



ISB NETWORK NEWS

Volume 19

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My Turn

by Terry Rogers Bishop '72

It was 1968 . . . at the "new" Teen Club on Soi 21 . . . It was Saturday and there was a Battle of the Bands: Erbs of Love vs. somebody (Was it the Flowers? The March Happenings with John Dammon playing bass and my brother, Steven, playing keyboard? The Soul Remains?) The group I was in, the Midnight Hours, had that particular night off, so we were all there to watch the "pros". A group of people were in the game room and I chatted with them for awhile. Then I went out the back door to the picnic table where another group of people were smoking. After that I went over to the snack bar and stole a french fry from Charlie Barton. People crossed the dance floor in all directions. The bands began setting up their instruments and twangs were heard from the guitars as they began tuning up. The lights went down and the show began.

The Erbs of Love was my favorite. I watched each player as closely as possible, hoping his talent would rub off on me and my band. They didn't sit around and talk between songs. They knew what the next song was and went right into it. They started and ended each song perfectly. Scott Smith played the keyboard with perfection and Larry Moore held the mike like a real professional. Keith Hatton could play lead guitar as well as Jimi Hendrix I thought. Mark Yules was into his bass guitar. And then there was the drummer, Mike Jepsen. WOW! He was so cute AND he could play the drums so well. He was so cool AND he was a JUNIOR -- two whole years older than me.

We listened and danced and laughed and when both bands finished playing, we clapped for our favorite. That night the Erbs won (I was hoarse the next morning). Boy, the Erbs of Love was a great band. They were going places with their lives.

It was 1994 . . . At home in Columbia, Maryland. It was Tuesday night and I was exhausted after a long day at work (an assistant professor at Johns Hopkins University and doing molecular genetics research). It was Babette and John Dammon on the phone. "Hey Terry, we're trying to put a band together here in Maryland. We're going to play at the next ISB reunion in Clearwater, Florida. Wanna play?" Wow! My heart started pounding. "Keyboard? Well, I don't have one anymore. I haven't even played since Bangkok. I'm also three months pregnant." John's calming voice said, "That's OK. I haven't played either. Keith Hatton lives in Frederick and Kevin Fahrenholz lives in Chesapeake Beach and they're both going to play."

I started searching out the radio stations that played 60's Rock 'n Roll. I bought myself a keyboard for a Christmas present and began brushing the cobwebs off neurons that hadn't fired

in over 20 years. In February, we started practicing at John's house in Annapolis. Keith Hatton hadn't changed in 26 years. I was still very skeptical: "Let's give it a try for several practices, but we may have to ditch the whole idea." Surprisingly, after we put our Erawans down, we didn't sound that bad!

John was like an anchor for organizing the practice sessions. He had a vision, kept to it, and kept us on track. We received constant encouragement from Dave Wilkerson. He would drive up to John's house from Nashville, Tennessee for the weekend and bring us equipment. He brought Keith a Sans Amp and me a "real" keyboard -- a Roland D-50 -- with MIDI input/output and everything. I had trouble inserting the ROM card into the back of it with my 8-month belly squashing against the keyboard.

"Who's going to play drums for us?" was asked at every band practice, and as August drew closer and closer, we still didn't know the answer. We finally tracked down Mike Jepsen in Salt Lake City, Utah. He plays drums professionally and agreed to help us out. Dave did all the arranging: renting a professional sound system for us with monitors, strobe lights and a smoke generator.

Finally the big night was here. I nursed my baby at 9pm, in anticipation of our 10 o'clock showtime. There we were 26 years older playing under the name Still Remains. We started playing and I looked around at Keith, John, Kevin, Babette and Peggie (Keith's wife). What a blast! Oh yeah, and there was Mike. There I was -- on stage--with three members of the Erbs of Love (John also played bass for the Erbs) playing in front of the most responsive audience ever. What a trip!! It still makes me high. Thanks John, and THANKS DAVE!!! We're looking forward to playing at the next reunion.



Terry on stage after the show was over, holding the ONLY copy of the song list

My Turn is a regular feature of the ISB Network News. Anyone wishing to share his/her ISB-related experiences is welcome to write an article and send it to the Network News editor. The address and/or fax numbers to submit articles are listed in the ISB Network Inc. section on the next page.

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MINI REUNION NEWS

ISB CLASS OF 1970

IT'S BEEN 25 YEARS, SO LET'S GET TOGETHER AND CELEBRATE OUR SILVER ANNIVERSARY!!!

WHEN: AUGUST 11-13, 1995

WHERE: EMBASSY SUITES, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

COST: Suite with king size bed - \$119 per night. Suite with double beds - \$129 per night.

Cost includes complimentary breakfast, evening cocktails, free shuttle to Old Town Alexandria. Suites all have a wet bar, refrigerator, microwave, and coffee maker.

ITINERARY:

Fri, Aug 11: Group night out to Old Town

Sat, Aug 12: Sightseeing during the day (hotel is on the Metro line), evening group dinner at Thai restaurant, then back to Old Town.

Sun, Aug 13: Gossip Consolidation during breakfast: tearful departures before noon.

CALL 1-800-EMBASSY, SPECIFY EMBASSY SUITES ON DIAGONAL ROAD, ALEXANDRIA VIRGINIA, FOR ISB CLASS OF '70. CALL BEFORE JULY 28, 1995 TO GUARANTEE THE ABOVE RATES.

CLASS OF '70 POINTS OF CONTACT:

Don Niblett: (703) 503-5437 Mark Brougham: (415) 258-9131 Carol Stroud: (703) 998-5227

For help in making travel arrangements, call Dee (Medlin) James at Up, Up and Away Travel (800)-234-0841.

TWENTY FIVE YEARS IS SOMETHING SPECIAL, SO YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS THIS!!!

PATTAYA IN JAMAICA

Most of us who went to ISB spent time in Pattaya, on the Gulf of Siam. We all thought that this was paradise finally found.

Well, paradise is found once again in Jamaica!

Mark Brougham, one of our classmates, recently spent several days in a small village called Port Antonio on the northeast corner of Jamaica. Mark's description of this place was "Port Antonio is as good as Pattaya and in some ways better!"

The hotel where Mark stayed is called Dragon Bay Villas. Dragon Bay is also the hotel where the movie "Cocktail" was filmed. Enclosed is a letter to you written by Mark describing his visit (see page 3).

Greg and I have arranged for a limited number of us to have a reunion at Dragon Bay during the week prior to our Washington D.C. mini reunion. This way if you wish to go to both Port Antonio and Washington, you would only miss one week of work.

We are planning the arrival in Port Antonio on the 5th of August. On the 11th of August, you would fly to Washington, then head homeward on the 13th or 14th of August. Because this is an international trip, the stop in Washington will not cause a major increase in your airfare. Those not wanting to go to Washington can head home from Jamaica.

Now let's talk about costs. The regular price of a room at Dragon Bay is \$69.00 per person double occupancy or \$138.00 per night per couple. Not a bad price. However, \$66.00 per night per couple is all ISB Alumni will have to pay. That's \$33.00 per night for each person. Unbelievable!

Transportation over the Blue Mountains to and from the airport is \$100.00 round trip per person. There will also be a private beach party with all you can eat (special Jerk recipe), all you can drink (beer, rum, sodas), and a Jamaican Calypso band called the "Jolly Boys" who will provide the

entertainment. The cost will be \$30.00 per person. There will also be other entertainment (a surprise from Dee and Greg).

Here is the breakdown:

6 nights at \$33	\$198.00
Airport Transportation	\$100.00
Beach Party	\$30.00
Total	\$328.00

We were able to get this special price because we are really renting a 3 bedroom, 3 bath villa with living room, dining room, and kitchen area. A cook can be hired for approximately \$9.00 a day.

Airfare will vary according to where you originate from. We will do all the ticketing during an airline fare war which usually occurs in May. Please call me now at 1-800-234-0841 if you want an estimate from your hometown.

A deposit of \$50.00 is needed to reserve the hotel by April 30, 1995. Please make your check payable to Up, Up and Away and mail it to me immediately.

Don't miss this exciting adventurous reunion. There are things to do and see which are beyond imagination.

See you in Jamaica!!!!

Love, Dee (Medlin) James and Greg Naldrett

ISB REUNION, 1996

The Reunion Committee spent a couple of months looking at New Orleans as the site for the 1996 Network Reunion.

The Committee found that overall New Orleans does not possess the correct amenities for the ISB Network. The costs were 15% to 25% higher than other venues.

The Committee has settled on Texas for our next reunion during the summer of 1996. Costs, access and facilities meet the committees guidelines.

Stay tuned for more details.

ISB NETWORK INC.

P.O. Box 3429
Annapolis, MD 21403
(410) 280-2421

Purpose: ISB Network Inc. is a not for profit organization, dedicated to bringing Alumni of the International School of Bangkok together to support, maintain and create contacts between people who shared similar experiences in Thailand.

Rates: \$35.00 for 2 years. \$30.00 if paid before January 31 of the year of enrollment. Enrollment includes three (3) newsletters a year, a membership list with updates, access to voice mail (see below) and updates about reunions. Extra copies of the newsletter are available at \$2.50 each and membership lists at \$12.00 each. Membership lists are available to Network members only and are not to be used for commercial mailings.

Access: Submit dues, by check, made out to ISB Network, to:

ISB Network
P.O. Box 3429
Annapolis, MD 21403

Problems, questions, answers and/or general interest, contact the ISB Network Voice Mail at (410) 280-2421

Please submit newsletter articles to:

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THE BROUGHAMS VISIT JAMAICA

(letter from Mark Brougham)

When Dee described the hotel in Port Antonio, Jamaica, I had pictured it being in a town or a village even though she said "You're right on the water." As it turned out, the hotel was a series of buildings in its own private lagoon built into the hillside of a tropical rain forest and garden setting about eight kilometers from Port Antonio. The isolation was a pleasant surprise (a guard lets you into the complex) and all of the people who worked at the hotel were very friendly. It was a very intimate setting, not seeing our neighbors from our balcony. The beach at the Dragon Bay Hotel was clean and nice, with a pool right above the ocean on a terrace. A small fresh water stream flows into the ocean from the hills. Don't miss the hotel banquet meal on Saturday night with a fire eating show.

There are some great tropical sounds at night. There is a species of frog, I think, that makes a sharp whistling sound followed by a loud sound much like the dripping of water. Since I am a plumber, it made it hard to sleep the first night, but I was saved eventually by jet lag. The second night I was used to the sound, and by the third night I grew to like the night time concerto.

We were chauffeured about by Greg's company (Beaches, Mountains, and Waterfalls.: BMW) driver, Hylton. He brought us to and from the airport, took us to the waterfalls, mountains, and the market, helped us buy food and lobster, and really went out of his way to show us his parish of Portland, Jamaica.

The river trip is a must for anyone going to this part of the island. Hylton dropped us off in a mountainous region where the Rio Grande originates. He then picked us up two or three hours later, fifteen

kilometers away where the river meets the ocean. You ride two to a raft which consists of several large bamboo poles about sixteen feet long. Your captain will use a bamboo pole along the bottom of the river to navigate through some fairly gentle rapids. Several locals on rafts will approach you to see how your supply of Red Stripe beer, soda, etc. is holding out. The river ride is very quiet and peaceful. Most of the ride you only hear the water trickling off the captains bamboo pole. The vegetation along the river is seen from a pleasant vantage point and photographs nicely. I bought our captain a couple of Red Stripes and proceeded to talk him into letting me steer the craft for about fifteen minutes. I enjoyed learning the hand-over-hand usage of pole navigation. Apparently the river ride is available on full moon evenings for the romantically inclined.

Greg and Hylton took us out one night to a disco with black lights called "The Roof Club" in Port Antonio. There were about twenty awesome speakers at each end of the room to produce some of the loudest reggae you will ever hear.

Greg took us skin diving at a long beach cove one day and Monkey Island the next. He is an underwater film enthusiast and will film you diving in this paradise environment, which I thought was even more enjoyable than diving at the islands in Thailand. I was fortunate to experience a large sting ray pass beneath me very slowly. The wing span was at least three feet wide and the tail at least six feet long.

You will enjoy driving through some spectacular mountain regions, banana, coconut and sugar plantations. There are some fun things to buy like carvings, belts, t-shirts, etc. You can mountain bike or horseback ride on the beach. Don't miss the visit to the waterfalls and swimming there. This island will remind you of the third world atmosphere you

grew up in. The humidity, the warm rains, the exotic fruits for breakfast, the marketplace, a romantic walk or swim on a warm night, and some of the most beautiful ocean water and diving in the world are there for you to enjoy. All of this along with plenty of culture getting to know these friendly island people. We truly had a great time on Dee and Greg's advice.

ISB COMES TO BOSTON by Sarah Noss

At Mike Daly and Diane Darling's behest, I arrived at the Lobby of the swank Copely Plaza approximately on time. At the main desk the words "International" and "School" prompted them to send me on to the next floor. The place was mobbed with prospective teachers and school representatives. The Copely was host to the annual International School Recruitment Event. As I pondered how on earth to ferret out my tiny clan, a small piece of paper taped cockeyed to the main marquis jumped out at me, and said simply, ISB room 1603, in barely legible black felt tip. I smiled, straight to the point, that's my Alma Mater, whatever it takes to get us to the party.

Inside the corner suite I was greeted by a team of ISB staff persons; Dr. Paul Demenchio (ISB Superintendent), and Kevin Haverty (ISB Development Director). Something about ISB, despite all the massive improvements we witnessed in the video tour of the campus and professional dress not withstanding, remained heartwarmingly informal. The evening unfolded with the reunion of the aforementioned Mike and Diane, Dan Grandy, Lindy Norlander and Allison Kennedy (who's married name I promptly forgot, sorry Allison) and me. Allison and I swapped Polo Club stories,

(continued on the next page)

one of our mutual faves is still alive at 41 (or 210 horse years), and we all engaged in the endearing process of "remember when", including, but not limited to high speed rides to Pattaya on the local bus system, and a remark I promised not to repeat involving chickens. Our hosts listened and shared, comforting us with the knowledge that traffic is only much worse.

The "new" ISB was shot in glorious technicolor, and on viewing the new campus, the crowd was for once speechless. There must be two computers per child! The wonderful retrospective video produced by some of our own was especially touching. What a treat to see, and be able to name still, teachers and classmates from as much as 30 years ago. As the evening wound down, the four girls (yes girls that evening) promised to get together for dinner; a difficult task considering Lindy lives in New Hampshire, but a worthy goal none the less.

Having thanked our hosts properly, four of us went to the Bangkok Cuisine; we ate Satay and Pad Thai, traded more stories, updated our "resumes," complained about Boston's weather and secretly each reflected, I think, on how lucky we were to have attended ISB in its heyday. Somehow, though, I suspect our hosts harboured similar thoughts . . .

From Wellesley, Sawadii, Sarah Noss

P.S. My friend Dale called last week and said his sister was moving to Bangkok "to teach at some international school, International School of Bangkok she said," and would that happen to be where I went? "Yes, it's a wonderful school - she couldn't have gotten a better spot."

ISB Network Inc.

P.O. Box 3429

Annapolis, MD 21403

(Address correction requested)

