



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.

My Life – Before, During, and After Thailand

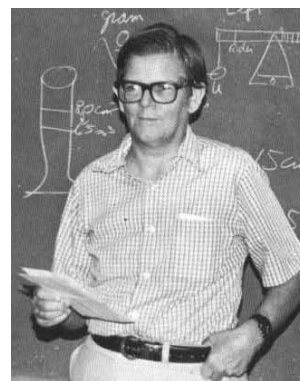
By Phil Reeves (781-834-7218)

ISB Science Teacher from 1960-1984

When I was a kid a friend of my mother's gave me a subscription to National Wildlife Magazine. I used to read about Thai elephants hauling teak logs. I never, ever dreamed that I would not only see these elephants haul logs, but actually ride an elephant bareback with a butterfly net in my hand and collect butterflies while traveling through the jungle. This is a brief account of how I got "from there to here".

I was born in West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Dec. 24, 1927. My childhood days were spent in the suburban towns of Lansdowne and Swarthmore. At the time, my dad had an office in Philadelphia. My mother had attended Drexel Institute of Technology to earn her masters in Library Science and worked at Swarthmore College Library. Money was tight then. Soon after the financial crash of 1929, my folks took in a French teacher from Bryn Mar. Both my sister and I were fluent at 5, but don't ask me to speak much of it today. My dad also raised white mice in our basement and sold them to pet shops in Philadelphia. All went well on that score until he got the flu and mom put her foot down and sold all of them at one go. Too much work to care for a sick husband, two little kids, and dozens of smelly white mice, which seemed to multiply overnight. Academically, I didn't do very well in primary or secondary school. I flunked first grade because of quarantines due to kids' illnesses – no thanks to me or my sister. I flunked eighth grade because of Algebra 2 and sickness. I became readily discouraged by all this, so I quit school at 10th grade and went to Stockbridge School of Agriculture at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst. I lived off campus with a local family. When I started, the Floriculture course was 1 year, but then the University kicked it up to 2 years. My grades were low and my folks didn't have the money to pay for 2 years, so that was the end of that.

My mother's uncle, who lived on Orcas Island in Puget Sound, Washington, happened to be visiting us at the time and offered me a chance to go live with him. He owned a lanky 200-foot long Spanish villa perched just 100 feet above the sea's roaring waves. The place was built on a Lummi Indian site and was spooky at best. Actually, the house was 2 floors at each end and one big living room in the middle. He cooked on a wood stove and I spent my days splitting wood. I learned how to split most any cut of wood using a double-bit axe.



Phil Reeves – 1984

My uncle was a psychologist and wrote books on this subject. He also had patients who visited periodically from Seattle where he did his teaching during the winter months. This left me to “mind the store”, so to speak. The roof of the house leaked at one end and it was my job to service lots of pots and pans in the attic at night. That’s when I began talking to myself – the place was spooky and lonely. I slept in an alcove off the kitchen on a mattress on the floor with a 22 rifle by my side and a radio on 24 hours a day tuned to a western station in Seattle. I had a big vegetable garden and fertilized it using hollow kelp stems that I ran water through. I also raised my uncle’s chickens and sold eggs to the Washington Cooperative in Bellingham.

After 2 years of this life, I quit and got a job working for a strawberry and dairy farmer named Loomis. They were good people and I lived in my own little cabin on their farm. I learned how to milk cows and also how to “strip” them after the milking machines had done their job. (If you don’t strip the cow she’ll dry up and give no more milk.) Unfortunately, the draft was in force about that time and so I was vulnerable, being just a farm hand. Once a month the selective service officer would pull up to the farmhouse looking for me. Fortunately, I was always way ahead of him. I always saw him coming and so I’d call the dog, grab a 30-30 rifle, and head up the adjoining hill until he left.

After a while I got tired of this and decided to enlist in the army, which I did in Seattle. After basic training at Fort Ord, Monterrey Bay, California, the army allowed me to visit my folks in Massachusetts before I shipped overseas in the spring of 1949. That was my second and third times to travel on the Great Northern Railway. I served 3 years in several places in Germany and got out in June of 1952.

After getting adjusted to the states for several months, I went back to high school – after 7 years – and attended the New Preparatory School in Cambridge, Mass., on Brattle Street, right next to the Longfellow House. All was well until a routine visit to our primary care physician determined I was suffering from TB, and so I had to leave society and go take the cure at a VA hospital in Rutland, Mass. I was there for over a year and while there I studied U.S. history by mail and German (the teacher came to the hospital). After I was released from the hospital in April 1954, I returned to New Prep where I completed my high school education.

During that summer my dad took me on a fishing trip up to Moosehead Lake in northern Maine. We never caught any salmon, but we did get marooned on the far side of the lake during a thunderstorm and had to be rescued by the owner of the resort where we were staying.



Nov. 1948 – Fort Ord, California



My darling Winnie before we were married, sitting in front of her Chulalongkorn Hospital nurses dorm

In the fall of 1955 I started at Boston University, majoring in Biology and minoring in Botany and Fine Arts. I really wanted to major in Botany, but BU didn’t offer it and I could not afford to go to another school on the GI Bill. My boyhood dream was to become a plant breeder and work for Burpee Seed Company. To that end, I worked for Burpees at their Doylestown, PA, experimental farm the summer of 1945. In college, I took Genetics; unfortunately, however, Genetics took me. I didn’t have enough of a math background and so I flunked the course. My advisor then suggested teaching.

Meanwhile, during my sophomore year at BU, I met a very petite young lady from Thailand who needed help with her English. She was living in a rooming house just 2 doors down the street from where I was living. In fact, we initially met in front of a salami store on a bridge, just 5 minutes from the BU campus. One thing led to another and we became engaged. My mother was working at the Kress Library of Harvard Business School in Allston and she was in favor of the relationship, but my father, being a strong Philadelphia conservative, was dead set against it. It was a great day when Winnie won him over. Well, she finished her degree at the School of Nursing in 1958, then had to return to Thailand. For the 3 years she was here in the states, she owed her country 6 years of service. I finished my Bachelor’s Degree in 1959 and my Masters in Science Ed in 1960. I graduated in June of 1960 and soon thereafter I was on my way to Thailand to get married.

I left Marshfield by car to Hanover, Mass., where I caught the bus for Boston. From there I went by train to Los Angeles, California, where I was met by friends of my parents who took me to the Oransay, a P&O cruise ship, which took me to Hong Kong by way of 12 hours in Hawaii, 3 days in Yokohama, Japan (the ship was our apartment for the nights on shore), and 3 days in Kobe, Japan. We sailed into Hong Kong bay on July 4th, 1960, where I left the ship with 3 bags, one of which carried my Wollensak tape recorder. I was met there by a Cook representative who escorted me to a hotel where I stayed one night and then he took me to the plane to fly to Bangkok the next day. That was my first trip on Cathay Pacific Airline. Winnie met me at the airport and we journeyed to her hospital by cab. So I started the trip by car and ended it by car.

Twelve days later on July 17, 1960, we were married in Bangkok. We were both 32 years old. That same day we journeyed by train to Nakorn Pathorn southwest of Bangkok to Win's mother's home. According to Thai custom, I had to go through two doors before I could go to bed that night. The first door was a silver door and I had to pay some silver coins to go through. Then I had to go through a gold door and pay some gold. I don't remember what it was now. Then according to Thai custom an old married couple had to make our bed. I immediately "smelled a rat" and was right in what I expected – they "short-sheeted" the bed. The next day we journeyed from Nakorn Pathorn to Sriracha on the coast where we spent a week on our honeymoon. We stayed in a bungalow supported on stilts above the beach and below the Som Det Memorial



Our first home in Bangkok

Hospital – a Thai Red Cross hospital. Swallows had nests under our bungalow and made an awful racket every time the tide came in, as they swooped to catch insects flying above the waves. We were treated to our lodging, but had to pay for our meals, which were delivered to us on a tray by a hospital man.

That August I applied for the job I was promised by letter from the Nesbitts. I might add here that ISB considered me local hire but I wasn't. I had 24 one-year contracts between 1960 and 1984.

Win and I started our married life living over a garage and going up there by an inside staircase. The building was within 6 feet of a Thai school, which started 6 days a week at 7 AM – full blast! I had to walk 2 miles to Sukhumvit Road to catch a bus to the end of Soi 15 where I either walked or caught a tuk-tuk to ISB. In 1966 Winnie chose our daughter Pook (real name is Pummalee) from a Thai orphanage. She was 8 months old.



Our daughter Pook with her dog

My first year I had 43 kids in a classroom with just 2 overhead fans and open windows. Elementary school was departmentalized. I taught 6th grade science and social studies while someone else taught the rest of my 6th grade subjects. I taught 6th grade for 2 years and then got the chance to move up to Jr. High. In my 24 years at ISB, I taught 4th through



Ham Radio – Friday evenings at ISB, Soi 15

9th grade in science. I taught 7th and 8th grade science for 14 years. These were my favorite teaching years. And during this time I had the pleasure of teaching Yung Yip who said in his e-mail to me, "I have always considered Phil Reeves to have had the most profound influence in the directions I took in education and then my career."

I have many memories of ISB – both at the Soi 15 campus and at the Bangsue campus. The Student Science Society (SSS) and its activities on the roof of Soi 15; star gazing from 7:00 PM to 7:00 AM, lying on our backs and watching the constellations arise in the east and set in the west. Talking to the world via the 2-element cubical quad antenna built by students of the SSS. Watering the many plants up there on the roof.



ISB, Soi 15 Campus – Student Science Society Roof Area

On the Bangsue campus I taught an Applied Science course, which I set up myself. I taught kids how to build a house and 15 did just that, using cement for foundation and split bamboo for the rest. They even filled the houses with furniture and curtains and we had a “Show and Tell” for their parents one afternoon. With the help of dedicated and skillful students, we constructed a Moon Base in my classroom and took groups through it. There was an entrance and then several stations within the main structure. Some cool electrical and sound work was done so the entire “show” sounded real.



*Debra Martin, Misao Kawamura,
and Joan Hilbert – 1971*



Bangsue Campus Jr. High kids – December 1976



*Jr. High Students at Bangsue – weighing a mouse
raised in the class room*



Jr. High students at Bangsue

When I taught Earth Science, I assigned my students to get samples when they went away on holiday. When I went off with friends on the weekends I always took a chisel and hammer with me so I could collect any good rock samples to be used for teaching. They are from all over the world – thanks to my students and my weekend trips. The biggest pieces I had to leave at ISB when I retired in June 1984; they were too heavy to truck home. This past May (2008) while I was back in Bangkok for 2 weeks, I gathered up most of my personal rocks and donated them to a friend who teaches Geology at Chulalongkorn University.

I should also mention that when I first arrived in Thailand in July of 1960 I started collecting small mammals, which I shipped to the Natural History Museum in New York. In 1963 I started collecting butterflies and beetles. Before that date I collected all kinds of insects. Today a large part of my beetle collection is in the Keil Canal Museum in Keil Canal, Germany. Others of my collection are residing in the Applied Scientific Research Corp. collection in Bangsue, Thailand.



*Sriracha Elephant Ride in 1962.
Bill Lueke with his father and me.*



*Doi Kun Tan: 4-day trip for SSS butterfly collecting.
This hill station is located just before Chiang Mai*



*Gudrun Deckert, Ellen Jones, and Marion Deckert,
SSS annual trip to Nong Khai near Hua Hin
Christmas 1970*



*Day Dream, 1970 – Student Science
Society Trip to Nong Kai*



*Collecting insects at
Khao Yai National Park
Christmas 1974*



*SSS at Khao Yai – Collecting deer
droppings – Location of cross-compass
lines = deer at night – Christmas 1974*

After I left ISB I did volunteer work at a Boys' Home in Banglamoon and also at Som Det Memorial Hospital in Sriracha. Here I rented a 3rd floor flat over a doctor's office where I stayed Wednesday through Friday, then went back to Bangkok. Thursdays at the Boys' Home I worked with three groups of boys ages 5 through 12 – two groups before lunch and one group after lunch. I would give each group a game to wear them down and then give each boy a craft kit and tell them what to do. At the hospital I pushed a craft cart and visited the children's ward and also the orthopedic ward for men and women. A lot of the men and women did simple weaving using looms I made from scratch. The women and some of the men did appliqué by gluing pieces of the picture with colored pieces of cloth. When I stopped visiting the hospital I had completed over 75 different patterns with their templates. Today a dozen or so of those patterns are now in Burma – carried by a missionary lady.



My craft cart and three of the nurses I taught English to



Appliqué – Me with a patient



Plastic art – I design them and supply the colored yarn, scissors, and needle



I design the pattern and punch the holes, then provide the scissors and yarn or string

My wife and I now live in Marshfield, Mass., although we also have a house off Lat Prao in Bangsue where our daughter and two grandkids live. Pook is 42; her son Shem is almost 13 and her daughter Fern is 9 years old. They go to a Thai public school. Pook does doggie shampoos and travels all over the city plying her skills.

Retirement keeps me busy with more activities than before I was retired. I have a vegetable garden of some 25×70 feet. With five raised beds and other areas not raised. You name it – I grow it. I freeze a lot of what I grow and give some away. I also have two large raspberry beds, three Concord grape vines, two seedless red grape vines, and one seedless green grape vine. I have a dwarf plum and a dwarf apple tree inside the vegetable garden away from chipmunks and squirrels.

In the winter months I make little 1"×1"×4" wooden cars that I ship to Volunteers in Medical Missions and the doctors and nurses of this outfit take them all over the world. Actually, I've been making toys for kids in Third World countries since 1991. So far these little toys have gone to Laos, Thailand, Burma, Vietnam, Mexico, Haiti, Brazil, Honduras, Africa, Dominican Republic, Tanzania, Ukraine, Cuba, and Mongolia. I buy wooden wheels by the thousands from a place in Maine and the wood is given to me by several friends. I have an old Frisbee friend in Chiang Mai who donates money periodically for shipping costs. I put scripture on the bottom of all the cars. The heads are little pompoms, the eyes are wiggle eyes, and the noses are tiny pony beads, the hats are made from scrap cloth and the "lights" are green pony beads for the front and red pony beads for the rear. No car leaves this factory if it won't roll easily. I used to cut the axles from dowels with a pair of hand clippers and then sharpen the ends using an old pencil sharpener. Nowadays I have a friend who gives me dowels that are just the right thickness and length.



Fern, Shem, Pook, and Winnie at our house on Soi 109 off Lat Prao

So far I've been on four mission trips to Honduras – two to the capital to work on a daycare center and two to a place outside Santa Rosa to work on a chapel. At the age of 80 I'm learning Spanish. Winnie and I will be married 48 years this summer. Well, I think that give you a taste of the last 80 years. I would love to hear from any of my former students or Student Science Society members.



My workshop in Bangkok



Standard model – trucks and cars



Humming musical instruments – they work like tissue paper and a comb



Fun and games with a fret saw and paint – I used to cut and sell puzzles. My biggest took 2 weeks and had 1300 pieces. I used to saw jigsaw puzzles by hand, using a Thai fret saw and a downward stroke. Here I am in a school gym at a craft fair.



Our house in Massachusetts and our view to the sea. It is exactly one mile from our house to the ocean.

ISB Band To Reunite with Long-Lost Member

*By Kathy Vollmer '75 (kathy.vollmer@comcast.net),
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Jack Shirley '74 (jbs_svcs@hotmail.com),
Marlone Quitariano '75 (mbq006@peoplepc.com),
Fred Neroni '74 (fneroni@peoplepc.com), and
Raja Aromin '75 (rajaromin@sbcglobal.net)*

The San Diego reunion will see the members of the ISB “garage” band Vehicle reunite for the first time in over 34 years. Several members have jammed at the Teen Club during past reunions, but there were still others who had not yet been found. Recently, several band members were in contact with each other via email discussing which songs they were planning to play in San Diego. Several members lamented the fact that band mate Fred Neroni '74 would not be able to join them since they heard that he had died several years ago. Imagine their surprise and pleasure to discover that Fred was very much alive and well and will be jamming with them once again!

James Whang '77 recently became interested in getting involved with the Network once again. He had attended the 1988 reunion in Boston, but had lost touch with the group. With all the talk about playing at the reunion's “Teen Club”, James worked to locate missing band mates. He googled Fred and emailed every email address he found online. One of those paid off and he was able to inform Fred about all he had been missing for the past 30+ years.



Fred and Marlone – 1973

According to Jack Shirley '74, back in 1973 Marlone Quitariano '75, and Ken Young '76, and he were typically “wound up and bouncing off the noodle wagons” (or was it Pancho's hamburger cart? Time has a way of making memories a little fuzzy.). To keep occupied, they came up with the idea of forming a band and practicing some songs for a Young International audition. Jack played bass, Marlone played lead/rhythm guitar, and Ken was on drums. Fred Neroni and Tom Atkinson (we're still trying to locate him) joined in later about a month before the auditions. They did a couple of songs at the audition: *Funk #49* (James Gang) and *Vehicle* (Ides of March). The band passed and became Y.I. members.



Larry, Fred, Rao, unknown, and Tom

The following months saw the band recruiting James Whang '77, Larry Maramis '74 (who replaced Ken on drums), Kim Jenkins '76, and Kathy Vollmer '75 to make the line-up for the band. We all sang, but the majority of songs were done by Larry, James, and Fred. Since our signature song was *Vehicle* by Ides of March, we all decided to call the band Vehicle.

In 1974 Jack left the band because “I had too many senior things going on and was too stupid to realize what a good thing was at the time, plus I wasn't very good.” Marlone then became the leader, although, the band always shared ideas and comments. Our musical direction was more of a collective effort from all band members with the focus being on popular contemporary music bordering on Rock, Pop music, within reach of our abilities and instrumental

talents. Examples: *Crocodile Rock*, *It Never Rains in Southern California*, *For Yasgur's Farm*, *Everybody Is a Star*, *Get Ready*, *Colour My World*, to name a few.

Many activities that we all pursued during that time overlapped, for example, YI's, Stage Band, and other bands (collaborating with Dan Grandi '73, Scott Windsor '74, Jack Doughty '75, Rao Vedurumudi '75, and even with some Ruam Rudee musicians outside of ISB). The eventual band line-up on our final year, consisted of the following: Larry Maramis (drums), James Whang (bass), Raja Aromin '75 (rhythm guitar), Marlone Quitoriano (lead/rhythm guitar), Kim Jenkins (flute/piano), Fred Neroni (trumpet), and Tom Atkinson (sax).

We managed to play at the Teen Club, private functions, and even the Junior/Senior prom of either '73 or '74. We quickly realized that having a band was hard work at times, what with the logistics of renting and transporting equipment to our "gigs". What made it worthwhile, though, was sharing the camaraderie with great friends as band members and sharing our music with a broad audience – the little kids thought we were rock stars.



Fred, Raja, and Marlone – 1973

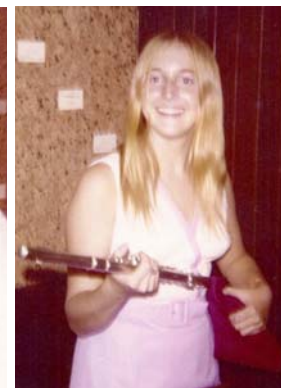


John Tran, Marlone, Hotma Oppusunggu, Larry (on drums behind Hotma) and James – January 1974

One incident also comes to mind: After a gig, Larry and Marlone had loaded a taxi (we didn't always have the use of someone's dad's car and driver) with our equipment and headed out to our destination to meet with the rest of the gang. Long story short – they lost Raja's guitar somewhere along the line and they never heard the end of that.



Larry and Rao



Kim Jenkins

Side Note from Kathy Vollmer: As most ISBers know, the military has a host family waiting for new families when they arrive at a new post. The Neronis were our host family! Fred was great, letting me know about all the musical opportunities at ISB and giving me some tips about this fabulous foreign land I'd just come to. The military compound in Bangkok – JUSMAG-THAI (Joint United States Military Advisory Group - Thailand) – employed the children of some of the officers in the summer. The first job I ever had was working as a clerk for Col. Neroni and Col. Biberstein (father of Billy Biberstein '74) in the summer of '73.



Tom

With all the music planning and more musicians joining in the fun, it should be an even better Teen Club experience in San Diego than we had in San Antonio! Although, the audience in San Antonio will be hard to beat! We were very gratified at how much fun our classmates had there and how much they seemed to enjoy it!

Teen Club – San Antonio 2006 – All photos courtesy of Sherry Waldack Gardner '76. For more of her great photos from past reunions, click on <http://members.cox.net/isbreunion2006/nowthen.html>



Kathy Vollmer



Raja Aromin, Marlone Quitoriano, and Rao Vedurumudi



Dan Grandi



Raja



Stacy Berryman (aka "Sticks")



Marlone



Rao



Kathy, Marlone, and George Snipan

A Great Reason NOT to Bring a Spouse to a High School Reunion!

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

My wife and I were sitting at a table at my high school reunion. I kept staring at a drunken woman swigging her drink as she sat alone at a nearby table.

My wife asked, "Do you know her?"

"Yes," I sighed. "She's my old girlfriend. I understand she started drinking right after we split up those many years ago, and I hear she hasn't been sober since."

"My God!" says my wife. "Who would think a person could go on celebrating that long?"

So you see, there really are two ways to look at everything...

Rumor has it that we will get one free Singha at the Thai Dinner Thursday night. When Tom Reynolds '69 heard that, he immediately ran out and bought plastic cups for the event.



The Year of Living Remarkably *How I reconnected with ISB after 37 years...* *through my 23-year-old son*

By Carla Clay Berry '73 (RKCCBerry@aol.com)



Carla Clay Berry
10th Grade

I was at ISB for only one year— 1970-71 – my sophomore year. We left Bangkok at the end of that year to return to Honolulu, where I graduated from Punahou School in 1973 (in the news these days as Barack Obama's alma mater). The year has been but a faint memory...until my son, Matt Berry (Pitzer College '07), landed a post-college, Princeton-in-Asia (PiA) Program Fellowship, teaching English in southern Thailand, starting October 2007. This renewed family connection to Thailand has prompted me to reflect on that remarkable year.

Several friends have wondered whether Matt's decision to teach in Thailand had anything to do with hearing stories of my family's year there. Apart from his apparent inheritance of a gene that predisposes him towards travel, I think not. With the benefit of college semesters abroad in Botswana, South Africa, and Costa Rica, he was eager to check out another part of the globe. Thus, he applied for a fellowship in the fall of his senior year at Pitzer College (Claremont, CA) with PiA, an organization loosely affiliated with Princeton University (to which graduates from any college or university may apply).

Upon learning that he would be going to Thailand, I logged onto the ISB alumni website just out of curiosity. One of the first things I noticed was a blog entry by Maile McCoskrie Lindley '67 about the school where she and her husband Brian volunteer in southern tsunami-ravaged Thailand. I was just so impressed that she and her husband had created "space" in their lives to make an ongoing commitment to the children of R35. At that point, however, my husband and I did not know where Matt would be teaching as PiA interns are in several locations in Thailand. I "filed" the information about R35 somewhere in the back of my brain...

Off Matt went to Thailand last September – first to Chiang Mai for a month of intensive Thai language classes. Next, he headed south to the province of Phang Nga, to an area that he vaguely defined as being about an hour and a half north of Phuket, where he would be working at School Rajaprajanugroh 35. It wasn't until my husband went to Thailand a few months later to visit Matt, whereupon he met Maile and Brian that I realized that they and my son were working at the same school. That prompted me to take a second look at the ISB alumni website and Maile's blogs where I actually found Matt in one of her photographs with the rest of the ESL staff. Something of a pen-pal relationship with Maile has ensued and I was asked to write an article for the July newsletter! More about my son's experience later...



R35 Campus

We lived in Bangkok off Soi 71 for about a year. My father, Gen. Lucius Clay, Jr. was in Vietnam at the time – commander of the U.S. Air Force and stationed at Tan Son Nuht Air Base. We had the option to stay in Honolulu or move to Bangkok, an option that I can't imagine exists for military families today. My mother, Betty Clay, ever an adventurer (and all of 44 years old – seems so young now) decided to take up the Bangkok offer. With two older brothers in college in

the States, my mother, younger brother, Colin (7th grade at ISB in 1970-71), and I packed our bags, put the furniture in storage, grabbed our dog, Beau, and off we went. Back then, military families could catch flights on military transport planes and that is, indeed, how we traveled to Thailand from Honolulu. Basically the flight crew puts some extra passenger seats in the cargo plane and off you go on a long, windowless flight. It's a perfectly comfortable way to fly, though a bit disconcerting to glance behind to the cargo area to see tanks lined up. And, I recall we had our dog on the plane with us. We must have stopped along the way to refuel – or at least to let the dog run about for a minute. I recall walking him on the tarmac in Guam.

We landed in Bangkok and my father continued onto Saigon (Ho Chi Minh City now). I still remember the beautiful leis that were draped around our necks upon arrival. We had lovely leis in Hawaii, but these were quite different – being open at the ends and with flowers that were new to us. We stayed at the Dusit Thani Hotel for a week until we could move into our house. The baby elephant at the hotel entranced my brother and me – the elephant was in an area off the lobby and I recall we could go right over and pet him. To us the baby elephant seemed rather like a pet dog, albeit a big one. I suspect this was the beginning of my brother's fascination with all the animals he would shortly discover at the weekend market.

I can't remember how a house off Soi 71 was found for us. Probably it was turned over from one military family to the next. We were greeted warmly at the house by sisters Som Lui and Dang, the cook and housekeeper team, who miraculously appeared at the house and took all three of us under their wings. Well, I should say four because no four-legged critter has ever been treated as well as Beau. Now we had never experienced life with a full-time housekeeper and cook before, so this in itself was quite a novelty. And, the kitchen was separate from the house – typical in Thailand, but not something we had encountered before. It gave the whole kitchen area with all the pungent aromas a kind of exotic atmosphere. Som Lui and Dang would disappear into the kitchen and beyond – a few steps from the house, but a whole different world.

From the moment we arrived, Som Lui and Dang watched over us and to this day I think of them with love and gratitude for the good care they gave us. Som Lui was more outgoing than her sister and exuded competence. They were both unfailingly gracious and seemed to enjoy helping us settle in and find our way around the bustling city of Bangkok. They helped us with the Thai language (all the essentials we needed to go to the market, bargain with the samlor drivers, take a bus down Sukhumvit, go to the movies, etc.) and they brought their gentle nature and attention to everything they did.

I have to return the dog, Beau, because they just adored him. Now this dog was a mixed breed – a white, scruffy male dog about 30 pounds. Not too big for them to tote around – and tote they did. Beau had always given us a hard time when we tried to bathe him, but for Som Lui and Dang he literally jumped right into the big tub they set up by an outside shower off the kitchen. They bathed him in that tub at least twice a week and then combed him to the degree that we hardly recognized him...not to mention the weight gain from all the treats they cooked for him. He never had life quite so good again. That extra weight probably served him well as Beau had to go into quarantine in Hawaii for 6 months when we moved back to the States. But, he was none the worse for the wear, living to an ancient 18 years old! It was as if some lingering spirit of good will from that canine paradise on Soi 71 watched over him in the post-Bangkok years.

We lived in a beautiful modern house – basically squares overlapping each other on two levels with huge plate glass windows– with a goldfish pond (more like a stream) which, incredibly, meandered right through the middle of the house! The house backed up on the klong and Colin spent hours playing there and fishing with his friends Jeff and Greg Lett. He used to get fish from the klong, which he would occasionally put in the interior goldfish pond. This would infuriate Som Lui and Dang because inevitably he would catch some kind of fish that would gobble up the goldfish. We had quite a menagerie with two mean parrots (I was terrified to feed them because they pecked you hard when changing their food), several snakes (harmless variety, but snakes, nevertheless), the dog, and a gibbon monkey who stayed with us from time to time (belonged to a friend).

We thought it was just an extraordinary house – and to top it all off, we had a swimming pool right in the yard. Growing up as a military kid, we moved about every 2 years and I still think the house off Soi 71 was the most special. I wish I could recall names of neighbors and ISB classmates better. I can't consult my Erawan as it (along with all my yearbooks) was destroyed in a flood – victims of all that packing up and moving around. I remember taking the bus with Kathy McMahon, Pam (last name?) and Sue (Ingram?). We were all in the same compound and used to gather at the bus stop at the corner of

Soi 71 and Sukhumvit to take a VW bus to school – decorated with hanging baskets of flowers and incense burning. My best friend in Bangkok was Mary Kirk and we have stayed in touch over the years, although we have not managed to see each other since college days.

In addition to the several American families in the compound, the family who lived right behind us was Chinese. The windows at the back of their house overlooked our swimming pool and the small children in the home would sit in the window and watch us in the pool. We would wave at them and exchange a few words in our rather limited Thai, but we were never able to “crack the code” in terms of developing a friendship with them. But, we knew that if we were in the pool, they would be watching us.

One particularly memorable day, I jumped into the pool and glanced up, as I always did, to see if the Chinese children were there. Well, they were there and gesturing frantically at me. I didn’t understand what they were trying to tell me until I looked around the pool and saw a snake swimming towards me. Well, I almost walked on water to get out of the pool and to this day have a visceral fear of snakes. And, it was a good thing that they warned me. When I went to get Som Lui (who, of course, knew how to deal with absolutely everything), she sought out her husband who maneuvered the snake out of the pool and killed it. Well, it turned out to be a bright green pit viper that, indeed, has a powerful venom and not one you want to be bitten by. That wasn’t the only snake incident – Beau was rescued by Som Lui when he decided to try and “play” with a cobra that had slithered into the yard.

I really wanted Matt to see the house so I gave him very specific directions as to where it was located, but the neighborhood is now utterly changed and the houses in the old compound are long gone. According to my son, there is no trace of the klong anymore. I gather many sections of the klong have been dredged and in-filled. A huge skyscraper condominium complex will be constructed soon (so far, models and a gleaming sales office are all that exists). The area is now considered quite central and conveniently located at a Skytrain stop. Matt sent me the glossy brochure, which proposes something that looks like an indoor beach inside the complex! It sounds totally unrecognizable as the neighborhood I knew.



Soi 71 Today

My memories are undoubtedly very much your memories, too, if you lived in Bangkok in the 70s. Going to the movies, standing up for the National Anthem as the King’s portrait filled the screen, meeting at the Erawan Shrine, the beauty of the lights on the klong at night, a special dinner with my brothers (visiting from colleges in the USA) at the Oriental Hotel, trips to Pattaya (my first moped accident – fortunately, just a slightly burned leg), watching the amazing kites flying in a park whose name I can’t recall. Yet, for some strange reason, even though I remember very little Thai, I can still sing the “Pepsi” song in Thai. That must say something about the number of commercials I sat through at the movies. I loved watching the monks pass down our street in the morning, receiving food from a covered pot, which Som Lui or Dang brought to the roadside. And, it was always a treat to see what little offerings of food and flowers Som Lui and her sister would prepare for the spirit house each day.

The compound also had a guard, an Indian, who slept in a little house near the gate to the compound. As I think back on it, there was this rather mysterious world of the compound. Did his little house have a bathroom or a shower? I think not...I think he disappeared into the area beyond the house along the klong where Som Lui and Dang and their families lived, but an area that we were not privy to (though I think Colin saw more of their lives because of the time he spent fishing on the klong). But I do remember the Indian guard well – like us, he did not speak much Thai, but spoke English fairly well so we would chat from time to time. When my father occasionally visited from Vietnam, the Indian guard would get all spruced

up and march around the yard and salute my father with a classic British style salute whenever he saw him through the large plate glass windows of the house. My father found this rather unnerving – to have this man saluting him at all times. And, it's not as though my father on the few days he had in Bangkok was parading around himself in his military uniform. I do recall that this seemed to be the highlight of the guard's life, the excitement of having a high-ranking military officer to guard for a few days.

My mother instantly loved Thai culture. She loved the fabrics, the ceramics (she became very knowledgeable about celadon), and was interested in learning about Buddhism. Her fascination with Thailand made the year all the more interesting as she was always up for an adventure, whether it was bringing home a new animal from the market, sight-seeing around Bangkok, or planning a trip to India (which we did over Christmas break 1970 for two weeks). Many of those beautiful batik and silk fabrics were made into pillows that I now have in my home.

I remember how happy Som Lui was when my mother bought a Buddha for the house. My mother placed the statue in the open alcove in the stairwell, thinking this was a place where you could see the Buddha from all directions. However, this was not the final position for the Buddha – Som Lui pointed out that as you came down the stairs, the Buddha was below foot level, which is considered disrespectful. Thus, she counseled my mother on an appropriate location where it remained during our tenure in the house. By the end of the year, Som Lui and Dang had covered the Buddha with gold leaf papers. When we left that beautiful house, the Buddha stayed behind.

But, all was not well in the world in 1970-71. We were in Vietnam, immersed in an increasingly unpopular war and trying to figure out how to extricate ourselves. Drugs were widely available in Bangkok and I'll never forget the heart-wrenching news of losing a classmate to a drug overdose. Colin, age 13, had a terrifying experience the night he was late for a Boy Scouts Far East Council meeting at the Middle School. Since the sliding gate was closed and there was not a guard in evidence to open it (armed guards were a reality at both campuses), Colin decided to climb the chain link fence. This, indeed, did get the attention of guards who chased him down with their guns trained on him. To some degree, we lived remarkably independent lives in terms of getting around the city. Perhaps we were all somewhat naïve, but we moved freely around Bangkok with little trepidation.

Additionally, for me it was a relief to live a somewhat "civilian" life apart from the military base lifestyle we had left in Hawaii where everyone knew us as "General Clay's" children. This meant that due to the strict hierarchy of the military, we made other kids uncomfortable (or at least I worried that we did) or that given that the USA was fighting in an unpopular war, we were somehow guilty by association with our father. It was a relief to be released from those two stigmas that clung to us as teenagers in the 1970s. I don't think many people at ISB even knew that my father was in Vietnam – I must have liked to keep it that way as I don't recall talking about it much, preferring a little anonymity.

Fast-forward 37 years and my son, Matt, is in Bang Sak, just north of Khao Lak in the province of Phang Nga, teaching English at R35 on a year-long fellowship with Princeton-in-Asia for 2007-2008. Most of you reading this newsletter know that R35 was built after the devastating 2004 Asian tsunami destroyed four schools in the vicinity. The boarding school of more than 1,000 students (ages 4-17) was built with funds from HM The King's Foundation, the Thai military, ISB, and Pepsi Thailand. The school also functions as a residence for many disadvantaged children and orphans. The fact that Matt ended up in Thailand at a school with close ties to ISB (which provides ongoing support in myriad ways) was just a coincidence as he could have been assigned to positions with schools or non-governmental organizations in other parts of Asia.

Now nine months into his year long assignment, his



Matt in the ESL Office at R35

Thai is more than adequate for daily living, but still difficult to have sophisticated conversation in Thai. Certainly when my husband visited him in February, he was impressed with Matt's ability to converse with the locals in Thai. Matt's immediate task when he arrived in Phang Nga was to find a place to live. He ended up renting a small bungalow near the beach from Amnut who had moved to the area after working for the government in Bangkok. Amnut lost his wife, house, van, and most of his belongings in the tsunami – and has rebuilt his life, as have so many others in the area. Although Matt has since moved a bit nearer to the school, he and Amnut have become good friends and spend a lot of time together, especially enjoying fishing trips. Amnut has a small restaurant on the beach and one of the first things Matt did outside of teaching was help Amnut write up a menu in Thai/English as well as make a sign in Thai/English to help attract tourists passing through the area.



Matt with a Restaurant Sign



Matt with Amnut and his girlfriend

Many of you will have read Maile's blog, "Notes from the Schoolyard – Thai Style" about R35 as well as some of the ISB students' entries about a service trip they made there this past spring. It's not an easy place to teach English because students not only vary widely in their learning abilities, but many bear the trauma of having lost family members to the tsunami. For some, just sitting still for a class is hard work. Matt has children who run the gamut – from well-behaved and eager to learn, to quite disruptive. There is generally some overlap before one PiA intern leaves and another arrives so they can impart some of their wisdom in terms of classroom management and lesson plans. At times I believe Matt thinks of his job as being more of a camp counselor than a teacher as he is constantly thinking of new games and ways to keep the children's attention. It's challenging, but he is enjoying working with this resilient group of children.

Among the many things Matt enjoys is the beauty of the area. R35 is across the main road, uphill from the coast and Bang Sak Beach – a gorgeous crescent beach. Nearby towns, Khao Lak and Takuapa, are lively with interesting markets. During my husband's visit in February, he and Matt spent a day at Ratchaphrappa Dam in Surat Thani Province – a very large, 20+ year old reservoir. They hired a guide and a longboat to travel the lake, with its spectacular limestone cliffs, floating "guest" villages, and caves with fascinating limestone formations. They also spent a day with Amnut, his



Bang Sak Beach

girlfriend, and a guide touring Phang Nga Bay with amazing rock formations, extraordinary caverns, and a Muslim village (population approximately 1,200) established 200-300 years ago on the Bay. Near R35 and Bang Sak Beach, eerie signs of the 2004 tsunami remain: a deserted beach-front resort destroyed by the tsunami, remnants of fishing boats deposited farther from the sea than one would think possible, a tsunami memorial (funded in part by German companies because of the area's popularity with German tourists, a number of whom were killed by the tsunami), and make-shift "tsunami climbing ladders" nailed to large trees along the beach.

Matt has enjoyed the opportunity to travel extensively in Southeast Asia, taking advantage of the PiA-dubbed "couch network" of other PiA fellows and friends. During a nearly two-month "rainy season" break in April and May (between terms), Matt visited Singapore, Cambodia, Laos, and Vietnam. This weekend, as I write this article, he is in Kuala Lumpur. One thing is for sure, he is not ready to leave Southeast Asia!

Following completion of his work at R35 in the fall, Matt will move to Jakarta, to a 2nd year PiA Fellowship with the National Democratic Institute for International Affairs (NDI). Although he will miss the students, faculty, staff, volunteers, and the beautiful area, he wants to experience another country in a completely different setting and explore a "different line of work." NDI is a not-for-profit, non-governmental organization that works to strengthen and expand democracy worldwide by providing practical assistance to civic and political leaders, to build political and civic organizations, safeguard elections, and to promote citizen participation, openness, transparency and accountability in government. Another year of living remarkably (and my turn to visit)!



From 1973: Recognize any of these handsome young men? How many can you name? (Stumped? See page 21.)
At least three of them will be attending the reunion in San Diego. Come see which ones!



My Return to Thailand – 39 Years Later

By Lenore Kasdorf '66 (kazbie@sbcglobal.net)

Riding in the car from Don Muang into Bangkok on our first day in Thailand in April of '63 – that intense, traffic-packed city – was the first time I'd ever experienced perspiration (nah, it was sweat) running down my scalp to my jaw and down my neck. We sat in a quagmire of snagged congestion at a Patunam traffic circle (which no longer exists). I was in awe. The people, the air, thick and heavy, the smells, the oppressive heat, the sounds...the essence was overwhelming, and I thought, "Wow, this place is amazing!" I was about to fall in love with Bangkok...with Thailand.

I graduated from ISB because my father "extended" for a year so that I could. We all came back to the States, and my dad retired from the Army in '66. I went to college; they returned to Thailand to live forever.

As a result, I went back during summers for 2 years, then took a break from school, stayed in Bangkok, sang with a band and, finally, in '69, left. By that time, I spoke pretty fluent conversational Thai and, basically, felt that Bangkok was my home.

And, so, 39 years later, having reconnected with and/or having maintained some few beautiful, lovely, lively, loving relationships with some of my best-ever friends from wa-a-a-a-ay back, a few of us reconnoitered in Thailand. (Some other very special few were missing, but they won't be missing next time!) On hand were: Mike Dinning ('65) and his wife Deanna, Emily Frick ('65), Frank Gigliotti ('66) and his wife Carol and step-daughter Elena, Don Wood ('65) and his wife Nozomi, and me with my daughter Vanessa (who is my ultimate best friend and my favorite traveling partner for the past 20-something years). Don and Nozomi have actually been back numerous times in the past several years, but, for the rest of us, it'd been a very long time!

I was so excited when our plane touched down, I could hardly contain myself (Vanessa and I flew in alone), but it was midnight, and we had a morning flight into Phuket, so we saw only the new airport and the Novotel Airport Hotel, but the air was so familiar, and it smelled right.



Vanessa feeding a baby elephant

The first real feeling of being home was stepping out of the Phuket Airport, getting a car and driving 50 minutes to our hotel. Finally, after so many years, I was back, and Vanessa could finally experience what she'd been hearing about all her life. We hardly spoke; we just rode, breathing, watching...taking it all in. Until, that is, the driver and I started talking, in Thai, for the last 20 minutes of the trip. Vanessa was kinda fascinated; she'd only ever heard me order Thai food and exchange pleasantries in restaurants or with delivery guys.

Phuket was beautiful, though a bit touristy where we were, but the diving was lovely, we found a funky local market off the beaten path, which was so reminiscent of the old days, and we ate some great Thai food!

On to Bangkok – all of us were prepared for 40 years of explosive, expansive building up and out. In the '60s, I don't think there was much of anything taller than 5 stories. Good Grief! It was numbing to see how the city has changed even though we all knew it had. I could stand at a corner I'd known so well and stare at it and, not at all, be able to recognize it. Then there were places, though, like Soi Withayu (Wireless Road), which emanated the old Bangkok "feel"...with trees lining the streets and filling the embassy compounds. Bangkok in the '60s was still very much a city, but there were trees and flowers all over the place. There was a lushness about it.

We did all kinds of stuff – markets, Wat Po, Wat Arunee, some visited the Royal Bangkok Sports Club; Emily and Mike visited the old ISB only after snagging orange-vested scooter drivers to get them through the traffic. We shopped and ate and ate and ate our beloved Thai food. We went to the “ancient capitol”, Ayutthaya, and to Lopburi where the sacred monkeys run freely in the ruins, fed by the monks and the villagers. We went to Jim Thompson’s house – so beautiful. It reminded me of so many beautiful houses that used to be all over the city.

I’d had plans to find my first house on Soi Kasemsang Nung (1), one block from Jim Thompson’s. We’d hooked up with Esther Cheng (’65), who still lives there, and she invited Vanessa and me to go in her car to look for my house. Kasemsang Nung had been a short, lovely residential street of pretty homes with beautiful gardens (one of the then-Prime Minister’s many wives lived in a huge compound across from us – with peacocks as watch animals!) As we drove down the soi, it was unrecognizable – condos or apartments, some other tall buildings, a major something or other under construction on our right, but I saw, on the left, behind a jagged glass-topped 6-foot wall, a roof-top I thought looked familiar, and the perimeters seemed to fit the compound I remembered. “That might just be my house,” I said.

Suddenly Esther was gone, and Vanessa and I went to find her. She was at the gate, had rung the bell, and a man was there. She explained in Thai who we were and what was going on and asked if I could look inside. He hesitated and looked at me. I also asked in Thai if it would be okay. He asked me my name, I told him, and he said, “I remember you.” His name was Danai and he’d been 19 when I moved there at 14. His dad had been our landlord, and they lived next door. He said he remembered the American teenage girl who moved in, but he had been too shy to talk to me. Now he lived there, and he invited us in.

Many of the fruit trees were gone, except for the mango trees. The lily pond was still there. Some things about the house were changed; he’d painted the beautiful teak wood shutters on all the windows white, and he’d enclosed the upstairs balcony where I sat for hours with my monkey, Nang Sow Ling (Miss Monkey), looking at that gorgeous yard and wondering how I got so lucky to be in a place like that. He offered for us to go inside, and I was able to give Vanessa a tour of my most loved and memorable house ever.



Danai



My house in 1963

The room that had been mine, he kept locked, but opened it for us. It was filled with the most amazing collection of old Buddha’s, artifacts, antiques. His father had been a collector, and it was an incredible collection – from floor to ceiling – a mini museum. I so loved that room. I chose it. It was tiny, but three sides were windowed with those wonderful shutters I never closed. Leaves and fronds rustled and fluttered as I fell asleep every night, listening to the chinchooks and the calls of tokays (where are they all now?).

After our “tour”, Danai, Vanessa, and I drank cokes on the front porch, talked, exchanged contact info, and he also picked a few mangos for me from “my tree”. We have remained in touch, and will visit when we return. I so wish my parents were still around. They would have loved hearing this story!

Somebody who one of us talked to about our little group of friends having gone back to Thailand together said something to the effect that they’d had so many things happen since Bangkok, they couldn’t imagine being so “stuck” in the past, so “into” high school.

Most of us went for years out of contact with each other. The beauty of our friendship is that, after not being in touch for even 10-20 years, some of us, when we did reconnect, picked up just where we left off (in spite of the years). We’ve all

had layered, multi-faceted lives (and then some), but, still, we have that shared affinity for that time together in Bangkok...that "Bangkok connection".

For some people, maybe their Thailand experience was just a time in their lives. For a lot of us, though, it was so much more, and, so, the Bangkok stint will always be hauntingly, magically, a time like no other.

As Mike said, going back together as we did just added more layers to our friendship, re-enforced our love of that amazing country and the Thai people and added new, great memories to our old ones. We love each other even more, and how cool is it that we were so smart 40-something years ago that we knew so well how to pick our friends...and how charmed were we to be gifted with our time together there.

We were there before and at the beginning of the "change". With the war, Bangkok changed so drastically...GI's on R&R, desperate to escape Vietnam for 2 weeks, nightclubs, strippers, all sorts of new "businesses". Much innocence was lost as the city squirmed awkwardly, trying to be cool, "groovy", accommodating, exciting, sexy, sophisticated, and worldly almost overnight.

And now it is such a huge city. Most of the houses we lived in are gone to condos, apartments, businesses, or hotels. Gone are nearly all the trees, the gardens. Still, though there are the people, the Thai people, who are so gracious and, somehow, have retained an essence of innocence. Still there is the smell of Thai jasmine in the air, of garlic and chilies and diesel and burning coconut husks, of heat and humidity and ripe vegetation. Still there is that magic that, if it once catches you, will never be far from you, no matter how far you go or how long it takes you to return.

Graduating from ISB – A Family Tradition

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

Congratulations to Phillip Brougham on his recent graduation from ISB. This is something of a Brougham family tradition. Although Phillip's dad Devin '73 left ISB after his junior year, his Uncle Mark graduated from ISB in 1970. His Uncle Rob '75 also attended ISB from 1967-72.



Left to right: Andrei Brougham, Ben Coulson '08, Timothy Brougham, Devin Brougham '73 (DWBrougham@aol.com), Phillip Brougham '08, Viorica Brougham, and Alex Sypsomos '08

If you would like to see more great pictures of the ISB graduation and dinner cruise, just click on Devin's photo-sharing website: <http://www.box.net/shared/0yn3i1484c>

ISBN Fund-Raising Director Resigns

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

We are sorry to announce the resignation of Lyn McKenna Colwell '70, the Director of Fund Raising for the ISB Network Foundation. Lyn brought a wealth of experience to the job. Besides her professional background in human resources, she also served on several boards and task forces, including her local Chamber of Commerce, an Education Foundation, a local college advisory board, and an HR professionals organization.

Lyn was great at keeping in touch with previous scholarship winners so we could all hear from them and learn about where life has taken them since leaving ISB. She was also quite busy during our reunions selling raffle tickets to raise money for the scholarship. Unfortunately, she has other commitments for her time and doesn't have as much spare time to devote to the Board as she once did. She will be sorely missed.



Lyn with her husband
Mike Colwell '70

My Final Newsletter

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

Well, after 6 years of compiling and writing the ISB Network newsletter, this is my final issue. I have to say, I have loved every minute of it. I have gotten to know so many ISB alumni whom I never would have had the nerve to talk to if it weren't for the "excuse" of trying to come up with new and interesting articles. I hope you have enjoyed their stories as much as I have enjoyed bringing them to you.

With both Lyn's and my resignations, there is room on the Board for some new faces and fresh ideas. If you have an interest in being part of this great organization, please check out this website: <http://www.isbnetwork.com/bod.php>

Along with all current Board members, I will be attending the reunion in San Diego in just a couple of short weeks. Please make a point to talk with any us about how you can help support the Network in continuing with our mission to reunite long-lost friends from ISB.

From Page 17: Men in White Pants – Left to Right: Steve Brannon, Jack Shirley, Tony Grady, Chris Burgess, Kirk Thompson, Charlie Cosgrove, Doug Bevington, Paul Fuelling, Don Hendrix, Mark Cantwell, Kim Prichard, and Phillip Chie.
