

Travels to Thailand and Cambodia

By Maile McCoskrie Lindley '67 (isbmaile@sbcglobal.net)

It has now been more than three months since we returned from Bangkok and as I try to order my thoughts I am not sure where to begin. Little did I know when I thought to plan this trip that we would be arriving so soon after the terrible Tsunami tragedy. Everyone who had planned to meet us January 9 did show up, but most with a fair amount of trepidation wondering what the country would be like in the wake of such an event. As it turned out the indomitable spirit of the Thai people won out again and everyone made the best of changed plans and their trips continued.

I arrived in Bangkok on December 30 with my sister Sandy '72 and her husband Rolly. They live in the Boston area where we had gone for the Christmas holiday. We were caught in a record-breaking snowstorm, so just getting from Boston back to Southern California and then to LAX for our flight was an adventure. During the less than two hours that I had to unpack from Boston and pack for Thailand, I made a very conscious decision to not bring walking shoes – what was I thinking?

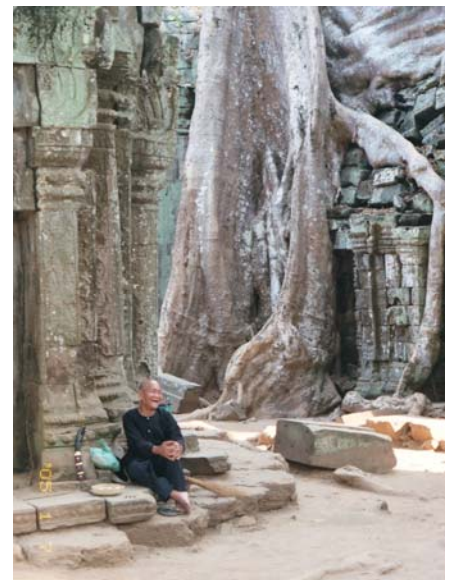
On our arrival into Don Muang there was very little evidence of the Tsunami disaster that had occurred and from which Thailand was recovering. It wasn't until we arrived at our hotel and saw the newspapers and television coverage that we began to grasp how very big this was.

We spent two nights in Bangkok at the lovely Marriott Riverside Spa and Resort (owned by Bill and Kathy Heinecke, both '67) where we ventured out on long boats and the Skytrain to see the sights, when not recovering from our flight by the pool. New Year's Eve found me asleep by 10 PM.

On January 1 we flew to Siem Reap, Cambodia, and spent four days and three nights being guided around the ruins of Angkor Wat. I had heard of this very special place while living in Bangkok in the 60s but this was my first opportunity to actually see the temples. It was worth the wait. Rolly, who has a degree in Religious Studies, had a great interest in these ruins and it made the trip all the more special to be able to share it with him. Having not brought walking shoes I managed four days of exploring the ruins in very native looking Reef flip flops – by day four I could hardly stand.



Angkor Wat



Ta Phrom

Upon our return to Thailand, Sandy and Rolly next went to see Mrs. Rhodes at the River Kwae Riding Camp (see story on page 18).

I returned to Bangkok to take care of the final details for the four days of activities that I had planned for the group that was starting January 9. Bill and Kathy Heinecke saved the day for me by offering the use of their Sports Club membership card for our final dinner. I knew it would be a special night and I didn't want it to not happen for lack of a membership card.

Joy is best when shared and I was well along that road after my trip to Cambodia with Sandy and Rolly. On Sunday, January 9 my husband Brian arrived from the U.S., and we began our four nights and three days together with a cocktail reception at the Dusit Thani Hotel. 1984 alumni Lee Chen and Mary Anne Miller were both in Bangkok and were able to join us that evening along with those that had flown in from the states. Our group represented graduates from 1961 to 1984 and our common bonds were that we did or knew someone that had attended ISB and we would revisit memories and make some new ones of our own.



Welcome Reception at the Dusit Thani Hotel



**Lee Chen '84 and
Mary Anne Miller '84**



**Phillip Chie '74, and
Kate Johnson '76**



**Tom McGlasson '61 and
Jerry Von Bargaen '74**

Traveling with Brian and me from California was my long time friend and former neighbor from the early 70s, Kathy, and her new husband Barry Daniel. This was a late honeymoon of sorts for them. They wanted to go to Italy, but I convinced them to join us in Asia. Also traveling with us were my former employer and good friend Scott and his wife Mary Kay May. They traveled from very cold Minnesota.

Joining my sister Sandy McCoskrie Blanchette '72 and her husband Rolly from Massachusetts was her long-lost friend Denise Von Barga Kinghorn '72 with whom she had gone to school and also rode at the Polo Club. Denise and her husband Scot live in Southern California. Denise's brother Jerry '74 and their Mom Wilma Von Barga joined us from Northern California. For them, it was the first time back to Thailand in almost 40 years.



**Scot Kinghorn, Denise Von Barga Kinghorn '72,
Wilma Von Barga, and Jerry Von Barga '74**



Rolly and Sandy McCoskrie Blanchette '72

Bob March '67, his wife Sina, daughter Emily, and son Robert joined us from the Denver, Colorado area. Bob regretted missing the chance to be in Bangkok in 2002 and he was a large part of my inspiration to put this reunion trip together. Bob had not been back to Thailand since we both left after graduation. Mary Anne Miller had served as an intern for Bob in the late 80s in Colorado and he was very surprised to see her again after so many years.



The March Family: Robert, Bob '67, Sina, and Emily

Kate Johnson '76 traveled from Albuquerque, New Mexico, with her husband John Colclough and a friend Mary Ann Cordova. Kate and John were on the 2002 trip and wanted to go back. Now Mary Ann could discover Thailand through their eyes. I was hoping something like this would happen when I started to plan the trip.



**Kathy and Barry Daniel, Maile McCoskrie Lindley '67,
Tim Lockhart '75, Mary Ann Cordova, and John Colclough**

Tim Lockhart '75 arrived from the Middle East where he was working and met his wife Debbie, daughter Amanda, son Tim Jr. and his friend Jessica. They live in Virginia near DC and all except for Jessica had been on the 2002 trip and wanted to come back again.



The Lockhart Family: Tim, Jr. with girlfriend Jessica, Amanda, Debbie, and Tim '75

Tom McGlasson '61 and his wife Susan joined us from Bloomington, Indiana. Tom had lived in Bangkok because his father had taught for the University of Indiana in Bangkok. Tom had not been back since 1959 and to say he was awed by the changes is an understatement. Quite by chance Tom was able to attend a meeting of the University of Indiana Alumni Association in Bangkok the day after he arrived, after seeing the notice in the Bangkok Post. He met with students that his Dad had taught. What joy he must have experienced.



Tom '61 and Susan McGlasson

Additionally Carol Ireland '66 from Delaware and Debbie McCarthy '67 from the San Francisco area joined us for some of the planned activities. How lucky I felt to be with Bob, Debbie and Bill, three of my classmates 38 years after the fact. I would have never guessed such a thing could happen when I left in 1967.

On Monday, January 10 we arrived at 7:30 AM at ISB for the High School Assembly where the ISB Network Cares 2005 Scholarship was presented. I had wondered how we would be received, as this was the first day back on campus after the Tsunami and I was just unsure. Andy Davies, High School Principal, assured me that we would be a welcome distraction and we were. The Associated Student Body spoke and explained how ISB was going to assist in the Tsunami Relief efforts. We were all impressed at how well spoken they were as a group and the level of organization that they had achieved in such a short time. I knew then that the ISB Network Foundation would find a way to assist them in this endeavor. Following the assembly we all met with school officials and then had a very complete tour of the Campus – all aspects of the school impressed us all.



Our group visiting the ISB Campus

We then traveled by buses to the Nonthaburi Pier for a cruise to the Oriental Hotel for lunch. Later that evening we all met at the River Terrace restaurant at the Marriott Riverside Resort and Spa Hotel for dinner. Bill Heinecki joined us for dessert.



Lunch at the Oriental Hotel



Dinner at the Marriott Hotel

On Tuesday, January 11 we all toured the old school on Soi 15. It is now called New International School Thailand (NIST) and is run by the UN. We were very warmly welcomed by the staff and marveled at what was new and what we still recognized. Construction was in progress and the buildings that we remembered will all soon be gone and a very new campus will be in place. It may be time for the change but a feeling of sadness crept up on me to realize the school as we knew it would soon be gone forever.



The old gym has been torn down and a new building is going up in its place.



The new gym, located on the east side of the field.



Elementary School is on the left. There is a new cafeteria where the old Foremost snack bar used to be.



Class of 1967: Debbie McCarthy, Bob March, and Maile McCoskrie Lindley

Next we went on a tour of Jim Thompson's House and then to dinner at Baan Kanetha on Soi 23. We were eating lots of Thai food and still wanting more.



Dinner at Baan Kanetha on Soi 23

On Wednesday, January 12 we crashed the gate at the Royal Bangkok Sports Club by arriving in a fleet of cabs with me waving Bill's membership card. We were able to roam around the pool area, golf shop, logo shop, and the clubhouse. They had a table for all of us along the side the racetrack. I so well remember going to the horse races – it seemed like just yesterday.



Interior Entrance



Dining Area



RBSC Swimming Pool: How many hours did we spend hanging out here?



Dinner at the Royal Bangkok Sports Club. Bill and Kathy Heinecke generously offered the use of their membership card to allow us to enjoy a wonderful dinner by the race track.

It was also time to think about leaving as this was the last time the group would be together. Rather than dwell on saying goodbye, I decided to rejoice in the fact that we had been together and what a great trip we had all had. Everyone that joined us made my trip so special. Exactly what I had hoped would happen did – we were able to share with family and friends a country and people that have a special place in our hearts and for those of us that were in school together we got to relive memories from days gone by in the place where they were made.

Memories of Thailand

By Lindy Norlander '70 (lnorlander@juno.com)

I was born in Bangkok to American parents, and I grew up in Thailand.

I have been shaped and formed by the feel of tropical sun and warm rain, the tastes of mangos, fried noodles and rice, the smells of cooking chili, jasmine and klongs, and the knowing that Thailand was home but that I was always a “farang”, a foreigner. I have always been of Thailand, but I have forever been, in some ways, disconnected. I was disconnected in Thailand because of my skin color, and I have been disconnected in America because I am foreign born and formed.

My years in Thailand, essentially the first two decades of my life, were profound. My parents came from complicated, compromised, and problematic heritages. Their journey towards realization (found through “God’s will” and directives from the “fraternal workers” mission of the United Presbyterian Church) took them far beyond Western reach and sensibilities. My sisters and I were the first white children to appear in the southern Thai province where my parents’ work was directed.

Finding ways to connect and reconnect has shaped my three decades since I left my homeland in Thailand to assume my nationality as an American. I’ve studied, thought, tried, cried, read, loved, lost, talked and wrote. I’ve not always done well. There were times when I have felt misunderstood by others and times when I felt mis-formed in my attempts to communicate who I was and how I felt. The processes, thoughts, stories, and communications have always come back to my roots. I have been shaped and formed by my Thai legacy and my differences.

Connecting and reconnecting has come through reworking my old family ties and through creating new families found through connections. One of these families is my ISB family. I would like to make this a strong familial tie.

I REMEMBER ISB

1st grade

My first remembrances of ISB came from the few months that I spent there in the first grade (and this was in a pre-Soi 15 location). Mostly, I remember piling into a VW bug along with up to eight other children, going through Bangkok traffic, and sitting in wooden walled classrooms overlooking a klong filled with lotus blossoms. This was Bangkok in 1958, when there were still lots of water buffalo around and heading out to Soi Asoke (Soi 21) was heading out of town.

(Then, my family headed south, way south, to a town called Nakorn Sritamaraj, where we had the distinction of being the first white children ever to be seen. I was home-schooled from first through the fifth grade. This whole episode of my life was exotic, peculiar, dramatic, gorgeous, scary, amazing and isolating.

From there, we headed stateside to Princeton, NJ. Sixth grade, the year of JFK’s assassination, was confusing, lonely and odd. Thankfully, I did well academically, but I did not fare so well with my peers.)

7th & 8th grades

Seventh grade found me in Bangkok and in Muriel Bunnag’s classroom. Thank you, thank you, for Mrs. Bunnag. I was a mess, terrified of failure, and prone to weepiness, but she was a truly inspired teacher and human being. Eighth grade meant that I got to experience Mr. Reeves for science, and the ever intense P.E. Rajendra for track. Mr. Supee, with great patience, taught me art.

I remember dances in the “sala” and “She loves you, yeah, yeah, yeah”.

There were also dancing lessons at Sheila Reardon’s – her house came with a ballroom – taught by a gentleman who was studying Asian birds and who had eschewed deodorant, but knew who to trot his foxes expertly. I can still cha-cha and waltz, thanks to him.

“The Beatles” haircut was in but only for the really cool guys, along with tight black pants, and the Bradley brothers had the look down perfectly. I don’t think that I had any style back then. I may still not.

Barb Yoder and I were inseparable. We loved Paul Revere and the Raiders and worked hard at our dancing.

I remember running track out in the field during the wet season, trying to ignore the puddles that felt like sewage and moving smartly across the fire-ant mounds.

Then there was the happening, when I was 13, when I was part of a royal production, a United Nations event. We ISB'ers did a "country dance", and other area schools performed ballets, Chinese and Thai dances. Backstage, three floors above the stage, I and four other ISB'ers watched the performances from a catwalk off of the dressing room. A mass of girls from another school rushed out to join us so that they could watch their classmates perform. The catwalk collapsed and about twenty of us fell some thirty or more feet down onto the crowd in the wings. I remember an amazing silence before the screaming began. Somewhere between twelve and sixteen people died. My best friend, Angie, nearly did so from a head injury. Luckily, my head landed on someone's stomach although my ankle was smashed, I had a board nailed into my leg and I sustained a back injury. I still have a "crunchy" back from the event and a respectable fear of heights. No bungee jumping for me.

Then there was the time when, during track practice, two of us took time out to watch a dance in the sala. Apparently, my companion, a discus thrower, said, "watch out". I didn't hear her. She went into her swing and smashed her discus into my eyebrow. With a towel over that part of my face, I went to Mr. Rajendra to tell him that I was leaving practice early. "The meet is tomorrow!" he scolded. "Get back out on the field!" I removed the towel and had the satisfaction of actually seeing him blanch as blood poured down my face. "Go home," he said.

9th & 10th grades

High school at ISB during the Vietnam War was an intense time. It was a big high school and, for the most part, we had exceptional teachers.

I remember Mrs. Young, my 9th grade English teacher, who wore a carefully crafted beehive hair formation and sported an exceptional décolleté. We later found, courtesy of one of our fellow students who had found the documentation in his father's collection, that she was a recent Playmate of the Year. I once whispered to her that whenever she bent over, we could see her bra. She thanked me, but, probably to the relief of the boys in the class, she didn't change a thing.

Then there was Ms. Jolie, 10th grade English, who had come from radical Berkeley to be close to "the action". She was amazing. The Dutchman, teaching S.E. Asian studies, was working on his doctorate and delivered an unbelievable amount of information. I hated my algebra teacher and he didn't think much of me. At that time, I had no idea that I had dyscalculia (which is like dyslexia, which I also own, except with numbers). I took Spanish with Herr Schön, a challenging endeavor, and wondered why I had not chosen the more affable M. Minguet for French instead.

Typing, with Mr. Chan, was a curious class. I was told that in one of his classes, someone had dressed a toad in a cape and placed it on the fan. When Mr. Chan walked into class and turned on the fan, Super Toad flew. Mostly, I remember Mr. Chan's admonition to the class: "Preese! Hands on keys. Shit erect!"

I ran track. I was captain of the Red House. I loved and admired P.E. Rajendra and worked tirelessly for him even though I knew that he had boycotted my dreams of being a cheerleader so that I could dedicate my energy towards his idea of worthwhile endeavors which had much to do with sweat and strain. By the end of my sophomore year, I was teaching summer school P.E. I was such a jock. The real truth was that I substituted energy and dedication for real talent. I really wasn't that good. Still, I was happy in this niche. Oh, and I still hold the school record for 80 meter hurdles, only because they changed the event to 100 meters two years later. I remember a buxom, really quite stacked, girl named Linda who frequently performed handstands, which resulted in her t-shirt falling over her face and causing great interest from the boys' P.E. classes. I disapproved, probably because, at a scant 100 pounds, I could have stripped naked and nobody would have blinked.

There were the Singapore American School games, which were always a rush.

The London scene influenced how we dressed. My dresses headed so far north that I had to find ways to sit with decent delicacy. My eyelids were an improbable and shiny blue that caked up in the heat. The colors that we all wore were a tad garishness.

I began hearing about easy drugs. My neighbor, who was a bit spacey, apparently was unaware of this culture as he proudly showed me eight joints of "this really cool stuff – it's called marijuana!" that he had smuggled into Thailand after a trip back to Berkeley. He really hadn't a clue about the world around him.

I met Jess Kline who inspired and challenged me. The Science Club went for cool retreats to the beach where we poked sea cucumbers until they puked up their guts. At the yearly YMCA camp, held south of Pattaya, we sat on the beach and sang songs while heavily loaded B-52's roared overhead on their deadly bombing runs. Those of us in Chorus went to the Royal Palace and sang songs from "The Sound of Music" to the Princesses. Frank Sinatra Jr. performed at the Teen Club.

Jean Carlin was my buddy. Her father was undercover with "Air America" in Laos.

My sister was engaged to Paul Soderberg, also known as "the snake man". By the time that he was a senior at ISB, he was known as one of the foremost Asian herpetologists in the world. In his bedroom, he had about 800 pickled snakes in jars, five live pit vipers, several other assorted live snakes. In back of his house, he kept a fifteen foot python. One of the legendary Leakey sons (as in the African anthropologist Leakeys), came over with the black mamba expert, a Mr. Ionides, to research king cobras. I met them both, and found them interesting and intense. My family was so into snakes at that time, thanks to Paul, that our vacations often included collecting snakes for Paul and the Thai National Science center. The most poisonous snake that we nabbed, a sea snake, was forty times more deadly than a cobra. I had no fear.

I had no boyfriend until the end of my sophomore year when I dated John Soderberg.

There was so much to do, to see, and to know.

(Back stateside for the eleventh grade. Basically, it was disastrous except that I qualified for a national competition in English. My sponsor and teacher for this event always had bits of tissue and other fluff adorning her clothes and carried with her the smell of tuna sandwiches. I won't even discuss Harvey, my "pressured" and peculiar date for the prom.)

12th grade

The big year. Everything came together during this year.

Culture

We were such a mixed bag but thanks to the war, the American representation held sway. There was a negligible division between the Americans and "everybody else", and another separation of sorts between those who had "PX" privileges and those who did not. My family didn't, and bologna sandwiches and real hotdogs were a luxury for me. I remember a time when somebody was found to have a package of "Twinkies" and a rush and race ensued for ownership. I believe that Dave Geil and Jed Davis were part of the charge to secure the treat.

The cultural milieu that surrounded us was a curious thing. The war in Vietnam (and the associated activities in Cambodia and Laos) carried a huge influence. War means money, and war means change. War also means death, pain and hardship, and that is another long story.

Americans brought dollars, lots of dollars, into the Thai economy. That was a good thing. It was a time of golden opportunity. Buildings went up, trade increased, goods were demanded, military bases were needed, and there was a huge surge in Thailand's growth. The bad thing was that the economy was not equipped for such rapid growth and the economic infrastructure, and many of the new buildings themselves, stood on shaky ground.

The military establishment also brought some other, not-so-good, things with it. These included cultural biases and differences with resulting misunderstandings, and the opportunities for growth in the sex and entertainment industry. Many young Thai girls left their villages to become "G.I. girls" in the sex-for-hire trade and could be seen in throngs, tottering along in high heels (their feet much more used to "flip-flops" than the narrow confines of western footwear), past the many bars that sprang up to meet the needs of "R&R'ing" G.I.'s, who needed something to take their minds off of an awful and awesome war. Bangkok was, at that time, known as the sex capital of the world.

Americans were both revered and reviled. It so depended on the circumstances.

This being Asia, the war being what it was, and the Golden Triangle so close, drugs also became part of the shadow that loomed behind the bright shine of money and of growth. I'd heard that one could go down to the shack on the klong and get drugs such as marijuana and heroin. I knew that there were classmates who tried the various choices available. One of our classmates died after a harrowing LSD trip. We also had CIA infiltrators in our schools, looking to keep things clean. I remember one man (he was no boy), who came into the school claiming to have come from Afghanistan where

he couldn't get much schooling, which, he said, explained why he was a bit overaged. Shortly after his arrival, lockers were forced opened and several students disappeared, having been ordered back stateside. Some stateside schools during that era had "narcs". We had CIA operatives.

It was a most curious time to be in Asia. There was so much going on. We were so lucky. We had the community of ISB.

Homeroom

Déjà vu. I was back with Tri Nguyen, Lynn Neilson, Nirankar Singh Narula, Sam Pao, Leo Rajendra and crew. Same as it ever was since about the 8th grade. Great additions to the room were Judy Ott and Don Nibblett.

Classes and Teachers – A Limited Account

I worked in the receptionist's office during my senior year. Lois Elder, elegant, beautiful, gracious and acerbically funny, governed the entrance to ISB. It was unwise to mess with Mrs. Elder but to be allied with her meant entering a world of sophistication, generosity, humor, and work. Spending time with Mrs. Elder was a great way to open the day.

Alas and alas, I had Herr Schön again for Spanish III and IV. (His mother was Castellan Spanish, which gave him the qualifications to teach Spanish.) In this class, we were often not allowed to speak English. I spoke Thai when I couldn't find the Spanish, and Herr Schön, who was expert in Thai, German and Spanish and who tuned himself in to catch any English word, missed my multi-lingual babbling and passed me. José and Nestor Neuman, with their Spanish-speaking heritage, aced the classes. Hey, no surprise! Actually, they were so much fun to be around that I never minded that they really jerked the grading-curve around so that I often got dumped on my butt.

Mr. Supee really inspired me in art. I painted away and while I was not really that talented, I had fun. My mother still has my paintings hanging on her walls. But then, she tends towards sentimentality.

Chorus was chorus. PE was much the same.

The real fun and excitement was with Mrs. Saluja, chair of the English Department. She would walk into class, seemingly unfocused, usually elegantly dressed in silk, always dripping with jewels, hair perfectly coiffed, her posture perfect, her head slightly tilted, and carrying a basket full of her stuff. She would set down the basket, turn to the class, and the intensity would begin. Carolyn Saluja was Wellesley educated and had done some graduate work at Harvard, I believe. She was brilliant, knowledgeable, demanding, inspiring, tough, and very occasionally kind and compassionate. She refused to suffer foolishness, contention and lack of effort. One either adored or despised her. Neither inclination deterred her from her goal of providing a damn fine education in English and Literature. I adored her. Jess Kline, brilliant in his own way, time and style, did not. I adored Jess and so their relationship was always a struggle for me. I remember the time when she'd had enough of his questioning, refutation (and he was so good at his logic!) and general belligerence, and she pointed towards the door. "Go!" she demanded, her eyes narrowed and her lips thinned to a straight and uncompromising line. He went. It was so unwise to cross Mrs. Saluja.

Mrs. Saluja taught English IV, Great Books, and also, along the way, she taught writing – I signed up for everything that she offered. Never, in college and in graduate school, have I encountered a teacher of English, Literature and language arts who knew what she knew and who could teach what she taught. We spent over a month learning how to write a paragraph. I really resented it at the time but I have since learned how valuable the work was. In one year, she gave me the education that I craved and I am forever thankful. I wish that she were still alive so that I could sit down with her and tell her how she changed aspects of my life.

In Mrs. Saluja's Great Books class, I read like a fiend. My biggest mistake was in absorbing "Crime and Punishment" in two days as my mental health was damaged for the following two weeks. Lyn McKenna, beautiful and cool, who I disliked at the beginning of the year and totally appreciated by the end, turned me on to D. H. Lawrence. "He's amazing," she said. "You've got to read his description of sex!" I did, and I was ruined for years to come as I kept waiting for the some six pages worth of orgasmic ecstasy in my own relationships and kept getting disappointed at the barely three sentences worth of sensation that I was getting. So it goes.

I've never, ever, been given such inspiration and learning in a classroom at the level that I received from my time with Carolyn Saluja.

Sports

I was captain of all intra-mural sports. This was a position over House Captain. Ooo la la! Nobody really cared about this but it kept me busy assisting the P.E. Rajendra machines, and I "repped" and co-ordinated as if this held the meaning to my life at the time. Yeah, I was also track captain, girl's team, and all of that stuff, but I was still no blazing wonder. The girls' soccer team that I was part of did have our picture taken for the cover of a German soccer magazine. I think that the really short shorts we wore were a big part of the picture.

Because we ISB'ers were considered large and that therefore we might have an unfair advantage over smaller Asians, when we competed against Thai schools, we often competed against groups much older than us, such as university students. This did not always seem like a fair competition but we often did well, especially in track and field. Other sports, such as basketball, volleyball, and soccer were up for grabs. I remember when the deaf school played against ISB in men's volleyball, and how amazingly quiet the group was in contrast to the yells and grunts of ISB's team. The deaf team won, I believe.

Rudi McKinney was a joy to watch, as were the Athern siblings (Beth and John), Joan Lagerberg and Harold Billups. Rick Sandri was totally focused on sports as was Leo, the boss's son. Actually, sports were a big deal, and many of us took part in them, and we had some incredible people who competed. Tri Nguyen, David Geil, Charlie McCarthy, Jose Neuman, Mark Brougham, Rick Bayless, Charlie Brown, Rich Greibling, Bruce McBride, Sam Pao, Ann Turnbull (she could sink a basket from the halfway line!) Cindy Barrett, Anne Lance, and more and more and more were there for ISB and sweat and fun.

The Keyettes

What a group! This "service club" was really a girls' club that did things, and we had a great joining of women. We included: Karen Bergstrom, Barbara Brooks, Marilyn Budway, Marianna Burton, Judy Catlin, Pat Delong, Patty Dietrich, Lynne Egginton, Jo Ann Flowers, Jan Jackman, Anne Lance, Helen McCarty, Dee Medlin, Pat Moore, Judy Ott, Anne Radcliffe, Debby Stinemetz, Carol Stroud, Susan Stroud, Laura Tripp, Edwina Vehara, and myself.

We hung out, we had fun, we made some things happen around the school, and we rived with the Aardvarks, the guys' response to the Keyettes. After our demise at basketball, still wearing our short shorts, we all went down to an ice cream place near the Erawan Hotel. I don't think that anyone of us knew that this place was a cover for assassinations, but that became clear as soon as we walked in to find the place filled with G.I. girls, glaring at us. So it goes.

One of the efforts at service that we made was to work at the home for abandoned children. This was a scary place. It was far enough away from the heart of Bangkok that there were ricefields around the compound. The stairways and halls stank of urine and the "help" was neither helpful nor interested. A number of the children had been abandoned and neglected for so long that they had not been taken out of their beds to learn to walk. Legs atrophied, they would scuttle across the floor like crabs and then would grab onto any human that they came across. There is a condition known as "touch starved" which concerns those beings that have not had the contact that we all need to survive. These little people were experiencing a famine of care and once they were able to latch on to anyone warm and breathing, they were loathe to relinquish the contact. What was the saddest to me was that they had learned to smile to entice and these little beings would beam so widely while they clutched so desperately. I think that the best thing that we did was to give these kids a few hours of human contact, even if it was not for long and not for much. We touched these kids when being held was their deepest craving. What ever their future was, and I believe that it was desperate and bleak, we did give them a few moments of hope, and a few hours of being held. This still makes me sad, especially as I know that there are hundreds and thousands of other children out there, just as distressed, and just as full of yearning for one caring person to notice and touch them.

Social Stuff

I was not part of the "in" crowd because I lacked the basic cool to be so. Still, I was part of a really dynamic group, mostly women, and I felt really connected. So this is the half-way-out-and-kind-of-in view on things.

Style. Cleopatra eyes were in for us (accompanied by metallic blue eye-shadow), along with long straight hair (with a little teasing for volume and some help to get that flippy edge), longish hair was cute on guys, our skirts were really mini, and the hiphugger had entered the picture. It was so easy to take a picture of an outfit down to the local dressmakers and have it made up, that being hip was more a matter of research and effort than of sense. Still, some had style and some didn't. Mike Blowers, in his loose poet's shirts and purple hiphuggers, did. Ricardo Stokes had his own really cool way. Tim Shaugnessey always really dressed! Lyn McKenna, Dee Medlin, Sarah McCarthy, Bruce McBride, Dee DeAndrea,

Sandy Croy, David Crompton, and others always looked good. The rest of us looked good often, some of the time and at some point.

Dating. Well, it happened for some. I have a theory that it was more fun for the guys to hang out at Andy Valentin's place and shoot pool and so forth and then to fork out a couple of bucks to the available resources to take care of any surging adolescent needs, than it was to manifest effort and interest to work up towards a "round-eyed" date, spend all the allowance, and then to get a kiss for reward. Hey, it was what it was, but the guys had a better chance at getting lucky elsewhere and then having a roaring good time with Andy than they did with us. This meant that many of us women boycotted the senior prom in protest of a year-long dearth of interest. We had our own party, which was fun up to a point. However, there was a point where things got brutal. I have not been able to abide the taste of rum and coke since that night, and I still feel sorry for the maids who had to clean up Sue Perry's bedroom afterwards.

Clubbing. Well, now, there was fun! We girlfriends got dressed, taxied to a nightclub, and walked into a dim and smoky night of adventure. We talked lots, sipped sloe-gin-fizzes (oh-my-god, says my now wine-loving self, yech!) and screwdrivers, while the sparkle balls sent dazzles of light through the dark and the bands sang such standards as "I rost ar rove befawn, gott matt and crose da doown", "Wenus on a mountin top", "She's a rady, wo wo wo, she's a rady", "Climson and clovan, ovan and ovan", "Yarrow liv-ah, yarrow liv-ah", and "The rong and windin load!" G.I.'s would eye us, eye the for-hires, and eye the he-shes (and these guys looked really good! Perfect breasts-thingies, long legs and impeccable make-up.) Sometimes, the G.I.'s would get up enough courage to ask us to dance and then we'd be handled as if we were cotton candy or blown glass, as if we were a treat too precious to mistreat. That was my experience of a night out: lots of music, good girl fun, and the occasional appearance of a man who treated me like I was a princess and would thank me profusely just for being present. Between D.H. Lawrence and these G.I. guys, my expectations for romance were seriously messed up!

Some Other People and Things

I remember that:

- "Missionary kids" really were a different breed.
- Carol Stroud had an amazing smile, as did Mike Blowers.
- Debby Stinemetz was sunny and had a great, uplifting energy and I loved spending time with her.
- Jess Kline was brilliant, intriguing, and belonged to the world of words that I deeply craved entry into.
- Sue Perry was the girlfriend that I had craved since Barb Yoder (and I had so much fun with her!).
- P.E. Rajendra had a focus and energy that was hard to deny, and his son, Leo was working towards that goal.
- Bill Stelling was usually philosophizing.
- There were stories going around about the Thai Headmaster who supposedly, on paydays, exited the compound by way of the athletic field so as to avoid his five wives who waited beyond the Indian guards at the gate.
- Carolyn Saluja gave me a way to find myself.
- Genie Burgess was a friend and I valued her way of declaring herself (she was so clear!) and her view on things. Her father was a legend with the hilltribes and his story of growing up in the dark mountains of northern Thailand was pretty incredible. One time, she talked about how Marlon Brando had come to visit her father. I remember that they were friends.
- Judy Ott was so gentle, so dear, and so warming, and so, in a way, was Rich Griebing.
- Ann Turnbull was fierce while her sister, Carol (and may her soul soar), was more gentle.
- Keith Hatton, totally clad in black, would walk the beach alone while I watched and wondered what it would take to get him to connect and open up.
- Sue Perry and I had a great time at Pattaya. We water-skied and played volleyball with a bunch of M.P.'s who were really considerate and polite. (I could bounce a ball out-of-play and someone would say, "My fault!" Right.) General Westmoreland was taking R&R at that time and our boat time got pre-empted for a time by his Generalship and his entourage.

- Andy Valentin had a joy of life.
- Silks and jewels really defined elegance.
- Dave McAlvage was really fun to be around.
- Bangkok was hot, busy, wonderful and filled with intense smells.
- Rick Sandri was determined.
- Jed Davis was laid back.
- Mark Brougham was his own man.
- There were homes that I visited, such as the one with crocodile patrolled moats, Rolls Royces in the parking area, and the opulent pools, landscaping, and elegant entertainment “salas”, that spoke to a different level of wealth and of sensibility than the one that I was raised in.
- Marianne Burton, Anne Lance, and Karen Bergstrom were really sweet women.
- And that there were many underclassman who I also connected to and remember.

We were people who met halfway around the world from the U.S.A. at a time of war in a place that was shadowed by war. We played, laughed, talked, and learned in that place.

LOOKING BACK

I have learned many things in my life and most of these were constructive understandings. I know that:

- Exploring the foundations of my life, understanding the connections, processes and communications, and delving into the implications and impacts of what I have experienced, allows me to better understand and to appreciate myself (hey, I'm a therapist).
- The scent of jasmine reminds me of home, and my home is Thailand.
- I tend to be a loner, which works well when one loves to write.
- I have always known myself as different – but that may speak in part to the company that I have found around me than to the company that I wish to surround myself with.
- War is a nasty business and the business of war can also be pretty awful.
- Communication, clear, authentic and open communication, is a powerful tool.
- Words can be magic.
- Stories of the past can tell more than a simple history.
- I choose to listen to, and to tell, the stories of connection, for I believe that storytelling and the telling of one's life keeps the energy and communication flowing between us.
- Friends can be found and then lost – the re-finding of these friends takes effort.
- How we attach to others – our connections – shape much of who we are and how we know ourselves, and so our connections are precious.
- I wish to surround myself with a company of those who share a past and a connection with me from those hot, potent, exciting, sometimes confusing, special and amazing times when we were youth in Asia.

We have this life. That's pretty much it. We can create our life's meaning and the direction of our life-force in many ways. I think that recreating our stories, our connections, our energy, in a positive light is a good thing. The world needs more laughter, affection, and unconditional acceptance.



We have shared a legacy and it was a rather remarkable one. Do you remember? Can we talk? Can we reconnect? Can we make meaning of what we have shared? And then, how might we transform this piece so that the amazing time that we shared can be moved towards something, something . . . oh geez, something different, better, hopeful, and connected?

"Your living is determined not so much by what life brings to you as by the attitude you bring to life; not so much by what happens to you as by the way your mind looks at what happens." – Kahlil Gibran

"You will find as you look back upon your life that the moments when you have really lived, are the moments you have done things in a spirit of love." - Henry Drummond

"Friendship is always a sweet responsibility, never an opportunity." – Kahlil Gibran

"Friendship is the golden thread that ties the heart of all the world." – John Evelyn

"In the sweetness of friendship let there be laughter, and sharing of pleasures. For in the dew of little things the heart finds its morning and is refreshed." – Kahlil Gibran

"And in the end, the love you take, is equal to the love you make." – The Beatles

I would like to make a connection with all of you, my friends from ISB.



Class of 1970 Holds Mini-Reunion in Virginia

By Susan Seligmann Moreno '70 (morenoss@satx.rr.com)

Members of the class of 1970 who attended ISB from approximately 1962-1968 were reunited after over 25 years at a special reunion initiated by Jeannette Gatesy. Originally, several of us were to have attended the reunion in Florida, but many of us had to cancel. Instead, we decided to plan our own mini-reunion the weekend of October 29-31, 2004 in Alexandria, Virginia. Attendees came from as far as Berkley, California, and New Mexico.

Friday evening included the sharing of yearbooks, photos, and watching fantastic video made by Maria Meisenhelder's father of her stay in Bangkok. There was lots of catching up!

Saturday we walked in Old Towne Alexandria and then headed for a wonderful Thai dinner at the Old Thai Inn. That evening was orchestrated by our own Janvier Young. Several parents who live in the area also attended: Al and Bobbie Seligmann, Jessie O'Neill, Lois and Monty Spear, and Dick Whistler, as well as our 7th grade teacher Peggy Thompson. Debbie McCoy Peters remembered all the words of Loy Loy Kratong and we all remembered the Vicks Vapor Rub commercial. We also fondly remembered our wonderful 6th grade teacher Mrs. Bunnag.

Sunday was a farewell brunch hosted by Susan Seligmann's parents at their home in Alexandria.

In attendance were:

- Beroë Marshall
- Bill Stelling
- Susan Seligmann
- Jeannette Steenhuis
- Maria Meisenhelder
- Bill Locke
- Kit Bigler
- Pier Meager
- Anne Whistler
- Candace Kugel
- Carol Ann Wyckoff
- Janvier Young and sister Priscilla '68
- Teresa Tilton
- Steve Spear
- Mary O'Neill
- Debbie McCoy Peters
- Dee Woodhull
- Wayne Anderson



The five gentlemen in the back are, from left to right: Christopher (Kit) Bigler, Steven Spear, Pier Meager, Bill Stelling and Wayne Anderson.

The ladies are, from left to right, irrespective of row: Maria Meisenhelder Mandler, Beroë Marshall, Janvier Young, Carroll Ann Wyckoff, Susan Seligmann Moreno, Candace Kugel (Susan is in front of Candace), Anne Whistler Honstein, Debby McCoy Peters, Janette Steenhuis Gatesy, Delight Woodhull and Theresa Tilton.

It was truly "amazing, magical, unbelievable" to quote those in attendance. We found that as a group we were totally compatible and still got along after being apart more than 30 years. We can hardly wait for the next one!

To see more great pictures from the reunion, click on <http://homepage.mac.com/bmarshall/ISB/>

Return to the River Kwae Riding Camp

By Sandy McCoskrie Blanchette '72 (Sandy.blanchette@umb.edu)

Many of the ISB folks bemoan the fact that Bangkok has changed so much since they lived there, 20 to 30 years ago. Some people say you can't go back, it's not the same. Well, maybe Bangkok's not the same, but I found a place from my days in Thailand where time stood still. My visit in January 2005 to the River Kwae Camp in Kanchanaburi was like traveling back in time to the mid-1960s.

For those of you not familiar with the River Kwae Camp, it is a horse/pony riding camp that was established in 1962 by Mrs. Lee Rhodes of the Bangkok Riding and Polo Club. She still runs the camp with the help of her daughter Puki Ansuchote, and life-long friend and colleague, Verna Voltz. The camp was certainly one of the highlights of my four years in Thailand. Many of us kids would take riding lessons at the Polo Club every day after school. When Mrs. Rhodes decided we were proficient enough riders, she would let us buy a pony and then we could advance to learning drills and jumping. We performed shows for our parents, and once for the King and Queen, and we competed in Gymkhanas. During school holidays we could take our ponies and go to the River Kwae Camp for several days to a couple of weeks. Without TVs, radios, or GameBoys, we passed hour after hour singing songs we taught each other in rounds, harmonies, and choruses(all a cappella, of course). We took care of our ponies, got to ride twice a day, and got to see some of the local attractions: the bridge over the River Kwae, Erawan Falls, and local caves. Sometimes we got to swim in the river and if the water was the right level, we could even take the horses for a swim. The accommodations were rustic, but we loved it. We stayed in a bunkhouse with canvas bunks, bathed in a bath house with cold water and dippers, and ate in a covered dining area with a dirt floor. We lived by a strict schedule and we all had to participate in the chores: bunk house, laundry, and kitchen duty. We went to camp every chance we had, it was a blast!

Since I left Thailand in 1967, I have kept in contact with Mrs. Rhodes and Ms. Verna with Christmas greetings, and since 1984, I have seen Ms. Verna in Massachusetts when she returns to the States on home leave. It has been a pleasure to hear the news of the people and the horses that made such an impact on my life. The first time I got back to the camp was in April 1997, 30 years since my last camping trip. My sister Maile and I were en route to Kathmandu, Nepal, to visit our other sister, Marsha. Since we were in the neighborhood, we planned a side trip to Kanchanaburi. I had no idea what I would find there. I knew that the whole Bangkok Riding and Polo Club operation had moved there in the early 1980s, but I knew little else. I was thrilled and amazed to see that virtually nothing had changed. The bunk house was still being used, the bath house had some showers installed, but still no hot water, and the dirt dining hall floor had been changed to concrete. New stalls had been built, since all of the horses from Bangkok made the move and a riding ring had been built for lessons. But everything else was just as I remembered it. I felt like I had gone back in time to when I was 12.

So, of course, the camp was on my list of stops when I visited Thailand for an ISB Alumni reunion in January 2005. This time though, I had an added benefit. I got to go to camp with my best friend from the Polo Club days, Denise von Bargaen. Denise and I had been friends for three years in Bangkok and rode together daily. We competed against each other in riding events, rode together as pairs in shows, and we were science fair partners at school. We went on an overnight with Mrs. Rhodes by train to Surin for the elephant round-up. We enjoyed every minute of our time together and our years in Thailand.

Then the inevitable happened, in 1967 we had to go our separate ways. We kept in touch for a few years and then lost track of each other. I thought of her often and wondered where she was and what she was doing. I didn't know how to find her. I checked the ISB Network Directory and her home was listed in Pennsylvania. It had been at least 25 years since we had communicated, so I was hesitant to call. When I finally got the nerve, I found that she was no longer there. Then this summer, as we were planning our trip back to Bangkok, I again began to wonder where she was. I mentioned to my sister that I'd love to find her and have her come to Thailand too. Maile suggested that I contact Claire Burgess Miller, ISB Class of 1977, who she knew from the ISB Network. I was told she could find anyone. So, with nothing to lose, I emailed Claire and gave her the little information that I had about Denise. Within two hours, I had Denise's address and phone number, and was totally impressed with Claire's ability to use the internet for locating people. It took a few weeks for me to call, thinking of what to say, hoping she'd remember me. When we connected, we talked for over an hour, catching up on our lives, our families, everything. It was like 30 years was a moment in time. As it turned out, she had been thinking of going to Bangkok for her birthday and decided to join the group going in January. It was a dream come true.

Our reunion was under the big tree at the arrival area of camp. She was sitting with Mrs. Rhodes, Ms. Verna, and her husband Scott when my husband, Rolly, and I arrived by minivan. It was a perfect spot to reunite with my long-lost friend. We reminisced about the good times we had, validated each others memories, and enjoyed being reminded of things moved to the back of our minds. The five of us, Mrs. Rhodes, Puki, Ms. Verna, Denise, and I, had a wonderful opportunity to reconnect and to make new memories. We all fell into our old roles in the place where time stood still.



Sandy McCoskrie Blanchette, Puki Ansuchote, Mrs. Lee Rhodes, Denise von Barga Kinghorn, and Ms. Verna Voltz at the River Kwae Camp, January 2005.



Sandy and Denise, back in the saddle again, January 2005.

Dear Friends of the Polo Club

By Sandy McCoskrie Blanchette '72 (Sandy.blanchette@umb.edu)

I have received such warm responses from so many people after sending out my letter in early February. (See the article posted on the ISB network website, http://www.isbnetwork.com/read_article.php?id=40) Polo Club people share a special bond because the experiences we had in Bangkok and Kanchanaburi were so unique. Here are some of the comments I received that I would like to share with everyone.

If you would like to contact Mrs. Rhodes, Verna Voltz, or Puki personally, Verna's e-mail address is: verna1918@hotmail.com. The camp website is: www.kwaehorsecamp.com

Their postal address is:

River Kwaee Equestrian Camp
P.O. Box 20
Kanchanaburi, Thailand 71000

So far, we have raised over \$4000 to support the horses and ponies of the River Kwaee Equestrian Camp. Verna let me know that so far, with our donations, they have been able to vaccinate all the horses against tetanus, re-roof the dining area, and buy needed supplies for their farrier in addition to taking care of the retired ponies and horses. Thanks so much for your generosity. I will continue to forward all donations to Verna Voltz.

A wonderful initiative! I had totally lost touch with the Camp... since my last visit in 1999. I am delighted to hear that "Mem" Rhodes, Verna and Puki are doing well and still managing the Camp. Do you have an email address or other means of contacting them?

I will endeavor to forward this plea to other fellow equestrians from my "time." In the meantime, I (and husband Ron) would like to "adopt" one of the horses for six months, renewable as necessary.

Pamela Slutz
(1958-1964: Joker and Apache)

I am a BRPC rider having lived in Bangkok 1969-1974. I was very moved having just read the letter forwarded to me. Miss Verna had asked if I would be able to make the "reunion" and to contact you back in November. In any case, I would like to help. I will send what I can to you in the next 30 days.

How can one describe the experiences we shared at the polo club and the River Kwaee camp to someone who wasn't there?? Standing naked for the first time in front of strangers in the bath house? (My friend Taryn and I used to wait for the older girls to finish and then we would go in!)

My eyes tear up at the thought of Verna and Lee and Puki!

Marge Naglee Rassel
Former rider of Dusty, Hondo, Midnight, LukNaree, Dynamite.
1969-1974

This is Lynne Woods, who along with sister Jody and brother Steve (do you remember my mom Jan?) rode at the Polo Club from 1964 to 1973 and had many wonderful experiences along the way. I still have my Polo Club year books and the impact of my riding experiences stayed with me... I became a professional rider and trainer and have stayed in that my whole life. I am currently the Equestrian Director at Butler School (a private school outside of Washington DC). I will forward this message to all the Polo Clubbers I know and do my monthly bills and see what I can send along to help. I can still see you on Falcon and Denise on Jet.

BTW the ISB website is a wonderful resource of old friends!

Lynne Woods (1964-1973)

I would love to "adopt" one of the Kanchanaburi ponies. (This is Catharin Dalpino – known as Cathy at ISB, and I had Blaze at the Polo Club from 1962-64, although he was lame a lot and I rode a lot of other ponies: Fury, Falcon, Smiley (who always rolled!), Nugget (when Jinks Snow left), etc.)

I'll put a check in the mail to you tomorrow morning, to support one of the ponies for a year. If possible, I would like to support Fanta's daughter, because I remember mother and daughter both, but really, any of them is fine.

The last time I lived in Bangkok was 1987-90 (I was The Asia Foundation Representative for Thailand), and I went out to the River Kwae camp a few times. (One time was with Bea Camp, who rode Friskie in the early 1960s – she is now the US Consul General in Chiang Mai.) In fact, I went out for Mrs. Rhodes' 70th birthday. I also rode at the "new" Polo Club during those years (which had been taken over by the Sports Club) and had an English Thoroughbred mare off the Hong Kong race track – a very different operation!

Your adoption project has particular meaning for me. When we left Bangkok in 1964 Blaze was sick (as it turns out, he had osteoporosis) and we weren't able to sell him. We left him with Mrs. Rhodes, with the understanding that she would use him in the riding school and sell him when she could. He never fully recovered and so she sent him out to Kanchanaburi to let him live out his days (on her own funds). So supporting one of the geriatric ponies comes full circle, and is a way of giving back.

Thank you for organizing this project. I'll circulate your letter to other Polo Club alums. Laurie Baker (who rode Fury) lives in northern Virginia and there are a number of others I can think of. And if you're in Washington, D.C., please give me a call. I have been living here with my son since returning from Bangkok in 1990, and teach Southeast Asian politics at Georgetown University.

Best regards,
Catharin Dalpino



So good of you to organize this effort to help the Polo Club. I'll forward your message to the McCaffrey girls. Maybe you remember Valli and Gwen McCaffrey (I don't have much contact with their other sisters, Andi and Karen). Also forwarded your message to one of my younger sisters, Debbie.

I think we came a little after you. I was a beginner rider in '64. I also rode Chessy before we moved back to Chiangmai. Then we were back in Bangkok from '67 to '69 when I rode Falcon for a bit before they settled me in on My Chance – who became my favorite horse of all time.

Debbie, her husband, and two kids visited the River Kwae Camp about 2 years ago. It was very touching to Debbie to get to see Mrs. Rhodes and Miss Verna after all these years.

Thank you again for organizing this effort.
Julie Young Howell



Thanks for the update. My last visit to Thailand, and the River Kwae Camp, was in 1978, but I have kept in occasional touch with Mr. Rhodes and Verna over the years. I will send you a check as a "general" donation. They know what they need better than I.

This is a very nice thing you are doing!

Thanks,
Craig Vanderhoef
BR&PC, 1956 – 1958



Thank you so much for the Polo Club letter. I was a member and will have to send them a donation. It is very touching. I will forward this to a few other Polo Club members.

Valerie Sills



It was fun hearing about your visit and remembering Bangkok, Lee, Verna and Puki.

Joan and Jim Wilson



Thanks for the update on the Polo Club, Kanchanaburi, Mrs. Rhodes, Puki, and Verna. Our children Carol, David, Valerie, and Darryl took lessons at the Polo Club while I taught tumbling and Voltige. It was delightful to see the picture and learn that Mrs. Rhodes, Puki and Miss Verna are still doing well.


Please advise re: some of the costs associated with adopting a pony or whatever. I would like to contribute on behalf of our children's children (our grandchildren) who might learn from their parents about the fun times they had at the Polo Club and the Camp at the River Kwae when we lived in Thailand during the years 1966-1974.

Gerry Coffey (former Gymnastics and Voltige instructor)



I was pleased to get your e-mail and I plan to contribute something towards one of the ponies. (Is Clare still there and if so, is she "adoptable" even if she's working? She was my daughter's favorite.)

Lorraine Jarboe



I think you have a wonderful idea! On looking at the list I wonder if the two former polo horses are the ones from Argentina. No matter! I do know that Mrs. Rhodes and Puki and Verna and the camp need help, since they mentioned, when I visited them after decades of absence from SEA, someone giving a check that contributed in a big way to fixing up a stall.... You perhaps recall – that famous escapade where everyone got out of their stalls and much later were finally rounded up, I think Dynamite or someone was off grazing near the train tracks far from the camp or does my memory embellish. Anyway I will send a check soon, with note. I certainly remember you, and also you and Falcon. And I remember Falcon, he tended to bounce up and down on his springy hind legs and more than once he bounced me off. He sticks most in my mind as the time I hit the ground and my foot stayed stuck in the stirrup – it was outside in the field right in front of the club house, with the white fence.

Good to hear from you!

Anne Radcliffe



I think this is a wonderful way to help them. I have such strong memories of the Polo Club, of the camp and of Mrs. Rhodes and Puki, that it really is an honor to be able to help them. They did so much for us!

Alison Sommers Kennedy



The Polo Club was such a big part of the lives of everyone I knew who was a member. I'm really sorry now that I wasn't a part of it.

Kate Johnson





I really take my hat off to those three women – Mrs. Rhodes, Miss Verna and Puki! They are hard workers, extremely reliable and stalwart – I really admire them and am grateful for the input they had in the lives of so many children, especially mine.

Mary Lou McCoskrie



Belatedly, I wanted to thank you for doing this. My years riding at that camp are some of the happiest of my life.

Regards,
Sophia Haeri



ISBers Gather in Colorado

By Bob March '67 (rmarch@mhcbc.org)

On September 25, 2004, at 6:30 pm, a small but motley crew of ISBers, including 2 spouses, met for a festive dinner at the Thai Bistro in Littleton, Colorado.

Attending were: Jeff McNamee, Meredith March McNamee '69, Ray Stark '65, Bob March '67, Sina March, Barbara Stilwell-Snook '69, Mike Eaton '67, and Bill McIntyre '70.

Singha beer was the most ordered beverage and the food was great. The Florida reunion of Hurricane Charley fame dominated the conversation. Mike Eaton suggested that a future reunion should be held in Colorado where there are no hurricanes.



L-R: Jeff Mc Namee, Meredith March McNamee '69, and Ray Stark '65

As if we didn't have enough fun at our gathering in September, Gregg Larsen '69 came to Denver at the end of October 2004 for a business meeting and we got together for an evening of drinks and dinner. We met at the Marriott for drinks and appetizers, then went to the Rocky Mountain Diner for Mexican food and more drinks.



L-R: Gregg Larsen '69, Meredith March McNamee '69, Barbara Stilwell-Snook '69, Sina March, Bob March '67, and Gary Hultberg (honorary ISBer).

Reconnecting with ISBers

By Bonnie Geilfuss Avery '68 (averybg@comcast.net)

I just got these pictures and thought I would share with you just one little aspect of how important our ISB Network is to us... How wonderful the ISB Network is in reuniting friends. If it weren't for the Network, I would never have reconnected with close friends from high school that I had lost contact with and I would never have been able to meet such wonderful friends from other classes that have become such an important part of my life. I can't say thank you enough for all you and the others do to make the network click.



Lyn and Mike Colwell with Bonnie at Bonnie's house in Portland.



Mike and Bonnie

As you know, Mike Colwell is the guy in the pictures along with Lyn (and me). Mike and I grew up together in Hawaii. His sister was born minutes after me. His mom and my mom were good friends and were in hospital beds beside each other. Chrissy and I celebrated our birthdays together every year until my family and I went to Thailand. The Colwells lived on the other side of the island, Kailua, so I only saw them a few times during the year. Anyway, we stayed with them for our last two weeks in the islands because all of our furniture/household items were gone/shipped to Bangkok. That was 1962.



Mike, Bonnie, and Chrissy in Hawaii



Colwell family (Mike, Chrissy, Steve, and parents Monica & Bill) in Bangkok – 1969

After we left, the next year the Colwells left the islands and went to San Francisco. Then a year or so later, they started their overseas traveling too. Ironically, they ended up in Thailand the year after I left (the year after I graduated from ISB), but while my parents were still there. I hadn't seen any of them for over 30 years, until this year, this reunion. I read a piece that Mike had written in the ISB Network newsletter about how he had gone to the Arizona reunion for his first reunion. He told me this year when I saw him that he went specifically to find Lyn. And as you know, they got married in 2003. When I read his article, I emailed Mike asking him if he remembered me. I reconnected for about 2 emails with him, his mom, and his sister and then, like I did with everyone, stopped getting into my emails much because of other commitments. At the St. Pete reunion, Mike was there the first night I got there, Wednesday, with Lyn. We were all by the bar by the pool at night and I squatted in front of him and asked him if he knew who I was. He didn't have a clue. I asked if the name Bonnie Geilfuss rang a bell and he exploded. We couldn't stop talking and hugging, we were both so excited to see each other. I felt sorry for anyone around us.

Lyn and I immediately hit it off too. She is such a sweetheart. On their way up to their cabin in Washington, Lyn and Mike made it a point to have dinner with Jim and me here in Portland. We of course had to have Thai food at the Typhoon where you and I and Jim also ate. I put in some pictures from that visit. So when Mike was heading back down from their cabin in Washington to Sacramento where he and Lyn live, he called to see about stopping by. It was he and his mom, Lyn stayed one more week up in Washington as her Mom had been in the hospital, was doing good and had just gotten out. Mike and his mom stayed with us one night and we had a wonderful time. There are a couple pictures from that visit too. His mom is a pistol. She's in her 80s and so sharp. Mike and I ended up being the most alike, although I actually haven't seen Chrissy since we left Hawaii in 1962 so I honestly don't know how much we've gone our different ways. Hope I didn't bore you with all this but to me its so exciting how after so many, many years we reconnect with people who have been important in our lives. AND the ISB Network makes it possible! And the friends we make, the network makes that possible too.

Again I say, thank you to Kris Stahlman so, so much for doing so, so much to make the network what it is, you and the other Board members. You are the BEST.

