

FROM THE AIRWAVES  
LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION

By Ben Ros

The auditions for the Pawling Public Radio online soap opera, previously reported on by William Fierman—touted by Adrian Appleman, took place today at the Gardiner Theater. Diversity among Trinity-Pawling's fledgling thespians was impressive; turnout ranged from our venerable Head Prefect, Darren Palmer, and other first time actors, to the more familiar faces of the Drama Society, Johnathan Grimmel and Khalif Yisrael. Participation with PPR stemmed from a suggestion from the show's writer, Christine O'Neil, author of Windwhyst and student at T-P's public counterpart across the way.

The soap, involving a writhing mess of intertwined teenage relationships, will be published by PPR, in film, on the Internet. I'm interested to see how this seemingly confused methodology will play out, given the professionalism of the creative minds involved. Conceived in the age of Twitter and YouTube, the intermeshed media type calls to mind fellow experimental cross-overs like "Dr. Horrible's Sing-A-Long Blog," or other, less successful, video game-to-movie adaptations like "Doom" and "Mortal Kombat." It all has the fresh silicon smell of the Internet Age. Keep your ears open for parts in the developing plotlines of PPR's media hybrid in the coming future or simply follow them as they begin to broadcast at pawlingpublicradio.com.

ON THE PODIUM  
OH SAY, CAN YOU SEE

By Parker Nelson

On February 22nd, Tessa Virtue and Scott Moir won the gold medal for ice dancing in the Vancouver Winter Olympics. Also on the stand with them was the Russian team, as well as Virtue and Moir's training partners from Ann Arbor, Michigan, the Americans Meryl Davis and Charlie White. As the winners took the stand at the medal ceremony, the bleachers were packed with fans from around the world, especially Canadians. When Virtue and Moir were presented their medals and received their initial round of applause, most likely deafening, seeing as how this was the first time a North American team has won the gold in this event in Olympic history, the booming sound of the loudspeaker announced that the national anthem of Canada would be played to honor the winning pair. As the music started and hats were removed, the words of "O, Canada" could be heard distinctly from the crowd and from Virtue and Moir as well. As the anthem came to a close, the final bars were virtually screamed from atop the medal stand, Moir leaning back to project his voice as much as possible.

Yet, as all the other countries of the world sing their anthems, for some odd reason, most Americans simply cannot sing their national anthem when they receive gold medals. Famous names in the Olympics, such as Bode Miller and Evan Lysacek, and even the U.S.A. bobsled team, seem to have

a problem remembering the lyrics to Francis Scott Key's number one hit single, or they have horrible stage fright, which does not make much sense considering that they're world renowned athletes who compete in front of hundreds of people. They even have audiences who watch around the world from their televisions. Most Americans don't even mumble or lip sing, as a majority of the Olympic gold medalists from other countries do. Are the lyrics truly that difficult? I don't believe so. I learned the anthem word for word in school, and I am almost sure that the athletes did as well. It doesn't help that the melody is fairly difficult, containing an octave and a half range, as well as very hard leaps between notes. I would hate to accept the fact that they believe that they are just too cool to sing it, feeling superior to the world and even their own country. But after asking some of my peers, the most common explanation is that they were never taught the song in school, or in any other facet of life. It seems crazy that a school or a parent would not teach a child one of the most important symbols of our country. Unfortunately it may be true. With added controversy over the meaning and origins of the anthem, fewer and fewer schools are choosing to teach the anthem, and some are even choosing not to have it sung at major sporting events. This is an excuse for the athletes to not scream the anthem from atop the stand like Virtue and Moir, but it is no reason that they couldn't even attempt to sing. Some athletes from other countries do not sing, but I think it is time that Americans set the standard for the few who do not, or just start singing.



By Doo Ho Ro

THE TRAVELING CHINAMAN  
HOME SWEET HOME

By Tony Lai

Finally, we have reached our second long vacation after two months of struggling in reality. For me, after spending a wonderful Thanksgiving and Christmas in America, it is time for me to go back to China, my home. I think the widely known definition of home is not only a place where you can eat, sleep,

and be entertained, but also a place where you belong to a family. I also consider my friend's home in the United States as a home because the cordiality and hospitality of an American family helps me easily adapt to the American culture. However, in my opinion, we all have only one true home: the place where you are born, the place where you spent your childhood, and the place where you learned your native culture.

My parents and I have moved our home many times already. I was born in Anhui, a Mid-East province in China. In Anhui, I learned both Mandarin and the native dialect, and I went to kindergarten when I was three years old. Although my memory from Anhui is not great, I can never forget my wonderful childhood that I spent there. Therefore, I consider Anhui as my first home. But I have not gotten a chance to go back to Anhui since I moved back to my parents' native hometown, Guangzhou (Canton), when I was five.

Guangzhou was my second home. Everything was new to me when I moved to a new house, new city, and new school. I was facing so much challenge because I could not understand Cantonese by listening to people in daily conversation, T.V. episodes, or in class. I was only good at one course at elementary school: I got 100's in Mandarin every time. Maybe because my parents were Cantonese, the language and culture seemed to be in my blood. Within half a year, I could speak Cantonese fluently to my cousin and my friends. I gradually began to love the Cantonese culture and considered myself Cantonese. Therefore, Guangzhou is my second home.

America is my third home, even though it is not the place where I was born and learned the native culture. That is because in America, I have friends and teachers who love me, I have learned English and the western culture, and I have had so many "first time" experiences at T-P.

Just like a Chinese adage, "leaves fall and return to the roots," I have decided to revisit my home in Anhui this spring break to see if I can remember my childhood there. I hope all of you enjoy a wonderful spring break with your family at your home.

SOUNDS OF SILVA  
WHIFFENPOOF WANNABEES

By Zach Silva

This past Saturday, Trinity-Pawling hosted the Mid-Atlantic Region semi-finals of the International Championship of High School a cappella, presented and produced by Varsity Vocals. With the help of Jack Bosh's masterful emcee work and the incredible singing groups from all along the northeast coast, the night of a cappella was an extremely fun event to be a part of, both as a performer and as a spectator.

Before the singing even began, several of the Trinitones (along with Johnathan Grimmel) were assigned to each group to show them to dinner and to be their host for the evening. After the groups got back from dinner, the singing, dancing, and beat boxing began. The Trinitones kicked off the night, though not as competitors, with a duo of familiar tunes like "Vive Le Compagnie," and "Gaudeamus," making the judges wonder why we chose not to compete. Then the first group took the stage.

Each group has twelve minutes to show the judges their a cappella skills in the areas of vocals, choreography, and

vocal percussion. First up was the New Jersey group, Vocal Forte, easily the biggest group there, with over twenty students. They performed a sunshine medley (including the songs "Walking on Sunshine," "Pocketful of Sunshine," and "Ain't No Sunshine When She's Gone"), and Wicked's "Defying Gravity."

Second was the group Dobbs 16 (cleverly spelled out using music symbols), renowned for their performance for the Glee cast on the Tyra Banks Show earlier last year. Led by a Harvard early decision acceptee and a small, mighty-voiced redhead, the group's best song of the night was their rendition of Mika's "Grace Kelly."

Third was the group I had the pleasure of hosting, the Wheeler School's Eighteen Wheelers. From Rhode Island, they brought their vocal A-game to the table and gave a solid performance, including versions of Michael Buble's "Everything," Seal's "Love Divine," and Duffy's "Mercy." While the first two songs were well-done and breathtaking to watch, the final number struck a chord with me, where two of the members of the group delivered self-written raps to accompany the song.

After the fifteen minute intermission, Jack Bosh came out on stage to announce the next group. "I am told there are eleven members in this group, spoiling what would have otherwise been a very effective pun." Maryland's own Eight Notes were next, and they gave strong renditions of songs that originally have been sung extremely well by women. First was a Heart medley ("Crazy on You" into "Barracuda"), then they pulled out a Beatles tune "Because," finally finishing their performance with Beyonce's "Halo."

The final group, Rhythm on Rye from Rye High School in Rye, New York ("Brought to you by the Department of Redundancy Department," Jack Bosh exclaimed), were the best dressed, with all black uniforms and bright red overall straps. They gave their best on Duffy's "Mercy," Seal's "Kiss on a Rose," and a Queen medley ("Don't Stop Me Now" and "Bohemian Rhapsody") from which Jack Bosh said he got "Mercury poisoning."

At the end of the night, only one group could be chosen to move to the next level and compete for the national title at the Lincoln Center in New York City. So, after an exhilarating opera performance by the Trinitones, titled "Tale of the Tootlebird," and after a pant-less debacle while waiting for the judges' decision, the four a cappella devotees came out from backstage with winners. The first award given was for Best Choreography, awarded to the Eight Notes for their "Halo" dance. Then, the Eighteen Wheelers swept the other two individual awards, Best Soloist and Best Vocal Percussion. Third place was given to the Eight Notes, second to Vocal Forte, and the Mid-Atlantic championship to my host group, the Eighteen Wheelers, who were well-deserving of the award. Watch for this group in the Nationals. Zach Arden, master vocal percussionist of the Eighteen Wheelers, had a few words about the experience: "the competition was fun, and even if we didn't win, it would have been a great experience. All of the groups were so amazing and entertaining. The school was amazing. You guys provided us with a great theater, amazing food, and rooms to rehearse in. We really appreciate all you did for us." So, after a long night of singing, all the groups made their trek back home, the Eighteen Wheelers singing, a cappella, "The Wheels On The Bus," all the way back to Providence.