Year in Review
2017–2018

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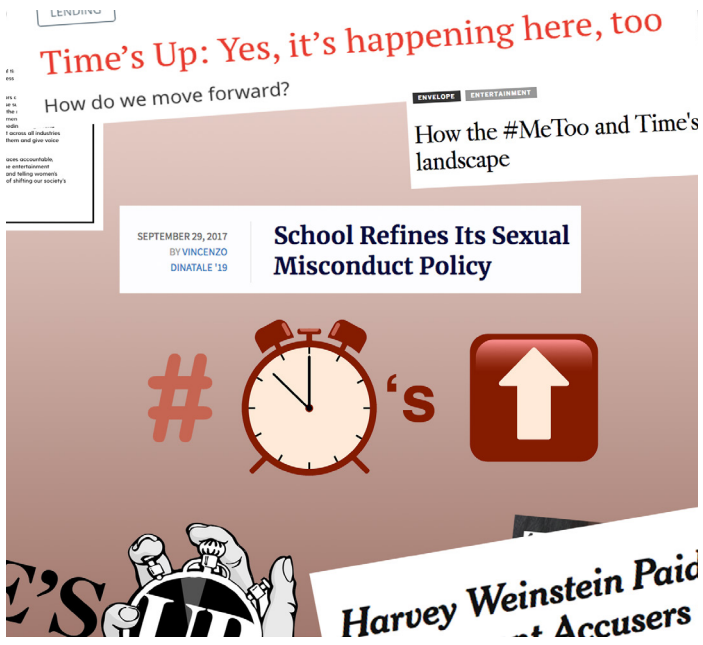
A special issue from *The Choate News*
Editor-in-Chief: **J. Alex Yoon '19**
Managing Editor: **Vincenzo DiNatale '19**
Photography Editor: **Pinn Chirathivat '19**

Graphic by Joanna Ding/*The Choate News*

FALL

August - September

In late August, the 100-mph winds and 60-inch rainfall of Hurricane Harvey caused destructive flooding in Houston, Texas. Hurricane Irma later hit Key West and Marco Island, in Florida, cutting power to as many as 16 million people across the Southeast. The most destructive storm in 2017 was Hurricane Maria, which claimed more than 100 lives in Puerto Rico. (Photo courtesy of *Time*)

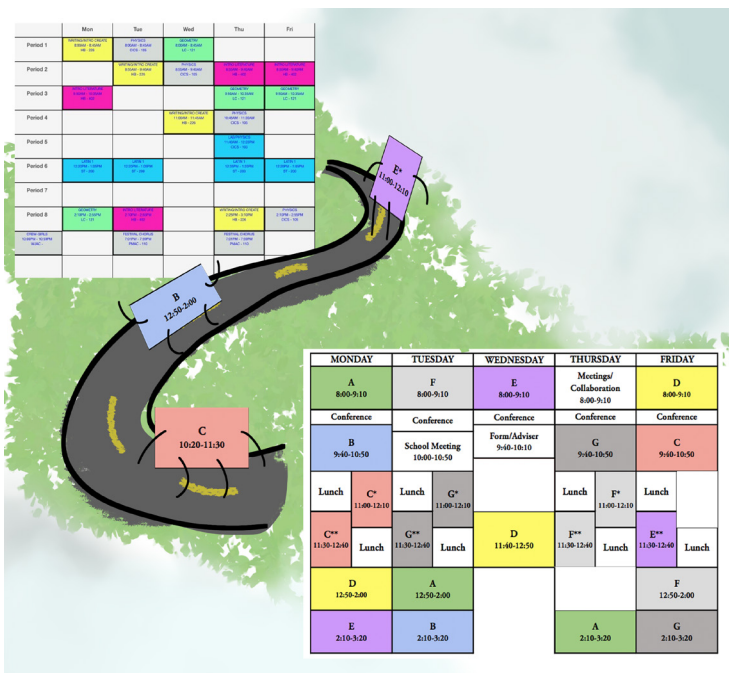


September

Before the start of the 2017-2018 school year, the School refined its sexual misconduct policy. The new policy included a 26-page document outlining the School's definition of sexual assault, various resources available for victims, and prevention efforts being taken against the issue. (Graphic by Chandler Littleford/*The Choate News*)

September

Choate transitioned from 45-minute to 70-minute class periods, daily conference periods, and guaranteed lunch blocks for the 2017-2018 school year. Courses in all disciplines but science gained an additional 30 minutes of class time per week with the implementation of the new schedule. (Graphic by Chandler Littleford/*The Choate News*)



WINTER

December

Choate's Diversity Student Association put up posters around campus of students holding signs condemning sexual violence. Each poster contained a photo of a student holding a handwritten message beginning with the phrase "No more..." The posters were part of the nationwide #NoMore campaign that aimed to bring attention to sexual assault and domestic abuse. (Photo courtesy of Wilson Wang)

January 16

Construction for Colony Hall, the new addition to the PMAC, began in mid-December. Students and faculty look forward to the development of a new auditorium, dance studio, and practice rooms, set to open in the fall of 2019. (Photo courtesy of Richard Saltz)

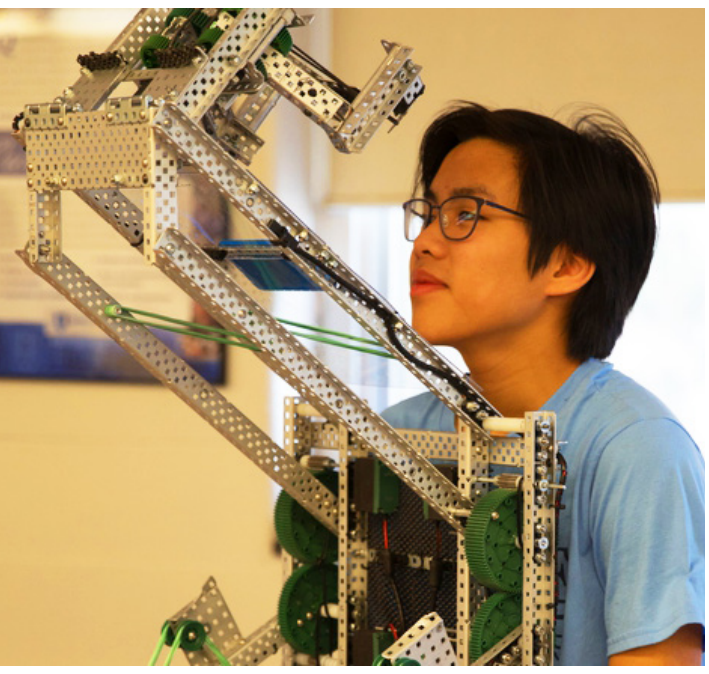
January 20

The second annual Women's March was held at numerous locations across the country, including New York City, Washington, D.C., Chicago, and Los Angeles. Millions of demonstrators, including Choate students, gathered one day before the one-year anniversary of President Donald Trump P'00's inauguration to demand gender equality, reproductive rights, and the elimination of sexual harassment. (Photo courtesy of Tess Friedman)

SPRING

March 2 - 5

After five of Choate's robots attended New Englands, the Robotics team qualified for the VEX World Championship. The team continued its three-year streak of qualifying, sending two robots to the international competition. Members hope to continue their success with the addition of the Advanced Robotics Concentration Program, which was approved early December. (Photo courtesy of Jerry Wang)



March 24

Hundreds of thousands of protesters gathered across the United States at the March for Our Lives to demand stronger gun legislation in the wake of the February shooting at Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School in Parkland, FL. Among the demonstrators at the sister march in New York City were 60 Choate students. The march represented the beginning of an ongoing movement that has since sparked the passing of state laws to increase the legal age of firearm purchase and ban bump stocks. (Photo courtesy of Audrey Powell/*The Choate News*)

April 10

In the first half of School Meeting, seniors streamed out of the PMAC to a rousing chorus of the school song, continuing the annual tradition of senior pranks. The prank differed greatly from past pranks and sparked controversy on campus. (Photo by Alex Yoon/*The Choate News*)

2017

October 1

Gunman Steve Paddock fired more than 1,100 rounds from his suite on the 32nd floor of the Mandalay Hotel in Las Vegas. The tragedy resulted in 58 deaths and 851 injuries. It spurred gun-control movements and firearm conversations across the country. (Photo courtesy of the *Los Angeles Times*)

October 30 - November 3

Sixteen sixth-form members of the Science Research Program presented their final projects, which culminated two years of hard work and dedication to the signature program. As of that week, they successfully completed intensive, professional scientific endeavours and had the opportunity to share a piece of their work with the greater Choate community. (Photo courtesy of Helena Yang)

November 11

Choate students packed into buses and made the trek up to the Emerald City for a full day of sports. The Boars came away with wins in the opening and closing games in Girls' Varsity Volleyball and Varsity Football, respectively. (Photos courtesy of Ross Mortensen and Nicola Sommers)

2017 - 2018

January 30

The student body elected Itai Mupanduki '19 and Tommy Wachtell '19 as President and Vice President of the student body, respectively. Both have said that they recognize the importance of maintaining transparency and consulting the student body moving forward. (Photo courtesy of Choate Rosemary Hall Instagram)

January 31

A total lunar eclipse took place on January 31, 2018. It was also a super blue blood moon, which hadn't taken place in 150 years. Millions gathered across the country to watch the rare event, causing many companies to sell out of protective glasses. (Photo courtesy of the *New York Times)*

Feburary 9-25

The world's best athletes convened in Pyeongchang, South Korea, for the 23rd Winter Olympic Games. Norway won the most medals with 39, Germany took 31, and Canada grabbed 29. These Games were the first Winter Olympics in Asia since 1998, when the event took place in Nagano, Japan. (Photo courtesy of *Inside the Game*)

2018

March 14 &April 20

Students across the United States walked out of their classes as part of the #NeverAgain movement, demanding stronger gun legislation after the Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School shooting. On the latter date, a large portion of Choate's student body attended a walkout in the chapel organized by Alice Volfson '19. There, many participants volunteered to speak on how gun violence has affected their lives. (Photo courtesy of Alice Volfson)

April 23

Geoffrey Fletcher '88 won the Alumni Award as a distinguished screenwriter, director, and filmmaker. His work on the films *Precious, Room 8, Violet & Daisy*, among others inspired his address to the Choate community during a school meeting. Fletcher spoke about his commitment to expressing his ideas to his audience and his experience in the film industry. (Photo courtesy of Choate Rosemary Hall)

May 19 - 21

The Paul Mellon Arts Center premiered *Bring It On*. Although the production wowed the audience with impressive acting, singing, and choreography, perhaps the most notable component of the play was its cheerleading stunts. (Photo by Kathryn Phillips/*The Choate News)*

Senior Speech Excerpts: Remembering the Past Four Years

Photo by Alex Yoon/*The Choate News*

(Clockwise from top left) Eben Cook, Elliot Sawyer-Kaplan, Stewart Egan, Elise Hummel, Mirialie De Jesus, and Sebastian Chang delivered this year's senior speeches to the student body on Tuesday, May 22.

"Humans of Choate"

By **Stewart Egan**

The class of 2018 is both beautiful and a pain in the [expletive] the way that we mostly keep to ourselves. It took us four months into freshman year to make a Facebook group, and the only time it's ever seemed active is when Calvin [Carmichael '18] fought with [Sam Wendle '17] about being Admin. (In case anyone was wondering, Sam Wendel received eleven votes, Tristan [Jamidar '18] five, Gabe Espaillat ['17] four, Tack [Kaiser '18] three, Harry Hunt ['18] two, and Calvin one, which he voted for himself.) Scrolling through the Facebook group of 2018, I realize how much time has passed. We were here when St. John's was the math building, blue jeans were dress coded, and detentions happened on Sunday morning. I never predicted how much change I would see in both the campus and myself: I thought I was going to be a varsity volleyball and lacrosse player and who inevitably went to Stanford. Ha. Oh, how wrong I was. I look around and I see so much change — physical, mental, and emotional. There are people who aren't here, who left through graduation, by withdrawal, or choice. Today, standing here before you, it's crazy to think that I was almost someone who didn't stay.

When I was a sophomore, I spent fall long weekend looking at other boarding schools. I felt isolated, insufficient, and so hopelessly lost at Choate; I wanted to leave this place that seemed like could never be my home. I came back from long weekend trying to figure out when I could schedule my interviews between my frees, and which days I could push off homework and write essays. I didn't tell anyone about this new extracurricular activity; I thought people would consider me weak for wanting to abandon ship.

After Thanksgiving Break, however, I casually asked one of my friends if she ever considered leaving. "All the time," she responded, "But I feel like I can't because I don't want Choate to win."

You can't control or predict how other people act, but you can control who you surround yourself with.

For many, I think, Choate becomes less of a campus, and more of an entity on which we blame in times of suffering. Choate is hyper-competitive; it has an agenda; it causes us stress; it is the source of our problems. I would like to establish one thing — Choate doesn't care about us because it's not a thing. It's a place. And the source of our problems, honestly, is humans. Choate is defined by the people here, and that definition fluctuates from person to person, moment to moment, year to year. Before Choate Rosemary Hall, it was simply Choate School, and before that, it was a dairy farm. Time erases memories, names and legacies. Every senior class makes a lasting impact on that year, only to be swept away by graduation so the next class can layer a new foundation.

As I was writing this speech, my friend received a meme from their mom which sums up my wisdom coming out of Choate: "Before you diagnose yourself with depression or low self-esteem, first make sure you are not, in fact, surrounded by [expletive]." The people here at Choate can make or break your experience. You can't control or predict how other people act, but you can control who you surround yourself with. Don't compromise your values for others. Perhaps my biggest mistake freshman and sophomore year was feeling that I needed to have a group. I didn't feel comfortable eating alone, or going to social events without someone to accompany me. I didn't necessarily want to be around people all the time, but I thought that I would be perceived as a loser if I wasn't seen with people.

I nearly submitted those applications, but right before break, I made the most important friend in my life thus far — Sydney Jones ['17]. Syd was a new Junior who lived on the floor above me in Arch. She played soccer and piano and looked at life so differently than anyone I'd ever met before. She's an honest, caring, true friend. When I was upset, she would never just tell me what I wanted to hear, but rather look and learn why something made me upset. I am someone who suppresses aggression against myself — I want to be the best at anything I do, and most of the time, I'll feel like I'm never good enough. I couldn't act the "right way" socially, I was never smart enough, pretty enough, or strong enough. Syd asked me why I had to be any of that. Who told me I had to be the best? Who said I wasn't? Who cares if you're not? She helped me question the standards I held myself to, the invisible rules I assumed I had to follow to be accepted.

It wasn't an immediate process, but over time, I became a happier person because what I needed was time to myself. Doing things like

going to yoga alone, or putting off work on a Sunday afternoon to sit at Pure Alchemy and read a book honestly made me more comfortable in my skin, and more confident to put my own needs first. I learned that relationships should never complete you — they should only complement who you are. If you feel like you're nothing without a person, it's important to step back and reevaluate your relationship. You are your only lifelong companion, and people cannot not be there every time you fall — it's important to be independent and self aware. You have to be your own self advocate, and it is impossible to truly love someone, if you do not accept and love who you are.

"Changes"

By **Eben Cook**

I completely understand that there are battles you cannot fight — we do attend an elite boarding school that has requirements and rules we promised to follow when we signed our name at Matriculation. We all have to take certain classes, participate in sports, and explore visual and performing arts. What I am referring to is the choices you make outside of the uncontrollable aspects of Choate. During my time at Choate, I chose to give up playing the trumpet. This was a tough decision for me, as playing for the school's Jazz Band had always been an aspiration of mine. But thoughts change. Opinions change. Interests change. We change. I realized that I would rather spend my time putting more effort into editing articles and singing in Chorus and a cappella. Would having been able to put down "four-year member of Jazz and Wind Ensembles" on my common application benefitted my overall profile? Possibly. The truth is, we don't know what the [expletive] goes on in those admissions conference rooms, but I know I'd much rather wake up each morning with a smile on my face than wake up too exhausted to function.

Understand your limitations. Focus on doing what you can to the best of your ability, not spreading yourself too thin and [expletive] everything. What I am sharing with you all is some of the most basic advice you could ever receive. However, in the sea of intelligence, innovation, and mansplaining that is Choate Rosemary Hall, we lose sight of common reason. We sell our souls to boarding school fashion trends, Burger Thursdays, and SAT or ACT prep — just imagine the pool of money and children's tears the founders of College Board are swimming in this very moment.

You have been given the opportunity to receive one of the most highly sought-after educations in the nation — make this place your own. Don't be afraid to have fun in the grind. Find friends you can study with that won't distract you from completing your work but will make evaluating integrals all the more fulfilling. Explore the hidden gems in Wallingford, and maybe walk there instead of using Uber. Or if you're too lazy to walk, consider Lyft over Uber, as I have learned this year that Lyft pays their drivers better and they keep 100% of their tips… sorry, Chloe Khosrowshahi's dad, but also I'm not sorry. Write a rap with your friends on President's Day. Who knows? You might just move to the top of the Choate rap game, as [Matt] Lacey ['18] will be graduating soon. Along with a trusted faculty member — otherwise, this is a handbook violation — go on the roof of a building like the Science Center to view campus from another angle. However, you are not allowed to ask anyone to Last Hurrah while on the roof, as I have trademarked that.

I regret taking so long to get to know people in this community that were always there, right in my line of vision, on the paths all year.

Of course, I don't want to give the impression that my time here was all rosy; with #5 days left with all of you, certain regrets cloud my mind. I regret remaining on the honors track in math until sophomore spring — it took a failed exam (and yes, an actual fail, not a Choate fail that's merely a B-) for me to realize that my academic and social life would drastically improve if I dropped to Accelerated. I regret taking so long to get to know people in this community that were always there, right in my line of vision on the paths all year. But sometimes it takes a frisbee field or a catwalk to bring you together with people you wish you had alongside you for more of your time on this campus. I regret not saying "I love you" to my friends and family more often. Even though words cannot express the incalculable love and appreciation held in my heart for so many people in this gym; it certainly doesn't hurt to try and put it into words. So yes, I've lived each and every day for the past four years overwhelmed by what I could have done differently in my four years here. But it takes regret to genuinely appreciate what you have been

given and what you have been able to accomplish in your time here, and it takes regret to progress in the next stages of our lives.

When I joined this community as a student, I made a single promise to myself to never let an institution stand in the way of my happiness. But as I reflect on my time here at this school — this demanding, giving, stressful, relaxing, awful, wonderful school — I realize that it never stood in the way of my happiness: it was my happiness. And that thought satisfies me more than my name on a banner ever could.

"Rory"

By **Elise Hummel**

When I was accepted to Choate, my friends started calling me Rory. There were definitely parallels between myself and the Gilmore Girls character — Rory and I were both quietly studious, shy, and terribly awkward public school kids who made it big by getting into the fancy, ultra-pricy private school. While Rory's mom sacrificed her pride to ask her estranged parents to help pay for Chilton, my siblings had to sacrifice their music lessons and fencing classes so I could come to Choate. But it was worthwhile, because like Chilton did for Rory, Choate would open the doors to wherever I wanted to go in my future.

Just as Lorelai Gilmore's fuzzy alarm clock didn't go off, making the pair late to Rory's first day at Chilton, I was late to my first class at Choate. Still enthralled by the Hogwarts-ness of the dining hall and in disbelief of the free, palatable food that I could get for all three meals, I finished my eggs and headed to put my plate away at 7:50. When I discovered a line that stretched all the way to the back of the sophomore/junior section, I had a decision to make. I could cut the line, but I had just signed a big sheet of paper two days ago promising never to cheat, and I didn't want to break my promise before the first class. I could ask my new friend Nina [Hastings '18] to take my plate up for me since she had A block free, but I felt like putting a plate on a conveyor belt was a pretty basic task, and I wouldn't have a chance surviving at this school for the next four years if I couldn't even do that by myself. And so I got to the back of the line, listening to my heart pound against my chest as the seconds drew nearer and nearer to 8:00. By the time I put my plate away, literally ran to the opposite side of campus, struggled to figure out how to open the science center door until Mr. Larsen relieved me of my suffering, and burst into Parker Washburn's Physics 200 class, it was 8:06.

It took me four years to figure it out, but the most important lessons that you take here aren't in the classroom...it's the lessons of character that matter.

Looking back, this moment aptly describes my experience over the past four years. I've had a whole lot of good intentions which have led to a whole bunch of failures. Although the parallels between the Choate and Chilton experiences pretty much ground to a halt following embarrassing stories about being late on the first day, there were definitely times when I felt like I was in a cheesy dramedy from the year 2000. I'd barely made it three months into Choate before I wound up in the hospital with a stress-induced autoimmune disease, and rather than seeing that as a red flag, a sign to maybe slow it down, take a breath, get some more sleep, I saw it as a minor inconvenience that I wouldn't let in my way, and I left the double-overnight in the hospital to go straight to my Chorus concert.

Although at first I refused to acknowledge the severity of what I'd done to my body in exchange for a few high grades, as my time here comes to an end, I'm thinking — was it worth it? The thousands of insurance dollars it takes to keep me alive, the insulin pumps and glucose sensors, the twenty-year drop in my life expectancy — if that had happened to Rory, would I have aspired to be so much like her?

The answer, of course, is no. No class can teach you anything more important than your health; no homework assignment will instill in you the wisdom of twenty years lost to a disease contracted through the stress of high school.

And yet, Choate is so much more than a high school. It took me four years to figure it out, but the most important lessons that you take here aren't in the classroom, aren't something that you'd pull an all-nighter studying. It's the lessons of character that matter, the lessons of personal dignity and strength and confidence.

Choate taught me to walk with my head up. Though there were times where I doubted it, when I'd see an old classmate from middle school in a SAGE uniform and wonder what gave me the right to be enrolled rather than employed here, I had the support to remind me that I belong. When I walked by the Robotics table literally six times at club fair my freshman year, not thinking myself worthy of such an impressive-sounding club, my

teammates gave me the space to learn and the confidence to excel; later on, whenever someone doubted my abilities, it was my experience at this school that gave me the strength to stand up for myself.

Choate taught me that it's okay to change plans. After taking six classes sophomore year and experiencing this sense of impending doom every time my alarm went off and I realized I had to go to school, I decided to apply to the KEC simply to get off main campus. Little did I know that I would find my calling there, that I would greet my work with a fervor simply because I felt like what I was doing mattered.

"Just Mirialie"

By **Mirialie De Jesus**

When I first got to Choate, I was just Mirialie: a girl who came from Chelsea, Massachusetts. A girl who had grown up surrounded by people of color, whose middle school classes of 30 students were made up of kids with similar stories. Kids whose parents had never gone to college; some had never graduated high school. Kids with dead parents. Kids with siblings in jail. Kids who could barely see their future passed high school. I was just Mirialie: a girl who cared too much about grades, who somehow did well enough to end up going to some private school in Connecticut. who felt like I was finally escaping a world where success in academics had me labeled as "white," a world where I couldn't be smart and brown at the same time. When I first got to Choate, I was looking to find a place where I belonged.

After being a part of the majority back home, I was kind of shook when I noticed I was one of very few people who could look around in every single one of their classes and say, "I don't look anything like the rest of you," or "I'm the only non-Caucasian person in this room." I was in this shiny new place where I was literally one in a dozen. I felt like a novelty, like being brown and Latina gave me some sort of leg up in being special. I could finally be spotted in a crowd where there wouldn't be 50 other people you could confuse me with.

I became, Mirialie: a girl who actually thought about being Hispanic, a girl who was still different but, in a way, that I could still be what I was and take pride in being unusual.

The first time I really realized that always being unusual wasn't exactly going to work out for me was my first Community Service Day. That morning, us, freshmen, went down to Getz for our documentary viewing slot to watch some seemingly revolutionary film on poverty in America. As the movie played, I thought, "there's no way these kids don't already know about these things." Things like financial instability and welfare were not new to me. Where I came from, they were common aspects of life. When the movie finished, and we made our way out of the Science Center, I somehow got caught up in a rant about how unreliable food stamps were for my family growing up, how I would have to wait in lines for hours with my mom on an empty stomach just for someone at a desk to tell us that we would get our money soon. Instead of receiving the "I know!" or the "you right," I was used to getting in response from friends at home, there was just silence. I looked at my friend who had been involved in the conversation up until that point, and she had this look on her face that I don't remember ever seeing directed at me before that moment. Her eyes were wide. She had her eyebrows scrunched together, and her mouth was a little open. The look was a mix of shock and confusion. It was like I told her I had an extra arm I kept under my shirt for safekeeping. I knew I had done something wrong — at least that was what I thought, so I laughed it off with an "it's fine, though," and I tried not to think about how terrible I felt then.

I became Mirialie: a girl who actuallly thought about being Hispanic, a girl who was still different but, in a way...could still be what I was and take pride in being unusual.

In my sophomore and junior years, my pride in being different began to fall apart in much more obvious ways. Looking around in my classes and not seeing a single person who looked like me made me restless. I grew tired of feeling like a representative for 'the other.' I wanted to talk about home without getting that same look of shock and wonder. I was always one misstep from, "you need to chill" because suddenly, my anger was invalid. I felt stupid in all of my classes, not because I was actually failing anything, but because I had let my irrational side convince me that people would only ever see me for the undeserving uneducated Hispanic that I heard people ranting about in the news, on TV, and sometimes among my classmates, especially as the 2016 election was gearing up.

There was always something off. It was feeling like I didn't belong — not in the same way I felt I didn't belong back in middle school because I was a good student. It was feeling like I didn't belong because none of this was mine. I realized I was like a guest in someone else's home. I was the invited. I was reminded constantly that this wasn't and would never really be my world.

Winter break of my junior year, I woke up a week before I had to come back to school with a call that my cousin had been shot twice at a party along with eight other kids. I released the breath I held when I heard she was as fine as one could be after getting shot twice. I hung out with her for the first time since my freshman year after she was released from the hospital. My cousin who I had spent my entire childhood with had become more like a stranger than I ever thought she could be. All because she had stayed in the place I had left, a place where no one flinched at another shooting, a place full of forgotten children who run from bullets more often than they walk across a graduation stage, a place no one anywhere else cared about.

When I got back to Choate, it was like I was floating between the place I had come from and the place I found myself in. In conversations about winter break, I would listen to people complain about their five hour lay-over on their way to the Caribbean or their trips across the country to various colleges, nodding and responding with the occasional "wow, that really sucks."

I was stuck in the world between. I went to all my classes, but I wasn't present. I was lost, and it was only a matter of time before I ended up on my dorm room floor ugly-crying and sobbing over the phone with my mom and my [grandma].

"I can't do this anymore." I told them.

"I don't belong here."

"I want to go home."

They were having none of it. They reminded me I had a year to go, so I would tough it out.

And, of course, I listened to my mom and my Mama.

I stayed. Tired, angry, and annoyed, floating and fumbling my way through the motions until all of a sudden, I was in my senior spring, my foot toeing farther and farther out the door as the days passed and the countdown to May 27 got closer and closer to zero.

My mind was dead-set on graduation, so when my friends asked me if I would write a senior speech, my initial reaction was a hard "no," followed by a "Do you know me?" I didn't know what I could say or how I would say it. I wasn't convinced that the School would even want to hear my honest reflections on my time here.

But when I really thought about it, I imagined a younger version of me in the crowd who needs to hear a senior speech that validates their feelings, that proves to them they aren't just some novelty item, that shows they can make it to graduation in spite of feeling like they don't belong in this world. Whether it's for the freshman or sophomore who is just starting to realize how lonely this place can get, the junior who's so angry but so close to the end that they can't give up now, or even the senior who's still deciding on how to feel about their last four years, I wanted to write a speech that put my feelings down on paper that gave my point of view a voice. I realized I had plenty to say for the students out there who are drowning in the space between their home and Choate. I had plenty to say for myself, too.

There were a few times I seriously contemplated leaving this place. Going where? I don't know. Space, maybe.

But every time I did, I would sit and imagine what that change would mean, what I would miss if I ever came up with a solid transfer plan. Somewhere along the way from my freshman year to now, I realized I didn't owe anyone anything. I deserved to be here as much as anyone else. I didn't have to feel ashamed for not loving my time here. I didn't have to explain my anger. I also realized I didn't have to let my anger become me, either.

"Rules on Getting Through Choate...Alive"

By **Elliot Sawyer-Kaplan**

Don't be afraid if you feel like you don't "fit in"

I hated Choate my freshman year. Not in the "oh, I have so much work I hate Choate" or the "everyone here sucks, I hate Choate," but in the "I really don't like this school; I want to consider transferring" way. However, my parents were not going to let me board somewhere else, so I had to suck it up. I hated it because being a day student freshman year sucks. You aren't stuck with 75 boys in one house every night and forced to make friends, so it's inherently harder to find your group. I also made the mistake of only hanging out with friends I made prior to Choate. Therefore, I was even more screwed. So, for almost the entire freshman year, I didn't have any good friends in my grade, and I felt like I didn't belong in my class. But I got through it, and it made me a better person because it showed me what I valued in a true friend. So if you're very lonely and feel like you're at the bottom where things can't get worse, just remember they always get worse (just ask Caroline Quinn ['18]) but then, they always get better, I promise.

Don't take for granted all the time you spend with your friends, because once you understand how valuable that time is, it will already be too late...so surround yourself every day with people who love and care about you the most.

Lock the bathroom door

If you've ever used the one right outside the café, you know that the lock is confusing as [expletive]. Who makes a lock that turns about two degrees and doesn't click? But anyway, sophomore year I really had to go, and it was right next to my classroom, so I dashed in there, "locked it," and relieved myself, until I heard the door click and open. If you've ever had this experience in a public bathroom, nothing is more terrifying than waiting to see the surprised look on a stranger's face when they see you are amidst the process. So this senior girl — a senior girl — walks in, but she was looking down at her phone and didn't notice me. She just was standing there, staring at her phone while I was contemplating all my life decisions. It was only when the door banged shut that she looked up. When she saw me standing there, she let out this blood curdling scream that scared me [expletive], so I screamed too. Then she giggled, turned, and sprinted out of the bathroom. The giggle did not make things better. She rattled me so badly that I had to pee again. But, apparently she screamed so loudly that a teacher heard and came to see if everything was okay. So instead of knocking, the teacher just turned the handle, and — surprise surprise — the door wasn't locked so they walked in to see me standing there. "Oh my, I'm so sorry," they said, and as they shut the door they added, "You might want to consider locking the door next time."

Learn how to finesse the Dining Hall

Sun butter is [expletive]; that doesn't count. I'm just humored by the fact that we replaced peanut butter in the Dining Hall with Wow Butter because of peanut allergies; however, Wow Butter is made with soy, which I am allergic to. Also, the School goes through so many of those little Skippy packets a day, it must be awful for the environment. I'm really surprised Ms. [Katrina] Homan hasn't had an aneurysm yet. Oh, and opening those packets is like entering the frickin' lottery because you have a .1% chance of opening one without some gross-[expletive] oils on top. But anyway, the cultural appropriation station comes in clutch on Mondays. And outside of the Dining Hall, find and eat as many sandwiches as possible. I believe that everyone should take a food road trip in their life, even if you're as picky as Will Ryan ['19]. Sorry buddy, you know I love you.

[Expletive] what other people think about you

This is something I've only truly embraced senior year. Never live your life letting other people impact the decisions you make. Don't be too afraid or self-conscious to look like an idiot in public, because I guarantee that the people who will judge you for having a good time will have zero impact on your life, which leads me into my next rule. Everyone has their problems, and [expletive] going on in his or her life, so don't be so quick to judge. And just know you're not alone when you're going through something. Even Shane [Sweitzer '18] (or George LeBoeuf ['19]) is a big softie on the inside.

Learn something new!

Like how Brioche isn't just a type of overpriced bread.

Take risks.

Get out of your comfort zone; find the friend who will push you in the middle of circle at a SAC dance, talk to that person you have a thing for, love someone, get your heart broken, but just remember, friends can break your heart too. Screw homework, spend time with your friends. I can't stress this point enough. Friends are the greatest thing about this place. In the future, that English reading on a Thursday night, or that science quiz you took during spring

term is going to be irrelevant, Alyssa [Shin '18], but those times with your friends, those sunny days on Memorial Field, those hours of procrastination spent in the Dining Hall, or those late late nights will shape you, and will be the memories you'll hold with you for a long time. So [Patrick] Mullowney ['18], please stop doing your math homework and come to the Dining Hall. (That's a joke, [Patrick Mullowney '18] doesn't "do" homework). Don't take for granted all the time you spend with your friends, because once you understand how valuable that time is, it will already be too late, and the moments will be gone. So surround yourself everyday with people who love and care about you the most. Life is so short — so, so short. You don't get do-overs or re-dos, all you have is what you're given, and all you can do is make the most of it.

"Personal Questions"

By **Sebastian Chang**

Personal questions scared the [expletive] out of me as a child, not because the questions usually came from adults, which was true, but because the questions themselves, the kind you get forced to answer in elementary school, usually tended to be terrifying.

"What's your favorite musical artist," "Where is your family from," or the kicker, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" It was as if they had expected this Korean-Indian child who chewed at the cuffs of his hoodies to put his thumbs through them to already know who he was. As a result, I worried a lot about these questions. When I entered Choate, my favorite group was the pop punk band All Time Low, I was 50% Korean, 50% Indian, and 100% American, and I would be a biomedical engineer. I was so good at answering these questions, in fact, that I not only managed to impress some of the adults, but lots of the adults, for example, the ones running science fair national semifinals, parents, teachers, and a few lovely admissions folks at a Connecticut boarding school. Great. I was the first Google result for "Sebastian Chang robotic hand," and a Korean Indian eighth grader who knew who he was and where he was going.

And then in freshman year, love hit me like a runaway snowplow. I've had an intensely melodramatic and hilariously educational romantic life at Choate, what my roommate Tommy Ren ['18] describes as, "Your drama taught me what to do by teaching me what not to do."

However, it wasn't a female classmate or bad test that turned my whole world upside down freshman spring. It was the first episode of *SAO* with Brian McGlinchey ['18] in Memorial House.

For both the people who know the show and those who don't, *Sword Art Online* is a fantastically popular and terribly cliché story about teenagers trapped inside a virtual reality game. It was the first anime I had ever watched, and I loved every terribly cliché second of it.

You're about to ask me, "So why did you like this trashy show," and I'm about to stop you. One, because personal questions still scare the [expletive] out of me, and two, because I still don't have a great answer for you.

Sure, I loved the animation, the story, the music, the beautiful fantasy sci-fi world, the emotion of it, but those are all excuses to justify my irrational love for this terrible show. It filled me with this huge warm air that poured out of me, and yet, to my profound horror, I was starting to lose the answers to the questions I had worked so hard to solve.

My parents reacted the way any reasonable Asian parent would react after hearing their award-winning robotics child tell them that he was unsure of his passions and that the only thing he wanted to do was watch anime in his room.

They tried to make sense of it: first as a distraction that needed to be replaced by my robotics projects and academics, then as a fleeting passion to become an animator, or a perverted addiction like video games or porn, or an interest in Japan because of our Korean heritage or because of my background in martial arts. And as much as I wanted to find one, none of those were the answer. I honestly just loved watching anime, and it was destroying my future. For the first time in my life, the thing I loved the most seemed to have no reason behind it.

I lost interest in my engineering projects, spent hours watching shows, and dropped out of the Robotics team after one of the seniors told me not to interfere with the robots. I spent my internship at a 3D printing lab talking to the older intern about the giant mecha robots in Gurren Lagann and went from building prosthetics to cosplay foam swords. And to my dismay, the more I tried to justify it, the more discouragement I received, from friends, classmates, and family.

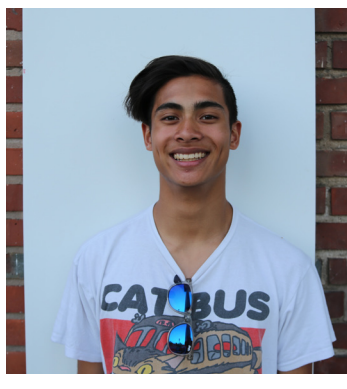
What I wanted contradicted what I was good at, who supported it, and who I had said I was.

"This is a no-anime zone." "Isn't anime basically just porn?" "Do you have a Japanese fetish?" "You're overreacting, it's just TV." "That's Japanese people for you." "Why are you wasting your time?" "The stereotype is totally justified, that's all."

Choate's lack of Japanese language or history classes didn't help either, since it also meant a lack of departmental support for a Directed Study in that area. When I thought about giving a Choate Talk my sophomore year about anime stereotypes, the answer from the people closest to me was universal — *don't do it*. I've been trying to give the talk in some form ever since.

The kicker probably came in sophomore year after I submitted a mediocre article to *The Currency*, talking about the decline of the anime industry. I opened the magazine to find my two-page article dismembered into a tiny list of bullet points, the argument simplified and renamed: "The Death of the Anime Industry?" A day later, I opened my email to find a lovely letter from the president of Choate's Animation Club who had taken the time to break apart each point of my article, which he described as "fallacious" and, later, "malarkey."

I was in the Hill House bathroom when I read that email, and I think I just sat down and cried for a good few minutes because I was just so tired. What I wanted contradicted what I was good at, who supported it, and who I had said I was. I sincerely questioned that I would leave Choate a closeted anime nerd with no passion for anything practical.



Now, for those of you who know me, you know the story doesn't end here. I shamelessly confess that I stole most of the following from my college essay:

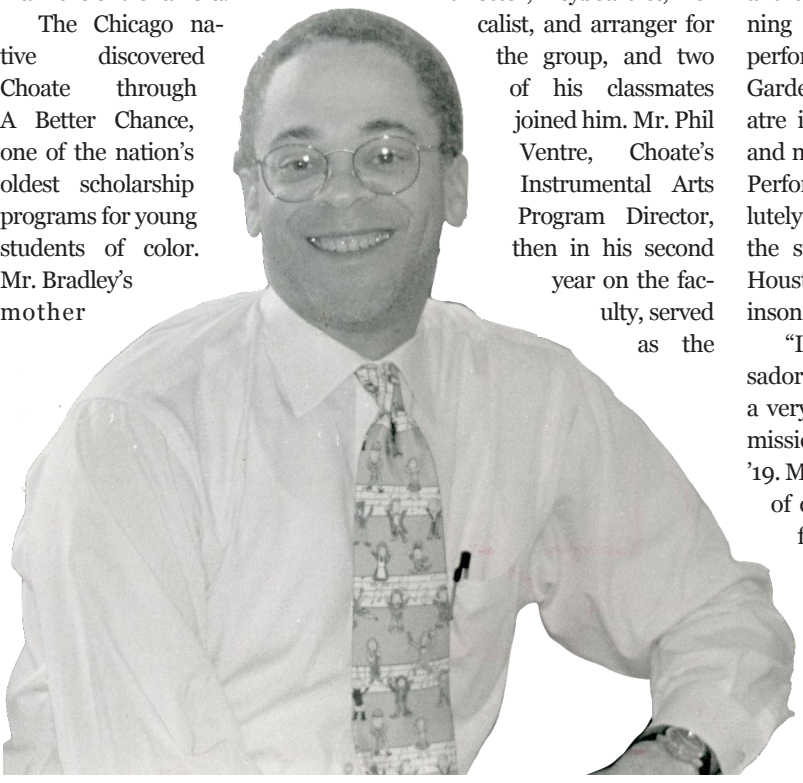
"When denied a teacher, I taught myself both Japanese syllabic scripts and practiced speaking with Japanese students. While people critiqued my interest, I participated in homestays and programs, most of which I was the first from Choate to attend. I've given a public lecture on Japan's declining birthrate (it's rising, actually) and written papers on the model minority stereotype and Japan's postwar economy. I'm finally taking Choate's only Japan-focused class, and my senior Capstone involves an illustrated short story that tackles Japanese cultural issues."

And I'm the happiest I've ever been.

Mr. Tim Bradley '73 to Retire After Significant Impact on Admissions

By **Camille Grant '21**
Staff Reporter

John. F. Kennedy '35 was a hero for many African-Americans during the 1960s, but perhaps none were more affected by Kennedy than Mr. Tim Bradley '73. "I had been accepted into other schools, but it didn't matter. John F. Kennedy went to Choate," Mr. Bradley said. "Nothing could be better than that." After 24 years in Admission, the legendary Mr. Bradley is retiring this summer. Mr. Bradley is the only remaining faculty member who graduated from Choate when it was an all-boys school. His departure will mark the end of an era.



The Chicago native discovered Choate through A Better Chance, one of the nation's oldest scholarship programs for young students of color. Mr. Bradley's mother worked with one of the organization's first Chicago representatives, Ms. Leontyne Lemon. Mr. Bradley attended A Better Chance's summer preparatory program at Williams College. In fall 1969, he entered Choate as a freshman. He excelled at Choate, serving as Chairman of the Judicial Committee. After graduation, he matriculated to Tufts University.

Mr. Bradley was an avid musician as a Choate student. For his senior project, he founded the first multi-racial and mixed gender band in Choate's history, which he named Bittersweet. Mr. Bradley was also the music director, keyboardist, vocalist, and arranger for the group, and two of his classmates joined him. Mr. Phil Ventre, Choate's Instrumental Arts Program Director, then in his second year on the faculty, served as the band's adviser. The project culminated with a performance in what is now the basement of the Worthington Johnson Athletic Center. "Anyone who attended the concert knows that the only feeling that permeated the atmosphere of the concert was the want of a good time," Alan Blackwell '73 wrote in a March 1973 issue of *The News*.

Mr. Bradley was also an accomplished keyboardist and organ player beyond Choate. He earned one platinum and two gold records during a ten-year long career in the music industry. In the early eighties, he worked as the principal keyboardist for Jesse Johnson, Andre Cymone, Ta Mara and the Seen, and Grammy-winning Jody Watley. Mr. Bradley performed at Madison Square Garden, the Universal Amphitheatre in Los Angeles, the Apollo, and more than 350 other venues. Performing, he said, was "absolutely exhilarating." He has shared the stage with Prince, Whitney Houston, Sly Stone, Smokey Robinson, and Kool & The Gang.

"I think he's a great ambassador for Choate. He has brought a very unique perspective to Admissions," said Charlie Yockey '19. Mr. Bradley was the first alum of color to return as a Choate faculty member. As a new admissions officer, he was initially responsible for outreach to programs like A Better Chance. Mr. Bradley has always been an advocate for diversity at Choate. He was the only student of color in his grade, and founded the Afro-American Society with several of his classmates.

"The scholarship situation at this school is hardly justifiable," Mr. Bradley wrote in a March 1973 issue of *The News*. "Blacks make up ten percent of this nation's population, yet comprise only three percent of The Choate-Rosemary community." For years, Mr. Bradley has supervised the production of the Students of Color Guide, an annual publication that profiles various affinity groups and publishes advice for Choate students of color. In 2002, Mr. Bradley became a founding member of the Diversity Roundtable. The committee is comprised of a representative for each member of the Ten Schools Admissions Organization (TSAO). As Choate's representative, Mr. Bradley embarked on multiple annual trips across the country to talk to students of color.

Mr. Bradley has incorporated his love for music into his tenure in Admissions. In 1996, he began to notice that Admissions had a close relationship with the Athletics Department, but not the Arts Department. To alleviate this problem, Mr. Bradley formally created the role of, and served as, the Arts Liaison in 1997. In this position, Mr. Bradley was able to create a strong connection the Arts Department and Admissions.

In addition to his work as an admissions officer, Mr. Bradley taught the Music Production class for 14 years. Each student was able to produce his or her own track over the term-long course. It was gratifying to see his students succeed — he loved to see that even his most nervous students would be able to complete the course. Mr. Bradley was always happy to see his students accomplish something they had initially thofught was impossible. "He's just very supportive and pushes me to do my best all the time," said Sam Kaplan '19, Mr. Bradley's advisee.

Photo courtesy of Tim Bradley

Mr. Bradley (second row, in glasses) was a part of Choate's Afro-American Society in 1973.

Throughout his career, Mr. Bradley has worked tirelessly to ensure that the people around him feel included and comfortable. "He is one of the most easy-going, outgoing people that I've ever met," said Mr. Jeff Beaton, Associate Director of Admissions. Mr. Beaton recalls a specific time early into his Choate career when he was given a daunting responsibility. Sensing his nervousness, Mr. Bradley pulled Mr. Beaton aside and let him know that he was there if Mr. Beaton needed anything. Coming from Mr. Bradley, Mr. Beaton remembers, this assurance meant a lot.

Mr. Bradley will remain the coach of Choate's intramural basketball league (IBL) in his retirement. He has coached the intramural team with Mr. John Bjorkdahl for more than 20 years.

"Choate's the best thing, other than my children, that has happened to me in my entire life," Mr. Bradley says. "I am incredibly grateful, appreciative, and humble to be able to serve this institution. It has been the highest privilege in my entire life." During retirement, he looks forward to resurrecting Masterpiece Productions and playing music.

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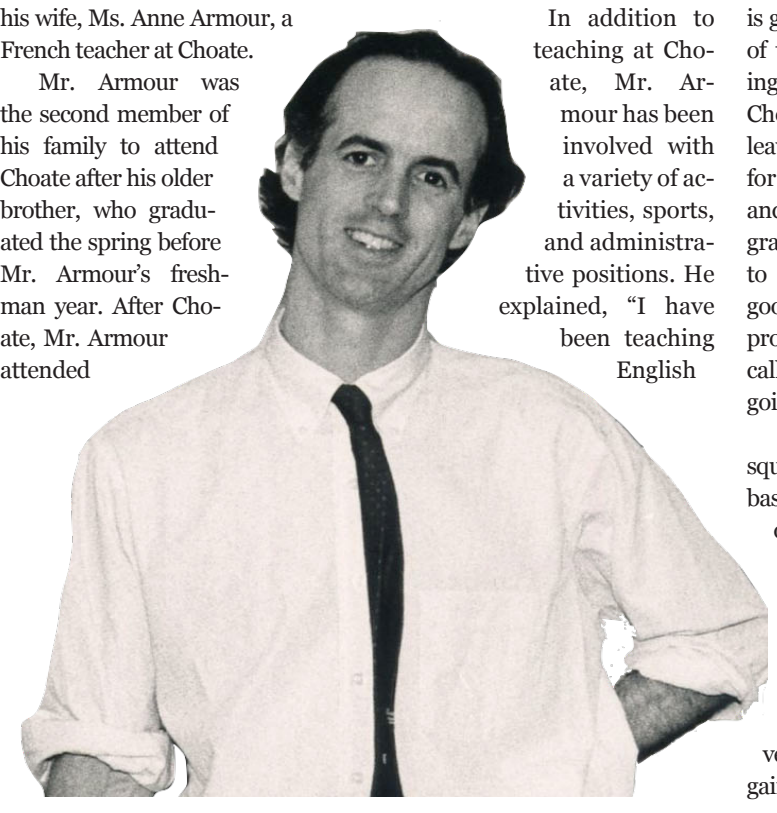
Mr. Gordon Armour '76 Bids Farewell to Choate After 33 Years

By **Kate Spencer '20**
Copy Editor

Following his 33rd year as an English teacher, dean, coach, and adviser at Choate, Mr. Gordon Armour '76 will be leaving the School with the Class of 2018 grauates. Mr. Armour is currently a Third-Form Dean and an English teacher. He resides in New Haven with his wife, Ms. Anne Armour, a French teacher at Choate.



Mr. Armour was the second member of his family to attend Choate after his older brother, who graduated the spring before Mr. Armour's freshman year. After Choate, Mr. Armour attended Trinity College, where he was an English major and a member of the crew team. Mr. Armour received a master's degree in liberal studies from Dartmouth College. Mr. Armour, who was initially interested in banking, realized that he wanted to continue with both crew and English, and a job at Choate provided those opportunities.

In addition to teaching at Choate, Mr. Armour has been involved with a variety of activities, sports, and administrative positions. He explained, "I have been teaching English for these 33 years, and I have taught freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and seniors. I did a rotation as a form dean back with the Class of '97, and this is my sixth year as a third form dean. I have coached crew, cycling, JV hockey, and squash. I was yearbook adviser for five or six years."

Mr. Armour had one son graduate from Choate; another is graduating this spring as a part of the Class of 2018. In explaining his reasoning behind leaving Choate, Mr. Armour added, "I am leaving Choate because it is time for me to do something different, and I think that maybe my son's graduating might have something to do with the sense that it's a good time to go. I discovered this program down in New Haven called Squash Haven that I am going to go work for.

Squash Haven, an urban squash enrichment program, is based out of Yale. It provides individual tutoring, academic enrichment, squash instruction, community service, exposure to enrichment opportunities, and college preparation to fifth through twelfth graders. Squash Haven aims to help urban students gain access to higher education and information about post-secondary school options. With the help of a full time staff and volunteers, the program provides free successful services.

In terms of his time at Choate, Mr. Armour stated, "I'm not sure that my being an alum helps at all. Maybe having gone to a boarding school helps me understand what it means to go to a boarding school. Knowing what it is like helps to understand what it is like here and what students are going through is good." He added, "There are other things that I have thought about doing with my life — you can't do everything, of course — but not really. I have enjoyed my time here."

In his time here, Mr. Armour has left a significant impact on students. Said Isabelle So '20, "Mr. Armour is extremely understanding and he always makes sure that I have time to re-edit my essays or papers. He was willing to meet with me to go over papers that were confusing. His class is definitely a class I will miss, as he made each class not only entertaining but also interesting. He will be missed."

Liam Podos '20 added, "Mr. Armour was my squash coach and Third Form Dean and he was always a lot of fun to have around. He has a very unique sense of humor with just the right amount of seriousness which made him a fantastic coach and dean. He's definitely one of the most memorable and important parts of my Choate experience, and I'll miss having him next year."

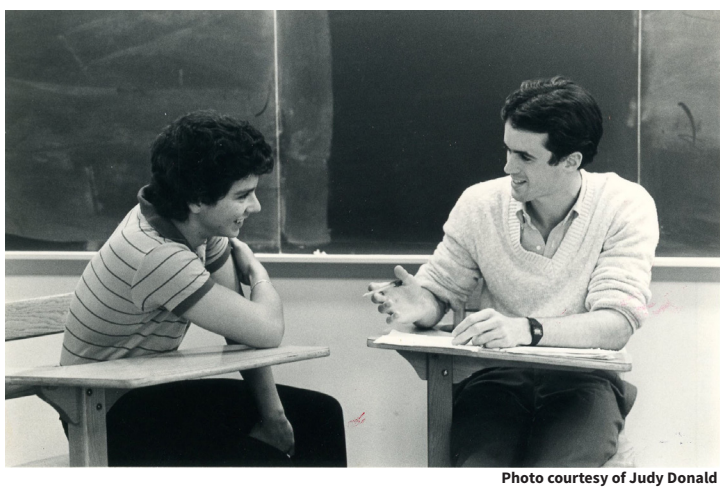


Photo courtesy of Judy Donald

Mr. Armour has enjoyed teaching English during his years at Choate.

"I always look forward to English with Mr. Armour — it's definitely one of my favorite classes this year!" explained Lily Ding '20. "Mr. Armour always makes sure that our class is having fun, and has prepared all of us with a vast array of cocktail-party conversation starters and jokes!"

Looking back on his favorite memories, Mr. Armour cited one of the annual end-of-year events: the Physics Phlotilla. "I have always enjoyed the zaniness of the Physics Phlotilla," he said. "I have never actually been involved with it, but it has always been one of my favorite events of the year."

"I think I'll miss contact with the kids," concluded Mr. Armour on a more sentimental note. "I'll be dealing with a different set of kids down in New Haven, but I think I will miss [Choate students]." The Choate community will definitely miss Mr. Armour and wishes him the best of luck in his future endeavors.

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Ms. Jane Gustin Leaves Choate with Legacy in Visual Arts

By **Grace Zhang '20**
Student Council Correspondent

Ms. Jane Gustin is retiring from Choate after 42 years of teaching art courses, including ceramics, weaving, drawing, painting, printmaking, visual studies, and art history.

"I've seen so many people come and go that it's hard to realize that I'm now one of the people who's going," Ms. Gustin said recently. "It's nice but sad but beautiful. I've loved practically every year — this year, the kids have been just wonderful."

Ms. Gustin began her teaching career without much warning. In November 1976, an old friend who worked at Choate told her the school was in need of a ceramics instructor. As Ms. Gustin recalled, "I asked, 'When do they need one?' They said, 'Tomorrow.' I said, 'What? Tomorrow?' They needed a weaving teacher, too, and weaving was my minor in college. So, there I was. Ta-da!"

When she began, Ms. Gustin explained, "We had one wheel, one broken-down kiln, some buckets – that was about it. We started from nothing."

Noor Shalabi '20, one of Ms. Gustin's many former students, feels both happy and sad about her leaving. "She's had a great career at Choate and has been a great presence on campus for a long time. She deserves a great retirement." Shalabi added, "I liked going to ceramics labs and getting to work with her one-on-one because she was really helpful. She is talented and wise."

Throughout her years, Ms. Gustin has worked with hundreds of students and witnessed Choate evolve as an institution. One of her students, Ms. Gustin recalled, wanted desperately to forge a career as an artist, though his parents were pushing for dental school. Today, Ms. Gustin said, the student is, in fact, a dentist, though she nonetheless smiles with pride at remembering the artistic inspiration she was able to provide.

Ms. Gustin also recalled mentoring John Jameson '86, who is now a prominent weaver in New York. Ms. Gustin revealed to him "the beauty of textiles," as Mr. Jameson once put it.

Ms. Gustin did a lot more in her time at Choate than teach. In 2004, mid-career, she decided to pursue a master's degree in drawing and painting at the Vermont Studio School, in Johnson, Vermont.

Overall, Ms. Gustin has loved her time at Choate, using the word "wonderful" repeatedly when describing it. She said, "This is a living organization. It goes up and down, and floats, and has peaks and valleys, so it's like real life. It's like how the world works. Everybody thinks they know the Choate they know, but I know a Choate that's bigger and wider and has done a lot of self-evaluation and change."

Through it all, she explained, the kids were what kept her here. "They're always willing to try something new, and they like to argue a little bit," she said. "I like to be a little sarcastic, and I like that back-and-forth. It makes it very special. They appreciate hard work, and they see that I work really hard."

Photo courtesy of Judy Donald

In her 42 years here, Ms. Gustin served as a mentor to many students.

Now that she is retiring, Ms. Gustin plans to spend a lot more time in her nearby studio. "I have a studio here in town. It's a really nice building, a retired Baptist Church. It's far too big for me, but I have a place to work on large paintings and drawings, and I'm really looking forward to it."

And why this precise moment to hang up her smock? "My dog died two years ago," Ms. Gustin said. "I told myself I could only get another dog if I retired." With a laugh, she added, "I really want a dog!"

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Ms. Isabel Aguirre-Kelly '08

Photo by Kathryn Phillips/*The Choate News*

By **YuLee Chung '21**
Reporter

Ms. Isabel Aguirre-Kelly '08, who has taught English at Choate for four years, is now leaving Choate to study in other areas she is interested in. Ms. Aguirre-Kelly loved almost every single moment at Choate; she loved teaching, interacting with her students, and watching them grow and improve. According to her, she has mostly taught sophomores and enjoyed teaching them the most out of all grades, as sophomores tended to be relatively less stressed about schoolwork and their futures. She really liked to see the change in students' thoughts about English; although they would feel skeptical about the subject English itself at the beginning of school, by the end of the year she would see the students considering English not only as a subject that requires writing analytical essays but also self-reflections and connections. The growth she saw from her students was one cause for happiness during her time here. Because she liked to see this change, she enjoyed converting people who didn't consider themselves as "English people" to "English people." During classes, Ms. Aguirre-Kelly enjoyed watching her students give presentations, engage in discussions, and create beautiful visuals. She believes she's been really lucky to find impressive students every year. She has learned a lot from them and stated that her students have made her job the best job ever.

One unique fact about Ms. Aguirre-Kelly is that she is a Choate alumna belonging to the Class of 2008. Her experience as a Choate student allowed her to understand her students even better. Di' Anna Bonomolo '20, a student of Ms. Aguirre-Kelly, shared her thoughts about her teacher: "Ms. Aguirre is definitely one of the most supportive teachers I've ever had," Bonomolo said. "She understands what it means to be stressed out of your mind and not know what to do. She also understands what it means to just need a person of color to talk to about problems that other students might not be able to relate to. She's also human and knows what 16 year olds feel like growing up without their parents all around".

Although it is hard to let such an understanding, kind-hearted teacher leave our community, we wish her good luck and look forward to seeing her success.

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Ms. Sharonda Dailey

Photo by Pinn Chirathivat/*The Choate News*

By **Brandon Zhang '20**
Staff Reporter

Ms. Sharonda Dailey, Associate Director of College Counseling at Choate, will leave Choate at year's end. In the College Counseling Office, Ms. Dailey works with 37 current juniors and seniors while also running several projects, including the spring break college tours. Outside of the College Counseling Office, Ms. Dailey is a resident adviser at Bernhard House, the faculty adviser to the women-of-color affinity group known as RISE, and a member of the Driving Equity at Choate committee.

Of her plans, Ms. Dailey said, "I am going to the Wheeler School, an independent day school in Providence, Rhode Island, and there I will continue doing college counseling work, but I will also do equity and inclusion work." Ms. Dailey will have the title of Associate Director of College Counseling and Student Support.

At Wheeler, in addition to guiding students through the college-application process, Ms. Dailey looks to develop specific programming for underrepresented minorities, such as workshops and mentorship programs that will follow students through their years at the Wheeler school up until their first two years through college. Ms. Dailey was noticeably excited when talking about the future. "I am the first person to do this role," she said, "and so there is no guidebook for me to follow. I am going to be able to be creative and develop programming that I think makes sense."

Ms. Dailey said that the one part of Choate she will miss the most were the students. "I think that the students here have been fantastic to work with, and I have gotten to know a lot of them not just as a college counselor but also as an adviser to RISE. I think that is definitely what I'm going to miss the most, but nowadays with social media, I know I'll be able to see where kids are going and what they will be doing in the future," she said.

Diarra Dieng '19, a member of RISE, spoke highly about Ms. Dailey: "Since my freshman year, Ms. Dailey was always a support system for me when I felt like I couldn't go to anyone else. Especially with our affinity group RISE, I felt like I found my voice, and I was able to be comfortable with who I am thanks to her encouragement and support." Dieng was able not only to develop a connection with Ms. Dailey as a club adviser but as a faculty adviser as well."As my adviser my sophomore year, it was an even greater opportunity to get to know her, and we related on so many levels through music, food, hair, etc. something I never had before that year. I will be extremely sad to see her go, but I want her to know that she made her mark for the women of color at Choate."

With such a focus on developing connections with students, Ms. Dailey will definitely continue her success with students at the Wheeler School. Choate will certainly miss Ms. Dailey and remember the impact she has had here on campus.

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Dr. Chris Diamond

Photo by Alex Yoon/*The Choate News*

By **Amanda Li '21**
Staff Reporter

Dr. Chris Diamond has been Choate's Director of Health Services for the past three years, after coming from Central Connecticut State University. Although he's usually associated with the Health Center, he is also seen at various sports games, clubs, sophomore seminar classes, and is a member of various Choate committees. After arriving at Choate and getting to know the community, he was struck by how "students would take care of each other, students would bring other students [to the Health Center], and worried students would usually have a friend with them." He continued, "I also noticed this endless diversity, this mosaic of people with all sorts of interests, different parts of the world, different socioeconomic classes, and how as a 'family doctor', I felt like I was part of everything."

In his time here, he has deeply enjoyed getting to know, work with, and learn from the staff. "In working with Ms. Karen Klein, the Director of Nursing, who taught me a tremendous amount about adolescent health, I realized how much more there was to learn," he said. When asked about the most important lessons he has learned, he replied, "Learning how to manage my own passion and involvement, making sure that I convey the right attitude, and also how to communicate clearly and interact with adolescents." Looking back on his time at Choate, Dr. Diamond immensely values the friendships and inspirations that the Choate community has given him — relationships and ideas that will stay with him for the rest of his career.

He has not yet decided where his next position will be, and there are some parts of Choate that will definitely be difficult for him to give up. "Being able to watch the transition of these students into who they start to become, and seeing that trajectory, that is what I will miss most," Dr. Diamond said, tearing up a little. "Although my family and I look forward to our future, it's going to be hard to leave Choate." The Choate community has been delighted and grateful to have had Dr. Diamond's care and support throughout his time here. We wish him the best of luck.

Amanda Li *may be reached at ali21@choate.edu*

Mr. Richard Saltz

Photo by Pinn Chirathivat/*The Choate News*

By **Vincenzo DiNatale '19**
Managing Editor
and **Peter DiNatale '21**
Staff Reporter

Mr. Rick Saltz, Choate's Chief Financial Officer, will retire this year after serving the community for more than a decade. Since 2006, Mr. Saltz has been responsible for managing accounting, finance, and facilities, as well as new construction projects, human resources, and risk management. "There are a lot of things that I do that I get excited about," Mr. Saltz said. He has, for instance, overseen the building of the Kohler Environmental Center, Lanphier Center, St. John Hall, and the beginnings of what will soon be a revamped Paul Mellon Arts Center.

Choate's Director of Development, Mr. Daniel Courcey, who has worked closely with Mr. Saltz, said, "His astute fiscal stewardship of our School has enabled Choate to navigate its way through the notable financial downturn of 2007-2008. And his prudent approach to planning — particularly with regard to construction-focused initiatives — has notably contributed to some of the recent major projects that now chart Choate's exciting path for the future." Mr. Courcey added, "Strongly admired by our Head of School and Board of Trustees for his sensible financial acumen, [Mr. Saltz] has definitely made a difference during his time at Choate."

Head of School Dr. Alex Curtis said, "Mr. Saltz has been an extraordinary Chief Financial Officer for Choate Rosemary Hall over the last twelve years. He leaves the School not only in an extremely strong financial position due to his careful management of our resources but also with an amazing set of facilities and programs, due to his understanding of how and where to use our resources effectively. I feel so fortunate to have had the opportunity to work with such a capable CFO during my first seven years at Choate."

After his official retirement on June 30, Mr. Saltz will still frequent campus two to three days a week until Colony Hall is completed. Mr. Saltz remains unsure of his other plans, though he hopes to travel and spend time at home.

"Everyone is dedicated to really the School and to students," Mr. Saltz noted. "They really feel deeply about it, and it's a great environment to be in. That's why I came here, and that's what I'm going to miss."

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Dr. Allison Nishitani

Photo by Audrey Powell/*The Choate News*

By **Carolina Vargas '21**
Reporter

After three years of dedicated work and helping students fulfill their scientific dreams, Dr. Allison Nishitani is leaving her position as the Head of the Biology Branch of the Science Research Program. While she also taught Honors Biology, her main focus was SRP; she worked with eight passionate students every year. Although Dr. Nishitani never envisioned herself living in Connecticut, she felt that coming to Choate was too good of an opportunity to pass up: "I couldn't turn this job down because working with those kids was so amazing. It was a real privilege to get to work with a small group of capable, motivated students who are passionate about science."

Dr. Nishitani described SRP as an enriching experience for both her students and herself, stating, "It's really fun because every kid studies whatever they're interested in, so it's like doing eight independent projects. I get to learn all sorts of new stuff." Having gone to public school, Dr. Nishitani felt as if she missed out on an amazing program that, had she been given the opportunity, she would have loved to participate in.

Dr. Nishitani will now return to Seattle where she will be teaching at a day school. Although her time at Choate was short, she has learned a great deal and will miss it immensely.

Alyssa Shin '18, one of Dr. Nishitani's SRP students last year, has a deep appreciation for her supervisor. "Dr. Nish always had very high expectations for us and I think that challenged me to always rise to the occasion. Without Dr. Nish's guidance, I wouldn't have grown as a scientist in the way I did in SRP." Reading primary scientific literature, which Dr. Nishitani did not do until graduate school, is a tough feat for a high school scientist; nonetheless, Dr. Nishitani had faith in her students regardless of their experience. Shin began her SRP journey with little knowledge of scientific literature and lab techniques, but, with guidance from Dr. Nishitani and eight weeks of professional lab experience, Shin became an accomplished student.

Dr. Nishitani's presence will be missed on campus and her teaching will live on through her accomplished students.

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Ms. Hillary Nastro

Photo by Pinn Chirathivat/*The Choate News*

By **Carolina Vargas '21**
Reporter

As the school year comes to a close, Choate's Admission Office is saying goodbye to one of its senior associates, Ms. Hillary Nastro. After spending five years at Choate, four of which were spent in the admissions office, Ms. Nastro will be returning to her roots in Princeton, New Jersey.

In an attempt to balance her work life and home life, Ms. Nastro hopes that by returning to Princeton, she will be able to spend more time with her family. Her new job at Princeton Academy, an all-boys day school, will permit her to spend more time with her son, who will be attending the school. After toying with the idea of pursuing a new career, Ms. Nastro chose to stay in admissions, taking the job title of Director of Enrollment Management at the K-8 school. Although she looks forward to returning home, Ms. Nastro expressed her bittersweet emotions towards her departure from Choate: "Interacting with the families that come to campus; that's what I'll miss the most. The kids I've met who are applying are amazing, incredibly talented, interesting kids."

Often, the students she interviewed decided to come to Choate, and we can definitely thank Ms. Nastro for influencing their decisions. Sophie Mars '19, currently at the KEC as a member of the EIP program, remembers being interviewed by her. "Ms. Nastro conducted my Choate interview, and I immediately noticed that she visibly cared about the community. I left Choate that day with some of her vibrant school spirit, and I know she probably imparted this positivity on other prospective students as well."

Even without the influence that readily comes with being a teacher in a classroom every day, Ms. Nastro was a memorable member of our community, and she will be missed greatly by the students and faculty. Not straying too far, Ms. Nastro hopes to come up and visit.

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Ms. Nicole Stock '05

Photo by Alex Yoon/*The Choate News*

By **Amanda Li '21**
Staff Reporter

Ms. Nicole Stock has been at Choate for a total of 12 years, four as a student and eight as a faculty member, having come straight to Choate only a year after graduating. She is currently the Girls' Varsity Ice Hockey coach, the Girls' Varsity Lacrosse assistant coach, the Sports Information Director, and a valuable member in the admissions office. Having made a lasting impact on the Choate community, students characterize her as "calm," "trustworthy," "honest," and "energetic" — not surprising for a faculty member so dedicated to the students. "My proudest moments are probably watching some of the students go from freshman to seniors, watching their growth, their development, their maturity, and their leadership," Ms. Stock said. She recounts how Choate made such a positive impact on her life and how she wanted to "give back that experience to the students, providing them with the mentorship that [she] received in [her] time here."

As an approachable person both on and off the ice, students from the Girls' Varsity Ice Hockey team were thankful for the support and care that she provided. "She's had a huge influence on the way I play and the way I think," said Lexington Secreto '21.

"I'm very grateful to have somebody like her in my life," added Anna Deitcher '18.

"She's always looking out for my best interests and growing me up," continued Alexis Takashima '18.

Next year, Ms. Stock will be heading to The Lawrenceville School, where she will be the Assistant Athletics Director. She credits the strong foundation she has to the wonderful faculty members in the Athletic Office. "In the last eight years, I've worked with a lot of really great people, and that continued collegial support and mentorship has been the biggest part of being comfortable and confident with moving forward," she said. And throughout her 12 years as a member of the Choate community, the most important lesson that she has taken away is to "put yourself out there both professionally and personally and be willing to learn from everything and everyone around you," a phrase she uses to guide her students — whether in coaching, teaching, or learning. Clearly, Ms. Stock has had a great impact on both students and faculty members. We wish her the best of luck; she will be greatly missed on campus.

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Ms. Vicki LiPuma

Photo by Alex Yoon/*The Choate News*

By **Derek Ng '20**
Opinions Campus Editor

After 37 years at Choate, Ms. Vicki LiPuma is stepping down from her position as Choate's Assistant to the Dean of Students. Since 1981, Ms. LiPuma has worked in the Deans' Office; she started part-time as the Third Form Deans' Assistant before adopting a full-time position as the Fourth Form Dean's Assistant. After 12 years in those posts, she took on her current role of Assistant to the Dean of Students.

Ms. LiPuma enjoyed being in the Deans' Office because she loves working with Choate students. "There are a lot of different areas in the school to work at," Ms. LiPuma said, "but being in the Deans' Office is always where I felt most comfortable because I had all that exposure with the kids." She continued, "I'm going to miss the kids. I think it's the part of the job that makes it fun — the energy, the fresh ideas, and all else that they bring to the school."

Mr. James Stanley, Dean of Students, said that working with Ms. LiPuma has been a godsend. "She has long experience and wisdom that have been invaluable for me, for previous Deans of Students, for Form Deans, and for Deans' Assistants," he said. Mr. Stanley has long been impressed, he explained, by Ms. LiPuma's ability not only to maintain a calm presence in the stressed and chaotic environment of Choate but also to share this composure with others. "She always gets us to stop and think," he said. "She has the institutional knowledge to remember how we've done things in the past [and] she looks at things through that lens and makes sure that we never forget to do the same."

To some students, Ms. LiPuma's presence on campus isn't immediately apparent, but it is unquestionably influential. "She contributes in extraordinary ways that are hidden to students, and, basically, makes sure that everything runs and happens as it should," Mr. Stanley said.

"I'm not 'the person' in a student's life — not like teachers and deans and advisers — that has made the big impact," Ms. LiPuma acknowledged. "But, in some ways, I've helped that." The behind-the-scenes work, she added, "gives me a lot of joy."

Ms. LiPuma, who lives off campus but in Wallingford, has no concrete plans for her retirement. "I really want to stay open to all kinds of possibilities," she said. "I think that things present themselves, and, if you stay open, you recognize that they're there."

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Senior Highlights: The Class of 2018 Looks Back at Its Time on Campus

May 19: Seniors on the *Boys' Varsity Track team celebrate their third place finish at New England Championships.*

What would you change about your career at Choate?

Redo all of junior year. — Connie Xiao '18

I would care less about grades. — Nicole Yao '18

It's not that hard to do work... I don't know why I didn't. — Mitch Jones '18

September 4: *Seniors snap a photo before showing new students around campus.*

March 4: *The seniors on the Varsity Swim Team pose after the final meet of their Choate career.*

What song got you through senior year?

all country songs. — Nicole McGuigan '18

the trap remix to kahoot. — Peyton Gaughan '18

"Stacy's Mom." — Haley Chang '18

May 10: *A snapshot of seniors Caden Dumas, Anne Miles DeMott, and Luca Di Leo after enjoying the Headmaster's Dinner.*

What about Choate will you miss the most?

The people! — Nicole Yao '18

My friends. — Bruna Paiva Oliveira '18

The feeling of home. — Hannah Paridis '18

April 5: *Senior Spring kicks off with the annual Incendium mug night.*

May 19: *The Girls' Varsity Crew team celebrates its senior day.*

What was the most memorable highlight of your Choate career?

A huge post-curfew snowball fight freshman winter the night before a snow day. — Zara Harding '18

Saving an important goal in JV soccer and beating Deerfield while I was really sick. — Hannah Paridis '18

Camping with my friends from Christian Fellowship next to the KEC. — Riley Choi '18

May 24: *Matthew Kim and Canaan Case prepare for their Last Hurrah.*

January 15: *Senior Diversity Day facilitators sit down with Tarana Burke, creator of the #MeToo movement.*

What local food will you miss the most?

Arepas. — Sebi Barquin Sanchez '18

Cafe Ra. — Avery Lutter '18

Mr. D's cupcakes! — Haley Chang '18

Oct. 30 - Nov. 3: *SRP students give their final research presentations.*

What is your favorite SAGE meal?

Chicken parm. — Kevin Edmonds '18

Popcorn chicken bowl. — Nils Lovegren '18

Nope. — Philippe Mendez '18

May 21: *Senior and junior girls, and faculty enjoy Garden Party.*

October 20: *Mola Adeyemi looks through a microscope in science class during Parents' Weekend.*

May 21: *Seniors savor their last days at Choate with friends and teachers at the sixth-form/faculty dinner.*

If one word could summarize your senior spring...

Euphoric. — Connie Xiao '18

Boring. — Nils Lovegren '18

Ahhhhhhhhhh hhhhhhhhh! — Moe Janneh '18

May 24: *Donovan Lynch and Hannah Price walk up to Hill House Dining Hall to get ready for Last Hurrah.*