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7Roads

THE LITTLE THINGS I LEARNED
AT KODAI - **Kamala Jewett**

THE SILICON VALLEY DREAM
- **Shagun Malhotra**

THE AMERICANS
- **Dr. Chitra Viraraghavan**

THE WAY THINGS WERE'
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FROM THE EDITOR

It is yet again our pleasure to bring the 7Roads Magazine to you. The year has been a delightful one with so many wonderful events and projects undertaken by you, our Alumni. We have been able to engage with you through the various publications, activities and events and we are so very proud. The calendar began with the 10th anniversary reunion of the class of 2004 during the Field Day in March and then the Alumni Induction in April of the Class of 2014, whom we welcomed to the great community of KIS Alumni. This was followed by the pronouncement of Mr. Corey Stixrud as the new Principal of KIS. He joined the school in 4th Grade and graduated with class of '86. We are thrilled to have him lead KIS to new heights.

The annual Alumni Reunion Weekend in the second week of August saw the Classes of '84 and '89 return to KIS to celebrate their 30th and 25th Anniversaries respectively. Their presence graced the occasion and thereby brought much essence to the purpose for the celebration.

The annual reunion at Camp Kirchenwald got even better and bigger this year with Alumni from classes in the '40's through to the present. The wonderful team of organizers brought a different spirit to the reunion and made it a memorable event.

Alumni contributed immensely to Social experience projects and also set up three scholarships this year being Aung-Thwin/Reble Scholarship (Class of '63 & '64) Marilyn Scudder Scholarship (Class of '56) and Keith Dejong Music Scholarship (by Dejong family). Also, Kodai Friends International Inc. (KFI) undertook two major projects that have enhanced life at KIS. They purchased a new Ambulance to transport students and staff in case of emergency and also a new Pipe Organ for the Margaret Eddy Memorial Chapel. After several months of laborious tasks by Alumni and Friends of KIS, coupled with journeys untold, the Pipe Organ reached the School Chapel. Thanks to all Alumni and Friends of KIS for the numerous gifts that have made these possible.

In this edition of the 7Roads, we have featured articles/stories that have shaped the lives of some of our Alumni and they have been kind enough to share them with us. I hope that as you read through the pages, you will be inspired in some way.

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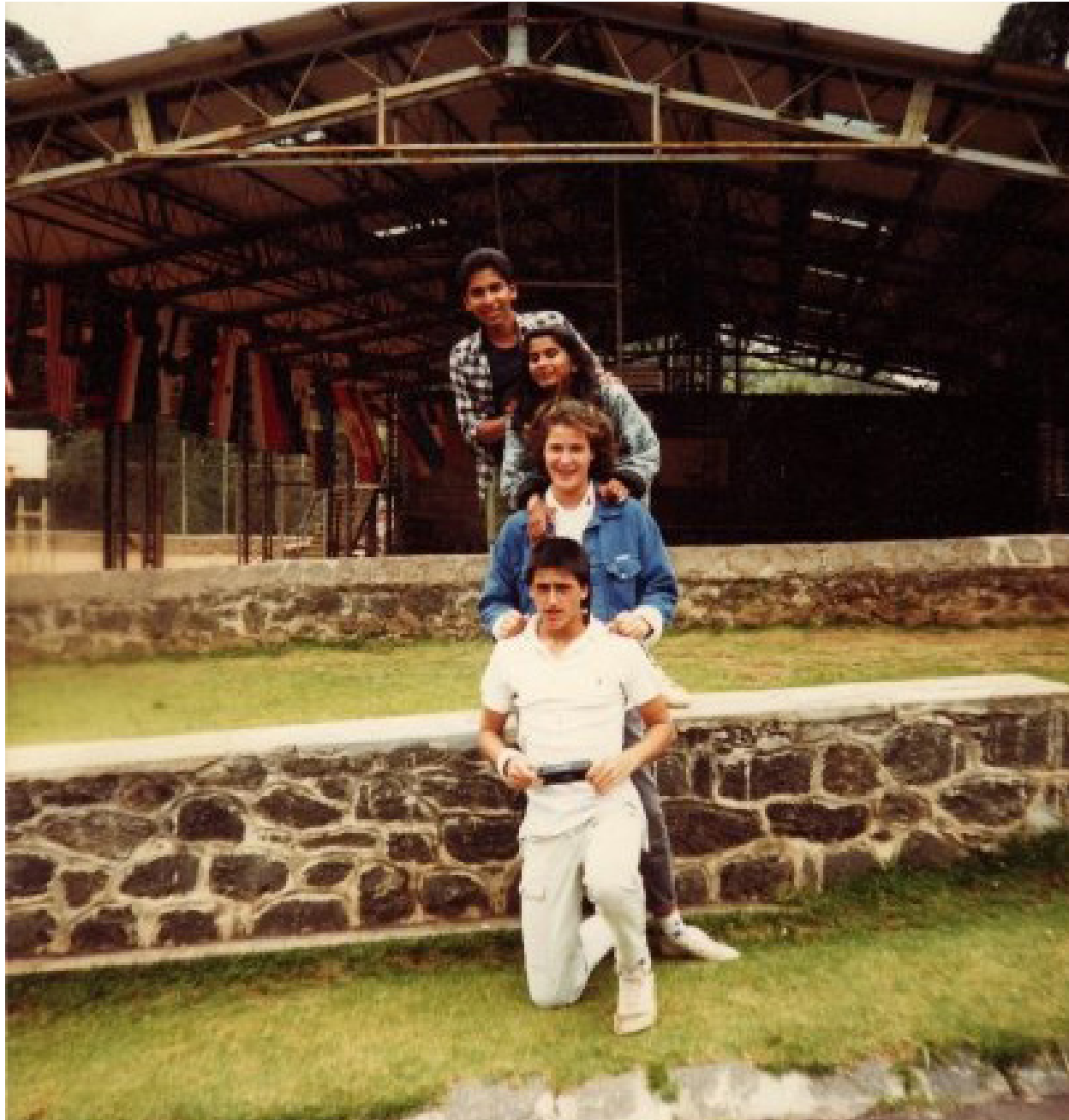
Editorial Contributions
KIS Global Alumni

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THE little THINGS I LEARNED AT KODAI

KAMALA JEWETT, CLASS OF '88



I learned a lot of important lessons at Kodai School in the two years I attended. I call them the “big” things. Be yourself, be honest, be trustworthy, be kind to people. I will admit there were times when those lessons were hard to learn, and live by. But as the years have passed (flew really) I have found that I remember the “little” things more. The little things I learned at Kodai seem to be my most vivid memories. The big things seem to be in black and white, but the little things are the memories that are in Technicolor. The little lessons I learned have carried me through some good times and hard times as well.

Little lesson #1: There is no way you will stay mad at someone for very long. It’s easy to get angry, and yell at someone. But it’s very hard to stay angry when you see them EVERY DAY. You can’t stand in line behind a person in the dining hall and still be mad at them by the time you both get your food. This lesson has helped me through some very awkward moments, and made me realize that life is too short to let disagreements alter your friendships.

Little lesson #2: Always share your care packages with your dorm mates and your friends. Trust me on this one. They will love you and treat you like a rock star all day when you reveal the Hershey chocolates, gummy bears, and other assortments of candy, gum, and junk food. Sharing creates a bond between people. But it’s okay to keep the toothpaste, toilet paper, and new underwear to yourself.

Little lesson #3: Take it as a personal victory every time you survive the ride up and down the Kodai Ghat. My sister and I always had to take a bus, and what a ride it was! I always enjoyed it, maybe because I couldn’t see too far ahead, but that bus ride taught me to live in the present. The past is gone, the future will come eventually, so open the window and enjoy the view of the mountains and the people that you see along the way.



Always share your care packages with your dorm mates and your friends. Trust me on this one.

Little lesson #4: Put peanut butter on your pancakes. When I first attended Kodai I never thought to put peanut butter on my pancakes. I saw other kids do it and I thought it was strange. One day some friends coaxed me into putting peanut butter on my pancakes. I did, and I have to say it was the best thing I had ever eaten. Now I don’t eat pancakes without peanut butter on them. I learned that change is good. It’s scary sometimes, but it’s always good. So the next time someone looks at you funny when you put peanut butter on your pancakes do what I do, just smile and say “it’s a Kodai thing”.

Little lesson #5: Remember that your Kodai family will always be your friends, and they will always love you. That’s because they see you for who you really are. This has taught me to be true to myself, because I know that there are people on this planet that know the real me, and will call me on it if I pretend to be something I’m not. They are the people that have seen you at your best, and at your worst. Trust me, they’ve seen you dance at Canteen and they know you are not a good dancer.

So these are the little lessons I learned at Kodai. They aren’t as obvious as the big ones, but they are the ones that teach us about life. When I remember the little lessons, I smile to myself and let others wonder what’s so funny.

THE SILICON VALLEY DREAM

SHAGUN MALHOTRA, CLASS OF '88



Digital Banking Conference in Chile

I went to boarding school at Kodaikanal International School, my life was anything but ordinary.

I did not grow up wanting to be an entrepreneur. I am what they call an accidental entrepreneur, where there was no other option but to follow the calling to solve a problem that just could not be overlooked. I have been blessed to have had a life full of great experiences and unique

perspectives and it seems that destiny has continued to guide me that way.

COLORFUL PAST

Born in India, raised on a merchant marine ship for 7 years, having moved to Egypt, then Nigeria and followed by Kodaikanal, India where

I went to boarding school at Kodaikanal International School, my life was anything but ordinary. I attended the American College of Switzerland for the first few years of college before transferring to University of Texas in Arlington. As a university student, I really struggled with selecting my major but ended up with two degrees in Economics and Accounting along with a CPA. My first job was as an external auditor for a regional audit firm in Dallas. From that point on I fell in love with audit and the whole world of financial crime. It was then my dream to work for FinCEN the financial crime unit of the Department of Treasury where CPA's held badges and guns. At that time I was also obsessed with working at Marriott HQ in internal audit where I would be able to travel

the world and understand business from different perspectives and just seemed an easier application process. After many rejection letters, I landed a job in the internal audit department at Marriott International in Washington D.C. through a referral. For me, it was a dream job – I audited hotels in Thailand, Australia, Korea, Hawaii, Aruba to name a few and got the opportunity to see the world in a different way.

I loved my job at Marriott so much that I didn't have any brain capacity to think of anything else – with the phenomenal travel schedule, amazing hotel rooms, delightful food and wine, amazing sights, utmost respect from my colleagues and the status of power as an auditor who would have space for something else. But then, one day, sitting at my

After many rejection letters, I landed a job in the internal audit department at Marriott International in Washington D.C. through a referral.



2nd SSA event in Chile



desk at the Marriott campus I realized that I could see myself at this company for the next 20 years but I could also see where I most likely would be. This realization changed my whole mindset to think that if I did not leave I would truly be only able to have ONE amazing chapter in my book of life and I wanted to have MANY amazing chapters. The choice was hard but I resigned from Marriott – took a 16 month sabbatical where I went to live in Mumbai and enjoyed a totally another aspect of life. That time away gave me a lot of perspective and helped me understand that we are not what we do – and that what we do is just another part of who we are.

I returned to the DC and took a job with Freddie Mac in the Internal Control Organization. But this time, I had extreme

discipline and had figured out a way to excel in what I do but also keep a nice chunk of time just for me so no more weekend or late night work. It worked out great. A year and a half later, the next chapter crept up. I always had a dream to live in NY but never wanted to live with 4 roommates or in a dingy underground apartment. So I figured that once I would be able to afford living by myself in a decent place in NY I would move there.

TAKING NEW YORK BY STORM

That time arrived, and I headed over to NY with no job and no place to stay and no idea what I was really going to do. It was only a matter of time, and I took up an opportunity at a Consulting firm where I decided which projects to work on and how long I wanted to work. It

was perfect as it had me doing projects in various companies and keeping the work interesting and dynamic. I then landed a long term project at a European bank whose processes were in such bad shape that the Feds found them un-auditable and gave them one year to turn things around or risk losing their license to operate in the US. I was tasked with bringing them in compliance so that they could pass their Fed audit. It was the biggest challenge I had faced yet but I was really excited to do it. It was here that I got the inspiration and calling to create our product ART which helps companies streamline and automate their month-end close process where accounting departments perform account reconciliations, complete their month-end checklist, do certifications, P&L Variance Analysis and much more. This is the last chance for accountants to detect material misstatements, irregularities and fraud so it is an extremely critical process for financial reporting. As an auditor, I had seen the breakdown in this process time and time again but this experience really was the cherry on the pie. I successfully managed to help the bank pass the Fed audit and shortly thereafter the recession hit and there were no more consulting jobs.

EMBARKING THE ENTREPRENEURSHIP ROUTE

Wondering what I should do,

I just flippantly started writing up some specifications on how the month-end process should work if it was automated while trying to eliminate maintenance of reconciliation checklists, manual signatures, huge binders, printing and photocopying etc. Not even thinking that this could turn into a real product and then a real company I just kept going and there we had it – we had built ART and created my company SkyStem. Fully self-funded by myself and my family it took a while to get this product ready and available for commercial sales but nonetheless it was done. A couple of years into this when we barely had a working product, my partner Nancy Wu joined me and the rest is history. Her belief, persistence and support has been priceless and we are rolling on ahead!

Being New York City, there was no shortage of incubators but unfortunately, they demanded expensive equity. I wasn't really looking for incubating opportunities as the city's entrepreneurial spirit, diverse community and phenomenal resources were enough to nurture me. Reading the article on Start-Up Chile (SUP) in *Inc. Magazine*, however, had me intrigued by the equity-free offer of \$40,000, access to international networks, and support from the Chilean government with just an agreement to relocate to Chile for six months.

We were accepted the day before my birthday and it was surely the perfect gift. The feeling of having SkyStem validated globally was priceless. As a bonus, six months in Chile meant that we'd skip winter in New York! I was exhilarated by the possibilities: the people I will meet, the diversity of the other teams, the idea of fast-tracking the company, and the excitement of the unknown.

THE CHILEAN JOURNEY

My main motive to accept this grant was to use this opportunity to see if we could sell our product in Latin America and to understand the market. By the time the program was over I was convinced that there was huge scope in that continent. We have practically no competition in that region so although the growth initially will be slow, I believe it will happen. Thanks to the program for bringing us there, we have finally secured our first paying customer in Chile and in Brazil. This is just the beginning but I am positive that we can build a great business in both continents. Our product is now available in Spanish and Portuguese therefore making us an officially global company.

Not only did my experience in Chile bring me business but it also made me do something completely different. Being a part of the program forced me into a sense of community. Apart from my own business

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Being New York City, there was no shortage of incubators but unfortunately, they demanded expensive equity.

– I became motivated by the energy of all the entrepreneurs here and I decided I, too, wanted to make a difference in the entrepreneurial ecosystem. I came up with the idea of Santiago Se Atreve (SSA) – which is an event that unites the entire entrepreneurial community through technology. Inspired by a popular tech event in New York called New York Tech Meetup, SSA brings entrepreneurs on stage to demonstrate their products without regard to business models or monetization.

The idea is to focus on innovation, creation and connecting people. I thought it would be brilliant to have the same sort of energy, passion and community in Santiago and maybe around the country eventually. We have done 2 so far with great success and hope for more to come. I look forward to growing my business in that continent with my LatAm HQ in Chile.

I am sure there are many more chapters in stock and am excited about the future and grateful about the past. My support system that is believing in us – everyone working with me, family, friends, and stranger angels have made this lovely journey possible. I learnt that if you keep your heart open, you can do anything you want and allow your life to be full of enriching experiences from both, work and personal.



Shagun Malhotra

MARGARET EDDY AWARD

GERALD AND ROXANNE NICHOL, FORMER STAFF



Gerald and Roxanne Nichol receiving the award from KIS Principal

Gerald and Roxanne Nichol are the recipients for the Margaret Eddy Memorial Award for 2014. The Award was presented to them by the Principal, Corey Stixrud during the Graduation Ceremony of the Class of 2014.

Gerald Nichol, better known as Jerry, is a native of Zenith, Kansas. He received a BS in Math from Sterling College in Kansas and later a MEd from Wichita State University in Public School Administration. After his mandatory 2-year military service in South Korea and Japan, he taught Grade 4 for one semester. He then went to the Sudan as a Math teacher at a mission commercial high school for boys. It was there that he met Rocky and they were married four years later. They were blessed with four daughters.

Roxanna (Rocky) Sarr Nichol, born in Albany, New York, grew up in nearby East Greenbush. She earned a BS in Nursing from Cornell University. She worked as a Visiting Nurse in Brooklyn, NY, before attending graduate studies at New York Theological Seminary in New York. She went to the Sudan as a missionary nurse under the Reformed Church in America where she met Jerry and later married.

For the past several years until recently, Jerry and Roxanne were the Representatives of Former Staff. Jerry continues to serve as Executive Director of Kodai Friends International (KFI), a non-profit Organization in the United States, set up by alumni in North America to raise funds to support KIS.



In their acceptance speech and also as Chief Guest speakers at the ceremony, Jerry and Rocky expressed their appreciation for the award by the KIS Council of Directors. Here are excerpts from his speech:

"Graduates of the Class of 2014; KIS Council Chair, Dr. Henry, and Council of Directors; Mr. Stixrud, Principal; Staff; Students; KIS Staff and Student Alumni; Parents and Friends: When I realized that we would be making a speech at this Graduation Ceremony, I decided that I should observe other such functions. Two weeks ago today, we attended the graduation of our "#4 missima" as our late cook, Raji, called Sally. (Sally had taken an Associate Degree in Travel & Tourism after she left Kodai School, and five years ago started taking courses at nearby Eastern University to earn a BS degree in Education.) The night prior to the Graduation Rocky and I were invited with family and friends to a Chinese restaurant for the pre celebration dinner. All at the table shared

their cookie fortunes with me, thinking it might be helpful for our acceptance speech today. Most were common sense advice, but some weren't even true in my thinking. I vetoed that idea!"

"As we were leaving the restaurant, there was a little 82-year-old man in front of me at the queue for the cashier. He turned to me and said with a tooth pick between his teeth, "You'd be surprised at how many people steal these," holding up his well-used tooth pick. With that, he carefully placed his discarded toothpick back in the toothpick dispenser on the counter. I decided that wasn't the kind of advice that I wanted to pass on to you Graduates."

"At Sally's Graduation, the Valedictorian gave a great speech on how life is like driving a car! Although her thoughts were excellent, they didn't quite suit this occasion! The Graduation speaker was great, but his thoughts and advice didn't fit us and this celebration at KIS."

"I've decided to share with you three lessons that I've learned from my years at Kodai School.

1. "Failures can lead to Success, so accept your weaknesses and grow them into strengths." Both Rocky & I was involved in the hiking program at KIS. She earned 13 Tahr Pins and I a few more as she couldn't hike until after she gave up being a dorm parent. I was always on the lookout for a short-cut! Often I got my hikers into a worse situation than if we had followed the tried and true longer route. I was sure there must be a short-cut to Palungi over hiking the road up to Presentation Convent and then following the road all the way to Palungi. I got a few brave friends to join me in the search for a new way! We trugged up Baptist Hill and into the woods which brought us out by Camp George. We went on through logging roads behind the Observatory. From a couple of view points along the roads we could spot Palungi just beyond and below. Great, we were headed in the right direction! Although our logging road ended, a path continued on following along a fire break. We ended at a spot right above Palungi hundreds of meters above our destination, but with a shear drop off with narrow terraced farms all the way down! Thus, the name, Jerry's Point! We made it to Palungi but with a vast amount of effort and sore muscles! On the return, the locals pointed us to a path which took us up to a saddle behind the Observatory. It was a much better way and a true shortcut!

2. "There can be Unity in Global Diversity." One of my brain storms while as I was Middle School Coordinator was to have a mock United Nations during October with a celebration banquet on the Saturday closest to United Nations Day, 24 October. Middle School students in Personal Development classes were randomly divided as citizens into the 15-member nations of the Security Council that year. After studying their assigned member nation, students joined in a discussion of the Security Council on a global topic of the moment. The celebratory banquet at the end was a joint effort of the whole Middle School from the preparation of the tables, to the selection

of the international menu, to the program which followed. I noted the Middle School was more of a unit than before and most everyone had fun in learning about the UN.

3. "One sees what she/he is looking for." We were on the 80-Mile Round Hike and we were nearing the end of the long, first day's hike. We were at the top of the famous Leech Shola just outside Kukkal ready to race back through the Shola and on to the Sheep Farm in Manavanuver where camp was set for the night, when we discovered that one of our chaperones, Peter Samaranayke, was missing from our trek down to the Kukkal Caves. It was getting late in the afternoon, so we couldn't search for him then. It would already be dark by the time we reached camp. The next day some of us could go back to find him."

Congratulations Roxanna and Gerald Nichol and thank you for all you do for KIS.



THE NEW PIPE ORGAN

EDITED AND COMPILED BY DR. V



The pipe organ featured on the cover of this edition of 7Roads was one of three instruments built in 1902 by the Vogelpohl and Spaeth Organ Company of New Ulm, Minnesota, U.S.A. One of these organs was a much smaller one-manual instrument. The other two organs built that year were nearly identical twins. One of the 'twins' was destroyed in a church fire in the 1930s, however, so the 'new' organ at KIS is possibly the only one of its kind.

A Brief History of the Vogelpohl and Spaeth Organ Company

Hermann Vogelpohl Sr. immigrated with his family to America from Westphalia, in what was then Prussia, to New Ulm in 1869. The oldest of the several children in this family was a seventeen year old son, also named Hermann. The boy had an intense interest in music, as well as the ability to work well with his hands.

Following his marriage in 1877, Hermann Jr. decided to remain in New Ulm, working as a carpenter, and playing the organ and directing the choir at St. Paul's Lutheran

Church. Hermann became the first organist-choirmaster at St. Paul's, and served in this capacity for over forty years. In addition to playing organ and directing the choir, he served many years as a member of the church council, took an active part in church and community affairs, and taught private piano lessons in his home.

Jacob Spaeth, Hermann's business partner for more than twenty years, was born of German-American parents in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1856, and moved to Minnesota as



KIS Alumni who attended the Consecration Service in Minnesota : Seated l to r: Katie Hennig '98 Teece; Emily Hennig '04; Joel Otten '77; Lisa Lindell '81 Hoh; Miriam Naumann '51 McCreary; Dorothy DeJong '78; Gene Hennig '65, Parent; Helen Naumann '48 Spitzack. Standing l to r: Kristie Hennig 'FS, Parent; Carsten Bjornstad 'FS, Parent; Mary Lindell 'FS, Parent; Eunice Naumann '51 Nissen; John Naumann '58; Marty Grubbs '69 & Joe '66, 'FS Rittmann, Parents; Don '53, 'FS & Betchen 'FS Oberdorfer; Eunice Kretzmann '51 Koepke; Paul 'FS & Margaret 'FS Christensen.

an infant. As an adult, Jacob was also gifted with his hands, making his living as a mechanic and carpenter. He was especially good at making small wooden articles and decorative items. Unlike Vogelpohl, Spaeth did not maintain active ties with a church. An innovative man, he was interested in new trends, and would eventually become the owner of one of the first automobiles to appear in New Ulm.

In 1890, Hermann Vogelpohl joined with Jacob Spaeth to form the Vogelpohl and Spaeth Organ Company, a firm that would remain in business until Hermann's death in 1919. The business became one of New Ulm's most highly regarded enterprises, yet was never

incorporated; it was most likely handled as a 'gentlemen's agreement' between two partners who trusted one another for their mutual advantage. A shop was built behind Vogelpohl's house, and it was in this shop that the 'new' KIS organ was constructed. The partners likely did most of the work themselves, and their trade was largely a family affair. Vogelpohl's two sons joined the firm around the turn of the century, and became partners in 1902, the year the KIS organ was built.

The Vogelpohl and Spaeth Organ Company eventually built more than one hundred organs for churches and schools as far west as Idaho, as far south as Kansas, as far east as Ohio, and

as far north as Saskatchewan, Canada. Most of their organs were of tracker action, meaning that there is a direct mechanical link between the keys and the pipes. (see picture on page 61)

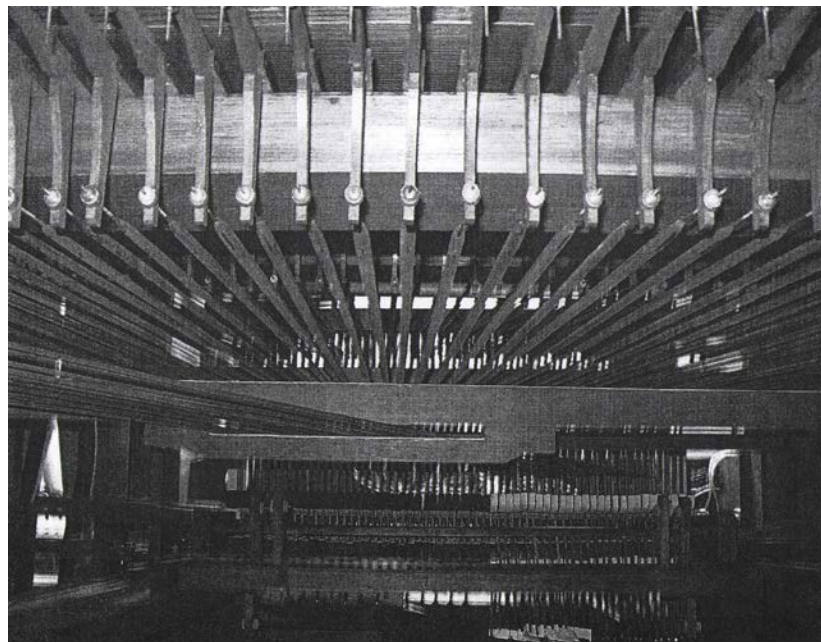
The casework of the instruments was made of carefully cured oak. The façade pipes on all Vogelpohl instruments were ornately decorated, often in soft shades of browns or greens, and highlighted with silver or gold leaf. After his death in 1919, Hermann's sons continued in organ work, not as builders but as representatives of large organ firms, rebuilding existing instruments and repairing and tuning organs. The last Vogelpohl organ was built in 1921.

How the Vogelpohl-Spaeth Organ Came to K.I.S.

In October 2012, Roland Rutz, organ builder and restorer from Morristown, Minnesota, visited KIS in an attempt to help restore the single-manual 1888 Hill & Son organ that has been in the Chapel since the late 1960's. It was discovered that the instrument had suffered irreparable damage at the hands of well-meaning but insufficiently trained people over the years. Only six of the eight stops were useable, the wind-chest was cracked and audibly leaking air, and the organ could not stay in tune due to missing or damaged pipes.

The Rutz Organ Company, Inc., was founded in 1971 originally as a pipe organ service and tuning entity, with the work being accomplished on weekends and vacations while Roland continued his duties as a public school music teacher. As the company and opportunities grew, he resigned teaching to devote full time to the organ company. The Rutz Organ Company has restored, rebuilt or newly created over one hundred instruments to date. Most of these organs are in the USA, but the company's notable overseas installations are in Riga, Latvia, Bethlehem, Palestine, and Istanbul, Turkey. Now he has added India to this list.

For over a decade, Mr. Rutz's organ company had been



servicing a Vogelpohl-Spaeth organ that had been built for a nearby rural Catholic Church in 1902. The church was closed by the Archdiocese of St. Paul several years ago, making the organ available for relocation. Realizing the 'terminal' condition of the KIS Chapel organ, and of the availability of the Vogelpohl-Spaeth organ, Mr. Rutz suggested that the school should "think big." Thus began a process that has involved many people, culminating in the organ project being underwritten by Kodai Friends International. In June, 2013, I flew from my home in Washington State to give the then unrestored organ a "test drive" in its original home. Shortly thereafter, the instrument was dismantled, moved from the abandoned church, and completely restored by the Rutz Organ Company. A short consecration recital was

played on it to a full house of organ/KIS enthusiasts on March 30, 2014. Shortly thereafter, it was again dismantled, boxed, and sent from Minnesota to the US eastern seaboard, where it was loaded aboard a cargo ship that traveled around the Cape of Good Hope in South Africa to Sri Lanka, and eventually to Chennai.

Roland Rutz and his son Paul supervised the dismantlement of the old organ (which has since found a new home in the CSI Church of St. Bartholomew, Mysore), and the reconstruction of the new instrument. Assisting in the process were music faculty members Paul Chandron, Prasanth John, and myself. The Dedication Service for the KIS Vogelpohl-Spaeth organ took place in Margaret Eddy Memorial Chapel on Sunday, September 28, 2014, Rev. Raja Krishnamoorthy presiding.

SPIRITED SISTERS

PROFESSOR EMERITUS RUTH VASSAR BURGESS, CLASS OF '56



Stan and Ruth Burgess (2010) 50th Wedding Anniversary Springfield, Missouri

Ruth Vassar Burgess attended Kodaikanal International School, then called Highclerc School and graduated in 1956. Ruth earned a Bachelor of Science degree from Texas Tech University in 1960 and Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy degree from the University of Missouri – Columbia between 1968 and 1979. Her area of studies was in Speech – Language Pathology. Additional research studies

were at Deccan College, Pune, India and Bar Ilan University, Tel Aviv, Israel. She met Stanley Burgess while in Kodai School, who would become her husband twelve years later. To this union was born five children (John Bradley, Stanley Matthew, Scott Vassar, Heidi Amanda Elizabeth, and Justin David). Ruth and Stanley Burgess are currently Professors Emeritus in Missouri State University. She has

recently published a book titled, *Spirited Sisters*. In an interview, this is what she had to say:

Ruth, what does being a KIS alumnus mean to Ruth?

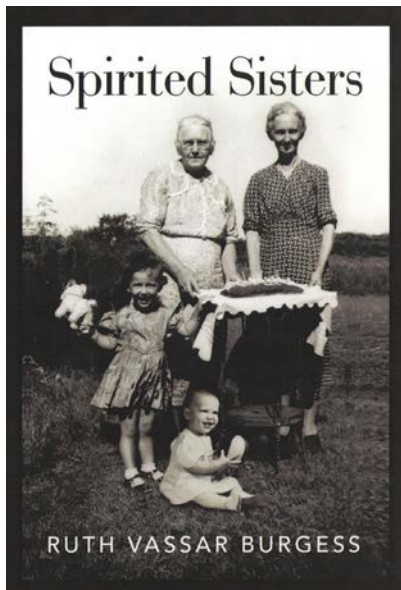
Being an alumnus of Highclerc School has been one of the most significant life experiences. I learned many habits of the mind and habits of the spirit that provided the foundation for my life and family. Many memories formed the foundation for later life challenges.

How did you come to KIS?

My parents, Rev. Tedd and Rev. Estelle Vassar were missionaries in Maharashtra. They were responsible for a boys orphanage, a school, and farming project in Junnar, India.

What is your favorite campus memory?

I spent 5 ½ years at boarding school. Many of my classmates were there for extended periods of time. Consequently, we became more like sisters and brothers. Until the eighth grade we tended to be a small class and we bonded. While the upper class spoke Pig Latin, we made up our own language. It was called Donkey Language. There are still some who can confer in Donkey Language.



How has KIS impacted your life?

KIS impressed on me to be organized, independent, and to handle life’s changes.

What do you like most about the career path chosen?

My career path enabled me to assist others in need. Since speech and language pathology and cognitive psychology were new disciplines, I was awarded opportunities for research, service and teaching in several venues.

Describe Spirited Sisters

Spirited Sisters captures six generations of family stories. These spirited women form a family heritage for the current generation’s identity. They emigrated from Poland to Pennsylvania, from the Netherlands to Michigan; from England and Scotland to Nebraska, Oklahoma and Texas;

and from the United States to Mother India. It is a world-crossing intergenerational story forming a rich intermingling of cultures and perspectives. East met West when the family branched out as Ruth was sent to Highclerc boarding school high in the South India Palani Hills. There she met Stanley M. Burgess, who would become her husband 12 years later.

Burgess’ narrative shows how the exotic have a way of changing one’s perspective. Those new perspectives and values have trickled down the generations to shape her present and those of her descendants.

Is this your first book?

My first book was a biography concerning the life of the late worldwide psychologist – Professor Reuven Feuerstein. He was my mentor during the latter part of my professional career. I have written many professional papers and chapters in scholarly books.

Ruth Vassar Burgess. 2008. **Changing Brain Structure through Cross-Cultural Learning. The Life of Reuven Feuerstein.** Lewiston, New York:Mellen Press.

What inspired you to write spirited sisters?

I was concerned that my ten grandchildren would not have memories about the women who helped form their lives. This propelled me to be a culture

bearer and to record primary and secondary documents within the book.

How did you come up with the title?

First, I had to select the overriding concept that described all of the grand moms. Then I selected concepts contained with the word “Spirited”. Finally, I paired these cross generations. In other words we can inherit more than eye color or body shape. (Examples: courageous, empathetic and efficacious)

Over view of the characters in Spirited Sisters

This is a heritage book not a history book. The chapters have many references to the family during the British Raj, through Independence, and recent India experiences. The story of my youth is in Chapter Eight “Not a Misbegotten Male”. (I chose to record early experiences since my biography has been recorded elsewhere).

Are there experiences based on someone you know, or events in your life?

Yes. I knew all of the grandmoms, except Bapka, in Chapter 2 “The Bargain”.

Is there a message in your novel that you want readers to grasp?

First, I want family members to write and record their stories for the present and future generations. The oral traditions



Stan and Ruth Burgess with their adult children (50th Wedding celebration) Back row: Rev. Dr. David Burgess- Presbyterian Ministry, Brad Burgess-Vice President cost Accounting Firm, Mathew Burgess- Attorney Wall Mart, Scott Vassar Burgess- Medical Doctor (MD) Surgeon. Front row: Ruth and Stan Burgess, and Heidi Amanda Burgess Levinson - Professors Emeriti Missouri State University.

are slipping away as people rely on technology to create new identities.

Second, I want society to value the stories and lives of women.

Third, I want to challenge stereotypic thinking.

Did you learn anything from writing your book and what was it?

I learned many things from researching, writing, and editing Spirited Sisters. I came to appreciate how much cross-cultural understanding my family demonstrates. The love for my grand moms was strengthened

as they managed change and continuity.

Advice to aspiring writers

Planning and organizing provide structure. Creativity provides the spirit. Blend these elements.

What are your expectations for this book?

My first goal was to provide a heritage guide for my family, friends, and others who wish to be culture bearers relating to their heritage.

Do you have anything specific that you want to say to alumni?

Family recipes are included at the end Chapters 2 through 9. Incidentally, it is interesting to see how our food ways have globalized.

Here are links to her books:

• **Spirited Sisters:**Xlibris, WWW.xlibris.com, WWW.amazon.com, WWW.barnesandnoble.com

• **Changing Brain Structure Through Cross-Cultural Learning. The Life of Reuven Feuerstein,** available through Mellen Press, Amazon, and Barnes and Noble

MY BATTLE WITH TRIGEMINAL NEURALGIA DISEASE

GLADYS RHODES, CLASS OF '89



On Jan 8, 2000 my day had started with great anticipation. By 8 am I dropped my husband Dave at work and went to a 4 hour class. Had a quick lunch with Dave and rushed to a dentist appointment. After running some errands I came home, did some laundry, cooked dinner and picked up Dave from work. After dinner we sat down

to do some work – Dave had to work on a project and I had some assignments to finish. As I was working away I was sensing some sharp pain shooting from front of my right ear directly to my brow and into my eye. It lasted only a few seconds and I went back to work. Suddenly, it felt like I had stuck a wet finger in the electric socket and

electrocuted my face. I cried out in pain and fell on the floor and Dave rushed to my side. Not knowing what had happened to me we looked at each other in shock at the shock I had just received. He lifted me up and ran to the car and drove me to the Emergency Room. That night, the life as I knew it, was over! I was 29 years old.



Before I was accurately diagnosed we went to several different specialists. The oral surgeon removed 5 of my teeth and tried various Nerve Blocks but the pain kept increasing. The Eye Surgeon did surgery on both my eyes and it didn't help. Finally I was diagnosed by a Neurologist. I was informed that my 5th Cranial nerve was damaged leading to a rare Neurological disease called Trigeminal Neuralgia a.k.a the Suicide Disease. The highest number of people who suffer from this disease commit suicide. I was surprised to find out that dental work can cause this already existing disease to surface. There are no concrete answers as to the causes of this disease. What was even more devastating was finding out that there is no known cure for this disease.

I spent the next 12 years

isolated and confined to my room, more specifically to my bed and wheel chair. Simple things like taking a few steps, washing my face, brushing my teeth, wearing make-up, smiling, chewing food and talking would trigger shocks. I became allergic to the sun and even a slight breeze brushing my face would leave me staggering in pain. I lost most of my friends because they were unable to understand my pain and my limitations. These shocks came dozens of times in a course of the day leaving me in constant pain and fear.

Within the first year my weight shot up from 100lbs to 237lbs from heavy steroids and I ended up with Diabetes Type 2. After trying all the 4 treatment protocols and not finding any pain relief, I was referred to a Pain Management Specialist Team. They placed me on high

doses of Morphine, Oxycontin, Valium, and Sleeping pills. This treatment lasted for 11 years. Even with these powerful drugs I would go through days of unbearable pain without a break and doctors would have to admit me in the hospital and administer Morphine drip to break the pain cycle. At that point there was, and still today, there is very little knowledge on how damaging extensive Opioid use can be. I tried every treatment available including brain surgery, which failed miserably. I ended up with more than twice the amount of pain caused by surgical complications. The Neurosurgeon went in my brain to reduce the pressure but soon realized the damage was extensive. He called another Neurosurgeon to help him. In spite of their best efforts they inadvertently ended up causing 3 times as much pressure in my brain. When I woke up from my surgery the pain was so unbearable the doctors had to make me unconscious again. My husband was informed that the surgery had failed and they had exhausted all medical options to help me. This was in 2007.

By this time David was working 3 jobs to support my rising medical costs and I was totally confined to my bed. This is when we decided I should come home to India and have my family take care of me. I was only able to sleep on my left side and my back. Someone had to help me sit up in bed

or turn me on my left side. I had to be fed and bathed. I had to keep my hair very short because of the pain I would go through during and after the hair wash. My doctor gave me extra Morphine to take the day before the hair wash. It usually took me 3 days to recover. I was unable to read because the Neurosurgeon cut my Optic Nerve by mistake which was devastating for me. My doctors kept advising me to take antidepressants but I refused to add more medications but I was slowly feeling like my end was coming soon. I realized that the pain killers were killing me but I also knew that if I stopped the medications the pain itself would kill me.

July 4th 2012: In 2012 my pain specialist informed my dad that all the narcotics that I was on for 11 years were causing multiple organ damage and he was going to stop my Opioid therapy. I was

admitted in the hospital with doctors having no hope for my survival. That night alone in my hospital room I decided to stop ALL the medication and call on Jesus to asked Him to heal me. By the time morning came around I knew something was totally different. I was able to sit up on my own which I hadn't done in two years! I moved my head around and I had NO PAIN! The doctors repeated all the tests again and my organs were working well! I have been pain-free since July 4th, 2012! I can take care of my personal hygiene! I wash my hair about 4 times a week on my own. I no longer have Diabetes. I have lost 96 lbs in one year. I am able to go out and feel the Sun on my face. Remember my Optic Nerve that was cut by mistake during my surgery? Well, I can read now! I still get a warm welcome when I go the hospital because the doctors cannot believe the changes they see in

me, especially the way I stopped all the Narcotic medications overnight and did not have any side effects! My main doctor shakes his head in disbelief every time he sees me. He says that he has patients that are addicted to Tylenol and bang their heads on the wall when they try to stop taking it. He also mentions often that he has seen many patients that are admitted in the hospital that are healthy and end up dying and when he saw me in July 2012 he knew he would probably not see me alive again and here I was not only alive but free from pain.

Currently I am undergoing Physical therapy which is intense and painful but I hope to be walking on my own comfortably in 6 months' time. Some of the battle scars of this disease are loss of 3 inches in my height. I don't have one single healthy tooth left but thanks to modern dentistry I have a new smile now. I was blessed to find a dentist that had extensive knowledge of Trigeminal Neuralgia and he understood my fear of dentists. He worked with me patiently and gently. I had 5 Root canals, and several bridges and implants and now I can smile with confidence. My hair is all grey. I have lost just about everything because of this disease but I am regaining most of my losses.

I have established an NGO called Global Foundation for Trigeminal Neuralgia. It encompasses all areas leading to



Principal Corey Strixrud with Ananya Narayan, Gladys M. Rhodes, Mamta Reddy, Mukesh Rao, Mahesh Rao, Toshiro Wanaka, Anuja Master-Bose

a cure. I am very excited about it because I suffered a lot and because most doctors did not know about this disease, they used to treat me very badly. I had many unnecessary surgeries before I was properly diagnosed. I hope with my organization, we can come closer to better diagnostic skills and better yet a cure!

October 7, 2013 is the day we marked and designated as Trigeminal Neuralgia Awareness day and just last week, we marked the 2nd year. We believe that awareness is key to finding a cure. The Facial Pain Research Foundation is dedicated to find a cure for this disease and we are doing our best to raise awareness and funds to find a medical cure for this debilitating disease. The color we chose for the awareness ribbon is TEAL

color.

Everything I do feels special but the icing on the cake was making it to Kodai last August. I had the privilege of coordinating my 25th Class reunion. I can walk on my own for a few feet but my able friends from my class did not let that deter them. They helped me make it to all the planned events except for Canteen which was on the 2nd floor. There were four of us that travelled from Hyderabad to Kodai and I thoroughly enjoyed myself. It was a welcome break to take a trip that was filled fun and fond memories instead of my usual trips to the hospital. Our school let me use the wheel chair from the Dispensary (Dish). During our visit, leaving me behind was never an option for my friends. Although I had lost many friends because of my

illness, my Kodai friends never let me down. At times I wanted to just give up but that was never an option because of the strong support of my husband, parents and Kodai friends. Being with my friends and meeting other Alumni and school staff was exhilarating especially feeling the cool, crisp Kodai air on my face and not having any electric shocks! Now that's what I call a miracle! God has breathed new life into me and did not give up on me during my 12 year battle with this disease and I know with challenges I face currently, He is not about to give up on me now!

Gladys thank you so much for sharing your story with us. If you would like to contact Gladys, her email address is glad_middy89@yahoo.com



THE AMERICANS

DR. CHITRA VIRARAGHAVAN, CLASS OF '83



Principal Corey Strixrud with Dr. Chitra Viraraghavan at the book reading

Dr. Chitra Viraraghavan attended Kodaikanal International School and graduated in 1983. She went on to do her Bachelor of Arts and MA in English Literature from Stella Maris College, Madras (University of Madras). She also has PhD from Tufts University, Medford, MA. She has written her first book titled 'The Americans' and it is inspired by her experiences in the United States. She was in Kodai recently for a book reading and was well attended. We caught up with her for a short interview. Chitra lives here in India, Chennai and happens to be the great granddaughter of S Radhakrishnan, the second Indian President.

What do you like most about the career path chosen?

Editing, being in publishing, writing – what it means is that I'm surrounded by books. I get to meet writers and discuss writing. I get to write myself and have my work out there in the world to be read by other people.

What inspired you to write your first book?

My first book was meant to be a historical murder mystery but that was too difficult to pull off with a day job. I thought of the present novel after I visited the States after a gap of several years. I thought it might be

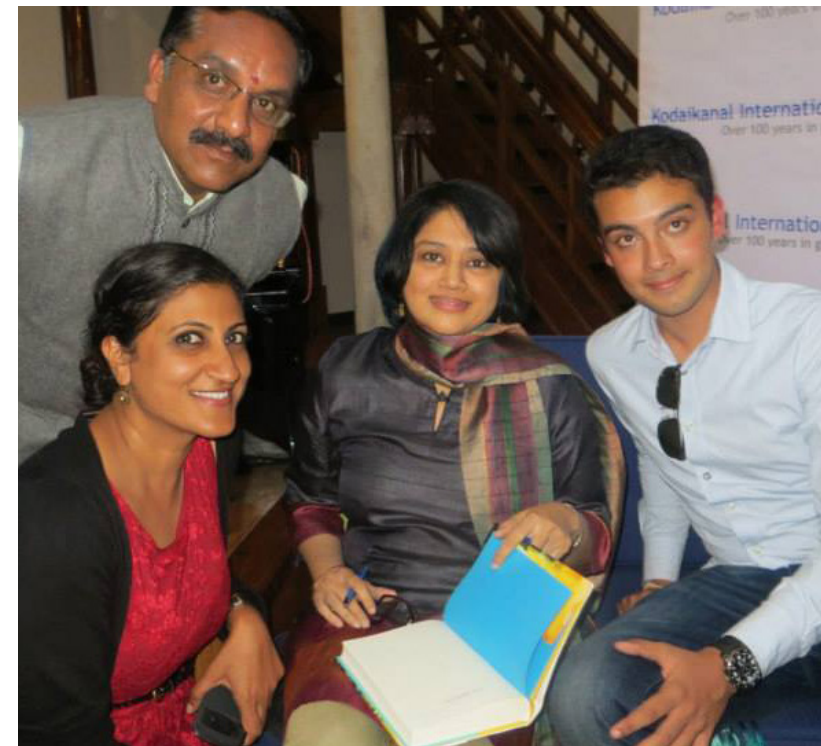
interesting to write something set in a land that was in some ways so foreign to me and in others so familiar.

How did you come up with the title?

The title, 'The Americans', is meant to be somewhat ironic. Read the book, and you will see what I mean!

Is there a message in your novel you want readers to grasp?

There is no one message. If anything, it's about how difficult it is to find your place amidst the confusions of the world, and the different types of psychological accommodations people make in order to cope.



Are the experiences based on someone you know, or events in your life?

There are bits and pieces of my experiences, and the experiences of people I know or have observed. But, often, it was just a case of taking an idea and presenting it in its most dramatic form.

While you were writing, did you ever feel as if you were one of the characters?

My book is in the form of eleven different stories, each told by a specific character. So, writing it, I had to be every one of those characters myself! Just to get the voice right, the details right.

Did you learn anything from

writing your book and what was it?

Writing a book, you're in for the long haul. It takes a lot of effort and persistence. But it is worth every bit of time and effort in the end.

Do you have any advice for aspiring writers?

Read, read, read. And write, write, write.

What are your expectations for the book?

I hope it is received well, that people will 'get' it.

How do you feel about the book reading session which was held at KIS?

It was a fantastic event, and I



“My book is in the form of eleven different stories, each told by a specific character. So, writing it, I had to be every one of those characters myself! Just to get the voice right, the details right.



was delighted with the welcome and response I received. It was great to be back.

What does being a KIS alumnus mean to you?

Friends all over the world, primarily! It's extraordinary, the pull this school has over people who've studied or worked here. I even have friends whom I didn't know in school.

How did you come to KIS?

My father took voluntary retirement from the Indian Administrative Service (IAS) to follow his passion, which was hybridizing (creating) new roses, and this brought my family to Kodai in 1980 and me to Kodai School.

What is your favourite campus memory?

Here's a funny one. A bunch of us used to spy on Mr X, the high school librarian, using the telescope in the physics lab. Every morning, he would climb on his moped outside his house across the lake from school to get to work. One day, someone whose name shall go with me to the grave 'stole' Mr X's moped and rode it round the lake a few times before dumping it near his place. He was very upset.

How has KIS impacted your life?

In so many ways, really. Kodai School has a unique culture. It was multicultural before the word was invented. We had great teachers – Vijendran



Sathyaraj, Peter Jenks, Martin Engelbrecht, John Easter. They took you seriously, dealt with you as a person. My going into publishing was an idea that came from Mr Sathyaraj. I also made friends at Kodai who remain part of my life.

Her books are available on Flipkart and other online bookstores. It is also available as an e-book. Next summer, HarperCollins USA is releasing it in the US, and so it will be available there as well.

Watch the book reading at KIS. LINK: <http://bit.ly/1uwcwrq>

Thank you Chitra, KIS is very proud of your achievements.

PROMOTING ADVOCACY THROUGH MEDIA

LOUISE RIBER, CLASS OF '73



There is nothing so close to home as having a successful family business. Over the last 3 decades, John and I (both class of '73) managed to build career together and two of our three children, as well as our son-in-law have joined us, assuring us that our legacy will be carried on to the next generation. Together,

over the last two years, we have taken our careers to another level with the production of two seasons (26 episodes) of a Television drama, Siri Ya Mtungi.

Like all good stories, the script for the television series, has many ingredients: diligent research, timely contributions from educators, activists

and artistes, as well as that additional spicy mix of drama, humour and imagination that gives television entertainment its special flavour.

Back in May 2011, our organization, Media for Development International (MFDI) gathered together writers, actors, producers and

artistes along with some social and technical experts from Johns Hopkins University and a number of Tanzanian NGOs to see how best they could contribute to the prevention and the spread of HIV.

The technical experts had piles of data on a number of interventions, like male circumcision and anti-retroviral therapy that enables HIV+ pregnant women to give birth to HIV-free babies. But they needed artistes to help them tell the human story behind the facts.

That meeting bore fruit - from the creative discussions, characters were born that would become the life-blood of the television drama series, *Siri ya Mtungi*:

Cheche, the photographer, whose eye for the ladies threatens to ruin every blessing in his life, including his wife and family;

Handsome Duma, who could have any woman he desires, yet can't find the happiness he craves with his one true love;

Beautiful Nusura, who overcomes the odds, to triumph in a cruel world;

Mzee Kizito, who seems to have it all, but has to learn that some things in life are bigger than him, he is not the ruler of the invisible world...

...As well as a rich cast of

supporting characters that make up this fascinating *Siri ya Mtungi* universe.

To bring this story to life, we put together a crew of 40 people, including our family, who through their education and their lifetime of being on film sets have become technicians and craftsmen in their own right.

Our eldest son, Jordan, studied film and sound technology in college and took on the extremely difficult and creative job as the Director of the series. Jordan has an innate sense for drama and understands the structure of telling a good story. At first he found the huge task a bit daunting. At the start of the project, he auditioned 2000 actors, some professional, and many first-timers, and found a cast that became the characters who were once just on paper. Then, as the production got under way, he took on the huge responsibility as if he had done it for years. He became the creator of an amazing and technically top notch series.

Our youngest son, Sterling, who went to KIS as a Senior in 2001, and studied photography and graphic design in college, worked on the first 9 episodes as a focus puller. But with his great eye for composition and light, he slipped right into the role of cameraman for the rest of the series. He had the privilege of working with a world class Director of Photography,



Ron Garcia, from Los Angeles (worked with many of the great directors in Hollywood) who we hired for the second season of the show.

Our son-in-law, Kyle (married to Krista, who was on KIS staff in the late 90's) is our talented production designer. He used his artistic background to create a convincing physical world for each character. He built sets for some of the locations, as well as dressing up real locations to suit the character.

Another important member of the team is a KIS student –

Modesta Kuzenzia, who worked as the 2nd Assistant Director. She was in charge of preparing the daily call sheets, and making sure that all the necessary actors were contacted and ready to shoot the next day. When you have a production involving a crew of 40 people, and a cast of another 30 or so, logistics become an extremely important part of the production process. And Modesta, along with several others in the logistical team, played a crucial role.

John and I continue to be involved in the production, with

John as the Producer, running the “bigger picture”, and I as the editor. Together with our sons, and the crew, we became a big family with each day bringing us joy as well as challenges. “*Siri Ya Mtungi*” is being aired on TV not only in Tanzania, but in all of East Africa where Kiswahili is spoken. It is also on You Tube on our Swahiliwood Channel (with English subtitles) so it is accessible to all Tanzanians throughout the world. www.youtube/swahiliwood. Have a look!

COSTA RICA

NATURE AND WILDLIFE

PIPPA MUKHERJEE, FORMER STAFF



Horse riding to the mountain Puriscal

Costa Rica was, until last year on my trip to Peru, the very last place I had thought of to visit. But when I met a wonderful Costa Rican family who invited me to come and stay with them I decided that it would be my trip for 2014.

My only contact with Costa Rica earlier was through my son

who had cleared paths in one of the many National Parks for a few months after university and I thought if he can go there and enjoy the country then so can I.

This tiny country in Central America is sandwiched between Nicaragua and Panama and is one of the only countries in the world without an army.

It also has one of the highest biodiversity indexes in the world. Conservation of forests and wildlife is an important part of the country's wealth as it encourages tourism especially from North America and Canada. However I met many Europeans on my trip, particularly Dutch, Swiss and Germans and found,



Blue jeans dart from Drake Bay

as with Peru, that travelling alone is often a better way to meet people who have the same interests as myself ie flora and fauna.

So, in August 2013 I booked flights for the following March and flew from London to Madrid and then onto San Jose the capital, where a taxi waited for me and I was driven about an hour and a half to a remote Horse Farm near a small town called Puriscal. The main feature of this little town being the ruins of a large church badly damaged by an earthquake in 1991 and standing on a hill above the

town. The farm is owned by the wife of a now ex KIS teacher Steve Hawkings whom I had met on several occasions in the school.

(As an aside I would not specially recommend Iberia to fly with and have been told that Lufthansa via Panama is the better route for those interested).

The horse farm is situated in a valley surrounded by forests, rivers and hills and I stayed in this lovely place for a few days to recover from the long flight. As it was a farm I was

willingly pressed into service feeding the dogs, cats, chickens, collecting eggs and milking the goat Madonna. My hostess was off on an 8 day trek with her 8 horses and I would only meet her on my second trip but her friend was in charge and I loved being there. Within the large garden was a tiny forest and two beautiful tree houses constructed above the canopy and made entirely of wood with superb finish and wonderful wooden furniture, these are used as additional guest houses for people coming to ride horses or trek.

I was surprised to find that many people in the country own horses and trek with them and I was to meet horses wherever I went. On my second trip to the farm a week or so later I rode several times into the lovely countryside through forests and up into the mountains which gave me a unique view of this part of Costa Rica. I was worried that I would be stiff from riding after a gap of many years but surprised myself by being fitter than I had bargained for, perhaps swimming daily in England does the trick ?

From the horse farm I travelled by local bus to San Jose and from there to Monteverde in the middle of the country to stay with a KIS Alumnus who was delightful and very hospitable. Here I began to enjoy the amazing biodiversity of the country by visiting twice daily a private reserve where I was lucky enough to see the fantastic Quetzal and hear the ringing tone of the Bell bird quite apart from the abundance of humming birds, toucans and other indigenous species of birds and animals. I was also introduced to a renowned botanist who took me into the main Cloud forest reserve and spent a morning with me educating me on the abundance of wonderful plants which, of course, fascinated me.

(My luck in seeing not only one but five Questzals the national bird of Costa Rica, was extraordinary as over five weeks



Myran on a hanging bridge La Fortuna

I met many who had visited the country often and never seen one)

Monteverde mountains, have the unique distinction, on fine days, of allowing the trekker a view of the Continental divide, that is being able to see both the Pacific and Atlantic oceans from at once.

So from Monteverde I travelled back to Puriscal and rode horses and then went

south to meet another botanist who lives in an even more remote area on the border of the Manuel Antonio National Park. Here I had a little cabin to sleep in and was given four days instruction on plants of the area and Agro Forestry. In the evening we sat on the verandah of the main house and watched 86 endemic and rare squirrel monkeys coming into a tree from all directions nearby to sleep, in the morning by 5:30



River view near Milo's house

am they were gone. I also was taught how to cross pollinate Vanilla flowers and see the exquisite Elang Elang blossoms.

Next it was a taxi ride down south to the Oza Peninsula and Drake Bay which is on the Pacific and has a huge National Park full of rare indigenous animals such as the Tapir, Sloth, Peccary, Agouti and Coati plus many rare birds and all four of the monkey species of Costa Rica, the Howler, Spider, Squirrel and White faced Capuchin. The sound of the howler monkeys seems to reverberate through thick tropical forest for miles but one has to be careful not to wait too long under a howler tree as they delight in peeing or defecating on the unwary and I am sure enjoy the effect this

behaviour has on tourists. I am afraid to say that I was amused seeing the dismay and hysterics of some tourists. The journey to my again remote resort in Drake Bay was by boat from a small town called Sierpe and the other attractions which I took up with alacrity were night walks to see the tiny poison dart frogs and other nocturnal creatures, early morning bird watching and snorkelling off Cano island for a whole day. Guides in Costa Rica are extremely well trained and it was a joy to spend a day or evening with them wherever I travelled. The resorts are very comfortable and one pays a small amount for full board about 37 or 40 US dollars. Of course one can go for 5 star luxury but that is not what I would want.

From the beautiful Pacific with its magnificent scarlet macaws along the beaches, I took a local bus back to San Jose to stay with the Costa Rican family whom I had met in Peru. This was well timed as there was a presidential election and the country was in party mood. I was taken to see the family vote for their choice and we drove around the city waving flags and hooting horns like the rest of the population which is overall small about 4 million. In the evening we went to see the results of the election and were in a square with thousands of shouting, hooting excited people watching the big screen for the results. It was what everyone predicted and a new president was to be sworn in with a majority of 77.85% over his



Sugar production for sugar cane Puriscal

only rival. What fun we had and what a lovely weekend although San Jose is not a beautiful city apart from the amazing graffiti on every wall and a central attractive area. One has to be careful with pick pockets but I never felt uneasy anywhere, although I was careful with my belongings.

Ancient culture is evident all over the country although the Spanish influence and buildings are much more modern and visible. Sadly very few original inhabitants still exist but I did see some evidence of the old culture in the amazing and enormous ball like rock structures that stand in some more remote areas. The purpose for which these huge edifices were constructed seems to be

rather vague but they obviously did have a purpose in ancient times.

Next stop was La Fortuna and to get to the town I took an Interbus which is more expensive than the local buses but easier to get me to this one place. One can travel from South to North of the country in 11 hours and this journey to La Fortuna took 4. I would not recommend La Fortuna town as it is the most touristy place I saw but as I was staying way out in a resort called 'Leaves and Lizards' which lies in the middle of a forest and has a magnificent view of the Arenal volcano it did not matter. Around La Fortuna I spent days walking on hanging bridges, zip lining over the canopy hundreds of feet off the

ground, walking to the crater of a small volcano looking at the flora and fauna and learning more and more about the area from my guides. I was out from early morning until evening and still wanted to see more.

From La Fortuna I travelled to Rincon de la Vieja by interbus further north and nearer the Nicaraguan border. Here were the bubbling volcanic mud pools, hot springs, steam vents and more and more volcanic action and probably the most disconcerting time I had here was bathing in a hot spring and suddenly finding the earth move beneath me as a 6.8 earthquake on the border galvanised the ground. But I did enjoy spending a whole day on a motor cycle with a guide in this remote



Emerald toucanet Curi Cancha

area, also walking many hours through the forests and up into the hills.

This area of Costa Rica I wished I could have spent more time in but five weeks is just not enough. So my next port of call was on the Caribbean side of the Atlantic near a town called Cahuita. Here there is a Caribbean atmosphere with lots of music and Caribbean residents along with many more Americans who seem to have come to retire in this part of the country. The Atlantic roars away all day and night and from my little resort I was lulled to sleep by the waves. Here again is a large National Park and I

enjoyed walking alone through this part spending time looking for snakes and insects which are quite spectacular all over the country. But this was my last major stop and from Cahuita I caught the local bus back to San Jose and another to Puriscal for my last few days. My final night was spent with the Costa Rican family and eating many of the national dishes of Costa Rica prepared for me such as Gallo pinta. Much of the food is rice and beans but this can be interesting with additions.

My last day was the only time I had to shop and I was taken to the huge covered central

market in San Jose to buy a few presents. Of course coffee being one. But I found that most of the local market was full of brightly coloured fabrics or other rather garish ware so I did not buy much.

The main crops of Costa Rica are coffee which is wonderful, bananas, sugar cane and the disastrous Palm oil trees which are so environmentally damaging. The oil is exported to make such chocolates as Kit Kat and other milk chocolate snacks. Palm oil plantations are an anathema all over the country but bring in foreign currency so there is little hope of these trees being removed in the short term. Tourism is definitely the major money maker for the country.

I loved every moment of the five weeks I was there but was surprised that very few Costa Ricans speak English and my Spanish is extremely basic; I had assumed that the country would be like Peru where most people speak some English. However I was give Spanish lessons by the 13 year old son of the Costa Rican family and did manage after he tested me several times to see if I had absorbed his lessons.

The most important phrase that one has to learn is 'Pora vida' which means have a good life and as long as one greets people with this one is immediately accepted and a hug follows.

THE WAY THINGS WERE

AATISH TASEER, CLASS OF '99



Aatish Taseer is a celebrated writer and reporter in India and abroad. He graduated from Kodaikanal International School in 1999 and has a Bachelor of Arts degree in Political Science and French from Amherst College in the United States. He is a self-taught student of Sanskrit.

Aatish Taseer has worked as a reporter for Time Magazine and has written for the Sunday Times, the Sunday Telegraph, the Financial Times, Prospect, TAR Magazine and Esquire. He is the author of *Stranger to History: a Son's*

Journey through Islamic Lands (2009) and a highly acclaimed translation Manto: *Selected Stories* (2008). His novel, *The Temple-Goers* (2010) was shortlisted for the 2010 Costa First Novel Award. A second novel, *Noon*, is now available published by Picador (UK) and Faber & Faber (USA). His work has been translated into over ten languages. He is at the verge of publishing his fifth book, *'The Way Things Were'*.

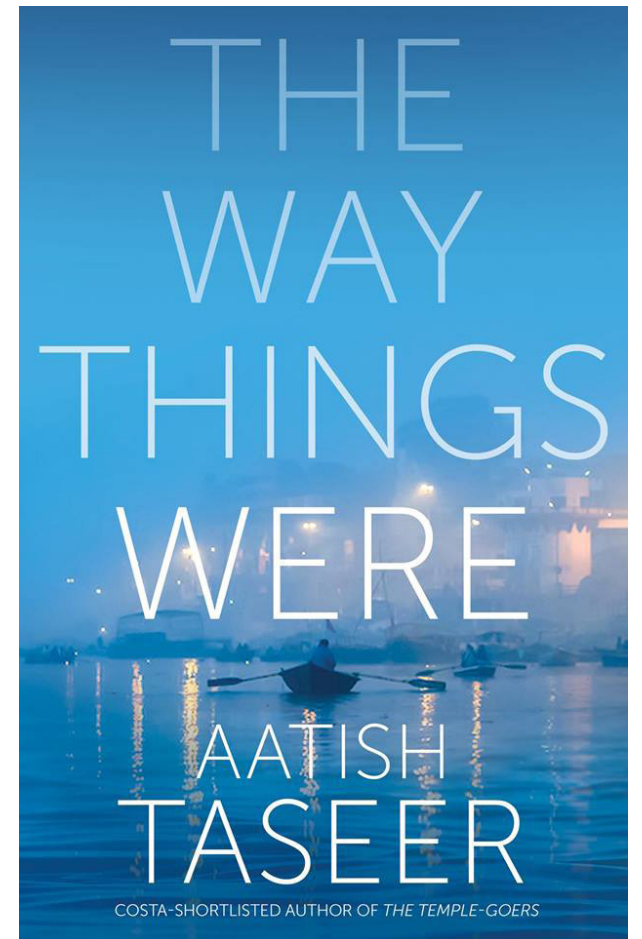
In a short online interview, he said his work is concerned mainly with history, with suppressed

personal history, with the unwritten histories of places. The theme of history—and the awakening to history—runs like a thread through the three novels, the translation and the book of memoir and travel, which in fact is called *Stranger to History*.

When asked if there was a defining moment in his life that made him decide to take this career path, he said it was some time in his second or third year of college at Amherst that he had those first writing convulsions—"excited, no doubt, by the new distance at which I stood from my place and material, It was some time around then that I wrote my first few publishable sentences; I had those first mornings of exhilaration after working; I carried around with me the thread of a narrative. I remember thinking then: that if I could find a way to live by this work, there was nothing else in the world that I would rather be doing"

Speaking about his new book, he said that "The Way Things Were" is about the dissolution of a marriage and its aftershocks. It is also, as its title suggests—drawn from the Sanskrit compound *itihāsa*: 'the way things indeed were'—about History, about the pressure of the past on the present. This tension—of the past pressing against the present—is the driving mechanism of the novel. All its major characters feel this pressure: some are running from the past, some refashioning it, some ramming it into slogans and pamphlets. In private and public ways, everyone is dealing with History, personal history and the history of their place. The role of Sanskrit is that of 'a kind of chorus and central metaphor:' a way to enter into India's own troubled relationship with her past. In the end— I should say, too—this is a book about setting oneself free of the past, of finding a path to renewal"

He says this book came to him like a gift. It took many months before he could find the right way in, but once the narrative began, he was utterly possessed by it – 'No book has meant more to me, no book is more the culmination of all my other books'. This is his third novel, and fifth book, if we



include the translations he did in 2008 or the Urdu short story writer, Saadat Hassan Manto.

When asked as to what he liked most about his career path, he said he liked the element of self-discovery that it offers – 'It has allowed me to put to rest certain anxieties that I was hardly even aware of. It has allowed me to see in the lives of other people shades of my own experience. Most of all, it has made it possible for to live the life of the mind'

He attributes his success at the international scene to curiosity, 'Find the things that interest you and see them through to the end. There'll always be people to publish bold original writing. Just be sure not to defraud yourself and others'. He is certain that, the personal qualities which contributed most to his success is concentration.

‘I have an obsessional quality, it can lead me into dark places, but it can also—when channelled correctly—be a great force for productivity and self-improvement’. His advice to young alumni aspiring to become Writers/Journalists is ‘Read all you can, for many years this commitment to reading will be a better test of your potential as a writer than what you actually write or publish’.

When asked how he came to attend KIS, he said the truth is that, his admission at Woodstock got delayed and added ‘But thank god it did!’ and his favorite campus memory he says ‘probably those wonderful conversations I used to have with Kristin Kehler in that little cottage near the watchman’s bunk’.

He says, KIS gave him the deepest experience of internationalism that he had ever known; ‘it set me up to be in the world’, and as to how KIS had impacted his life, he says ‘in reality, it boils down to the memory of a place that gave me a curiosity about the world and a familiarity within it. I feel I carry within me the ghost of certain experiences in KIS that allow me constantly to expand the sphere of the known and the familiar. KIS was an extraordinary preparation for the diversity I would encounter later in life’.

Aatish says in his free time, he doesn’t engage in any special hobbies because these things become merged when you’re a writer; ‘it is one of the perks of having a vocation. So I read, I write, I travel, I exercise, but I think of them all as an extension of being a writer’.

All his books are available on Flipkart or Amazon <http://www.flipkart.com/author/aatish-taseer>

http://www.amazon.in/s/ref=nb_sb_noss_1?url=search-alias%3Daps&field-keywords=aatish+taseer

Aatish, thank you so much for taking time out of your busy schedule to do this Interview. KIS is proud of your achievements and exhilarated to be associated with you.



REUNIONS

CLASS OF '54 REUNION ON PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND



60th Anniversary Reunion on Prince Edward Island (P.E.I.) - 2014

Cathy and I completed a 7 day trip to Prince Edward Island, Canada with my Kodai Southern Indian school “classmates”. Recall I only went through the 3rd grade. The reunion was provided under the umbrella of Road Scholar (Elder Hostel) and constituted our 60th reunion (class of 1954). My real high school class year is 1955. Other recent reunions were Costa Rica and Sedona/Grand Canyon. There were 18 of us--10 with some/much Kodai school and 8 spouses, who have tolerated Indian stuff for years. I was the

class organizer, and my principal job was getting an Indian meal on our “free” time day. The classmates are from the US and Canada and most are heavy in education and the professions. The Road Scholar folks provide a leader, accommodations, most food, transportation, side trips and more “educational programs” than you ever want to have. We stayed at one hotel/resort the entire time, that worked out pretty well except for the breakfasts which, while adequate, were repetitive and unimaginative. The “continental” version, however, was unanimously regarded as an inadequate joke. We all survived!! And moreover, we agreed to

work on another reunion in 2016, when we are close to 80 years old, but maybe based on an ocean cruise. I am not the leader of the band this next reunion time but am contributing.

P.E.I. is the smallest Canadian Province (140,000 people) mostly Scottish (many McDonald’s) and Acadian French (many Gallant’s) and is principally known for three things: Potatoes, Anne of Green Gables and the Canadian Confederation. I would add one more--picturesque churches and well groomed houses and lawns. Like many 20th and 21th century places, both urban and



rural, there are more houses of worship than people inclined to attend, but they still form the beautiful backdrop of every hamlet and town. Many of us joked that we couldn't find an unkempt house or overgrown lawn. Well, maybe a couple if you looked hard, but the amazing feature was a never ending vista of close cropped, "perfect" lawns, even at the most modest homes. We were told that some take dueling mowed lawns so seriously, that they will mow at the crack of dawn to out do the neighbor who mowed the evening before. People born on P.E.I. are called "Islanders", but if you were born elsewhere, say Ontario, and brought to the Island as a new born, you are not an "Islander".

Potatoes: Like many places most trees were cut down for farm land/fields and the ship building industry, which went bust in the late 19th/early 20th century. Basically there is no old growth. The soil is a deep red



sandstone "mud" full of iron, but not mining iron ore. There are potato fields everywhere and the spuds are mostly the large "bakers" we are used to. One major industry is potato processing--french fries, et al. that go all over the world. There is a prominent folk song by a well known Canadian called "Bud the Spud", which we were forced to learn and sing. Of course they have to rotate the fields and do so with wheat, soybeans, oats, barley, corn, and cutesy crops like borage and sunflowers. We were told 5 years is the best rotation, but most big outfits go for 3 years and pesticide. Harvest time is October and they were just starting with the potato trucks lined up in military fashion. Only recently did the schools cease a potato harvest "vacation". Naturally, there is an on going pesticide/herbicide battle between the enviros/organics and the existing large scale potato business structure. Interestingly, the potatoes we



ate at meals were the smaller/new potato varieties.

Anne of Green Gables: On the north central shore is the "Green Gables" farmstead, home of Lucy Maud Montgomery, the author of "Anne of Green Gables" and many other books. She wrote about what she knew and crafted an eloquent story about a little red headed pigtail orphan girl, Anne. True history and fiction are intertwined in this Cavendish area, but several buildings and grave sites are still there so there are places to visit and explore. The green gables house is a prominent feature and picture book perfect. For reasons not completely understood, the Japanese have taken to "Green Gables". Apparently, once the book was finally translated and distributed a bit more widely after W.W.II, the Japanese fell in love with this little girl. They have been and continue to visit the area in droves, often like a pilgrimage. Many come to be married in the adjacent set-

ting. It is a serious industry unto itself. Of course the Canadians have not let this opportunity to lapse and have great walking trails/paths and a well organized and staffed tourist center. Each summer there is a full blown play/musical featuring "Anne".

Confederation: In 1864 the Maritime colonies and what was then the areas of Quebec and Ontario held a get together conference in Charlottetown, the capital of P.E.I. That meeting and one subsequently held in Quebec basically pulled together what is now modern Canada. This year was the 100 year anniversary and a captivating P.E.I. historian/story teller really gave us the full measure of the trials and tribulations of those important times. This was before Canadian provinces efforts at prohibition (longer than ours) and the socialization between the delegates, who basically didn't know each other, turned out more important than the formal meetings. Over

much rum, wine and beer they learned to trust each other and the deals were struck. Of course, the confederation was under the British Crown/commonwealth, but by the 1870's Canada consisted of the Maritimes, less Newfoundland, plus Quebec, Ontario and British Columbia. The recent 8 mile bridge from New Brunswick to P.E.I. is called the Confederation Bridge, and levies a \$45 toll.

Program activities: Since Road Scholar is intent on forcing "educational" activities we managed many others from the three above.

Ship building: 90 year old ship-builder told us about the "old" days before fiberglass in building fishing/lobster boats out of wood. His former boat building complex is now a restaurant/museum. For something like 50 years management and workers took care of the business and themselves without any "government" social or business help.

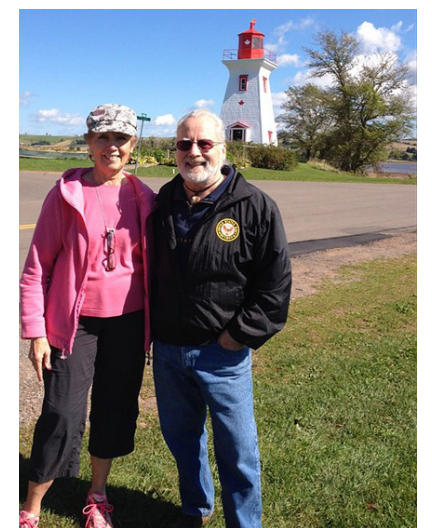
Times have changed.

Basket Weaving: Some thought this would be a dud, but we all learned something new. They mostly used white ash in P.E.I. and basically only used hand methods. Tough/talented ladies this bunch. I learned that the thin strips of wood came from beating the wood and peeling back the layers of the loosened growth rings.

We also had the "opportunity" to purchase, the well made products.

Organic Farming: Visited a young family who recently went into organics at his father's 500 acre farm. Yes, one has to kill the chickens, but the family and setting was so wholesome and refreshing. Cathy enjoyed seeing the pigs/piglets as it reminded her of her old farm in Kelso, Wa.

Lobsters, Mussels and Oysters: While in all fairness, not new to me, we were entertained/educated in the industries of these





three important P.E.I. products. Several classmates downed raw oysters for the first time. Not sure any will join me in weekly oyster eating. These industries are heavily regulated and well managed and the P.E.I. mussels you see around here can be trusted. It seems that each “sock” of mussels and line of oysters are individually and lovingly chucked under the chin. Cathy and I ate mussels 3 times, had a lobster dinner and lunch lobster roll, and I, unfortunately, only had the opportunity for a half dozen oysters. Again several classmates were new to lobsters, but dove in with gusto. Legal “market” P.E.I lobsters are smaller than those of Maine, but just as tasty.

Lighthouses and small harbors: P.E.I. with so much coast has hundreds of lighthouses, but most are now with GPS considered redundant and like some of ours are offered to the public

to buy, and maintain. However, having lunch at a small harbor with a picturesque lighthouse and talking to the fisherman is simply a neat experience. They were pulling the crab, not lobster, traps for the season.

Climate Change and Forestry/Land Management: Of course one gets a dose of this. However, one interlocutor pointed out specifically how the erosion of the protecting sand dunes is a real, not fanciful, worry, and in his and his children’s lifetime. The forestry folks again showed us that second growth managed planting is a barren forest and we have to do better. Not new to Cathy and myself as we have seen 50-60 year reforestation in Washington state with large trunks in a row, but no underbrush or saplings.

Silver Foxes: This isn’t the nicest topic, but P.E.I. experienced a period when the popularity for

this fur made millions for some folk. Recall we almost wiped out the Sea Otter and beaver populations for fur hats and coats. The silver fox fur is a black sheen with silver highlights and somehow became widely popular as a wrap in the late 1800’s/early 1900’s. Some chap/chaps figured how to breed them in captivity and for some reason P.E.I. became the cradle for this not so nice industry. Like the Dutch tulip mania, the price of breeding pairs went through the roof and excesses abounded, but like all bubbles fell to earth and the only thing left is a little museum and a few old pelts.

History and Photography: Couple really great historians filled us with stories and poems and a local artist showed us well-crafted photography, which was much appreciated. P.E.I. didn’t experience any serious battles or revolutions, but has a little sordid history of the English expelling many of the French Acadians, some to Louisiana, who became Cajuns. Being in the northern climes and with a vibrant fishing industry, the weather took its toll in a couple devastating gales/storms. The Yankee Gale of 1851 wiped out close to a hundred fishing boats (mostly from Gloucester, Mass) and killed up to 200 folks. During the long prohibition years rum running became a major industry and kept the boat fleet in tact for a while.

Local and not-so-local food: Often our meals had a theme

of local/fresh ingredients. Some prepared pot luck style by a local Church/Women’s group (clam chowder was as good as it gets) or Acadian based by the resident chef (he confessed he “spiced” up some as true Acadian was pretty bland). Our not-so-local food was, of course, Indian cuisine. My main task was to roust out an Indian meal, as we missed one in the Sedona/Grand Canyon reunion. Unlike the western part of Canada, with a major South Asian population P.E.I. basically featured one Indian restaurant. The owner was a Nepalese chap and through several e-mails I firmed up arrangements for our 18 people group. Although I sweated a bit at working this from afar, it all worked magnificently, despite a 40 minute drive to and from Charlottetown. I personally received a big hug from the owner as we left. As great as the food was it still couldn’t match the “Indian” dinner prepared by the distaff Kodai school ladies in Costa Rica.

Bagpipes: Visited the College of Piping and Celtic Performing Arts. Lady instructor piper in P.E.I. tartan showed us the workings of the “pipes” along with a couple rousing tunes. Also informed us that not everyone can master the pipes, that playing the cantor well is one thing, but the coordination of blowing air and squeezing the bag at the correct times eludes many.

Gaelic Ceilidh (Kaylee): This was just fun. This was a commu-

nity ceilidh, basically traditional Gaelic/folk songs by a group of four and a step dancer. Ours was led by the husband and wife team that headed up the P.E.I. Road Scholar program, which was an extra treat. They boast of these ceilidh’s all over P.E.I. and of course in Nova Scotia. Also much of it a sing along. Remember, Kodai folks were supposed to be fluent in music and singing and I assume they acquitted themselves well. One Kodai lady, Nell from New York, and myself are useless in music and song, but see the next story for a coincidence.

Song, “This land is your land”. This vignette takes up too much space and is narrow in focus and can be skipped over by those not interested in Uncle Peter’s geographic minutiae.

In the early 1970’s I was stationed in Newport, RI as

Executive Officer of a Guided Missile frigate. We had a neighbor, a Canadian Naval Officer, Fred Mifflin and his family, who was attending the US Naval War College. We socialized and the kids played together. Son Bruce will not forget that Fred’s son, Mark as I recall, could ice skate the pants off him. I surmise Canadian kids are supposed to do that. We went our separate Naval ways, but I often heard about Fred from Canadians I met, naval and otherwise. Fred went on to become the deputy commander(Rear Admiral) of the Canadian navy and became a member of Parliament (Liberal Party, representing part of Newfoundland) and held two Ministry’s, Fisheries and Oceans, and Veterans Affairs. I sort of lost track of Fred but for this P.E.I. trip, I “googled” him, only to find that he had died at age 75 in 2013. I read the obit and noted that he was born



in Bonavista, Newfoundland. I had remembered he was from Newfoundland so I checked on Bonavista, located in the far eastern part. Newfoundland also has a town named Cormack.

Ceilidh: Pretty much the last song was the famous song, “This land is your land.” Written by Woody Guthrie in the 1940’, but not popular until brought to life in the 1960’s by the likes of Bobby Dylan, the Kingston Trio, Peter, Paul & Mary, Springsteen, Pete Seeger and others. The American version goes: from California to the New York Island, from the redwood forests to the gulf stream waters. Of course there is a Canadian version, first recorded in 1955 by “The Travelers”, which was the dominant rendition at this Canadian ceilidh (you could sing what you wanted). Canadian version goes: From Bonavista to the Vancouver Island, from the Arctic Circle to the Great Lake waters. I couldn’t believe I knew where Bonavista was and commented to the Ceilidh, leader, Pete Blanding, our Road Scholar uber leader. He surmised I was the only non-Canadian who knew of Bonavista and probably only half of the Canadians could fix it. Now you know more than you ever wanted.

All the best, Grandpa/Dad/
Pete/Uncle Peter



KODAI REUNION IN NORWAY

CLASS OF '59



Back in zigzag from left: Niall Finlayson, Charles Emerson, Bob Holmes, Nora Sirbaugh Holmes, Martha Manley, Grace Bunker, Carol Long Steele, Dale Anderson Finlayson, Virginia Peery Herlong, Wilfried Tauscher ('58), Ozzie Herlong, Frank Manley ('58) Front : Ted Essebagggers, Norma Emerson, Julian Donahue ('58), Kathy Donahue, Maja Essebagggers, Marietta Vassiliades Lascaridis ('58), Ruth Carner Richardson, Alex Richardson. Missing: Paul Steele, John Piet, Genevieve Holmes; Dana Lascarides and Gary Ward, the photographers.

Kodai Reunion in Norway at Hurdalsjøen Hotel & Conference Center Submitted By: Ted C Essebagggers (Co-Organizer with Maja in Norway)

At the close of our 50th **Class of '59 Reunion** in North Carolina in 2009, it was suggested that **our 55th should be hosted in Norway**. It hardly seemed like anything to take too seriously at the time, so **Maja** and I who live in Oslo took it all rather coolly. What the heck, it was 5 years off! Besides, Norway is an exotic place and many would be interested in coming. That's what we reckoned, and we

were not too far off the mark. But then those years whizzed by--like they so often do--and before we knew it, it was 2014! **Virginia Peery Herlong** who is a seasoned organizer of such things in SC had said she would help us out, and **Grace Bunker** our class rep at the time in AZ lent us her good support as well; so we had the resources we needed. Anyway, here we are in August 2014 already!

The reunion happened, it was well attended, most successful and lots of fun. We can now look back and reflect, tell you a bit about it, and show you some pictures. In short, what was special and unique about it was the numbers which made it **possible for everyone to mix, talk and get to know each other well....**and in a setting that provided **a peaceful, quiet and relaxing atmosphere** for such

activity. Obviously it was largely due to the mind set we were all in to make it **a good happening**.

The dates were set for **6 to 9 June**; a fitting venue was secured at **Hurdalsjøen Hotel & Conference Center**, and **25 people signed up**. Early June 2014 turned out to be just beautiful in southern Norway---as we had hoped, not too cold or wet. Everything was nice and green. The stage was set. Now people just had to get here. The hotel is located amidst fields and forest on a lovely lake, an hour from Oslo and close to the main airport, yet is quiet and isolated enough to provide the peace and tranquility we sought after. It provides a free bus service from Oslo up and back. Those attending were encouraged to arrive in Oslo a few days before 6 June to adjust to jet lag and settle in; they were also encouraged to stay on for at least a few days afterwards to sightsee and travel a bit. A one-day trip to Bergen called **Norway in a Nutshell** was booked by 14 people for after the reunion. Some chose to travel before the reunion, others after, some to stay on in Oslo. Two were booked on a National Geographic cruise to Longyearbyen on Svalbard far to the north of mainland Norway afterwards.

Grace Bunker arrived Oslo after a stopover in Florence, the Manleys and Steeles after Iceland, Emersons, Piet and Richardsons via overnight ferry from Copenhagen , and Holmes/Sirbaugh after a

great visit to Bergen, the home of Edward Grieg. Attendees were obviously making the most of their trips.

Everybody was invited to our home for **garden parties on Thursday before and Monday after the reunion** in order *to kick off and round off things*. There was an excellent response. It rained that Thursday, but no one worried, people had come to Norway prepared for all types of weather. They took public transport from downtown Oslo and walked to our house from/to the bus stop for both events. A grand time was enjoyed in a relaxed and informal atmosphere. The next day, Friday, 16 attendees took the hotel bus to Hurdalsjøen while three were picked up at the airport and all arriving in time for a wonderful buffet lunch; the remaining four who arrived later the same day took a bus from the airport or a taxi. There were 20 of us for lunch that first day, 23 for dinner and after Genevieve, Bob and Nora Holmes' daughter, arrived late that evening, all 24 attendees had arrived. After the reunion on the Monday 14 people returned to Oslo by hotel bus, and most everyone joined **A Short Walk Around in Oslo** in the afternoon before **the second garden party**. **This marked the end of the 55th Reunion for the Kodai Class of 1959**. It was unanimously agreed to hold our next reunion in **Tucson, AZ in 2016** with Grace Bunker as the organizer.



Class of 1959: Carol Long Steele, Charles Emerson, Ruth Carner Richardson, Dale Anderson Finlayson, Bob Holmes, Grace Bunker, Virginia Peery Herlong, Ted C Essebagggers

AFTER 30 YEARS...

CLASS OF '84



Narendra, Arvind, John J, Riyaz, Jay, Paul, Henry, Malini, Milly, Krishna, Sainani and Kristoff

The thought was planted almost two years ago, when emails circulated about the possibility of having the 30th year reunion for the class of 1984. Where should we have it? When should we have it? The idea gained a lot of interest but making it happen takes collective effort, which can be difficult especially with so many people spread out all over the

world. It wasn't until we got a phone call from our classmate Narendra, that the thought started crystallizing into an action plan. For Paul and me, both from the class of 1984, it was more than a reunion. It was going back to the place we first met. That gave the added incentive to make this trip happen.

We thought the best time to visit Kodai would be during the annual alumni weekend, which takes place in early August. With that as our aim, piece by piece, the logistics came together and Paul and I were off to India. We spent about a week in Chennai where we had an opportunity to meet with some Kodai alumni, including our classmate Krishna, Anand J. (class of 1985), Riyazur

(class of 1983). Riyazur and Krishna were also going to make the trip to Kodai for alumni weekend. Narendra and his family joined us in Chennai and we traveled to Kodai together. We wanted to relive the Pandian experience so we all headed to Egmore Station and boarded the train to Kodai Road. The trains are still the same, with the horizontal bars across the windows, circular fans mounted on the ceiling, and the blue light in the hallway. The only difference we noticed was that the compartments appeared to be smaller, most likely because we were much smaller the last time we traveled in one of these trains. Shortly after departing Egmore we spread our bedding on our births and hunkered down to try and get some sleep. However, the narrow confines of the berth made it challenging to get a good sleep. We were all up at 4:30 am ready to jump off the train when it made its two minute stop at Kodai Rd. station only to find out that we woke up a little too early. We arrived at Kodai Rd. at the crack of dawn and made our way down the platform. Monkeys were up to their tricks across the bridge between the two platforms. We were met by Sultan, the driver who was to take us up the Ghat Rd. to Kodai.

We stopped for filter coffee in a little restaurant just past Batalagundu, got back on the van, and began our pilgrimage. Although 30 years may have

passed since we made this same trip, there was still that feeling of familiarity making it seem like not that much time had passed. Driving through the rural areas was a feast to the eyes and a change of pace from the busy Chennai streets — cows, goats and the occasional stray dog roaming the streets; women carrying loads on their heads; less traffic on the roads. Then the ascent up the Ghat Rd. began, with the horn honking at every hairpin turn to alert vehicles coming in the opposite direction. It didn't seem as hairy as I remember it to be. The road seems to be wider and better paved. As we climbed higher, the vegetation gradually changed and the air got cooler. We passed several small villages all of which appeared to be self-sufficient with their own vegetable gardens; beans growing on trellises, potatoes, various cruciferous vegetables.

When we passed Silver Cascades waterfalls, we noticed that there were several vendors surrounding the area peddling various types of goods. This should have given us a hint of what to expect as we got closer to Kodai. It took me a few minutes to come to grips with how much the town of Kodaikanal had changed. I didn't even recognize where we were. There was so much traffic, shops encroaching into the street, noise of horns honking and people chattering. It was only when we drove past Sherwood dorm that I realized we were approaching seven roads junction. We had to stop at the school main gate to pick up the key to Swedish House, which is where we were going to stay.

When the van stopped in front of the main gate, I stretched my neck as far as I could to get a glimpse of the campus, the



place that was my home for six years. Even though outside the gates was crowded with more cars than I ever thought could fit in that intersection, the campus still looked as beautiful as I remembered it. After picking up the keys we continued up towards Swedish House. I couldn't recognize anything. I noticed a structure that appeared to be a bus stand, there were so many restaurants (some very good ones), banks, etc. but no sign of Raja's and Hanifa's tea stall.

After settling into Swedish House and freshening up, we made our way onto campus. First stop was the KMU, where we registered at the alumni hall and got our badges — the badge that gave us the privilege to freely roaming around campus. We had to reenter campus through the main gate to experience that thrill of



officially walking into campus. Whenever I see the picture of Narendra, Paul, and me standing next to the rock at the campus entrance, the smiling faces give it away. Even though we were excited, there was this feeling of comfort that you get when you fell *at home*. As we made our way up toward the chapel, and then the gym (now called Alumni hall) we were approached by a familiar face, Hadden, affectionately known as Smaphoo, the guy in charge of the stock room. It's amazing how after coming back after 30 years, you still see familiar faces. We walked into the cafeteria to have lunch and I heard someone calling my name — it was Milly, another class of 1984 alumnus. And when we went to get our food, we saw another familiar face, Raja, who worked at the cafeteria. He is now the head chef. The cafeteria has been modernized and they've added

a second floor. The quality of the food has also drastically improved.

We walked out of the cafeteria and as if it was second nature, made our way to the flag green as it was customary to do back in the day. Surprisingly, it wasn't populated by students so we had the space to ourselves. Narendra's kids enjoyed playing on the flag green just like the younger kids used to do. The students we saw on campus were older and we weren't sure where the elementary kids were. We later found out that the main campus was for the high school students. The younger kids were at Ganga campus. Since we had the afternoon to ourselves we decided to walk around the main campus and visit our old haunts. The campus has changed somewhat, with the addition of buildings but the beauty and charm of the campus is still there. We walked around the entire campus passing the dorms we stayed in, remembering science classes and all the tricks we would play on our chemistry teacher. Even though there have been updates in the amenities available to students there is so much that is still the same. We took a long break in the library, which was unusually quiet, enough to take a semi-nap. Feeling a little recharged, we made our way to the staff lounge for tea. It sure was a privilege to be able to sit in the staff lounge and converse with the staff over tea

and snacks. While at the staff lounge, Riyazur and Noushirvan (both from the class of 1983) joined us. We met some of the current staff and of course, the Principal, Corey Stixrud, who I was looking forward to seeing, especially in his role as the Principal of the school. As the evening progressed the crowd of alumni grew. From our class (1984) we were joined by Arvind J., Sanjay Sainani, and Aftab. That evening about 20 of us went to the Tibetan for dinner and enjoyed the popular momos, fried rice, and noodles.

I have to give credit to KIS for doing a fantastic job in organizing the alumni weekend. It was filled with events that included tours of Highclerc (main) campus and Ganga campus, visiting community projects, meeting with seniors, dinner at the Principal's home, trip to Poondi campsite, and of course the embryos vs. fossils volleyball game. Ganga campus, which is a short distance away from main campus, is for K to eighth grade. Jessica Seymour Johnson gave the group of alumni a grand tour of the entire campus. She took the time to take us to the library, showed us some of the projects the students are working on, and also told us about the Primary Years Program, which forms the base for the elementary school curriculum. The campus is a slice of paradise, nestled amongst eucy trees. More important, the students appear to be enjoying



themselves. The campus is self contained with soccer fields, cafeteria, a library, dorms, and staff accommodation. We had lunch at the campus cafeteria and once again, the food didn't disappoint.

The highlight of the evening was the dinner at the Principal's home at Benderloch, which if you remember, has beautiful grounds. Alumni got the red carpet welcome and were entertained by the choir singing a medley of Beatles songs. The outdoor set up included white linen covered tables, and a lavish buffet with mouthwatering food — tandoori chicken, paneer sheesh taouk, chicken masala, vegetable kofta curry — all under a tarp. By now several other alumni had arrived in Kodai including John J., Anil Henry, and Krishna from our class. The dinner was well attended with about 80 or so

alumni and family. As with all Kodai alumni gatherings, there will always be one thing that will remain fresh in our minds for a long time. In this trip, it was the trip to Poondi. The two hour journey took us through unspoiled terrain of the Palani hills which had so much greenery and valleys dotted with small villages. In fact, we stopped at a turn on the road where we could get a clear view of the village of Poomburai standing on a half constructed multi level dwelling. Clarence Maloney, class of 1952, presented a brief history of the village. As a child he spent time there and was able to share some history of the village and his experiences there. The village is beautiful with the exterior of the homes painted in hues of blue and yellow that makes it stand out against the green backdrop



of the terraced farmland that surrounds it. These farmlands cultivate garlic (or poondu, which the village is famous for), cabbage, carrots, potatoes, and cauliflower.

After this little break, we were back on the bus and continued our journey to the campsite. We passed several small villages, all of which grow extensive agricultural crops. Some even had greenhouses. Although the village residents live in small homes, have goats roaming around, and have primitive living conditions, they're not without their satellite dishes and cell phones. After riding for about two hours, the bus came to a halt and we were told that we would have to hike the remaining two kilometers to the camp. There was a four wheel

drive jeep that transported our bags and a few people who were unable to hike. The rest of us poor souls had to make the uphill trek on the rocky dirt road. This proved to be a challenge for some but a little exercise doesn't hurt and neither does enjoying nature. There was endless, unspoiled beauty along the hike and that helped us gather the motivation to continue on. You knew you had arrived at the campsite when you saw the blue tents all set up. These look nothing like those khaki army type tents we would sleep in. A group of 11th graders were having class camp at the time so we got to interact with some of them. The campsite is a far cry from what our excursions to Berijam Lake. At Poondi there is running

water, toilets (separate ones for boys and girls), solar powered lamps for lighting, and a covered kitchen /dining area. There're so many different activities you can engage in while at camp; you can go rafting on the lake, string yourself along the zip line, practice your archery skills, try your hand at rock climbing, play volleyball, go on a hike, or just sit on the grass and enjoy the picturesque scenery. There is no wi-fi there and that gives the students the opportunity to interact with one another. And as far as the food there, the kitchen staff at the camp site sure knew how to whip up some tasty meals as was evident with our lunch and snacks.

When it was time to head back it started raining and the thought of hiking back in the wet road was extremely unappealing. I'm not sure who made the decision, but the catering truck driver took the lead in transporting all of us in his truck back to the bus. And to add to the fun, we had to tow Henry's Mahindra SUV along. All alumni, their spouses, and children all piled in to the back of the truck, stood clutching tightly to the crossbars, hanging on for dear life as the truck made its way up the rocky road, swaying from one side to the other as the skillful driver maneuvered the truck to avoid the rocks as much as possible. The rope that was towing the SUV snapped a couple of times, which made it necessary for

the truck to stop and re-tie the rope. At least it gave a bit of a breather after all the screaming and laughing at the back while we were being shoved around in the truck. All we could do was hope and pray that we made it back to the bus in one piece. What a relief it was when we the bus came into view — all without any broken bones, although there was a piece of vertebral column left in the truck when we all jumped out. Fortunately, it didn't belong to any of us.

The ride back to campus in the rain seemed long. On the way back we made arrangements for a party that was going to be held at Swedish House. Almost all alumni came to the party. Shanta from our class joined us there, and that made it a total of eleven from our class at this reunion. After a long day at Poondi it was nice to kick back, eat some food, relax, and socialize. This was our last night together and we made the most of it. There were some events scheduled for the following day — Thanksgiving service, volleyball game, and tea with local alumni. The time came to say goodbye and when we drove by the school main gate that one last time, it almost brought a tear to my eye. Kodai will always have a special place in our hearts and the experience we had over alumni weekend will have us talking about it for many years. We won't wait another 30 years to return.



ALUMNI SPOTLIGHT

BARBARA BLOCK, CLASS OF '74



Barbara Gail Block is one of the longest serving staff in KIS. She joined KIS in January 1988 and has since been on staff. She took a sabbatical last year but has returned and is currently the High School Coordinator. She is also an inspiring artist. We caught up with her for short profiling.

How did You Come to KIS?

I first came to KIS as a Bruton boarder, in grade 2, and left at the end of Grade 7, when our mission (Mennonite Brethren) withdrew most of their missionaries.

Qualifications?

I have a Bachelor of Fine Arts (Honors) from the University of Saskatchewan, and a Bachelor of Education (major in Art, minor in History) from the same institution

Current Career?

After a year of teaching in Canada, I returned to KIS as an art teacher. In my first semester I was a Grade 6 teacher, with art from 1-8, and then focused on Art 1-8 for the next 5 years. I moved to the HS Art (IB DP) position when Rajkumar left.



Since then I've moved up and down, teaching from KG to 12, as other art teachers have come with interests and strengths with different age groups. I find I enjoy them all, for different reasons.

What Does Being A KIS Alumnus Mean To You?

I came back to KIS because they offered me the position, while Woodstock said 'wait 2 years'. At the time these were the two international Christian Schools I knew in Asia to contact (pre- internet days). I had been leaning towards Woodstock, thinking I might not want to return and 'spoil' childhood memories. I love KIS, the hills (the Hiking is probably one reason I have stayed as long as

I have, plus the variety -within art, I've moved from elementary and MS to HS, then back again, helped introduce and develop the IB DP art Program, then the MYP Visual Art Program, and been HOD. More recently I have moved into administration, first with the MYP program, and now as High School Coordinator. Each time I started to think of moving on, a new kind of involvement at KIS opened up, providing a new challenge to keep things interesting!

What Is Your Favorite Campus Memory?

As a Bruton kid, my fun memories tend to be based on the games and activities we had at

Bruton, chase games in the woods, climbing a tree to read a book (I was a bookworm, and would get kicked outside to go play....this was my response), collecting rollie poochies and sucking sweet flower nectar, swinging from eucy tree rope swings out over steep slopes (and occasionally crashing into another tree). Days down by the lake, esp. Sunday afternoons in Season, out on a punt with a picnic lunch, leaning over the side to see fish, dangling plastic bags to catch them

(Bread crumbs inside)...these are some of the images that I remember.

On campus - many memories from Grade 6, with John Wiebe as teacher....being encouraged in my art (classroom mural, and the comment that ‘if I doodled in my notebook on the topic being discussed, as long as I also had the notes down, then he knew I was paying attention!’ Hikes in the hills as a class activity have led to a lifelong love of hiking (reinforced by my parents, who also loved camping and hiking).

How has KIS impacted your life?

KIS and India gave me a ‘multi-cultural’ perspective. My friends in university were from many nationalities, but I found a special rapport with Asians, one reason I looked to India when I wanted to teach art abroad.

How long have you taught at Kodai?

I came to KIS in Jan of 1988, and apart from Sabbaticals (one 6 month, and two 1 year intervals) have taught here since.

What inspired you to become an artist?

I always drew. In KG,(hill season) the teacher told my mother that unlike most of her students, she never had to ask me what my plasticine figures were, it was already very clear. On train journeys I would draw the porters, the people sleeping on the platform, the boy with the cattle in the fields, and the drawings would be passed around the 2nd class cabin for all to enjoy. In Grade 7, an alumni returned to KIS, and was sitting near the flag green

drawing. Someone mentioned that she was an ‘art student’ in college, and I remember thinking - “You can study art for a career? I’d like to do that”!

Tell me about your recent Art Exhibition?

As part of my sabbatical goals, I had planned to put together an exhibition for KIS staff/students and the Kodaikanal Community, featuring the sketches and art works that had come from my travels during this sabbatical, but also bringing in works from previous sabbaticals.

These works were largely pen and ink sketches, from locations across India and Asia, such as Angkor Wat in Cambodia, Hampi (Vijayanagar) in India, Bagan in Myanmar, and Sukhothai in Thailand. Some works were also done in other media such as colored pencils, mixed media, acrylic or batik. Some of the more unusual pieces are paintings on giant seed pods, elephant vertebrae, or other found objects.

The exhibition was held in the KMU. The pen and ink sketches were mostly on display in the upper loft, while larger pieces were arranged in the downstairs hall. Most of the images show buildings, landscapes and places.

Art quality prints (scanned) of the sketches were (and still are) available for purchase.

Several art classes came and visited, and interviewed me and reviewed the show, but most of the visitors were staff and Kodai Community members (the KMU library being in the same building, it was easy for many to drop in and see the show.)

While the larger pieces had to be removed, the upstairs sketches remained on display into the first few weeks of the fall semester, so alumni could continue to go in and see them.

What is the main challenge you face when beginning a painting?

I need time and a place without job or household distractions. At school, work, home, animals (I can’t seem to live without a collection around

me - cats, chickens, budgies and cockatiels, geese and turkeys, for several years a pet goat, and more recently a dog), keep me busy. Laptops and TV’s also distract me. I draw most when traveling and on vacation, where these distractions are less. Vacations in Kodai I’ll draw some as well, but usually have to plan times to do it...or the vacation slips by without it getting done. If I don’t have a book or TV or laptop - then I HAVE to draw. So going to places where I don’t have these on me, gives me a reason to create art. Many of my sabbatical plans have been designed to help me do just this.

At what point in the process of the painting do you begin to feel like the painting is almost completed?

This varies, sometimes a work is a quick sketch, other times carefully developed over time with details and colors.

How has painting influenced your life?

Art is something I enjoy, I’ve loved learning art history as well, and seeing how others ‘see’ their world, and how they live and interact with it. History has been my minor, and for me the two interact naturally.

What qualities do you look for in people you work with or other artists?

Consistency, willingness to invest and plan, openness and honesty and a genuine desire to help others.

What message do you try to convey in your paintings?

I don’t usually think ‘message’ when I start a work, but just what interests me. Themes become clear later...an interest in nature and how it interacts with manmade structures has been.

How do you manage balancing work/life?

I enjoy lazy mornings, but somehow only seem to get those in vacation time. Hiking, church and of course school, get me up and moving early most days. Hiking is also a stress reliever and reviving

activity for me. Being outside always refreshes me emotionally and spiritually.

What do you like most about your career?

I like knowing that I am able to help people... to discover new skills and creativity, to sort out course conflicts and to fit pieces together in ways that make sense. Taking others into the Palani hills to explore their unique beauty is also a pleasure. Field trips that combine learning with fun and interesting experiences are something I really enjoy putting together and seeing happen. High School Coordinator/ Art teacher/Hiking Coordinator give me these. I want to know that I am making a difference to others lives, and beyond the school aspects, my involvement with Bethania Home for Children in Kannivadi (the first of the Bethania homes) is another way I can do this. Getting to know the children them and taking KIS kids down to help, interact and experience life changing processes is also a joy. Dorm Devotions also are something I value being part of.

What Is Your Greatest Accomplishment?

Boy, don’t know the answer to this...I think being faithful to God’s call to me (when I do keep on track) is the most important thing. Whether I am achieving this or not, it is what I want to know I am on the right track in working towards this.

Additional comments you would like to add?

I am not a city person, visits are enough for me. Kodaikanal has allowed me to do things I love, and have a life that is connected with nature every day. I can walk home to my house, my pets, and be in a green and beautiful place. Last night I walked around Lochend, with a friend and my dog, we looked at the full moon through the eucy trees and clouds, and enjoyed the fireflies under my pear tree. I’m grateful God has put me in a place where I can experience this.

Congratulations to you on a successful Exhibition and thank you Barbs for sharing. We wish you the very best in all your future endeavors.

ALUMNI SPOTLIGHT

ELINOR POTEE, CLASS OF '44



As a 1944 graduate from KIS, I had no trouble being accepted by Oberlin College in Ohio. Oberlin had a very high regard for Kodai grads so many of us went there.

I graduated in 1949 with a B.A. degree in Sociology/ Psychology. I married a Iowa farm boy in 1949 and went on to get degrees in Medicine (Roger) and Medical/Psychiatric Social work at the University of Iowa.

I am now 86 years old, long since retired from Social Work but happily involved in a variety of volunteer jobs in an animal shelter and Adubon as an educator.

All missionary children in India, Arabia and

Thailand attended either Woodstock in the North or Kodai in the southern Palnis. Though our parents attended language school (Hindi) in Woodstock from 1921-1923, our Mother's weak heart directed them to choose Kodai-also, our Mission stations were in Central India so the choices were easy to make. We were taught on the Plains through the Baltimore Calvert system until our Mother traveled to Kodai and all of us went away to Boarding School at age 8 and third grade.

Our teachers and fellow students were "our family" during those formative years.. We formed friendships which would sustain us for many years. I look back with pleasure to Saturday night skating parties in the gym, Cops and Robbers or flashlight hide-n-seek all over the compound, Sunday evening vespers, taffy pulls on a Saturday afternoon, the Easter service in the beautifully decorated gym with a new white dress each year and the "walk around the Lake" after Vespers with one's current boyfriend.

My years in Kodai were rich in friendships and learning. Many of our teachers were outstanding, Mrs. Thompson in English, Mr. Vining in math and science, Mr. Musil in languages, Mr. DeGOrnio and Opal Riley in music and orchestra, and Auntie Powell in First Grade. At our graduations 12 years later she always had a funny story to share about each of us. "Papa" Phelps was a brilliant and dedicated Principal whose primary aim was to prepare us for advanced degrees and a mature and healthy adult life.

Though home sickness played a substantial role in my early years, each of us learned to cope on our own, better preparing us to travel alone by ship, during WWII, to our new parentless lives in the U.S.

I am proud to be an alumni of KIS. Our academic and personal wellbeing were both nurtured while at school and I believe most of us went into our adult years feeling solid and secure within ourselves.

My personal accomplishments have been modest but rewarding; a) I married a farm boy from Iowa who went on to become a medical doctor, a professor at Harvard's School of Public Health, and during his final 5 years, President and Director of Boston's Museum of Science.

b) We raised 3 fine children who went into Law, English and Science and Math teaching. Kathy attended Kodai for her senior year, Wendy Nichols for all four years of High school.

c) We spent 13 years doing medical research in Saudi Arabia from 1957-1970. These years included many interesting desert trips. Water skiing in the Arabian Gulf and two round trip drives from Dhahran to London and back, in 1964 and 1966.

d) Upon returning to Boston and Harvard in 1970 we bought a 5 acre marsh/tidal Island 27 miles south of Boston, a wonderful setting to share with family and friends for 42 years.

e) Together we started a small nonprofit corporation to help the Saudis start Colleges of Medicine, Architecture, Agriculture and English, which are still growing. I was in charge of world-wide recruitment for the faculties,

f) In 2012 I self-published my memories of our India life, "True Tales from Jungle India". All of the proceeds of its sale have been sent to Bethania Kids in South India, started by one of my 1944 classmates, Betty Swavely Granner and her husband, Bob.

Although my professional career as a social worker was cut short by the arrival and care of our three children, I found the training extremely helpful in understanding most of life's challenges, from understanding and supporting a hard-driving, brilliant, charismatic husband and starting and

"running" two Junior Girl Scout Troops in Arabia and dealing with many challenging personal journeys.

I am the youngest of three children and was blessed from birth with a cheerful and outgoing personality for which I can take NO credit. It has served me well as I meet new people or treasure my "old" friends. So much love has come my way that my "cup truly does overflow". Everyone I meet along the way interests me-I learn a bit about their lives, their worries and their concerns. When we part, I ask for their first names and say, in parting, "I will pray for you" and I do.

My Mother always listened but NEVER gave advice. She would always say quietly, "You are a smart, mature, understanding person, Elinor. You will figure out how to best proceed-I have such confidence in you." My advice to all young people would be: "Listen to people. Show them your genuine love. Touch them, maybe hug them, and tell them you know they will handle their problems "and tell them you will be there to listen and help and love. Most of all, "listen"-everyone has a story they want to tell you. Elinor Potee Nichols



ANECDOTES FROM HIGHCLEC SCHOOL

BY ELINOR POTEE, CLASS OF '44

In the spring of 1942, Kodai was alarmed because of the bombing of several cities north of Colombo in Ceylon. A rumor flew up the ghat that the Japanese Navy had been sighted off the Andaman Islands and were heading for Madras. We believed that Japan planned to attack South India, thereby cutting the south from north. We were told that South India possessed only one cannon with which to defend itself.

So Papa Phelps gathered a group of the older boys for a special mission: find an escape route for the school if the Japanese marched up the ghat road. We had seen surveillance planes flying over us so this threat felt real.

Bob Dudley, Russ, and Gale Potee hiked down the Palni Ghat, a small coolie path, crossed to Bear Shola, through the Lutheran Compound and down to the plains. They niver-nighted with Mary Martin’s family at Batlagunda and returned by bus the next day, having proved the path was passable although it would be difficult for the small children.

Because of this adventure, the boys became interested in compass readings. One Saturday morning, Chas Wilder joined Dave Warren, Rus , Tom

Warren, Gale Potee and Roger Evans. They stole a boat from below Boys’ Block and headed due West. One boy held the compass to insure that they stayed exactly on course. When they encountered a house they climbed over it. When they ran into briars they bush whacked straight through. Nothing would stop them because theirs’ was to be a classic bee line hike. They had forgotten about Pillar Rocks, which confronted them shortly and precipitated a rousing debate. A few boys were in favor of climbing, but they were out voted by those who chose to hike home --- this time not exactly due East.

Gale Potee studied the Peloonnesian Wars with Miss Van Duesen during fifth grade. When she asked the class what the Greeks did when they fought the Spartans, Ernie Lorbeer raised his hand: “They fled.”

When the Class of 1944 held their pre-graduation dinner, we asked Aunt Powell, our first grade teacher, to tell a story about each one of us in the graduating class. About me Ms. Powell said, “You all learned to read in first grade, of course, and at the end of year while your parents were still at Kodai

our class presented a theatrical program. Each of you read a passage from a book. Elinor Potee read, “When I was a little boy, I cut

down my father’s cherry tree which was bad, so I had to tell him about it because we must not tell lies. When I grew up I became President. My teeth fell out so I replaced them with wooden teeth. I died because I rode my horse in the rain and caught a cold. Can you guess my name?

Elinor closed her book, looked proudly at the audience and said, “My name is Abraham Lincoln.”

RUSSELL DEVALOIS, Kodai Class of 1943, was a young man of strength and enthusiasm. One evening, he walked to Charing Cross (now called Seven Roads) and lassoed a passing cow, pulled it past the flag pole, and pushed it through the hallway that meandered past Pap Phelps’ office. Past the dining rooms, the school kitchens, across the Quad, up the stone steps and into the library, just as nightly study hour began. We have no accurate report as to what happened after the cow entered the library.



WELCOME CLASS OF 2014

Anand Agarwal	Klod Euchukanonchai	Chung Won Kim	Nagarajan	Tenzin Rigsang	Ayman Siraj
Nishita Agrawal	Banu Ganeshan	Dong In Kim	Godwin Nannan	Krit Ruenrueedeepanya	Jegannarayanan
Vedhika Arvind	Jaisha Garg	Hyo Sun Kim	Anya Nath	Lydia Rymbai	Sivakasiulaganathan
Afrin Bhattacharya	Divya Gautam	Charlotte Kressmann	JaeEun Oh	Varun Krisana	Chanon
Anay Bhoir	Do Hyeon Gim	Regsel Kuenchup	Yoojin Park	Sadasivam Ganash	Smanyakanorraseth
Ishaan Chandhok	Albert Grafe	Do Hee Kwon	Rhea Passi	Karuna Sah	Sonia Suchak
Ria Chaudhary	Irfana Hameed	John F Lalnunmawia	Mrunal Patel	Nirav Sahnii	Daraius Sumariwalla
Aditya Chawla	Olivia Hawkins	Everjoy Lamin	Sarthak Patel	Nandhini Sandra	Dong Myung Sung
Tanay Chitalia	Tabitha Immanuel	Sin Woo Lee	Dhanishta Patole	Mogan	Rahi Suryawanshi
Sai Mahathi Chittoor	Ananyah Iyer	Sheng Yin Loo	Tika Pradhan	Vidhit Sangekar	Adhira Swami
Krishna Reddy	Aamer Jarg	Manohar	Dev Punj	Patcharapong	Manjari Venkatesh
Tshering Choden	Riya Jindal	Madhavarapu	Siddharth	Sangsakul	Shanthanu Venugopal
Mervin Chotrani	Isabella John	Alaiqa Malik	Purkayastha	Shaleen Shah	Rohan Verma
Jason Cornelius	Rohan Joseph	Simon Malik	Kanisth Raghani	Yash Shah	Ngawang Wangchu
Ansh Damodaran	Abishek Joshua	Hamadan Mehdi	Sophia Rajasekar	Surbhi Shand	Sonam Wangdi
Ayon Dey	Prerana Karki	Sanaya Mehra	Rajesvaran	Siddharth Sharma	Karma Wangyal
Seerat Dhillon	Rushad Katrak	Anuradha Menon	Ramalingam	Sonam Sherpa	Nitsato Zhimomi
Arya Diwase	Karuna Kauderer	Swapnil Mishra	Yosel Rangdrol	Jae Hyeok Shin	
Sonam Dorji	Aditi Kedia	Arijit Mondal	Nikhil Rao	Risa Shirai	
Jerry Edackatt	Kaanchi Khatri	Bharath Kumar	Rinnggheta Renthlei	Kirath Singh	



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