

MS. STEIN: Now Joan Twaddle, who is an honorary member, I mentioned earlier, is going to give us honorary reflections. This is a tradition we started just five years ago, and it's been wonderful to hear from people who have been part of the organization through the years. Joan was a NAPSG treasurer from 1980 to 1988, and the financial secretary from 1988 to 2000.

MS. TWADDLE: Thank you. You won't believe it! My first NAPSG meeting was 45 years ago, in 1965. We met at the Chalfonte-Haddon Hall Hotel in Atlantic City, and all I remember from that meeting was being exposed to a Reuben sandwich and Heineken draft beer on the boardwalk. Since then, Principals has met in big cities like New York and San Francisco, in little cities like Charleston and Santa Fe, and at resorts.

Council used to have arguments. Some of us wanted to be where the airport was at the conference center. Some of us wanted to be where there was a massage and a golf course. The food at the meetings has been varied: Oyster roasts and barbecues, fried shrimp, and always chicken, chicken, and more chicken.

Once upon a time, opening banquets were very formal, assigned seating. Arranging this was the bane of the executive director's life. A head table and large hand-printed meeting name tags. I'm sure Bruce doesn't miss stitching the ribbons around the pins on those early nametags.

The opening banquet was sometimes preceded by the business meeting, but sometimes it was Wednesday morning. It was, however, always preceded by a cocktail hour. Sometimes we had hot hors-d'oeuvres and sometimes not, depending on the budget. Always Council members were assigned to new members. Sometimes they even had received written welcoming notes ahead of time. The cocktail party I remember best was at the Del, the Hotel del Coronado, in San Diego. The bar was set up in the courtyard. Every guest of the hotel, every Navy person in San Diego, joined us. The bar bill was \$14,000!

Speakers. More college presidents than I can remember. More school psychologists, novelists, and poets. Early on, when school heads wore many hats, one whole afternoon was spent so we could peddle our seniors to the college representatives who were present or hire new faculty from the placement officers who came. In 1970, in Williamsburg, we were told to bring 20 copies of our needs, because the Williamsburg Inn had no copying facilities.

There have been only two men presidents of NAPSG: Ralph Rutenber from MacDuffie in Springfield, and Michael Churchman from Barstow. The decline of female school heads was a real concern to the Council, and in 1984, we met at Dobbs and started what I call the summer seminar. Hundreds of young women have attended that, and there are probably some alumni right here in this room.

Our meetings have never been all serious. We've had fun. We visited nearby schools and college campuses, gone horseback riding, enjoyed the zoo, and the Golden Bee at the Broadmoor. If you don't know what the Golden Bee is, I'll see you later.

One of my personal memories is from Charleston. The Ashley Hall seniors opened their homes for us, so I said to one of them, "Will any of your classmates go north to college?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," they said. I'm thinking Smith, Mount Holyoke.

"Where?" said I.

"Hollins, Sweet Briar."

When I became treasurer, our reserve was a \$1,000 Treasury bond. Along the way, Council decided we needed to arrange to have money enough on hand in case we needed it, and last December the portfolio value was \$227,314.

Over the years, I have represented us in Canada, at NAIS, the College Board, served as a Council member, treasurer, and financial secretary. Half of the 45 years I have spent involved, and I urge each one of you, if you have a chance to do it, to serve. Most of all, enjoy the fellowship of each other. They all are there for you. As the children say, they're there for me and for each one of you.

Thank you.