

# THE CARDINAL



ST. ANDREW'S SCHOOL, MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE

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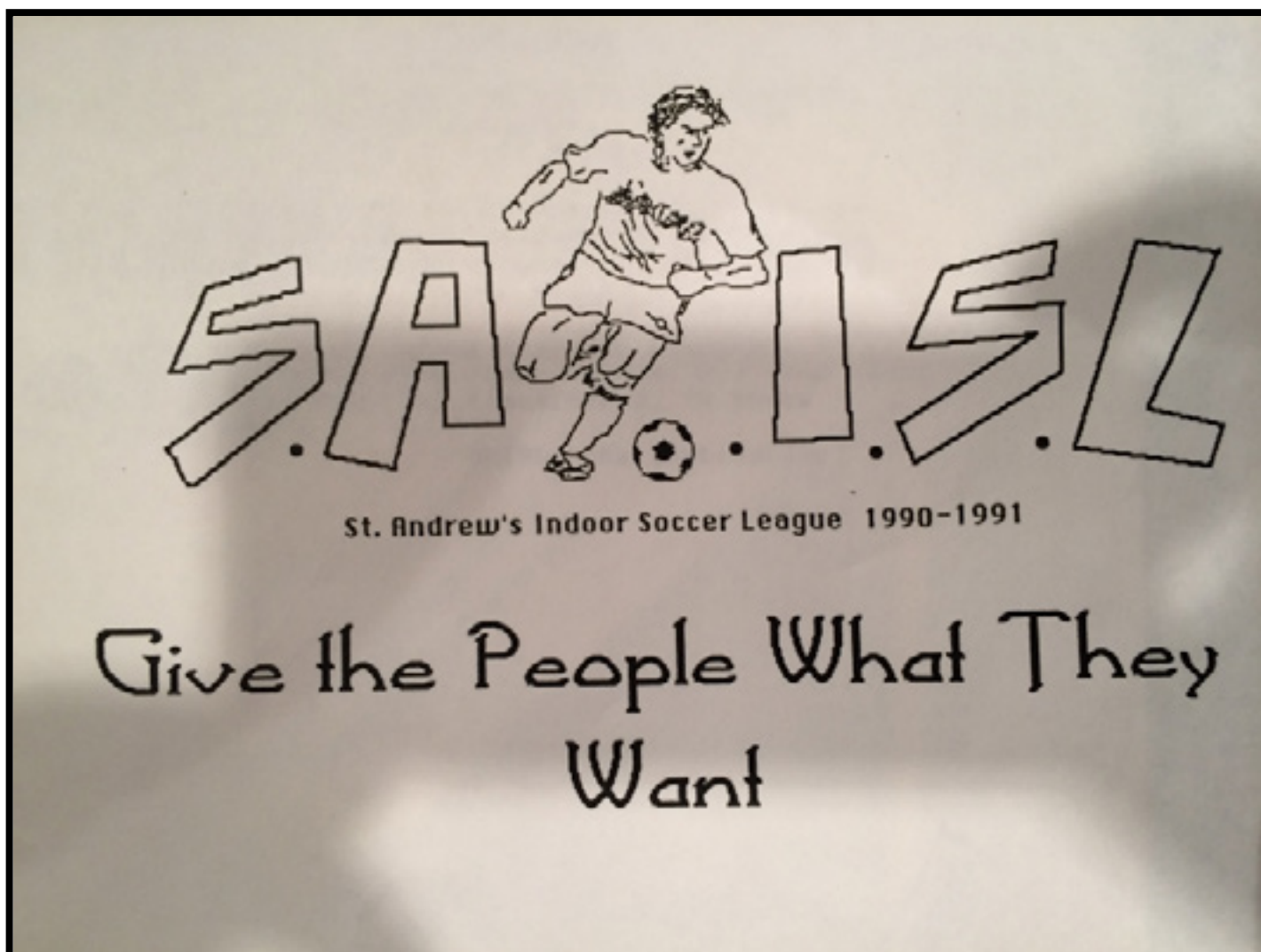
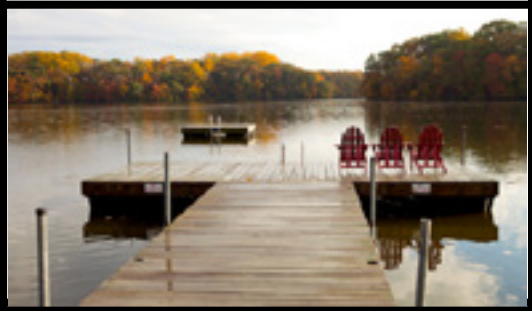


Photo courtesy of Andy Kwon '15.

*The original logo of the St. Andrew's Indoor Soccer League, the creation of Ruben Amarasingham '91 and Garen Topalian '91.*

## St. Andrew's Bloodiest Tradition

ANDY KWON '15

St. Andrew's is in the midst of SAISL season. Students pronounce the game of the night and the names of the teams during lunch announcements, their voices cracking. An enthusiastic round of applause inevitably follows their proclamation. In the evenings, a significant portion of the student body gathers in the Old Gym for intense matches that are comparable to El Classico. Although SAISL can be a source of great distress for some, like Mr. Childers who regrettably lost two crucial Varsity Squash players due to SAISL injuries, the bottom line is that SAISL is a unique and enjoyable St. Andrew's tradition.

How did this whole thing get started in the first place? In the winter of 1989-90, Ruben Amarasingham ('91) and Garen Topalian ('91) organized the first season of SAISL. Indoor soccer was something the entire school community could participate in and it made the long winter evenings a lot less boring. It was also a great chance for soccer players to show off their foot skills. Initially, there were no goals or goalkeepers. Instead, garbage cans were used as goals and each team earned one point for hitting the can, three points if the ball went into the can. According to Mr. Cameron, who participated in the inaugural season, one of the best shots was to bank the ball off of the side wall and have it drop right into the top of the can for a three-pointer. Not unexpected

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## The Ethical Argument For why you should not whisper in chapel

ALEX MCILVAINE '14

You lean over across the pews and crack a joke to your friend. You receive a condescending "Shhh!" followed by a glare from that girl sitting next to you. You curl back into silence, annoyed and wonder, "Why should I have to sit tight if I'm not religious? Can't they just ignore a whisper and go on with their worship? Aren't most of the people in here itchy anyway? This isn't fair." As a non-religious person, I have earned this experience many times. These questions are not easily untangled. It helps to be reminded that St. Andrew's is an episcopal school and that faith is advertised as central to SAS culture. Thus, no one shows up to school the first day and says, "Wait, there's chapel?" Still, at first glance, it seems as though whispering is fair. After all, they wake us up every Sunday morning. Plus, the majority of people in chapel do not require complete silence. Even religious students sometimes chat during a hymn and can enjoy the service with a little background noise. Thus, an initial happiness calculation would indicate that low volume exchanges should be passable.

However, closer examination disproves this conclusion. While the number of people who gain a slight bump in comfort by whispering may outweigh the number of people who are offended

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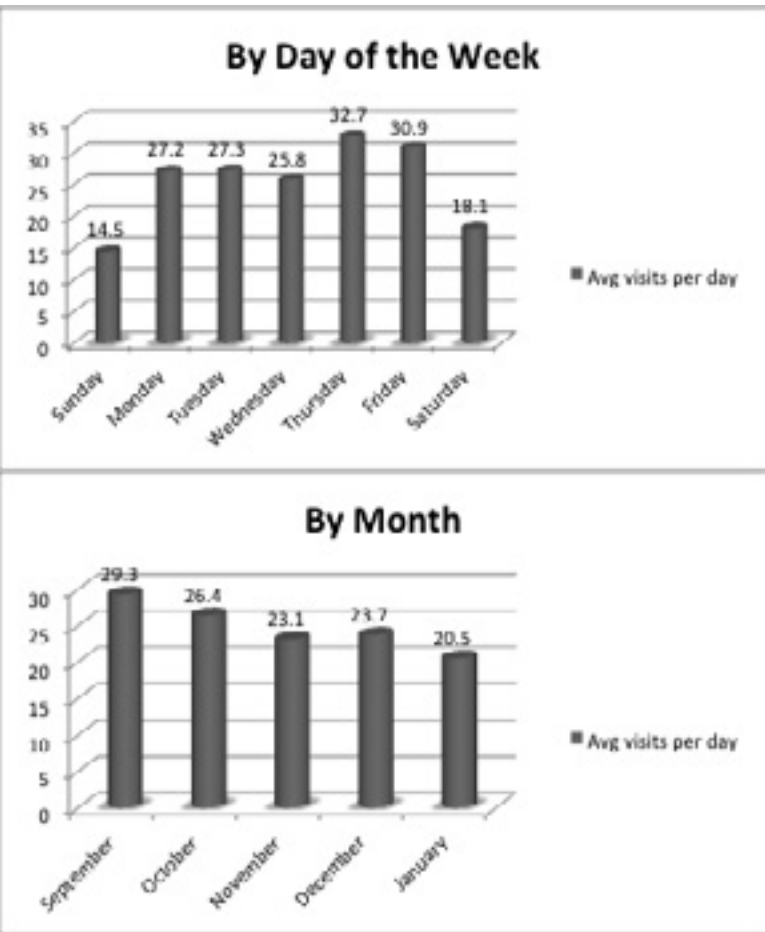
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## Why We Should Care About Uninteresting Information

Sam Fox '14

First off: read the book *Thinking, Fast and Slow* by Daniel Kahneman. It's about psychology, and it's a fascinating examination of the human brain and its natural biases, assumptions, and shortcomings. Totally changed the way I see lots of things. I'd also like to thank the Health Center for being generous with this information, and for all the hard work they do to keep us healthy. The following is from the Health Center's records of how many students visit per day, from September through January, organized by day of the week and by month.



Now, the data in the graphs conspicuously lack interesting trends. When I asked the Health Center for this information, I thought I'd find the dirty little secrets of our sick days, like a jump on Mondays or during academically difficult times of the year. It's certainly valuable information, but it's not what I hoped to find. I set out on the project having decided my thesis, I did not find what I was looking for, and so I considered throwing it out and not publishing anything. On the one hand, throwing out uninteresting data seems harmless. I have the freedom to present or scrap my own project. On the other hand, it could be dangerous, particularly if this health information would be used by someone to make an important decision. Obviously there's no danger in this case, but imagine this were a pharmaceutical company. They produce an experiment that shows no benefit to their product. Should they have the freedom to not publish those results? It's not in their commercial interests, but they might be withholding important information. The harm this would cause is hard to determine.

It gets trickier: what if three studies show a benefit to the product, and three other studies show nothing? Does any one of those studies by themselves have any value? This sort of problem arises not only in medicine, but also in politics, business, and scientific research. Scientists are committed to hard, reproducible evidence and are very self-critical in their work, but we see this all the time in politics. Take the political issue of social mobility. (This is separate from the issue of rising income inequality, which is based on comprehensive census data.) One study claims that social mobility has decreased since the 1970s,

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## Beliebing in a Reckless, Lawless Justin

MICHELLE KIM '15

His bronze, flowing hair and sparkling, enticing eyes have infected toddlers to teens with Bieber Fever. When he sings "Baby" every girl believes he is singing about her. Justin Bieber is not just a one-hit wonder teen throb. Oprah Winfrey agrees with me, along with the other fifty million screaming fans that "there is no other star like Justin Bieber." His hold over his fans is majestic: before crediting his own hard work for his fame and success, he honors his fans for their faith and belief in him as a young, rising artist. Justin Bieber is more than a luring, deceptive wink of passion: he is the embodiment of a dream. He rose, through unswaying diligence, from dirt to gold. Today, however, his hands are grimy with dirt and crime. From marijuana use and drunk drag racing to assaulting a limousine driver, Justin Bieber faces both the wrath of the law and the mocking smirks and tweets from his satisfied haters.

Driving a yellow Lamborghini at 60mph in a 30mph zone at 4am on an early Thursday morning, he recklessly raced another driver in a red Ferrari. When the police stopped him, he resisted noisily, cussing and refusing to comply with the officer's orders. Police reports state that Justin was clearly intoxicated and failed the Breathalyzer test. Immediately, his manager, Scooter Braun, along with his fans, supported Justin by claiming that he is only a teenager learning to handle his fame, money, and impulses. However, can this be categorized as simply "teenage recklessness?" After all, on Thursday morning at 4am, we, St. Andrew's teens, are either cramming for an English paper or sleeping and dreaming about our English papers. We embrace our teenage, reckless selves at Saturday night techno dances and escaping campus in a white van at 10pm for... Wawa. Justin Bieber surely is not a typical teen chasing thrill and adventure.

The Bieber detractors fought with tenacity and grit to legitimize their hatred against Justin. Acting as if they were justice-seeking citizens, they gathered 175,000 other Bieber haters to sign a petition to deport Justin Bieber from the United States. The petition declares that Bieber is not only a dangerous threat to the safety of the American society, but also a negative influence on America's youth. Because the petition has reached over a 100,000 signatures, the White House is required to consider and address the petition. While America struggles with issues like poverty, unemployment, and environmental turmoil, 175,000 American citizens fervently seek for President Obama's opinion on whether Justin Bieber's green card should be revoked. Surely, Obama and his fellow leaders face sleepless nights trying to determine Bieber's future.

However, what truly keeps me up some nights is the noisy bickering of my dorm mates, quarreling over whether or not Justin Bieber should be sent to the cold lands of Canada. Justin Bieber is now labelled as a "bad influence" on America's youth, but does Bieber deserve the responsibility for how the youth interprets his actions? Why should the morality of children be in Justin Bieber's hands? We must stop trying to implement an image of a perfect human being whose heart is only filled with charity and laughter into the minds of today's youth. We must enlighten them with the significance of struggle and adversity: rather than labeling Bieber as another failed artist and "druggie" teen celebrity, we must support and empower Bieber to be an example of overcoming difficulty and struggle, for the sake of teaching the young followers of Bieber that mistakes can be mended.

# DEBATE OF THE ISSUE

### Should the school phone policy be modified?

## PRO

Chris Gsell '15

I will be the first to say it: our community is one of, if not the best, aspects of St. Andrew's. In between classes we walk down hallways laughing. During sports games we cheer for our friends. During announcements we hear poems read by siblings, songs sung by the Noxontones, and announcements proclaimed by classmates. These moments reflect the strength and vivacity of our community. Many argue that being able to have phones outside our rooms would detract value from these moments. In fact, the rule that defines the phone policy states: "Students may use cell phones only in their own rooms... We want to make sure that the community culture is not compromised by the use of this technology." However, relaxation or elimination of the policy would not threaten the community culture; rather, using phones would enhance our community. If the school believed more in the strength of our community than it feared its potential deterioration, it would embrace the many benefits cell phones provide.

Among those benefits is the ability for mass communication with the student body. If we carried phones, the school could contact us for emergency notifications, free day and casual dress notices, and urgent announcements, because FirstClass can be limited.

Also, students could also use their phones productively in class, taking advantage of dictionary, note taking, and camera apps to record and enhance our learning experience. In fact, students in Mr. Burk's physics class employ phones using these apps and other unique physics apps. And even though some may squander the privilege, the potential benefits far outweigh the potential drawbacks.

Lastly, while the community's strength lies in face-to-face communication, many times it can be hard to coordinate gatherings where these interactions can take place. For example, on those Saturday nights where you can't find any of your classmates, having a phone would be incredibly helpful. In many ways, phones could improve upon our community by encouraging spontaneous, St. Andrew's-esque hangouts. The ability to coordinate rapidly-changing plans with many people on the go is a valuable life skill.

The idea is alluring - a community never distracted by the screens and alerts of cell phones. And currently, our school's strict phone policy ensures that type of culture. However, this phone policy ignores many potential benefits simply out of fear that our community would be corrupted. The phone policy should not be dictated by fear; rather, the revising of the policy would show the faith the school has in our community. With these possibilities in mind, I suggest to the school: trust in the strength of our community, and believe in the benefits phones will provide.

## CON

Louisa Belk '16

The joy of having an engaging, spontaneous, and thorough conversation with a person you are so curious about. The thrill of making new jokes and connections with people you never spoke to before. The feeling of knowing a friend is listening to you and cares about every word you say. It is difficult to experience these things when a friend is tapping on their phone during a time when you all could be laughing and joking together. Imagine sitting at dinner, watching a varsity basketball game, or dancing at a SAISL game while your friends only have eyes for their phones. Not only is one missing the opportunity to enjoy the excitement and experience of the moment, but also one is literally competing with a phone for your friend's attention.

A phone is just a piece of glass, wires and batteries. While you can love it and claim you "can't live without it", it can't love you back: only friends can do that. Restricting our phone usage to our rooms allows us to focus on the present moment and the real things happening around us. Instead of reading about other people's memories you can make your own.

We have so many opportunities here at St. Andrew's and we should make the most of them while we can. Research has told us that face-to-face communication is 50% based on body language, 40% on tone, and 10% on actual words that we are actually saying. If we were allowed to have our phones with us all the time, our relationships would lack these important factors that make face-to-face interaction so full of meaning. If we only texted, we would miss the opportunity to truly connect with the person right before our eyes.

THE ACTUAL WORDS ARE ONLY 10% OF A FACE-TO-FACE CONVERSATION.



*A History of SAISL, from the front page*

edly, Team McDuff, the faculty team, participated from the very start as well. Its original members consisted of Mr. Roach, Mr. Speers, Mr. Brown, and other faculty athletes. As Mr. Amarasingham says, "Team McDuff was the evil empire from the very start."

This season marks the 25th anniversary of the league. Despite the high level of enthusiasm, or maybe because of this large amount of interest, there has been quite some confusion as to how SAISL is being run this year. Well, it's actually quite simple. There are three divisions, each consisting of five teams. Every team is guaranteed one game against the four opponents in its division. Toward the end of the season, the two teams from each division with the best records will move on to the playoffs, which will be single elimination. After the ultimate winner has been decided, Team McDuff will make a guest appearance to challenge the winning team. According to Colin Brownlee, this year's SAISL co-commissioner, Siblings-R-Us, St. Anne's, Melina's Boys, and Korean Connection are considered to be heavy favorites. It is my hope that this season the seemingly indomitable Team McDuff will finally be defeated.

HAVE AN OPINION?

WRITE ABOUT IT.



PLEASE RECYCLE THIS ISSUE OF THE CARDINAL.

## Megan's Movie Musings

MEGAN HASSE '14

There are a lot of good—even great—movies that came out recently. Or so I've heard, because I haven't actually seen them. I'm falling down on the job, I know. But I did see two films that arguably represent two different Hollywood genres at their best: the star-studded ensemble drama, and the great American musical.

So *American Hustle* and *Frozen* have absolutely nothing in common. I get it.

David O. Russell's latest romp through the 70s is based on the real-life Abscam affair (look it up on Wikipedia, the real deal is nearly as ridiculous as depicted in the film). The FBI, represented by agent Richie DiMaso (Bradley Cooper), teams up with the con-artist lovers Irving Rosenfeld (Christian Bale) and Sydney Prosser (Amy Adams) to snare corrupt politicians. Add a fake-sheikh investor (Michael Peña), Irving's hysterical wife, Rosalyn (Jennifer Lawrence), a mayor with good intentions (Jeremy Renner), and a mob boss (Robert De Niro), and you've got a convoluted and absolutely hilarious mess.

*American Hustle* is an amazing movie and it is most certainly too long. This is not uncommon for period pieces with enormous casts (*Gosford Park*, anyone? *American Graffiti*? *Murder on the Orient Express*? Etc.). The plot is twisty, and every character needs his or her spotlight. But deservedly so, for the costars are the real scene-stealers. Christian Bale, our protagonist, is not at his best in this movie. He is frankly unbelievable

playing a Jew with a New York accent. The weight he put on for the part is impressive, but it is neither necessary nor important. It is no wonder the voiceovers pass from Irving to other characters—he is simply not strong enough to drive the movie on his own.

My respect for Bradley Cooper's acting deepens with every good movie I see him in. This is the second good movie I have seen him in (see *Silver Linings Playbook*). Still, he has come a long way from He's Just Not That Into You. Cooper makes some of the boldest acting choices I have seen on film in a long time, and I'm not just talking about his permed hair. He is smarmy and despicable and absolutely hilarious. Amy Adams is brilliant and beautiful, as usual. Her instincts are impeccable, whether she is slipping in and out of her alter-ego's British accent during a rage-filled meltdown or wearing blouses that plunge to her waist. Watching her is like watching live theatre. At first I was not convinced about Jennifer Lawrence, but I realized I was only surprised at finding myself finally watching a movie where she plays a character that is her age. Also, her vocal color is not very different from the way she actually speaks, which is in stark contrast with the affected accents of her costars. Still, she is perhaps the boldest of them all, whether she is furiously lip-synching to "Live and Let Die" or kissing Adams on the lips. Most importantly, the ability of these actors to brilliantly play off each other is what makes *American Hustle* worth the watch.

Side note: If you like *American Hustle*, please, please go watch *Boogie Nights*. I don't think I'm officially allowed to endorse or review that movie. Just watch it for yourself. And not with your parents.

But if you want family-friendly, definitely go and see *Frozen*. The American musical is alive and doing just fine, thank you, as evidenced by the fact that *Frozen* will be opening on Broadway soon.

*Frozen* is loosely based on Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tale "The Snow Queen." Everyone seems to be up in arms about the "loosely" part. But when has all the blood and gore of a Brothers Grimm story ever made it into a Disney movie? The other complaint is that the story does not have a real villain. Princess Elsa (Idina Menzel), older sister of Princess Anna (Kristen Bell), cannot control her power to create snow and ice and ends up turning her kingdom into a wintry hell. She then confines herself to an ice fortress so as to protect others from her powers. Elsa, our plucky young heroine, of course goes to seek her out, with the help of the vaguely-Nordic Kristoff (Jonathon Groff) and a magically funny snowman, Olaf (Josh Gad).

Only a few critiques: a few of the songs are duds, any scene that has trolls is bizarre and pointless, and Idina Menzel is a goddess but is too old to be singing the role of a 22-year-old princess. Still, the movie is irresistible—no matter what age you are, it's impossible not to get caught up in its joy.

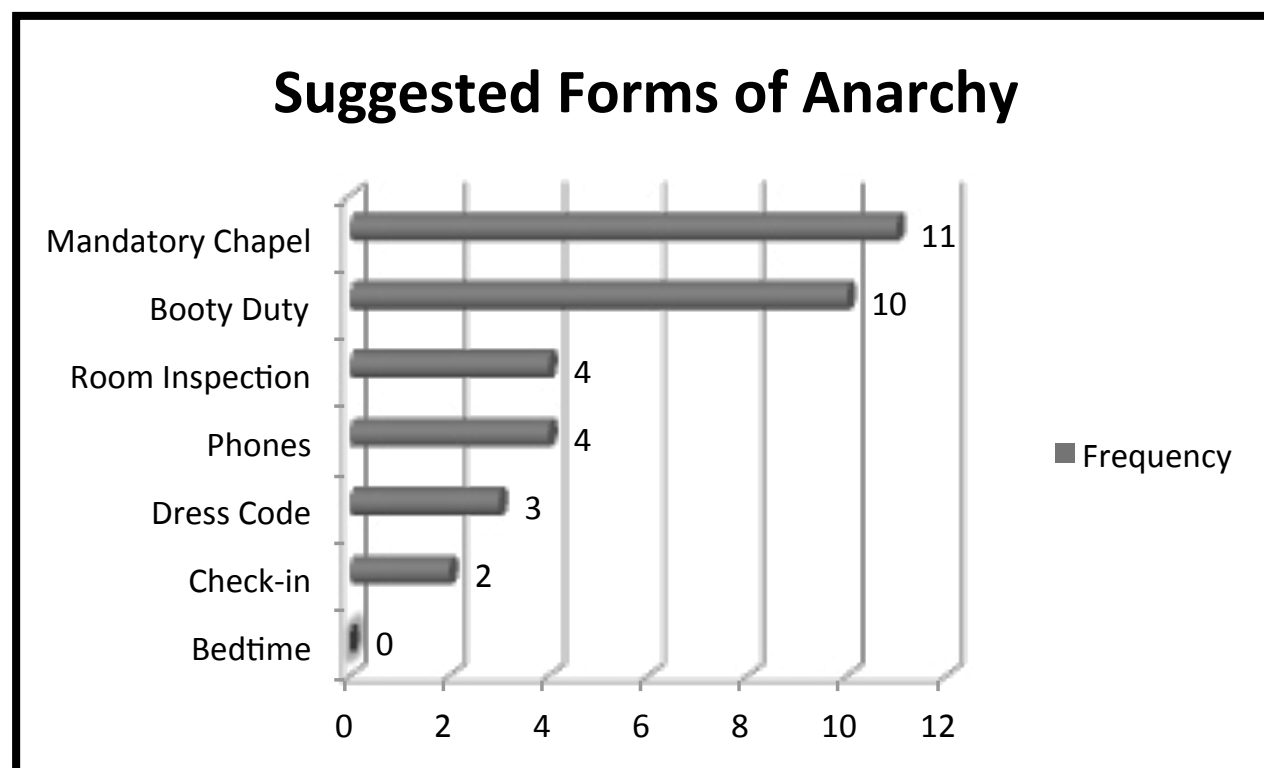
Why complain that *Frozen* is breaking away from a (tired) plot structure when it is so obviously revolutionary in so many other ways? Aren't kids supposed to learn that sometimes evil is sometimes not so easily recognizable, as with the case of Hans (Santino Fontana), a prince who woos Anna in order to trick her out of her money? There are so many other moments where the film plays with gender stereotypes and societal expectations. It is a fairy tale for the 21st century.



From left: conwoman, FBI agent, politician, conman, and Jennifer Lawrence.

## If you could give one rule some Slack:

Lucy recently conducted a survey, asking 34 people which school rule they would change. The results:



## What Burns Mollie's Bacon

Mollie Gillespie '14

As the deadline for Cardinal articles draws near, I find myself with a case of writers' block. We got the free day we so desperately wanted, there was a Wednesday lunch themed entirely around chocolate, and I've been finding rides to Wawa with surprising ease. Ironically the only thing frustrating me is the fact that nothing is frustrating me. What to write, what to write? I have painted myself into a corner and I am fresh out of subject matter! Sweat is collecting above my brow with the mounting pressure and—Hold on, sweat? No, no, I don't break into panicky sweats—especially not over my petty little column. Something else must be at play.

Ah! How could I forget? The root of my perspiration, my one source of irritation, the only thing burning my bacon, is that over the course of the winter, my room has become a literal sauna. Not "literal" in the teenage girl, "OMG Becky, I literally died yesterday," sense. "Literally," in the sense that Wikipedia defines a sauna as "a small room... designed as a place to experience dry or wet heat sessions," and that definition perfectly captures my living arrangement. (I concede that my bed is no wooden bench, but it's about as comfortable as one, so I stand firmly by this description.)

Let me run you through my nightly routine: Lie down. Get under the covers. Too hot, get on top of the covers. Still sweaty. Open a window. Wait a bit. Two windows. Drift off. Wake up. Sweat has frozen. Check clock. Cry a little. Tears freeze. Close windows. Blankets. More blankets. Why don't I own more blankets? Wake up. Return to step three. Repeat until alarm.

I am a sensible person, and as such, I fully recognize that this sleep pattern is unhealthy. Unfortunately, at St. Andrew's it seems unhealthy does not always equal uncommon. This has been an issue on Mein for quite awhile. Last year, in a room facing the soccer fields, I was perpetually frigid. This year I feel as though I am nestled in Satan's armpit. The dorm is so drafty that this is the only compromise that works. The same thermostat controls us all, so we must strike a precarious balance. Lower the temperature even slightly and the girls on one side of the building will die of hypothermia. Raise the temperature and the girls on the other half will melt like Popsicles that have come too close to Katy Perry. We're not alone in this struggle, either; my incessant complaints have been met with commiseration from peers across all dorms, who suffer similar, if less extreme, plights. Our dorms are all old, and as a result we spend untold amounts of money and energy blasting eighty-degree heat through our dorm rooms and right out our windows.

Now, this is not an entirely superficial or selfish complaint, either—think of the environment! Think of the polar bears! There are times when I can't help but wonder if the true source of global warming might be all the hot air St. Andrews are continually pumping out their dorm room windows. We've done a complete overhaul of our waste disposal, we're swapping all our light bulbs, we're looking into solar panels, we changed our temperature set points, the list goes on and on. That's all fantastic, but I am deeply puzzled as to why the first step to combat global warming was not to stop warming the globe via heaters.

So I offer this plea, to whomever it may concern: as you continue, slowly but surely, to revamp the girls' dorms, or to redo any of the dorms for that matter, please, please, take very special care to invest in some good insulation and multiple thermostats. Maybe a water slide, too, one of the twisty corkscrew ones, but definitely the insulation. Otherwise, you might just get an earful from some future senior with a penchant for bellyaching and nothing else to whine about.

## Hating on Hamlet

CINDY JUNG '15

When you find yourself annotating WTF in the margins of *Anna Karenina*, or sickened by the tireless mention of English thematic clichés—search for identity or sense of belonging, societal convention vs. individual, fate, and womanhood—you flashback to the time when you actually turned the first pages of *The Great Gatsby* with excitement. Of course, such tedium is neither universal nor permanent among St. Andreans. But disinterest in English class is common, and it could be solved more easily than it seems—if we reconsider our choice of books.

The most incomprehensible aspect about SAS book selection, which applies to many other high schools, is William Shakespeare. His plays are expired, in plot and language, and fail to inspire. Shakespeare's creative "genius" is vastly overrated; his achievements can be reduced to his usage of phrases haphazardly sewn together and his mediocre commentary on fate and human nature unduly complicated by rhymes and syntax. His text is like a minefield that one needs to tread on slowly, painstakingly so, to avoid misunderstanding everything. If it is no longer common knowledge that "turn Turk with me" means "turn against me," and if we don't equate "gib" to a "tomcat," nor call a betrayed spouse a "cuckold," how is Shakespeare still relevant? Why hail Macbeth, Othello, and Hamlet as profound tragic heroes, over the dignified Atticus Finch who puts racial prejudice to shame, over Tony Morrison's Pecola Breedlove, whose struggles are heartbreaking and fierce? The fact that Shakespeare's tragedies consume such a big part of English curriculum every year until Junior year makes no sense. We stress the importance of connecting our academic endeavors with reality, with the happenings of the world beyond our intellectual bubble, but expecting students to derive meaning out of Shakespeare's play and somehow apply it outside of the classroom, does not serve such a purpose.

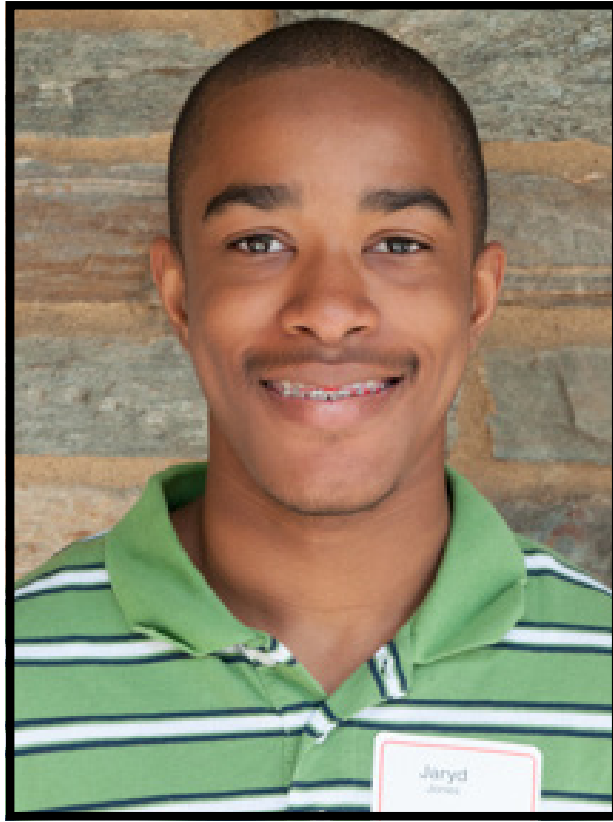
There are other issues. Although the English department probably works hard to diversify the content and genre of books that we read, nonfiction, memoirs, and, more generally, short prose seem to have been forgotten. I understand the hesitancy behind increasing personal narratives in our class material; they just tend to be less suitable for discussions and analyses, because symbolisms are more easily detectable in fiction. But this argument undermines the beauty of personal writing that is often worthier to appreciate and understand than the figurative meanings hidden in novels. Also, well-written memoirs contain literary techniques, wit, and, most importantly, descriptions that make characters and dialogues come to life. They teach us the art of storytelling, the art of employing different voices based on the subject, and the art of writing well enough so that one's experience can matter to everyone else who reads about it. Think about it this way: chapel talks that are personal and genuine almost never fail to grasp the community's attention, and they drive us to reassess our actions and challenge our perspectives more than an elaborate yet humanless speech about how to be a great person. The same goes for many esoteric books whose symbolism must be unwrapped over and over again, almost mechanically, only leaving us with a message that does not resonate. We need works that intrigue and compel us, and that means books that are genuine and gentle; texts that shove symbolisms into our faces make us feel idiotic for overlooking them, but not motivated enough to care about them.

Last but not least, in English class, we have been distanced from nonfiction, whether that is Malcolm Gladwell's series of brilliant research-based books, or simply, newspaper articles. They seem to have been demoted to the "flat and dry" category, or pushed away as the domain of other disciplines that actually need them, like history. But holding a bias against nonfiction writing takes away the opportunity for students to learn how to write about the real stuff, the issues that they will take in and write about almost involuntarily, on an everyday basis in near future. It is unfortunate to only read *The Awakening* and *All the Pretty Horses* while bypassing the New York Times' pages that tell the story of the world right now, at this moment. And it is not valid to say that newspaper articles and expository writings are unable to be taught—we just have to try. I still remember the enthusiasm with which everyone in the community heeded Martha Ackman's story about the curve ball, but contrast that to spending twenty five minutes discussing "I am not who I am." There is an infinite room for change in the English classroom.

For a response from the head of the English Department, see page 7.

## The Melody

An original short story by Jaryd Jones '17



James stared out into the lake near his house, his eyes glued onto the shimmering coast. As boring as this may have been to some people, the 13 year old firmly believed his piano lessons were especially worse. He and piano were just a match made in Hades, the way he saw it. He could barely get up a simple C blues without making the piano screech in pain. However, what he lacked in the instrumental arts he definitely made up for in visual arts. He simply loved to draw and paint. He had an entire gallery in his room of his watercolors, charcoals, colorings, and anything between. He one day hoped to become a world-famous artist and show the globe his masterpieces.

His train of thought was derailed by a knocking on the door. "Joyous..." he mumbled as he stomped down the stairs, preparing for another hour of failure. He opened the door to see his piano teacher and neighbor Mr. Parker. Mr. Parker was a middle aged man from New Orleans. He had balding white hair and wide-rimmed glasses. Even though he hated piano, James simply loved Mr. Parker. He was a master jazz pianist who had played with some of the biggest in the business. Despite his past, he was humble, patient, and wise. If it weren't for him, James would've quit piano a long time ago.

"Ah, if it ain't my little maestro!" Mr. Parker said in his New Orleans accent.

"How are you today Mr. Parker?" James asked, a small smile on his face.

"Doin' alright. I hope you've been praticin' your scales?"

"Tried to, at least..."

"Well let's see what we can do." Mr. Parker allowed himself in and walked to the piano in the middle of the room. It was a high quality Steiner grand piano, the same one played in only the finest halls and auditoriums in the world. Mr. Parker pulled major strings to get

James this piano for his birthday. It was shame it went to waste, James thought as Mr. Parker opened the majestic percussion instrument. "Now, let's try it and see what happens." Mr. Parker said, getting up and allowing James to sit. James sighed, plopping his hands onto the black and white keys. He found C and pressed it, the sound echoing throughout the room. He slowly moved up the scale, but just when he was about to hit the last note, his hand slipped, hitting a flat. He growled in frustration, wanting to flip over the wretched contraption before him. Mr. Parker did not get angry.

"It's quite alright, James. Let's just try one more time, watching out for that note."

"Ah, it's no use, Mr. Parker. I'm just not a musician like you. Instrumental arts just aren't my thing."

"Hmm." Mr. Parker said. He got up and went upstairs to James' room. A few minutes later, he returned with one of James' works of art. It was a picture of the lake outside of their house, the painting made with watercolors.

"Tell me James, do you remember what was going through your mind as you made this piece?"

"I can't really tell you, sir. It just flows from my mind onto the paper."

"I see. You know James, drawing isn't much different from music. They're both an art that anyone can do. Art, whether it be music, dance, drama, or even storytelling, is what makes us human. It just takes a little creativity. Now, who's to say you can't use that artistic mind of yours to make a masterpiece on the piano?"

James simply stared at the piano. He took a deep breath, placed his hands on the piano, and played a chord. Without even knowing it, he played an F flat major chord. The beautiful sound rang throughout the entire house. James looked at the piano in shock and then stared at Mr. Parker, who had a huge grin on his face. James soon matched the grin, and just like his mind flowed on an easel, his fingers flew over the keyboard, playing whatever his fingers pressed. For once, I didn't matter what he played, or what it sounded like; it sounded good to him, and that's all that mattered. And then it hit him. Music is really like his art. As long as he liked what he played, that's all that really mattered in the end. Music is music, no matter who it's played by or how it's played. His butt didn't leave the piano bench until his mother returned from work around 8 pm.

"I heard you playing from the driveway. It was amazing!" She exclaimed, hugging James.

"Don't look at me. If it weren't for Mr. Parker, I wouldn't have gotten past the C chord still."

Mr. Parker simply laughed. "It was in you the whole time, my brotha'. Which reminds me, I've got a surprise for you."

He reached into his bag and took out an old green notebook. James opened it and saw lines that looked a lot like ones on music sheets.

"That's my old composition book. I want you to have it now James."

"Mr. Parker... I'm honored..."

"No need, little man. There's a note for you on the back." He then turned to James' mother and said, "No pay is needed this week, Ms. Johnson. Seeing James become a musician today was worth more than any pay. I'll be here same time next week." Then he walked out, returning to his house down the street.

James turned to the back of the book to find a note addressed to Mr. Parker. It read:

Dear Brother,

I'm glad you are making a name for yourself in New Orleans. If there's one place to go for jazz, that's definitely the place. I'm sending you this book so you can record your piano. Who knows; one day we can play them for the world to hear! Have fun in New Orleans, and remember, you're only a half-step away.

Love,

Charlie Parker

James read the signature with wide eyes. Mr. Parker, his teacher, was the brother of one of the greatest jazz musicians of all time! He clutched the book in his hands, and looked back at the piano; with one moment, the instrument he once hated was now his best friend. He sat back down at the piano, his hands hovering over the keys.

"You're only a half-step away..." He whispered to himself, and he played that piano all night long, letting the art flow through him all the way.

In response to the page five opinion piece Hating on Hamlet:

## 'Twill out, 'twill out! I peace?

Elizabeth Roach  
Chair of the English Department

In many ways, this critique of the English Department wonderfully validates our teaching of Shakespeare. After all, how many high school students can actually use great phrases such as "turn Turk with me" with such ease? We also love the fact that our students approach Shakespeare's plays as "minefield(s) that one needs to trod on slowly, painstakingly." We choose texts that challenge our students, that provoke thinking, that force our students to engage deeply, that introduce our students to new experiences, that make our students reflect on sophisticated issues that will resonate with them for the rest of their lives.

Shakespeare does all of that. His plays examine the most fundamental questions about the human condition: life and death, good and evil, youth and age, love and hatred, strength and weakness, blindness and insight, jealousy, family, revenge, greed, ambition, redemption and honor. The theatrical innovations and discoveries of Shakespeare's work are a foundation for the literary masterpieces that follow in subsequent centuries. These "minefields" are indeed challenging because they are complex and layered and nuanced. We, the English Department, are here to prepare our students for not just college but life—our school, after all, is not a grange. We all know that the readiness is all.

One of the biggest regrets we have as teachers at St. Andrew's, in fact, is that we don't have time—with senior exhibitions and spring tutorials—to teach another Shakespeare play to our seniors. Ha! We like not that. We also wish that we could take our students to the myriad of Shakespeare productions that continue to be performed throughout the world every year. A lot of people, apparently, still find Shakespeare relevant.

So lay on Macduff/students at St. Andrew's. We will not yield to kiss the ground before you. We don't want you to creep in this petty pace from day to day. We want you to see the time-less wisdom, vitality, and vision of the world's greatest writer.

*Chapel Whispers, from the front page*

by it, the happiness damage is more severe to the latter. Worship is central to many people's lives here. The hour in the chapel serves as a respite from the bustle of St. Andrew's, often the highlight of their week. The side comment you want to make to your friend is not a source of energy and inspiration in the same way that chapel is for Christians.

There is another contingent of people offended by your whisper: the choral scholars. They practice. A lot. They get a grade. They even tour the country, performing. I know you may have been preparing the joke you want to make to your friend, but not to the same degree that the choral scholars prepare their hymns.

In conclusion, holding your tongue in chapel is the most ethical choice. The ratio of religious to non-religious members of the crowd is ultimately irrelevant. A Christian having his sacred time of reflection infringed upon and a choral scholar having his or her week of preparation being discounted are far less fair requests than asking a non-religious student to sit through an hour service silently, tedious as it may be.

towards the most eye-catching data, even when the whole body of unpublished data contradicts the published data. Think about it: if 1 out of 1000 studies shows that apples cause cancer, that one study will be published and will go viral, and the 999 will be ignored, even though that one study could easily be the result of random statistical variation. I hoped that publishing this health data, which did not support what I hoped to find, would help illustrate these questions surrounding the responsibility of producing, interpreting, and advertising data.

Again, read *Thinking, Fast and Slow*. And watch *Memento*.

## Interview with Ms. Nash

Clara Lee '14

Q. What do you think are the differences and similarities of Oberlin and SAS?

Oberlin and SAS both have an open and welcoming environment. I think Oberlin College itself attracts a specific type of person. It's so open to different beliefs yet has a combination of so many funky and corky people.

Q. What made you become interested in biology and physics in the first place?

I was a biology major in college so teaching biology was easy for me just because I knew a lot, but teaching physics was an entirely different story. When I was a junior in college, I took a physics class in college and the class did not suit me. The professor did not know how to engage the students. I don't know what really got me into it, but in senior year I became a workshop leader for this same physics class. The workshop leader had to prepare experiments and guide the students with example problems, and this was my first time teaching physics.

Q. Have you always wanted to be a teacher?

No, actually. I hated science as a kid. I was a very dramatic kid and I always wanted to be an actress. I even wanted to perform in Broadway. I thought it would have been cool to be an astronaut too. However, one day, at a cafe at Portland, I suddenly experienced an epiphany. As I was thinking through it, I realized that I actually liked biology. The course on epigenetics (study of heritable changes in gene activity) in Oberlin College really concretized my interest in biology.

Q. What are some memorable college life lessons?

In college, when I look back, I knew only about 100 teammates. But when I look back and if I could relive those memories, I would try to branch out and get to know more people because I think different people have diverse life histories.

Q. What are some of your favorite TV shows?

I like *Friday Light Nights*. I also like *Girls*, which is a HBO series. *Girls* is about people my age struggling being real adults. It is a very interesting TV show. I also like *The Walking Dead*.

Q. Who is your favorite band?

I love Beyonce. I think she symbolizes a very empowered woman. I also love Boniver, an indie and minimalist group. My favorite song from them is "Skinny Love". I also love Fiona Apple's Werewolf. I think music is really important for healing.

*Health Data, from page 2*

but another one says there has been no change. They both come from respectable sources. How can several studies, each of which claims high statistical confidence in their results, be completely split in their conclusions? A closer look at each study would probably reveal nuances and complicated statistical claims, but in the end these questions remain.

Now, the fact that the studies disagree is not the problem. The problem is that politicians tout certain studies while disregarding the ones that contradict their position. (This might evoke President Obama's income inequality speeches, but again, social mobility is different from income inequality, which is supported by census data. I'm not saying declining social mobility is a myth, only that is not proven.) If the politicians aren't looking closely at all the data in their decision-making, then who is? If companies and academic researchers cherry-pick what they publish, then, in the long run, only certain information is made available to the public. In other words, it is possible to have a systemic bias

# FROM THE EDITORS and Moni

## Recipes of the Issue: Minute Dishes

MASTER CHEF MONI '15

Ever feel really hungry and see that you only have a few ingredients and left overs? Ever want a filling snack to much on during your free time, meal times and study hall? Well, here's a whole day's worth!

### Breakfast: 2-Minute Omelet:

#### Ingredients:

- 1 large egg
- 2 Tbs milk
- Pinch of Salt and Pepper
- Cooking Spray or 2 Tbs of Butter

#### Add-ins: Can be Found in Salad Bar

- Finely Diced Onions, Jalapenos, Green Peppers, etc.
- Pieces of Cooked Sausage/Bacon/Ham
- Shredded Cheese

First, take a separate bowl from your mug that you will cook in, and add all the ingredients together, excluding the cooking spray/butter. Then, use either cooking spray or melt and spread the butter into a mug. Pour the mixture of your omelet into your buttered mug and microwave for 2-3 minutes. Serve hot and enjoy a quick breakfast!

### Snack: 1½-Minute Cheesecake:

#### Ingredients:

- ¼ Cup Cream Cheese
- 2 Tbsp Sour Cream
- 1 Egg
- ½ Tsp Lemon Juice
- ¼ tsp Vanilla
- 2-4 Tbsp Sugar (taste as you go)

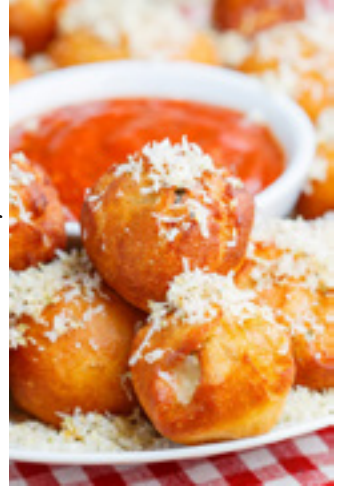


Mix all ingredients thoroughly in a microwave-safe bowl. Cook on high heat for 90 seconds, stirring every 30 seconds to incorporate all ingredients. Refrigerate until serving, and then indulge!

### Dinner: 1½-Minute Pizza Poppers:

- 1 Whole Grain Pita
- ¼ Cup of Pizza Sauce
- 1 Serving of Pepperoni/Bacon
- ¼ Cup of Mozzarella Cheese (Rip up String Cheese, if you have those!)

Put it all together on a microwave-safe plate for 80-90 seconds and then cool. Cut it up into bite size pieces and eat 'em up!



SAVE THE DATE  
OPEN-MIC NIGHT:  
APRIL 5<sup>TH</sup>



FRESHMAN OF THE ISSUE:  
*ESE EDEVBIE*

Once the most rambunctious member of the raucous Hillier quad, Ese has made tremendous progress in becoming a productive student and upstanding dormmate. He still brings paper plates to the Hillier common room, but hey, so does Doug. We applaud Ese's efforts in the first two-thirds of the year and wish him the best this spring.



Adam Gelman is the man.

Photo courtesy of Karen Gowen.

Sam Gowen '14 benches 4x Coulter, setting a new personal one rep max of 1.09 Coulters.

We all know this jawnpiece:



Photo courtesy of Aly Saliba '14.

The source of much early morning conflict.