

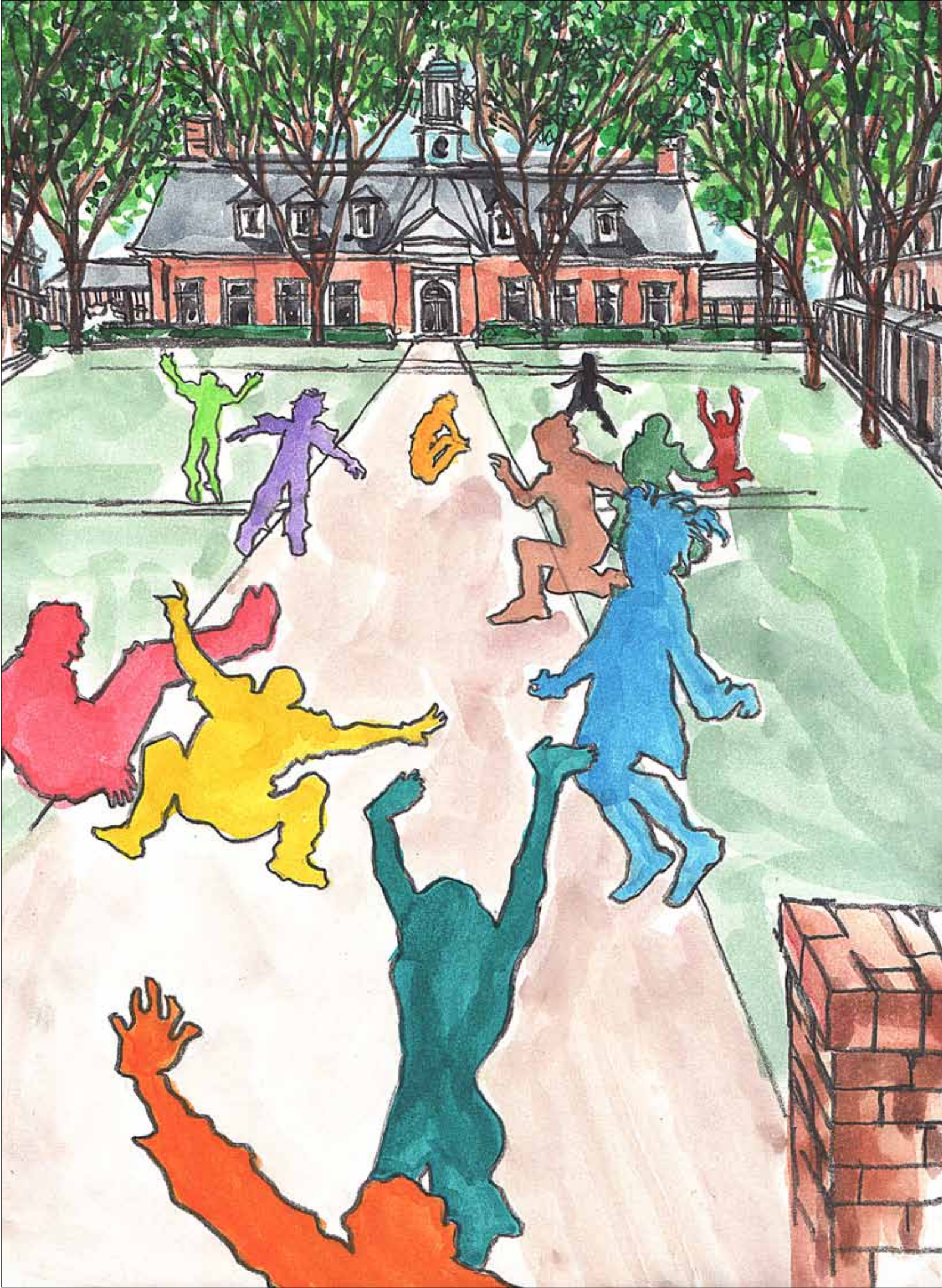


YEAR IN REVIEW

JUNE 8, 2012

Loomis Chaffee Log

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FOUR YEARS LATER | ARTWORK BY NICOLE CHO '12

ADRIENNE HENDERSON '12

Living with PILD

Adjusting to life after Loomis Chaffee

There is a disease going around Loomis Chaffee that very few people are aware of. It is a terminal and incurable disease, and though it may not be fatal, it affects every Loomis student deeply and profoundly. So if you are a Loomis student reading this, I regret to inform you that there is simply no possible treatment or cure for this disease. However, it may help you to become aware of all of the symptoms so that you can begin to accept your permanent condition and live happily despite its influence in your life. I implore you not to take this information to any licensed doctor or psychiatrist, and you should definitely not attempt to self-medicate, for you will find less success in garnering attention from the medical community than Jamol Lettman did from the senior class when he tried to organize a post-prom trip to Popeye's. Don't doubt, however, that this is a serious and real medical condition and should be regarded as such.

The disease I'm referring to here is Post Intensive Loomis Disorder (PILD), one of the best-kept secrets of Loomis Chaffee. Evidence and symptoms of this disorder are often dismissed as severe nostalgia or written off as just a phase of adjustment from living at Loomis to living just about anywhere else. Take, for example, what I'll refer to as Loomis Schedule Self-Programming, a surefire sign of PILD.

You just survived another long week I school week at Loomis Chaffee. You were bogged down with homework this week more heavily than you had been previously in the term. Your roommate had allergies and coughed every night, uncontrollably robbing you of your oh-so-precious hours of sleep. The bus to your game on Saturday left at 12:45pm but, of course, your last period teacher didn't let you out early so you couldn't grab something to eat before you left. The game was somewhere really far away and in the middle of nowhere — Hotchkiss, maybe Andover. You rolled off the bus, rubbed your lazy eyes enough to realize it was raining intensely and learned your game had been cancelled. Back to the bus. Boarders return to campus around 9 PM, day students get home by 10. You met up with some of your friends to lounge in the Snug; maybe you convinced Jamil Hashmi to order something from Windsor Pizza with you, but nothing could distract you from the cozy, satisfying image of your bed that was imprinted in your mind throughout the night. The prospect of sleep: that's what we all strive for, isn't it?

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Adrienne Henderson is a four-year boarding senior from Old Greenwich, CT.

FRED SEEBECK

From Seeb's, congratulations, thanks and life advice

Congratulations to you all, to your parents, your siblings, your ancestors and your posterity. We all wish you prosperous and joyful lives, good health, wonderful families of your own, and loving, loyal friends. You have already sown the seeds for all of those in your years at Loomis Chaffee and before. Cultivate those seeds with loving care and you will be richly rewarded.

After all, we all yearn for rich rewards in this life, do we not? Tangible or intangible, we hope for some acknowledgement of our toils, but such returns on our "investment," in our time and in our culture, too often come from sources outside of ourselves - grades, paychecks, promotions, citations, prizes, publicity all loom especially large in 21st century America. May I recommend that you find ways to enjoy the intrinsic rewards of your life and not to rely too heavily on what others say or do or think about you? I was crushed when, recently, I had dinner with a couple of my college teammates and their wives — a really fun

Fred Seebeck is Dean of Freshmen, an English teacher and a coach. He has worked at Loomis Chaffee since 1983.

little reunion — but during the meal, both of my teammates professed that they would retire tomorrow, if possible, they were so disenchanted with their work. One is a lawyer, the other a veteran engineer for a prominent electronics firm. Their forceful conviction regarding their current employment really disarmed me.

I offered them a brief reflection on my own work, and the conversation moved on. But I mention this exchange to you for two reasons: first, though my work at Loomis Chaffee is quite tough and tiring at times, the intellectual challenges, the variety, the flow of new faces and different opportunities, and the inspiration of working with and around dedicated people NEVER fail to inspire me. I can't imagine a lifestyle that's better for me. Furthermore, you members of the class of '12, so many of whom I know so well, have brought so much passion, energy, variety and talent to the game that I have boatloads of fond memories of your years here, and I thank you for making every new day of my work with you a precious gift that I have opened eagerly over these past three to four years.

Search for joy in your own daily lives. Point yourselves toward careers that bring you more than financial remuneration. Devote yourselves to serving others, in some way, in the years ahead. Your personal lives will blossom with the good will that you shower on others if you do. That's the kind of motivation that will sustain you through life's tough passages. That's the kind of reward that you can't get from a paycheck. That's the key to real prosperity in life.

I wonder if I will see you again after June 8. I am sure that I will attend one or two of your weddings (Lyle's at least, I hope) and a couple of your reunions. Surely I will see a few of you at Fenway Park some evening, if the Sox ever get back in their groove. Very likely I will bump into a few of you here and there in places like Faneuil Hall, the Moma, Edgartown, Millenium Park, Santa Monica Pier or the summit of Mount Washington. Perhaps I will be fortunate enough to have one or two of you as a colleague. Whatever the case, please know that, along with all of my friends on the faculty here, I wish every one of you good fortune, long life and joy!

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YEAR IN REVIEW

Loomis Chaffee Log

CHRISTIAN BERMEL '12 AND IZZY KORNBLATT '12 *Executive Editors*

By the students, for the students

StuCo president Lindsay Gabow '12 on what sets LC apart

Charged with the task of reflecting on my time here at Loomis Chaffee, I feel as though I'm on a lifeboat with ten people, but it can only fit two, so I (naturally) have to kick all the others off. Who's important; who isn't? Or rather, who would most contribute to our chances of surviving this plight?

What are the most important aspects of my career at Loomis? What's just stupid? But, wait, aren't the stupid things important, too? What most contributed to my survival?

The fact that I am even being given the chance to write this piece reminds me what a shame it is that so many students squander their opportunities. I think about some of the amazing, incredible experiences that define my four-year existence, and I realize how easy it is to simply go with the motions, to ride LC waves without a care in the world, and, suddenly, to find oneself washed ashore, with nothing but a light-headed sensation and a dazed facial expression.

To fully take advantage of this school as a student, you cannot be passive. You need to fight. Whether that means fighting to take a certain class, fighting to make a certain athletic team or even fighting to defend yourself when under administrative fire, you need to do it. If you don't, you will have in all honesty wasted roughly four (expensive) years of your life.

Fighting isn't wrong; it's healthy. After all, this is a preparatory school, and we can't expect to simply go through the motions throughout our lives, right? No, but there's something wrong with this situation: often highly motivated students are left drowning in their own stimuli, with no one offering much-needed reprieves. This is due to the fact that faculty and administrators, because they are adults, can choose whether to help us students. Generally, most faculty do not hinder our progress, and often, they in fact do aid our progress. But there comes a point when some students are so motivated and so invested in their endeavors that faculty no longer deem it necessary to support them. The students, consequently, work alone.

Why is that? I've speculated that it's because people, inherently, fear change. And, let's face it: as people age, they become more conservative. It's natural. But then I remember the massive legislative and administrative changes that Loomis has undergone throughout my time here. Maybe, though, notions of change are espoused only when they stem from the upper echelons of the administration. After all, even our founding fathers feared grassroots revolutions. How ironic.

Student Council has done a ton of work this year, with the Loomis Chaffee pledge, the dress code overhaul, homework policy changes and plans for a house system topping the list. Faculty, and some students, have praised our work, especially lately. However, what's not so visible to the public is the enormous trouble and toil we underwent in order to enact these changes. Most of our plight stemmed not from student protest, but from the faculty. Yes, the faculty.

This school has an extremely intricate bureaucracy. I myself am a champion of democracy: our democratic government, too, has a complex bureaucracy. But one of the consequences of this system is that initiatives move incredibly slowly. In fact, I would go as far as to say that this system fosters a virtually ineffective, inactive Student Council. In order to make the Council successful, my fellow officers and I had to fight the system. I had to force my way into several faculty meetings, deluge administrators and faculty with repetitive emails, and, when all else failed, accost certain adults in the middle of campus to ask with a grim smile, "Did you see that email I've sent you twice every day for the past week?"

I'm not a starry-eyed idealist; I know people have other obligations. I know that faculty members are not only teachers, but also coaches; I know that administrators are not only deans, but also dormitory heads. But I'm not just Student Council president. I'm a student, a varsity athlete, a Resident Assistant and a Log editor. I don't dare do the bare minimum in all of my obligations. I do everything with enthusiasm, and I take great pride in that. I don't get paid for it either.

My point is that faculty here are supposed to set an example for us students. And generally they do. For me, faculty members like Mrs. Forrester, Mrs. Knight, Seebis and Mrs. Purdy have served that role well. Students need faculty not just to learn from them but to learn from them (learn in a different sense). So when teachers who decry tardiness come to class consistently late, often after all of their students arrive, the wrong message gets sent. When a coach doesn't know the names of some of his or her athletes, the wrong message gets sent. When an adult slanders a student to his or her colleagues, the wrong message gets sent.

Lindsay Gabow is a four-year boarding senior from Pelham, NY. She served as StuCo president and Log Managing Editor and RA in Ammidon Hall this year.

This year's theme is doing the right thing. Why is it that some of the very individuals who champion this are doing the wrong thing?

Not everyone, mind you. In fact, very few. The problem is that the few who are soil the environment for the members of this community who seek a positive experience. Of course there are wonderful aspects of this school. I think we have an incredibly accepting community in comparison to most other schools. Many students at LC may not have fit in well at their public schools, but they have plenty of friends here. Everyone who is looking for a friend can find a friend. And that's a great thing.

Further, the staff here are absolutely incredible. For example, Mr. Aransky, Enver, Ms. Butterfield, Ms. Blaise, and the rest of the dining hall staff are wonderful people. They are the epitome of the often wrongfully used, clichéd term pelican. They are always striving to do what's best for the students. They are warmhearted, kind and extremely hardworking individuals. Through their work day in and day out, and the ever-present smiles on their faces, even after enduring extreme lack of sleep due to food preparation, they embody the concept of "grit and grace" (incidentally Westminster School's mission statement). I hope that I am able to work in whatever profession I end up choosing with similar joy.

Speaking of joy, what about Joe Billera in the Cage? Even when deluged with a seemingly endless stream of athletes with their reeking equipment, his smile never fades. And I'm sure you remember Judy, who worked in the mailroom before she passed away two years ago: she was just as warm and kind. I love the staff at this school.

At the beginning of the year in the opening convocation, I stressed the fact that Loomis Chaffee is not just a school but a community. I fear, however, that we are in danger of turning into a business, a corporation, and as we make this transformation, threads of our community are unraveling. These changes are not rapid, but they are happening. And I am not necessarily opposed to all of them. We are becoming a more competitive, prestigious school; from this, we have already seen an incredible improvement in college matriculation. Plus, we are decreasing the number of students overall, which will engender smaller class sizes, fostering closer student-teacher ties.

Students, in the midst of these changes, whether constructive or questionable, I encourage you not to lose sight of what is important. Take advantage of the extraordinary opportunities this place has to offer; become better people. Even more crucial than being your best selves is ensuring that you are always striving for the common good. Your fellow students are not your peers, but your brothers, your sisters. Your support for each other is more important than any academic, athletic or extracurricular obligation.

Loomis is an amazing place because of the students. Don't forget that.

STEVEN Z. WANG '12

Impulsivity: my lucky charm

Tensions were high. A single bead of sweat trickled down my left temple. My palms were sweaty and my legs were vigorously bopping up and down. I bent down closer to the table to get a better view, craning my neck left and right to see the different angles. Just one wrong move, one slight twitch of the hand, or one badly timed exhalation could destroy my chance of success.

With one shaky hand I slowly reached forward to make a move. But before my nervous fingertips touched the precariously stacked wooden blocks, I hesitated. I imagined the Jenga tower crumbling down in a cascade of blocks as the piece I had chosen to remove upset the entire balance of the tower. Should I make this move? Would my hand be steady enough? Would I unwittingly set up an easy move for my opponent's next turn? My hand stopped in midair as I re-contemplated my options. Perhaps I should find a different block. I retracted my outstretched arm and rested my chin on my hand to cautiously reconsider my decision.

Slow. That's the way my dad would describe me if someone asked about my hockey style. He still has old footage of me playing hockey from when I was nine or ten and a recurrent refrain heard from both my coaches and my dad is, "Steven, MOVE!" Sure enough, I would be standing at the blue line while an opposing player zoomed by me. It was not that I was slow on my feet, it was just that I was slow in making the decision of what to do. I could never decide fast enough whether to block the passing lane, to go for the hip check or to turn around and sprint down the ice to edge off the guy further along the boards. Hockey is a fast-paced game in which one has to make snap decisions or risk creating problems for his team. But snap decisions were never my forte; I liked to take time to think over each decision, to worry about my choices and the potential consequences and to hesitate right before acting on a decided course of action. Impulsiveness, that's what I lacked.

Though impulsiveness many times carries a negative connotation, linked with poor choices and brash mistakes, it was something I needed — not just on the ice but also in real life. Too timid, too keen to second-guess, and too safe; these characteristics defined my life. I lived by the moral of Aesop's "The Tortoise and the Hare," taking everything too slowly and too steadily. I needed to escape from my comfortable shell of reticence and take some risks, but how to do this, I didn't know.

It would be clichéd and also a lie to say that Loomis directly made me more confident. There are no classes that teach impulsiveness. There were no teachers who shook me and said, "Goddamn it! Just follow your guts and make a decision already!" Although Loomis taught me a lot academically, it did not instill

Steven Wang is a four-year day senior from South Windsor, CT. He served as StuCo's boys' vice president and was a Features Editor for the Log and a peer counselor.

the virtues of following my instinct. Instead, it created an environment in which I could discover, by myself, how to act with more confidence. I found myself stumbling into situations where I had the opportunity to make snap decisions and acquire a touch of impulsiveness. In this way, Loomis indirectly helped me.

I remember freshmen year when I first ran for Student Council. With a carefully written and prepared speech in my hand, I listened and waited as the other candidates delivered their speeches. I had planned to read directly off the paper in front of me, worrying that if I diverged in any way at all I would mess up. But as I listened to the other speeches, I realized how vapid and boring my speech would sound compared to the others. But before I could do anything to modify my speech, it was my turn to go up. I stood on the stage in the NEO, stared at the dry words in my hands, and remembered Pete Gwyn's stern warning of delivering only the speech that had been submitted to and approved by him. I worried that Pete Gwyn, that scary bearded-Canadian-bear/moose fighter, would destroy me if I strayed away from my written speech.

But a little part of me, that existent yet weak "impulsivity" muscle, twitched into motion. I got up on stage, forced my eyes away from the paper (although I took occasional glances at it to give a weak impression of following the script), and completely made up a new speech on the spot. I even made a tentative attempt at humor, which yielded a few chuckles, and when I finished, I found myself not filled with the familiar feelings of regret and second-guessing, but a feeling of excitement. In the end, Pete did not kill me and more importantly, I won. The exhilarating experience and the rush, not to mention the satisfaction, of taking a risk and succeeding, left a temporary high that broke my previous notions of the safety of playing conservatively.

Although that one moment did not change my entire attitude toward impulsivity, it gave me an inkling of confidence to act more freely, to not be so caught up in fear of embarrassment, and to take risks.

I remember taking Acting 1 sophomore year and having the chance to opt out of a particularly embarrassing assignment with a get-out-of-jail-free card I had won earlier. The assignment: sing a song and perform a self-choreographed dance in the Snug amphitheater. I remember having nothing prepared, thinking that I would use the free pass, yet that small but growing "impulsivity" muscle twitched again, telling me to take the chance. When the time came, I remember how I stood in the middle of the amphitheater and sang the sappiest song I knew: "Build Me Up Buttercup." I remember making up a ridiculous dance that I'm sure Mr. K could tell was not pre-choreographed. Regardless, it felt rewarding to outstep my comfort zone.

I remember indecisively wavering between quitting hockey and joining the swim team after injuring my shoulder. I had weighed the pros and cons, I had considered my ten

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LC's own Model T sits parked in front of Founders Hall. The interdisciplinary course Model T and the American Industrial Revolution, in which students learn how to drive the Model T, was offered for the first time this year. Photo: Jaehwn Kim '13 for the Loomis Chaffee Log.

IAN KNAPP '12

Before one last race, hanging on the shot of a pistol

It was a scorching hot day at Choate and the NEPSTA track and field championships were coming to a close: the 300m intermediate hurdles, the 14th of 17 events. No hurdler I've met likes running the 300m IH. Demarco, AJ, and Jeff need serious prodding before stepping up, and Josh usually flat-out refuses. It's a tiresome race. Yet as I prepared my starting blocks, I wasn't sure how I felt. I suppose I was eager to finish the final 300m IH of my running career but also reluctant to cross that concluding finish line since this would be the end; I had and have no intentions of running in college.

I took position in lane 2, an inside lane, and the starting stagger meant

Ian Knapp is a four-year day senior from Windsor, CT. He ran track and cross country all four years.

that all the other runners were in front of me and to my right. In that beautiful, silent, rigid moment between the calls of "On your marks" and "Set," when all the runners catch their bearings and settle into a ready stance, I glanced up at my competition.

Isaac Normensinu of Hotchkiss, a junior, was nearest. When I first started hurdling during my sophomore year, Isaac seemed untouchable; as a freshman he beat Pat Moriarty in the 300m IH, and Pat was damn fast. Yet it never hurts to dream big, as I realized when I crossed the finish line a fraction of a second before him during this season's home meet against Hotchkiss and Deerfield. Or maybe it does. Thirty minutes after that race I pulled my hamstring while anchoring the 4x400m relay. I didn't realize how serious the injury was until I tried sprinting out of

blocks the Wednesday before Founders and nearly pulled it again. Then I had to watch from the sidelines as my team won the Founders League championship.

Jack Shumway of Deerfield occupied lane 4. Remember that race I was talking about where I beat Isaac? Jack came in first, in both that and the 110m high hurdles. I remember lying face down on a bed in the athletic trainer's that Wednesday before Founders, icing my leg, devastated with the thought that I had finished my track and field career with double losses to him.

Grayson Warrick of Choate, an amiable adversary, owned lane 5. He looked deep in concentration for the imminent race (or as focused as you can look from the back). He had botched a first-place finish in the 110m HH by tripping over the final hurdle. Before

the meet started, Grayson told me that he couldn't lose, not here at Choate. I can understand the sentiment. Every moment seems to have more lasting consequences for me as graduation approaches, as if my legacy is being determined by my actions during the final month I spend on the Island, and I know that his screwed-up race hit him hard. But athletes can't afford to sulk over past mistakes. He tripped, and I injured myself, but that didn't matter here and now.

Peter Parker of Avon occupied the lane next to Grayson. Yes, that's seriously his name. Then there's Corey Hucker of Hotchkiss, the runner I always joked with about how much we both hated running the 300m IH. Demarco Palmer rounded out the field in lane 8. He was not seeded to score and I wonder how determined he really was.

I don't mean to suggest that he wasn't going to try, but I was in his shoes last year; a bad race isn't as significant when you have the chance to redeem yourself at the next meet. As a senior, I wouldn't be afforded that luxury of second chances. I didn't need a win, just a resolute race that I could look back on with pride after graduation, the last race of a four-year running career at Loomis Chaffee. I dropped my gaze from my fellow athletes to the rugged red track. Silence. I felt the starter raising his arms to the sky, the only motion in a frozen world. "Set!" I plateaued my back and leaned forward. My mind cleared of thoughts of legacy and memory. I was coiled, teetering on the shot of a pistol, ready to spring forward and race into the future.

Bang.

ADDISON WRIGHT '12

A cyclops named Colgate and other Loomis memories

I sometimes wonder what I'll remember when I look back at my time at Loomis. Usually when I reminisce I try to re-live a single memory, a tangible and passionate one, a memory that somehow captures the full feeling of the experience.

For example: when I think back to when the Giants won Super Bowl XLII (the first of multiple Superbowl victories against the Patriots), I remember this one catch. I remember staring at the television with my friends huddled around me. It's third and five, about a minute left. Eli (Manning) hikes the ball. The clock is ticking down. The Patriots rush three. Eli's pocket starts to collapse, just as a Patriots D-lineman grabs hold of his shoulder pad. *He's definitely sacked*, I tell myself. But wait — he spins, and out he springs. He throws it. It's a bomb. *Shit, Eli, this better not be an interception*. David Tyree goes up, and clenches the ball between his hand and his helmet. He lands and rolls over. *Did he drop it? No? He caught it!*

But Loomis is different. I've spent so many years here on this rock of an island that it just doesn't seem fitting to try to encapsulate it in one overarching, far-reaching, perfectly calculated memory. It isn't fitting, I think, because no single memory can quite convey the nature of my ambivalent and complicated feelings for Loomis. No memory can adequately express the stress of late-night homework or the fun of late-night pranks, the pleasant boredom of Saturday nights in the Snug, the joy of winning a single FIFA game. So do I need a new approach? No. This is how I remember things and I can't change that. Shouldn't it just work itself out? If I stop searching for a single memory, shouldn't one just emerge? Like natural selection: will the

Addison Wright is a four-year boarding senior from Sag Harbor, NY. He was an RA in Batchelder Hall and served as captain of the varsity lacrosse and water polo teams.

weak die and the strong live? Let's see.

Senior year seems too recent — the memories are too vivid, the ideas are too fresh. So I'll go all the way back to freshman year. What comes to mind?

I remember Tommy Lipe sitting naked playing HALO in my room all day, because after he showered that morning and discovered that he had accidentally locked himself out of his room, he decided that God wanted him not to attend classes that day but instead to play video games and listen to Bob Marley. I remember Jamie Bakrow screaming "Saaaaadiiiii" (a word that thankfully seems to have lost its foothold on Loomis culture in the past year or so) at the top of his lungs, whenever something unfortunate happened to just about anyone.

I remember the first time I had an extended conversation with a girl here. It was with Annabel Hess '12, outside the library, after I had been told by Zach Arlia '11 to "see if she'd be down for a good 'walk.'" Unfortunately, I don't think they ever did have that walk. Too bad, since the weather was really nice those days — just ask Sam Broda '12. He'd become quite the connoisseur of weather and constellations, what with all the time he spent staring at the stars with Katie Morgan.

Or what about Melanie's alter ego, Meanalie, who always seemed to be at the center of trouble freshman year. She disappeared long ago though, right? Or what about JV lacrosse — or better yet JV football, with Coach Colgate demanding that we run around the field carrying benches over our heads, or wearing his sunglasses during the rain? I surmise that he wears those sunglasses for the same reasons as the X-men character Cyclops: to protect us all from his laser vision. I don't think I've ever actually seen Mr. Colgate's eyes, and will go so far as to posit that anyone who does will never be seen again.

But which memory dominates? Which sticks with me the most?

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Loomis Chaffee football takes down Deerfield Academy 27-21 on Homecoming day this fall. The football program has experienced tremendous growth in recent years. Photo: Jaehwn Kim '13 for the Loomis Chaffee Log.

What's weird is that they all do. They're all still so clear. Maybe this is because not enough time has passed. Maybe in forty years I'll only remember some naked kid refusing to leave my room, or some odd Cyclops named Mr. Colgate. A side of me — the rational, logical, formulaic side — thinks that this is what will happen, that my memories will slowly deteriorate until all I have left is the name of my high school. But another side of me, the side that always seems to whisper in my mind the

hackneyed reminder *Look at the glass half-full, not half-empty*, would prefer to think that my memories at Loomis and the things I've learned here will never die, that they're too strong and too healthy and that I'll leave Loomis and relate everything else back to it, that I'll look at my watch in college when it reaches 7:45 and feel the urge to check into my dorm, that I'll talk to a girl at college for the first time and think, *Pshht, this girl still wouldn't hook up with Zach Arlia*.

But what if I forget? What if one slips away? When I think back to that Giants game, a game that lasted through a night filled with other memories and other plays, I can really only conjure up the image of David Tyree's classic catch. But it's okay: that one play tells the whole story. Maybe in some weird, twisted way, when I'm seventy and I think back to my days at Loomis, remembering Mr. Colgate as a Cyclops will be enough to tell me enough about the culture here, about my time here.

JEESUE LEE '12

On heroes and on what the future holds for all of us

As blockbuster season draws close, I admit I have spent more than my fair share of time thinking about superheroes, or more broadly, heroes. For, with the groundbreaking opening of Joss Whedon's masterpiece, *The Avengers*, the summer of 2012 seems guaranteed to entail some of the best, if not extraordinary, mainstream cinema. Brace yourselves.

Yet, even with this enticing promise, I'm caught up in thinking about the nebulous nature of my future. Yes, I have made it through the standardized tests, the college application process and the APs. But I still have the inevitable challenge of making something of myself. High school is over. The

Jeesue Lee is a four-year day senior from Bloomfield, CT. She served as a columnist for the Log this year.

shots have been made. It doesn't matter anymore if I was a jock or nerd. All that matters is what I become.

Of course, there's absolutely no way to guarantee or even predict success. Descriptions of my tentative major claim that it seeks to "cultivate intelligent creativity," a notion that I find admittedly both laughable and admirable. It doesn't guarantee a high-paying salary, only the understanding of Wagner's Ring Cycle or maybe Venetian literature. I will essentially walk out of my liberal arts education four years later, knowing nothing more than a handful of facts and a bunch of theories. But can't the same be said about any other major or degree one picks up? Sure, pre-med students have a straighter and narrower path to success than say, history majors. But, what guarantees that every single pre-med will go on to

become a doctor?

Several years ago, a teacher told me (I paraphrase), "You can't tell a thing about an eighteen year old graduate. But, you sure as hell can tell something about him twenty years later when he has kids and a steady job." And there is truth to his words. Because we are all nebulous and we are all hazy. There's no telling who of the class of 2012 will become the biggest billionaire and who will become the local wino. Yet there's something shared by all of us that guarantees we can at least become those middle-age parents: we went to Loomis Chaffee.

And that, dear readers, is our origin story, our beginning. Like all the heroes of this coming summer — Tony Stark, Bruce Wayne and Peter Parker — we have a place where we first learned and discovered the true potential of our

powers. Indeed, it has been long and yes, it was most certainly difficult, but we still survived. At the very least, we can recognize that we have as much of our own spidey-sense as we have a weakness to our own kryptonite.

I am not asking us to become heroes. In fact, I expect, without any real cynicism or malice, that few will. After all, we live in a dog-eat-dog world. All we can really do at times is play by the rules and try to win whatever game we are forced to participate in. But I do ask that we at least perpetuate the idea of heroes and the belief that they do exist.

And in order to do that, we must acknowledge where we came from and how it helped us become the young adults we are today. We cannot simply will ourselves away. Instead, we must

remember home and remember it fondly. For even when we are knee-deep within the real world, trying our best to wade through the swampy mess of work and relationships, we will have a token to bring us back to the surface and remind us why we bothered in the first place. We can remember each walkway, the meadows and the classrooms. We can reminisce about the teachers and mentors who have made and broken our days. We can recall each other's faces and wonder which of us might be building the newest Facebook or climbing the corporate ladder.

And maybe it is that wonder that will encourage us all to add variables and degrees of safety, comfort and perhaps luxury to the basic, and fundamental future of kids and a job. Maybe. Or, at the very least, to follow our bliss. Congratulations, class of 2012.

SOJIN KIM '12

Facing failure and confronting the world beyond LC

I came to Loomis Chaffee as a dazed, homesick freshman, with idealistic ambitions and expectations. And as my Carter prefects Allison Russow '10 and Emily Gibbs '10 promised, my freshmen, sophomore and junior years passed by like a breeze. And now, despite the fact that I've spent the past four years at a school and home where I was protected, probed and groomed to become the eventual leader LC hopes all its students become, I still can't help but feel anxious about the future ahead of me.

My guess is that my four years at college will again pass with the speed of a tornado as I delve into deeper subjects and, eventually, a major that interests me. But after that, what happens? I can't picture myself as the doctor, lawyer, teacher, vet, dentist, mother, scientist, explorer, geologist or musician that so many of our parents are. If anything, being the slightly selfish person I am, I want to keep the benefits and guidance I've always had through my parents' and school's support. I've never been independent in the truest sense of the word.

Like the rest of my senior class, I managed to get myself into a college I'm excited about, yet that feels like just one step closer to this new future I can't chart on a map. Miraculously, I found great friends at LC and accomplished much that I'm proud of, but can I do it all over again at a new college? And can I do it better? If anything, I feel like I'm back to square one as I face the blurry future.

I'm thinking of the mentors and friends who helped me figure out solutions to my questions and dilemmas. They were all there during my breakdowns, whether they stemmed from the pressures of homework or missing all of my Wednesday classes because my alarm never went off. My wide array of advisors — Mr. Forrester, Mr. Ross and Mrs. Knight — not to mention my academic teachers — Ma Laoshi, Scando, Mr. Cleary, Mr. Watson, Mr. Purdy, Mrs. Burr — all put the life in my classroom work. They shrunk reality and the world into their palms and showed me that I can apply to the outside world what I learn in the classroom. And not just concepts or knowledge; life lessons, too. From collaboration in the classroom to bravery and sportsmanship in athletics to the joy found in working with small children at the discovery center, I've already tasted hints of what it takes to lead a happy life: perseverance, compassion and responsibility. That might sound cheesy, but it's the truth.

For me, Loomis Chaffee is special because of the equality and community highly valued here. Students are given work jobs to learn the importance of giving back to the community and making LC more of their school. You can point to many flaws in our current work program, but the essence and general idea of it are spot-on. During my freshmen and sophomore years, when I was cleaning up after tables on a family style night or waking up at 6:45 AM to clean up the Snug, I loathed my work, but looking back it's an experience I would never give up. We can never learn to appreciate the food and what the dining hall staff do for us unless we experience the time and energy that goes into it. It's up to you whether you value that knowledge; I know I do.

Another lesson I've learned: no matter how many times you've hit rock bottom, there is always a way up. I hit rock bottom plenty of times along the way in terms of grades, relationships, music auditions and sports before I accomplished my goals. I've had way too many failures to count, but that's precisely what made meeting my goals difficult and worthwhile. I really do hope that wherever I go and whatever I face, I will remember to bounce back up like a Bobo doll when I fail, because there's always a low point and after that you just need to find a way to stand back up.

My big regret is my forgetfulness and sometimes ungracious attitude toward the people around me. Loomis Chaffee is my bubble and so it's easy to forget that there's a whole world out there. Sometimes we have the chance to view reality through PSO's services for the greater town of Windsor or through our brief trips abroad to help out on charity missions, but we will never fully experience the pains of poverty, a hopeless future and a loveless life. We are given all the support and love we need to do more than just excel academically. We are truly lucky to be receiving one of the most complete educations in the nation. We would be lying to ourselves if we thought that the reality of other people's lives are just like ours or that they don't deserve the privileges we're offered. At some point in our lives, we need to learn to step back from the fast-paced world and look back to see who's been left behind.

The failures and obstacles we face are endless, heart-breaking and will-breaking, but as long as we find a way to stand up and face the failure again, we are in essence already winning. It doesn't matter how long it takes to finally figure out how to write a thesis for a paper or how to derive that insane calculus equation or break that PR. As long as you reach the end, you're forever a winner in my book.

Sojin Kim is a four-year boarding senior from Washington, DC. She was an RA in Ammidon Hall and served as an Editor in Chief of the Log.

JEFF BURKE '12

Southern hospitality meets prep school

My drawstring Nike Wake Forest bag clings to my back as it strains under the weight of my multivariable calculus and economics textbooks. I lumber down the hall in a sluggish manner hoping I never reach the class of a teacher named Mr. Moran. What is multivariable calculus anyways? How did I even get stuck in there? I wanted Algebra Topics like most PGs for crying out loud. Just as I hit the halfway mark down the Clark second floor hallway a tiny child runs by. At first I think he is cute. Then when three others his size walk by I start to wonder. They all have backpacks. Then it hits me. They are students. I am truly in high school again, and those kids who walked by with their shoulder brushing my elbows are freshman. My heart sinks. While saying "y'all," "daggum" and "golly" makes it hard to blend in, the most inhibiting factor is the fact that I am 6'5" and unhappy. I am out of place when all I want to do is blend in.

Having spent my whole life raised way down in Chattanooga, Tennessee, I approached Loomis skeptical of the people and upset at the prospect of actually having to do a fifth year of high school. I had not experienced New England culture, and although I had family in New England, I did not really know what to expect. I expected my PG year at Loomis to be a year where I angrily sulked in my room scared frigid by the arctic atmosphere that surrounded me while wishing I still had my longtime country friends by my side. I have never been more wrong.

Though I still miss the South and hope to return there later in life, this year at Loomis has been one of the best and most unexpected blessings I have ever received. The academic and physical growth that I've experienced through an extra year of hard work are two obvious benefits that reveal only part of the greatness of this year to me. My ideal college recruited me. I met

Jeff Burke is a boarding postgraduate from Chattanooga, TN.

quite a few friends who I will keep in touch with for the rest of my life, and many of them will be near me while I attend Boston College. I was able to experience one more year of competitive basketball that ended with an amazing win over Hotchkiss.

I learned that cold days aren't bad if you actually own a winter jacket, and a hooded sweat-shirt doesn't count as one. I was forced into microbiology, and while I was mad at first, I ended up loving the class and now I am considering biology down the road. I met two of the bravest and greatest men in Mr. Kosanovich and Mr. Pukstas, who in Tennessee might be rejected simply because of their sexual orientation despite the fact that they have more integrity and intelligence than half the men who slight them.

I watched a child named Oliver grow from crawling everywhere to talking and walking. I had my face stuffed with burgers and steaks by Mr. Beck multiple times. I learned that oatmeal with brown sugar is a breakfast staple. I learned that peanut butter and jelly doesn't belong on pizza. I learned that if Jamil Hashmi '12 comes into your room at one in the morning, it's better to fake sleep than to answer him. I learned that leaning a trash can against a door and knocking is a hilarious prank every time. I also learned that not only can you prank — you can also be pranked.

I learned that not all lacrosse players are exact copies of Branston Winstonworth. I also learned that some are. I learned that people get very angry if you use more than a cap of their laundry detergent. I learned there will be good roommates and there will be bad roommates. I learned that squash isn't just a vegetable. I learned that arriving at Loomis with only two ties and three polo shirts is not enough.

I learned that I cannot throw a Frisbee. I learned that Michael Siu becomes a whole different animal when townies encroach on his territory. I learned that leaving your Facebook open in a boys' dorm leads to a very perverted

status. While I still have so many things to learn (such as the train system up here), I am excited to experience New England over the next four years because of the great introduction Loomis provided me.

As I step forward my metal spikes crackle as they hit the first bit of dirt. I walk behind the umpire and survey the Avon bench and crowd sitting down the third base line. My helmet feels tight. My body is loose. It all feels right. Miceli on third. Bellock on second. Reed on first. Avon's UCONN-bound lefty comes set and delivers an outside fastball for ball one. I reset my feet and await the next pitch: fastball tailing low and away for strike one. Third pitch: curveball in the dirt for ball two. Fourth pitch: fastball for ball three. 3-1 count. A hitter's count.

I grab some dirt on the ground to rub on my hands. I now have the perfect grip. I step in and immediately feel myself enter the zone. This game is a must-win. The pitcher comes set. Has to be a fastball coming. He checks the runners. The run in the first running was luck. His leg rises. Throw me that fastball. My blood is pumping. I dare you. He lunges towards the plate. Do it. The ball leaves his fingers. You actually threw one. The ball travels and begins to tail 20ft from me. I let the ball travel until it's deep into my stance. I swing and the ball hits the barrel. Immediately the ball is propelled from my bat towards the right field fence high into the air.

As the ball clears the fence, people cheer and I begin my homerun trot. I round third and head home where I see my team waiting. Not only do I see 15 guys cheering and waiting but I see 15 guys I have become close with. Fifteen new friends who I mesh well with and have the privilege of sharing the field with every day. Fifteen men with whom I shared a thrilling victory over Avon. Fifteen men that I would never have been fortuitous enough to have met had I not done a PG year at Loomis. Fifteen guys among many who carry the same name on our chest now and forever onward: Loomis Chaffee.

YEAR IN PHOTOS | FALL/WINTER



An historically damaging November snowstorm knocked out power on the Island and throughout New England. Above, a downed tree on the Grubbs Quad. Photo: Mary Forrester.

LIANA FERNEZ '12

Loomis Chaffee, 2001 to 2012

The day of my tour was not the first day I ever stepped onto the Loomis Chaffee campus. From 2001 to 2005, I each July attending Winner's Sports Camp. Every morning at nine I would be dropped off in front of Chaffee Gym (I did not know it was called Chaffee Gym), the gym that has since been replaced by the Hubbard Music Center. I would trot with twenty other pre-teen children over to the varsity boys' tennis courts (which then were just the tennis courts) where I learned how to serve and to which I never returned.

Around eleven every morning we would break, and sit on Mr. Holdaway's (some stranger's) front lawn. This seemed like trespassing, but no one ever came out to yell at the two dozen or so people camped out on his property, so I came to ignore the houses and contentedly munched on my Dunkaroos. What a strange neighborhood, I thought. No one seems to live here. There's no community.

When I met my first lax bro (my least

Liana Fernez is a four-year day (formerly boarding) senior from Bolton, CT. She starred in a number of NEO productions at LC.

favorite camp counselor, which must just be a coincidence), someone I found out years later attended Loomis, I couldn't tell what he was supposed to be. A floppy mop of hair sat on his head ("flow"). He had an awful tan line halfway up his calf (thanks to mid-highs), and he didn't believe that gymnastics was a real sport. I pitted my nine-year-old chutzpah against his seventeen-year-old Bro Bible, arguing with him about the qualifications of sports. *I am an athlete!* I pleaded, certain that my no-contact sports made me just as much an athlete as he felt he was while wielding his battering ram butterfly net (D-pole). This argument lasted the time it took to walk from Faculty Row (a deserted street), past the RAC (which, to be honest, I don't even remember noticing), past the NEO (the big, red farmer's garage), all the way to Olcott (the big gym with the big pool with the creepy birds on all the posters).

If I were to give you directions indicating "the building with mirror windows at the bottom," would you know I was talking about the Science Center? If I told you to go to "the building where all the boys sleep," the Health Center would not be your immediate destination. I did

not understand the concept of boarding school, or even that where I spent my sweaty summer days was a boarding school, but now I can't tell the story of When Liana Was Athletic without it being clouded by When Liana Did Plays. Both of them occurred in the same space, and both of them involved me, but I can't un-learn Loomis. I can't remember what Chaffee looked like three years ago, never mind seven years ago. What I knew then has been painted a thousand times over by what I know now.

I can't tell you the story of how I won the Doubles Pepsi Challenge without referencing the soda machine (which doesn't exist anymore) that lived in the nook across from the Cage just as much as I can't tell you how it felt to write papers before interpretive sentences or to do math without a graphing calculator or to trust that everyone I ever met would be at least empathetic. I am off to a 25,000 student college in a 40,000 student university in the middle of a city populated by 8,000,000 people because I can't un-learn Loomis. I won't ever have an experience like this one again, and I don't want to try. For what it was, Loomis is as good as it gets.

The life aquatic with Izzy Kornblatt '12

Learning from four years of swimming and water polo

Sometime in the later years of my elementary school career, I decided that since other sports weren't working out, I'd become a swimmer like my mother before me. Swimming led in the 9th grade to water polo, which is more violent and also more fun than swimming, and that lasted me up until this fall. (I think I'm done now.) The thing about swimming, and, to a lesser extent, water polo, is that it requires a really extraordinary level of stamina. And the formula for stamina proved easy for me to follow: come to practice + follow instructions, though once after swim practice during sophomore year, my coach Mr. Seebeck pulled me aside and told me that I had to put something of my own into the workout, that I had to push myself without his prodding.

The long and short of the matter is that I quit swimming and joined afterschool debate instead. This was a year later, and more immediately motivated by a desperate need for some free time, but it nonetheless followed from my talk with Seeb: I knew that if I were going to continue, I would need to invest myself in the sport, and after delaying and ruminating and agonizing, I decided I couldn't or wouldn't do it.

My last swim meet was the 2010 New England boys' championship meet, held just after the start of spring break on a Sunday at Hotchkiss, in Lakeville, CT, way too far away. I can't remember whether I swam in more than one event at the meet. Swim meets tend to produce, at least in me, a sort of warm lethargy: wrapped in a heavy, soft parka, I languished, half-watching the races in front of me, half drawn into sleep, worrying that my torpor would affect my performance. I don't know if it was my sluggishness or a failure on my part to have properly invested myself in my coaches' taper practice routines or a failure on their part to design those routines well or something else entirely, but for whatever reason, the one event I remember swimming that day did not go well.

Some background on this event: the 500-yard race, or just the 500, a hellish 10 laps (or 20 pool lengths) had been my event all season. I was by no means anywhere close to being particularly good at it, but I could do it and so I did do it. Swimming the 500, the longest race in our league, is torture. I got through it by telling myself how much I hated it—over and over and over. You judge your performance as you go by how ragged your lungs feel, how much you dread having to hold your breath for yet another disorienting flip turn, how sluggish your arms feel, how close

Izzy Kornblatt is a three-year day senior from Northampton, MA. He served as an Editor in Chief of the Log and Debate Society president this year.

you are to passing out.

I had made some progress over the course of the season. I swam the 500 almost every meet without much improvement, until, finally, I had a breakthrough of sorts at the Founders League championship the week before New Englands. My heat had just three swimmers in it, one of whom was positioned in the lane right next to me and seeded just behind me: it was going to be close. For eight surprisingly not-painful laps, we swam neck-and-neck, and then I pulled ahead and sprinted down the last length of the race and hit the wall in first place—and realized that I still had a lap to go. So I turned around and swam as fast as I possibly could, now hopelessly far behind my competitor, and I finished in second place. I had set a personal record by 17 seconds.

Seeb and Mr. Pond were fairly pleased with me: despite having really terribly embarrassed myself, I had finally shown that given the right competitive conditions, I could overcome my



Graphic by Juwon Jun '14 for the Loomis Chaffee Log

worrisome tendency to hold back from going all-out. I had potential.

So I considered that potential as I, legs shaved, head squeezed into a rubber cap, goggles too-tight (I always had a morbid fear of having my goggles fall off at the beginning of the 500), stood on the starting block for what I would later realize was my last swim race ever. Per usual, at the forefront of my mind were worries, not ambition, and I'm not just referring to goggles falling off: I feared slipping off the block when I went to dive (that did happen once, and it was predictably awful), I feared losing track of my laps again, I feared slipping on the tile wall during my flip turn, crashing into a lane line, etc. I even feared, a bit, diving into the cold water, which after hours of warm sluggishness was always a major shock.

It would be difficult for me to overstate just how unpleasant a race this was. I felt heavy and out-of-breath. I had a maddeningly strong desire for the race just to be over. Done. Forever.

As I gasped for breath after finishing, I looked up at the scoreboard and saw that I hadn't even come close to besting my record from the week before.

There is something very depressing that underlies boarding school life, not something that's always visible or even always present, but something serious nonetheless. It has to do with the fact that there are freshmen who take the SAT and aim eventually to score 2400, and with the way so many extracurricular participants are so obviously motivated by their own college applications (I'm thinking StuCo candidates and Log editors and community service-doers and debaters and prefects and RAs, etc.). But it's not just about college applications; it's about total self-interest—this idea of trying in some way to get ahead via involvement in every single offering these schools present.

Education is a race and boarding schools

somewhat addicting and difficult to resist, so much so that if you're anything like me you have to try desperately hard to remember that there are experiences and connections that matter in more meaningful ways.

Boarding schools, at their worst moments, are a total distillation of this conception of life as just a series of stages leading... nowhere, really, or at least nowhere good. Parents send their kids off to a sort of trial-college where they're faced with an obstacle course of hoops to jump through and if they do so before everyone else, then they get into a good college and get ahead in life. It's all made much worse by the ways these schools spend so many much time congratulating themselves on the pretense that they're in fact preparing kids for meaningful existences when they're obviously and totally complicit in this growing hyper-competitiveness of education. They often reward the system-players with prizes and leadership positions and invitations to honors teas and yet they seem not even to know that this is a problem or that it's so disturbing.

I don't know of anyone on my water polo team at Loomis who played to get

ahead or to put the sport on college applications: the feeling of the entire thing was communal and generally very palatable. And so it is for other reasons that I felt a bit uncomfortable playing.

This is probably a good time for me to be upfront about something I maybe haven't always been upfront about: I never did score a goal in a water polo game. No, not ever, not in four years. Yes, I'm embarrassed about it... all right, there's no need to spend too much time on this. I'll just note that I came close to scoring on several occasions, and on several of them I did actually get the ball into the goal, just there was a foul or a turnover or something. Whatever. And senior year I definitely would have scored on JV if I hadn't been moved up to varsity. The point is that I was never much of

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a water polo powerhouse. I did fancy myself a good defender, though, which proved a fairly effective way of allowing me not to confront the sorry truth about my total lack of water polo ability until just recently.

Anyway, sophomore and junior years I was trying to brush up my water polo in the presence of a fairly supportive team by modeling myself after some stellar teammates. There was Sam Broda, whose generally impeccable and I think preternatural togetherness in all situations both polo-related and not made him slightly godly in my eyes. And Jamil Hashmi, with his audacity and rather extraordinary ability to wrangle his way past just about anyone in the pool. But most memorable was Addison Wright, whose somewhat aggressive physical confidence I initially mistook for cocksureness, and whose all-around water polo domination wowed me for three years straight.

Later I learned that all three of these brilliant players began playing my sophomore year, i.e. a year after I did. I tried to emulate their ability to make sudden, brilliant decisions. I studied their rapid-fire shots, their cleanly executed drives across the pool, their smooth, effortless ball-handling. Water polo, like every other true sport, is elegant: it has a clear, physical-object victory in the form of goals, and there's a certain grace in the skillful pursuit of victory. Good teams operate like decidedly human machines (only in sports is "human machine" not an oxymoron), made up of fine-tuned, flexible parts working in a sort of symphonic harmony. I think the reason sports descriptions like that one so often devolve into hackneyed clichés and mixed metaphors (sorry) is that what I'm describing really is that graceful and that dramatic and that universal—you know what I'm talking about.

There was, for instance, this one game sophomore year against powerhouse Suffield Academy, one of those schools whose teams always seemed to trounce us no matter how we practiced or what we planned. What would happen was that we'd just sort of fall apart in the water, and it was always painfully apparent that 28 minutes of play was going to feel a hell of a lot longer than that. But this game was different. After a fairly typical first quarter of many Suffield goals and few of ours, we (and I do not mean me; I was blissfully still on JV at this point) just came together and started fighting—well. Our plays were as peripatetic as ever but willfully so: passes hit their marks, drives had purpose, goals went in. The final score, according to the Loomis website, was Suffield 10, Loomis 6, but it felt so much closer.

Even though I was always a bystander to these ephemeral moments of greatness, I liked water polo and I knew I wouldn't quit. So when I got just too busy, I decided swimming had to go. I told Seeb I was quitting and he nodded sagely and so the next day I showed up after school to a classroom in the science center to practice debate.

I want to spend as little time here

Continued on page B6

Living with PILD

Continued from page B1
it? The time between leaving the Snug and getting to your room was a blur. All you could recognize was the amazing feeling of relaxation as your head hit the pillow and someone turned out the lights.

The next morning you woke up feeling amazingly well-rested and very calm. You stretched your arms out and yawned, accidentally knocking your phone off your desk and onto the linoleum floor. Through squinted eyes, you read the clock: 8:32 AM. You jolted up. You started flipping out. Your mind raced. *What class do I have first period? Maybe I can send someone a text to let the teacher know I'm coming. Should I deep?* With one leg in your pants and a shirt haphazardly thrown on backwards it hit you: *Today is a Sunday. No classes.*

This situation can occur on a variety of different non-school days and in a variety of different settings. Be particularly concerned if you find yourself in a situation such as the one previously mentioned if you are either a) a boarder at home

or b) any student over the summer. The point is that if you have Internal-Loomis-Schedule-Self-Programming-Morning-Freakout-itis, especially in one of those two situations, then you have very good reason to worry that you are showing symptoms of PILD. (Also note that this Internal Loomis Schedule Self-Programming includes being forever conscious of the 7:45 PM and 11:30 PM check-in times.)

Internal Loomis Schedule Self-Programming is one of the very few symptoms of PILD that Loomis students actually exhibit through their actions and behaviors (e.g. leaping out of bed and grabbing random books at 8:30 AM for no reason). The more severe symptoms of PILD are entirely mental and therefore need to be self-identified and -diagnosed:

The first day of Carter Dorm orientation in September 2008, I sat squished sweatily in the common room between Sojin Kim '12 and Hayley Root '12. I

crossed my arms nervously in my lap and tried to adjust my feet to a comfortable position on the floor. My toenails scratched irritatingly against the shedding carpet and Lindsay Gabow '12 kept fidgeting and elbowing my leg. Each time she did, she turned to me, giggled and failed in an attempt to whisper in a very peculiar voice, "WHOOOPS, MY BAD!" At the time, I awkwardly laughed and tried to choke out some form of recognition and acceptance, though I'm fairly sure I never actually made a sound. I surveyed the room as Ms. Petrillo ran through the list of Loomis rules, or rather laws, by which I would have to live my life for the next four years. Lindsay Maier idly picked at her hair's split ends. Annabel Hess picked at her nails. If you were to check the collective pulse of the room, I am pretty sure it ranged somewhere between that of a typical nursing home and that of a morgue. It was quite clear that Ms. P had lost the attention of a vast majority of the girls, until, that is, she cleared her throat, and finally told us what a "deuce" is.

From that point of enlightenment on, I suffered the extreme severity of judging my life on the Loomis Leveling Spectrum, the most haunting symptom

of PILD.

To figure out if you suffer from the mental plague of considering how any and all personal activities outside of school would be perceived by the deans back here on the Island, review your away-from-Loomis thought processes. When you're in a car at home, do you ever have momentary heart failure and panic at the idea that you might not have a per to be in that vehicle with that driver? Three-week restriction! Wearing a strapless dress? Saturday night study hall! You drank all the milk in the refrigerator but told your brother that you didn't? Deuce! If you're constantly considering the Loomis punishments for your actions, you most definitely have incorporated the Loomis Leveling Spectrum into your lifestyle and undeniably suffer from PILD.

Now think back to freshman year, before the deans took over your internal behavior judgment. Gabow, freshman year, when you shouted across Purdy's Harkness table every day of spring term to alert Mattie Thomas of the fact that she boasted too much cleavage, you lied. She really didn't have that much cleavage. Level 2? Annabel, Zoe, Melanie, when we put our feet in our doorways to lay in

the hall and then continued to assert that we could not be penalized for being out of our rooms when technically our feet were in them, we obstructed community peace. Level 2? Freshman year, we knew nothing. Freshman year, 8:10 AM meant no more to us than any other time of the day. Freshman year, we desperately needed someone to put us on a schedule and teach us to think of how we affect those around us with our actions. Maybe keeping the deans' punishments in mind isn't such a bad thing.

And so, LC students, now that you can easily diagnose yourself with PILD, I bid you the best of luck in quickly transitioning through Ms. Duell's sacred Kubler-Ross Five Stages of Grief to reach full-on acceptance of your PILD existence.

And Christian and Izzy, I deeply regret failing to follow your request that I not write about a "universal truth" in this essay, but facts are facts. I simply cannot deny what is indeed, a universal truth for Loomis students: we all have Post Intensive Loomis Disorder and we all needed to endure the process of contracting the disease in order to thrive in the real world. But do not fear. We are all in this together and looking back decades later, we'll miss it.

SUE BILLERA

Positions Held: Administrative Assistant
Started: 1984
Plans for Next Year: Enjoy retirement and possibly do some volunteer work for the Community Center in South Windsor where we live, plus do some traveling to see family and friends.
Memorable Moment: What stands out is seeing my first spring flood in 1985 and watching the Island go underwater. I actually saw a mini barn as well as a couple of cows floating down the swollen meadows (all from a farmer living near the river in Windsor). The only way in and out of campus was through Island Rd.
Additional Info: I will certainly miss my interaction with students and faculty and their children. Loomis Chaffee will hold a special place in my heart.

ALISON BURR

Positions Held: Director, Associate Director of the College Office
Started: 1986
Plans for Next Year: Well, I'm eight years from retirement and, while it may sound odd, I'm not prepared. Loomis is a 24/7 commitment (which I've loved) but I need a job now that will allow me more time to find or rediscover interests, hobbies (photography, gardening, birding, needlework, museum-going) so I have things to enjoy when I do retire.
Memorable Moment: What have made my years at Loomis so special are all the little moments of connection between students and faculty. Our job as faculty is to guide young people to be more confident students and people. Certainly this growth happens in the formal setting of the classroom, but it also happens in the little moments: it's the compliment to the very shy student who just got up and made an announcement in front of the whole student body, the praise for a student for a stunning piece of art or an amazing soccer play.

TRICIA CHAMBERS

Positions Held: History teacher, Student Council adviser, Faculty Representative
Started: 2008
Plans for Next Year: Two-year program at Columbia and the London School of Economics earning Master's degrees in International and World History
Memorable Moment: Tuesday nights in Founders Lounge with Student Council. In my two years working with this group, I have come to respect how committed so many LC students are to making this school the very best that it can be.

KARI DIAMOND '97

Positions Held: Director of the Parent Annual Fund, Director of Reunion Giving, Dorm Affiliate in Carter, Dorm Resident in Mason, Faculty Representative, Class Adviser
Started: 2003
Plans for Next Year: I will be working for my family's business in Springfield. It is called Astro Chemicals and is a chemical distribution company.
Memorable Moment: There are so many wonderful moments. In a way I've grown up here, having been a student and then coming back as a young adult and now an adult. I have made lifelong friends during my time here and feel extremely lucky to have been a part of this community.

DEIRDRE DYRESON

Positions Held: Dormhead of Ammidon Hall, Chair of the Community Playground project
Started: 2006
Plans for Next Year: Next year I will be full-time at Farmington, teaching personal finance and marketing. I'm also looking forward to being able to devote more time



From left to right: Mercedes Maskalik, Alison Burr, Betsy Tomlinson, Gail Ryan, Sue Billera, Kathy Pierson, Frank Merrill, Rosemarie Quattropani, Kari Diamond '97, Ruthanne Marchetti, Mara Lytle, Paulette Studley, Tricia Chambers

to my sons, Carter and Tate.

Memorable Moment: It is probably the same moment, six times. I really enjoyed seeing the new girls come to the dorm each year, who were nervous and unsure about how the year would turn out.
Additional Info: I am so proud of the positive culture we have built in Ammidon over the past six years.

SHARON FLANNERY '82

Positions Held: Director of the Parents Annual Fund, Director of Gift Planning, Major Gifts Officer, and Assoc. Dir. of Reunion Programs.
Started: 2003
Plans for Next Year: I hope to enjoy this summer at the Cape with my family, and to take my mom to Italy for 2 weeks in September in celebration of her 70th birthday.
Memorable Moment: It's not so much a moment, but how much I've enjoyed working at LC while my son has been a student. As a freshman, I barely got the head-nod from William [Fierston '12] when passing him in the Quad. Now, as a senior, he visits my office even when I'm not here, to rummage through the fridge and cabinets for sodas and snacks.
Additional Info: Jilly and Maggie have loved the attention they've received at LC!

KATHERINE KEEN

Positions Held: Associate Director of Counseling, Director of the Peer Counseling Program
Started: 2010
Plans for Next Year: I will be moving to Denver, CO to be with a fantastic person. I will be doing as much outdoor recreating as possible and I hope to be Director of my summer camp someday!
Memorable Moment: The moments I like best are when students come to talk because they want to learn more about themselves, the relationships in their lives, the world they live in.

MARA LYTLE

Positions Held: History teacher, Dean
Started: 1990
Plans for Next Year: I will be the Dean of Students of the Upper School at the Lincoln School
Memorable Moment: I will always cherish the memory of canoeing on the flooded meadows at sunset many springs ago. This campus is so incredibly beautiful and restorative. I cannot imagine a more idyllic place to work and live.

ERINROSE MAGER

Positions Held: English teacher, Faculty Advisor to the Log
Started: 2010
Plans for Next Year: I plan to devote a few years to graduate studies in creative writing in New York. After that? I'll probably try to write a novel and fail. Then—and this goes without saying—I'll go back to teaching.

Memorable Moment: Picking out one memorable moment from a long line-up is near impossible, but I do fondly remember the surprise end-of-term party thrown by my fall term Creative Writing class... Or any number of RJ Paige fist pumps mid-English lecture... Or the terrific ethical proclamations of Payge Kerman during Frankenstein discussions. I could go on, but I'll get all choked up.

RUTHANNE MARCHETTI

Positions Held: Palmer dorm head, Dean, Counselor, Peer Counseling adviser
Started: 1981
Plans for Next Year: Taking some good advice from my father, who had a long, happy retirement, I hope to take the first year to simply learn how to find my own rhythm before plunging into another busy and structured life.
Memorable Moment: I am proud that in the 1980s Loomis Chaffee hosted the first New England boarding school conference addressing the need for schools to learn and understand more about homosexuality and homophobia. The committee feared that no school would host such a meeting, but then-Head of School John Ratte not only agreed to host the conference at LC but also wrote a letter to many heads of schools in the New England area explaining the importance of this effort. His courage and commitment helped us to advance an important cause.

MERCEDES MASKALIK

Positions Held: Web Content Editor and Writer, Social Media Manager
Started: 2007
Plans for Next Year: Director of Marketing and Communications at The Renbrook School
Memorable Moment: Halloween 2008. Several of the girls dressed up as me (a very pregnant me) with high heels, makeup, and baby bump!
Additional Info: I began a whole new chapter of my life here. I remember screaming with glee with the girls in Ammidon the day my (now) husband proposed. I was married in the Chapel (Faith played the violin and Patricia Cousins took my wedding photos). Chet's art hung on the walls at my wedding reception at an art gallery in West Hartford, and Keller Glass was my DJ.

FRANK MERRILL

Positions Held: Chairman of the Mathematics department, Director of Studies, Faculty Representative
Started: 1974
Plans for Next Year: We (Alice and I) plan to travel some and spend time with our son and grandchildren in LA. We always spend our summers in Maine, so retirement will let us travel during the rest of the year.
Memorable Moment: Certainly receiving

the Teacher of the Year Award was very special. Teaching in France for a year is another memory that I will always cherish.
Additional Info: In the mid-80s I was honored by the mathematics department of the University of CT for excellence in teaching math. The honor came with a \$1000.00 check.

CHRIS MILLIGAN

No information provided

LAURA MILLIGAN '99

Positions Held: Van driver, life coach, locksmith, janitor, nurse, chef, prison guard, mom - teacher, advisor, coach, dorm faculty
Started: 2008
Plans for Next Year: Write a book, be a movie star, run for office, and learn to play the guitar
Memorable Moment: Meeting Marlo McGriff [McGriff, a close friend of the Milligans, is Mr. Pukstas's husband]

WILLIAM PAUL

Positions Held: Engineer
Started: 1986
Plans for Next Year: I plan to enjoy my retirement. And I guess I'll have to get to all that work around the house.
Memorable Moment: The school's 75th anniversary celebration. I couldn't find a sitter for my son so he came and watched the fireworks in the meadows.

KATHY PIERSON

Positions Held: Mathematics teacher, Head of Math Competitions, Department Head, Faculty Representative.
Started: 1971
Plans for Next Year: We are moving to Maine where we have a house in Saco that is on the ocean. I look forward to having time to read, I want to get back on the other side of the desk and take some courses through the Maine Senior University program, and I'd like to get involved in the community.
Memorable Moment: A faculty meeting in the 70's when we spent an hour discussing the definition of "torn blue jeans"! An Algebra I student of mine was trying to cheat regularly, and if he didn't succeed, he failed the assessment. I called him in and told him that I could turn him in for cheating, but I would rather address why he needed to cheat. I suspected a learning disability, and I was correct. He was so grateful that he became my advisee for his last three years.

ROSEMARIE QUATTROPANI

Positions Held: Administrative Assistant in the Admission Office
Started: 1995
Plans for Next Year: To enjoy my family and anything interesting that may come my way.
Memorable Moment: I have enjoyed

working with a wonderful group of people who were and are part of the Admission Office during my years at Loomis Chaffee.

JOHN ROBISON '05

Positions Held: Fac brat, Student, Philosophy teacher, Music teacher
Started: 2010
Plans for Next Year: I'm beginning a PhD program in Philosophy this fall, so, should all go well, I'll be keeping myself busy with that for the next five years or so. Really, the things I want to do in my life are these things: 1) spend lots of time pursuing truth and clarity, 2) spend lots of time writing and playing music, and 3) spend lots of time with people and other creatures I care about.
Memorable Moment: The time I've spent with my family, friends, colleagues and students at Loomis has been deeply meaningful for me.

GAIL RYAN

Positions Held: Librarian, Associate Director of the Katharine Brush Library
Started: 1992
Plans for Next Year: I plan to enjoy my retirement by continuing my work on the Simsbury Public Library Board of Trustees as well as spending more time training, showing and working my English setters in the field.
Memorable Moment: Every time I help a student learn to search for and discover the information he or she needs is memorable.

MARY SAND

Positions Held: Music teacher
Started: 2002
Memorable Moment: Fostering the growth of the LC Flute Choir was a great experience.

WILLIAM SAND

Positions Held: Director of the Concert Band
Started: 1999
Memorable Moment: I really enjoyed mentoring student conductors over the years.

ALICIA SPECHT

Positions Held: Advanced Precalculus teacher, Statistics teacher, girls' III soccer coach, club B basketball coach, girls' JV tennis coach, Harman Dorm affiliate
Started: 2011
Plans for Next Year: Applied Mathematics Graduate Program at Notre Dame
Memorable Moment: The first time I helped one of the Harman girls study for a math test while I was on duty and a few days later she ran up to me out of the blue and gave me a huge hug because she had earned an A.

PAULETTE STUDLEY

Positions Held: English teacher
Started: 2011

BETSY TOMLINSON

Positions Held: Associate Director of Admission, Head of Harman Hall, Director of International Students and Off-campus Programs, Head of Dorm Life Committee, Sophomore Class Adviser
Started: 1997
Plans for Next Year: I hope to have the opportunity to lead more student trips to the developing world.
Memorable Moment: I can't pick one moment - it's more of a blurring of memories of generations of girls living in Harman Hall. From late night snacks to pancake breakfasts, hundreds of girls have spent hours laughing (and sometimes crying) around my dining room table and on my red couch.

Compiled by Christian Bermel '12, Sojin Kim '12 and Izzy Kornblatt '12

The life aquatic

Continued from page B5 as possible on debate, so I'll just leave you with a few observations and insights three years of competitive prep school debate (both as a sport and not) have led me to: (1) An unfortunate number of the people who join debate at Loomis and elsewhere do so almost entirely out of self-interest, to put it on college applications and/or just to try to get ahead by being involved. This means that the debate team, for all its good qualities, has none of the team spirit of, say, the swim team, and so I came to miss that very fiercely. (2) You may have noticed that there is a rather high level of pretentiousness surrounding boarding schools. Well that gets magnified at DANEIS (prep school debate league) tournaments, where a very prominent minority of our peer schools' debaters exude this really extraordinary level of wonkish condescension that would put me into these tense anti-intellectual moods that could last for hours. I think they reminded

me of the very worst parts of myself. (3) Loomis debate coach Curt Robison may be the smartest person I've ever met and is entirely unpretentious and a model of what debaters should be—understanding, open-minded, interested in ideas. This cannot be overstated. (4) Success in debate should be seen as a means rather than an end, viz. debate teaches clear and well-structured thinking that breeds good writing, but prep school debate victories on their own can feel a bit hollow. And lastly (5): The debaters of the Connecticut Debate Association, who hail mostly from the public schools of this great state, are a truly sincere and spirited and intelligent bunch, and my big regret is not having gone to more of their tournaments.

Since reporting is hard and good reporting is very hard, I figured I'd cut out the middleman and just ask my mother, Anne Kornblatt, to tell the story of her

own swimming career in fewer than ten sentences:

I began swimming late, at the age of six. I was afraid of the water, afraid to leave the wall and the hands of my swimming instructors. But one day I did leave the wall, and I swam, a remarkably nice freestyle for someone who had never lifted her feet off the bottom of the pool before that. I joined one not-very-good swim team and then I was sent to one of the two best teams in Baltimore, which was located at an all-boys school—girls had to change their clothes in the boiler room. I was a backstroker and an IM-er, and was seeded either first or second in the Baltimore region in my main events. I swam on Michael Phelps's team, this a number of years before Phelps joined. The coach was a mean guy, and the pressure that he put on me was tremendous and so at the age of thirteen I quit. But when I got to college I decided to swim again, and the second time around I enjoyed the experience much more since I didn't care very much about winning.

I remember in my grandparents'

old house a whole wall of ribbons and trophies—all my mom's. My grandparents were proud of them, but when they moved to an apartment, they couldn't find room for them anymore, and so they offered them to my mother, who kept just a few and tossed the rest. I haven't seen the few she kept in years. They're probably on top of a bookshelf somewhere, accumulating dust. In any case, it was my mom who recommended I join a swim team.

Swimming requires none of the judgment or courage of, say, baseball or water polo. It is simply grueling and therefore easy on the fearful and neurotic. I could handle the one-, two-, and even three-hour practices and I could suffer the boredom of infinitely longer meets. This world of repetition, of bus rides to what must be every halogen-lit concrete box pool in all of New England, of waiting and lethargy and training, actually suited me pretty damn well. I learned how to maneuver my mind into a dull place between thinking and sleeping during practices. I learned to occupy the long drives by trying, with the help of iPod music and a monotonous but somehow

moving view of lane after lane of highway traffic, traffic framed by dazzling sunsets or heavy whorls of clouds, to summon some sort of dramatic and fulfilling mental montage of my life.

I remember each of those concrete boxes. Hotchkiss's is huge and skylit and airy. Andover's is old. Ours is also old but I've developed a soft spot for it. For a while Suffield's was just plain gross but it got a very thorough facelift and now it too is light and airy. Deerfield's has a tower. Williston's is kind of cramped.

Yes, an actual tower, as in a look-up-because-there's-a-big-open-spire-above-this-pool-type tower. Some involved investigation on my part during a particularly uneventful swim meet failed to uncover its function, but later Seeb's, in all his infinite English teacher wisdom, explained to me that it's a phallic symbol.

There were also the chicken-parm-and-caesar-salad team dinners and Mr. DeConinck practices, particularly torturous and yielding of serious results. There were races I really did do well in. There were 20-minute diving breaks. And there was much goggle-fogging and

Continued on page B7

‘One final push’

A paean to Loomis Chaffee cross country by Jake Verter ‘12

Sprinting up a hill shoulder to shoulder, all I can hear are the soft thuds of feet coming into contact with the ground and my heart pounding in my ears. We reach the crest, lungs heaving, and pick up our conversation again.

Everyone should run cross country. I pursue the sport not to stay in shape or to garner medals and trophies. Rather, I do it for the people I see at practice every day. While cross country is technically an individual sport, the most fulfilling aspect for me is working with my sixty teammates. We improve each other not only as athletes but also as people.

Cross country played a vital role in my socialization into life at Loomis. Probably the smartest decision I made here was to come to preseason my first year. As a new sophomore, I didn't know a single person on the Island, and I was apprehensive about finding a place in a social world that was well underway before I arrived. Within three days I had learned every person's name on the team, and a dozen of the fellows I met in those first few hours after my arrival have become lasting friends.

I hear the crinkling of a lollipop wrapper, the dull scratch of graphite on paper, the bubbling of a water bottle being emptied two seats down from me. This is practice: not only for athletics, but also for life.

There may be something unique to this sport that fosters friendships. Part of it, I imagine, has something to do with the ability to chat with someone you're jogging alongside. But it's more than the conversation — the benefits of running on the team extend far beyond the added Facebook friends and acquaintances to nod to across the quad. This sense of camaraderie and support pervades our every interaction. We do not compete against each other: no one pushes ahead to beat out a teammate or rushes out to lead the pack. Rather, we work together to keep everyone on pace, helping each other to get faster. This cooperative attitude reaches out into other regions of our lives; before I ran, I studied in isolation, and believed that I was strong to refuse help and manage life independently. But as the seasons rolled by, I came to learn that people are at their best when they are a part of a collective enterprise: communities are greater than the sum of their parts, and a person can often achieve more as part of a team than he or she can individually.

Chests rising, our bodies packed together like vegetables to market, we toe the line at the top of the hill. Then there is dead silence. A shot echoes in my ears and suddenly I am flying — the race has begun. The support of the community drives you to excel as an individual. Through practice, runners help each other to become stronger, fleetier and fitter, but it is on race day that we grow the most. Here, the pressure is on the individual. Teamwork aside, on the course you ultimately are alone, and the only way to succeed in such a circumstance is to follow Socrates's dictum “Know thyself.” In the end, those runners who perform the greatest are those who are truest to themselves. Perhaps the first mile in a race you run with a teammate, but if you let up the pace he won't slow down to stay with you, and if you go faster he may not be able to keep up. In a race you have to apply what you've learned in practice — how to better your form, how most efficiently you should tackle the hill in the second mile, what split you should hear after rounding the trail at the three-mile mark. Practicing with a team also gives you the courage to face your toughest, cruelest, most demanding competitor — yourself. As runners we strive to beat our

Jake Verter is a three-year boarding student from Williamstown, MA. He served as an Opinion Editor for the Log.

personal bests, but we do not always succeed.

My feet feel as though they are jammed into cinder blocks, and I'm pretty sure that if I go any faster I'll fall on my face. The blue uniform of one of our rivals is a blur just a few steps in front of me — one final push and I'll be ahead. But it isn't enough: he keeps his lead.

My worst race all season was at the Founders League Championship this past fall. I was disappointed with my performance, and though I had pushed myself as hard as I could as soon as I crossed the finish line, I knew I had nothing left over. I grieved over the outcome for about six breaths, upbraiding myself for failing, and for letting the team down. But then lo, I was informed that Loomis had actually won the meet. Yes, a race is based on individual performance, but a meet is judged by the cumulative scores of the entire team, and here our practices together paid off. Everyone has a bad race once in a while, and I know that if this had been my sophomore year, I probably would have been more upset. Now I know enough to accept my setbacks and to celebrate the team as a whole. I may not have matched my personal best, but I helped push my teammates to exceed theirs, and that is what brought us to victory.

Cross country has provided a foundation and a structure for my time here at Loomis: a girder that has given shape to my progress both as an athlete and as a person. This is my last year in high school, and the season is over. But I know that although I will never again race in Loomis Chaffee's name, each time I tie on my spikes, the memories and experiences I was a part of on the team will forever be with me. Hunga bunga, LCXC. We fly high.

Impulsivity: my lucky charm

Continued from page B1

years of playing hockey, I had considered the strong camaraderie on the swim team, and I had considered what my friends and family would think, yet still I could not make a decision. I remember walking down a hallway, still unsure of which team to join, and seeing Mr. Seebeck walking toward me. I remember recognizing the opportunity to make the decision right then and I remember slowing my pace to stall for time. But as we neared each other, I knew what I really wanted and cut through all the crap about other people's expectations, and said, “Seeb, I'm joining swimming.” To this day, I have had no regrets about that sudden impulse.

I also remember when my impulsiveness led to a not-so-positive outcome. I was at a dance and decided to ask a random girl to dance - something the previously reserved me would have never done. I don't know why but perhaps it was due to the darkness, the flashing lights, the loud music or the combination of all three, but she did not appreciate the dashing young fellow standing in front of her. I remember her giving me a quick glance and saying a curt, “No.” I remember grinning embarrassedly and walking away to lick my wounds. I remember then recalling how I had sung “Build Me Up Buttercup” while dancing in the Snug and I decided that getting rejected wasn't so bad after all.

I remember this past spring and the worry over prom (one of my only worries during Senior Spring). I could not decide on whom to ask or how to ask. I remember coming up with a few people I wanted to ask but not being able to decide whom. I remember worrying about the answers I might receive and the task of asking in a creative way. My mom kept on pestering me about it. My sister kept on rec-

ommending people she knew. My friends kept telling me to make a decision already.

I remember dropping my sister off at her first period class and I remember the sudden urge to do something right then and there. Without per-ing out, I drove to CVS, bought a box of Lucky Charms and put a note inside that said, “I'd be the luckiest guy in the world if you went to prom with me.” I remember carrying that sugary box of cereal in my backpack the whole day, unable to decide whom I would offer it to. I remember sitting on a bench in the gym waiting, and when Annie Ferreira finally walked by, I made my decision and gave her the box. I remember reminding myself of “Build Me Up Buttercup” just in case things didn't work out. I remember thinking worst-case scenario would just be taking home a full box of Lucky Charms. Thankfully, Annie saved me from eating all that unhealthy cereal by myself.

A touch of impulsiveness can do a whole lot of good. Sometimes, it's better to be the hare than the tortoise, to take risks and act confidently. Sometimes, all one needs is the opportunity to act on impulse.

I stood up from my chair. I looked at the Jenga tower one last time and though I could not be sure which wooden block would send the tower toppling down if removed, I knew that stalling would not improve my chances of surviving the round. I reached forward with my arm, and with a steady hand, I grabbed a block. Would this one block be the one that sends the tower crashing down? Would this one block turn out to be the one that holds up the entire tower? Would this one block be the one that makes me lose?

I slid out the block in one swift motion.

YEAR IN PHOTOS | SPRING



Loomis Chaffee students ride in cycle rickshaws on a trip to India over spring break. The school has put an emphasis in recent years on global studies and will open a new Center for Global Studies next year. Photo: Betsy Tomlinson.

Continued from page B6 agonizing about water temperature. Plus, skipped flipped turns, relay starts, brittle hair, sloppy flip turns under the watchful eye of Mr. Pond, hot tubs only for divers (not fair), speedos, cringe-worthy but great cheers, colorful meet write-ups (thanks, of course, to Seeb), more losses than wins, handshakes, pungent chlorine smell, countless nights of the very best sleep ever, etc.; I really do miss swimming.

It took me a while to fit all of those little things together in my mind to get a vaguely coherent picture of the whole experience, and to see what's so important about it. To understand you need to keep in mind the life schedule of a typical Loomis student: classes from 8:30 to 3:20 on weekdays plus on occasional Saturdays, tons of homework and extracurriculars in the evening and on weekends, and then study hall until 10 at night. And you have to remember what I said before about the way education is treated like a very disturbing race, i.e. the typical Loomis student is under an extraordinary amount of pressure all the time to pile up AP classes and SAT scores and extracurricular activities just to get ahead, whatever that means.

But for swimmers—and I think most other Loomis athletes—there are a few afternoon hours that are different, that are an escape from all that. In their relative simplicity, athletics transcend the depressing linearity of boarding school life: they present an objective that is final and unquestionable and ultimately inconsequential, to win, and athletes compete outside the bounds of the rest of their lives, in a state of blissful simplicity. They take us away from that mindset of trying to get ahead, to race through life, and allow us to exist purely within the bounds of a given situation, free of the depressing and increasingly present concerns of adult life, exultant. And as such they encourage camaraderie and community, because (generally) in sports the concept of success is a) not a life-or-death thing and b) secondary in an important way to experience, and experience is in a big way all about community.

Not all athletics at Loomis and elsewhere are as ideal as what I'm describing—certainly there are athletes who do compete for college purposes and the like, and certainly there are a bunch of other problematic things about prep school sports these days, like PG-reliance and recruiting, but what I'm talking

about here is a feeling: the dominant feeling of sports at Loomis is communal and vibrant and in some deep, tough-to-describe way, soothing.

Plus, there's the physical aspect of things. Sports are very literally releases of energy shaped by tremendous skill. They are the physical manifestations of our goals and desires and they're beautiful and graceful and freeing. It's hard to describe the feeling of a water polo game that's just really well-played, or of a swim race executed perfectly, or even of a solid baseball hit. The type of beauty I'm talking about here is very much primal in that it gets at the very fundamental idea of beauty itself: the physical, visual quality of transcending chaos and randomness and oblivion and making some sort of emotional sense of the world.

What all this amounts to is the simple truth that sports allow us to forget, at least for a moment, the confines of our peristaltic lives and exist in a much simpler, more beautiful world. They're vitally important.

As for me and water polo, well, the closest I ever came to a truly transcendent sports moment was this one time,

junior year, I think, when I happened upon some real polo luck. We were at that point in fall term where everything slows to a sort of weary crawl and the end isn't in sight but the summer is long gone. I was taking water polo day by day, trying to ignore the sad prospect of weeks more of deathly tiring practice. Each day I made it through practice without terribly embarrassing myself was a victory.

On this particular day, practice was wrapping up with an intra-team scrimmage, and the general tiredness of the season and team made play sloppy and even more peripatetic than usual. I was waiting out the clock: 10 seconds of tired floating time were all that stood between me and a hot shower. The team I was on (maroon team) was behind by one goal. My location at this moment is fairly important: I was in the nether-world between the shallow and deep ends of the pool, off toward the bleachers, away from hawkish coaches and fairly inconspicuous to my teammates, treading water. I was there because as always I was worried, worried about having to handle the ball, worried about having to defend someone who had the ball, worried about having to make a play, etc. I was con-

sciously attempting to be as marginal as possible.

Suddenly, the ball landed in the water in front of me. I dutifully picked it up and hurled it in the general direction of the goal—and in the moment I made that throw I'm fairly certain my eyes involuntarily closed and the halogen-lit concrete box pool and all the drudgery and action of polo practice went out like a light. When I opened them I saw that the ball's trajectory was pitifully flat—i.e. decidedly un-arclike and graceless and just really tired—but still the ball landed with a splash in front of the goal and then it just kind of bobbed in, goalie nowhere in sight. A good deal of excitement and astonishment at the luck of the thing ensued. And that's really all it was: sheer luck.

To settle the tie we played overtime and the level of energy in the room finally spiked at the prospect of some well-fought polo. Practice went on for maybe ten minutes more, and later, everyone was still talking about my shot. I had no idea what to make of all the attention, but that ended up not being much of a problem, since after that I never had to deal with it again.

Brief interviews with hideously good athletes

INTERVIEWS BY LIZ TITTERTON '12

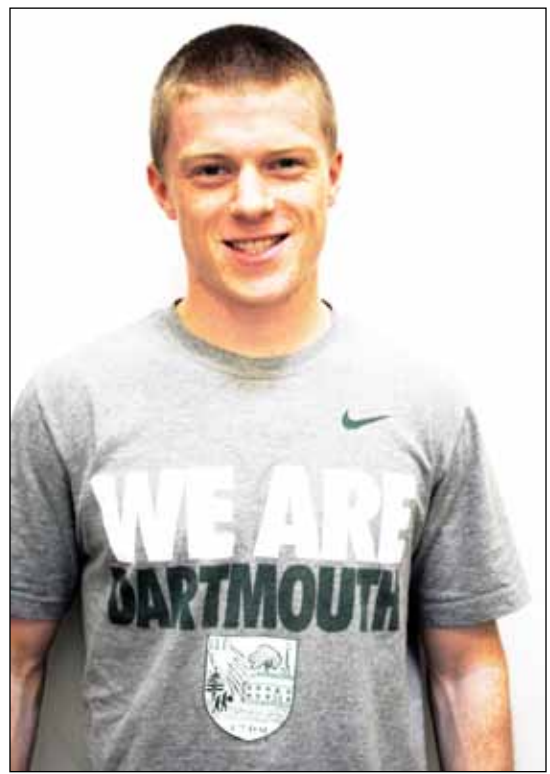
John Abraham, headed to Dartmouth College for track

Q: When did you first start playing your sport and what role has it played in your life up until this point?

A: I didn't start running track until my junior year. I came to Loomis planning on committing to a college for soccer. After two weeks of track, I decided to quit, but Austin King convinced me to stick it out for a little longer.

Q: When did you decide you wanted to compete at the college level and how was the recruiting process for you?

A: I honestly had no idea what Dartmouth College was until I came to Loomis, and I had originally expected to commit to Notre Dame for soccer. During June of my junior year, after my first season running track, my roommate, Mike Hiscock, dared me to email my track times to the Ivy League schools. I decided to do it, as a joke, because I thought the schools would laugh at my academic record and send back a polite "Sorry, our team is full at the time" email. However, what started as a joke ended up opening the doors to a great college opportunity. Over my senior summer, Dartmouth began emailing me back



SHANNON DEVENY '14 / LOOMIS CHAFFEE LOG

John Abraham '12

Devin Markison, headed to UNC for lacrosse

Q: When did you first start playing your sport and what role has it played in your life up until this point?

A: My brothers grew up playing lacrosse, so when I started middle school they began teaching me how to play. My middle school didn't have a lacrosse team, so my town's high school let me practice and play scrimmages with their team. In eighth grade, I began playing for an outside club team called Tri-State.

Q: When did you decide you wanted to compete at the college level and how was the recruiting process for you?

A: During my sophomore summer I began attending college camps and national tournaments to meet different college coaches. As I began to go on official college visits in my junior year, I started to feel the pressure from my dad to commit to a school because my brothers had committed to UVM for hockey by their sophomore years. In December of my junior year, I committed to University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill. I liked that UNC was a big school, had



PHOTO COURTESY DEVIN MARKISON '12

Devin Markison '12 with coach Lisa Parsons

about coming to do official visits at their campus. I am very excited to work with the coach and run for the track team next year.

Q: How was your experience at Loomis while playing the sport? And your overall experience in Loomis Chaffee athletics?

A: Playing Loomis soccer was an incredible experience, especially the Barcelona summer trip and getting to play with some very talented teammates. Thank you to Dilan for making the transition as a new junior on the team very easy. My best friends have been on the LC hockey team. Ty Tubinis and Austin King were great teammates during both seasons. Track was a very stressful two seasons, but it has certainly grown on me. Coach Purdy and Coach Stewart really helped me become comfortable with the sport.

Q: What impact has your sport had on your life?

A: I wouldn't be at Loomis Chaffee if it weren't for sports, so they definitely have a huge impact on my life. Being Canadian, hockey was a huge deal and I started playing when I was barely four years old, learning to skate when I was only two. Sports define who I am, and I use them to get to the places where I want to be.

Q: What do you hope to accomplish at the collegiate level in your sport?

A: Currently, I'm one of the top five Canadian runners in my age group. My biggest goal is to get my 100 time down to about 10.1 seconds in order to have a shot at competing on Team Canada in the 2016 Olympics in Brazil.

Q: What are your biggest accomplishments thus far? Favorable memories, shout-outs to teammates or coaches, and goals for the future.

A: I have set four school records: the 100, 200, the 4 x 100 relay and the 4 x 400 relay. I was really proud of my team for winning the Founders League title and placing second at New England championships. I have enjoyed being the captain for all three of my teams and getting to work with all my teammates. I want to thank Austin King for making me stick with track last year. Also, thanks to Coach Purdy, Coach Stewart, Coach Boor and Coach Hutch who was a second father to me during my two years at Loomis.

good academics, powerhouse athletics, and a great lacrosse coach.

Q: How was your experience at Loomis while playing the sport? And your overall experience in Loomis Chaffee athletics?

A: As a new sophomore, I played varsity field hockey and JV hockey for fun in the fall and winter seasons. I learned a lot playing lacrosse at Loomis from Coach Parsons and an array of very talented teammates over the years. It was incredible being part of the undefeated, New England Champions team my sophomore year. Coach Parsons, along with Mr. Trenchard, really helped me with the whole college process, and Loomis definitely academically prepared me for the next four years.

Q: What impact has your sport had on your life? How has it shaped you for who you are today?

A: Lacrosse has brought my whole family together. My sister and brothers love to play lacrosse and watch me play as well. My dad is basically my coach and has always been there to critique and help me with different elements of my own skills. For the past seven years, I have been extremely passionate about lacrosse.

Q: What do you hope to accomplish at the collegiate level in your sport?

A: Lacrosse has taught me to work hard every day in everything that I do, so I plan to, in the words of Coach Parsons, try to "win" each practice at UNC. I also hope to absorb as much information as possible from the coaches so I can improve my lacrosse skills.

Q: What are your biggest accomplishments thus far? Favorable memories, shout-outs to teammates or coaches, and goals for the future.

A: I am extremely proud of this year's girls' lacrosse team for stepping up and playing well after having 8 seniors graduate last year, all of who went on to play college lacrosse. We only lost two games the entire season, and both were to public schools. I want to give a shout-out to Chloe Anderson for helping me with the recruiting process and all the stress that came with that. Also, a thank you to Katie Mandigo and Coach Parsons!



PHOTO COURTESY OF CALLY MORAN '12

Cally Moran, headed to Brown University for field hockey

Q: When did you first start playing your sport and what role has it played in your life up until this point?

A: Ten years ago, I started playing field hockey for fun and at camps with my mom. Freshman year I played field on JV and goalie on varsity, and then for my final three years at Loomis, I was the varsity goalie. I really love playing field hockey, and the thought of not being able to do it for four more years would be really heartbreaking.

Q: When did you decide you wanted to compete at the college level and how was the recruiting process for you?

A: During my sophomore year my mom and my coaches started mentioning how colleges were always looking for goalies, so I began going to tournaments and college showcases to meet college coaches. In the midst of my junior year, the college attention really blossomed and I began receiving notice from bigger Division I schools. I originally wanted to go to Yale, but after they had to scramble, last minute, to find a goalie for the year before me, they no longer had an open goalie spot. At a game at Andover this past season, their coach approached me and told me that Brown was looking for a goalie and I would be a good match. The rest is history and I am so excited to be playing for Brown University for the next 4 years!

Q: What impact has your sport had on your life? I.e. how has it made you who you are today?

A: During my time in field hockey at Loomis, I have learned to balance my relationship with my mom on and off the field. She was a great coach and always let other coaches yell at me when I ever made a mistake. I have really loved being able to share the last four years with her doing something we are both very passionate about, and I will miss her next year.

Q: What are your biggest accomplishments thus far? Favorable memories, shout-outs to teammates or coaches, and goals for the future.

A: I want to thank my coaches, my mother, and all my teammates, particularly my co-captains, Chloe Alexander and Devin Markison for giving me a great field hockey experience. One of my most memorable games was the 2011 Williston game. They were ranked #2 in the league and we were only ranked #7, but the game went into overtime. There was a penalty stroke that I blocked, and then Devin took the ball up the field and scored to win the game. I loved getting to learn the sport of field hockey and grow with it. I am proud of my growth as a player and am blessed to have such incredible teammates and coaches. I can't wait for next year!

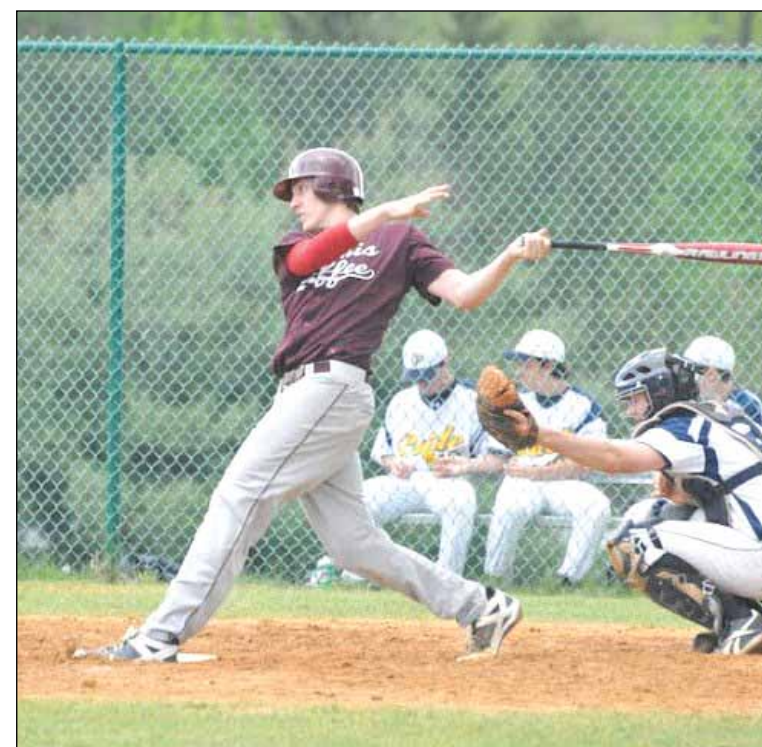


PHOTO COURTESY OF JEFF BURKE '12

Jeff Burke, headed to Boston College for baseball

Q: When did you first start playing your sport and what role has it played in your life up until this point?

A: I started playing baseball when I was four years old. It plays a huge role in my life because both my dad and my grandfather owned AA Minor League teams. I basically grew up around a baseball stadium.

Q: When did you decide you wanted to compete at the college level and how was the recruiting process for you?

A: I decided a long time ago that I wanted to be a "professional baseball player," and playing Division I baseball goes along with that. After Harvard didn't go as planned, I committed to Boston College. Originally, I was scared of playing in the Northeast, but it has the best sports in the country. I like that Boston College is near the city, but has its own campus and a great business school.

Q: How was your experience at Loomis while playing the sport? And your overall experience in Loomis Chaffee athletics?

A: Loomis baseball has been really fun. I didn't know what to expect when I came to the Northeast, but I have gotten to meet a lot of wonderful teammates and players who I hope I get the op-

portunity to continue playing with in the collegiate league.

I am happy I decided to play basketball this winter because I met a lot of great teammates and it has been one of my most rewarding memories at Loomis Chaffee.

Q: What impact has your sport had on your life? I.e. how has it made you who you are today?

A: Baseball has played a huge role in my life. I moved down to Tennessee because my dad's team trains down there. Baseball is a game of failure. If you bat .300, you're considered a great player. Because of this, baseball has taught me to have a lot of patience and perseverance despite a seemingly bad situation.

Q: What do you hope to accomplish at the collegiate level in your sport?

A: Of course, I would like the BC team to win as many games as possible, and I would like to contribute to this success by pitching well. Being able to win a National Championships at the collegiate level would also be an incredible feat. By my junior or senior year, I hope to be drafted by a Minor League team and eventually work myself up to play in the Majors. Long-term goal: play for the best MLB team, the Red Sox.

Q: What are your biggest accomplishments thus far? Favorable memories, shout-outs to teammates or coaches, and goals for the future.

A: One of my favorite basketball memories was the Hotchkiss game in which the entire team came together and defeated the Bearcats despite the odds being against us. During baseball season, our victory over Avon Old Farms was amazing because everyone thought they would beat us because they were considered to be the best team in the league. On a personal level, I have been blessed with a few accolades such as being in the Tennessee State Final Four after not having a high ranking to start the season.

I would like to give a thank you to my basketball and baseball coaches and teammates for dealing with me and making me an all-around better player. You have all helped me get where I wanted to be in athletics. Also, a special thank you to Ms. Sapula and the rest of the training staff for putting up with me during my concussion.