



ISB NETWORK NEWS

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Purpose: The ISB Network Foundation, Inc. is a not-for-profit, 501-C-3 organization, dedicated to bringing Alumni of International School Bangkok together to support, maintain, and create contacts between people who shared similar experiences in Thailand. We serve as the Official Alumni Association for International School Bangkok.

Dues & Benefits: Membership fees are \$40.00 for 2 years and are tax deductible. Our goal is to provide you with three newsletters per year and access to contact information of all known ISB Alumni. You do not have to be a member to be listed on the website/directory or to attend a reunion.

Your paid membership helps support the activities performed by the all-volunteer Board of Directors responsible for maintaining the database, publishing the newsletters, maintaining presence on the web, and planning the biennial reunions.

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

Movie Jumper has an ISB Connection

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

Have you seen the movie *Jumper* that's currently playing in theaters? I was surprised to find out that the author of the book upon which the movie is based lives in the same city I do. But I was *really* surprised to discover that he also lived in Bangkok as a kid.

Jumper is an action movie starring Hayden Christensen, Rachel Bilson, and Jamie Bell. It's based on the 1992 novel by Steven Gould '73, who attended ISB from 1965 to 1966.

The main character is Davy, a teenager who first "jumps" – instantly teleporting from one location to another miles away – to escape a beating from his abusive dad. Steven said that his novel is about escaping, about running away, and he admitted that it has some basis in his childhood. His dad was not physically abusive like Davy's father, but Lt. Col. Gould was an alcoholic and Steve said that as a kid, the trauma of being an alcoholic's son was often enough to make him wish he could be some place else in a hurry. Today, Lt. Col. Gould is a recovering alcoholic who has been a member of AA for 30 years and Steven is close to his father.

Steven was not involved in writing the screenplay for the movie and he says that there are lots of things that he would have done differently. In the movie, as in the book, Davy teleports early on to get away from his raging father. However, in Steven's version, Davy is the only one with the ability to be a jumper. The screenwriters added the character of Griffin, another jumper, and a whole new plot line about jumpers being pursued by an alliance of fanatics who are out to kill them. That's quite a bit different from Steven's version, but he understands that telling stories on the big screen is different from telling them in the pages of a novel. In fact, his brother Mitchell '70 gave him a T-shirt for Christmas that says, "Never judge a book by its movie".

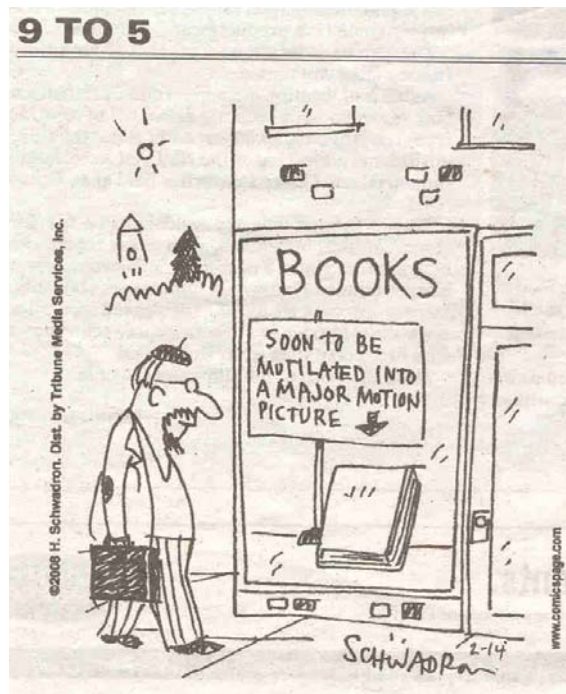
Steven was born at Fort Huachuca, Arizona, while his dad was stationed there with the U.S. Army. Besides Arizona and Thailand, the family also lived in Taiwan, Germany, and Hawaii.

The family moved to Bangkok when Steven was in the 3rd grade and Mitchell was in 6th grade. He has two younger sisters Christy, who would have only attended ISB in 1st grade, and Terry, who was too young for school at the time. As a kid, Steven was an avid reader of science fiction and was influenced early on by Japanese ninja and samurai movies that he saw on TV in Bangkok. He doesn't have too many memories of Thailand, but says he particularly enjoyed seeing the dogs barking at the walking catfish as they went across their yard. He also has fond memories of his teacher, Mrs. Soderberg. A rather unpleasant memory is when he fell off the water skis at Pattaya into a sea of chopped up jelly fish.



Steven is married to Laura Mixon, who is also a science fiction writer. They met at a science fiction convention in Austin, Texas, in the mid-80s and were married in 1989. Her first science fiction novel was *Astropilots*, published in 1987. They have two daughters ages 12 and 15.

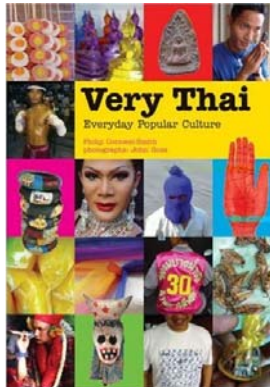
Back row: Mitchell Gould, Steven Gould, Christy Linsley, Teresa Spang
Front row: Parents Carita Gould and Lt. Col. James A. Gould (retired)



<http://www.schwadroncartoons.com/>

Very Thai

A Book Review by Kate Johnson '76 (isbkate@yahoo.com)



Have you seen strange things in Thailand that you wished someone would explain to you? Do you wonder why napkins in restaurants are so small? And why are they always pink? Do you know what all those odd, but delicious foods are in the numerous carts found on every city street? What about all the wide variety of drinks in plastic bags? Well, I have found the book that discusses it all.

Very Thai – Everyday Popular Culture, by Philip Cornwel-Smith and John Goss is a wonderful compilation of all things Thai. Everything from amulets to the zodiac are explained and accompanied by lots and lots of great pictures. In fact, the book is worth it for the pictures alone. It serves as a wonderful scrapbook of all things Thai: food, customs, taxi altars, temple fairs, and all the people who make Thailand so intriguing, from street vendors to *kathoe*y to pop stars to the high-society crowd.



Recognize these buckets?
Very Thai will tell you what they're for.



Everything gets recycled. These toy tuk-tuks are made from old Coke and Chang Beer cans.



Pedicabs used to be a common sight in Bangkok. Now they're only found upcountry.



Need a broom?
Just step outside
and take your pick.



As buildings in Bangkok have modernized, so have their accompanying spirit houses. Higher ranking spirits live in the new model.

If you aren't lucky enough to live in Thailand, where *Very Thai* can be found at Asia Books bookstores, then you can order a copy through www.Amazon.com.

In Honor of the Passing of Her Royal Highness Princess Galyani Vadhana, Sister of His Majesty the King

Thanks to Rachnee Kiattinat Keirse, Ruam Rudee Class of 1972, for informing us about the death of Princess Galyani. Information for this article was compiled from news accounts in various websites and from Wikipedia: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Galyani_Vadhana.

Her Royal Highness Princess Galyani Vadhana passed away early January 2, 2008 from abdominal cancer at the age of 84. The daughter of Prince Mahdiol of Songkla and the Princess Mother, she was the older sister of two kings: King Ananda Mahidol (Rama XIII), and the present ruler His Majesty King Bhumibol Adulyadej (Rama IX).

The princess grew up in Boston, Thailand, and Switzerland, and was at one point a professor of French literature at Chulalongkorn University in Bangkok. As a humanitarian she oversaw many charities in Thailand, and, significantly, she was a passionate advocate for the performance of both traditional Thai arts and Western classical music. Princess Galyani founded a scholarship program to support promising Thai students in the study of Western classical music, and she was the royal patron of the Bangkok Opera.



Early Life

HRH Princess Galyani Vadhana was born on 6 May 1923 in London, England, the only daughter of HRH Prince Mahidol

Adulyadej of Songkla, the sixty-ninth son of King Chulalongkorn (Rama V) and seventh son by Queen Savang Vadhana, and Miss Sangwal Talabhat (later known as HRH Princess Srinagarindra, The Princess Mother). She was firstly named “May” on her birth certificate and was later named Mom Chao Galyani Vadhana Mahidol by King Vajiravudh (Rama VI). The word “Vadhana” in her name came from the one of her paternal grandmother, Savang Vadhana. In 1927, she was subsequently promoted to the royal rank, a Princess of Thailand (Phra Vorawongse Ther Phra Ong Chao) by King Prajadhipok (Rama VII).



*Her Royal Highness Princess
Galyani Vadhana*

Marriage

In 1944, Princess Galyani Vadhana renounced her royal order of precedence in order to marry Colonel Aram Rattanakul Serireongrit (24 August 1920 – 3 February 1982), the son of General Luang Serireongrit (Charoon Ratanakul Serireongrit), a former Army commander-in-chief around the time of World War II. They are the parents of the only daughter, Thanpuying Dasna Valaya Ratanakul Serireungriddhi (later Sorasongkram) (born in 1945 in Switzerland). This marriage ended in divorce. In 1950, when the current King ascended to the throne, he reinstated her royal order of precedence.

In 1969, The Princess then married HH Prince Varananda Dhavaj (19 August 1922 – 15 September 1990), son of Prince Chudadhuj Dharadilok, Prince of Bejraburna and Mom Ravi Kayananda. They had no children.

Only Female “Krom” of the King Rama IX

On the occasion of the sixth circle (72nd) birthday anniversary of Princess Galyani Vadhana on 6 May 1995, her brother, King Bhumibol gave her the noble title “*Krom Luang Narathiwat Rajanagarindra*” (loosely translated “Princess of

Narathiwat”), making her the only female member of the Chakri Royal Family in the reign of King Rama IX to have been bestowed this title. In announcing the honored title, The King said the Princess was his only elder sister who had been with him through good and bad times, since they were young. She was the only one who had won his respect and the one who always supported him with the hope of making him happy. She had represented The King to carry out various royal works and had always taken good care of their mother, which was a great relief to him.



Royal Projects

Under the princess’ royal patronage, projects included the traditional Thai arts, education, sports, social welfare, etc. She was president and honorary president of various organizations and foundations, including the Cardiac Children’s Foundation, the Princess Mother’s Charity Fund, the Autistic Foundation of Thailand. She created her own foundation for funding the studies of gifted young musicians.

She was a patron of various classical music foundations. With her trips, she always gathered important and useful information, which was shown in the Royal news, giving knowledge to people. She also wrote books, poetry, and spoke French. She traveled widely within Thailand and abroad to represent the royal family and her country on missions.

Health Issues

The princess was admitted Siriraj Hospital in June 2007, suffering from abdominal pains. Doctors found she had cancer, and she remained in the hospital for treatment. In October 2007, doctors reported the princess had suffered an infarction on the left side of her brain as a result of occlusion of a cerebral artery.

At the same time in October, her brother, King Bhumibol Adulyadej was treated at Siriraj after he experienced weakness on his right side; doctors later found out through scans that he had a blood shortage to his brain. He was admitted on October 13 and discharged on November 7. After leaving Siriraj, the monarch has visited his sister at the hospital on an almost daily basis.

On December 14, the Royal Household Bureau released its 25th statement about the princess’ health, saying she was feeling increasingly tired and was becoming less responsive. She passed away early January 2, 2008.

Many are pronouncing the death the end of an era, and the nation has entered a period of mourning. The government is encouraging the general public to wear black for 15 days. Information about her death and funeral can be found at: <http://www.soravij.com/galyani2.html>



Even elephants pay their respects to Her Royal Highness Princess Galyani Vadhana

A Little History of the Erawan Hotel and Shrine

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

One of my fond memories of Bangkok is of the Erawan hotel and the shrine that stands on the corner of Rajdameri and Ploenchit Roads (known as Ratchaprasong intersection). That beautiful 4-story building was built in 1956. The shrine was built shortly afterwards to protect the hotel because the foundation stone was laid on an inauspicious day, and because of the deaths of several construction workers and other mishaps.

The Thao Maha Brahma, best known as Phra Phrom Erawan Shrine, is a statue of Brahma, venerated by Hindus as the creator and to whom people prayed for anything (for example, to win the lottery or to have a baby). It's a popular place for worship by Buddhists and Hindus alike – both Thai and foreign – especially tourists from Hong Kong, Singapore, and China, who flock to the statue to pay respect and ask for blessings. As a kid in the early 70s, I remember being in a taxi or on the bus and the driver would take his hands off the steering wheel in order to *wai* at the shrine as we drove by.



Erawan Hotel and Shrine – 1963

In 1987, the hotel was torn down and a new high rise hotel, the Grand Hyatt Erawan Hotel, was built in its place. Click on this link to see a brochure for the hotel from around 1963. <http://2bangkok.com/2bangkok/buildings/erawan/erawan.shtml>

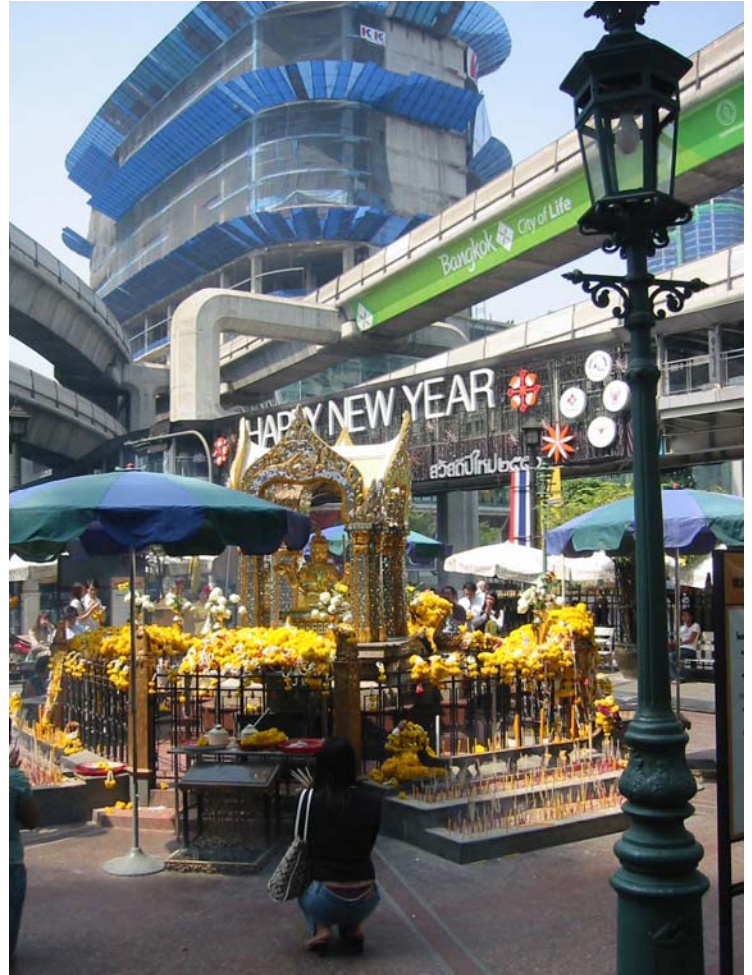
When I visited Bangkok in January 1992, the first time I had been back since 1974, I stopped by the Erawan shrine to pay my respects – and to take a picture of something I remembered from when I lived there.



Erawan Hotel and Shrine – 1992

I also stopped by on my last visit in January 2007. However, this was not the same statue; the original one had been completely destroyed in March 2006. It was smashed with a hammer by a 27-year-old mentally-ill Muslim. He was beaten to death nearby shortly after he attacked the statue. It took about two months for the Fine Arts Department to complete its restoration. To read more about that, click on <http://2bangkok.com/2bangkok/buildings/erawan/erawan2.shtml>.

There are now Thai classical musicians and dancers performing at the shrine, paid for by those who have seen their wishes come true. People who believe the statue has granted their wishes also offer other gifts, the most popular being carved wooden elephants.



Erawan Hotel and Shrine – 2007

Night at the Erawan

Submitted by Devin Brougham '73 (DWBrougham@aol.com)

From the Arts and Entertainment Section of The Seattle Times Sunday, December 20, 1970 edition.

Comment by the Arts and Entertainment Editor: In shopping around for something to add to the cheer of the season, I came across an old copy of what is probably the funniest music review ever written. The piece, which is attributed to Kenneth Langbell and originally appeared in the Bangkok Thailand Post, was reprinted in the column several years ago, but it certainly deserves to see the light of print again – and often. So here it is – and merry, merry!

THE RECITAL LAST EVENING in the chamber music room of the Erawan Hotel by the United States pianist Myron Kropp, the first appearance of Mr. Kropp in Bangkok, can only be described by this reviewer and those who witnessed Mr. Kropp's performance as one of the most interesting experiences in a very long time. There was a bit of disorder at the outset when the ushers, apparently brought in from the dining room, had some trouble placing late concert goers in their proper seats. The audience eventually was seated, and a hush fell over the room as Mr. Kropp appeared from the right of the stage attired in black formal evening-wear with a small, white poppy in his lapel. With sparse, sandy hair, a sallow complexion, and a deceptively frail looking frame, the man who has popularized Johann Sebastian Bach approached the Baldwin Concert Grand, bowed to the audience and placed himself upon the stool. It might be appropriate to insert at this juncture that many pianists, including Mr. Kropp, prefer a bench, maintaining that on a screw-type stool they sometimes find themselves turning sidewise during a particularly expressive strain. There was a slight delay, in fact, as Mr. Kropp left the stage briefly, apparently in search of a bench, but returned when informed there was none. As I have mentioned on several other occasions, the Baldwin Concert Grand, while basically a fine instrument, needs constant attention, particularly in a climate such as Bangkok. This is even more true when the instrument is as old as the one provided in the chamber music room of the Erawan Hotel. In this humidity the felts that separate the white keys from the black tend to swell, causing an occasional key to stick, which apparently was the case last evening with the D in the second octave.

DURING THE RAGING STORM section of the D Minor Tocatta and Fugue, Mr. Kropp must be complimented for putting up with the awkward D. However, by the time the storm was past and he had gotten into the Prelude and Fugue in D Major, in which the second-octave D plays a major role, Mr. Kropp's patience was wearing thin. Some who attended the performance later questioned whether the awkward key justified some of the language which was heard coming from the stage. However, one member of the audience, who had sent his children out of the room by the midway point of the Fugue, had a valid point when he commented over the music and extemporaneous remarks of Mr. Kropp that the workman who greased the stool might have done better to use some of the grease on the second-octave D key. Indeed, Mr. Kropp's stool had more than enough grease, and during one passage in which the music and the lyrics both were particularly violent, Mr. Kropp was turned completely around. Whereas before his remarks had been aimed largely at the piano and were therefore somewhat muted, to his surprise and that of those in the chamber music room, he found himself addressing himself directly to the audience. But such things do happen, and the person who began to laugh deserves to be severely reprimanded for his undignified behavior. Unfortunately laughter is contagious, and by the time it had subsided and the audience had regained its composure, Mr. Kropp appeared to be somewhat shaken. Nevertheless, he swiveled himself back into position facing the piano and, leaving the D Major Fugue unfinished, commenced on the Fantasia and Fugue in G Minor.

WHY THE CONCERT GRAND piano's G key in the third octave chose that particular time to begin sticking I hesitate to guess. However, it is certainly safe to say that Mr. Kropp himself did nothing to help matters when he began using his feet to kick the lower portion of the piano instead of operating the pedals. Possibly it was this jarring or the un-Bach-like hammering to which the stuck keyboard was being subjected. Something caused the right front leg of the piano to buckle slightly inward, leaving the entire instrument listing at approximately a 35-degree angle from that which is normal. A gasp went up from the audience, for if the piano had actually fallen, several of Mr. Kropp's toes, if not his feet, would surely have been broken. It was with a sigh of relief, therefore, that the audience saw Mr. Kropp slowly rise from his stool and leave the stage. A few men in the back of the room began clapping and when Mr. Kropp reappeared a moment later, it

seemed that he was responding to the ovation. Apparently, however, he had left to get the red-handled fire axe which was hanging backstage in case of fire, for that was what he had in his hand. My first reaction at seeing Mr. Kropp begin to chop on the left leg of the grand piano was the he was attempting to make it tilt at the same angle as the right leg and thereby correct the list. However, when the weakened legs finally collapsed altogether with a great crash and Mr. Kropp continued to chop, it became obvious to all the he had no intention of going on with the concert. The ushers, who had heard the snapping of piano wires and splintering of sounding board from the dining room came rushing in, and, with the help of the hotel manager, two Indian watchmen and a passing policeman, finally succeeded in disarming Mr. Kropp and dragging him off stage.



Another ISB Couple Gets Engaged!

Congratulations to Esther Williams '75 and Leon Kalbfleisch '75 on their recent engagement. They are just the latest in a nice long line of ISB couples to tie the knot.

They are planning a small family wedding in June in California, so when they attend the next reunion in San Diego, they will be husband and wife.



*Esther and Leon relaxing by the pool at the San Antonio reunion.
When you see them in San Diego, they will be Mr. and Mrs.*

Chapter Two – Ceylon

by Carolyn Anong Pennington Williams '72 (cawill@sandia.gov)

We arrived in Ceylon, now known as Sri Lanka, in 1957. My father was working for the Vinnell Corporation, which was contracted to the U.S. State Department. He was hired to restore the ancient (600-900 year old) canal system that interconnected the dams, rivers, and lakes into an irrigation system that had been used for centuries to grow rice on the island year round. My father told me that the ancients had some pretty talented engineers, as they graded the canals for gravity flow from the north side of the island to the south end.

We lived in the capital city of Colombo for the first 2 years we were there. Back then, Colombo still had a significant British influence, from the hotels, schools, food, and department stores to the whitewashed tree and tropical gardens that were so strikingly beautiful and manicured. There were also some of the most exceptionally untainted beaches I have ever had the pleasure of swimming at. In the outlying country, Ceylon was covered with tropical jungles, waterfalls, rivers, lakes, tea and cocoa plantations and game reserves. It had an abundance of wildlife: leopards, elephants, crocodiles, deer, snakes of all kinds and lots of beautiful birds.

When we lived in Colombo, a few of our favorite places to picnic and swim at were the beaches at the Mount Lavinia (now 200 years old) and Galle Face Hotels. They are two of the grand old British Colonial Heritage buildings that still stand today. We would have high tea in the afternoons and my parents attended many balls and parties there.



Mt. Lavinia Hotel



Galle Face Hotel

We lived in a great two-story house with a grand staircase, terrazzo floors, wicker furniture, and a huge lush tropical sunken garden. My brothers went to an English school while I stayed home with Mom. My mother would have teas with other American and British ladies, played bridge, and made a beautiful home for us. On the weekends we would explore ancient ruins, game reserves, or go to the zoo or to the beach.

On one of our trips when we were staying at a guest house on a lake in Polanarua a man asked us if we wanted a leopard cub he had. After much pleading from all of us kids,



One of the grand balls at the Mt Lavinia Hotel, Mom (right) in the foreground dancing in her black lace gown.



my parents finally agreed. Mom was actually the one who tamed her. The cub's official name was Sheba, but we all called her Kitty. She was just like having a house cat, a very huge, playful, purring house cat. Mom would buy her big chunks of buffalo meat and once bought her a fish, but Kitty only played with it. I was 3 or 4 years old at the time and used to play with her often with a broom, kind of the way someone would use a feather to play with a normal cat. She started chasing me around our garden playing with me when my Mom looked out the up stair window and told me, very calmly, to sit down and not to move. I did and Kitty sat down right in front of me like she was saying, "Hey why did you stop playing with me?" My father decided that she could hurt us unintentionally, so my parents made the decision to give her to Major Wyman, a Dutch man who ran the Colombo Zoo. The zoo was ahead of its time because the animal enclosures were so large and their habitats so natural that sometimes it was difficult to find them. The sign as you came into the zoo said, "The Colombo Zoo, Where Animals Can View Humans without Being Shot At". Kitty went to live at the zoo, and then by special order and our approval, was sent to Yugoslavia to be part of the private collection of animals at the palace of Marshall Tito, the Yugoslav statesman who led the resistance to German occupation during World War II. When we would visit Kitty at the zoo we would call ahead and they would let us visit with her in private; she would purr, roll around, and play with us. I have always loved animals of all kinds and at the time I had 2 dogs, a cat and a rooster.



Ron, Dan, me and Peanuts at our home in Colombo (I was 3 years old)



Dan (left) & Ron (right) playing with Sheba in our yard in Colombo when she was only a kitten.

After two years in Colombo, Vinnell moved our family closer to my father's work in a small town called Mihintale in northern Ceylon. The Vinnell Company told my parents that our house was finally done and we could move in. They had literally cleared a 2-acre plot of land and built us a house in the middle with a fence around it. When we left Colombo, it was raining (what else) and I was insisting that we take my rooster. My father really didn't want to take him, but threw him up in the back of the moving truck, then fastened the tarp flap down and we left for the jungle. Dad was secretly hoping the rooster would fall out somewhere along the way and that would be that. We arrived after dark, still raining and my father threw the tarp back and shined the flashlight into the back of the truck, my rooster looked out as if he was thinking "that was a short night" and proceeded to crow. I had him for a while after that, but he kept fighting with the neighboring rooster and we think he ended up on our neighbor's table as chicken curry.

The night we arrived at our new house my Dad discovered that our generator hadn't been connected to our house yet and there were no windows in the house either. To make things even more interesting, someone else had moved in there before

us – there was a lime green viper wrapped around the front door knob on the inside of the house. Dad (my hero and Tarzan) got rid of the snake and Mom (the miracle worker) fed us, put our bedding together, and put us all to bed by kerosene lanterns. During our first night there, a herd of elephants gathered at our front gate wanting through our property. I guess they had built our house on an elephant migration path. The elephants eventually decided to walk around our house instead of through it, but they sounded their irritation at us loud and clear and with no windows, it was frighteningly loud!

Our house had a gravitation-flow water tank for the house water and another tank that collected water from our roof when it rained. We would let it rain for an hour or so then open the valve to let the roof water into the tank. It was a really nice house, open and breezy with large rooms. Mom always decorated our houses beautifully even in the jungle. When Hawaii became a state my mother was asked to receive the Prime Minister of Ceylon. We had a grand party. We took all of our living room furniture out on the lawn and had a “sound system” (which was a record player) that played “Little Brown House” while I danced the hula. I was supposed to give the Prime Minister a lei and a kiss. I gave him is lei but refused to give him a kiss, go figure!



Hawaii becomes a state, I do the hula for the Prime Minister of Ceylon, my brothers hold the American and Ceylonese flags, and Mom throws a party!



The American ambassador gets a new flag with more stars!



Christmas in the jungle

Living in the jungle was always an adventure. We went on hunting trips, swam and picnicked at lakes and waterfalls, lived in a tree house for 3 days, and spent our vacation time exploring the island or visiting Uncle Percy's tea plantation called Don Side. It was always cooler up there and you could smell the tea drying in the plant. We had a constant flow of visitors from Colombo at our house in the jungle. We would take them to all the places we loved to visit, such as Waipahu Wildlife Preserve, Sigirya Rock, and Adams Peak.

One year my mother made the annual pilgrimage to Adams Peak. She, some of her lady friends and a guide left in the wee hours of the morning to make the sunrise on the top. My father claimed she was "never the same" after that hike! Ha! Mom has described the sunrise as breathtaking. Adam's peak was to have had a "footprint" on top where Buddha was to have stepped from India to Ceylon to gain enlightenment at the bo tree in Anaradupura.



Adam's Peak, the highest point in Sri Lanka and is a very holy place where there is a footprint. Buddhists believe it is Buddha's, the Muslims believe it is Adam's, and the Hindus believe it is Siva's. There is a legend that Alexander the Great visited there and oh, my mother, too. But her visit is not a legend! Except, perhaps for her!

We were visiting Waipahu Wildlife Preserve and were staying in a huge bungalow for a few days with some friends. One night my parents woke us up and told us to be real quiet. They took us out on the front veranda and shined a flashlight out over the grounds in front of the bungalow. During the night a herd of deer had moved in to sleep for the night and as my father shined the flashlight out over them, their eyes shined like thousands of stars. There were literally hundreds of deer, it was all very exciting. In front of the bungalow was a vast lake where in the mornings and evenings elephants came to play in the water. On one of Queen Elizabeth's visits to Ceylon she was scheduled to make a stop at Waipahu to watch the elephants. They built her an "observatory" in an enormous banyan tree complete with a winding staircase to the platform, which was about 20 feet × 20 feet with a railing around it, very cool.

That wasn't the only time we were in a tree house. Some villagers came to my father and asked him if he would shoot a male rogue elephant that had been terrorizing some of the villages in our area. My father was the only person around who had a gun powerful enough to actually take down such a large animal. They said they would build us a "house" in a tree so Dad could stake out the elephant from above. We were loaded up in an ox-drawn cart with enough food and supplies to last 3 or 4 days and started our trek back into the dense jungle. The tree house was huge and I was in a total Tarzan & Jane mode, but there was no Tarzan and no Cheetah. It was quite the adventure though. We never saw the elephant, but a villager found it dead of natural causes and we had to leave our tree house home.

Not far from Waipahu was Sigirya Rock, sometimes called Lion Rock. It is a 700-foot-high granite rock that rises up off of the plain. A thousand years ago there was a city on top complete with water cisterns and landscaped gardens. When we lived there the only way to get to the top was a pathway that wound around the rock and only a single pipe railing to keep you from falling off. Along the way to the top there are ancient frescos painted on the walls. There were animals on top whose ancestors had been “trapped” there for centuries. The cisterns had turtles in them and there were hundreds of chameleons. On the trek up you had to be very quiet as there were huge beehives hanging on the sides.



Sigirya Rock, sometimes called Lion Rock, has an ancient city on top.

The villagers knew we wanted to see unusual things and would come to us all the time. They asked my father once if we wanted to see a python that had swallowed a deer. Heck yes we did! So back on another jungle trek we went to an opening where this 17-foot python lay. He had a large lump in him and you could see that he had swallowed something that was about the size of a man in a fetal position. The python was totally out of it because it would probably take him 3 weeks to digest such a meal and was unable to move. Mom sat all three of us kids on the lump and took our picture. Since then she has said, “I must have been crazy to put my kids on that snake for a picture!” He wasn’t going anywhere though, but I bet he was wishing we would just leave him alone, which we did after the photo session.

On one of my father’s hunting trips my brothers and I heard some “chirping” sounds coming out of a dirt embankment. We started digging back into the hill and came upon a large cache of soft shelled eggs. We rolled one of the eggs away from the bunch and when it came to a stop it popped open and a baby crocodile came out fighting mad. We called Mom and Dad and we all watched in amazement as 14 baby crocodiles hatched before our eyes. They would instantly lock mouths with each other and do the little baby crocodile “death roll”. One of my parents’ friends put a pencil down and the baby crocodile bit it in half. We collected them in a large tub with some water and took them to Major Weiman at the Colombo Zoo. They made a small “pit-stop” at my Aunt Laura’s house that evening and were the main attraction at her cocktail party.



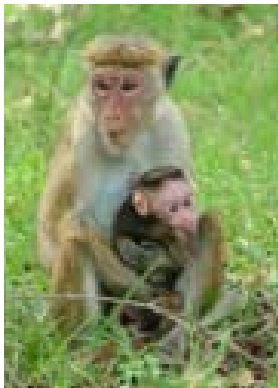
Baby crocodiles in “death roll”



Mom and Dad shoot our dinner on one of our hunting trips. I’m feeling real sorry for the cute bear.

Ceylon had a very large crocodile population, literally thousands, so there was no surprise that we had several crocodile encounters. There was a lake not far from our house in the jungle where we went swimming all the time. The road cut across the end of the lake so they had installed large culverts to let the water pass through. My brothers and I (and any other kids that happened to be visiting us) would jump in on one side of the lake by the culvert and get shot out on the other side. It was great fun and we swam there for a couple of years before someone shot a large crocodile there. Our swimming days in that lake were over!

On another occasion, my houseboy shot a crocodile and brought it home to Mom. She wanted to take pictures of it and propped his mouth open with a stick. We were going to have a party that night and the crocodile was going to be an attraction, but, he had some rather bad breath so Mom mixed up some Detol (like Pinesol) and gave him a mouthwash! Now how many people can say that?



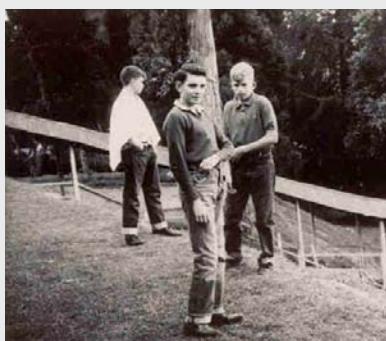
Some of my "holy" classmates!

When we moved to our jungle outpost my parents were forced to send my brothers to a missionary boarding school up in the mountains of India called Kodiakanal, while my mother home schooled me. My Aunt Phyllis, a Pennsylvania second grade teacher, sent my mother the books and curriculum for both the first and second grades. Although I was learning everything other American kids were learning, my mother thought I need a classroom environment as well so she enrolled me in school at the local convent where I was taught music, art, and literature. Our "classroom" was actually the courtyard veranda of the convent that had a massive banyan tree in the middle of it that was full of "Temple Monkey" or Toque Macaques monkeys. The monkeys would get into, what I thought were "fights" but later realized were passionate trysts! They would steal our lunches and pencils and go back up in the tree, taking delight in they spoils.

The trek to my brother's boarding school was pretty grueling. They would fly into Tiruchchirappalli, then take a taxi up the Ghat to Kodiakanal School. The school sat on the edge of a big lake, which was really a water-filled caldera. My mother is truly an amazing woman and my brothers were real troopers! On their way home my brothers would be taken by bus then a wood burning train to Madras. My brother Dan said the compartment had only one fan in it and he would throw grapes in the fan when it pointed at my other brother Ron and his friend Kurt. When they arrived in Madras the consulate met them and took them to a hotel to get cleaned up before their flight home, as they were always black with soot (and grape juice, I suppose). They made this trip every 3 months for 3 years. I was always ecstatic to see them and have them home for a while.



Ron & Dan at the end of the table on the right



Ron with friends



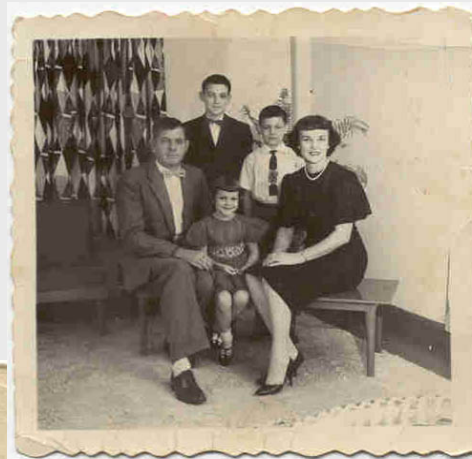
Boarding School in India



Ceylon (Sri Lanka) is the best place I ever lived and I couldn't have asked for a more amazing childhood. I have attached a fraction of the photos we have and only touched the tip of the iceberg of all the remarkable, wonderful, and wild experiences we had when we lived in paradise.



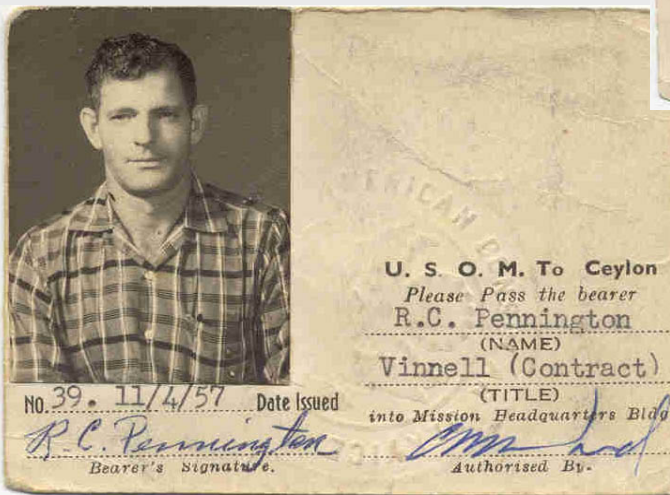
A shave for a shave



Our family portrait, 1960, taken in our jungle home



Me reading my nursery rhyme book on a fallen tree



Dad's Vinnell ID, 1957



Aunt Laura (left) visiting ruins near our house in the jungle



One of our many picnics at the lake near our house with Mom and Aunt Monica "setting up house"



My best friend Delini and I soaking our feet. Found the cache of baby crocodile eggs very close to here and a few others under the ledges of the rock not far from our feet.



A cocktail party at our house in Colombo



My birthday cake and new doll at Thanksgiving time at Aunt Laura's house in Colombo

Thai Buddhist Temple in Homestead, Florida

Submitted by Kathy Vollmer '75 (kathy.vollmer@comcast.net)

There was an article in the January 20, 2008, issue of the Atlanta Journal-Constitution, featuring Wat Buddharangsi, a Thai Buddhist temple that was built in Homestead, Florida, about 35 miles north of Miami. It was designed by Nopporn Poochareon, who has worked as a general contractor and also owns a couple of Thai restaurants in Miami.

Most of the materials to build it came from Thailand, as did many of the workers to make sure that the temple would be just like those in Thailand. It includes a 5-ton, 23-foot-tall golden Buddha.

The temple also serves as a welcome center for anyone who is interested in Buddhism. It is for both practicing Buddhists as well as those who would like to study about it.



The temple is open daily from 7 AM to 5 PM, with meditation from 3 to 5 PM on Sundays. There is chanting both at 6 AM and 6 PM. For more information, check out their website www.watmiami.org.

Read the article at: http://www.ajc.com/travel/content/travel/southeast/fl_stories/2008/01/17/TRhomestead_0120.html.



This is True *by Randy Cassingham*

Ed. Note: I subscribe to an on-line newsletter called This is True (<http://www.thisistrue.com/>) that highlights weird items in the news and Randy's humorous commentary about them. I thought you would enjoy this one about Thailand.

Marked for Life: A man from Melbourne, Vic., Australia, went to Thailand for a tattoo. It was a complicated design that the artist said would take 5-1/2 hours to complete, but at a cost of just A\$150 (US\$131). The man, identified only as "Neville", took no chances: he carefully drew out the design, even noting which side was his "left arm" and which was his "right arm". He also drank 15 cans of beer to help dull the pain. "My son-in-law walked in halfway through it," Neville said, and pointed out that the tattoo artist had tattooed the words "right arm" on his right arm. Since it was already there, he had the artist go ahead and put "left arm" on the other side to "make it a bit fun." (Melbourne Herald Sun) ...*Luckily he didn't go with the guy who bid \$100, since then "right arm" would have been tattooed on his left arm.*

(© Randy Cassingham, reprinted with permission)

ISB Students Spend a “Week Without Walls” at R 35

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

My husband Brian and I recently had the pleasure of assisting ISB teacher Jean-Michel Masson and R 35 Week Without Walls (WWW) Coordinator Khun Tara with the ISB students who chose to come to R 35 for their WWW experience. R 35 students spent a week studying the photos of the ISB students in anticipation of their arrival. They were eager yet shy about making friends, but the ISB students consistently stepped forward to extend themselves to the R 35 students. From walking the youngest students to lunch to being interviewed in English by the oldest students, no request for participation was rejected. The reaching out and connecting with each other was a joy to observe.

ISB students taught an English class on their own for one hour with no advanced warning, they helped on the playground, they dug holes and planted trees that will someday shade the playground, they sorted donated items for distribution to the dorms, and they sorted books in the library. R 35 is not air-conditioned – in fact, the fans are not turned on as the school does not have enough money to pay for electricity – yet no one complained. The day's activities were subject to change and all of the ISB students were very flexible. When time was not scheduled, the ISB students interacted with whichever R 35 students were available. Dancing is something that R 35 students love to do and seldom get the chance – the ISB students would set up music and share new routines with them, unrehearsed.



Brian and I were pleased to be invited to share dinner and conversation with the WWW students. One evening as we sat outside along the ocean the conversation turned to ISB of days gone by, back when I was a student. I was asked if things were different then. I didn't exactly know where to start – ISB today is very different. The opportunities offered to today's students give them many chances to see different slices of life. Forty years ago we were satisfied to stay within our cultural enclave and never needed to venture out. Today the ISB students appear to embrace these opportunities as we never did, understanding that children are the same, only from different circumstances, and both groups can easily mix and find common ground.

I am proud to be an ISB alum and I am pleased to have gotten to know a few of the students of ISB today – they won't be forgotten by me or by the R 35 students who are already asking when they will return. They make me proud of my school and the traditions that have been established by it.

The following is a compilation of the journals written by Jason Robinson (9th grade), Prea Satrusayang (11th), Yael Clovyn (11th), and Ally Arirachakaran (11th).

Day 1 in Khao Lak – February 11, 2008

Today was the first day of our Khao Lak Week Without Walls trip. We were staying at the Haadson Resort located about 5 to 10 minutes away from the R 35 school. In the morning, we had a buffet breakfast at Haadson. We left the hotel around 7:50 to travel to the school, arriving at R 35 in time for the opening assembly. This is where all the students sing the national anthem, then sing another song that is dedicated to the King, recite a Buddhist prayer, and then finish off by reciting the school codes on behavior. It was a complete culture shock for some of us. It was really amazing to see the students standing in such a uniform manner, with all the girls having the same, short haircut, and everyone looking quite the same. It would be interesting to see if ISB could do that, and have us students be so disciplined and stand still in a perfect line for a while.

After the assembly, some of the ISB students were taken by Maile and Brian to the high school buildings and classes. Each ISB student was paired by roommates and taken into one classroom at a time to introduce themselves to the R 35 kids and speak English with them. From talking to them, it was very clear that they used rote learning in the school because the students had very basic English and you had to be extremely precise when talking and using the specific wording that they'd learn for each situation.

We had interviews with some older students in English. It was interesting to hear what they had to say about the tsunami and living in Khao Lak. We heard some very sad stories; one in particular stands out. We were talking to a senior, and we asked of he lives in the dormitory at R 35. He said that because his parents were killed during the tsunami, he and his 4th grade sister live at the school. There are many tragic stories like this, especially in this school, and it is sad and heart-breaking to hear them.

After the students finished, we split up into small groups and headed towards middle school classrooms – or matthayom in Thai – and began our week teaching the Thai students. It was actually surprising how difficult it was to teach them even if you were a Thai native. After our group finished, we went downstairs and met with a small group of the students who were known to be the better English-speaking students. We all formed a circle and they formed a circle within ours and began our introductions. It was also our first meeting of the small first grade class called P1.



For lunch, we ate in a separate building from the cafeteria and had a meal that was made especially for us. Afterwards, we had time to play with a class of the younger kids. The children there were so happy to see us and it was obvious that they weren't usually given a lot of attention from adults, so playing with them was really fun. After playing with the kids, we headed off to organize the toys, books, and clothes donated to R 35 from ISB. We divided the toys and some went to the girls' dormitory and some to the boys'. It was a lot of hard work because of the overwhelming heat. It felt much hotter and much more humid here than in Bangkok. After finishing with all the sorting we then took the boxes to the dormitories. We took any books we found to the library so that they could be organized and shelved later on during the week. After this we just went to play with some kids, and we met the cutest little 1st grader today, his name is Pee!

By the time we wrapped up and were ready to go to the vans, all of us were exhausted to the bone. Although the day is quite tiring, it is all worth it in the end, because we know we are doing something good for the community, and making these children happy for a while.

We returned to the resort and had a choice of spending our 'free' time either at the pool or at the beach. At the beach, we played football and volleyball and it was a lot of fun. This was then followed by a study period to work on the group assignments with our assigned groups (ours was a website) and then to prepare for dinner. We went to dinner at a resort

down in the town. We had pasta and different sauces and the restaurant was right next to the beach so it was a gorgeous night.

Day 2 in Khao Lak– February 12, 2008

During breakfast Maile gave out schedules of when everyone is teaching. We arrived at the school around 8:00 and took a tour around the R 35 campus. Afterwards some of us went to the library to organize the books, while others went to teach. Those who worked in the library organized and sorted 11 shelves of books. The heat was intense, and one student commented, “I realize that sometimes I take ISB for granted, for all the facilities we have, when I look at how little this school has. ISB bought fans for classrooms, but they don’t have enough money to pay the electricity bills, so they don’t turn them on.”

When we went to teach English we decided to sing “Twinkle Twinkle Little Star” and play Hangman and Simon Says. The R 35 kids repeat things very well, but they didn’t always know what they’re saying. After teaching, we escorted the K1 kids to lunch. We enjoyed laughing and joking with them. One of these kids was named Deem. He was a cute, friendly little kid. Another kid was Pete; we felt really sorry for him because he has Down’s syndrome and is diabetic as well. He weighs more than 160 pounds and the other kids made fun of him a lot, which we didn’t like to see. It made us realize how lucky we are. (*Note from Maile: Pete has Prader-Willi syndrome.*)

After lunch some of us helped sort through puzzles that were donated to make sure that all the pieces were there. Others returned to the library to continue organizing the various sections, some went to organize supplies, while others took their turn to teach English. We also got to play with the P1 kids and made friends with Min and Cee, who, along with Pee, were our favorite because they were so crazy and energetic. At the end of the school day, we walked the K1 and K2 classes down the hill to wait for their buses. The little kids were so cute because they always want to hold our hand.

After we left R 35, we went to the minimart to buy some snacks and drinks, then returned to the resort. We played football and volleyball on the beach, then went to dinner at a local restaurant near the resort and where we were served many Thai dishes.

Day 3 in Khao Lak – February 13, 2008

This morning we got to sleep in 15 minutes more, which was a blessing because we were all already exhausted. We arrived after the morning assembly and straight away, we (the guys) went off to start digging holes for planting trees, while the girls went back to the library to organize the books some more. We learned today that **Digging + Hard Soil + 95 degree heat = not fun**. It was really hard going, and it took all morning to get the holes dug, and that was even with the help of R 35 students passing by. After lunch we planted trees into the 11 holes that were dug. That was, again, extremely difficult trying to pull all the dirt that fell down the slope back up into the hole.

We all had to take our turn teaching classes. We taught the kids shapes and then made up a game that went with what we taught. We divided the class into two groups and it was extremely funny because one group kept cheating and we had to confiscate a bunch of cheat sheets. Our favorite kids – Pee, Min, and C – are in P1. Everyone was so energetic, but we had a lot of fun because after awhile we just began playing Heads Up Seven Up. The kids really enjoyed that game.

We went downstairs and taught the kids some dance moves. We taught them to dance to the songs “Soulja Boy”, “Wind it Up,” and “the Macarena”. Then we formed a large circle with all the kids and did the hokey pokey. This proved to be more fun because it also allowed them to use English words in the song (corresponding body parts). The kids really enjoy singing and dancing, and we had a lot of fun. They are very good kids – they cooperate and just like to have fun. We also found out that these kids really love cameras, both being in pictures and looking at them!

At the end of the school day all of us were told to go to the K1 and K2 students and walk them out to the front gate again for pick up. Then we returned to the resort and spent our free time just like any other before study period and dinner. The dinner was at the same hotel we had eaten at on the first night again and curfew remained at 9:30 PM.

Day 4 in Khao Lak – February 14, 2008

We woke up 15 minutes later like yesterday and we completely forgot it was Valentine's Day till we arrived at breakfast to see the heart-shaped cake and jello. It's a good thing that we're surrounded by friends to celebrate this day because we were all enjoying each other's company. When we arrived at school and began our day teaching the students, we were bombarded with cards and flowers and it was really adorable.

We went to the library to sort donated books, then we went to teach classes. We played Simon Says for most of the class, using vocabulary we gave them, such as walk, raise your hand, dance, sit, stand, and cry. The winners got candy, and at the end of class we sang happy birthday to three girls who had birthdays coming up. In the P1 class we did the hokey pokey, but then they requested that we play musical chairs. So we did and it turned out to be a great success because everyone enjoyed themselves. Whoever won got pieces of candy, so everyone got really competitive and it was just really funny watching them kick each other off the chairs. In the 6/2 class (grade 6) instead of being conventional, we decided to teach them the song "The Lion Sleeps Tonight". We taught them in a rather organized fashion by separating them by rows and each row had a different part of the song to sing. This was a lot harder than we thought because many of them were too shy; however, everyone enjoyed themselves and they were able to sing it eventually!

After lunch we went to the playground with a bunch of kids and we got another chance to hang out with our P1 kids, especially Pee, Min, and C. We played a game called Dead and Alive, we swung on the swings, and we also played tag. That was really interesting because instead of avoiding getting tagged, they ALL wanted to be 'it'. It was really funny every time C was it, because he'd run up to Yael and slap her really hard. Also, there was this one little girl named Pueng who had a huge crush on Jason and would always chase him tirelessly around the playground. So we just ended up tagging her to watch her chase him.

At the end of the day, we walked the K1 and K2 kids to the front gate again. That was the end of our last full day at R 35. We had the usual choice on how to spend our free time: beach or pool. Of course we chose the beach because that was one great thing about being in Khao Lak. After study period, we had dinner at the resort consisting of heart-shaped pizzas and ice cream. Got to start packing tonight. Wish we could stay here forever!



Day 5 in Khao Lak – February 15, 2008

Today is our last day here in Khao Lak, and we are really sad to have to leave. We gave Maile and Brian a card we had made for them to thank them for all the hard work they put into the trip. Then we got our group picture taken with them.

We arrived at R 35 around the usual time, and when the kids lined up for the opening ceremony they wished us farewell. Kenta said a few words on behalf of the whole group, which was probably the best idea since he was extremely well liked by everyone. After this, all of us headed to M6 (grade 12) to talk to them and use the interview questions that they were given so we could try to have conversations despite the language barriers. It was really great talking to them because although they were all at least a year older than us, the senior students were very respectful to us and they really enjoyed hearing how our school was like and if Bangkok was a nice place to live, etc. Then we got to ask them how they lived and where they were going after they graduated.

After that, we went to the P1 class to play with our little friends Pee, Min, and C and to say goodbye. We were immediately surrounded by all these kids asking for our phone numbers. It was so sweet of them, we all felt like

celebrities. But when we really had to leave, it was one of the most heartbreaking moments of our lives because in truth, we really loved these kids and we're going to miss them so, so much. We had made some good friends this week.

By 11:30 we had to leave for the Phuket International Airport to head back to Bangkok. Some kids stayed inside the classroom because they were crying. In any situation it is sad to say good-bye, but so many of these kids have been through too many good-byes, and it was sad for many people to leave.

WWW Khao Lak Reflection

Jason summed up the week:

The trip was an incredibly rewarding experience, and as we taught the students, we learned at the same time. Over the week, I made many friends at this school, and had more fun than I ever thought I would. From marching kindergartners to lunch, to digging holes and planting trees, this was truly a great trip. Our first day was definitely awkward, as everyone (ISB and R 35 students alike) was really nervous to interact with each other. Soon, though, we broke through the uneasiness and began to talk and play and teach with the students. I had a lot of fun teaching, and I discovered that the job is much more difficult than I ever thought! It was challenging to try and make classes interesting and to try to get the students interacted. We played Simon Says, Hangman, and other games to help the R 35 students practice their English language skills. The students were a lot of fun to hang out with, and I even picked up a few Thai phrases, such as 'rong tao' for shoes and 'gin kao' for eating. My favorite part of the trip was helping out with the kindergartners. I made a really good friend with a child named James, and he was one of the cutest and funniest little kids I had ever met. I also met a boy named Pete, and he really made me thankful for my education and well being. Pete was autistic and diabetic at the same time. He really made me feel bad for him, but at the same time, he almost inspired me in a way, because he was always happy and smiling, despite his problems. As well as making friends with R 35 students, I also made friends with ISB students and I got a chance to meet some people I would have never talked to outside of this trip. I had lots of fun playing soccer and volleyball on the beach, and even more fun every night at dinner time. On the last day of the school visit, I was really sad to have to leave these great kids, but I am fairly confident I will be back to visit soon. I am grateful to have had such a great opportunity to help in a disaster area, and I would really like to choose this course again in the future. I can't wait to see these kids again. It truly was a great trip.



Hungry? Thailand Is a Great Place to Grab a Quick Snack . . .



Doesn't this look tasty?
Vanilla ice cream with sweet corn. Yum!
(Submitted by Maureen Lockhart Salahshoor '75)



Or how about this? Add a little protein to your diet.
(Submitted by Robert Rochlen '74)

All Good Things Must Come to an End

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



After 6 wonderful years on the Board of Directors of the ISB Network serving as the Newsletter Editor, I have decided that it's time for me to step down and let someone else take over the job. I cannot begin to tell you how much I have enjoyed being on the Board and especially how much fun I've had putting together each issue of the newsletter.

Since it has been – and continues to be – so much fun, you may be wondering why I'm stepping down now. First, when I joined the Board at the Phoenix reunion in 2002, I promised my husband that I would only do it for 6 years. I was still in the middle of running the alumni association for the Uruguayan American School, which I did for over 10 years. My husband saw how burned out I got from doing that since for many years I ran it pretty much alone. It really got to be too much doing both, so I was fortunate that I was able to find someone to take over the UAS alumni group. I want to leave the ISBN Board while it's still fun.

Besides doing ISB Network stuff and running the UAS alumni association, I've also been involved with the Colegio Internacional de Carabobo, the school I attended in my elementary grades in Venezuela. It has informal reunions every so often and I like helping out with those, too. In fact, we just had one last January and I volunteered to make photo name badges for it. I made over 200, so that was a warm-up to the 500+ I'll be making for our San Diego reunion. I also have other interests that I want to pursue and sometimes there just aren't enough hours in the day (or days in the weekend) to do everything. Frankly, I wish I could quit my job instead and just work on the Board full time, but I still need the paycheck.

The other reason I'm quitting is because I believe it's time for me to leave to make room for someone else to come on board. I also think it's better for one or two people to leave at a time instead of everyone quitting at once so there is continuity. There needs to be enough people left to transition while the new people get up to speed.

I don't want to say that this has been the best Board ever because there have been a lot of wonderful and dedicated people who have served on the Board over the past 25 years. But I have truly enjoyed working with everyone who has been on the Board over the past 6 years, both when David Wilkerson '71 was CEO and Kris Stahlman '71 was President, and now with Maile McCoskrie Lindley '67 as President. It's a great bunch of fun people and I feel so blessed being able to get to know them all so well.

I plan to stay on the Board until right after the San Diego reunion. I will publish a newsletter in July and that will be my last one.

So now that leaves an opening on the Board. Do you like to write and edit? Do you know Microsoft Word? Would you like to be in a position on the Board where you get to hear so many fascinating stories of people's experiences growing up in Thailand and other adventures? If you think you may be interested, please email me and we can talk about it.

