



Friday, January 26th, 2018
Volume LXXXV, Issue II



In This Issue:

Page Two:
Facial Hair

Page Three:
DeSalvo's Chapel Talk and
the Chapel Program
Fire In Mumbai

Page Four:
MLK Day Reflections
A Case For Vegetarianism at
SAS

Page Five:
Socioeconomic Class Matters
One for the Middle Class Kids

Page Six:
Dinner Time
Why We Write Poems

Page Seven:
How I Became A Feminist
Trust the Process

Page Eight and Page Nine:
Seniors' College Essays

Page Ten:
SAS Fun Zone

Cold Hearted

XANDER ATALAY '19
POEM

I remember the last time I saw
you,
the last time I really saw you.
The spring of sophomore
year.

The soft and toasty air venting
through the Dining Hall,
The smoky taste of roasted
sesame seeds,
And the pure warmth of your
presence.
I remember it all.

You helped me get through
the year,
Through those vicious exams.
I hoped that you would be
waiting to see me through the
summer.

But upon returning for junior
year, you weren't here.
I was scared that you
wouldn't come back,
But eventually you did.
Or at least, I thought you did.

You're different.
A friend lost to time,
Now a complete stranger.

Everyone has noticed it,
But few dare to speak.
It seems as though nothing
will bring you back.

I struggle to find the warmth
in you now,
And I'm afraid that it's all
gone.

If there's any morsel of the
real you still in there,
Inside of that big bulky
mechanic creature that took
your spot,
bring it back.
Please.

Because now, even at your
best possible limits,
you refuse to help me through
my morning grind.

You kindle an endless struggle
for the perfect bagel,
Refusing consistency.

Upon heating once, you warm
my bagel but don't brown it.
But a second heating on full
power will burn it to a crisp.
So what about the people who
put their bagels in after me?
What am I supposed to do
about them?
Do I act selfishly, and
manipulate you to serve me
and only me?
Or should I just cross my
fingers hoping you will be
merciful with the fate of my
bread?

Some people have forgotten
who you used to be,
Others, may have never
known.

What happened to you when
we separated I will never
understand.

Maybe it all just got too
boring, too repetitive,
Maybe you lost the will to
keep on going,
Or maybe somebody dropped
you

But I remember who you
were,
And I know that you're not
half the toaster you used to be.



HAVE AN OPINION?

WRITE ABOUT IT.

EMAIL OP-EDS TO
CARDINAL@STAN-
DREWS-DE.ORG



The Cardinal



Editors:

Nam Nguyen '18
Tim Lan '18
Stella Zhou '18
Isabel Austin '18

Contributors

Xander Atalay '19
Santiago Brunet '18
Anonymous
Marvi Ali '21
Dianna Georges '18
Nadia Holcomb '19
Sofie Neil '19
Anonymous Alumni '17
Heidi Cobb '21
Enok Choe '19
Lila Feldmann '20
Lian Bourret '18
Lawrence Phillips '18
Akeem Martindale '18
Hanna Soulati '18
Balthasar '18

Faculty Advisors

Will Torrey
Liz Torrey

Send submissions to
nxnguyen@standrews-
de.org, tlan@standrews-
de.org, iaustin@stan-
drews-de.org, szhou@



Facial Hair

SANTIAGO BRUNET '18
PERSONAL ESSAY

Dear Reader,

Forget the preconceived notions of what makes a man a man. I can tell you right now that it has nothing to do with how much you can lift. It is also not about your height or weight. No one cares about those (unless they are excessively big or small). No, all these notions of manliness are just plain wrong. So now you would be wondering: so, dearest (awesome) author, what does our manliness depend upon?

But you're too clever for that because you have connected the dots and it's not as if I gave a clue in the title or anything but, yes, your manliness, dearest male, lies in your facial hair. The volume, the consistency, the texture, the direction of the grain, the patterns it creates, the look, the amount, the colour, the detail of its movement, the smell, quality of the skin underneath such beauty, the potential, and most of all the grace and dignity with which you parade this token of manliness handed down to us men since the first men walked on this earth, who in turn received it from Prometheus. Yes, that's the real reason Prometheus was chained up. It was not because he gave fire to men, but because he stole a strand of hair from Zeus' beard and gave it to us to demonstrate every day how godlike we are.

To illustrate the point, I have found the three manliest men at St.

Andrew's. One is a faculty, one a senior, and one I will leave as a surprise...

Crash course on goatee history: goatees were, believe it or not, the things in the 90s that would drive women crazy. They became popular at the same time as flannel shirts and torn jeans, and those have been on this earth forever (too long I would say). However, after they surfed the wave of coolness for a while they fell out of style as quickly as they came in. Everybody stopped using them, they became the symbol of the past, no one likes the past, nor the present, everyone in this consumer society driven by the economical whip of capitalism only cares about the future and thus forgot about the goatee. Except for one man, the living idol of the past: David Miller a.k.a. Profe. There's no man more characterized by his facial hair than Profe, earning him a seat in the triumvirate of manliness.

Facial hair's attractiveness is also scientifically proven. Barnaby J. Dixon and Robert C. Brooks did a study on hundreds of women showing them pictures of the same men in five different stages of facial hair growth and when the results came in it was recorded that by a vast majority (let me quote them on this) the "stubble was always most attractive, healthy, and masculine." This earns Rick Townsend

the award for the hottest and manliest man, scientifically proven, in this school. Congratulations you got second place, Rick. But no one remembers the person who comes in second.

Now you must be wondering who's this third person who has the best, most luscious, most dignified, most attractive, and most appealing facial hair? Well surprise, surprise, (You won't expect this, unless you can't wait for the answer and skipped ahead awarding my suspense skills a grade of zero because you just got bored and wanted to know who the winner was, defeating the whole purpose of this article which I have so masterfully, may I say, written and my whole existence, thank you. Control your patience, man) it could be you, dearest reader! This year, and this year only, you have the opportunity to take action and get the smoothest, coolest, and sexiest look in school: the baby smooth clean shave. And fear not, I, El Barbero, will be available every day to serve you and give you that look starting from only \$4. Get the look your mom wants, your imaginary girlfriend, your friends, your family, everyone, and you want (just shoot me an email).

Love,
Your Plain Awesome
Teenage High School
Bathroom Barber.



MR. DAVID MILLER



RICK TOWNSEND '18



Mr. DeSalvo’s Chapel Talk and the Chapel Service Program

ANONYMOUS
PERSONAL ESSAY

The Cardinal

Remember Mr. DeSalvo’s Sunday Chapel Talk from earlier this year? Although it came off abstract, the message was clear to me. Mr. DeSalvo wanted to point out those who are cynical in the SAS community. I interpreted the talk not as an “attack” on those who are out of dress code or those who hate the Chapel program—rather, through metaphor, he was pointing out some of the more obvious acts of cynicism and disrespect carried out by some members of the student body. Some students seem to think that the rules don’t apply to them, or that they are above the community. Mr. DeSalvo’s very strong metaphors (such as “kids out of dress code physically attacking the administrators”) blurred his underlying message to something more pointed.

I am not one to talk, since I don’t necessarily enjoy going to Chapel nor am I ever in dress code, but his Chapel Talk made sense to me and was passionate. It did not feel like a threat or an attack on my freedom of expression, either. I saw that many students were outraged by the talk, and they have every right to be, but I can’t help and feel that some of their

reactions definitely proved Mr. DeSalvo's point. Try to think from the perspective of a person who is passionate about the Chapel program—how might they feel when they see people being disrespectful and talking during a service, during something that they consider sacred? Sunday Chapel is not particularly fun for me, but the point of Chapel services isn’t to be “fun”—it is to commemorate what some people believe to be a higher power. It can also be a time of self-reflection rather than worship for atheists or non-Christians much like myself.

I don’t believe in God or the idea of organized religion, so I totally understand how other people who also don’t believe in God or those who are not Christian may feel alienated by the Sunday Chapel service. It is difficult to immerse yourself and accept something you don’t believe or understand, but this does not mean you should behave disrespectfully and refuse to cooperate in retaliation. I have heard multiple students discuss how much they dislike that the St. Andrew’s Sunday chapel is predominantly Christian and how Chapel

as a whole is unnecessary. It seems to me that sometimes people forget that the Chapel program is a central part of the St. Andrews’ Episcopalian identity and that the School has its own requirements to follow, just as much as we do as its students. We all have to swallow the pill and go to Chapel. If you have personal disagreements with the services, express these opinions as you have every right to do, but remain empathetic to others. Respect for the Chapel service is important, but to believe in it is not.



Fire In Mumbai

MARVI ALI ‘21
NEWS

Late at night on December 28, 2017, a blaze broke out on the rooftop of Kamala Mills in Mumbai, India. Fourteen lives were lost during the fire and many people were severely injured. Kamala Mills, originally an area made up of industrial factories, is an up-and-coming area with many restaurants, shops, and an active nightlife. Despite the devastation and grief, Mumbaikars were also outraged by the incident as there had been many major fires throughout the city and across the country in the months leading up to this event and the people had already demanded that action be taken.

What is the cause of these frequent and destructive fires? The answer is simply a lack of fire safety regulations. According to the Times of India, fourteen people lost their lives due to the simple fact that the emergency escape routes were kept in criminally poor conditions. It also states that there had been many unregulated construction projects that were in absolute defiance of safety regulations. The key question from the people of Mumbai to the government officials is how the two rooftop restaurants,

which caught ablaze, kept operating despite several notices of flouting license conditions. The Brihanmumbai Municipal Corporation (BMC) faced a lot of criticism because they had not created a sufficient amount of fire safety laws. Another major reason BMC is facing disapproval from the public is due to their notorious history of not being able to enforce these laws.

Nitin Killawala, an architect and activist, called out the BMC and said, "Instead of acting against illegal rooftop restaurants, the BMC has sought to regularise these activities in violation of the Maharashtra Regional Town Planning Act. The tragedy at Kamala Mills compound must serve as an eye-opener and the circular must be immediately revoked." Many incidents of illegality were involved in the running of Kamala Mills. For example, one of the party and gaming establishments in Kamala Mills, called SMAAASH, set up go-karting in their parking lot.

It seems that many businesses and corporations are willing to bend the rules

and take these hazardous risks in order to increase their income. Generally, the people see a common pattern of BMC sitting back and only taking action after the disaster has occurred. We hope that this most recent fire is a warning sign to not wait for the loss of lives to make a change.



Image Credit: istockphoto.com/deepblue4you

MLK Day Reflections

DIANNA GEORGES '18
PERSONAL ESSAY

At St. Andrew’s, the differences between students don’t cause conflict or take up a lot of thinking. We are simply a community comprised of people from different races, genders, socioeconomic classes, religions, hobbies, etc. When I ran to be a Student Diversity Committee head, I did not have the intention of causing any fundamental changes in the SAS community, because there are no forms of student inequality. My focus is on making us better understand how our differences shape our experiences in the world and how they make us a stronger community. The more we understand our differences, the more we can support one another’s growth and be allies to each other.

To celebrate MLK’s legacy this year, the Student Diversity Committee organized a three-day program focusing on the question of: What does it mean to be an ally? On Monday night students watched one of two movies: *Gone With the Wind* or *Selma*. During the first half of Tuesday morning, students chose between a variety of student and faculty-led workshops, on topics ranging from the challenges that multiracial cancer patients face in the search for bone marrow donors to a Girls Collaborative workout. Following their one-hour workshop session, students met with their self-identifying affinity group. These groups included worldview and religion, gender identity and sexuality, and race

and ethnicity. Then everyone was asked to reflect on their day by writing a comment on allyship on huge sheets of paper, which now hang on the walls going down to the Chapel. The final event of the program was a Quaker-style Chapel, where everyone sat in silence until someone felt moved to speak. The speaker stood to share their reflection, and anyone who identified with or supported them stood as well. The reflections from various students left me in awe and amazement at how my peers had opened their minds to the ideas being shared and reconsidered their own lives.

A few reflections (paraphrased from the Quaker Chapel):

- For the first time in my life, I have been made aware of the privileges I have because I am white.
- Though I am only half Korean, I feel that the experiences and ideas of Asian students, specifically international students, are often overlooked in a way that other races are not.
- Cindy Lay '18

As a committee, we often talk about how to help students bridge the gap of social groups or perceived divides. Though we disagree frequently about how to go about achieving

such change, we are united by the fact that we all ran for the Student Diversity Committee because we care deeply about the St. Andrew’s community and we want to make it a happier and more accepting place for all students. The MLK Day program was designed to bring to light the fact that we are all different and therefore need different kinds of support from one another. The Student Diversity Committee’s goal is always for people to better understand the world outside of their own experiences.

Some people critique the work of the SDC by claiming that divides in the student body cannot be overcome by talking about prejudice for a couple hours every few months. I refuse to be so cynical as to accept that view. Even if our workshops and activities don’t fundamentally change how one person interacts with those around them, at least they have spent time exposed to a new idea or concept. It is never a waste of time to interact with other people because experience is the best teacher we have.



A Case for Vegetarianism as a St. Andrew’s Lifestyle

SOFIE NEIL '19
OPINION

On January 10, 2018, the Environmental Stewards sent an email with the question “How many more greenhouse gases are emitted in the production of beef than the production of chicken?” to the School as a discussion question for Wednesday night dinner. The St. Andrew’s community proceeded to eat turkey burgers for dinner on Thursday and hamburgers for lunch on Friday, seeming to have forgotten the answer of “five times more.”

This meal pattern is not uncommon at St. Andrew’s, and though there have been significant efforts to change habits like it (e.g. through the Nutrition Group), there have not been major lasting results. Extending beyond the Dining Hall and moving to a less central place on campus, the Health Center, which is supposed to be a safe-haven for people with all kinds of medical conditions, surprisingly has no substantial vegetarian or vegan options for students. Vegetarian or gluten-free students staying in the Health Center with a cough and cold cannot decongest with a bowl of soup as the Health Center only has chicken noodle soup. A dairy-free student taking their morning dose of medicine cannot have a bowl of cereal since there is no dairy-free milk in the Health Center.

The Nutrition Group, made up of students who work together and communicate with the SAGE Dining Services team, works under this mission statement: “The goal of the Nutrition Group is to educate the St. Andrew’s Community about dietary needs and requirements while promoting a healthier lifestyle.” In the two years that the Nutrition Group has been a part of St. Andrew’s, they have started organizing multiple projects including a video series debunking food misconceptions, sending out weekly food surveys to the School, and putting up signs informing students what is needed for different athletic events. While each of these projects would be informative and helpful to the student body and encouraging communication between the dining staff and the students, none have officially been put into play for various reasons including technical difficulties. While some of the reasons for delay in action are valid, others (such as the lack of informative posters) are avoidable with increased student participation.

Student-to-student communication is the first step in altering School-wide habits, as the students are the ever-changing major body of the School. The second step is integrating the awareness of the issues surrounding healthy eating habits into our everyday lives. The new curriculum for the IV Form Wellness classes will begin a section on healthy eating habits in February. During this time the students will keep a food log of all the food and drinks they consume for seven days. When the students return to class the following week, they will be “asked to make observations about their eating habits,” according to Whiz Hutchinson, Dean of Wellness. Faculty members also serve as a model for self-care for both students and other faculty members. When asked about vegetarian and vegan initiatives at St. Andrew’s, Mr. Will Robinson, Dean of Student Life, mentioned Ms. Reddy and Dr. Johnson as well as Mr. Honsel as vegan faculty members stating, “Because of them I’m much more aware of the fuel I’m putting into my body.”



A 2014 article published in *The Atlantic* entitled “Vegetarians and their Superior Blood” brings up the health benefits of the vegan/vegetarian lifestyle and explains how veganism physically allows increased blood flow, as a result of less grease and animal fat clogging up the bloodstream, and reduces blood pressure; high blood pressure is a contributor to illnesses like “heart disease, kidney failure, and dementia.” The article also focuses on athletes and veganism, including a quote by Dr. David Katz, a researcher in preventative sciences, in which he says, “a lot of the top endurance athletes are vegan.” This quote can be applied to our own St. Andrew’s community when looking at top endurance athletes like Blake Hundley, a top cross-country runner through both his middle and high school career who has been vegan for six years, or Alex Horgan, another top cross-country runner, who made the slightest change by becoming a pescatarian a year and a half ago by cutting out all meat with the exception of fish.

The alterations made by the St. Andrew’s community do not have to be drastic, but the initial efforts that have been made in the past have mostly fallen apart as a result of student backlash, according to Mr. Kelly Massett, Dining Services Director. Mr. Massett also observed that the actions that have made the most progress are the ones that have been subtly introduced to the St. Andrew’s community. If St. Andrew’s takes simple steps starting with Meatless Mondays where all three meals are meatless and eventually moving towards a meal plan where the meals are satisfying and vegetarian for the whole School, we will have a happier and healthier school body.



Socioeconomic Class Matters Deserve More Attention

NADIA HOLCOMB '19
PERSONAL ESSAY

The Cardinal

I am white. This is a constant reminder from my peers, my community, and the rest of America as they yell, “You are privileged!” – repeating that I have so much power in this world and that I can do anything I want without any prejudices or limits weighing down my shoulders. They are envious of my privilege, but I am envious too. I am white, but I do not have power. I am white, but the prejudice and pain unintentionally exerted by others is a constant weight on my shoulders. I am white, but my ethnicity is not my only definition. We like to use the word “diversity” a lot, but fail to recognize any other aspect of this word than race. I am white, but I am poor.

In a school that speaks of progressiveness and liberal values – one that was founded with the hopes of bringing a higher education to a lower class – the issues I face feel constantly stigmatized. From being held to the expectation of buying \$45 sweatpants and shamed when unable to do so to the shocking (and unconvincing) rumors of my IV Form year that one word of any student’s personal financial aid would result in separation from the school, we are not remembering the lower class that makes up a good percentage of SAS.



I am not ashamed of my socioeconomic status, nor do I wish for the ability to buy pizza and spend \$100 at the mall every weekend. I recognize that I will have to work harder than a lot of my peers to reach the same opportunity – and yes, this is discouraging at times – but I am not ashamed by this fact. What fills me with shame and regret is the ignorance and insensitivity of the community. I know that the oblivious comments and actions of others are unintentional, but that is the problem.

This needs to stop being ignored. This needs to be spoken about just as much as ethnicity, religious preference, and sexuality. This needs

to stop being a taboo topic, because I am not the only one. I am part of a percentage of your peers and students who feel the exact same pain when pressured to buy something they don’t need, when donating money is treated as if kindness is the only factor, when their face feels hot and red because they either can’t remember what they did during their uneventful summer or don’t want to admit they worked at the Dairy Queen down the street.

Maybe I am the only one who feels this way, maybe you felt uncomfortable reading my published financial situation for the public to see, maybe you will think I’m trying to take attention away from the many injustices people of colour have faced for decades, and maybe you will look at me differently, but I strongly encourage all of us to stop and think before we make assumptions about others’ backgrounds. Otherwise, how can we call ourselves open-minded and progressive?



One For the Middle Class Kids

ANONYMOUS ALUMNI '17
PERSONAL ESSAY

As a straight, white, middle-class male, I have never felt enabled to publicly share my adversity for fear of being ridiculed or dismissed. In my experience, St. Andrew’s diversity programs further increased my reticence to share. The exhortations to check my privilege, to avoid microaggressions, and to be an ally to less fortunate demographics exacerbated the feeling that I was unworthy to share what troubled me about being middle class and white in America.

For the purposes of this essay, I will focus only on the economic side of this discrimination. In my senior year at St. Andrew’s, I personally experienced one of the systems that discriminates against my class - the collegiate financial aid application process. Many middle-class students attending university today are forced or tricked into taking out hundreds of thousands of dollars in student loans. These loans are necessary because middle-class students cannot afford to pay full tuition, and most schools aren’t rich or kind enough to cover their need entirely. Furthermore, the vast majority of need-based aid at nearly every university funds low-income students who can pay little or none of their university fees. Therefore, middle-class students are uniquely limited in their college options. They can apply to the handful of extremely selective schools that meet full demonstrated need, or they can apply for similarly competitive merit aid scholarships at other universities. Yet these paths are so competitive that very few students benefit from them. In the most likely scenario, the student ends up at their state university, or

takes out students loans that can take decades to pay off.

I include this background simply to give the facts about college admissions for middle-class students. My college application process was devoted not to gaining admission at my favorite university, but to attempting to raise about 150k in the span of six months. And in the end, I was one of the lucky ones. I was lucky because I knew before I started the college process that I would have to search for merit aid at less competitive universities. Ultimately, I got enough merit aid to be able to attend a fantastic university. However, many people in my economic situation don't even realize merit aid exists until it is too late. Thus, regardless of where they are accepted, they are forced into taking out undergraduate student loans that exceed \$150,000.

As I struggled with these issues throughout my senior year, I began to feel extremely alone at St. Andrew's. I felt like none of my peers could relate to my adversity, as they were protected by wealth or the umbrella of need-based financial aid. Yet I know I was not alone. St. Andrew's is uniquely generous towards middle-class students, and middle-class kids are well represented in the student body.

Thus, we arrive back at a fundamental flaw I perceive in the St. Andrew's diversity education. I felt isolated not because I was actually alone, but because I was angered by the assumption that my adversity was less than my peers. I

was angry because there were no middle-class affinity groups, and no diversity programs dedicated to exploring the adversity of the economically disadvantaged. I felt neglected, and also scared to speak up for myself out of fear of being labeled racist, insensitive, and ignorant.

Some may respond with the assertion that I had no reason to be afraid of speaking my mind and sharing my experiences. However, I contend that the messages of St. Andrew’s diversity programs sometimes discourage rather than encourage students to speak up. Focusing the discussion on white privilege and institutionalized racism without making room to discuss other kinds of diversity and adversity can alienate potential allies.

To me, it felt like St. Andrew's diversity programs were so narrowly focused in their message that sometimes they promoted division and exclusion rather than unity and inclusion, as is their intent. I know there are middle-class students of all races at St. Andrew's who feel ignored and neglected. I think encouraging these students to share their adversity would go a long way towards making them feel more at home at St. Andrew's.



Dinner Time

HEIDI COBB '21
POEM

Dinner is a dangerous time.

If you stroll downstairs with the purpose of accomplishing some nameless chore at the wrong time, you'll never go back upstairs.

You'll be swept away in the stir of salads, sweet smells, savory taste testings, setting of the oval table, stirring of some soup, something, always something, sweeps you away.

If you dare hear the uttering of, "Will you help with dinner?" you've been pulled far away from shore by the undertow.

The chores aren't so bad, you can lose yourself, mind and body, in the monotonous tide of salads, sweet smells, savory tastes, setting silverware, stirring something sweet, savory, and seductive.

In the warm kitchen, the warmth of the baked goods, roasting meats, or frying of vegetables wraps you tight. The sun of it all, whether it be the stove, the oven, or the warm breath of four or more beings all laughing, teasing, bickering, emanating heat.

It transports you, one moment you're crammed into a cozy kitchen, the next you're on the beaches of some shore's paradise, soaking in some splendidly snug sunshine.

Birds of a tropically vibrant shimmering feather soar through the sunny luminous air, united and sailing smoothly singing some soothingly smooth song. Each voice mellow and rich, fearing not any consequences.

But before you lose sight of shore and become trapped in paradise, dinnertime has been washed away by the tide of time and into dinner.

Dinner has come. 



Why We Write Poems

ENOK CHOE '19
POEM



We write poems to search for an answer
To the perpetual question on our life's purpose
In order to express the inexpressibles that romanticize humanity.
Incessantly building up our case on our belonging in the world
Finding comfort in our opinionated eloquence
We wrestle nature in order to become one with the nature.

We write poems to appreciate the nature
To fathom its complexity that lacks a definitive answer
In its timeless origin that displays perpetual eloquence
That ironically drifts away with human existence, with its distinct purpose
Of retaining an angelic world;
The grandeur of its wholeness amplifies through humanity.

We write poems to assert our humanity
To declare our intrinsic inclination to defy nature
Attesting to our intellectual place in the vast world
Silently shouting for judgment and answer
To appeal to our unimagined purpose
Seeking for material eloquence

We write poems to appeal through eloquence
Desiring companionship of humanity
To share our worth with the nature
To burst forth our emotions filled with purpose
In matching the circumstances to a most appreciated answer
Only to restrict ourselves in the cycles of the world.

We write poems to challenge the world
To convey our perception through unyielding eloquence
Expecting an inception, a shared answer
Inwardly celebrating the contradictions of our humanity
To untangle the matrix hidden within the nature
Through our expression of a common purpose.

We write poems to share a purpose
Whether it is dreaming about a world

Or insinuating our convoluted nature
Both coated in a bubble of eloquence
Releasing the unspoken bounds of humanity.
We seek for truth, a singular answer.

Through our infinitely intricate maze of eloquence
We search for the keys to disclose the truth behind humanity,
An untouched answer.



How I Became A Feminist

LILA FELDMANN ‘20
PERSONAL ESSAY

When I was five years old all I wanted was a Barbie doll, but my mother would not let me have one. How badly I wanted the little plastic toy. How badly I wished to run my tiny fingers through her long blond hair. How I longed to change her outfits and put her into a million different circumstances. All I could think of was how evil my mother was for not letting me have the one thing in life that I desired the most, the one thing that I thought would make me fit in, the one thing that would make all the girls want to come over and play. My mother withheld this joy from me. Now, looking back, I am extremely grateful that I was not given the Barbie doll. I am satisfied despite having never had the glory of running my fingers through her hair. I am happy to have never changed her outfits, to have never endured the pain of the realization of how different these outfits would look on me. I am thrilled that I never compared myself to her, that I never looked at her and wished to be her. I looked to my mother as a role model instead. I wished to be strong and powerful, to be clever, intelligent, and kind. Not once did I wish to look like a Barbie doll.

My mother was the one who taught me to be a feminist through withholding a Barbie from me and by letting me be confident in myself instead of comparing myself to a cheap piece of plastic. She showed me that Barbie dolls teach girls to seek beauty rather than intelligence, to want silky blond hair rather than a powerful position in their community or workplace. Barbies teach girls to look

at a painted face and see themselves reflected in it. They make girls think that being physically beautiful trumps all and that we can do anything with our lives as long as we’re pretty. By withholding a Barbie doll from me, my mother taught me not to see myself as a doll, and instead to see myself as someone who is unique and beautiful in her own way. She showed me that women are not to be objectified and that they are not to be compared to little toys. She showed me that women can do anything. She wanted me to grow up understanding that the way that I look should not influence the way I perceive myself. My mother taught me to show people that I will not be compared to a toy. She taught me to see that I am unique, that I am a powerful and confident girl, whom no plastic toy could ever seek to imitate.

My father, on the other hand, taught me that men are feminists too. My father has been, and forever will be, a feminist right alongside my mother. He has supported me in my every feminist endeavor, including wearing a sign saying “men for menstruators” to the women’s march on Washington. He gives us, and all the girls and women in his life, his unconditional support in our conquests.

Though perhaps my sign was not as comedic or as popular as my father’s, to “fight like a girl,” it was truly meaningful to me. As a kid, feminism wasn’t actually as big a part of my life as it is for other girls because I grew up with brothers. When I ran “like a girl,” I was winning

that race. When I fought “like a girl”, I was beating one of my brothers in something. I never realized that “like a girl” could be considered an insult. Actually, I thought quite the opposite. I always saw the phrase “like a girl” as a compliment. I had so many positive female influences that I thought “like a girl” meant that I was being like those women. To me, it means that I am being intelligent, resourceful, strong, and independent. It constantly confused me how people could take “like a girl” as an insult. Why did being a girl make me inferior? I still find it hard to process how people think that fighting “like a girl” is being weak. In wearing a sign that told people to “fight like a girl,” I was telling them to fight intelligently, powerfully, and resourcefully. Maybe because I had brothers and I was always equal with (or better than) them, I saw the world in a different way.

Perhaps I had also had a different idea of feminism than others because of where I grew up. In my young life, I didn’t spend a lot of time in America, so the controversial views of feminism that were being explored in the US didn’t touch me. Instead, I grew up looking at the people around me, learning from the way that they behaved. I saw my father do just as many house chores as my mother did. I saw him cook dinner a few nights a week. I looked at the women I saw all over the world doing the same thing with their husbands. And, when I looked around, rather than focusing on the women in Tanzania who did do the housekeeping,

who may not have been exposed to true feminism yet, I focused on the one who ran the embassy, the one who was my dad’s boss, the one who made all the men in the office quake in their suits when she walked into the room, the one whose husband took care of the house chores, because she was so busy with her work that she didn’t have time to sweep and clean. The one who would make sure that all those Tanzanian women doing the sweeping and cleaning had access to equal rights too if they wanted them, and showed them that they were choosing to clean. I looked at the women who I saw rebelling against gender roles. The ones who refused to give up their dreams for their marriage, the ones who persevered to fight for what they believed in. These are the women who shaped the way I see feminism. These are the women who have made me into the proud feminist that I am today. These women stand apart from the crowd; they stand for their ideas no matter what everyone says about them. They know what a feminist looks like. They know that everyone can look like a feminist if they want to. These women have changed the world. They have given people hope in their darkest times and made the impossible seem feasible. I hope to grow up to be like these women. And I hope that everyone hopes to grow up to be like them too. Because they know that “like a girl” is not an insult, they know that women and men alike are feminists, and they will be the ones to tell their daughters that they cannot have a Barbie doll.



Trust The Process

LIAN BOURRET ‘18
PERSONAL ESSAY

This phrase is probably the most infuriating and repeated phrase a senior will hear during the outdated, complex and unnecessarily stressful college process. I’d like to examine the flaws of this process through the small parts that it is made up of.

Whether you take the SAT or ACT, you are sure to face the stress and anxiety of snatching a top score. Beyond forking over \$50-60 to take the test (that is if you register before late fees start to kick in!), you’re also expected to take AP tests (\$90 each!) as well SAT Subject Tests, which have a base fee of \$26 and then you add on \$21 for each regular subject test you take (tests containing a listening sections cost \$26). On top of all this, you also still need to pay to send the scores to your colleges! Needless to say, these tests can easily end up eating up hundreds of your parents’ dollars.

So why do students put themselves through such a stressful, expensive and, honestly, painful process? Because colleges require it. What’s more is that many of them highly value it. So in order to achieve that top score, students must buy the books and scour the Internet for practice tests. If you have the dedication, it’s entirely possible to do well on the standardized tests without spending thousands on classes and tutors, but how many of you can sit still for three hours taking a brain-numbing practice test? Some students are lucky; their public or school library has practice books to loan and courses to practice for these tests, but low-income schools often do not have these privileges.

This leads to the second segment of this process: college counselors. Low-income schools may not have the same top counselors like SAS and or have only a few counselors overseeing the process for a huge number of students and who are incapable of giving each student the level of attention needed for this process. At St. Andrew’s, we are fortunate to understand the necessary components of a strong application: good grades, strong scores, and excellent essays. However, many students are not privy to this knowledge, a product of coming from a family where having a college education wasn’t a priority, or from school system with overworked counselors. This is stark contrast from affluent students who not only can afford to attend a school with a strong college counseling program, but also can hire private college counselors that can dedicate extended amounts

of time working with students on essays, helping flesh out a student’s “hooks”, and navigating the path towards crafting the perfect application.



Surprise! These applications are not only hard work but also come with a lofty price tag. The average application fee is about \$75 and students are expected to apply to roughly 10 schools. As you might have already guessed, this is another way the college process heavily leans in favor to those who have the ability to spend approximately \$750 to ensure an admission letter.

Now, even if you are lucky enough to be able to attend an elite private school, hire a private counselor, and afford all the applications fees, you may still face unfair disadvantages. The college process is notoriously unfair to international Asian students, particularly East Asians. The amount of spots for these students is small, but the pool of applicants is huge. This leads to increased competition within the pool, thus forcing these students to have the best test scores, grades, extra-curricular activities, etc. in order to be a possible candidate for admission.

My own experience with this process has been a product of the privilege I’ve had growing up. I was raised in a family where education was always a top priority, attended a public school in a middle-class suburb and later St. Andrew’s School. I was able to take the SAT twice and my parents were able to take time off work to visit colleges, occasionally paying for hotels for longer trips. The circumstances that I was born into have given me the ability to pursue a higher education and with an added edge in this broken process.

Of course, I realize the strong, maybe aggressive, theme of bleakness within this essay. But this essay is not meant to stress out or scare students by focusing on the flaws of the process. The college process is scary, but in important ways, acknowledging the flaws of the process only helps us begin the change towards more equal opportunities for all high school seniors across the country. Currently, there is a growing list of colleges that are “test-optional” or offer application fee waivers (or simply don’t have an application fee), or work with programs that help disadvantaged students to get into college. The process is bleak, but the effort to combat these issues is increasing.



Seniors’ College Essays: A Look Into the College Process



Lawrence Phillips ‘18

Prompt: Fans of the movie Sharknado say that they enjoy it because “it’s so bad, it’s good.” Certain automobile owners prefer classic cars because they “have more character.” And recently, vinyl record sales have skyrocketed because it is perceived that they have a warmer, fuller sound. Discuss something that you love not in spite of but rather due to its quirks or imperfections.

Imagine a strong, shirtless man riding a horse that gallops magnificently through a pastoral countryside. His very manner and nature attract the attention of many elated admirers. Carrying an air of romance with every confident stride of his valiant steed, whose hair is almost as luscious as his own, he rides with a strong face, determined expression, and firm posture. With each step of his horse, this man radiates warmth, love, and manliness. As he arrives upon a glistening lake, he halts right before the edge of the water with majesty and swagger. He takes off his slick-looking sunglasses and dismounts his horse with ease. As this heroic figure majestically dives into the rippling turquoise expanse, onlookers cannot help but stare with passion and adoration in their eyes.

This strapping man, the man of your dreams, is Vladimir Putin, one of the most feared, authoritative, and powerful leaders in the world. Though for a moment, the ridiculousness of this picture makes me forget about him as a threatening persona. This image of Putin is a classic example of how quirks can expose one’s humanity. This hilarious image of Vlad illuminates that there is more to him as a person than we see in his public manner. When almost anyone, especially a leader, regardless of my opinion of him or her, does something ridiculous or funny, I temporarily forget about their usual traits, overcome with the humor of that single moment. I am reminded that even the most ruthless, inhumane people have moments that

are not only silly but also relatable. In a way, this scene provides a new lens, one through which I am able to see him less as a tyrant and more as a real person.

Is this a good thing? I am not sure. When I find someone too endearing, I could be blind to the damage they can do. By laughing at this one quirk of Vlad’s, could I end up ignoring all of the bad things he does? In this way, I begin to see the potential danger in acknowledging the humanity of a dangerous person. Considering that I am an 18-year-old student from New York and he is a global leader whose manner and ambitions were cultivated in the KGB, one would assume there is no similarity between us. Yet, we’ve both had moments where our attempts to impress ended up having the opposite effect. I vividly remember trying my best to impress my crew team, rowing at a fast and very unsustainable pace, only to lose balance and flip the boat moments later, inviting laughter from my teammates. Moments like these remind me that though we are completely different people, we both have these undeniable quirks that are a unifying part of the human experience. By seeing this menacing figure as more of a human than a tyrant, I can now see him as less intimidating. It is comforting to know that even Vladimir Putin has ridiculous flaws that are so laughable, even though I am certainly not his number one fan. In fact, there was nothing I liked at all about Vlad until I saw that picture. This image—and my reaction to it—tells me

that by finding ways to relate to people with whom I disagree, I am able to become a more understanding person. I was able to see humanity where I was not looking for it: a shirtless Putin on a horse.



Akeem Martindale ‘18

Prompt: Describe a book, movie, song, or other work of art that has been significant to you since you were young and how its meaning has changed for you as you have grown.

In 2002, the movie “8 Mile” was released, and along with it the song “Lose Yourself” by Eminem. I really relate to this song even though it is about Eminem’s rap career. He said a lot of things that connected with my life; the ideas that this song possesses align with a lot of what I’ve experienced and how I think. For example, he says in the hook, “You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow/ This opportunity comes once in a lifetime.” The reason I am where I am today is that I was pushed and took the opportunities I was given. I knew that as a young person from Brownsville, the opportunity to go to boarding school, or even the idea of going to college, was not given out every day. I was given one shot, through a program called Prep, and I have made the most of it. Eminem goes on to say, “I can’t provide the right type of life for my family.” I want to give my family a better life, and college is another opportunity for me to do so. As a kid, I saw how my mother struggled when

she was unemployed. She wouldn’t tell me that we were struggling. Instead, she would say, “Son, it is just me and you.” I was not able to help my mom out financially. She always said that my job was school. Eminem continues, “This is my life and these times are so hard, and it’s getting even harder.” I accepted my life. I accepted the fact that I would always be that kid from Brownsville first, and that people might overlook my accomplishments. I am okay with that, though, because I am a kid from Brownsville. Brownsville is one of the toughest neighborhoods to grow up in. It produces the toughest kids there are. Growing up there made me tougher than others. I have one foot away from the surroundings of Brownsville, but I was raised there, and I will never forget the values it taught me, such as to never give up, and that I could push through anything. Eminem is right because life is getting harder. There are fewer jobs, and more people struggling. On top of that, we are

still struggling with issues from the past. We still haven’t gotten over Jim Crow or mass incarceration. We are still in the new Jim Crow era, and that affects me. Eminem opened my eyes to see what kind of life I’m living. He opened my eyes to see that opportunities only come once-in-a-lifetime, and I must take advantage of that. If I never realized that these opportunities didn’t come again and I should take them, I might not be in the position I am right now



Hanna Soulati ‘18

The lessons we take from obstacles we encounter can be fundamental to later success. Recount a time when you faced a challenge, setback, or failure. How did it affect you, and what did you learn from the experience?

“The last time I rode a horse was when I crossed the border.”

I’m twelve, and have persuaded my dad to take me horseback riding though I suspect he dislikes the activity. He fills out the necessary forms and we wait together, watching the horses tied to a post in the corner, when my dad breaks the silence with this unexpected comment.

“We crossed into Turkey in the middle of the night. It was dark. We rode bareback.” I say nothing.

As a child, I was reluctant to ask questions that I thought would place people in uncomfortable positions. I disliked seeing the adults I loved struggling to find words to explain a concept to me or emotional because of something I may have said; therefore, I learned to avoid certain topics and questions, hoping that over time the answers would reveal themselves.

I didn’t say anything when my mom asked waitresses for no bacon with my pancakes. When my grandfather recounted stories of his factories in Iran, I didn’t ask why he left. Though I always watched with wonder as my aunt made her way along the sidewalk using a long cane, I didn’t ask how she came to be blind at such a young age. And so, when I was twelve and my dad first mentioned the story of his struggles leaving Iran, I listened with quiet fascination, but said nothing. I stifled my curiosity and desire to learn about my dad’s past because I believed that the topic was too personal for him talk about, and therefore was not for my ears.

In this way, I grew up always listening but never asking, constantly trying to piece together bits of stories in order to form a clearer understanding of my family’s past. In school, my history teacher taught a lesson on Islam, and it was through this that I realized the true reason my family didn’t eat pork. When my parents mentioned the war that occurred in Iran after they left, I used our family computer to research The Iranian Revolution and learn the details. Similarly, when years after my aunt passed away, I wished to learn more about her early life, I turned to the internet. I combed through websites with her obituaries, reading article after article and discovering just how much I’d failed to ask her when she was alive. In this way, I learned that in the midst of the Iran-Iraq war, a bomb had been dropped on her family’s house, blinding her at the young age of seventeen.

It was only through uncovering this story from the internet, that I was able to understand the true consequence of my silence. The act of listening to someone tell his or her life story is so powerful and connecting; yet, I’d missed out on this opportunity with my aunt because I’d never asked questions or expressed my interest. Similarly, I realized that the fact that I remained quiet after my parents told a story was not being taken as a respectful gesture, but instead as indifference, and they had come to believe that their past simply wasn’t important to me. Through not asking my parents and relatives the more difficult questions about their pasts, I was missing out on hearing their most important stories, and failing to learn significant pieces of my family history.

These thoughts come to mind when, years after that day of horseback riding, my dad mentions leaving Iran. We’re in the car, listening to NPR as we always do on the way to my lacrosse practices, and a program about Syrian refugees is drawing to a close. He says, “That was my family once. We’re lucky it was easier to get a visa in those days.” It’s a comment made in passing, but in it, I hear an opportunity. I say, “What year was that Dad?” And the story begins.



SAS FUN ZONE

BALTHASAR '18

Horoscopes

Aquarius (Jan 20th- Feb 18th): Perhaps it is time for a change into new clothes for you, shed what you have and keep on moving. Briskly. At a sprint actually, it could be dangerous back there.

Pisces (Feb 19th- Mar 20th): Congratulations You Won!!! It Is Not A Joke. You Are The 100,000th Reader Of The Day!!! Be Glad! You Won +10 Luck Points! You'll Do Great!

Aries (Mar 21st- Apr 19th): So your planet is uh Mars and Jupiter just aligned so I guess that means that you might get like inspira- tion or something from Sagittarius. Also be wary of people in red.

Taurus (Apr 20th- May 20th): If something bad hapens, just relax and play your cards. You have a better hand than you probably think. When you are presented with a fork in the road, go left. Don't go right.

Gemini (May 21st- June 20th): You could actually use a little fuel yourself so look out for that. Don't go crazy looking for it though. Just a bit. I'd say your lucky number is probably a uh 27.

Cancer (June 21st- July 22nd): ^_(□)_/ do what you feel ^_(□)_/

Leo (July 23rd- Aug 22nd): Ponder big questions such as (but not limited to): How many atoms are there in the entire universe? How many licks does it take to get to the center of a Tootsie Pop? Which is larger? If you answer them, you will go far.

Virgo (Aug 23rd- Sept 22nd): Sometimes making split second decisions is not the best thing. Like spontaneously agreeing to make the back page and trying your hand at horoscopes to try and unlock your hidden spiritual potential, but hey who's to say. You actually should make risky sudden decisions, it'll do you well.

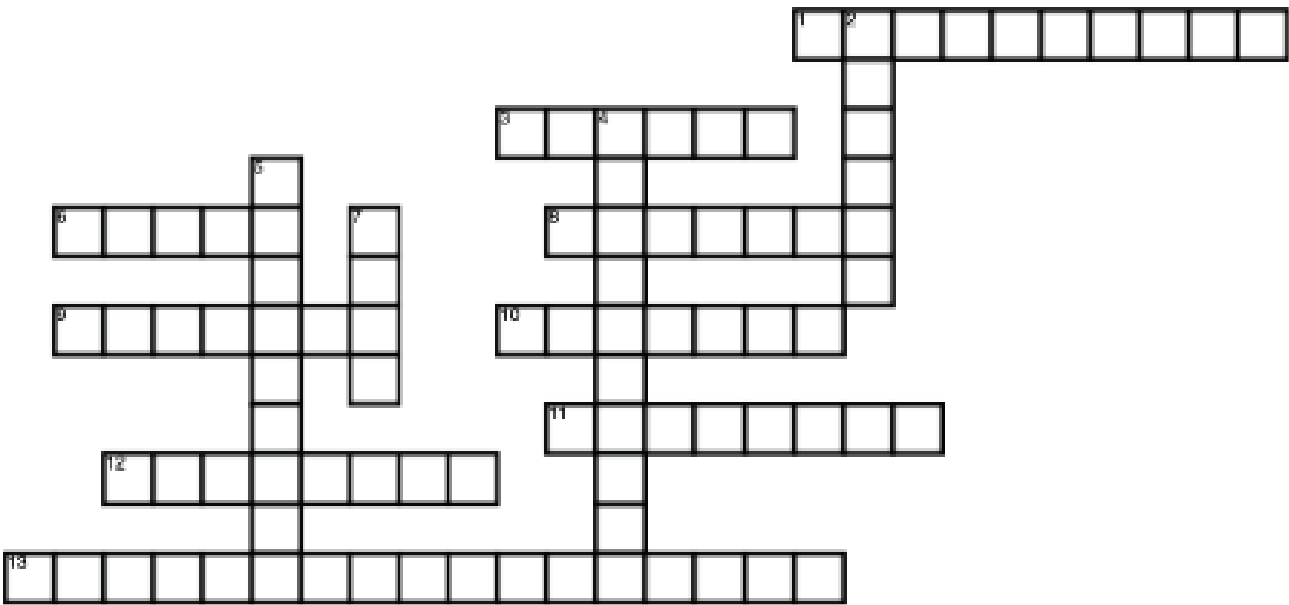
Scorpio (Oct 23rd- Nov 21st): Scorpions are actually really scary, I was just looking at a picture of one. But you don't have to be afraid of scorpions. Or anything this week for that matter. Be fearless. Except of the Kool-Aid man, he's terrifying.

Sagittarius (Nov 22nd- Dec 21st): Again, Mars and Jupiter (<-that's your planet I think!) were just in conjunction so some Aries might come looking to you for enlightenment or something. Ignore them. Get out and get your game on. Go play.

Capricorn (Dec 22nd- Jan 19th): Capricorn? Corn? Food? Sage? Herb? Grass? Earth? Sky? Birds? Cool? You! You are cool! YYou can probably do a backflip if you tried.

Crossword:

While most can be solved with an easy google, I have faith in your wits. Also that's an honor code violation.



- ACROSS
- 1 Wow, I had a great deal of fun doing this winter activity on the pond
 - 3 Buster Keaton's real name
 - 6 While you may seem to be missing out, you are not. Actually you're the star.
 - 8 Carpet is derived from the latin verb...
 - 9 Richard M. Daley was the mayor of this city for 21 years
 - 10 The country the good king Wenceslas was king.
 - 11 Number of pounds in a stone
 - 12 Delaware's official state macroinvertebrate
 - 13 The fear of the number 13
- DOWN
- 2 One of the four bodily humors, identified with bile. It also means anger.
 - 4 Band responsible for the smash hit, "All Star."
 - 5 Wilrob
 - 7 Type of cat referenced in "Samson and Delliah" by the Grateful Dead

