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HM King Bhumiphol Adulyadej

By Mom Bongkojpriya (Betty) Yugala (mombetty@yugala.com)

On the second day after my arrival in Thailand, back in April 1966, I was taken to Hua Hin to be presented to His Majesty as a new member of the royal family. My husband's aunt had prepared the traditional flowers and incense that I had to present to His Majesty as a gesture of loyalty, and I was prepped on the protocol. Although so nervous that I hardly could take it all in, I remember the scene at Klaikangwol ("Far From Worries") Palace, very vividly. Feeling very close to worry and very nervous at the time, I thought the palace was inaccurately named. We all prostrated ourselves in front of him, and with my relatives' help, I handed the traditional items to HM, along with a few albums of Jazz music that I had purchased back in the States, and had prepared for the occasion. Looking intently at me, he asked my husband, in Thai, of course, whether I could speak the language. But, being able to at least understand what was being said, I blurted, "Not yet, Your Majesty". He smiled, laughed and commented that I would learn fast. But I wondered, at first, whether he had really accepted me, because in my youth and ignorance I felt uncomfortable when he made it a point not to speak to me in English, one of the languages he speaks fluently. It took me a long time to realize that by speaking to me only in Thai, he was showing his acceptance of me as a new member of the family.

In the many years since that day, I have been privileged to see, many times first hand, the results of the knowledge and wisdom with which this great king has served this country, which is so fortunate to have him as its "guiding light", an apt euphemism indeed. Though my husband and I attend numerous royal ceremonies every year, it is not at these that the greatness of HM shines through. For 10 days, back in 1972, we were privileged to be guests of Their Majesties at the beautiful palace in Chiangmai. Every day we followed Their Majesties on foot, by helicopter, or by car to see numerous groups of people who had benefited, and who continue to benefit, from the wisdom and good works of His Majesty. The looks of genuine joy on the faces of the villagers, hill tribe peoples and others we visited, upon seeing His Majesty, told it all. People waited patiently for hours in the hot sun just so His Majesty would step on the handkerchiefs they laid out on his path, and which would later be reverently placed in the altars of their houses. He listened patiently to their stories, which he encouraged them to tell. Then, the secretaries who followed close behind would take down detailed notes, to be used either to offer aid, such as hospitalization or schooling, directly from HM, or for the purpose of establishing future projects as HM saw fit.



Mrs. Betty Yugala at a Soroptimist meeting in Bangkok.

My family and I have also benefited greatly from his care and generosity. He not only named my three children, he also gave me my Thai name as well, Bongkojpriya, which means "Beloved Lotus", and which I use proudly. In addition, he performed the marriage ceremonies for my two daughters and sponsored the very impressive ordination of my son into the monkhood at Wat Pra Kaew, affording him the wonderful opportunity to walk the path of Dhamma. Each time I visit him at his temple, Wat Bavornives Vihara, I see the results of that in the growth of wisdom and serenity my son exhibits in his words and actions.

Thus, whenever I am fortunate to be in HM presence, I feel humbled and awed by this great man, but also feel frustrated by my inability to be able to do something for him in return. It was during the 7 months of mourning for the late Princess Mother, that I finally got the chance to do something for him, albeit a very small thing. Each day, long lines of people patiently waited to pay their respects, up until the very day of the cremation itself.

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2006: Thailand Grand Invitation Year

The year 2006 is one of regal significance for all Thais, as they commemorate the 60th Anniversary Celebration of His Majesty King Bhumibol Adulyadej's Accession to the Throne.

To honor the beloved King, Thailand has arranged a year-long Grand Festival of Events nationwide to share its colorful culture with all of visitors.

Calendar of Thailand's Grand Events 2006

<http://kanchanapisek.or.th/index.en.html>

January

- Launching "Thailand Grand Invitation Year" Campaign
- The Royal Trophy: Europe vs. Asia Golf Championship, Chonburi, 5-7 January 2006
- The Grand Chinese New Year, Nationwide, 29-30 January 2006

February

- The Grand Bangkok International Film Festival, Bangkok, 17-27 February 2006

March

- The Grand Music & Dance Festival, Pattaya Beach, 17-19 March 2006
- The Grand International Kites Festival, Hua Hin, 11-15 March 2006

April

- The Grand Songkran Festival, Nationwide, 13-15 April 2006

May

- The Royal Ploughing Ceremony, Bangkok, 11 May 2006

June

- The 60th Anniversary Celebrations of His Majesty's Accession to the Throne, Nationwide, 9 June 2006
- The Grand Royal Barge Procession, Bangkok, 12 June 2006
- The Grand Opening of Suvarnabhumi Airport, Samut Prakan, late June 2006

July

- The Grand Candle Festival & International Candle Carving Competition, Bangkok and Ubon Ratchathani, 5-11 July 2006

August

- The Grand Celebration of Her Majesty the Queen's Birthday, Nationwide, 12 August 2006

September

- The Grand International Boat Races, Phra Nakhon Si Ayutthaya, 9-10 September 2006

October

- The Grand Royal Barge Procession and Robe Offering, Bangkok

November

- Andrea Bocelli Concert at the World Heritage Site, Phra Nakhon Si Ayutthaya
- The Grand Loi Krathong Festival, Nationwide, 5 November 2006
- The Royal Flora Ratchaphruek 2006, Chiang Mai, 1 November 2006 – 31 December 2006

December

- The Grand Celebration of His Majesty the King's Birthday, Nationwide, 5 December 2006
- The Grand Jazz Festival, Bangkok, 19-20 December 2006
- The Grand New Year Celebration, Bangkok, 31 December 2006 – 1 January 2007

Sawasdee in San Antonio

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

With the 2006 Rolling on the River Reunion quickly approaching, several members of the ISBN Board of Directors made the trek to San Antonio to check out Sawasdee Thai Cuisine, the Thai restaurant we're planning to use to cater at the hotel our Thursday Night Thai Dinner. Ruth Lown '73 invited other ISB Alumni who live in the area to join us. The food was excellent and the staff couldn't have been nicer. And, of course, the Singha was flowing.



Valerie Vogt Sills '77, Steve Cates '70, and Cinde Schmidt Cates '71



Susie Carter Lamborghini '69, Brian Lindley, Maile McCoskrie Lindley '67, and Sue Seligmann Moreno '70.



Lucy Moreno (guest), Jo Hanna Ewing '69, and Ruth Lown '73



Kate Johnson '76 with husband John Colclough



Kathy Kohutek McCormick '85 and Todd Lockhart '77



Paula Drummond Bredewater '68 and Jim Bredewater

The highlight of the evening was an auction BOD President Maile McCoskrie Lindley '67 held to raise money for tsunami relief in Khao Lak. Maile had various items from the Royal Bangkok Sports Club that she had brought back from her most recent trip to Thailand. For \$35, Ruth Lown '73 walked away with the RSBC gym bag. Valerie Vogt Sills '77 picked up the beach towel for only \$50. Bidding was quite fierce for the coveted RSBC emblem. This is what members place on the grille of their cars to allow them access to the grounds. Jim Bredewater, husband of Paula Drummond Bredewater '68, had the winning bid at \$71. His must be the only Harley in the country now with an RSBC emblem on it.



Ruth Lown '73, Valerie Vogt Sills '77, and Jim and Paula Bredewater '68 show the RSBC items they bought.

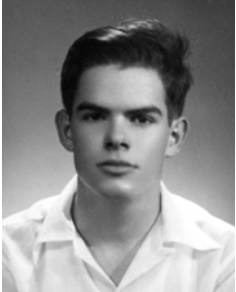
Would you like to be the proud owner of a piece of Royal Bangkok Sports Club memorabilia? Come to the reunion in San Antonio where Maile will have more items to auction. All proceeds to benefit the tsunami victims in Khao Lak. Winning bids are tax deductible (minus the actual value of the item purchased).



*Todd, Valerie, Lucy, John, Steve, Jim, Sue, Brian, Ruth,
Maile Cinde, Paula,
Kate, Jo Hanna, Susie, Kathy*

Life in Bangkok in the '50s

***By Charles R. (Chuck) McAndrew '57 (chuck.mcandrew@verizon.net),
A Member of ISB's First Graduating Class***



My father was given an assignment as the Property Management Officer for the United States Operations Mission (USOM) in Bangkok for 2 years. He flew there in early January 1956 with stopovers in London, Copenhagen, and Rome for a day or so in each city. My mother, sister, and I took a ship from NYC, the *Independence*, to Naples via Lisbon, Gibraltar, and Marseilles. After about a week in Naples with travels to Southern Italy, we boarded an Italian ship, *Victoria*, to Singapore via the Suez Canal with a trip to Cairo and the Pyramids of Giza, Aden, Karachi, Bombay, and Colombo. In Singapore, the officials wanted to quarantine our large French poodle, but because we had diplomatic passports, they allowed us to travel to Bangkok after a 2-day delay. Back in those days, USAID and State Department officers were allowed to travel first class!

Our family arrived a month later in February 1956. My father had been staying at the Rattakanosin Hotel with other Americans awaiting housing. At that time, I met Bill Brink, whom I had known in high school in Arlington, VA where I grew up. Also I met Mary Chidester, Carolyn Reece, and Freida Faber. We finally moved into our house on Soi Prom Pong in the Bankapi area. The Soviet Ambassador lived across the street and the Bangkok Customs Director lived next door.

We started to school in 1956 at the International Children's Center. I was in the 12th grade at 17 years old and my sister was in the 4th grade at 9 years old. This was an open school where all of the room faced an open hallway. I really enjoyed the school and when it was time to graduate, the Principal, Mrs. Isabella Porter, felt that it was time to rename the school the International School Bangkok as it would look better on our diplomas. She was very strict but fair.

We had some fun times in Thailand. We took a trip with a bunch of kids and parents to Saraburi where there were mountains, waterfalls, and swimming.



*Bill Bloodworth, Carol Light,
Paula Lewis, Pam Wright,
Mary Chidester, and Freida
Faber at Saraburi*



*Freida Faber, Chuck McAndrew,
Mary Chidester, Pat Keithley, and
Eddie Davenport*



*Clayton Reece, Bill Brink
and Harry Light*

Many of us had parents who belonged to the Royal Bangkok Sports Club, a swanky club with a large pool. I really enjoyed cruising around Bangkok with diplomatic plates on our car. At that time, Bangkok had many open klongs right along roads. My father was forced into a klong by a road hog. We had an office car with a chauffeur at our disposal while our car was being repaired.

My mother was scared to drive in the heavy Bangkok traffic. At that time, Bangkok was rated the second worst traffic nightmare in Asia. My parents had a 1955 Ninety Eight Olds, which was a big car for Bangkok traffic, plus we had to drive on the left side of the road.

I can recall Madame Gutman, our French teacher born in France, young and very attractive, often arriving late for teaching our class. She would simply drive her car with diplomatic plates right across the grass and right up to our classroom to park. All of the boys in her class simply adored her. She was so cute and an excellent teacher! My English teacher was not happy with my English and graded me down. You see, my family had been assigned to Commonwealth countries and we had lived in Rangoon, New Delhi, and Karachi. I learned to spell and use strictly British words and spelling. This got me into trouble with the English teacher.

Life was really easy. We had a cook, a maid, and a gardener. You could buy a Pepsi and a cup of rice with chicken for the equivalent of five cents each from a bicycle vendor. We had a lovely house with a 3-car garage. The house was huge! It was not unusual to see water buffalos walking past our house. We also saw some snakes in the area.



Our office car and my Dad and sister along with our gardener and his kids who lived on our compound.



Chuck standing in front of a typical building on New Road



Chuck leaving for the airport for departure from Bangkok

I graduated from the first graduating class of ISB in 1957. There were six kids in class: besides me, there was Jim Gardner, Dan Harris, Barbara Harris (no relation to Dan), Janet Hoherz, and Patricia Adams. We all got along just fabulously. My best buddies were Bill Brink, Jim Gardner, Bob Jacobs, George Ellis, Gloria Sun, Vina Martin, and Freida Faber. When I started at Georgetown University, they asked me what my class ranking was. I was proud to say that I graduated "sixth" in my graduating class. They were impressed!

In order for me to begin college, my mother, sister, and I left Bangkok in May 1957 for the states. We flew to Rome and began a 30-day trip all through Western Europe ending in London. In Southampton England, we boarded the SS United States luxury liner for NYC for 5 days first class! My Dad remained until his assignment was over in early 1958.

I loved traveling overseas. Ironically, I worked for the U.S. State Department and the U.S. Information Agency but was never sent on a foreign assignment. My goal is eventually to revisit most of these places again.

Tsunami Project Update:

Construction Continues; More Money for Food Needed

[http://www.isb.ac.th/Tsunami Project Update](http://www.isb.ac.th/Tsunami%20Project%20Update)

On March 4th, ISB middle and high school students, six instructional assistants, three teachers, parents, and members of the ISB Tsunami Relief Network committee visited Rajaprajanugroh School 35 for the First Annual Friendship Weekend between the children of ISB and Raj 35. The weekend was full of games, friendship, team-building activities, puppet making, and dancing. Both the students of Raj 35 and the group of volunteers from ISB experienced a thoroughly enjoyable time as new friendships were made and the relationship between the students of Raj 35 and the ISB Tsunami Relief Network was brought to a new level.

Construction continues at the school 6 days a week and will go on for some time. One classroom building is complete and in use. The computer building, a fourth dormitory, and the auditorium are now finished, with a fifth dormitory to be completed by May. Cement walkways have been installed connecting most of the completed buildings and ground has been cleared for the construction of a basketball court. The ISB Tsunami Relief Network/Cendant Cares classroom building now has three floors with walls and roof in construction. If all goes according to plan, the ISB Tsunami Relief Network classroom building, the auditorium, the gymnasium, and the library will be completed within the next 9 months.

Raj 35 started their summer holidays on March 25th. The kindergarteners were dismissed first; the older children sat for their end of semester exams. The administration reports that there are 620 students currently attending the school. They anticipate 850 to 900 students when school resumes on May 16th, thus the urgent need to complete the dormitories as quickly as possible. The number of students enrolled and attending fluctuates while the school campus is in construction.

While construction continues, the ISB Tsunami Relief Network has turned its attention to the next set of priorities. According to the principal, Ajarn Prasit, more money to supplement the food program offered by the Thai government is needed. Twenty baht more per day per student is necessary to supply three meals a day to the children of Raj 35. In the last year they had special funds through outside donations, but those funds are dwindling. The students will start soon planting a new vegetable garden that will supplement their food supply. The principal also requests more teachers. The 10 staff positions, recently funded by the ISB Tsunami Relief Network, to teach and supervise so many students, are not enough.

The school must look more towards education rather than mere supervision. A nurse and 30 more teacher positions are required to begin the important work of education.

If you would like to make a tax-deductible donation, please go to:

http://www.isbnetwork.com/tsunami_donations.php

To date, the ISB Network has raised over \$8000 for tsunami relief. **A huge THANK YOU to all our donors.** To see who has donated so far, click on

http://www.isbnetwork.com/read_article.php?id=41



Paved Streets and Sidewalks Means that the Kids Don't Have to Walk in the Mud



ISB Tsunami Relief Network Building



Receiving Donations



*Learning English – Important in a
Tourist-Driven Economy*

The ISB Tsunami Relief Network is currently making plans to develop an ESL volunteer program. Arlette Stuij, an ESL teacher from The American School of The Hague is recruiting experienced volunteers from around the world. ESL volunteers will work with Thai English teachers to create a program that will enable the children to learn proper English. The learning of English is an important skill for the students who live in an area that depends heavily on tourism for their economic subsistence. If all goes as planned, the volunteers will begin work in mid-May when the school resumes after the Songkran (Thai New Year) holiday.

ISB Network Foundation President Tours Rebuilding Effort in Khao Lak Area

By Maile McCoskrie Lindley '67 lisbmaile@sbcglobal.net



Maile with Khao Lak School Children

When I arrived in Bangkok on December 30, 2004, just four days after the tsunami had occurred, I knew in my heart I had to find a way to contribute to the healing of that tragedy – my only question was how. My dilemma was solved while attending ISB's High School assembly that was held upon the students' return from the holiday break on January 10, 2005. The ASB and the school administration had already formed a plan to raise funds that would be needed in the rebuilding of the Khao Lak area. On January 25, 2005, the ISB Network Foundation formally formed an alliance with ISB to contribute to this effort. Since that time, more than \$8,000 has been added to the funds collected by ISB out of total of more than \$800,000.

This past January, while in Thailand with my husband, Brian, we arranged to personally tour the school/construction site to see for ourselves how the project was going and to begin to develop a personal relationship with those who are involved and the children that are benefiting from the efforts.

We arrived at the school on Friday January 13. Khun Sasima was our guide for our day at the campus. Prior to the tsunami she had owned and operated a successful Internet café; when the water receded on December 26 she was left with a business that had been washed away. She felt a need to rebuild her life while helping the children left as orphans after the tsunami and has worked as the assistant to the school principal since then. Her command of English is very good, while his is less so, and she has helped in many ways with those of us who want to be of assistance, but speak only English. She was on hand when U.S. Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice toured the school this past year. They proudly display a letter from her congratulating them on all they have accomplished since the disaster.

Not only did we meet with and observe the children, teachers, and classrooms in action, and we even had lunch in the school's eating area located near the playground. From the photos you can only imagine how



*Letter from U.S. Secretary of State Rice
Proudly Displayed*

more than 800 students eat and play in these facilities. The playground is basic at best and for the orphans this is home – certainly better than nothing, but any additions would be a big improvement. We were warmly welcomed by everyone and were very impressed with all of the progress that has been made in such a short time. We toured the grounds of the new school, and we could see some buildings finished, and some still under construction. We watched as rebar for a concrete walkway was worked on prior to the rains starting; ISB is helping with this project. Early on the Thai Army helped with the construction – now the pace has slowed a bit but is still moving forward.

Our day in Khao Lak was the day before Children's Day – observed on the second Saturday of January when the Thai people celebrate by taking their children out to have fun. Children are considered the most valuable resource of the country. There is a Thai saying that goes, "Children are the future of the nation, if the children are intelligent, the country will be prosperous." Many local authorities organize special events and places of interest usually let children in for half price or even for free on this day. From a commercial sense this is the Thai equivalent to Christmas morning in the US – Thai parents give gifts to their children and honor them throughout the day. I had to wonder what was in store for the orphans housed at this school. As we were ending our tour of the school I discovered that our guide's mother had arranged to treat the students to ice cream as a special treat the following day in honor of Khun Sasima's birthday – such was their Children's Day celebration.

We were made aware of other schools that have rebuilding programs in progress for children that survived the tsunami. We drove a bit south to Pak Weep School where we were shown a book that is available for purchase to help in the fundraising for these schools. (See related story on page 11.) I purchased four, which I have shared with BOD members. In March I was fortunate to have Craig Vogt ('72) arrange to have a case of 50 books sent to the USA with a commercial shipment that he was coordinating while in Bangkok on business. These will be available for your review and purchase at our reunion with the funds collected going back to the Children of the Tsunami.

Further north we toured Baan Nam Ken School where Bill and Kathy Heinecke (both ISB Class of 1967) have gotten involved in the rebuilding. We spoke with David Johnson who is the head of a Mennonite family (Dad, Mom, and three daughters in their late teens to early 20s) that is on a minimum 2-year mission to help the children at this school with their studies and most specifically their English skills. This whole region is heavily supported by tourism and English is the key to advancement within the tourism industry. One boy about 11 years old really spoke to my heart – he was a bit apart from the groups of children and seemed a bit detached. David told me he had lost his parents and three sisters – Children's Day must have been full of memories but a bit hollow for him this year.

I am very lucky and I know it. I have a husband who lives 8 miles from his childhood home and schools and could not care less. I, however, live at least a third of the way around the world from a school I only attended for 2 years and I get to go back to it on a yearly basis. Besides being lucky, I am indulged. Brian has grown to love Thailand and ISB almost as much as I do – somehow these annual trips speak to our hearts now more than ever as I look for ways that we can help and then report back on the progress being made. I hope you will keep these children in your thoughts – I know they are in mine.



Eating Area



*The Playground
(the only one for 800 kids)*



*Children of the Tsunami
fundraising book for Pak Weep School,
compiled by the students of Bangkok
Patana School (the British School)*

Helping People Be Prepared for Anything

By Kari Zovne Spencer '87 (kks5369@juno.com)

Like most people who grew up in Thailand, I was very much affected by the devastation caused by the Tsunami that hit Indonesia and Thailand. It was very eerie to watch home video footage of the Tsunami, and seeing places that I had frequented as a child destroyed so suddenly! While disaster cannot always be prevented, its effects can be minimized and the chances for survival can be significantly increased by taking the proper steps prior to its occurrence. That is why I publish a free disaster preparedness guide, and I hope that many ISBers will take advantage of it.

I lived in Thailand during my sophomore and junior years of high school, which fell between 1984 and 1986. My father was an engineer who contracted with the Thai government to work on a Micro/Mini Hydroelectric Project for USAID.



Kari with friends, Louis and Pete



With friends at Pattaya beach, Christmas 1986

I returned to the United States at the tail end of my junior year, and graduated early from high school in Muscatine, Iowa. From there, I moved to Austin, where I attended The University of Texas. I received my Bachelors of Science in Curriculum and Development, which is a fancy way of saying that I received a teaching degree. Following college, I went to Kauai, Hawaii, to help Habitat for Humanity rebuild a few homes that had been destroyed by Hurricane Iniki. Then it was on to Tonga, a small island country in the South Pacific, where I was supposed to help build a university. However, the supplies did not arrive before I had to return home and get a job, so I spent a lot of time just getting to know the islanders and serving them in any way that I could.



My parents had moved to Phoenix, Arizona while I was out of the county, so I joined them there in 1993 and started a small, private school, which I ran for several years. Following my marriage to Lewis Spencer in 1997, I took a position teaching music to grades K-8.

For now I am enjoying staying home with my children (four girls ages 17, 7, 6, and 4) and being a writer. I started a company, Butterhouse Publishing, to create and distribute financial information for young people. My main focus is writing educational financial information for teenagers and their parents. Unfortunately for many of today's youth, school has not prepared them to survive and thrive financially in the real world. Many young people graduate from college with a mountain of student debt and a financial miseducation. My first book, *The Money Guide for Teenagers and Generation Debt*, addresses situations that young people face and offers realistic solutions to financial problems. I also distribute free financial information on my website, www.MoneyGuideOnline.com.

Currently, I am offering a free disaster preparedness guide, "Positively Prepared: One Day to Peace of Mind During Inevitable Emergencies and Unlikely Disasters." It can be downloaded at www.lulu.com/financialstories.

My husband and I also teach financial courses and run a business technology solutions company (www.start2finishcomputers.com). We really enjoy providing technical services to companies in the Phoenix area. We are active politically and I am a precinct chairperson and elections inspector.

Children of the Tsunami

Khao Lak – A Story of Hope

Compiled by the Students of Bangkok Patana School. Edited by Robin Nagy

This book is a culmination of an exciting and ambitious project, the first of its kind, in which children have helped children to help themselves and their own community. The beautiful illustrations, photographs, and stories which are contained within this book have been collected, translated, and compiled by a team of 52 senior students from Bangkok Patana School, Thailand. All the artwork for this book was drawn by the children of four schools in Khao Lak, Thailand, and together with the stories, tells the gripping and moving tale of how their community was shattered by the Tsunami which struck Khao Lak and how they are now re-building their lives.

Everybody who has been a part of this project has been affected in some way by the experience. In the words of reflection of one of the students from Bangkok Patana School:

"I came on this trip expecting to help others but instead I received the help. I learnt that every moment of your life matters; it shapes who you are in the future. I will try to treasure every moment not only of my life but in the lives of others. Through this project I learnt to appreciate everything and everyone and to always smile because it's priceless."

A couple of excerpts from the book:



"I am Prapa – a young girl who experienced the devastation of the events of December 26th 2004. I was playing on the water front when the waves came in and though my mother could warn me, she couldn't reach my sister. My sister will never reach twenty one as she perished in the waves. We mourn the loss of my sister. After the Tsunami, I feel inspired to become a doctor, to help people in need."



"My name is Rungthong. I am very happy that so many volunteers have come to help those affected by the Tsunami. Not only have they helped the people themselves, but they have also helped with rebuilding the houses and the schools. The school I go to was affected by the Tsunami and many foreigners have come to help. They have brought with them toys and essential items as well as stationery. I am very happy that these people have come to help and to carry out various activities at my school as well as at many other schools that were affected by the Tsunami."

***Children of the Tsunami* will be available for purchase at the ISBN reunion in San Antonio for \$20. All proceeds will benefit the Khao Lak schools.**

Visiting Senegal and Mali with ISB Friends

By Deborah McCarthy '67 (bigbaddeb@hotmail.com)

Five intrepid ISBers — Maile McCoskrie Lindley '67, Deborah McCarthy '67, Sarah McCarthy '70, Larry Doggett '66, and Marti Wasilewski Doggett '67 — as well as three other wonderful folks — Maile's husband Brian, an old friend of Marti's, and her 13-year-old daughter — took a fascinating trip through western Africa.

Chapter 1

Our 8-day trek through Mali: the remote Dogon country is fascinating — a series of remote mud-walled small villages that abut a red sandstone escarpment — the driest environment I've ever been in, and the dustiest (AND MOST PRIMITIVE). The people there live in small villages and are amazingly talented farmers, diligently using gourds to constantly water small lush fields of green onions and lettuce, which they then sell at the town markets. I will never forget the view of these bright fields that suddenly appeared before us in the desert environment as we painfully lumbered down the very steep, breathtakingly beautiful escarpment.



Slept on rooftops in small villages as promised (usually no running water or electricity) — saw spectacular new configurations of stars (and shooting stars) — awoke at daylight to the braying of donkeys, roosters crowing, and women chatting as they walked down the rocky (and dung filled) paths to fetch the day's supply of water (carried, of course, atop their heads).



Cocktails on the roof, which doubled as our sleeping area.



"Breakfast is ready."

Harmaton winds swept in the second night, bringing sandy grit from the Sahara, which is rapidly inching southward. Luckily it didn't last more than some hours — it can last for days and blot out the sun. It's so dry there that your hair dries in literally 10 minutes at the most; a layer of dust and sand covers every inch of your body — sounds great, no? The local people, so slender and agile, never seemed to need to drink water — very well acclimatized to their environment, obviously! We will leave the condition of the toilet situation undescribed. Use your imagination. Suffice it to say that it was the most primitive I've ever experienced. But it certainly was worth it to see the gorgeous countryside and get some idea of the incredibly rich spiritual and artistic life of these people.



Our guide Jara, with Deb and Sarah



The group with Jara.

Our last day to get out of this remote area — we bounced violently across a huge plateau of red sand in our 4x4, with the driver spinning the steering wheel rapidly from side to side to keep us going forward on the non-road, hitting bushes along the way, with 2-inch-long thorn branches whipping into the open window (no seat belts, air-conditioning, or working windows, naturally — scarier than a scary amusement park ride!). Sarah narrowly escaped receiving the souvenir of an impressive scar across her face from the thorn branches!

Chapter 2

After days of wading through major animal dung (sacrificed a toothbrush and bar of soap on our Mephisto/Birkenstocks), we returned to the relative luxury of Dakar. It took me two showers and much scrubbing to remove the layers of skin-impregnated grit. The toothbrush came in handy on my feet (I felt like they had turned into hooves) and the water ran brown time and time again. Our skin was so parched, we used unprocessed shea butter from the market on our skin. It smelled like a combination of diarrhea and durian. Lovely. Wore it for 2 nights and then couldn't stand it anymore, but it did work wonders on our skin! They must have to process the hell out of it to get rid of that powerful odor. I can still smell it and would recognize it in an instant.

But...Mali is truly a magical spot despite the challenges for us spoiled first-world people of supposed deprivation of our standard luxuries, and I am excited about planning a trip to the music festival in the Sahara in Timbuktu, where tribes and various ethnic groups come together from throughout the desert, Mali, and the world to make music together — I'm serious.



Our group with a troupe of dancers.

Back to the first world and the finest Polish vodka tonics on the roof top of Larry and Marti's house overlooking the Atlantic at sunset.

Walking through the congested, noisy downtown market in Dakar after our flight to Lisbon was cancelled (without notice!) for a day, Sarah and I were pursued by a young asshole who attempted to intimidate us into forking over \$\$ to leave us alone. He was so belligerent and persistent, accused us of being racist and everything else, cursed us, pretended to be our guide to the vendors. No one around to help us so we walked and walked with him in constant pursuit until I believe we walked out of his territory after over half an hour of the most intense harassment and verbal abuse I have ever encountered — our most negative experience on the trip. We heard about a female Peace Corps volunteer staying with our hosts in Dakar on R&R who seemed to have encountered the same jerk. They ended up in a physical altercation, so I guess we were fortunate!

Other than that, the markets were great fun if you were up for some very intensive and lengthy bargaining sessions replete with histrionic shouts, feigned laughter, and sarcastic comments (in French of course) — good acting lessons for any theater major!! We enjoyed it, being old bargaining hands from our years in Bangkok and elsewhere in Asia, and being able to finally use our rusty (and I'm sure atrocious to their ears) high school and college French!

It's amazing to be in a bustling 2 million population city where many of the streets are unpaved and the goats downtown are all out on the sidewalks being fed in the afternoon. Donkey drawn carts are everywhere. I don't think I rode in one taxi with an intact windshield. The poverty elsewhere in the world (except maybe India) doesn't even begin to hold a candle to the situation in these countries.

The sexual customs — polygamy, routine circumcision of both sexes complete with elaborate spiritual ceremonies — seemed pretty bizarre to us. AIDS is a big player. But with the widely varying vibrant ethnic groups with their incredible spiritual beliefs, art, and clothing, I am up for going back to Mali again, especially with our patient, kind and intelligent guide Jara, who belongs to the majority Bambarra tribe there. Our hosts Marti and Larry Doggett were so generous and kind, I felt like I was leaving home when it was time to go. West Africa will now always be in my heart.



Maile, Sarah, Deb, and Marti looking over digital photos on the laptop in Marti's and Larry's living room.



Marti, Sarah, Larry, Maile, and Deb



Meet our Newest ISB Board Members

Jameela “Cricket” Fluker Lanza '67 – Secretary

Cricket (Jameela) Fluker Lanza grew up in India and Thailand with the occasional stateside posting. She attended ISB (along with her three younger siblings) from 1962 until her graduation in 1967. Her father was an economist for the State Department. Maile McCoskrie Lindley and her family lived in the same compound.

Cricket attended the University of Kansas at Lawrence. In 1972 she moved to San Diego, California, where she began working in computer analysis and programming. She met her husband, Len, there and over the next 30 years, she and her family moved slowly north, to Los Angeles and then to the Bay Area. In 2002, Len retired, and they moved to Roseburg, Oregon, where she now works for Umpqua Bank. Cricket and Len have two children and five grandchildren, all currently living in Arizona.

Cricket discovered the ISB Network website in 1987 and attended her first reunion at Long Beach in 1988. She has attended as many subsequent reunions as she could, and was privileged to attend the ISB 50th Anniversary reunion in Bangkok.

Cricket volunteered at the St. Pete–Orlando–St. Pete reunion, and she thought that it seemed a natural step to apply for an open Board position.



ISB Senior photo, 1967



Jameela with her husband Len

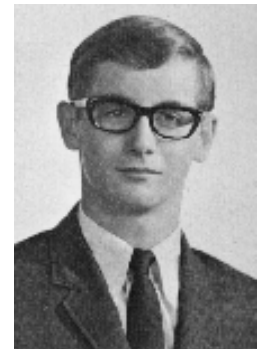


Tom Reynolds '69 – Director of Class Reps

Coming from humble beginnings, one may wonder. “How’d did he end up like that!!?”

My mother was the daughter of a small southern farmer, share cropping a 40-acre farm – raising cotton and tobacco in a rural southern community with one general store only about ¼ mile up the road (REALLY!!!) outside Sumter, SC. She married a soldier stationed at the local army/air force base and I was born in 1951 in Massachusetts (but I got back to the South as fast as I could!). They were divorced and I lived on the farm that Mom was raised on until 2nd grade when she met another serviceman, whom she married in 1957. And that began the start of me becoming a “third culture kid.”

It was off to Clemson Agriculture and Engineering College, SC, where the Air Force had sent Dad for a degree. After his graduation, we were off to England in 1959 where we lived outside of London for 3 years (actually went back in 2003 and visited the house we lived in then!). Fifth grade took us to Michigan for a year and a half, and then Dad went to Korea for a year and we went back to our hometown. Then off to the California desert in Victorville, CA, (home of Trigger – although in a ‘stuffed state’) for another year and then to La Habra, CA, for another year. Then came the bright lights of Las Vegas for a year and a half! Yes, I “cruised” Fremont Street AND the Strip on Friday nights as a teenager in a 1957 Volkswagen Beetle!! (EVERYONE in Vegas knew THAT Bug!!) Then came orders for “Bangkok, Thailand.” Although Mom urged me to go to college early, I decided that I was going to be a ‘senior’ at SOME high school – which became ISB – getting there in February 1968 and graduating in 1969.



*ISB Senior photo,
1969*

Leaving Thailand in July 1969 and returning to the States, I spent the night in San Francisco and the first thing I saw was McDONALD'S!!! YES!!! A good old-fashioned Hamburger, Fries, and a Chocolate Shake!!! — And spent the rest of the night with the “Bangkok belly.” I never remember that much grease in Thailand and was never sick a day in Bangkok!!

After attending Clemson University I went into the Air Force and off to Myrtle Beach AFB, in, yes, Myrtle Beach, SC. (The “second” of the paid vacations from the Government!) Three years later, the Air Force sent me to Anchorage, Alaska. After 3 years there in the Air Force, I got out of the service and lived there for 3 more years working as a Government civil service worker and then had the opportunity to “come home” to Sumter, SC. After one and a half years in Sumter, I moved to Aiken, SC, to work for the Department of Energy where I've been ever since.

In 1998, my little brother was at a soccer game with his kids in Washington, DC, and a “soccer mom” happened to mention her husband went to ISB. My brother mentioned that his brother graduated from ISB and that's when I found out about the ISB Network. I had not seen or heard from ANYONE from ISB since November 1969! Completely lost touch! In July 1999, the Class of '69 had a mini-reunion in Atlanta, GA and I was hooked!

After the Williamsburg and Phoenix reunions, one of my classmates (Sandy Ferguson) decided we should get as many '69ers together as possible for the 2004 St. Pete Reunion as he was planning on retiring to Viet Nam with his wife thereafter. So, Dave Elder, Gary Kokensparger, Dutch Duarte, and I, ably assisted by Betsy Ball Moore and Candice Krans Busch, set out to find as many '69ers as possible for what became the Hurricane Charley exodus! We actually had around 50 classmates from the Class of '69 scheduled to attend (MUCH to the chagrin of the classes of '70 and '71)! After the St. Pete–Orlando–St. Pete Road Rally & Reunion, it was decided that we didn't get our “bonding time” together – so back to St. Pete in 2005 for the St. Pete Repeat Reunion – at which, once again, the Class of '69 dominated in attendance!

Based upon the St. Pete and St. Pete Repeat Reunions, I was “recruited” (railroaded...) into becoming the Network Director of Class Representatives in 2003 (I guess the Board figured I had come up with the magic formula!) My Class Rep theory is simple: “Harassment” of Classmates and ANY lost ISBer is legal (within certain bounds) and my Class Reps and I “pushed the limits” in 2003-04! But EVERYONE whom we recruited back into the ISB family has really seemed to appreciate it!!

Last week I had some business visitors at my house for dinner and made a comment about the 2006 San Antonio Reunion. When asked if I graduated from High School in San Antonio, my reply was, “Nope, Thailand.” One of the people sitting at the table was a guy named Bill Reed, who popped up and said HE attended ISB in 1969 as a sophomore and had not heard from ANYONE in 37 years!! So we automatically had our own ‘mini-reunion’ for the next 30 minutes!! (No charge to the Class of '71 for my recruiting efforts!)



To me the Class Reps are the heart of the Network. WE are the ones who locate the “lost ISBers” and try to help our fellow classmates! All it takes to be a Class Rep is a little time, some enthusiasm, and a computer with email capability. (O.K., so a phone can be helpful too!) Many of our Class Reps do not have current info in the database and several are not members of the Network. Without being a Network member you cannot access the database and, as a result, your effectiveness as a Class Rep is compromised. It's only \$40 every 2 years and TAX DEDUCTIBLE.

There is NO LIMIT on the number of Class Reps allowed per class (see the Class of '69 – we've got 5 Class Reps and 2 “silent” partners in reserve!). So if you want to become a Class Rep – just contact me and we'll get you on suited up and provide all the help we can!!

Looking forward to seeing EVERYONE in San Antonio in July!!

My Visit with Kukrit Pramoj 13th Prime Minister of Thailand (1975-1976)

By Robert J. Rochlen '74 (robertrochlen@sbcglobal.net)

In November of 1983, I decided to return to Bangkok. I had spent thirteen years of my life there: I was born there and a part of me still belonged. Not that my experiences in Bangkok had always been pleasant. Quite the contrary. But I was, nevertheless, pulled by a strong force seeking fulfillment and redemption. So I got on a KAL jet and boarded her on my Back-to-Bangkok Mission. I had last been there on home leave in the summer of 1976 to visit my parents.

I did not fully evaluate my need for redemption, but I knew that I needed to reconnect. I visited the house where I lived from January of 1966 to August 1974. I got a temporary membership pass at the Royal Bangkok Sports Club. I visited the River Kwai and Ayuddhya. And I also decided to visit Kukrit Pramoj, the 13th prime minister of Thailand from 1975-1976.

My father had become friends with him through his diplomatic work at USIS in the late 1950s and early 1960s. When we returned to Bangkok in December of 1965, my dad arranged for the family, including my grandparents, to have dinner at his house. I had been placed next to him on his right, which I assume was a place of honor, though at the time I was oblivious. When dinner was over he began to tell stories in perfect Oxford English, and I fell asleep on a bench no more than six feet from him. That had been the one and only time I had seen him.



Robert having dinner at Kukrit's, December 1965.

In the intervening years between 1965 and 1983 much had taken place. Kukrit had started his career as a newspaper publisher. He had also had a leading role as the Prime Minister of Thailand in *The Ugly American* with Marlon Brando. That was sweet. Then he had had his taste of being Prime Minister for real. Now he was a prime minister maker and worked behind the scenes as shaper of social and economic policies. At the time that he played the movie role as Prime Minister, the taste was sweet, but he still yearned for more.

However, when I met him again in 1983, he seemed at last to feel contented. Certainly his legacy was preserved. He was a graduate of Oxford University's Queen's College, and a man of letters with works published in English. He met with Mao and established full diplomatic relations between Thailand and China, and the list goes on. Outside of the king in The King and I, there is no better known Thai figure.

But Kukrit was an unpredictable man, and one of seeming contradictions. He had written The Bamboo Curtain, a bit of anti-communist propaganda with CIA funding. Yet, in his role of editor of his own newspaper dubbed the "Siam Rath", he would lash out at Americans and American foreign policy at will. In ringing the bell at his gate I had no idea if he was even home or whether I would be given admittance to his residence. Would he remember me? Would he lash out at me? Did I have an appointment? Why should he share his time with me?

I had no choice though, having come all this distance, other than to ring the gate bell. A man came to the gate and opened the door next to it. I briefly explained my Back-to-Bangkok Mission in the fewest words possible, and handed him a handwritten note also explaining the Mission. After a few minutes later, he returned with a smile and ushered me in. I walked down the driveway and shook hands with a smiling Kukrit. I again briefly reiterated the purpose of my visit. We posed for pictures and he invited me back for dinner that night, and on that note I went back the way of my coming.

The evening was uneventful. We talked alone in a room that looked like a studio. He had a scruffy looking dog, which I remember to have been mostly white, but then again time can play havoc with your memory, so I cannot say with certainty. He barked at me, and I tried to make friends with him, but he would have none of it.

The dinner was not as it had been eighteen years earlier. In 1965 he had dressed completely Thai style. He had shed that look for something more international. This time he told no grand or glorious stories about the Kingdom of Thailand. There was no roast pig this time, or roast pig's ear as a delicacy. I no longer sat at his right, but across from him at a small table. I don't remember what we ate, though we had rice. But I remember dessert well. Mango and sticky rice. I had lived in Bangkok thirteen years, and had never had either one of them separately, let alone together. But it now seemed the perfect choice, and so I ate without hesitation.

When the meal and chitchat were over, we shook hands and said goodbye. Then the same man as before walked me to the gate, and so I walked out onto the dark street thinking of mango and sticky rice, and that too was sweet.



Robert visiting with Kukrit – eighteen years later.

You know you're an Expat/International/Missionary kid when:

- You can't answer the question, "Where are you from?" (And when you do, you get into an elaborate conversation with someone while both are intoxicated and the other just not grasping the idea whatsoever).
- You flew before you could walk.
- You had a passport before you got a driver's license.
- You feel that multiple passports would be appropriate.
- You watch National Geographic specials and recognize someone.
- You run into someone you know at every airport.
- You have a time zone map next to your telephone.
- Your life story uses the phrase "Then we went to..." five times.
- You speak with authority on the quality of airline travel.
- National Geographic (or the Travel Channel) makes you homesick.
- You read the international section before the comics.
- You live at school, work in the tropics, and go home for vacation.
- You don't know where home is.
- You sort your friends by continent.
- Someone brings up the name of a team, and you get the sport wrong.
- You know there is no such thing as an international language.
- Your second major in college is in a foreign language you already speak.
- Everywhere you go you meet someone who knows someone (who knows someone who knows someone...).
- You watch a movie set in a foreign country, and you know what the nationals are really saying into the camera.
- Rain on a tile patio – or a corrugated metal roof – is one of the most wonderful sounds in the world.
- You haggle with the checkout clerk for a lower price.
- Your wardrobe can only handle two seasons: wet and dry.
- Your high school memories include those days that school was canceled due to tear gas. (Or bomb scares – or what about those Typhoon 8 days Monsoon parties!)
- You have a name in at least two different languages, and it's not the same one.
- You think VISA is a document stamped in your passport, and not a plastic card you carry in your wallet.
- You automatically take off your shoes as soon as you get home.
- Your dorm room/apartment/living room looks a little like a museum with all the "exotic" things you have around.
- You can't find shoes to fit your feet in any of the shoe stores.
- You would rather sleep on the floor than on the bed.
- You won't eat Uncle Ben's rice because it doesn't stick together.
- Half of your phone calls are unintelligible to those around you.
- You go to Taco Bell and have to put five packets of hot sauce on your taco.
- You know the geography of the rest of the world, but you don't know the geography of your own country. (Isn't Philadelphia its own state?)
- You have best friends in 5 different countries.
- You have friends from or in 29 or more different countries.
- You're spoiled. You know it. You're VERY spoiled.

HM King Bhumiphol

Continued from Page 1

I arranged for over 100 teachers, students, and staff to pay their respects to the Princess Mother, in the name of ISB, as well. At the end of the ceremonies, while the royal family respectfully waited upstairs in the Dusit Throne Hall, as His Majesty was leaving, I saw him turn to the Grand Chamberlain as he passed, and he asked who had brought all the "farangs" that day. Upon being told that I had, he briefly stopped, rewarded me with a beautiful smile and walked on. HM rarely smiles.

HM is the world's longest reigning monarch, and for the more than 50 years of that remarkable reign, he has fulfilled many times over the oath he took at his coronation, "I shall reign with righteousness, for the happiness and well-being of the people of Siam."

May he continue to reign for many more years to come.



Have you been guilty of looking at others your own age and thinking, surely I cannot look that old? You may enjoy this short story.

While waiting for my first appointment in the reception room of a new dentist, I noticed his certificate, which bore his full name. Suddenly I remembered that a tall, handsome boy with the same name had been in my high school class some 35 years ago. Upon seeing him, however, I quickly discarded any such thought. This balding, gray-haired man with the deeply lined face was way too old to have been in my class.

After he had examined my teeth, I asked him if he had attended the local high school.

"Yes" he replied.

"When did you graduate?" I asked.

He answered, "In 1971. Why?"

"You were in my class!" I exclaimed.

He looked at me closely and then the son of a bitch asked, "What did you teach?"

