

HERE'S TO YOU MR. ROBINSON
LAGGING AND LOVING IT

By Mr. Robinson

"Hi, I'm Mr. Robinson, and I don't know you." It's late November and the names of old kids whom I haven't seen in months (Oh God, I'm getting old!) have somehow slipped away. As for the names of the new kids, that's definitely a work in progress. No matter how many times I go through this drill, though, it always feels odd. This is my home, after all. I return, and somehow I'm a stranger, listening for the moods and mores of campus in order to find my place and fit in.

As the Admission Director, there's a contradiction at the heart of what I do: to spread the word about Trinity-Pawling and let families and students know about the opportunities here, I have to spend months on the road away from campus. The longer I'm away, however, the harder it is for me to understand, let alone explain, life at T-P. It's no surprise, then, that when I return to Pawling, I feel a huge sense of relief. I'm back with my people, at my school, in my place. Truly, I'm home.

There is one huge tradeoff for this feeling of dislocation, though. It's amazing what you learn on the road simply by visiting other countries, seeing how people live and learning about their priorities. And that's really the point of my writing here. Thomas Friedman, the columnist in The New York Times, constantly tells all who will listen that, "the world is flat." By this, he means that the next generation—those of you who grew up in the age of instant global communication—will compete not just with those from the local public high school, but workers from around the entire world. To spend just a little time beyond the borders of the US is to learn the truth of this proposition. Trust me, gang. There are one heck of a lot of smart people out there. They're hungry for success. And they're lining up in droves to work hard and build lives.

Here are a few quick facts: cities in Asia are big. I mean, we're talking really, really big. If, for instance, you land at Narita, Tokyo's international airport, at 2:30 p.m. on any given Friday afternoon, it will take you two-and-a-half hours by bus to get to a hotel at the center of the city. That's because there are twenty million people in Tokyo. It's more of a region than a city. New York bills itself as, "the city that never sleeps." Hooley. Trust me, not much is happening on Times Square at 4:30 a.m. Mosey around Shinjuku Station at 4:30 a.m. and you'll be swept away by the crush of people.

One hears much these days about the "global economic downturn." I spent five days in China this fall in Beijing and Shanghai. At the two admission fairs sponsored by The Association of Boarding Schools, there were some 1,500 hundred kids looking to go to high school in America, 750 in each city. The next largest fair I go to in a typical year might see 150 people in attendance. I couldn't help wondering what kind of traffic one might get at a boarding school fair in New York or Boston designed for American kids interested in going to high school in China.

When I was in Beijing, ten inches of snow fell. This was kind of unusual as it was late October and snow isn't usu-

ally seen in that city until December. We learned what was really unusual about that snowfall a couple of days later when we left the country, however. Turns out, it was manmade. The Chinese government, struggling with the effects of a prolonged drought in the north, had "seeded" the clouds in order to produce rain. They got caught with a snap cold front moving through the region. Instead of producing much-needed rain, they produced snow that tied the Chinese capital region up in knots for days. Despite the glitch, I was stunned by the proposition. Can you imagine Uncle Sam attempting to seed the clouds over Florida?

Milestones in Asia—the World Expo in Shanghai scheduled for this summer, World Cup soccer, cricket, rugby—go virtually unnoticed in the states. Yet, as a passenger in a taxi in Taipei this fall, I was accosted by the driver extolling, as best he could in sign language, the virtues of the New York Yankees who had just won the World Series. Everywhere one went that afternoon, there were people celebrating the Yankees' victory. Is there anywhere on the planet—anywhere at all—that one can go to escape obnoxious Yankees fans?

I went to Vietnam for the first time in November and was amazed by the guys I met. In this nominally Communist country, there is an incredible hunger for material progress and the educational opportunities that drive it. Judging by the boys I met, kids in Vietnam work their tails off. And they do it in an incredible way—they think of it as a privilege to go to school! After all, most of their parents really didn't have that opportunity. And for those who are aware of recent history in Southeast Asia, the warmth that Vietnamese people show American visitors is simply astounding.

Fifty years ago, Hong Kong was a poor and relatively forgotten outpost of the British Empire. Today, it is perhaps the most technologically progressive and materially prosperous city in the world. Spend a few days in Hong Kong, and you come away convinced that the center of economic gravity on the globe has definitely shifted east.

So, I travel. And I learn. And I meet guys who are hungry for the opportunities, the challenges and the fun that life at Trinity-Pawling provides. To me, it seems like the best of all possible situations—a win/win proposition. American boys at Trinity-Pawling get to meet, compete with and learn from boys from all around the world. And international students are offered the incredible advantages provided schools like Trinity-Pawling.

So, the next time I walk by you and look blank, do me a favor. Don't wait for me to ask you what your name is, put me on the spot. Say hi and ask me to tell you your name. That way, I'll get to know you faster. That way, I'll get to know you better. That way, the admission guy will be better equipped to do his job: spread the word about our community across the country, and around the world as well.

FROM THE GARDINER THEATER
BROS AND HOES

By Zach Silva

For the annual winter musical, the Trinity-Pawling Drama Society is putting on the Broadway classic, *Guys and Dolls*, along with the musical genius of Mr. Nelson.

Guys and Dolls, based on a couple of novels by Damon Runyan, and is set in 1950's New York City, where Nathan Detroit, the comic lead, and the leader of a local floating crap game, must find a new spot to host his gambling endeavors. He chooses the Biltmore Garage, but it will cost him a considerable amount of money. So, Nathan decides to come up with a bet to raise the money quickly. He bets the romantic lead, Sky Masterson, that he cannot seduce one of the heads of the Save-a-Soul Mission, Sarah Brown, to Havana, Cuba, which he does. Meanwhile, Nathan uses this opening to host the floating crap game at the Mission. Unfortunately, this means that the fourteen year long engagement that Nathan holds with Miss Adelaide, a nightclub singer at the Hot Box, will be further delayed due to Nathan's misplaced gambling priorities. When Sky and Sarah return to the Mission after their dinner in Cuba, they find Nathan and his gamblers in mid-escape from the mission after getting busted. Sarah naturally thinks Sky tricked her into letting his affiliate use the Mission. With the big number "Luck Be a Lady," Sky wins the attendance of twelve gamblers to Sarah's dying mission in a bet he laid down to win back her heart. In the finale, Arvide has married Sky and Sarah, and as Nathan is still trying to find a spot to marry Adelaide, Arvide offers the mission as the location.

Filled with fantastic musical numbers and a mixture of dramatic gambling scenes and hilarious conversations, *Guys and Dolls* is sure to be a fantastic show. So, come support your fellow students on February 18th and 19th .

Cast (in order of appearance)

- Nicely-Nicely Johnson.....Jack Bosha
- Benny Southstreet.....Parker Nelson
- Rusty Charlie.....Richard Jarrett
- Sarah Brown.....Tara Smith
- Arvide Abernathy.....Zach Silva
- Mission Band.....Tony Lai, Matt Bourne, Peter Yip
- Agatha.....Mary Porcaro
- Harry the Horse.....Johnathan Grimmel
- Lt. Brannigan.....Evan Greer
- Nathan Detroit.....Adrian Appleman
- Angie the Ox.....Khalif Yisrael
- Miss Adelaide.....Rosalee Dehuff
- Sky Masterson.....John Kalin
- Joey Biltmore.....Tom Dennen
- Mimi.....Louise Kech
- General Cartwright.....TBA
- Big Julie.....Noon Jordan
- Drunk.....John Oh
- Waiter.....Alex Silva
- Gangsters.....JoonSub Lee, Tom Gardner

FROM THE BIG APPLE
STREET CORNER CAROLING

By Robert Reier

Although I am a first year Trinitone, it didn't take me long to recognize that the Christmas season is nothing short of chaotic for the a capella group. In this two week marking period, we have about a half a dozen concerts, most of which take place in New York City. After weeks of hour-long Monday

and Wednesday night rehearsals, we recently took a trip to the New York Yale Club to watch the Yale Glee Club perform. Along with this excursion and perhaps the best trip of the year so far, was our annual trip to the steps of Saint Thomas Church on Fifth Avenue. There, we sang Christmas Carols in hope of making enough money to pay for a nice meal. We took a train out of White Plains into Grand Central Station and, after a short ride, our adventure began.

When we arrived at the church, we bunched together on the stairs on 5th Avenue and we placed a bucket with a sign reading "Singing for Supper" in front of us. Shortly after, we began singing our hearts out. Immediately after we began, people began gathering in front of us. In time, they got into the spirit of giving, and dropped a few dollars into our empty bucket. As time passed, more and more people stopped to see this strange group of teenage boys in blue blazers and Santa hats singing on the sidewalk, and at one point, there were about one hundred and fifty of them listening and chanting along to the catchy tunes. Soon, our bucket was filled to the brim with everything from pennies to twenties. We would sing a round of songs, take a five minute break, and then repeat the process. We did this for about two hours until we were sure frostbite had taken over our hands. We counted our money and, in the end, we had raised about four-hundred dollars and we were ready to begin the "Supper" part of the deal.

We walked over to Times Square to a small tourist filled restaurant called Ellen's Stardust Diner, famous for their delicious milkshakes and singing wait staff. This retro diner seemed like the perfect spot for a good meal after a long day singing in the cold. We sat down at a few tables and ordered some milkshakes and burgers. We ate away, and by the time we were finished, we all felt completely stuffed. We paid our bill with our earnings and then had to walk another few blocks back to Grand Central at Mr. Nelson's incredibly fast pace. We caught the train and then began our long journey home, putting an end to an extremely fun day.

