coming up pretty fast. Just a year ago ISBers left San Diego with a level of enthusiasm that we had never had before and continue to enjoy today. The result is that much of the work for the Va Beach Reunion has already been done and many have come forward to volunteer to help. We have started a sign up list for volunteers to help at Va Beach and you can get on it today by emailing our BOD Secretary, Cricket Fluker-Lanza at [jflanza1@yahoo.com](mailto:jflanza1@yahoo.com). She will be getting in touch with you in the late Spring of 2010.

Hotel rooms for the reunion continue to be reserved; we have less than 60 left in our block. The entire block that we are holding (or very close to it) needs to be reserved before we can add more rooms at the special rate. If we don't reserve them they will be opened to the general public and that just spells grief for you late night revelers in the form of the "shushing police." So please if you think you might attend, make a reservation today - you can always cancel if your plans change. Call the Cavalier Hotel RESERVATIONS: (800) 446-8199 For the ISB Network, Inc. 2010 Reunion Cavalier on the Ocean. We will announce our Reunion Registration Fee schedule in early 2010 once the hotel confirms the food and beverage schedule to us. Our goal is to provide the best time for the least amount of money, and if we have an idea as to how many will be in attendance, it makes it easier for us to get our prices confirmed.

We are aware that some ISBers are planning to attend the reunion but will NOT need a room at our hotel. We would like to get your name on the "Who's Coming" list that is posted on our website [http://www.isbnetwork.com/hotel\\_pickup\\_2010.pdf](http://www.isbnetwork.com/hotel_pickup_2010.pdf). Please email me at [isbmaile@sbcglobal.net](mailto:isbmaile@sbcglobal.net) so that I can get you posted on the Who's Coming List. Imagine how thrilled all of your old ISB friends will be to see YOUR NAME on the list! Don't miss out! Let us know that you're coming and see YOUR NAME being added to an already long list of fun-seekers headed for the next reunion!

Those of us that are just unable to wait until 2010 to see each other have been getting together in various areas around the USA and in Bangkok. We have a new article on our Home Page [http://www.isbnetwork.com/read\\_article.php?id=137](http://www.isbnetwork.com/read_article.php?id=137) that lets you know what is happening and where. Pictures from these get togethers can be seen in the Panther Gatherings section of this newsletter. If there is a gathering taking place near you, or you just happen to be in town on a visit or on business, just call the contact person for the event and let them know you are coming. Then get ready for a really good time with old friends who have loved you since way back when.

John Benda '72 has taken on the job of monitoring the Singha website (oh,SOMEBODY had to do it.) Thanks so much, John. He'll be keeping his eye out for Singha sponsored events held world wide that might be of interest to ISBers. Look for the postings on the Bulletin Board, the Homepage, and the Newsletter. Then make your way to the event nearest you. Look for the big yellow ISB banners to find your ISB pals. My goal is to get an ISB Alumni presence at these events to thank Singha for their past generosity and support and to encourage them to support our Thai Dinner again at our reunion. For me the Thai Dinner in San Diego was a reunion highlight and I anticipate the same for 2010.

In closing, your BOD continues to work to support our mission of Reuniting Long Lost Friends; however we can only do so much. We rely on our Class Reps and on volunteers from the general membership to come forward and give something back to our organization. Since we put this request out in our last newsletter Bill Schaller '73 helped me with a couple of projects that didn't take him all that long but were way beyond my capability - thanks Bill. Our Webmaster, Maureen, continues to need the help of someone with MySQL/PHP skills. Please email Maureen at [webmast@isbnetwork.com](mailto:webmast@isbnetwork.com).

**ISB Network Foundation, Inc.**  
**PO Box 7454 Alexandria,**  
**VA 22307**  
**FAX: 703-768-9667**

Contact your ISB Network Board members:

President – Maile McCoskrie Lindley '67,  
 isbmaile@sbcglobal.net  
 Vice President-Maureen Lockhart Salahshoor '75  
 webmast@isbnetwork.com  
 Secretary – Jameela "Cricket" Fluker Lanza '67  
 jflanza1@yahoo.com  
 Treasurer – Todd Lockhart '77,  
 tlockhart@att.net  
 Membership Director-Debbie Stinemetz Caulfield '70  
 cauldeb@hotmail.com  
 Director of Class Reps – Tom Reynolds '69,  
 reynoldsthomas@hotmail.com  
 Webmaster – Maureen Lockhart Salahshoor '75  
 webmast@isbnetwork.com  
 Newsletter Editor – Peggy Allison Snow '67,  
 isbpeggy67@gmail.com  
 Advisor – Tim Lockhart '75,  
 isbtim@yahoo.com  
 Advisor – Mimi Drake Wetherington '73,  
 mimiweth@bellsouth.net  
 Advisor-JoHanna Ewing '69  
 johannaewing@gmail.com

Purpose: The ISB Network Foundation, Inc. is a not-for-profit, 501-C-3 organization, dedicated to bringing Alumni of International School Bangkok together to support, maintain, and create contacts between people who shared similar experiences in Thailand. We serve as the Official Alumni Association for International School Bangkok. Dues & Benefits: Membership fees are \$40.00 for 2 years and are tax deductible. Our goal is to provide you with three newsletters per year and access to contact information of all known ISB Alumni. You do not have to be a member to be listed on the website/directory or to attend a reunion. Your paid membership helps support the activities performed by the all-volunteer Board of Directors responsible for maintaining the database, publishing the newsletters, maintaining presence on the web, and planning the biennial reunions.

Join online or by mail. Click on Join ISBN on our website <http://www.isbnetwork.com>. Or write us at the above address. When you join, you will receive a password to gain access to the Members-only areas of the website.

## ...And a Message From Deb

By Debbie Steinmetz Caulfield, '70  
 Director of Membership

This newsletter is being brought to you today by all the dues paying members of the ISB Network.

Thank you!! Over the past years we have made our stellar Newsletter available exclusively to dues paying members as a way of saying thanks for their continued support. Since its inception ISBN has relied on many volunteer hours and volunteer dollars to grow into ISB's Sister Alumni Association. We are counting on that continued support as we look into the future and evolve into an even bigger and more interactive alumni group. Because we want to get more ISB alumni involved and engaged in their alumni association we are offering to everyone free access to our newsletter, The Thai That Binds.

Please enjoy reading about your fellow alums from all over the world. We encourage you to contribute stories, news, and photos to share with more than 6000 potential readers. We expect our free newsletter to support, maintain and create contacts among all of us who are bound together by the unique experiences we had at ISB and in Thailand. If you would like to become one of our valued ISB Foundation members you can contribute the \$40 biennial dues at <http://isbnetwork.com/member.php>.





## **It's a Small World! My Recent Experience.**

By Gary Smith, '71

I recently had guests at my B&B here in Costa Rica. They were all strangers to me, but were referred here by a mutual friend. One of them visiting is named Hans Loudermilk.

During the usual "getting to know you discussions" that happen when you meet people I was asked a question that is frequent: "How did you come to live in Costa Rica?" which I answered by saying "I probably wouldn't be living here if I hadn't lived in Thailand in '69 and '70." Hans spoke up and said "I lived in Thailand in '69 and '70." .... Stunned, I said "I went to ISB" and he answered "So did I." OMG!!! It turns out he was class of '67 and stayed in Thailand after graduating until 1971! We stayed up late into the night talking and comparing stories (there were a LOT). He dated Mandy Coburn, hung out with Stuart Berryman... the list is long.

He had gone to the Long Beach reunion, but only stayed Saturday afternoon, as he was with his wife and family and came not knowing what to expect. He said he was blown away by the number of people there, and was re-united with some of his friends, but has fallen out of touch.

The purpose of this post is to ask if there are friends of Hans, he would like to get back in touch. I told him of the reunions coming up, both class of '69 in Atlanta this July, and of course VAB in 2010. I also recommended he join the Network. Please look for him on Facebook, and/or email me at my address here in my profile if you would like to contact him. Kob Kuhn Mak!

ed. note: Contact information for Hans is available to members by searching the alumni database on the website.

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## **It's A Small World**

Susan Hunter Wehba '75

story phrasing courtesy of sophia petrillo (golden girls)

picture it...holyokey, massachusetts 1989. a new mother is also the store manager of a ladies' clothing shop. she works 55 hours per week and burns up the interstate between ma. and ct. to pick up her baby from daycare...but i digress. one afternoon, a salesgirl enters the store's backroom to get a check approval from the manager. the name on the check is so very familiar. could this be the woman's best friend from thailand?? she walks to the cash register and the customer turns to face her. in amazement, the two women gasp and hug! it's as if 16 years have melted away. the two women agree to meet later to catch up. when they do, the life parallels they describe are amazing...both women married the same year, had unsuccessful first pregnancies, and gave birth to their first children within weeks of each other. that mgr. was susan hunter wehba, and the customer was my very best bud (although i only got to keep her for one year) cindy kvoriak dzialo.

as happens so often, we saw each other (with our little ones) several times, only to let other things in life let us drift apart. i have tried to recontact cindy (belchertown, ma.) to convince her to come to vab! if any of you have current info for her, please let me (or her) know. enjoy all of the good connections you've made, and i can't wait to see you in aug 2010!

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## **What a Small World"**

By Patrice Canady Farmer '76

Although it may seem like a lifetime ago, I still have deep rooted memories of the good times I had in Bangkok, Thailand. In fact, I can still remember often riding a samlor. I can also remember when both my sister and I attended four years at ISB and it was mandatory for us to recite songs in Thai and to learn Thai dance. We had so much fun.

"What a Small World" brings me to today's life and time where I currently work for the United States Department of Agriculture as a Program Analyst and a Government Official. A couple of months ago I attended a going away party given at the office for one of our Division Directors, and in passing I mentioned to an acting director that I once attended the "International School of Bangkok". She immediately put two-and-two together, and directed me to the attention of Gail Kean Chisholm '74 whom has been a member of the ISB Network for quite some time. Gail and I began to share story after story of our experiences in Bangkok. Finally, Gail and I just chalked it up to be "What a Small World".



## Panther Gatherings

ISB '70 Girls  
Reunion Lunch-  
Arlington, VA



Karen Bergstrom, Helen McCarty, Marianne Burton, Carol Stroud, Debby Stinemetz, Nancy Bernard



Palo Alto, CA,  
Feb. 09

L to R Suzy One, Seth Wu '68, Alice Kung '65, Esther Cheng, '65, Kim Yu '67, David Koo '69

Lorton, VA, June 6, 2009



L to R Pete Sherman, Don Nibblett, Debby Steinmetz, Carol Stroud, Jose Neuman.



Minneapolis Dinner  
Feb. 09

John Davies, Wayne Anderson '70, Charlie Bremseth '68, Dave Callaway '71, Dion Reimer '76, Michael Reimer '79, Ann Turnbull '70, Lynn (Nielson) Davies '70, Randy Philbrick '72

## The Divine Plumber

Phillipe W. Ritter (73)

It was sometime in mid February that the Ritter's moved into their new house at 155 Salakotane. My younger brother, mom, dad and I had all been crammed into my father's one bedroom apartment over the USIS library in Vientiane, Laos since January of 1971. Dad had been flying for Air America since 1964 and had been stationed in Vientiane for about 12 months. The family had been living in Bangkok since 1965 and had just moved to Laos in January after a couple of months stateside. It was a great apartment for my dad that had a grand view of the Lao Victory Monument and Lang Xieng Boulevard, but it was not large enough for all of us. I was glad to be giving up my army cot in the corner by the front door separated from the apartment living room by a hospital screen.

Although the house was not completely finished, it was ready enough to move into. We promptly had our household goods delivered from storage and Harriet, our gibbon, delivered up from Bangkok on an Air America flight. The house was one that my father found under construction. Dad inquired about the house and found that the owner had been killed by a Communist Pathet Lao mortar attack in or near Pakse (Southern Laos) a few months before. His widow lived in the house behind and had run out of money to finish construction. My father made a deal with her. He would provide the finishing money in return for rent.

One thing that was not finished was the hot water system. Mind you, hot water was not a big issue in Laos, but mom insisted. The maid also wanted it for washing clothes and bathing. I think we all agreed that even with the mild Lao winter temperatures, cold showers and baths were not a pleasure for anyone.

Although propane gas-fired hot water heaters had been installed in the kitchen and bathrooms, the city water pressure in our part of Salakotane, on the outskirts of Vientiane, was too low to trigger the heaters to light up. Most western style houses in Vientiane had large galvanized steel water storage tanks to make up for the times that the water was either off or when the pressure was too low. Water, when available, was pumped up to the tank by means of an electric pump. Our tank was on a two-story wooden tower in the corner of the backyard beyond the servant's quarters. It had not been plumbed into the house yet.

Weighing all options, my father surmised that if we could hook up the water storage tank to the house, gravity from the tank would cause sufficient water pressure to make the hot water heaters kick on. Mom and I had our doubts, but we wanted to believe the possibility. I had a good relationship with my father and knew his capabilities to some extent. Dad being a pilot, I figured he knew something about gravity. I was not so sure he knew anything about plumbing.

Being that plumbers in Laos were as rare as hen's teeth and getting one meant a long wait, my father came up with the brilliant idea that he and Soi, our gardener, could do the job. One day, Soi and dad laid out the tools and pipes and started to work. Harriet, our gibbon, pressed against wire mesh of her cage, took delight that she had something to watch from her cage in the backyard. All the activity looked good, but it soon became clear that neither my father nor Soi knew much about plumbing. Given the language barrier, things looked bleak.

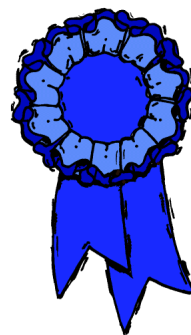
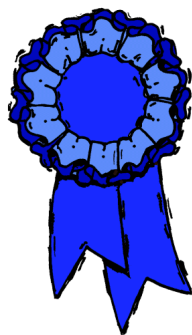
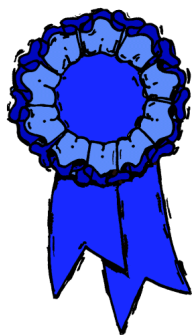
After a couple of days of limited progress, it was as if Buddha had looked down and taken pity on Soi and my father. Through a doorway, in the whitewashed wall between the landlady's house and ours came a monk. This mysterious robed one, we learned, was the landlady's brother who lived at a Wat in the neighborhood. He would appear some times in the afternoon. He would quietly squat and smoke hand-rolled cigarettes from the shade of the wall while watching with what could only be humble amusement at my father and Soi getting nowhere. No one minded. Having a monk hanging around your house was a good thing. One day, he overcame his shyness and came over to where the work was. From under the folds of his faded saffron robe, he produced a 24-inch pipe wrench. The monk also spoke French. Communication was restored. A plumbing monk who spoke French? This was certainly divine intervention.

My mother, wanting the project to be successful, saw an opportunity to make merit with Buddha. She gave the monk a carton of her Salems. If he came in the mornings, Roat our Thai maid would do her part by offering morning meals for the monk. In the afternoons, when Buddhist monks fast, mom and Roat would make him a milk shake with a raw egg blended in to provide him with some extra energy and protein. Mom and Roat discussed if the raw egg would be considered food and therefore a fasting violation. Roat didn't think so. To be on the safe side, they didn't tell him about the egg. It was a hit with the monk whom I am sure, never had (or ever again) a milk shake. Dad kept to his scotch and waters for his energy.



This idyllic scene, blending East and West, of spirituality and necessity, progressed off and on for a few days. Between my dad's flying schedule and the monk's responsibilities, pipes were cut and threaded, ends doped with white paste and twine and connected. When supplies were needed, dad and the monk would head downtown together in the car. Dad needed the monk to translate his broken French into Lao. More likely, he needed him to not get screwed by some shop keeper. All around, it was a good idea. What shop keeper would cheat a monk? Each day after school, I surveyed the progress as the pipes came down the water tower and snaked around the servant's quarters towards the house. Soon, no more cold showers.

I can't recall the day we were able to try the hot water. It was anticlimactic at best. Any disappointment was stoically withheld in true Ritter fashion. I also can't remember any discussions about why the hot water didn't work. I think it was a tender subject in the Ritter house. I suppose that any thoughts of hot water recessed to those times that we all spent at the sink or bath tub silently watching the water run, waiting and hoping that it would turn hot. The mystery of the hot water faded as summer approached. Early September, I went off to boarding school. I don't know if we really ever had hot water. At best I remember tepid baths and showers upon my return. Who knows, maybe the raw egg was a fasting violation. Such was our life in Laos.



### And The Winners Are...

Congratulations to Mary Molthen Rasmussen '74, winner of the 2010 ISBN Virginia Beach Reunion Logo Contest.

Congratulations to the winner of the Reunion Theme Contest, Billy Bilberstein '74 for his winning entry "High Thai'd in Virginia Beach".

Each winner will receive one free room night as their grand prize.

Thanks to everyone who submitted an entry. We are a clever, talented, and imaginative group (and we can party, too!)

### REMINDER!!!

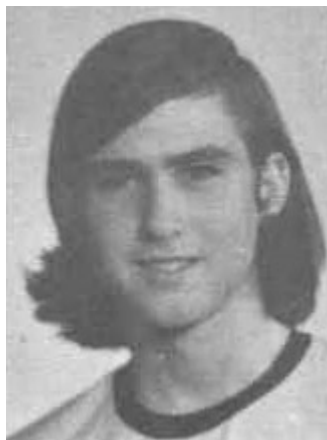
If your credit card expiration date has changed since you made your reservation, call the hotel right away to update your record or your reservation will be forfeited!

### International School Bangkok Network All-Year Reunion



## Time Passages...

**Kyle Reagan**, '76,



It is with great sadness that we need to share with you the news that our brother Kyle has passed away. He had been diagnosed with Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis (ALS) more commonly referred to as "Lou Gehrig's disease".

Kyle started showing serious symptoms in late 2007 and was definitively diagnosed in February 2008.

There is a website dedicated to Kyle – [www.kylereagan.com](http://www.kylereagan.com) – where you can find out more information and donate money to a special fund to help his family.

With Love,  
John, Paul, Brian, Matthew and Marcus

**Tracie Toups Olson**, 56, passed away peacefully at Central Wyoming Hospice on July 10, 2009. She had been battling breast cancer for 12 years.

She was the 2nd oldest of six children. She attended grade school in Naples, Italy and graduated from the International School Bangkok in 1970.

She is survived by her husband of 38 years, Randy Olson, her son Patrick, grandson Ryun and father Ray.



---And the goodbyes make the journey harder still.  
Cat Stevens

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## Lost and Found

This section of the newsletter is dedicated to ISB alumni who have been "lost" since they left Bangkok and have had no contact with any of their former ISB friends UNTIL they stumbled upon the ISB website or were found by an old friend who had been searching for them. Every once in awhile, one of these long lost alumni resurfaces and comes "home" to their old ISB family and friends. Some of them have been gone for a VERY long time. Here are the latest ones that I am aware of. Please let me know if I have left anyone out that has resurfaced in the past year or so. You can visit the alumni page on the website to find out more information about them.

Peggy

Nini Delort Joyner '62

Shreekant Panday '68

Steve Duncan '68

Bernie Ruelas '69

Pat Camp Berry '72

Kathie Boslet '73

Teresa Sejnoha Behl '76

Mike Harper '77

Charlotte Beskow '78

Vas Naiker '84

Kamud Pyakuryal '88

Sarah Jephson Ditty '96

**Congratulations to our first ISBN member from the  
Class of 2009, Peach Chartsakulkanajarn**

## Calling All Golfers

James Whang, '77

It's not too soon to think about our "Reunion Golf Outing" for the 2010 ISB Reunion at Virginia Beach. Maile has asked me to organize this adventure. I am talking to a few golf courses in Virginia Beach and need a head count on how many people are interested in playing to get a better estimate of price and location.

The best day for the outing would likely be Friday, August 27, 2010 (better prices weekday). We can have our outing in the morning with lunch served at the course (box lunch) or we can have lunch before we tee off in the afternoon. I am leaning towards the morning tee time (9:00 or 10:00AM). Either way, I will need a head count so please either email me at [HYPERLINK "mailto:kjwhang@gmail.com"](mailto:kjwhang@gmail.com) kjwhang@gmail.com or call me at (609) 731-2414 so that I can move forward on logistics.

At our last reunion at San Diego, we had about a dozen alumni who participated and we all had a GREAT time. We actually played 2 rounds.

Please let me know if you need to borrow a set of golf clubs. Most courses have club rentals, or if we know ahead of time, I'm sure we can have participating alumni bring extra sets.



## Déjà Vu All Over Again

From time to time, we'll be bringing back stories that have been published in past newsletters. This story originally appeared in the April, 1994, edition, but it's such a great and timely article that it's worth a reprise.

### Reunion

By Phil Mahaffey, '73

- 1** You'll find the storyteller in Santa Fe, any shop near the Palace of the Governors. A clay figure, seated, Native American, usually female. Sometimes not. Always her mouth is open, telling the story of the people. Always smaller figures sit in her lap, on her shoulders. They have ears to hear the story. It flows from their mouths like music. The music places them in the world.
- 2** That picture in the Erawan—it's not me. Back then I wanted to accept myself. After twenty years I don't know what to make of a sunrise on a snowfield in the Tetons, fly fishing for rainbow on the Malheur, losing a good woman, losing a year to scotch, nights I read poems till dawn, nights I can sleep only if I leave on all the lights.
- 3** Geography defines us in ways we don't expect. In Bangkok, I lived 800 miles from my family. So it was from you I learned how to shoot a basket, when to walk away from a fight, why getting caught was the reason for the race across the dark field at the Sadie Hawkins Dance.
- 4** Geography defines us in ways we can't explain. Back among farangs, I gave up talk of sam-lors, elephants pulling stumps in the forest, pigs in wicker baskets strapped to a motorcycle, standing for the King's Anthem at a movie. I moved from South Carolina to Texas, Oregon to Washington, thinking I'd start a new life in the pine forests and rolling prairies of the West.
- 5** I wanted one world, one music in my head, not the smell of tapioca fields when I drive to the beach, as if Pat-taya lay just beyond the trees. I wanted the cold rush of trout rivers, not the khlongs steaming after rain. I thought I had left it all behind, but the news of the reunion dragged at me like an undertow.

At the reunion, you showed me a world can contain two kinds of music, or more. There is no way to tell our story except with many voices.



# Student Science Society Book Project

By Paul Soderberg and Vince Bennett '67



Everyone has an individual who has been extremely influential in his or her life. Sometimes this individual is connected with a group of people united at a point in time by a common interest. The group is mentored by someone with an infectious enthusiasm for life and for his or her vocation. The mentor causes the group and, therefore, the individuals to be better than they would otherwise be. The mentor's influence lives with each individual long after they have left the group behind.

One such group was the young scientists mentored by Phil Reeves. Mr. Reeves profoundly influenced the lives of the young scientists belonging to the Student Science Society at the International School of Bangkok during the 1960s. Forty-some years later, in appreciation of his efforts, two of his former students, Paul Soderberg and Lee Riley, initiated a book project dedicated to Mr. Reeves, who is now 82. I and other former ISBers immediately joined the project, and I'm writing this now to invite you to join us.

Importantly, this book is not to be ABOUT Mr. Reeves. Rather, it is our chance in effect to BE Mr. Reeves—to pay tribute to him by doing for today's young scientists what he did for us when we were young. So the focus of this book is to follow in Mr. Reeves' footsteps by "mentoring" to the young middle- and high-school scientists of today. It is to tell them what the Student Science Society and Mr. Reeves meant to us, how our careers were shaped by this experience, but most importantly to pass on the critical things we have learned in our lives. It is to pass on the love of science that was nurtured in all of us by Mr. Reeves.

In the July 2008 issue of the ISB Alumni Newsletter, former student Yung Yip stated, "I have always considered Phil Reeves to have had the most profound influence in the directions I took in education and then my career." If young readers are one day grateful to us, then we will have succeeded in our book, which will then also be a fitting tribute to Phil.

Some of us have translated our love of science into technical careers, but many of us have translated our love of science into the arts or other non-technical careers. Mr. Reeves nurtured the young scientist in all of us. In the broadest sense, we are all still scientists with that thirst for knowledge used to solve problems and to make the world better in various ways. We believe that the world needs the best and brightest to go into scientific careers. We believe that all individuals should have a passion for making the world a better place. We believe everyone should embody the principles taught to us by Mr. Reeves.

We'd love to have you join this project. The "heart" of this book will be the SSS members from the '60s who were mentored by Mr. Reeves. It is about how we honor Mr. Reeves by mentoring the young scientists of today. It is passing on 40-plus years of life experience to the next generation of scientists. If you contributed to the Bulletin of the Student Science Society, we will feature your article followed by your current life article. If you belonged to the Student Science Society but did not write for the Bulletin, then we want to know how Mr. Reeves influenced your life and what you have to teach today's young scientists. If you weren't in the SSS, but want to tell us about how Mr. Reeves influenced your life through his science class, we want to hear from you too. We want to hear from everyone touched by Mr. Reeves whether you knew him in the '60s like we did, or if you were one of his last students in the 1980s. It is the story of how one man's gift has been magnified in us all: those who were mentored are now the mentors.

On a practical note, we fully realize that not all of us are professional writers; but all of us are helping each other with our articles, and you have a dream team of talent to help you get your thoughts, insights, and memories on paper, if needed. The attached FAQ will answer most of your questions. If you have additional questions, then please use the contact information in the FAQ.

## The Science Club Project FAQs

What is the project? The creation, publication, and distribution of a book by 1960s ISB Science Club members.

What kind of book? Nonfiction, photos and illustrations, c. 324 pages.

What's its title? The Science Club: Young Scientists of the Past Talk to Today's Young Scientists About the Future.

Who is the book for? This is the first paragraph of the Introduction: “If you are a young scientist, in middle or high school, then this book is for you. It was half-written by young scientists in an unusual way: each chapter starts with a Science article written by a teenager in the 1960s, and ends with an article about Science written by the same person 40-some years later.”

Who are the book’s writers? We want to hear from everyone touched by Mr. Reeves whether you knew him in the 1960’s like we did or if you were one of his last students from the 1980’s. The ‘heart’ of this book is the SSS members from the 1960’s mentored by Mr. Reeves passing on 40 plus years of their life experience to the next generation of scientists. We are actively pursuing former SSS members who wrote articles for The Bulletin of the Student Science Society. We will feature your SSS Bulletin article followed by your current life article. We are pursuing all SSS members, but we want to hear from ANYONE Mr. Reeves has influenced. This is the story of how one man’s gift has been magnified in us all. Those that were mentored are now the mentors. We are delighted that Andy Roman, Paul Soderberg, Vince Bennett, Mike Bennett, Lee Riley, Kim Pao Yu, Greg Gajewski, Glenn Morris, Walteen Grady Truely, Tony Grady, Dee Woodhull, Jeff Ladd and Ann Ladd Ferencz are in various stages of contributing articles for the book as of July 18, 2009. We are still actively recruiting.

What is the book for? For its authors, The Science Club is a 40-year reunion-in-print. For its readers, the book will be a unique way to glimpse their own futures, through a “sneak preview” of the important things and issues they will be encountering as they grow up into actual Science professions. These are things we wish we had known or understood when we were their age—and these things are harder to identify today. Today young people are constantly inundated by knowledge; we offer the much rarer gift of wisdom. Each article is/will be personalized, not academic or official-sounding, a friendly “I” talking to “you.”

How do I participate? Email your interest to Vince Bennett ([engtissueman@gmail.com](mailto:engtissueman@gmail.com)), who’s coordinating recruitment; for any writing or editing questions, email Paul Soderberg ([paulsoderberg@hotmail.com](mailto:paulsoderberg@hotmail.com)), who’s Project Editor.

Is there a deadline? While there is no deadline, inclusion of articles will be on a first-submitted-first included basis—and our intention is to have a completed book manuscript within 4 months.

Any money involved? No cost to participate, and no compensation. We are anticipating the channeling of any book revenue to a legal entity created by us to benefit young scientists.

Any official connection to ISB? No official connection to the school itself. We have invited an article to be written by a current member of the ISB Science Club. We have received enthusiastic support for the project from Maile McCoskrie Lindley ([isbmaile@sbcglobal.net](mailto:isbmaile@sbcglobal.net)), President of the ISB Network. ([www.isbnetwork.com](http://www.isbnetwork.com)).

How did the project begin? The Science Club project was born during a phone chat between Lee Riley and Paul Soderberg on 18 May 2009, when they started talking about creating a fitting tribute to Phil Reeves. Mr. Reeves, who in the mid-1960s encouraged us to start our own publication, will be writing a preface for our book



## Chiang Mai Revisited

By Kate Johnson '76 (isbkate@yahoo.com)

The first time I visited Chiang Mai was with my family back in the summer of 1971. I was 13 and had just finished 7th grade. I don't remember much about it (and have no pictures to remind me), but I do remember being bored to death at the Celadon factory. My mother loved all the pottery; I couldn't have cared less.

Fast-forward 38 years and I'm back in Chiang Mai, this time with my husband, and I can't wait to shop at Baan Celadon. We first went back there in 2007 with the group Maureen Lockhart Salahshoor and I put together, so I was eager to go back and shop some more.

Of course, shopping wasn't the only thing on our must-do list. We also visited Wat Doi Sutep, Wat Chedi Luang, and walked around the neighborhoods, just enjoying being back in a Thai city. There were lots of good restaurants and the Night Market was just a couple of blocks from our hotel. If you get the chance to go back to Thailand some day, be sure to visit Chiang Mai, too.



Notice anything unusual about the elevator numbers? This is the only hotel I have ever been to with a 13th floor.



The view from our hotel window.



Novice monks at Wat Chedi Luang.





Night Market





Just a few items available at Baan Celadon

Kate Johnson



## Those Elusive Walking Sticks

By Phil Reeves, ISB Science Teacher from 1960-1984

She blinded me with science  
Science!  
Science!

Dolby Thomas

As a biologist I have always been interested in insects, especially butterflies and beetles. However, while on a field trip to Hua Hin last summer with members of our International School's Student Science Society, we netted eleven adult walking sticks. My life has not been the same since. During the train trip back to Bangkok, traveling inside a large, sealed butterfly net, four of these unusual creatures died. Nevertheless, the remaining seven walking sticks were able to adjust themselves to new food plants and different surroundings and eventually multiplied into a happy family which grew to number about forty individuals by April of this past school year. Watching the antics and the development of these most interesting creatures prompted me to inquire further into their varying characteristics, behavior, and development.

Called stick insects and devil's walking sticks, as well as devil's darning needles, walking sticks are members of one of two great musical or noise-making groups of insects—the orders Orthoptera and Homoptera, of the Phylum Arthropoda. Only the males of certain families within both groups are capable of “singing”: the females are doomed to perpetual silence. The Orthoptera, as a group, are generally considered to be the most primitive of the winged insects. Many, however, are quite specialized in their own way—for example, the peculiar attitudes that they assume and the complete loss of wings in many species which produce a twig-like appearance. Some members of this group are reputed to have caused the terrible plagues of biblical times—specifically the eighth plague that God sent against Egypt—a plague of locusts, as recorded in Exodus 10: 12-19, in the Old Testament.

Unlike the more skilled members of the order Orthoptera, members of the family Phasmidae, which include the walking sticks, do not have the gift of “song”. The family includes both the stick insects and the leaf insects. The latter have a broad, flat abdomen plus leaf-like expansions on their legs. They are usually found most often on low-growing plants such as grasses. Walking sticks may possibly be confused with members of their sister family the Mantidae, which includes the praying mantis—but the former are easily distinguishable because mantises have grasping forelegs.

Full-grown walking sticks generally attain a length of four to six inches, but some of the Asiatic stick insects such as the genus *Polophus* titan, are the longest of the living insects, growing to a length of twelve to fifteen inches or more. Since these creatures remain quiet for a long time in one place—one specimen remained rigid for six hours, as timed by an interested naturalist—one would assume that their means of keeping in contact with their immediate environment needs to be specialized, which indeed it is. Their coal-black eyes are small, but like the grasshopper and cicada, are compound; that is, they are a composite of many facets, each one seeing but a tiny portion of the total image. Their single pair of antennae are long and slender and are many segmented. They take the place of ears as we know them. The color of walking sticks varies with their stage of development. The young individuals are generally a pale shade of green soon after they are hatched from the egg; they then gradually change to a darker green when almost fully grown. Adults can be green or brown, depending on the particular species. Possibly the body color—even for immature individuals—can be attributed to temperature changes or to the amount of light present. Gray walking sticks have been recorded, even pink ones, although the latter are extremely rare.

When disturbed, some walking sticks play possum, a sort of sham death, relying on this mimetic form for protection. In the southeastern part of the United States, a walking stick known as the “musk mare” gives off an evil smelling fluid which is said to be very acrid and which smarts like fire when it gets into a person's eyes. Those walking sticks which do possess wings and resemble leaves are found in the tropics.

Some people believe that walking sticks possess fatal fangs, but they are in reality harmless and herbivorous, feeding entirely on plants. In cases when many of them are present in an area, they are capable of defoliating large areas of woodland. Their favorite food is the edges of young leaves. The tissue of the leaf is eaten, and the framework of veins left behind. Those species found in North America and Europe prefer oak leaves; some species even feed on hops. Sharp-eyed birds such as grackles, lizards, rodents and carnivorous mantises, in turn, feed on walking sticks. Sometimes an individual walking stick loses only a leg or two in an encounter with one of its enemies. In such cases



the injured creature can grow a new limb, or at least a part of one, by the process known as regeneration. The earlier in life that such a misfortune occurs the greater the chance that the lost limb will be wholly replaced. This happens because at each molt or shedding of the outer skin and enlargement of the body another segment of the new limb is added.

Although approximately 2000 species of walking sticks are known, only about 100 of these live in the United States and Europe. The rest are found in tropical countries where the factors of climate and food allow for maximum development.

Sexes are usually separate among walking sticks. But the process of parthenogenesis, whereby new individuals are born without any sexual contact between male and female, does occur. When this is the case the offspring are always females; no males have ever been observed. Unlike the females of most Orthoptera, the female walking stick generally makes no provision for the safety of either eggs or resulting young. However, the females of one species of walking stick found in the tropics has a gun-like structure at the tip of its tail or abdomen by means of which it can shoot its eggs for considerable distances. This scatters the eggs and makes it more difficult for predators to find them. Even so, the mortality rate of hatched eggs is high with only two out of a hundred actually being born.

Each egg is enclosed in a separate ootheca or protective egg case. This has a detachable cap through which the young walking stick escapes. Many of these oothecae bear a remarkable resemblance to seeds. Some, however, are shotlike, and are dropped singly; sometimes they sound like falling rain in cases where there are large numbers of females present in an area. Walking sticks are most active at night when they feed, mate and lay their eggs. In the tropics females lay their eggs the year around; in temperate zones, eggs are generally laid in the winter; the young then appear during the following spring. Eggs are generally dropped on the ground or in areas where the adult has been feeding thereby insuring the young walking sticks an adequate food supply. Development is gradual, meaning the young resemble their parents in every respect except size. Their full size is gained in five or six

stages called molts, at which time their outside skin splits along the back, their bodies swell, and they then shed their old skin or exoskeleton. The new skin hardens forming another protective skeleton—although not for several days—during which time the creature increases in size.

The life of a walking stick is one of seclusion and restriction. One not accustomed to seeing walking sticks will knock them off vegetation and not be at all conscious of their presence. Thus, due to their camouflage, few persons have seen the true walking sticks and are familiar with only the ubiquitous praying mantises.



## TENNIS AND SINGHA

Tennis and Singha come together on August 1 to 9, 2009, at the Legg Mason Tennis Tournament with Singha as an official sponsor in DC.

John Benda '72, JBenda@advsol.com, is planning to attend. Think about joining him or getting your own group together to support Singha, the only sponsor of our 2008 Reunion Thai Dinner and planned supporter of our 2010 Reunion Thai Dinner. Look for John proudly carrying an ISB pendant and most likely getting refreshed at the Singha exhibit. Meet Charles from Singha there, too.

William H.G. FitzGerald Tennis Center  
16th and Kennedy Streets NW  
Washington, DC 20011  
John's cell number is 703-625-0074

## I'll Get By With A Little Help From My Friends—

Lennon and McCartney



Many thanks to Maria Bennett Hock '70, newsletter wizard extraordinaire for her work in helping to bring this newsletter to its fruition. Maria is a real pleasure to work with and has kept me working with a smile on my face.

Maria's work first appeared in the November 2008 issue of The Thai That Binds with the beautifully written article about Loy Kratong. Now she's helping me with all the things that I should already know about being an editor but don't. My heartfelt thanks go out to her.

Please join me in welcoming Maria to the evergrowing numbers of alumni who are volunteering their time and talent to help make the ISB Network the best ever.



Thank you all so much!  
Peggy

### Thai'ing up Loose Ends

Want to read about today's ISB? Go to <http://touchstone.isb.ac.th>

Be sure to read the <http://www.isbnetwork.com/bboard.php?options=expand> Bulletin Board on the website. It's full of "what's happening."

Please forward suggestions, constructive criticism, or comments regarding this newsletter to <mailto:isbpeggy67@gmail.com>

This is your newsletter, and it can't exist without your input. Send stories, memories, current news—anything that would be of interest to the above email address. I'll help you with editing, etc.

When the time comes, [http://www.isbnetwork.com/membership\\_join.php](http://www.isbnetwork.com/membership_join.php) renew your membership in the ISB Network. You'll be glad you did.

Have you had a "Small World" experience, in which you've by chance run into an old ISB pal or found someone that went to ISB? I'd like to hear about it. It doesn't matter if it was yesterday or many years ago. Send Peggy an email. <mailto:isbpeggy67@gmail.com>

Check out the website for the latest [http://www.isbnetwork.com/hotel\\_pickup\\_2010.pdf](http://www.isbnetwork.com/hotel_pickup_2010.pdf) "Who's Coming" to see an updated list of ISB'ers who have already made hotel reservations for the 2010 Virginia Beach Reunion. Then, if you haven't already done so, make YOUR reservations so you won't miss out on what promises to be the best reunion ever!

Our webmaster, Maureen Lockhart Salashoor, needs an assistant. If you have mySQL/PHP skills and have some time to lend a hand, contact her <mailto:webmast@isbnetwork.com>.



### In Closing...

Confetti and streamers to all the ISB'ers who have contributed to this newsletter. Remember, this is your newsletter, and it can't exist without your input. Send stories, memories, current news—anything that would be of interest to the above email address. I'll help you with editing, etc. Khop Khun mach ka.

Peggy