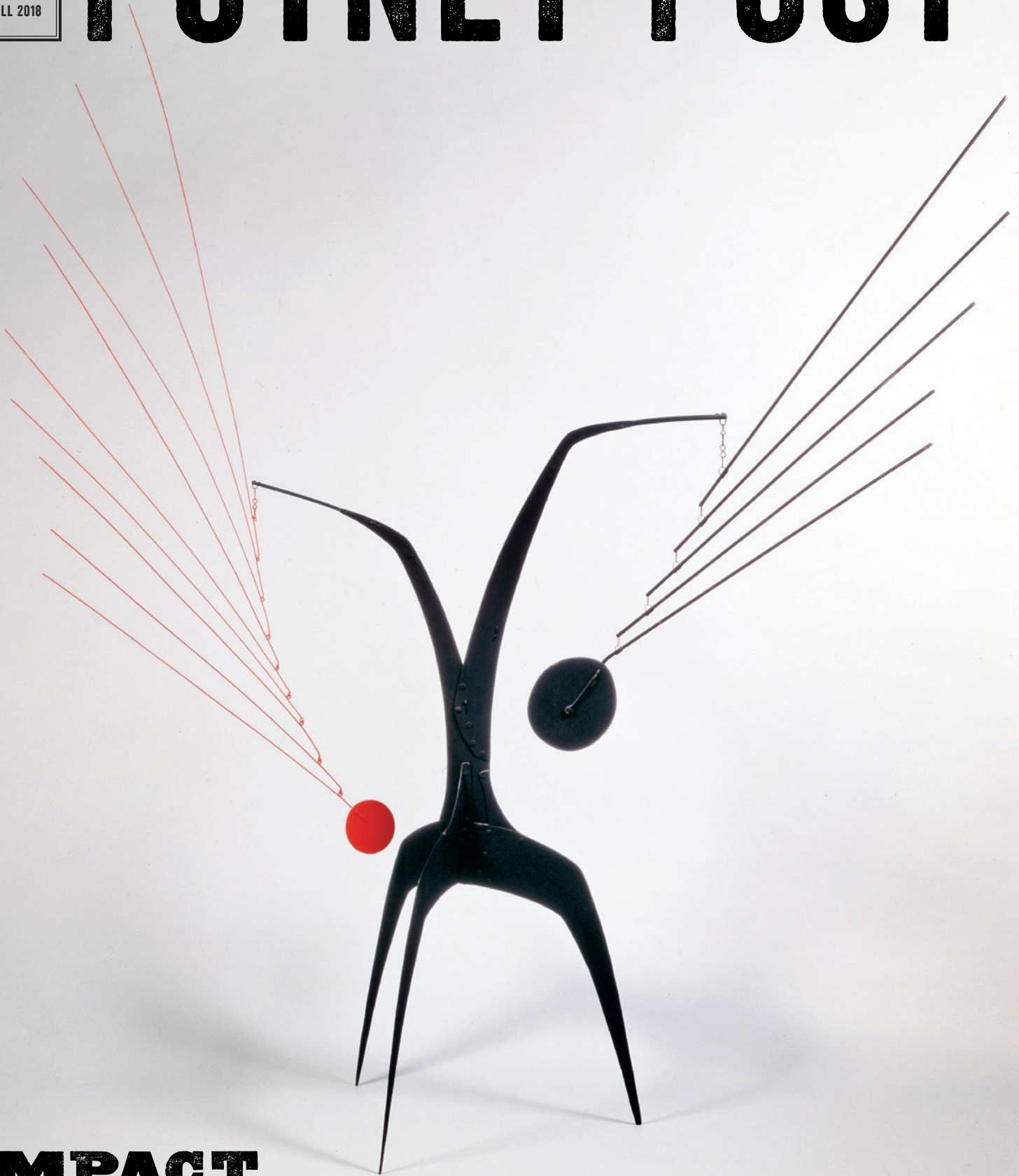


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PUTNEY POST



IMPACT

FIRE

What makes a fire burn
is space between the logs,
a breathing space.
Too much of a good thing,
too many logs
packed in too tight
can douse the flames
almost as surely
as a pail of water would.

So building fires
requires attention
to the spaces in between,
as much as to the wood.

When we are able to build
open spaces
in the same way
we have learned
to pile on logs,
then we can come to see how
it is fuel, and absence of the fuel

together, that make fire possible.
We only need to lay a log
lightly from time to time.

A fire
grows
simply because the space is there,
with openings
in which the flames
that knows just how it wants to burn
can find its way.

*Judy Brown from **The Art and
Spirit of Leadership**, 2012
judysorumbrown.com*



Dean of Faculty Kate Knopp says, "At Putney, the spaces in between for us are the moments a teacher stands back and lets the student wonder, worry, or boldly take the next step—the space to let the mistake happen so that experience becomes the teacher rather than the teacher instructing."



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In Memoriam

On the Cover:

Calder, Alexander (1898-1976), *Un effet du japonais*. 1941. Sheet metal, rod wire, and paint, 203.2 x 203.2 x 121.9 cm. Photo Courtesy of: Calder Foundation, New York/Art Resource, New York. Artist Copyright: © 2018 Calder Foundation, New York/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York. Photography Credit: © 2018 Calder Foundation, New York.

IMPACT

DEAR READER,

Every year, in late August, the wheels of the Putney academic year start to turn, the host of tasks accomplished over the summer lay our foundation, and the community comes together to bring the school year to life. Each year is born anew. Eighty-four fresh starts in Putney's history. And yet, with all of the people who have come and gone from this lovely hilltop—over four thousand alumni, hundreds of faculty and staff—there is a consistency and a familiarity to the rhythms of this place, and similar refrains echo through the stories of your lives, regardless of your age, where you live, or what you pursue.

If there's a word to capture the way Putneyites interact with the campus and the world, perhaps that word is IMPACT. Rarely do you sit still, stay quiet, or lack opinions. It's no wonder that when alumni return for reunion or attend events around the country, they instantly and easily find common stories and sweet connections across generations.

In this issue, we explore the theme of impact from a number of different perspectives, asking different questions. How does an artistic legacy carry us forward (p. 4)? How can Putney continue the thoughtful and important work that creates a civilization worthy of the name (p. 8)? Why should we send 200+ kids into the woods just days after their arrival to campus (p. 12)? What happens when you choose to turn wild, neglected land into something beautiful (p. 16)? How does the optimistic vision of student leaders affect the school year (p. 11)? In each case, an idea of something better turns into reality through work, persistence, and imagination.

We have no doubt that Putney people forge, plant, bend, plow, and build the world around them. Your stories abound with impact. We wish you all the best in your endlessly interesting pursuits. Carry on the good work, and keep in touch.

Yours,
ALISON FRYE
Editor, *The Putney Post*





1. Calder, Alexander (1898-1976), *Red T with Black Flags*. 1946. Sheet metal, wire, and paint, 24¾" x 16¼" x 14".
2. Louisa Calder playing accordion for Calder and daughter Sandra, Roxbury, 1938.
3. Calder, Alexander (1898-1976), *Glass Fish*. 1955. Wire and glass, 23" x 42½" (58.4 x 108 cm).
4. Calder, Alexander (1898-1976), *Bird Pull-toy*. 1951. Tin can, lead, wire, and string, 5½" x 6¼" x 6¼".

The Calderes &

Three generations of Alexander Calder's family have attended Putney and built their own creative, artistic adult lives. The family's impact on Putney stems from a friendship between teacher Fernando Gerassi and Alexander Calder, and their lasting relationships with The Putney School still echo through campus. Even today, Putney students look up during Sing and see Calder's mobile suspended in the air above them.

BY BRIAN D. COHEN



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Fernando Gerassi—Putney teacher, painter, veteran of the Spanish Republican Army, and secret agent for the Office of Strategic Services—first told Alexander Calder about The Putney School after Fernando began teaching in 1949. Their social and artistic circles had overlapped since 1920s and '30s Paris, where they each exhibited their work at such prestigious venues as Galerie Billiet-Pierre Vorms and established friendships with artists that included Joan Miró and Fernand Léger.

The friendship between Gerassi and Calder continued to grow in remarkable ways over the following decades. During the Spanish Civil War, while Fernando fought with the Republicans defending the legitimate Spanish government from fascist rebels, Calder created *Mercury Fountain*. Installed alongside Picasso's *Guernica* at the Spanish Pavilion of the 1937 World's Fair in Paris, Calder's politically charged work, with its mercury mined from Almadén, symbolized Republican resistance to Franco's fascism. At the start of World War II, Fernando, along with his wife, Stepha, and his son, Tito, immigrated to the United States. In the following decade, Calder was instrumental in the Gerassis' fight for citizenship, writing letters and making pleas through his connections in Washington, DC, until 1964—when Attorney General Robert Kennedy, upon learning of their epic and heroic story, made them US citizens on the spot. In support of the Gerassis and other émigrés from Franco's Spain, Calder donated a number of lithographs in the 1960s and 1970s to benefit Spanish Refugee Aid in New York. The artists also exchanged their work; Fernando gave Calder three oil paintings, and Calder gifted the Gerassis two sculptures, an oil painting, and four pieces of jewelry.



Putney



In 1933, desiring to raise a family and as Europe slid towards war, Calder and his wife, Louisa, moved from Paris to Roxbury, Connecticut, where they purchased a defunct 18th century farmhouse. There the Calders' first daughter, Sandra, was born in 1935 followed by her younger sister Mary in 1939. The 18-acre property was eventually outfitted with three Calder-designed studios and became Calder's headquarters when his career exploded internationally after World War II. As Sandra reached high school age, the Calders looked to Putney, where Fernando and Stepha were teaching. Sandra Calder Davidson '53 does not recall even being asked if she wanted to attend Putney before being driven to campus to start her sophomore year.

Sandra, who grew up drawing and painting on a small workbench in her father's enormous studio while he worked, studied art with Fernando at Putney, who "was very nice and let students do what they wanted." Under Fernando's tutelage, Sandra completed the first of the nearly one dozen children's books she has written and illustrated throughout her life (according to Sandra, her husband, Jean Davidson, fell in love with her after seeing the children's book she had completed at Putney). Sandra shared a fond memory of her father visiting Putney, dressed in his characteristic blue jeans and work shirt, dancing a waltz with Mrs. H. at a school dance. Despite Calder's widespread acclaim in Modernist circles at the time, no one made a big deal about his singular importance.

After Sandra's graduation from Putney in 1953, the Calder family took a boat to France,

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embarking on a yearlong sojourn in Aix-en-Provence. During this time, Calder paid a visit to his future son-in-law, Jean, who had bought property in the town of Saché, near Tours. The Calders fell in love with the town, and Calder exchanged three mobiles for François Premier, a dilapidated 17th-century stone house adjoining a cliff on Jean's property. In the following decade, Calder built a large new studio overlooking the Loire Valley, as well as another house, Le Carroi, adjacent to the studio. It was in Saché where Calder predominantly lived and worked for the last two decades of his life, with Louisa by his side. Sandra and Jean married in Saché in 1955 and went on to raise their two children there.

Mary Calder Rower '58 enthusiastically and energetically embraced Putney when it was her turn, enrolling in the ninth grade in 1954. Mary's letters from Putney spoke of the books she was reading, ski trips, the distinguished visitors who came to campus, her appreciation for the natural world, her love of raising and nurturing plants and animals, and her special interest in Russian culture and literature, which she studied with Stepha Gerassi. On Halloween night in 1957, while Mary was a

senior, Fernando helped Calder hang a 13-foot mobile in the KDU, where it remained for nearly fifty years. When Calder's grandson, Alexander S. C. "Sandy" Rower '81, was at Putney, he spray-painted the newly installed ceiling fans brown to match the ceiling so as to reduce visual competition with the grand white mobile. After the construction of the Michael S. Currier Center, Sandy supervised moving the mobile to Calder Hall, a location he is sure Calder would have been pleased with (and where it moves more freely and elegantly).

After Putney, Mary met and married Howard Rower, moved to 84 MacDougal Street in Greenwich Village, and never left. Their home became a cultural and social nexus and hostel where Mary held sway with her mordant sense of humor, her intellectual and political acumen, and her cooking. Perhaps inspired by her father's "Cirque Calder," she was enthralled by the circus and became a longtime supporter of the Big Apple Circus and other cultural groups. Mary's time, attention, and financial generosity remained devoted to Putney. Mary served on the Putney board of trustees for a total of 24 years, followed by several years as an active, principled, and opinionated trustee emerita.

5. Fernando and Stepha Gerassi during their teaching days at The Putney School.
6. Portrait of Alexander S.C. Rower.
7. Calder, Alexander (1898-1976), São Paulo. 1955. Oil on plywood, 48" x 53½" (121.9 x 135.9 cm).

Sandra shared a fond memory of her father visiting Putney, dressed in his characteristic blue jeans and work shirt, dancing a waltz with Mrs. H. at a school dance.

Mary and Howard's two sons both attended Putney. The older son, Holton Rower '80, is an artist living and working in New York. Sandy Rower '81 remembers his mother, Mary, driving him up to look at Putney as a child and becoming familiar with the campus and its "mysterious bohemian environment." Sandy was ready to get away from home; he doesn't remember any discussion about attending Putney, it was just going to happen. Sandy was an excellent student when he was inspired by a teacher (his favorite teacher was Ed Shore), and a poor one when he wasn't. Sandy loved barn and served as head of the household job committee, joined by his roommate Matt Lorentzen '81. Both would later become long-serving Putney board members. He sent his own son, Gryphon Rower-Upjohn '07, now a sound experimentalist, composer-performer, and curator in the field of audiovisual culture, to Putney. His three younger children, now ages three, five, and seven, have Putney on their horizons.

Sandy was particularly close to his grandfather, accompanying him on his travels to receive honorary degrees and awards. Observing the behavior of college students at these events, he resolved at the age of eight not to "waste" four years in a university; Putney prepared Sandy for life. While growing up, Sandy and Holton frequently would make things in their grandfather's studio. Calder worked silently, without any assistants, and yet he tolerated his

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grandkids, as long as they worked respectfully. Sandy's firsthand knowledge of his grandfather's process has become an indispensable tool to Calder scholars across the globe. Sandy offered an example of Calder's sensibility as revealed during conservation: among the family artifacts in the Roxbury home was a silver teething rattle made by Calder for Sandra shortly after her birth. On the underside of the rattle, Sandy discovered the vestiges of a Tiffany & Co. proof mark. He realized that Calder had transformed the antibacterial sterling silver from a fancy Tiffany vessel (likely a wedding gift) into something actually useful. According to Sandy, Calder, as practical as he was imaginative, often repurposed items to serve new functions in his art.

It would be impossible to name a 20th century sculptor more innovative, influential, prolific, or beloved than Calder. He was a trailblazing artist in the 1930s, known for his invention of both wire sculpture and the mobile, and he pioneered the medium of large-scale outdoor sculpture. In 1987, at age 24, Sandy, with the support of the Calder family, established the Calder Foundation, a nonprofit organization in New York City dedicated to

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recording, archiving, and preserving Calder's life and work and to reinforcing his legacy. A foundation dedicated to a single artist's work was a rarity in 1987; now, there are numerous such organizations in the U.S. alone.

Sandy began cataloguing Calder's work based on published images, recording each work on index cards with an accompanying photocopy. He discovered many published inconsistencies and incorrect dates and titles of Calder's work, and decoded various attributions using over 12,000 fragments of information from Calder's notes, letters, and records from art galleries. Through this ongoing and expanding process he has developed a rigorous provenance for Calder's oeuvre. The Foundation now has 150,000 separate pieces of documentation, sorted and organized, and a staff of 17 with five full-time archivists. They have catalogued over 22,000 works by Calder, arguably the largest opus of any artist, and they have amassed a collection of Calder's work unsurpassed in its depth. The Foundation supports fifteen projects annually, welcoming 2.6 million visitors to exhibitions of Calder's work as far afield as Los Angeles, Montreal, Moscow, Hong Kong, Melbourne, and Buenos Aires.

Today, Calder's home and studio in Saché functions as an artist's residency

where international artists are invited to live and work for three-month periods. In an effort to protect and preserve the Roxbury property, the Foundation has acquired significant acreage in addition to the original land that Calder and Louisa purchased in 1933. While the Roxbury property is not open to the public, the Foundation might make it selectively accessible for study purposes in the future.

Around 2007, the Rower family donated a standing mobile (a mobile that stands on its own fixed base) to Putney. I picked up the boxed piece at the Foundation, drove it back to Putney, and kept it safe overnight until my art history class met the next day. I brought the large package into class and we carefully opened it. Following careful directions, Gryphon, Calder's great-grandson, put the last piece in place and completed the installation. It was the first time the piece had been in public view since 1943, and nearly sixty years after Calder drove Sandra to Putney and Fernando welcomed them to campus.

PHOTO CREDITS: Photos 1-4, 6-7 courtesy Calder Foundation, New York/Art Resource, New York; photo 2 by Herbert Matter, photo 6 by Maria Robledo. © 2018 Calder Foundation, New York/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York. Photo 5 courtesy of The Putney School archives.

DIVERSITY, EQUITY & INCLUSION

ENGAGING STUDENTS AS CITIZENS IN OUR COMMUNITY

Everyone is working at it. How is Putney doing its diversity work? Putney students learn by doing. This is as true for learning how to be a citizen in a pluralistic democracy as it is for learning how to get milk from a cow. Students' citizenship in our school is rehearsal for the part they will play in our democracy; it is practice for activism in the wider world. Citizenship—at The Putney School or in our republic—requires of us different things at different times. Students understand that we trust them with real work. We trust them with social justice work, too.

This time in America is charged and it has kicked Putney students into high gear. People are divided and our media divisive. Our current students are awake to the need for their vision and voice in the world. Determined to have an impact, our job as progressive educators is to give students meaningful work to do while they find their talents and voices. Guiding our youngest citizens to learn to define themselves, nurture

their talents, and participate in a collective effort to build "a civilization worthy of the name" is Putney's daily work. What, though, does citizenship mean at this moment? How are students learning to make an impact? Diversity and equity—learning to dialogue across difference by listening well, by asserting nuanced and articulate opinions—is the work citizens do in democracies; they read widely and think deeply to frame issues,

debate, caucus, compromise, and vote. That's what we are up to on the hillside, too.

At Putney we have three groups working on issues of diversity and equity: a committee of the board of trustees, a committee of teachers and administrators, and a committee of student leaders that works with the support of faculty members. Each group invests in its work a little differently, but all seek to value our differences and include many points of view as we make our school "more perfect." We try to support students and faculty of color and push the school to sustain community-wide dialogue about our progress. We don't always get it right, but we try to be both humble and responsive when our work misses the mark or is simply too slow.

Putney's board has declared, over many decades, the need to create a more diverse and inclusive community in each strategic plan. In 2016, the board wrote a ten-year vision for the school to be implemented in a series of three-year action plans. The ten-year vision is, like the Fundamental Beliefs, intentionally aspirational and not very specific. As the

political, economic, and cultural currents in the US collide, the particular ways we address our own progress on campus change. The piece of the board's vision that has made it into common parlance on campus is that students must graduate able to "work effectively across race, class, and cultural divides." No small task, to be sure, but it is meaningful and ongoing work.

The first three-year action plan (2016–2019) asked the community to define what we mean when we say we are working on "diversity." Are we talking about race, primarily, or does the word call us to include all kinds of difference? Wide-ranging differences in opinion on the board about how broadly or narrowly to define diversity have been instructive; we know how complex the work can be and we know the dialogue will stretch us to listen, to empathize, and to act. The plan also tasks the faculty with mapping diversity and cultural fluency opportunities for our students. Teachers need to identify current content and assignments that let students see and study structural racism and sexism and explore power, privilege, and difference.

OUR WORK AS TEACHERS AND STUDENTS ON CAMPUS

It's easy to get bogged down in the density and complexity of content of as we strive for more inclusive and multicultural programs. What should we be reading and studying and discussing? Content changes from year to year just as our students do. Our commitment to progressive pedagogy means that we meet students at the edge of their knowledge and fuel their curiosity; we give them space to define their questions.

In ninth grade they write an "identity quest," in tenth grade they write memoirs and portraits of people at work. They share their work and discuss their differences. In eleventh grade they write a series of research essays alongside a thematic American Studies course. Who we have on campus and what they study is always in motion. More than that, we are describing specific skills all students need.

Diversity work is the warp and weft of The Putney Core, which is driven by its throughlines. Diversity is highlighted in throughline of *Ethical, Cultural and Social Justice*—of course—but lives also in the skills described in three other standards: *Argumentation*; *Literacy and Communication*; and *Collaboration*. By naming



Black Lives Matter, by Herzen Clerge '17, created as part of the "propaganda posters" project in Putney School's printmaking class

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and practicing individual skills that enable Putney students to “work effectively across difference,” we have staked ground in developing citizens who can participate effectively in democratic processes—who can activate others to work toward a “more perfect union”—people who will have an impact.

Where some schools offer packaged programs, we give students space to question. Where other schools build curriculum around themes—race and ethnicity, gender and identity, civil rights, and social activism—Putney students pursue their questions. The student diversity leaders set the agenda for the community, design workshops, lead discussions, and demand review and revision of our practices. Our pedagogy as a progressive school insists students will walk into spaces bravely—and they do. We ask them to imagine the community they’d like to live in and learn in and then we say, “What will we do to make it so?”

WE ASK THEM TO IMAGINE THE COMMUNITY THEY’D LIKE TO LIVE IN AND LEARN IN AND THEN WE SAY, “WHAT WILL WE DO TO MAKE IT SO?”

The student diversity leaders are “selected leaders,” meaning that they apply for their positions. Last year we had sixteen applications for six spots. We offer them training, with our own faculty and from outside groups, but mostly we let them exercise their agency by leading the work on campus. Each year the group’s mission changes a little. This year’s leaders are resolved to “encourage conversation and respectful disagreements among students and faculty and to direct attention to issues of ‘ism’ in an attempt to dismantle forms of oppression on and off the hill, and to be a resource for the community as people seek to better understand various identities.”

WHAT ARE THE ONGOING DEBATES?

We have ongoing and mostly healthy debates about the best ways to push forward

with this work. One, as mentioned above, centers on how broadly or narrowly to define “diversity,” and if this is even a useful word. If we define it too narrowly, we lose sight of the complexity of our society and of individuals. If we define it too broadly, it is not useful for decision-making.

Another debate centers on the thorny topic of financial aid. The majority of people who can afford boarding school tuition are white, reflecting centuries of American history’s unequal opportunity. Do we use financial aid to repair some small piece of this damage or do we seek to fund a broad variety of students from different backgrounds? Most people instinctively say “both,” but the reality of limited financial aid resources make this question very real, and very personal.

A third question is that of the role of a person specifically hired to do this work on campus. Many schools have a director of equity and inclusion, or someone with a similar title. The job can be primarily

about support of students, or more focused on structural and curricular matters. How a school opens up both time and power for someone to do this work is critical. Asking a single person to work on the many legacies of injustice in a community is asking a lot and risks robbing responsibility for the work from each of us. We all have work to do to make our school and our democracy inclusive and equitable.

Students and faculty have been digging deep into issues of power and privilege and how they operate at our school. The discourse on campus right now is honest, while we sometimes offend, talk over, or assume we understand one another, all of us are pulled by our vision to use our differences to enrich our learning and build community. It seems, then, a good time to support and hone our efforts by

STUDENT-LED INITIATIVES

Putney students’ leadership is all part of how we learn here. Students have organized our community and their own activism on and off campus.

- Weekly meetings to educate and prompt dialogue
- Putney Panels—sponsored by International Ambassadors—promote understanding across differences
- School-wide MLK Day events—planned and led by students
- Affinity group meetings
- Climate Justice Conference 2018—created and run by students
- Presentations to School assemblies and our Board of Trustees
- Rallies off campus: March for Our Lives Montpelier (2018) Women’s March Washington DC (2017), Climate Summit NYC (2014)

ADULTS DIG IN

Adults support students in their efforts to lead our community. We listen and reflect on our school’s practices. We are doing our own work, too. Conferences, speakers, reading and research on multicultural education is a large part of ongoing professional development.

- Summer readings and discussion on multicultural pedagogies and practices
- Learning Window and Mirrors framing
- National SEED project training (Seeking Educational Equity & Diversity)
- AISNE diversity workshops
- Sunday film series to spark conversation on campus
- Group Project Weeks devoted to investigate masculinity and whiteness
- Campus visits of artists, speakers, and filmmakers who expand these conversations: D. Colin, Amirah Sackett, Sarah Kay, Innocent Obi, Jr., and Kara Walker

adding a person who can leverage our recent efforts. Putney will be looking for someone to join our team in this role during the course of this year, and we hope that alumni and parents will be helpful in our outreach.

STUDENT HEADS OF SCHOOL

ON COMMUNITY, GOALS, AND THE IMPACT OF DREAMING BIG



This issue's theme is *Impact*. Your work as student heads of school is already having an impact on the new school year. Can you tell us what your goals were going into this year?

Gloriah: To increase the amount of compassion we have for ourselves and each other, which will lead to a more united, healthier, and safer community. **Ming:** We wanted the new students to understand that they have as much claim to compassion as the next person. We have agreed to care for one another. This is why we hope to have students (and adults) learn how to disagree respectfully, listen to listen rather than to argue, acknowledge that we come from different environments and interactions, and speak from different brains. We hope that this acknowledgement might eventually grow into appreciation.

What's your ideal vision of how Putney students can have an impact on the culture at Putney? **Gloriah:** We have difficulty disagreeing respectfully. I don't think this is unique to Putney. Often times, when we disagree, it is about something embedded in our identities; therefore, we feel attacked and put in a vulnerable state. Our instincts are either to shut down the conversation or become defensive. When we do that, we miss the opportunity to educate each other, directly or indirectly, and people continue to be ignorant. A substantial amount of the learning we do here is outside of the classroom. I hope that we can continue to learn about each other so that we don't only functionally coexist in this community, but spread our ideals throughout the world.

Ming: Every student here has a huge effect. My hope is that each member of our community works hard to appreciate their passion. When you communicate your passions, your passion becomes the community's passion. To give this to all of us is a great gift.

What kind of legacy do you, as heads of school, hope to leave behind?

Gloriah: We want Putney to be a more accepting place. We want people to get out of their comfort zones more and have fun. This is a loving, supportive community. We hope that people embrace themselves more and feel an even deeper sense of belonging. We want people to carry the ideals that encompass this school long after they've graduated. **Ming:** To leave behind a community where everyone feels safe to be themselves. Gloriana and I are working most on acceptance of identities. I would love to leave behind a group of people who trust their community to respect them for who they are.

What impact has your time at Putney had on your own life so far?

Gloriah: I have discovered parts of my identity that I didn't even know existed. My first week at Putney, it felt as though I had walked into a new world, a kinder world, a safer world, a hopeful world. I know that I will be walking into the rest of the world knowing that hope, compassion, safety, and acceptance are possible. **Ming:** It has transformed me, it has tested me and motivated me and defined me. It became attached to me because of what I invested in it and what it invested in me.

After you graduate from Putney and go onto whatever is next, which lessons from your time here do you think will be the most important?

Gloriah: Putney students have a rebellious spirit that can't be crushed. We support each other and make big changes. This is the spirit I want to carry. I want to find ways to be an active member of my communities moving forward now that I know the gratifying the feeling of camaraderie. **Ming:** When I leave Putney, I will take with me a confidence that my input into the places I go defines me and gives me power to be who I am. Self-empowerment is the hugest thing I gained from Putney, and the way that I realized that I am powerful is something I won't forget—mostly because it was so hard to learn.

Students gather on the East Lawn during the first day of student leader training 2018-19.
Inset: Putney's Student Heads of School Ming Dettmer '18 (L) and Gloriana Omwanda '18 (R)

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LONG FALL

A CONVERSATION WITH MICHAEL SARDINAS
Dean of Students, Backpacking Enthusiast, Horseman

“Long Fall” has taken on many shapes over the years (including being Long Spring for years)—students in the school’s earlier days shivering in the back of farm trucks en route to their trips, White Mountain and Long Trail hikes, canoeing on New England’s rivers and lakes, practicing French in Montreal, playing music in the Vermont woods, even surfing in North Carolina or New Hampshire. The bottom line is that students experience something different, and learn in a new environment. We asked Michael Sardinas to give us his thoughts on the bigger picture.

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Tell us about your take on the impact of Long Fall on student learning, growth, and place in the Putney community. Several years ago, we moved Long Spring to Long Fall, and we do it right at the beginning of the year, even though that's really challenging for us logistically. It allows the new kids to meet two Putney adults right away, and the new and returning students meet and get to know each other. We have kids flying in from overseas and from different time zones—they're here for two days and then go into the woods where there's no electric light; their circadian rhythms will hopefully rebalance because they should be up with the sun and asleep by nine. All of the students leave their cell phones on campus when they go away; they're forced to unplug, and it forces them to interact with each other, which can be hard for kids who might be used to hiding behind their phone. It sets up a good culture to start the year, where they're *talking* to each other. They're thrown into situations where they really do need to rely on each other—to get up a mountainside, to cook and eat—just like they do on campus, but at a much smaller level, and with greater impact because there are only eight or ten students on a trip.

In your time as dean of students, it seems that Putney has adopted a more intentional Long Fall curriculum, including a focus on Leave No Trace (LNT) principles. I wanted to implement a curriculum for Long Fall. One thing I have asked groups to do is always assign tasks for the kids. Last year I talked to a kid who said got to be his group's "navigator for the day." He never thought he'd figure out how to work the map and know where here was, and he was really proud of himself for having navigated for a day and done it successfully. In wanting kids to have a more consistent experience across the board, LNT was the perfect vehicle because it's something everyone can talk about; it allows kids to talk about the culture of Putney and how to operate in the woods. Here are three of the LNT principles: First, *be prepared*. For rainstorms or for AM



barn; being prepared because you have the map or because you've done your homework. Second, *be considerate of those around you*. In a campsite or in a dorm, those parallels are right there. Third, *minimize impact*. LNT used to be more rigid and it's evolved in recent years in a way I like; I was against LNT because of its prohibition against fires for a while. We're allowed to have fires in the woods now.

Fires are built into our collective consciousness—it's in our DNA to gather around a campfire. It's how our ancestors survived. It's why we're still here.

Long Fall gets a lot of people out of their comfort zone—the learning that happens is rich and the situation is ripe with learning opportunities. I've been thinking about cell phones a lot lately. People don't need to worry about how a map works anymore or how to use a map, because their phone tells them where to go. I do think there's value in stretching kids' brains to look at a static map, look at their surroundings, figure out where they are based on all of the landmarks on the map, and from that, decide which way to walk. That's going to be a lost art soon if we're not careful—maybe I'm old-fashioned and it should be a lost art—but



Students canoeing at sunset on Kettle Pond, VT (p. 12); A hike with a view exploring New Hampshire's peaks (above); Michael Sardinas (inset); Happy students and adults undeterred by a rainy day (right)

I think paying attention to one's surroundings and where one is in those surroundings is useful. "Which way is east? Well, where's the sun?" It's simple and yet very useful.

How does your extensive personal experience with outdoor leadership affect how you do this job and how you did your work as a dormhead? There's a certain amount of gentle force one needs to apply when you want someone to do something they don't want to do, but you think it's important that they do it. Some of my approach probably stems from all of my time backpacking and working with kids in the woods, but I think more of it actually stems from working with horses and using non-verbal communication to make things happen. A good example is hiking with a group of kids. If you ask, "Does anyone have a blister?" no one will raise their hand, and the group will continue hiking, someone will end up with blisters, and the whole group will slow down, have to redistribute weight, and such. If, on the other hand, you stop and say, "I think I have a hot spot and might be getting a blister. Let's all stop and check our feet," that will give the space and comfort needed for kids not to be the one to stop the group. If you, as the leader, stop the group, the kids can check themselves. I've found this works well with



WHAT STUDENTS ARE SAYING...



teenagers and sometimes with adults, too, when they need help and don't want to ask for it.

Can you capture the impact of Long Fall in one good story? Long Spring, 2010. One day we hiked from Grout Pond to Stratton Pond on Stratton Arlington Road and on a very flat trail. I think we did seven miles and had only 200 feet of elevation gain. But it was a lot for the kids; they were a little bit gassed when we got to Stratton Pond. Dusk comes and this guy comes strolling in with a tiny little pack. This is May. He's third from the front on the Appalachian Trail. His name is Todd—we don't know if that's his trail name or his real name. I asked him how far he went that day. He said, "30 miles." And the kids stopped and looked. "What are you using for a stove?" I asked. "I'm not. Cold breakfast, cold lunch, cold dinner." The kids realized how physically fit he was and that he didn't complain. One of the kids asked "What do you do if it's raining?" And he said "I just keep on walking, man." The next morning we woke up to pouring rain. Todd is long gone. The kids look at me and say "Michael, what are we going to do? It's raining." One of the other kids says, "Just like Todd, man, we gotta keep on walking."

I learned that I can do more things than I thought. I have to always push myself harder and harder, or I'll not reach my goals. I love the feeling when I conquer my doubts.

REED LIU '22

Long Fall this year really showed me what "caring for each other" is. When we were hiking, all of us waited for a few people that were behind to catch up, we constantly checked to see if others were doing all right, and even while we were waiting for food, we really cared about others first and didn't mind going last. It is always nice to be surrounded by caring people, and the trip felt wonderful even if the hiking was tough.

MICHELLE YANG '21

My Long Fall was hiking the Presidential traverse. It was definitely challenging, but gave me lots of time to reflect and set goals for the upcoming school year.

POSEY LESTER-NILES '20

I had the farm Long Fall, and I loved it. It was a great chance for me to get used to everything on campus, and also introduced me to barn duty as well. It was really nice to start out with a small group of people and work together and get to know each other. I really enjoyed it.

ALEKS FOGLE '20

Long Fall was a great experience to meet and talk to people I normally wouldn't even approach if I were on my own.

DEAN UNGER '20

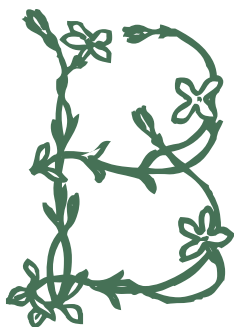


"Misty View," long view
of Bedrock Gardens and
the work of Bob Munger
'60 and Jill Nooney.



BEAUTY AND QUIET
TAKE ROOT AT
BEDROCK GARDENS

Sculpting the Land



edrock Gardens, a terrestrial improvisation as whimsical and inventive as a Calder wire sculpture, is a 20-acre unfolding of diverse and rare plant species, fanciful welded sculpture, and

serendipitous garden features and vistas. Almost forty years ago, Bob Munger '60 and Jill Nooney, co-creators and owners of the gardens, stumbled upon a long-abandoned dairy farm in Lee, New Hampshire, covered with poison ivy and low shrubs, lacking water and flora of any interest. An 89-year-old woman answered their knock on the door of the ramshackle 1740 farmhouse. She took an immediate liking to the young couple, offering them a deed to the property and a low-interest mortgage. Jill and Bob agreed, allowing her to remain in the house as they mowed and plowed, toiling to push back the perimeter in order to gain a sense of the topography and expanse of the land.

Bob hated gardening, however, an aversion built of childhood experience. His father had constructed a 20-acre garden with dogwoods, sculpture, paths, and ponds with the unpaid labor of his three children (Bob '60, Chris '62, and Sally '69), who did the arduous work of cutting and hauling brush. (That project lives on as Boxerwood, a botanical garden and educational center in Lexington, Virginia—www.boxerwood.org). At Putney, Bob set up a ham radio in Reynolds (he describes himself as “nerdy”), hung out in the jazz shack, skied, hiked, and loved the barn (and pretty much everything about Putney—he cried when he left school). Bob pursued a career in medicine, practicing at Exeter Hospital. Jill, who had grown up in rural New Jersey, created her first garden at age nine. She studied psychology and art at Bennington, and then landscape design and welding. If she wasn't consciously studying to create Bedrock Gardens (named for the omnipresent and once detested ledge), she couldn't have chosen better training for it.





Photos clockwise: Jill Nooney and Bob Munger '60 (photo by Lynn Karlin); The Tea House anchors the Petit Pond garden section; Lotus with Wiggle Waggle water path in background; "The Wave," with spring tulips. See more at bedrockgardens.org.

Possessing a wheelbarrow and a driving vision for a garden, Jill, the self-designated problem-maker, took advantage of Bob's Putney training on tractor and chainsaw (and bought him a golf cart for his birthday so he could venture further on wheels). Bob, upon whom Jill depends to solve the problems she creates for him, cut and hauled brush as in his youth, Jill teasing him all the while that he had married his father. Taking their lead from the land itself, together they uncovered, defined, and delineated its shape and geometry, opening trails and vistas, and creating what would become a ¼-mile route. They built fountains, labyrinths, waterfalls, totem poles, a teahouse, a pergola, a winding (manmade) river, and a pond, all of which which prompted new paths, axes, and alignments. Jill built a welding shop in an old carriage shed (which includes a three-hole outhouse) and began to create sculpture from discarded farm equipment. They introduced new flora (now numbering over 1,000 different plant species). Rare plantings, topiary, and other various features and installations are interspersed with hundreds of Jill's fanciful, quirky, playful, welded steel sculptures. Key to the experience of Bedrock Gardens is what Jill calls "the journey," the integration and connection of features and vistas (or what Bob calls "rooms") as one moves through the landscape. The garden is playfully unpredictable, improvised, inductive, intuitive, responsive, and discovered—it's free verse, formal poetry.

Bedrock Gardens continues to grow and change, through the wider participation of the community. First opened to the public in 1997 (initially to exhibit Jill's art, with tours of the garden thrown in as an added attraction), the 2017 season brought in 5,000 visitors, mostly from New England but from as far as England, California, and Arizona. As Jill and Bob began to broadly envision Bedrock Gardens as a destination for artists, gardeners, botanists, and tourists,



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they began to think about the future. They formed the Friends of Bedrock Gardens, a 503(c)(3) not-for-profit, hired an executive director, established a governing board, and began formulating master and strategic plans. A busy seasonal calendar (April–October) has offered private tours, house parties, an International Sculpture Day celebration, events for local artists, art tours, children's programming, poetry readings, a sculpture camp, a shoe show, nature classes, and the Fairy and Hobbit House Festival (featuring the Gnome Depot). School children create artwork in the gardens around a particular theme. The impact that Jill and Bob have had on artists, on the community, and on the land, developed through improvisation, happenstance, and inspiration, has been immeasurable.

Difficult as it is to imagine, Bob and Jill have active lives outside of Bedrock Gardens. Yet together, every winter, they venture to explore new landscapes as far afield as Bali, New Zealand and South Africa, returning to New Hampshire by April so Jill can make problems that Bob can solve.

ON THE HILL



LETTER FROM THE HEAD OF SCHOOL

I often am asked “What makes Putney different?” It’s a perfectly sensible question, but one without an easy answer. There is no “elevator speech” for Putney, and its impact is both powerful and hard to describe. I have come to the conclusion, after observing hundreds of students and talking with hundreds of graduates, that the sauce is special because of the unusual combination of ingredients.

It is the healthy marriage of creativity and groundedness, the tension between freedom and responsibility, the insistence on individuality captured within community. It is a delight each fall to see the arrival of a new collection of kids who have made the decision to take this path. They arrive at Putney one by one, from literally all over the world (and from down the road). Some of them have always had a voice in their lives and their education, and some came because they have wanted to have one. Some of them see freedom and think anything goes, and some have a learned helplessness that comes from being the victims of impersonal schooling systems. One of the first things new students learn is what is and is not negotiable here, and even more important, how to negotiate. Some delight in the freedom and responsibility, and others actually realize how much easier it was when a parent or teacher was making sure things happened. This generation of students is quite careful, but that gives us the chance to see how far we can go with student government and self-regulation. Some of the rules and restrictions that were needed when kids were less responsible can be relaxed, and the idealism of the students can carry the community quite far. They are making progress, as Mrs. Hinton said, “along the long slow road toward achieving a civilization worthy of the name,” and are very aware of setting themselves deliberately at odds with the prevailing culture in the US at the moment.

All the best to all of you,

EMILY JONES

Head of School

“I have come to the conclusion, after observing hundreds of students and talking with hundreds of graduates, that the sauce is special because of the unusual combination of ingredients.”



ART/ ACTIVISM/ IMPACT

Art has the power to change the world. This summer, six students participated in the Summer Arts’ inaugural Arts/Activism/Impact three-week workshop to hone their social-disruption and art-creating skills. The talented high schoolers explored historical examples of art for social change, met with visiting activist artists, and created zines about and participated in a street theater workshop. Instructor Laura Sheinkopf, together with Putney alum Miyé Lampriere ’17, guided the students to not only learn and create, but to shape the workshop itself with their questions and their interests.

Janelle Walker, 15, wrote poetry and said she came “not only to work on activism, but on my art that I’m passionate about ... I feel I need to be an activist. If not, what am I doing with my life?” In total, more than 200 students participated in this year’s summer programs, studying everything from songwriting to engineering and design, while 40 lifelong-learning adults made extra time for their craft during the Adult Arts Week in August.



Requiem

Preparing for the Verdi *Requiem* took up a substantial part of our year. Putney's madrigals group rehearsed with Cailin Marcel Manson three hours each week for about five months. We started in January, performed in May, and I graduated in June. I was singing next to Putney alumni, something I would become shortly. We created a piece of community that would only exist there and then. To sing in celebration with people connected to Putney in many different ways was a joyous and emotional occasion. We each took away something different from sharing the moment born of effort, skill, and careful attention to collaboration. Something reverberated in the air with the sonorous soloists, orchestra, and choir. With the vibrato and power the *Requiem* produced, the impact of art and music resonated and connected each of us to the other under Cailin's conducting. —*Acadia Barrengos '18*

“ There were an infinite number of magic moments in those performances. I remember standing so close on the riser to...Acadia from Putney that, in some entrances, we breathed as one. [At performance in Northfield, MA], I had family in the crowd, and heard from them how moving it was, and what a positive message on how to live and forgive.

—*Jane Uptegrove '71, Philadelphia*



MASTER PLAN

Putney is a work in progress. That's what I've realized during my time on the master plan committee, a group of about ten people—both students and faculty—who are devoted to updating the existing master plan by the end of the year. During our spring meeting, one of the many things we discussed was possible relocation sites for the two greenhouses next to New Boys, which will be moved in order to make room for a new dorm. The group is also exploring where another solar array, approximately the same size as the nearly four-acre site at Lower Farm, could be located. The work of the committee is like other parts of Putney to me—it emphasizes a more long-term view, one that requires continuous planning and problem solving in order to keep pushing us in the direction that we want to go. —*Cam Anderson '19*

EMAIL EAVESDROP

Excerpts from Community Comments, the email listserv for Putney students and faculty to share (arguably) non-essential information.

If anyone has seen a large white leather couch please contact me.

The whole community is invited to a clothing swap on Wednesday afternoon. Please, no underwear or socks! Popsicles for all participants.

Whitewater rafting next Sunday, Sept. 16!

Cake in faculty room. Please remove via eating.

To the student who came upon my misplaced wallet and gave it to Abelardo, I truly appreciate your honorable nature. Please come and say hello when you get a chance so I can thank you personally.

Did your band play at a wedding in Acworth this past weekend? If so, a neighbor of the venue wants to hire you.

The robot group project is looking for a top hat.

Looking for people willing to have a short conversation about homelessness

Meet...

NEW FACES

TODD DOWLING

Chem and Microbiology, Molecular Biology and Genetics
 Dorm: Keep
 Afternoons: Girls' Soccer Coach

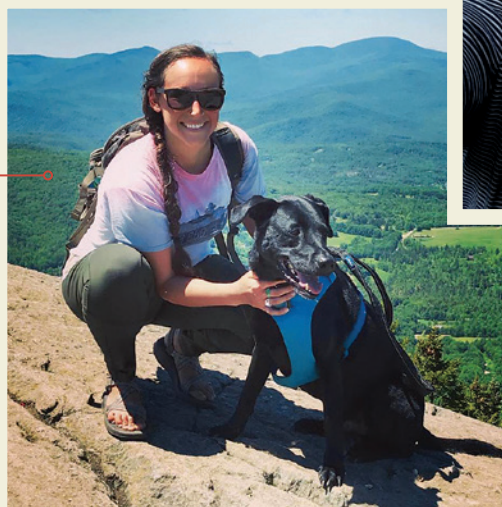
What do you do when you're not teaching? Winter—back-country skiing. Spring—I bird in earnest and eagerly await the arrival of the spring migration of songbirds. Summer—leading wilderness trips and road-tripping to ride my road bike in new places. Fall—I mountain bike until the snow starts to fall. By the end of a good year, I have seen new birds, ridden in new states, and skied new slides. **Design your dream Project Week.** Reupholster my grandfather's chair. I have this great chair from my great-grandfather that has a hideous stain because of his hair pomade. This is a skill outside what I know to do—so I'd love to gain a skill and leave with a chair that looks good for many more decades. **What was one of your most profound learning experiences?** On the side of Mount Katahdin, I was a trip leader balancing the goals of the group, the limitations of an individual, the itinerary for the day, and the wishes of my co-leader. At the time, I valued the itinerary too much, at the expense of the individual. I often reflect back on this experience and think about how I overemphasized reaching the summit and how group dynamics, having fun, and everyone ending a journey feeling proud is vastly more important than reaching the summit.



GABY SALAZAR

American Studies, Media Studies
 Dorm: Old Girls
 Afternoons: Fitness Conditioning
 Evening Arts: Creative Writing

What do you do when you're not teaching? Hiking with my dog, Jude, going to see live music, cooking up something tasty, or reading. **What's your dream Long Fall?** A female/gender minority backpacking trip—I think that often women or young girls aren't encouraged to be adventurous in the outdoors in the same way that boys or men are, and a trip like this could be fun and empowering. **What was one of your most profound learning experiences?** I was pulling an all-nighter in the art studio for a critique that next morning, working on a sculpture made of books, on which I was painting a landscape. I was exhausted and not paying attention, and knocked over some paint, essentially ruining the work I had done. After a brief emotional breakdown, I picked up a paint brush and began furiously painting—finding a way to make my mistake work. The piece was far more interesting with my mistake than it would have been without. I learned to be more flexible, and that mistakes sometimes lead us to great moments of satisfaction and creativity if we allow ourselves to see other possibilities.



SARA DUNBAR

Health Services Coordinator
 Secret Talent: Speaks Swedish

What were you doing before you came to Putney? I worked as a school nurse at Leland and Gray Union Middle and High School. Before that I was the head athletic trainer and a nurse at Vermont Academy. **What was one of your most profound learning experiences?** Living in Sweden—I learned first hand what it is like to try to navigate in another country when you don't know the language. It taught me a lot about the US and what we "export" from our culture. **Do you have a new Putney habit?** Not yet! Although I'd like to get to the barn everyday. I love being around the animals.



VADA MOSSAVAT

Director of Communications and Marketing
 Secret Talent: Making authentic Belgian waffles

What were you doing before you came to Putney? I spent three years staying at home with my son and working part-time as an editor. Before that, I was herding creative geniuses at a Persian-language satirical news show. **Do you have a new Putney habit?** My boy and I go to the barn everyday. He loves feeding the calves and watching the students work. He's recently picked up a shovel and is figuring out how to clean the gutters. **What was one of your most profound learning experiences?** In my twenties, I did aid work in Kosovo assessing damage in scores of mountain villages and deciding how to distribute not-enough shelter goods to people who desperately needed them. I worked with Dutch KFOR, using military trucks to deliver tents and goods to the places I chose. There was this one town I thought was run really well, so we met that town's needs one hundred percent, providing shelter for every family. I'll never forget seeing the townsmen stealing tents from the back of the army trucks. They didn't know they were the one town that was going to get enough. I learned how messy doing good work can be, for everyone involved.

Emily Rosenblatt '10, with
the bundles of fur that are
her life and livelihood.

ALUMNI CONNECTIONS

ALUMNI BOOKS

His Hundred Years

Jane Mushabac
(pen name Shalach Manot),
Putney Work Camp
Albion-Andal Books, 2016
Winner of a Leapfrog Press international fiction contest while still in manuscript, *His Hundred Years* is a novel about a Turkish Jew, an everyman, a peddler, in the fast-deteriorating Ottoman Empire and in New York. Elisabeth Gitter, author of *The Imprisoned Guest*, calls it “A graceful, witty, and bittersweet story... Shalach Manot both recreates the world of Turkish Jewry and makes an original and compelling contribution to American immigrant literature.”

Rethinking Prehistoric Central Asia: Shepherds, Farmers, and Nomads

Claudia Chang '70
Routledge Press, 2017
The peoples of Inner Asia in the second half of the first millennium BC have long been considered to be nomads, engaging in warfare and conflict. This book presents findings of new archaeological research in southeastern Kazakhstan, and analyzes them to present important conclusions about Inner Asian society in this period, with details from the material record proving that the ancient folk cultivated wheat, barley, and the two millets, and also husbanded sheep, goats, cattle, and horses. The picture presented is of societies that were more complex than heretofore understood. The book also includes material on the impact of the first opening

of the Silk Route by the Han emperors of China.

Microbia: A Journey Into the Unseen World Around You

Eugenia Giobbi Bone '78
Rodale, 2018
The bacteria that comprise our microbiome, soil, even the atmosphere, are so numerous and diverse that sometimes it seems to require an advanced degree in biology to understand how they impact us. Eugenia Bone, author of *Mycophilia*, took this one step further. She returned to college in middle age to help make sense of this essential and fascinating aspect of life. Her journey would ultimately reveal a surprising truth: microbes connect all living things. Set against a backdrop of Bone's misadventures in academia, *Microbia* explores what microbes are and how they live, walks you through this incredible garden of the unseen, and helps you realize that we share everything. Bone has created a highly accessible primer to understanding the entwined worlds of microbes and the rest of life on planet Earth. *Microbia* clarifies the new science in this rapidly evolving field in a way that entertains and enlightens.

Our Tragic Flaw

Parke Burgess '83
Parke Burgess, 2018
For the first time in history, a single species has acquired the means to destroy itself and all other living things on the planet. This species seems perversely bent upon its own destruction. This species,

of course, is us. *Our Tragic Flaw* locates the root cause of our collective perversity in the “logic of violence.” Embedded in our biology, psychology, and culture, this logic is the tragic flaw that threatens humankind. But Burgess does not accept that this flaw inevitably dooms us to self-destruction. The logic of violence can, in fact, be transcended through a conscious and intentional process of deepening self-awareness, and a corresponding process of sharing power and increasing collaboration in our social relations.

Talking Mort Walker

Jason Whiton '83,
Amazon Digital Services, 2018
Besides syndicating nine comic strips, including *Beetle Bailey* and *Hi and Lois*, Mort Walker devoted his life to creating, collecting, curating, and chatting about his one true love—the funnies! *Talking Mort Walker: A Life in Comics* takes readers on a journey for the first time through Walker's career between 1935–2018, where rare interviews, articles, letters, unpublished photographs, and drawings reveal insights about the child prodigy who grew up to become the dean of American cartooning. It is a touchstone for comic scholars, fans, and budding cartoonists.

Sugar Run

Mesha Maren '03
Algonquin Books, 2018
In 1989, Jodi McCarty is 17 years old when she's sentenced to life in prison for manslaughter. She's released 18 years later and finds

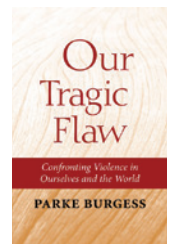
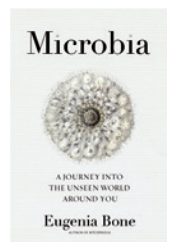
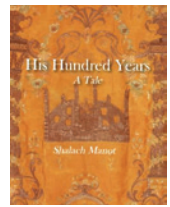


Have you written a book?
Let us know by contacting
alumni@putneyschool.org

herself at a Greyhound bus stop, reeling from the shock of unexpected freedom. Not yet able to return to her lost home in the Appalachian mountains, she goes searching for someone she left behind, but on the way, she meets and falls in love with Miranda, a troubled young mother. Together, they try to make a fresh start, but is that even possible in a town that refuses to change? *Sugar Run* is a searing and gritty debut about making a run for another life. National Book Awards finalist Lauren Groff calls the novel “a shining debut, with a heady admixture of explosive plot and taut, burnished prose. This is a book that loves its wounded characters and troubled places, and in so deeply loving, it finds a terrible truth and beauty where other writers wouldn't have found the courage to look... Mesha Maren writes like a force of nature.”

Convergence

Julia Richardson '07
onestar press, 2018
Through poetry, meditative writing, photography, and installation art, *Convergence* explores mental constructs underpinning religious separatism and beautiful yet problematic phenomena of memory. To what extent does our personal, historic context obscure us from seeing the present moment in its entirety? *Convergence* began in 2014 as a mixed-media project after the author's first trip to Jerusalem, and culminated in the creation of this book.



'39



'48



To the alumni, spouses, partners, kids (and pups!) who joined us for reunion 2018, thank you for the joy you brought to campus, for your thoughtful engagement with our alumni discussion groups, and for the connections you made with each other across many generations. It's always our treat to have you here, and we hope to see you soon, and down the road at your next reunion!

REUNION CLASSES

Class of 1939 Henry Chandler '39 at the reunion Pioneers dinner with Head of School Emily Jones / **Class of 1948** David Lattimore, Geoffrey Brown, Seth Wakeman / **Classes of 1953 and 1954** Abijah Reed, Carly Rogers, Dick Evans / **Class of 1958** Front row: Perry Prince, Daphne Harwood, Susan Hambleton, Al Collins Back row: Joanna Miles, Meridee Noyes Brust, Dusty Smith, Betsy Dane, Sophia White Sutherland, Grania Gurievitch Brolin / **Class of 1968** Front Row: MarthaLeah Chaiken, Emily Thomas, Gail Reed Prager, Marney Lindsay Morrison, Joyce Goodlatte Back row: Olivia Stokes Dreier, Dan Martin, David Munford, Murray Thomas Ngoima, Rachel Field, Tim Merton, Jonathan Hillyer, Jonathan Kaunitz, Ethan Parke / **Classes of 1972, 1973, and 1974** Front row: Katherine Lee, Leni Moore, David Moore, Kathy Bernstein, Tako Raynolds, Carol Rosen, Patti Cohen Middle row: Cindy Crowner, BA McLean Baker, Richard Baker, Becky Borden Bunnell, Betsy Smith Eisenmann, Emily Van Evera, Liz Stevens, Geordie Heller, Sam Dashevsky Back row: Mark Connors, Evan Schwartz, Bob Fitterman, James Thompson, Paula Roderick, Doug Bunnell, Debbie Smith Ameele, Jim Rosen, Nicole Fauteux, Tim Dwight, Sarah Spurr, Charlie Young, Sverre Caldwell, Jackson Gillman / **Class of 1993** Joy Woodward and Nat Williams Taylor / **Classes of 2002, 2003, and 2004** Front row: Oakley Olson, Katie Earle, Gina Engst (with baby Ceiba Engst-Jarque), Rodri Fernández Jarque, Tory Voight Middle row: Oge Erike, Amara Clark, Elanor Brummer, Rachel Judge, Leyla Nuritova, Yarrow Jones, Emilyn Green, Emily Kauffman, Leah McGowan, Claudia Peknik Back row: Rae Winkelstein, Uğur Güney, Anna Bugey, Seth Quarrier, Greer Gherken, David Row, Abby Young, Nate Dudenhoeffer, Hillary Dudenhoeffer, Katie Norris Wells, Daniel García-Galili, Madeline Veitch, Matt Bachler, Annalee Harris

'68



'72-74



'53-54



'58



'93



'02-04



CLASS NOTES

30s *Agent & Secretary: Needed*

40 *Agent & Secretary: Needed*

41 *Agent: Needed*
Secretary: Phyllis Winkelstein Reicher, 315-446-0596

42 *Agent & Secretary: Needed*

43 *Agent & Secretary: Needed*

44 *Agent & Secretary: Needed*

Sarah Symington Henderson (410-268-0830): My 93rd birthday was in July. I am still upright, walking, talking, and enjoying life in my CCRC coop (finishing school), which looks out over Chesapeake Bay. Deaf as a post, but eyes still good for birding, which is something I got into at Putney.

45 *Agent: Needed*
Secretary: Bill Wasserman 978-356-9113, wassyw@verizon.net
Bill Wasserman (wassyw@verizon.net): Here is what I asked classmates to write about: "Tell us what has given you joy or heartbreak, what has made you laugh or cry, and by all means, give us a taste of the wisdom you have, or have not, accumulated over these more than 90 years." My answer to joy is certainly my kids, now mature human beings, often my wife, and a very happy 91st birthday party in early August this year. What has given me heartbreak is the decline of our democracy under Trump and the threat to those values we have traditionally held dear. But perhaps the greatest heartbreak comes from the polls which say that the Trump supporters were in large part racists. Not the underclass which we can credit with reason to be change-minded, but middle-income citizens with a

political viewpoint dominated by their racism. Winning the House elections this year, or even the presidency in 2020, won't change those mindsets. I got a laugh this week when I found that the development director of United World College in New Mexico, an institution with which I have a small, nascent relationship, is none other than the former director of development at The Putney School. Earlier this year, I wrote for my college 70th reunion, "It is really astounding to compare the bubbling optimism with which we emerged in the late forties or early fifties with the realities of today." I don't have a clue about where the world is going, so I just do the same old stuff. I am saddled with continued hope. So I have been politically active with a fundraiser for Elizabeth Warren in June and another one for Josh Zakim for MA secretary of state last week. My skiing days may be over, although I plan to give XC a try with **John Caldwell '46** this winter. Unfortunately, **Clare Brett Smith's** resuscitation of doctors plays a familiar tune. I called **Lee Young**. He explained when I reached him by phone that he would leave most of the talking to his wife, Jane, since he had had recent illness. The result was a pretty good interview: they both were on the phone. Lee recently had an aneurysm with complications, but Jane, who is proving to be a good nurse, said that he has responded to treatment well beyond expectations. Jane and Lee used to live in Lincoln, MA, where Lee was a physicist. They moved, nine years ago, to Mills River, NC. They have three sons. Charles lives nearby in North Carolina and works for General Electric managing airline data. Another son, Robert, lives in Boston, where he has a thriving business dealing with masonry and landscaping. The third son is in Washington, DC, and works for the Federal Aeronautics Administration. Apparently, agrees Jane, the three sons inherited Lee's talent for the mathematical side of things. **Whitney Hartshorne** is alive and well, or at least that is my analysis from

a phone call. He and his wife, Rosmarie, continue to live in Brandon, VT. "We go to a lot of musical events in the summer," he said, and explained that nearby is the Point CounterPoint music school, which has both student and faculty recitals. Whitney also reported a pleasant visit from Brian Cohen, long-time art teacher at Putney who now combines development work with his teaching. Whitney said that as a regular Democrat he took a departure recently when he voted for GOP Governor Phil Scott in the primary. "Scott stood up to the gun lobby and with his leadership some good legislation was passed by the Vermont legislature," said Whitney. Whitney also expressed concern for the new placement of solar panels in Brandon. "I support solar power, but the aesthetics in Brandon are threatened by the current placement of the panels," explained Whitney. ¶ **Marshall Woodbridge Barron** (marshallwbarron@yahoo.com): This is my wisdom, recently acquired. Try to accept that you are no longer 18 (as you are in your dreams). Remember, the spirit may be willing, but the flesh may be weak. Have the humility to be the one to pick up the phone, or email friends. They may love you dearly, but they have busy lives, and you are not on top of the list. Don't even try to be a caregiver. Get professional help to take care of the person you love. If you try to do the job, you will be consumed in body and soul. Rejoice in beauty, the colors of dawn, the blooming of flowers, the great music coming from your iPad, since you may no longer be able to play. I now live alone, enjoying my quiet space, looking through old papers and trying to throw most of them out. I look forward to coaching my two great ensembles (called "Never-Too-Late") in the fall. I am blessed with four loving children, who keep in touch, and some dear friends (whom I must call!). I must say that Putney transformed my life, and helped me to become the person I really was. ¶ **John Feer** (john.b.feer@bluewin.ch): My news is on the



Lucy Washburn Putnam '45

light side. We have downsized our living space to make living easier; we have concentrated our 7.5-room house into two rooms. I am battling with my health problems. My spirit is strong, but my heart is weak. The will is there, but the structure is not bearing up. I write a lot of by-gone days, anything that comes along, everything in German. It's a valve for letting off steam. Subjects like fake news, USA, nature and theory, summers 1943 and 1944. I'll send them to you if you want to brush up your German. We live in Winterthur, Switzerland, a city of 120,000. It used to be an insurance center but they were bought out by foreigners. Winterthur is known for its culture, art museum, and technical university. ¶ **Fred Hegemann** (802-387-5466): Another year since Putney School, seventy-three now. Most of us are either dead or physically encumbered. Still, still the past was good and Bill asks for info. I just returned from Europe and found changes. There seem to be more people, with people from the Middle East interspersed—a culture change? I went up the Rhine on a Viking cruise with two daughters and son-in-law. We were the last ship before low water prevented passage. Children grown, wife deceased, balance poor, only that slippery slope ahead. ¶ **Charles Pollock** (charlespollock@mypostoffice.co.uk): The epistle from Pollock. No there is not one. Jane's and my lives are now centered around the small village of Easton. We only have to venture three miles for bread, butter, meat, and vegetables, as well as a doctor. The latter appears to be ever more important—I had a colonoscopy in March. Jane paints, gets frustrated nobody

buys her pictures. I potter around the garden, at the moment a shambles due to our drought of some two months, which has just broken. Actually the strawberries, gooseberries, and currently raspberries have been good and the Black Hamburg grapes excellent. No bowls for either of us this summer, just too crook. With our nomadic and pretty active previous years, it is good to be only concerned about the conditions of the lawns, flower beds, soft fruit, and vegetables. Added to having all of one's offspring about as far away as they can be (Australia for Hamish and family, New Zealand for Hester and husband) means one is only bossed by the other half. ¶ **Joan Hersey Shimer** (jshimer@sover.net): I seem to have attained the status of "Pioneer" and am welcome at reunion weekend any year—a treat. This year, though not my own reunion year, I decided to experience a good portion of the weekend, from Friday Sing and madrigal Sing with Cailin Manson—"Green Grow the Rushes Ho"—through Saturday's square dance; I attended two dinners and a lunch, and emerged with a new appreciation for the vital community Putney has inspired in its alums. A leisurely cocktail time encouraged us to share where our lives have taken us and what we have been doing—no surprises here, only the reminder that Putney people are active in their communities, and loyally grateful to Putney. One member had traveled from England, another was 100 years young, and was given a tour of the campus in a golf cart. What did surprise me was how easy it was to talk as equals over the generations we spanned, how easily people shared. I will not miss it again—since I am fortunate to live in Putney now. [Editor's Note: Joan also wrote the following in memory of Lucy Washburn Putnam '45, who died at age 19 in 1947]: Daughter of Drs. Tracy J. Putnam, and Irmarita Putnam. Lucy attended Putney with her friend, Joan Hersey, in 1942 or 43 for part of the year. She had been sent there while her parents divorced. While at Putney, Lucy lived in the White Cottage. When Joan became ill, they both left Putney and returned to graduate from the local day school, Riverdale. Attending Vassar, Lucy jumped out of her dorm window in the spring of her freshman year and lived long enough only to regret her action. Lucy was a brilliant student, writer,

poet, editor of the school newsletter, and had many friends. It is difficult to understand her action, though it may have been prompted by the disappointment in discovering that her parents' outwardly happy marriage had been a farce for many years. She is remembered with love and admiration. ¶ **Clare Brett Smith** (clareb.smith@gmail.com): I decided to list what takes a lot of my time these days and I was amazed and not exactly pleased at what it takes to keep me in motion. I think I am fine, independent, happy and healthy, but as the list will prove, I am indebted to a cadre of specialists to keep me so: general practitioner, dentist, ophthalmologist, audiologist for my newest accessory (hearing aids), dermatologist, orthopedic doctor for my knee and hip arthritis, urologist for diverticulosis, podiatrist, physical therapist, chiropractor, and a PA at the walk-in clinic (for tick bites). One doctor I definitely don't need any more is an OB/GYN. Good grief! I probably need a secretary to the schedule all this! I'm wistfully remembering how I used to go to one family doctor for everything. ¶ **Mary Bruchholz Strauss** (510-891-8009): Who would've guessed that a bunch of us would reach 90 and 91? I'll be celebrating my September 8th birthday (90 for me) at the big climate and justice march in San Francisco. I'm using a walker most of the time these days (occasionally hiking poles) and have macular degeneration so will be giving up driving (alas) in a month. My celebration with my family was supposed to be in August at Tuolumne Meadows in Yosemite, but terrible air quality from the Ferguson fire made it impossible. We found instead a house in the redwoods in Guerneville on the Russian River, and it too was great fun, even if not those Sierra mountains I love. Life in the retirement community continues great. I'm chair of the green action committee here. At the suggestion of a friend, I've "adopted" the opponents of Nunes and Rohrabacher for the House which right now means sending contributions and may later involve phoning their constituents. Hey, folks, we have no choice but to turn the Congress blue. We are blessed with Barbara Lee as our own representative—she was the ONLY one who voted against the Iraq War—and of course we've got Kamala and Feinstein as well. Greetings to all Putneyites. I'm still relishing being at

Harvest Festival two years ago when my grandson, Julian '17, was there, even if it rained a lot on the big day itself.

46 *Agent: Needed*
Secretary: Anne Cheney Zinsser,
 860-672-6400, akka@optonline.net

47 *Agent: Needed*
Secretary: Anne Sarcka
 802-229-5266, asarcka@vmlink.net
Percy Lee Langstaff (percyleelangstaff@me.com): My kids are busy, productive, and give me some hope for the future. I live in Dickerson, MD, on the property of my kids' big and successful sheep farm. It's a leader in agricultural and animal husbandry that is on a 93,000-acre agricultural preserve. I have my own house, thanks to my son, David, and daughter, **Lee '74**. She's the farm manager and does most of the work, and teaches everyone who puts a foot on the farm what agriculture really means—planning, growing food, and land and sheep care for some 80 sheep, and she assists as needed as a midwife for each new lamb born. She loves each one and they follow her around like puppies. I have only two dogs now: Tori, who is now 14 (she and I talk about aging gracefully), and Perrier, a big, elegant boy, my puppy at age nine! Tori is the daughter of my intelligent, funny, loving, winning-everything Tacey, who is now gone. It was such fun to enter the ring with them. They have their MACH agility titles and Tacey even had a UDX in obedience. She just loved doing anything we could do together. Tori does it when she wants, and Perrier shows off his elegance—not always what I had in mind to do. They are “thinking dogs,” not just fast or high jumpers. David is head of the Aspen Institute of Leadership, my son, Max, is off writing (not sure what or where), my sister **Nan '50** is on the West Coast. She misses Putney and the East, but her kids (**Jessie Heminway '80** and **Rip Heminway '83**) are there. I have four grandchildren, all bright and accomplished. David set up a once-in-a-lifetime trip to Paris and Brittany for my birthday. David and his two wonderful sons did the Paris part with us. And then we all went on to Brittany with the family I knew when I lived in Paris, where I studied and where I lived on the Isle St. Louis with my first poodle and first child. My grandsons both speak French and were simply

wonderful. Kind, thoughtful, interested, fun, and utterly charming. And they really liked my “French family”—they have also a “little” chateau in Brittany where we went and ate mussels and crepes. With the French grandsons we laughed and laughed. Putney is for me as yesterday. And my friend Barbara Barnes '41 no longer there. I have her picture over my desk. What a leader, what a person, and what a friend. She is in my life forever. And I now am a fan of Emily! There is no stopping the time rushing past, but we have memories and I have these wonderful dogs at my side, beautiful places to savor, the sea, the growing fields, the hills and animals. I am lucky, but wonder how long. I'm still making memories and thinking of people who mattered in my life and in the world, and how to change things now—fast—before it's too late. ¶ **Gon and Holly Forbes Leon** (holigon@verizon.net): On July 22, Holly went to Emerson Hospital in Concord, MA. She was very weak, and it was found that she had an embolism in her pulmonary artery that was not permitting her to get sufficient oxygen to her blood. (You can think of this like sitting on the side of a mountain at 20,000 feet where the air is so thin you can't get enough oxygen, and you become very weak.) She was treated and has recovered sufficiently to be back home, with visiting PT and in-home assistance. It is a slow process, especially after her long affliction with chronic fatigue syndrome following a Lyme infection five years ago. She is alert, gets around with a walker, and welcomes visits. We expect her recovery will progress with the PT as she gets stronger. For myself, I am still able to function and pleased to be able to be her caretaker, but sad to see her so compromised. Our children have been great helpers, and she is very pleased to see friends living nearby who visit and entertain her. ¶ **Julie Mears Marx** (juliem88@comcast.net): Life at age 89 isn't really too bad, though I miss going on long hikes now because of arthritis, etc. I continue to enjoy living here at Spring Lake Village in Santa Rosa, CA. We have endless wellness programs (yoga, Pilates, balance classes, aerobics, even table tennis and basketball), we have lecturers on current events, the latest medical info from local docs, TED talks, art and ukulele classes, and techie instructors. There are weekly movies and frequent concerts by outstanding performers. Best

of all is continually getting to know more of the 400 residents from all walks of life living here. We were evacuated for 11 days in October because of the horrific Santa Rosa fires. I survived the green cot in a local shelter and later was able to join family in Napa, but all too soon had to evacuate from there, too. My four kids and their fantastic spouses are all doing very well, and we have frequent family get-togethers at least within California. ¶ **Anne Sarcka** (asarcka@vmlink.net): Life remains delightful in our capital village, as I call Montpelier, VT. I have spent much of this year, with the help of a young cousin, working on my mother's autobiography. She led a remarkable life. The book is called *Strong Spirit, Steadfast Heart: The Life and Times of Elizabeth Man Sarcka*. We have compiled her writing and are rounding it out with photos, letters, her poetry, art work, awards, and remembrances by others. It should be in print by this fall, just a small run of a few hundred copies for friends, family, local libraries, and such. Because the book has taken so much time, I have not done much painting in my studio in Barre. Hope to jump in again with both feet soon. Now that I no longer ski, for the past few years I have been escaping for part of the winter to warmer places—this winter I visited family and friends in Florida and North Carolina, and with family members rented a house on an island off Wilmington, NC, for a couple of weeks. Vermont is so filled with music, art, and theater at this time of the year it's hard to take it all in. My favorite play—actually a musical—thus far this season was *Fun Home*, based on Vermonter Alison Bechdel's graphic memoir. By all means see it if you get a chance! It's riveting. We enjoy the hummingbirds at the feeder on the porch; the woodpeckers are a commanding presence as well. The gardens suffered from too much heat, drought, and too little watering on my part, as well as from our urban deer who feel that the smorgasbord of flowers and veggies are being grown especially for their enjoyment. Vermont seems like a sane bubble in a mad world. Best wishes to all!

48 *Agent: Needed*
Secretary: Dorothy
 Russell Booth, julianrusty1928@
 yahoo.com, 480-821-4949
David Amram (amramdavid@aol.com):
 This year I went to Cuba for the first time in

41 years, invited to perform at their annual Havana International Jazz Plaza Festival, with over 100 incredible musicians from all over the world. The musicians from Cuba were phenomenal, and the student groups from Cuba who performed along with the master musicians were all gifted and dedicated. Of course Havana is different in 2018 than it was when I was last there in 1977, as one of four bandleaders—along with Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz, and Earl “Fatha” Hines—who went there as ambassadors of goodwill with the permission of the US State Department, when President Jimmy Carter decided to have cultural exchanges with Cuba in the same way that President Nixon did when he sent ping-pong players to China to try to find common ground. We all knew that the beauty and symbiotic relationship of Afro-Cuban music and jazz transcended politics and that both of these forms of sophisticated, complex, but always soulful music made everyone who played it, sang it, danced to it, or just listened to it feel united. Like all great music from the heart, which is built to last and tell a story, Afro-Cuban music and jazz, like Beethoven and Bach, transcend politics and bring people together. Now, in 2018, I am the only one of the four still alive, and during my week in Havana at the festival, I tried to honor their spirit of gentility, their joy of making and sharing music with others, and their gracious respectful behavior to anyone and everyone who crossed their paths. On my final day, after countless experiences of playing with and listening to musicians from all over, I was free to go to visit the tiny town of Matanzas, which I had heard about most of my life but never thought that I would get to visit. I wish all of you could have come to that! Thanks to Ken McCarthy, a great supporter of Afro-Cuban music and jazz who helped me to return to Cuba, I was invited to the school where young people in that town learn the traditional way to dance and perform vocal and drumming styles of the rumba and dance forms like the rumba and the guaguanco, which are the heart and soul of Afro-Cuban music. By a miracle, I was not only able to see the internationally renowned Los Muñequitos de Matanzas when I arrived, but was invited to jam with them out on the street for two hours in front of the school where they live, and then invited to a huge meal with members of their extended



David Amram '48 jamming with Los Muñequitos de Matanzas

family and then asked to join them in a formal concert that night. The afternoon and evening I spent with Los Muñequitos de Matanzas and all of their friends and family was one that I will remember all of my life. Being with all the artists in Havana at the jazz festival and then with Los Muñequitos de Matanzas freed me to now compose the best tribute that I could to Machito and Celia Cruz and make the final movement of *PARTNERS*, my double concerto, a musical thank-you note to all the musicians, composers, poets, dancers, authors, playwrights, and visual artists of Cuba who for the past hundred-plus years have contributed so much to our culture. The experience of returning to Cuba for the first time in 41 years to make music with artists from all over the world and feel a sense of harmony with all the people we encountered in Cuba reminded all of us who were there that music remains a gateway for all of us to celebrate our shared humanity. [Editor's Note: *There's a New York Times article ("Visa Troubles Aside, Jazz Flows Freely at a Cuban Festival," January 24, 2018) about the Havana International Jazz Plaza Festival that features David*] ¶ **Louise Truesdale Loening**, as told by Dorothy Russell Booth, class secretary: Louise would be doing a far more effective job with her own life notes than I ever can, but I'll try. As you probably know, Louise is legally blind and cannot write effectively for herself. She sent me, as secretary of '48, some of her writings regarding her life with Mother Teresa in Calcutta (now Kolkata)

as a volunteer with her Sisters of Charity. Louise has written lovingly and with great detail of the magnificent work that Mother Teresa and her Sisters of Charity do for the poorest of the poor in Calcutta. Louise told me that she worked with the Sisters of Charity for four years. She would be there, deeply involved, for eight months of each year, then return home to rest up. She describes the desperate conditions in Calcutta: "Probably a million of Calcutta's people make their homes in the streets, with begging their only source of a living. They depend on water taken directly from city pumps and, as a rule, streets and alleys are strewn with garbage and raw sewage; it is not surprising that waterborne diseases are rampant." She gives further horrific details of the misery of these people's lives. She points out that the children are the most vulnerable in all ways. Then, Louise goes on to describe the entrance of Mother Teresa into these intolerable conditions. "Into this maelstrom, in the late 1940s, went a woman who has been called both 'a living saint' and 'a saint of the gutters.' The woman (born Agnes Gonxha Bojaxhiu in 1910 in Skopje, then within the Ottoman Empire) had been inspired to become a missionary in India. She (first) joined an Irish order of nuns, the Sisters of Loreto, and then, as Sister Teresa, she embarked for Calcutta. After 20 years, she exchanged her habit for a white sari and began going barefoot among the inhabitants of the city's poorest precincts." These are quotes from Louise's article, "Save



Mel Dorr '51's dock and mooring on Cuttyhunk Island, MA

the Children, Mother Teresa's Mission in Calcutta." It was published in the 1989 *Medical and Health Annual*, (Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc). Then, in another article for the *New Oxford Review*, Volume LVI, Number 6, July–August 1989, Louise writes about her own efforts with Mother Teresa's organization. In this article, entitled, "A Day in the Life of a Volunteer at Mother Teresa's Missions to the Poor in Calcutta," she writes about her own experiences as a volunteer, working alongside the Sisters. Her descriptions of the ill and maimed children with whom she worked and played, and whom she tended are endearing, tender, loving, all the while showing the suffering of the children and the unbelievable conditions, the misery of these children's existence before they find their way to the saving graces of the Sisters of Charity's devoted work. ¶ **Harlan Flint** (harlanflint@outlook.com): I keep on keeping on, doing some writing that may lead to another book, skiing when we get snow, splitting wood, and caring for my cabin up north. ¶ **Seth Wakeman** (860-535-2501): I'm fortunate that my parents knew about Putney. I'm just sorry I didn't graduate with my classmates.

49 Agents: Harriet Stupp Rogers & Louis Sudler

Secretary: Needed

Bob Hersey (roberthersey@att.net), via his sister, Joan Hersey Shimer '45: Bob and Susan are moving back to the New York City area to live near their son, Miles, in Red Bank, northern New Jersey. Their departure from Petaluma, CA, is being honored by a joint show of their artwork at the Petaluma Art Center.

50 Agents: Joan Strong Buell, Peter Caldwell & Dick Chaffin

Secretary: Al Hudson, 413-256-6950, abhudson@anthro.umass.edu **Joan Strong**

Buell (tomjoanbuell@gmail.com): Train travel is proving the most doable now that I am the only driver, and with both of us needing wheelchairs to get through lines at the airport. We're heading for Seattle this week to see old friends. (I'll rely on people being willing to go to joanstrongbuell. blog to see what our life is like now.) Tom and Jamie's wedding in July is there, with pictures. We can hope that the manias absorbing our country will soothe, given enough determination, contributions, and time from all of us. ¶ **Hubbard Carrington Goodrich** (hub640@yahoo.com / 207-833-6172): I am still living in Harpswell, ME. My wife, Katherine, and I are doing well. We both sing in choir and walk daily. I make it to the gym three mornings a week. I keep my brain active and busy by doing research using my desktop computer. Many years ago, I started researching the potato and how it influenced the Industrial Revolution. I keep up with current events by reading and watching the news. We see our children and their families every six weeks or so. Our daughter lives in Winterport, ME, and our son in Cambridge, MA. I am happy to know Putney is still going strong. The school was a perfect fit for me all those years ago! **Lynn Vinson Stevens** (allenlynn1019@gmail.com / 207-899-1770): All is well with our family. We live in Portland, ME, and love it. Our children are in New Hampshire, Maine, and Colorado.

51 Agent: Pat Colt

Secretary: Nancy Nomland Bernhardt, 519-884-1850, bernhardt.nancy@gmail.com

Nancy Nomland Bernhardt (bernhardt.nancy@gmail.com): No great-grandchild yet for me: a great-grandpuppy, that's it for now. Two classmates I spoke with—**Binney Robertson** and her husband, Bruce, are doing well in Missoula, MT. Binney has not, for a while, had any bad pains, which is a welcome change. Family members continue to visit. For her birthday, in addition to kin of her own, Binney had some of Ted Matthes's family. Another improvement in Binney's life: this summer, although there are forest fires around, the smoke hasn't been making life chokingly

miserable. **Dave Sapir**, in addition to his own news, had news of **David Plowden**.

While David has for a few years no longer gone out, with the help of his wife, to take new pictures, he continues to plan exhibitions of some of those miles of archives of negatives, and more. Dave Sapir, among other projects, has become concerned about foreign languages, in particular, the declining number of languages currently available to students at Putney. Dave does not like the change. (We even had the option of learning Greek, if no one chose it.) As I say, Dave has other projects. Oh yes, there is another grandchild, Avery. ¶

Peter Castle (peter.castle@simmons.edu):

Greetings to all, as last calls become real:

*Doing less, something of a mess, but steal
Along, day by day, on purloined time, not
Really mine, but fun to have on loan,
faint groan.*

*Can enjoy my ghastly iPhone, but books
much more.*

*So here's waving at you from near the
far shore!*

¶ **Pat Colt** (coltpat@gmail.com): Medical news continues to be my central theme. My significant other was hit by a car on election day in 2016 (the start of a bad day). The damage was very bad: two broken legs, a severe concussion, head injuries, and a broken pelvis. I became a full-time caregiver, which worked pretty well. Then she fell two weeks ago and broke her hip. We are both bummed out by this development. On the plus side, we live in a lovely area, have great friends, and function pretty well for the most part. I continue to play competitive croquet in Florida. My children and grandchildren are well. I wish I heard from them when they did not need money. ¶ **Mel Dorr** (dorrav@aol.com): We are spending our 42nd summer on Cuttyhunk Island, a part of of the Elizabeth Islands chain starting southwest of Cape Cod. Our town of Gosnold is the smallest in Massachusetts, with a population of approximately 30 in winter and the usual exponential increase during summers. As a family, we are well. In spite of being in our 80s, Barbara and I are living well. A while back, some of you got hysterical over my remarks that man generated global warming. Today, I stand by those remarks. I wish to add that we still do not have the hard science proving humanity is a significant cause of climate

change. The international studies are rife with politics and “expert opinions.” In my view, it would best to focus on mankind’s ability to adapt to changes in climate, global heat, or cooling. We have the technology to “relocate” our great population centers, to endure extreme heat, or cold. So, if it turns out we need to move New York City, let’s be prepared to do it. In my view there is little we can do about changing the climate, or climate changes, but much we can do to adapt. I am still flying airplanes and running boats. In February, I won our annual precision landing contest against 16 young hotshots. Glad to hear further commentary, or visit us on Cuttyhunk. ¶ **Meg Burgwyn Maser**: I’m living in a retirement home in New York City, near my daughter, Page. We enjoy chamber music concerts and go to hear Juilliard musicians. I also have a son who is teaching high school in Fort Collins, CO. Reach me c/o Atria Senior Living, Apt. 404, 333 W. 86th St. New York, NY 10024. ¶ **Bob Platt** (415-459-7468): I’m in San Rafael, CA. Bobil and I go hiking often at China Camp and enjoy tennis still. Our last trip was to Croatia with Road Scholar. Our son, Steig, is an engineer at IBM in San Jose, and daughter Kirsten is a high school teacher in Portland, ME, where she recently got an award as best teacher. Many of her students are immigrants. Our son, Ulbar, is a criminal attorney in Yakima, WA. We have six great grandchildren, too.

52 *Agent: Nate Chaffin*
Secretary: Justin Biddle, 919-732-7347, dorothyandjustin1@mac.com
Pat Baker (pbaker@valinet.com): They say the sixties are “go go,” seventies are “slow go,” and eighties are “no go.” That suits me fine. I am very happy where I am. I’m still splitting wood, playing duplicate bridge, dancing, and have a good circle of family and friends. I am blessed. Putney is five miles across the river and I often think of our years there. I hope your memories are as good as mine. Best wishes to you all ¶ **Justin Biddle** (dorothyandjustin1@me.com): Dorothy and I are reasonably well and still doing some tour-traveling as well as gathering frequent flyer miles between North Carolina and California to watch grandchildren grow up. We deal with adults now, one in grad school and the next-in-line starting college. Number three is in 11th grade and towers over me

by seven inches—his other grandfather’s genes. Numbers four and five (in sixth and fifth grades) will also tower over me eventually—same other grandfather. I’m thinking about checking my genes for Hobbit blood. Which segues into books: Siddhartha Mukherjee’s *The Gene* is a fascinating description of what makes us who we are. On a more topical note, Jon Meacham’s *The Soul of America* is an antidote for blues associated with contemplation of current politics. As he points out, we’ve been there before and have somehow survived. Along that line of thought, Gordon Wood (a favorite author) wrote about the founders in *Revolutionary Characters*. He talks about how many of their ideas came from Scottish thinkers. As way leads onto way, shortly after finishing Wood, I came across *How the Scots Invented the Modern World*, by Arthur Herman. Great fun and it reminded me of a puzzle in the summer of ’52 while working at Hans Holstein’s camp in Cape Breton. I discovered that the local populace was half French-origin and half Scottish, half protestant and half Roman Catholic and that the Scots were the latter. Finally, on a totally different note, John LeCarré has written two books in the last year: *A Legacy of Spies* and a sort of memoir, *The Pigeon Tunnel*. *Legacy* covers the messy leftovers from *A Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, while the memoir touches on many though not all of his books—in one case, *Smiley’s People*, probably the top of his game. I got out my copy and re-read it—a really good airplane book. ¶ **Ebb Borregaard** (eborregaard@hotmail.com): I’m still breathing and intend to launch a Pearson Ariel upgrade December early next year, my 85th. My memories are all of young people, (some totally forgotten like long long gone Tom Price), now all ancient and, like myself, unrecognizable in the mirror. A few “fans” have discovered a forgotten poet from the ’50s/’60s San Francisco Renaissance, still kicking in Sonoma, CA. It’s enough removed in time for me to be strangely pleased. *Little Gull*, my floating retirement cabin, is nearly done; I’ll see you out there somewhere in the Pacific, 2019. Putney had a hard time straightening out this troubled jerk 70 years ago. I have some fond memories. And some troubled. Still, here we are—that’s amazing! Sorry, no gatherings at the school. Ebb don’t fly. Best to all! ¶ **Tim Hersey** (timhersey@



Kit Lukas '52 working on a film about Pete Seeger

yahoo.com), via his sister, Joan Hersey Shimer '45: My brother is in a small, friendly senior care facility near Sacramento, CA, having suffered a stroke and prostate cancer. Though needing assistance for every move, he remains cheerful—a tribute to his always calm outlook on life. ¶ **Kit Lukas** (lukandluk@verizon.net): The best news is that my film on Pete Seeger is finished and will be offered (in January) to public TV stations all over the country, by satellite, with the hope they’ll air it around May 3, 2019, which is the 100th anniversary of Pete’s birth. Anyone who wishes to phone or email a local PBS station in early January, please do so: urge them to air the film. It’s gone through many iterations and is a labor of love. Another film, about a window washer-cum-photographer-cum-model railroad fan is also done and will be offered up. My health is relatively good; I still live in the country; I still hate Trump. ¶ **Lisa Dodd Nicholson** (nicholsonlisa75@gmail.com): I’ve had some good travel adventures (Machu Picchu, Galapagos archipelago, Washington, DC, Hampton, VA, Switzerland) but since March my feathers have been clipped as I cope with a case of shingles, which affects my vision as well as my “horsepower.” I now content myself with rejoicing in the exploits of my scattered grandchildren, four of whom are Putney graduates, who are doing all sorts of interesting things. I feel saddened by the death of my beloved friend Sue McIntosh Lloyd, but grateful for that longtime friendship. All good wishes to my octogenarian classmates, and to the school that nurtured us so well. Long may it flourish! ¶ **Ruth Harrison Venable** via Henry Harrison '55: Henry (“Hunty”) Ruth’s younger brother, says that she gets

and enjoys the *Post*. She is well and has recently moved into an assisted living facility that is quite new and she seems very content. The address is 4251 Sharon Drive #211, Lexington, KY 40515, for classmates and other Putney people who would like to write to her. While she no longer drives, a friend drives her around. Henry, who lives in Montana, visits with her a couple of times a year, and phones regularly. ¶ **Clare Hayden White** (*cwbear1@gmail.com*): Steve and I have pretty much given up traveling, beaten by the neverending struggles with the airlines. We are on the waitlist for assisted living in Brunswick, ME, the big draw being Bowdoin College, where we can attend classes and special events. This move shortens the drive to our summer home by three hours, which is a good thing because either my driving skills are failing or the turnpikes have become insanely crazy. The deaths of Sue McIntosh Lloyd, my Putney roommate for three years and lifelong friend, and that of Gus Trowbridge, who introduced me to my husband while we were all at Brown University, hit me very hard. The simple burial service for Gus last summer was lovely. He was laid to rest in an oak-shaded spot in a serene old graveyard on the banks of the Taunton River where he and Marty had canoed. Many Putneyites were in attendance, so the singing sounded just about as it did all those years ago in the KDU. I had a remarkable experience this summer. We rented a house in Nova Scotia and when I walked into our bedroom there was a Putney diploma hanging on the wall! It turned out that **Ingrid Olson Stocking '53** was the mother of our landlord. We are both still upright and grateful to be so.

53 *Agent: Needed*
Secretary: Abijah Reed,
802-387-2803, *abijahreed491@gmail.com*

54 *Agent & Secretary: Needed*
John Carpenter (*john_randell@comcast.net*): I missed the Putney reunion, though dearly would have liked to come. I have fantasies of visiting Putney, seeing the old places, maybe sleeping out on Putney Mountain. But these are just fantasies, I'm afraid. My wife, Bogdana, and I traveled a lot when we were younger, but now we haven't traveled in a long time. Health reasons of course. We still own our

apartment in Warsaw but have scheduled a visit there, this next September, to sell it. We are weaker and have our hands full visiting children and grandchildren (in DC and in Victoria, BC). Thank goodness we still manage to live in Ann Arbor, a place the greater family members love to visit and see their parents and refresh memories. I still remember Putney very fondly. After Putney I went on to Harvard as an undergrad but to this day I think Ray Goodlatte, Jeff Campbell, Tom Wendell, Charlie Brickley, and Norwood, of course, were excellent teachers, each inspiring in his way, as good as if not better than counterparts at Harvard. I can still remember Ives with his banjo. John Myers with guitar. Even more, the rounds continue to enter my memory in stray moments. There are many many others! To be, once again, at that marvelous age! ¶ **Jock Glidden** (*jockglidden@gmail.com*): In my idle retirement I work as a hospice volunteer. I've done it for 13 years and I'm getting pretty adept at it. My job is to get my patients to talk about the best parts of their past so that at least once a week they get their minds off their chronic, terminal illness. Sometimes they have a bad day and I'm also having one so we agree to call it off. But if it's a good day I come on my bicycle; that's always an ice breaker. Mormons are my favorite because they believe they'll meet up with their best wife in the next life. It's easy to coax them on from there. One guy was diagnosed with throat cancer; every half hour he had to take a smoke break outside, under spousal orders. It's been a good exercise for me, too, since one gets a chance to piece together a stranger's life and set your own self aside for a while.

55 *Agent: Needed*
Secretary: Henry Harrison,
231-499-4189, *henry@hhh3.net* ¶ **Henry Harrison** (*henry@hhh3.net / 231-499-4189*): Another year and another opportunity to make contact with, and share news about, our classmates. Many thanks to all who have contributed and good wishes to everyone. The Harrison family is not much changed from last year, except for the turning of calendar pages. My wife, Mogie, after quite a few years of being an invalid with no definition of the causes, has found that she has lymphoma. She is just about to complete her sixth round of

treatments and then some tests to see what the results have been. Her spirits are good, all things considered, and she has been very strong throughout. Obviously, I continue to be resident caregiver, and am not minding it. Actually, I realize that it has added some new meaning to my life. I am in quite good health (for which I am very grateful) and I have continued "messing with my mules" this summer, but not with as much energy and enthusiasm as recent years. We have done several parades and group drives. I will take two mules to Pendleton, OR, to drive one of the antique wagons in their Pendleton Round-Up parade, as I did last year. (That was when I had the great pleasure of going over to Portland to have nice visits with Julie Powers and Lou Loeb.) I will continue to take short trips (which my wife willingly allows me on occasion). My most recent trip was in mid-July this year when I drove down to Colorado to attend a draft horse and equipment auction. Again, I spent a wonderful evening and dinner with **Terry Van Rijn**, and a good phone chat with **Avery Russell**. (More from them below.) I have been able to catch up with **Steve Hinton** by phone. Steve reports all is well and he has been involved in some family genealogy searches this past year. Part of that took him to the island of St. Kitts. At the time of our phone conversation, he and Carol were being visited by some cousins from Mexico. My attempts to reach **Connie Gray** uncovered that she is no longer at her long-term residence in Watertown, MA, but is up in Vermont with family and making arrangements to secure a new dwelling place in Vermont. Great that she is up there with family. Best wishes to all and please write me at any time if you have news, questions, or just short greetings. I enjoy being your self-appointed "class scribe." ¶ **Peter Bernstein** (*pbernstein@pegpr.com*): On weekdays I take the Metro train into downtown Washington where I ghost op-eds for the same public relations firm that I have been with for the past 30 years. I actually enjoy the work. Sometimes I skip lunch and walk through the city. Washington has become a more interesting place, especially on Capitol Hill, where our son and his wife live. If you can, ignore Trump. A few independent bookstores have opened and the Washington Nationals are climbing in the standings, a sure

sign that things are getting better. ¶ **Pete Dennett** (*peterdennett284@gmail.com*): I'm still standing on all fours, but the joints are probably a bit stiffer than in the past. Otherwise, we are both in good health and busy with Airbnb, garden, woodpile, and grandchildren. This week we are getting a break from the heat and humidity. Nothing else wild going on at this end. ¶ **Susan Colt Doolittle** (*susydo09047@gmail.com*): I am well and still living in Keene Valley in the Adirondacks. I still see **Bill Reed '59**, who also lives here, but he and his wife are planning a move. Eighty feels old and people I love are dying. But five of my siblings are alive, ranging in age from 85 to 92. We are quite a clan. A bear has been sleeping in my backyard, even though I live right in the village and I have to put up a deer fence if I want a garden. But life is good. ¶ **John Grace** (*johngrace1937@gmail.com*): My wife, Anne, and I expect to move to Brookhaven, a delightful continuing care retirement community on the other side of Belmont Hill late next year—assuming we still meet the physical, mental, and fiscal requirements for admission. Meanwhile, we are downsizing and getting ready for the move. Anne retired from teaching voice to aspiring opera singers last year and I wove my last bedside rug (number 80!) in May. I have now given my loom and related equipment and supplies to Putney, which has a wonderful fiber arts program under the direction of **Melissa Johnson '77**. We visited Putney during project week in late May and the weaving studio was in full swing, with some students under intense personal pressure as they were weaving fabric for their graduation garments. In June, we spent a lovely evening at Katie and **Paul Buttenwieser '56**'s home in Belmont with several others including **Betsy Miller Campbell '56** and **Dottie Rose Gonson '56**. Last year, at the age of 80, I became a grandfather for the first time, welcoming Merna, the daughter of my daughter, Claire, to a wide and wonderful array of step-grandchildren and step-great-grandchildren. Finally, in case anyone is wondering about being 81 years old, think about it this way: You're not really 81—you're actually three to the fourth power! And next year, you'll be three to the fourth power plus one. Best wishes to all. ¶ **Nat Hendricks** (*hendricks.nat@gmail.com*): Greetings to all. I have

been busy working on establishing organic farms in the southern tier of New York State. I provide farmland and the farmer does the plowing, planting, and harvesting, and I might collect some dough. It's fantastic looking at land being revitalized. Best wishes to you all. ¶ **Conrad Hopman** (*bbbranca@gmx.ch*): Herewith some notes that might explain my strange behavior while in Putney. After leaving Kashmir, my parents sent me to a boarding school, École d'Humanité in Switzerland, where I learnt German, Swiss-German, and some French. Two people in the École, Sally Pomaran and John Swann, played important roles in getting me into Putney. Sally Pomaran then staged Shakespeare's *The Tempest* play. I graduated from Putney in 1955 and spent a few years hitchhiking around Europe while learning Spanish and Italian before going on to study civil engineering in the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology. I graduated in 1961 and went to work at IBM in 1962. IBM sent me to work in Libya and East Germany. If you are interested, I will send you copies of my CV. When I arrived in Putney, I had an attack of roundworms—hangovers from Kashmir. Putney nurse Sue Kerry helped me to get rid of them. That is why **Paul Buttenwieser '56** gave me a roundworm gift on graduation day. Another Kashmiri remnant was my *pukka sahib*, very Bretesh accent. Sheikh Bagh was a prep school for Harrow and Eton in the UK. It prepped students to be empire builders and rulers. So, when I went down to Pemberly house from your dining room one evening, and said “good evening” to someone in the dark, that person (Joe Garcia, ex-US marine?) replied “Little Lord Fauntleroy.” Knowing many languages and speaking with many accents can be more useful than university degrees. George Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion* play (*My Fair Lady* on Broadway) illustrates this well. Eliza Doolittle is treated like a high-class lady after she learns to talk high-class English rather than low-class cockney. ¶ **Katie Goodridge Ingram** (*kgingram@gmail.com*): Yes! There is still news. At least once a day I feel young again, able to lift a box, to throw my shoulder into the fridge which is off grid (according to the line of black and white tiles on the floor), to write a poem about fires, floods and losses, and even to have the gumption to edit the novels I have

been at work on for so many decades. There is kind of a forbidden lightness to see where things that seemed perfect as they were written can really be condensed or deleted. For over 25 years I have sought out agents who might seek out publishers for my books. Eventually, it seemed to take more time than writing. Eventually, also, I liked writing a novel more than flogging it. It seemed to indicate that the process was important and that having a literary legacy might be a superfluous illusion. I don't have the answer. There is still a yen to run my fingers over the backs of my *own* books. On the other hand, it is all I can do to make time to write the essays and poems which are of the moment and pressing on my heart. My current vital interests have to do with how the wounds accumulated in childhood and adolescence turn up like termites late in life, boring into old relationships, challenging long investments in friendships and marriage. It seems you have to be very conscious to prevent the pain delivered early from coming back to exact some kind of revenge—completely incongruent with time and place. With regard to family, three generations give me unexpected and wonderful experiences: I am crazy about my two children (now nearing the mid-century mark!), happy for Jim's granddaughters, whom I also get to have as mine, and madly in love with my new grandchildren who are entering their third and fifth years. I remember camping at Putney (at Hapgood Pond over spring break) and near Lake Havasu and the Grand Canyon, how I felt a kind of passion looking into the sky, not caring whether the stars were living or dead, only feeling intoxicated by distance, relevance, my small coldness on the ground, the mighty scope of meteors, the strange passivity of a full moon, and the infinity of the unknown, up there and down here. I don't happen to drink or smoke. I have never dared to take experimental drugs; my own capacity to be drunk on natural beauty was dangerous enough. Putney, for all of its deep and rewarding pragmatism, was a place where I felt *free* to feel the beauty of spring, of new green on the hill, or that famous snowy field at dawn, free of any footprint! I worry sometimes about children in other schools who never got to go to Mme. Oberlin's house in Putney village for a French

apple tart like no other. When I taught, I brought bread for the Day of the Dead to class in November, and fried crickets to taste with mole from Oaxaca. My students drew and sang and taught class as well. Still, I worry about what some do not have, but which we did have because of the ideals of a Putney education: pragmatism (for digging potatoes); service (in town meetings, dishwashing, painting buildings); creativity (in drama, dance, art, the literary magazine); as well as exertion, and healthy competition. I am very grateful. We live right in the middle of California drought, with echoes of this drought in other states and countries. We live in constant fear of fires, as in other parts of the world. We conserve water but drive by a new high-rise opposite a natural conservancy and wonder at the irony of *need* versus *greed*. Will the new tenants conserve water? Will their golf course have “gold” greens? Will they ever turn the television on to watch meetings at city hall? We are surrounded by material for the grand master Jonathan Swift. His Yahoos are here. Brobdingnagians and Lilliputians struggle to keep their ways and stay blind to people of different characteristics. Orwell is spinning in his grave as his portents become the daily theater of our lives because some pigs are more equal than others. Hope still springs eternal for me. I want hope to “pay off” so that we can get off this merry-go-round and have a chance for a better ride on another one. The McCarthy Era was a spectre at Putney. We were young as we witnessed it and heard the horrid voices and bizarre judgments delivered by its committees. Then there was only a faint echo. Wars have come and gone and come again. As each of those eras seemed like the end of the world, our current era also has that feel. I wish I were still teaching. I would like to learn how students mock, discuss, and appreciate what is thrown up on the screen at them these days. On the home front, my husband still has Parkinson’s. He is taking advantage of all the new approaches. He attends classes specifically for Parkinson’s disease: boxing, dancing, cycling, stretching. He starts each class feeling that all of the movements are impossible, then finds his way around them, little by little. The disease also progresses, little by little, but it has to get by the worthy opponents of

good circulation, teamwork, strength-building and balance-protection. PD has not stolen his sense of humor and he still has art projects that interest him even if they do not dominate his days as they used to. Finally, I am entering a very exciting phase: detachment. I have spent my life surrounded with things that I love because they are handmade. Some people call it “stuff.” Until now, I have felt that they were extensions of the fiber of my being. For example, before a nap, I can look up at the weaving my mother made of an Etruscan horse pulling at his reins. I am not saying that I can live without that weaving, because, as an exception, I cannot. Not yet. But for dozens of other things of ceramic, marble, brass, canvas, wool, malachite, holy wood, cinnabar, and copper, the time is here for me to find them new owners. The art that I collected for over 60 years is slowly going on sale, a piece or a portfolio at a time. And I feel happy about it. They are not what makes my heart beat or my breath draw in fast. They have been well loved, but now they are too heavy, too complicated, too *hidden* in boxes and storage to be the lifeblood they were. I can’t possibly use all the wonderful plates and hand-blown glasses, nor all of the necklaces and brooches any more than I can *see* all of the wonderful art I have acquired. People highly evolved spiritually know much more than I about not being drowned in possessions. For me, having paintings meant knowing the artist, giving him his first exhibit at my gallery, following his success. Having handmade boxes meant memories of a man dying of leukemia whose hands still bound the cold edges of marble with warm ribbons of brass. The large rug on my wall was designed by a dear friend who was later murdered protecting his own house. *Things* are also love, remembrance, and, indeed, respect for their makers. But now, I have loved and respected, housed and honored them, and I want to be unbound, light, ready for whatever is next. Things can find a new place with my family, and with others who will love them for as long as they can or wish to. It is a wonderful time of life to feel this rush, this joy, owing to the separation from possessions. More intoxication. I am so happy that such lightness can come to us at this time of life. Onward! ¶ **Phil Kopper** (*pospress@aol.*

com): Late last year I had the great pleasure to publish *Incidents in a Life*, by Mark P. Schlefer, a Putneyite several times over—teacher, board member, parent, neighbor, and more. He refused to call the book a memoir, and I hesitate to contradict my elders (there are so few of them afoot any more), so let it be categorized as a very readable anthology of reminiscence and reportage by a cogent nonagenarian. Mark married a Putney grad, Marion King Schlefer ’41, whose family had a house on West Hill, and then he went off to fight Nazis as a bombardier-navigator in World War II. When he returned home, Mrs. H offered him a job, and he taught history at the school for a year. His account of what he taught and how he taught it is highly instructive, and should be required reading for all teachers. (Sound like I’m pitching the book? Yes, you can find it on *Amazon.com*!) In due course, Mark became a Washington lawyer, and performed the signal task of initiating a dispute that led to the drafting and passage of the Freedom of Information Act, an extraordinarily important and influential law. His account is in the book too. Buy it! Royalties go to the author, widowed now and still living on West Hill Road! (End of pitch.) Otherwise, let me report: During a beach vacation with two of our sons, one wife, a long-term girlfriend, and three grandchildren, the middle-aged “young people” seemed curious to know what it means to be old—albeit limber enough to test the surf and be called “spry.” I replied that I don’t feel like checking out yet because I still have things to do. Besides, as my faculties diminish, the thresholds of happiness get lower: it takes less to please. I send good wishes to all. ¶ **Carol Jansen Knox** (*cbjknox@aol.com*): I have retired from teaching at UConn and live near my children in Waltham, MA. My tenth book of poetry, *Hear Trains*, will be published by Seattle’s Wave Books in 2019. I have been an NEA Fellow and twice a Massachusetts Cultural Council Fellow in poetry. It’s always a pleasure to read the class news. ¶ **Holly McCuaig** (*addoh@live.com*): Believe it or not, I woke up on my 80th birthday, and within an hour was in the emergency of Mount Sinai Hospital with an “elephant” on my chest! Long story short, an angioplasty and a third stent and home yesterday after five days. I feel vastly better, but

still weak due to days of no food or water to be ready for the operation, which took four days due to the same needs for many. I'm so grateful for the support of family and friends—this becomes so much clearer when times get tough. My kids are coming from Rhode Island to celebrate my delayed 80th. I am so lucky to be as well as I am and not yet a burden to family, who remain the loves of my life. I'm still passing on Putney values! ¶ **Anne Reed Prager** (*prageranne0@gmail.com*): I'm about to go on a cruise with my stepdaughter from my second marriage and her second husband. Here's where I'm going: Ft. Lauderdale, FL, Bermuda, the Azores, Southampton, Cherbourg, Brussels, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, then home via Iceland. Whew! My kids are thriving. My daughter, Amy, is in the Foreign Service. She's been posted in Mexico, Macedonia, and Latvia. She learned all those languages, and in the fall will start to learn Russian for her next posting there. I've visited her in all the places, and plan to go to Russia, too. We've decided that we will go to Morocco to get warm! My son, daughter-in-law, and granddaughter (Beatrice, aged nine) are in Boston. My son continues to work as a guard at the Museum of Fine Arts. His passion is sailboats. He makes radio-controlled ones, films them sailing, and then does portraits of them. He just told me that he is going to be in *Wooden Boat* magazine, so you must be sure to look for the article when it comes out. I went to Putney last week to visit a friend who was living temporarily in my old house. Its owners have gone to Spain, and so my friend is just using it for a month. I had breakfast with my brother, **Abijah Reed '53**, at the diner, which was lots of fun, and then my friend and I took a long walk which included places I'd never been. I now live in a truly marvelous place in Brookline run by Hebrew Senior Life. I am so lucky. There are 170 apartments all filled with people from all over the world who can still live independently. We all have kitchens, and lunch is served three times a week if you feel like it. Otherwise, if you get lonely, there are all sorts of activities available right outside your door. I lead two groups and adore doing it. ¶ **Avery Russell** (*averyrussell@msn.com*): Our house, for the time being, is completely torn up. Fred and I are in the midst of a big kitchen renovation that has

taken twice as long as it should have, and we are basically living out at our cottage where we're cooking great meals and enjoying the novelty of it. We continue to live in fear of fire, but thus far have escaped the worst. We are not "out of the woods" yet, since the fire season now lasts well into November. Hardly any rain this year—a spurt in early spring and that's pretty much it. At least we're beginning to cool off. My health issues are getting resolved one by one, leaving only a strange blood disorder caused by an excess of factor VII, something I'd never heard of until last month. ¶ **Barbara Greene Saskor** (*bsaskor@nc.rr.com*): I don't know that many remember me, as I was only at Putney for two years, having been at Hickory Ridge the year before. I spent the last two in NYC (alas!). My husband, Lud, and I moved to Pinehurst, NC, in 2002, where I continued as a horse photographer. Lud passed seven years ago. Since the cameras have changed and people can take mini videos with their new cameras I have changed to shooting real estate and continue shooting families. As my business has slowed basically to friends and friends of friends, I have started shooting landscapes and love it! I have been blessed to visit Iceland, Australia, New Zealand, and Hawaii, where I joined in with the celebration of my brother Tom Greene '52's grandson's wedding. Tom passed two-and-a-half years ago and I miss him very much. We both loved Putney! ¶ **Ursula Serkin** (per her sister, Liz Serkin): Ursula is living in a Quaker-run retirement community; I live there too, now, so I see her every day. She has many friends, plays Scrabble, is in reasonably good health, and happy. You can call her at 215-504-2356 or write to her at Apt. B18, 1384 Newtown Langhorne Rd., Newtown, PA 18940. She does not always pick up her voice mail messages right away, so don't give up. ¶ **Liz Heyneman Simmons** (*lizsimmons2525@gmail.com / 707-291-7477*): The California fires have been and still are really terrible. I feel so blessed to be safe in my neighborhood. I am mostly well, with some of the usual 80s complaints. With all the arthritis, I am full of metal joints. I had my right shoulder replaced on August 30. Before the surgery, I practiced using my left hand to do everything. I use my sense of humor when I attempt a few of my

regular chores. But I am gradually improving. I expect to have a really functional shoulder by Thanksgiving. My three daughters are all well and my five grandchildren are growing so fast I can hardly keep up with them. Thank goodness for Facebook and FaceTime. I still do some volunteering with children and enjoy stimulating conversations with three different groups of friends. These help me to maintain some mental sharpness. Sometimes I do wonder about that. I hope that you know that I welcome any calls and visits from Putney friends. ¶ **Judy Grace Stetson** (*juds@meganet.net*): This old house lost its furnace last winter and this whole region lost power in March when four northeasters swept through. Tom is in a wheelchair now, and uses an electric-powered recliner at night, so I ended up sleeping on the floor in his ground-floor bedroom. Our son-in-law had thoughtfully remodeled Tom's bedroom out of the old dining room by adding a handicapped-accessible bathroom and shower to one corner, making it look as if it had always been there. I slept on the floor on two boat cushions that were much less comfortable on a floor than they had been on a boat rocking gently in a local harbor. We got some heat (and lots of humidity) from boiling vats of water on the kitchen stove during the day, steamy heat that lasted through most of the nights. Now we have a new furnace. And on Monday we will start the somewhat overdue project of choosing a generator to prepare for next season's storms. Kids (middle-aged kids) and grandkids are doing well. Alas, they don't visit as much as they did when everyone was younger, but it's wonderful to see the grandkids growing up and venturing out on their own. Kelia is going to be a freshman at Syracuse University this fall and is already out there (from her home in Milton) for "SummerStart" classes. She loves the people, the campus, the surroundings, and the classes. I plan to give her a copy of *Braiding Sweetgrass* by Robin Wall Kimmerer when she moves into her dorm in September. It is a book by a trained botanist about her native ancestors from that area and their ancient teachings about how to live wisely in this world. Carmelita Hinton would have loved it. ¶ **John Stickler** (*jstick@ix.netcom.com*): Early in 2017 we left Berkeley, driven out by exhaust fumes

generated by the four-way stop just beyond our front door. Soma is hypersensitive to environmental pollutants and suffered chronic headaches. We moved back to Hollywood into our previous apartment building off Sunset Blvd. The setting was idyllic, set among gardens inside the compound of the SRF Hollywood Temple. This environment, however, was also toxic. Radiation counters revealed high levels of electromagnetic fields bombarding our second-story flat. Nailing aluminum screening to our bedroom walls helped somewhat, but Soma was still suffering. The rest of 2017 was spent driving back and forth to Arizona and looking at various homes. On the fifth trip we found what we were looking for near the artist colony of Tubac, between Tucson and Nogales. The two-bedroom home, built in 1989, sits on a desert bluff overlooking Peck Canyon, a tributary of the Santa Cruz River. (The first European to visit the valley was Padre Eusebio Kino in 1691.) The home needed work but, accordingly, was priced right. The air down here is pristine, radiation levels are low (but cell phones still work), and Soma's headaches are gone forever. We spend our time patching, painting, and landscaping, building equity as we go. A perfect place to retire. 775 Pachuca Court, Rio Rico, AZ 85648. ¶

Marina Stansky Vaisey (*marinavaizey@virginmedia.com*): I'm still staggering on dreadful knees, despairing of the world—major crises in the USA and such a sad crisis in the UK with nationalism, racism, and Brexit. I had terrific visit to the Santa Fe Opera, though, and on the home front was unfortunately flattered into adopting a seven-year-old feisty male cat, Milo, who bites, so I have now nicknamed him Me Too as he is a male bully. He is, alas, very beautiful. I am his fourth home and attempting to provide stability. Children and grandchildren have taken up travelling worldwide and doing all kinds of things; who knows what world awaits them. ¶

Terry Van Rijn (*evavanrijn1@gmail.com*): Life is good! These things I treasure: good friends, my family, the natural world in those places that are still natural, music, and good books—in short all those things Putney taught us to appreciate. This thing I hope: that somehow good will prevail over the destructive forces in our government. ¶

Anne Baker White (*awhitepho@gmail.com*):

Wayne and I moved from Saint Paul, MN, to Sleepy Hollow, NY, in May 2016. We now live in a two-bedroom apartment at Kendal-on-Hudson, a continuing care retirement community that will provide us with care to the end of our lives. The cost is substantial, both at buy-in and for monthly fees, but it relieves us and our children from worries about how we will live out our lives, with the uncertainties associated with aging and death, whether the process is sudden or involves a long, drawn-out disease, either mental or physical. I'm familiar with both versions, having lost my oldest son and my sister to sudden death and my daughter's husband after a long, ten-month battle with pancreatic cancer. On a brighter note, both Wayne and I are in good health, with only the normal stiffnesses of limb and forgetfulness to be expected at 81 and 82. Wayne has taken a little longer to settle in to our new home, but is now actively involved in playing table tennis and some regular tennis (doubles only), in addition to continuing to work on mathematics, his lifelong passion. As more people get to know him here, his quick wit and insightful observations on our mad, mad world are much appreciated. His older brother, Rick, is also here at Kendal. Now 88, he no longer drives, but his mind is still sharp, and we enjoy having breakfast or dinner with him several times a week. I am thriving here at Kendal. From the outset, I knew I wanted to put most of my energies into projects beyond the confines of our retirement community, so quickly got to know some of the leaders of Sleepy Hollow, including the mayor, and was appointed to several planning committees, including the waterfront advisory committee, the public spaces council, and most recently, the steering committee for the new comprehensive plan process that is just getting underway. In addition to the comprehensive plan, there is lots going on here, including a big new development being built on the 100-acre riverfront site of a General Motors assembly plant that closed in 1996. When the site is fully developed, we'll have about 3,000 new residents added to our current population of 10,000. So lots to do to make sure we get it right, including preserving the diversity of our village, which is approximately 50% Latino. To this end, I'm working with a number of

groups that are supporting immigrant families, especially one where the father/breadwinner was picked up by ICE and has now been deported, despite valiant efforts, the best attorneys, etc.—really brutal. I'm studying Spanish, to be able to communicate better, but find it's very slow going at my age. Another new enterprise I've taken up is learning to write poetry. I've been taking workshops and reading at open mics at the Hudson Valley Writers Center, which is housed in an old railroad station overlooking the Hudson just about a mile from Kendal. My daughter also writes poetry and has joined me at a number of workshops. She comes up from Manhattan regularly to read and sing at the open mics. Actually, my interest in learning how to write poetry grew out of a project I initiated here, to embed poetry in a new sidewalk that was being built alongside the Hudson. It's an idea I imported from Saint Paul (with permission), where there are about 1,000 poems by local poets embedded in sidewalks throughout the city. When I tried to write a poem to submit to the local competition, I realized I had no idea how to write poetry, so I decided to learn. Finally, my oldest grandson, who lives in the Bay Area, is coming east to college at Swarthmore, which is Wayne's alma mater, where he just had his 60th reunion. Very excited to have him nearby.

56 Agent & Secretary: Needed Steve Scheiber (*sscheiber@comcast.net*): Mickie and I continue to enjoy our annual trips. This past winter we visited several ports in the Caribbean, going from Barbados to Panama and disembarking in Florida. My family made my 80th birthday very special, with an evening at Second City in Chicago, an afternoon at the Field Museum to see the latest dinosaur, and a party for me at a local club. We are also adjusting to the news that we will become great-grandparents in October 2018. I continue to remain active with the Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry, the ethics committee of the American Psychiatric Association, and the Senior Psychiatrists organization as I wind down my professional activities. Closer to home, I am serving my third year on the board of our homeowners' association.

57 *Agents:* Nick Davis & Betty Clark Eldridge
Secretary: Muffy Greil Vhay,
775-882-3643, dandmvhay@aol.com

58 *Agent:* Needed
Secretaries: Chris Avery,
540-371-5152, caverymac@mac.com & Kit
Horton, 520-887-5070, kit@kithorton.com
Daphne Harwood (daphwood@gmail.com):

This spring I had an amazing three weeks of travel: one week in Iceland and two in Greece. It went by way too fast, but there are many many ways I am finding to keep the experience growing by reading. The Putney class of 1958 reunion in June was terrific. We were a tight little group of ten, with two spouses. Lots of catching up, reminiscing, and singing. I was very aware of recently-passed classmates, adding to my sense of both being a survivor and feeling the Great Diminuendo—the losses of friends and family. When I use this phrase, I think of Ray Goodlatte, Jack Burden, and how at Putney we entered the Great Conversation [mentioned in *All The King's Men*], which we are still having with each other. I'm still sewing and now asking myself each time, "Is this the last quilted piece I'll do?" The answer seems to be, "Not yet!" ¶ **Peter Usher** (pjusher@storm.ca): Sixty years after Putney, life is good here on our hundred acres of Canadian Shield in Lanark County, Ontario, where we have lived for over forty years. My book, *Joey Jacobson's War*, was published in January. It's based on my cousin's diaries and letters while serving in the Royal Canadian Air Force until he was killed in action in 1942. I will be giving several talks about it in Canada and England this fall—see my website, www.pjusher.ca. I've been more or less retired from my previous career in resource management and environmental impact assessment in northern Canada for several years now. Between research and writing, outdoor work in the woodlot and the garden, and cycling in the countryside, my days are full. Our children and grandchildren are in Toronto, a four-hour drive that is not too onerous under the right conditions. We also spend much of the fall and winter in Canterbury, England, where my wife teaches part-time in the law faculty at the University of Kent. Canterbury is a small enough city that we don't need a car—we can walk

everywhere, I can get to the country lanes in the North Downs in five minutes on my bicycle, and London is only an hour away by train. My classmate **John McEachern** (now living in the Philippines) visited today. We've known each other since primary school days in Montreal, before we went to Putney. A wonderful afternoon.

REUNION

59 *Agent:* Lucy Barber Stroock
Secretary: Lee Johnson Miller
215-290-0357, abigailleemiller@gmail.com
Joyce Richardson (scarcityqwertyui@gmail.com): See my photo in Amy Nathan's book, *Making Time for Making Music*—my 15 minutes of fame. It's so much fun to read the opinions of other amateur musicians. I continue playing in my longtime recorder group and my New Horizons wind band on euphonium. I feel such gratitude for Norwood and Cornelia.

60 *Agent:* Needed
Secretary: Needed

61 *Agents:* David Doskow & Steve Heyneman
Secretary: Ethan Clifton, 415-398-0212, fixedshutterdome@monoptec.com
Gay Sise Grossman (g144man@population-matters.org): Dick and I are both well, active and busy. Our eldest granddaughter is a freshman in high school and flourishing (though I wish she could go to Putney!). Our youngest granddaughter is four and her parents recently moved from San Francisco to Denver, which makes all of us very happy. We loved being at the Putney reunion last spring and spending time with close friends and long-lost friends from '61-'63. We were thrilled to meet and sing under the direction of Cailin Manson—he is wonderful! We love our house in southwest Colorado, but it was a treat to be in Vermont.

62 *Agent:* Nick Macdonald
Secretary: Nick Wolfson,
917-796-3647, nw@nicholaswolfson.com
Lynn Wallace Herzog (802-254-1223): I'm enjoying being retired from pediatrics, which I practiced in Brattleboro for the last twenty years. My greatest pleasure in retirement is music—playing the recorder, trying to play the violin, going to concerts—and I'm so grateful to Norwood

and Cornelia for awakening me to the joy of music. ¶ **Nick Wolfson** (nw@nicholaswolfson.com): My embattled and charming house in Puerto Rico kept me busy this winter—cleaning, fixing, improving. (In February I had a week's visit—delightful, relaxing and luxurious—with Alexandra and **Chris Leonard!**) People ask me how Puerto Rico is doing eight months after that pair of super-hurricanes hit the island. I say it's more or less back to normal. The people are still poor, public utilities still unreliable, conditions for many citizens still depressing. Yet, Puerto Ricans are still among the friendliest, most resilient, happiest, hardest-working people I know. Happily, my town of Rincón, with its fine restaurants, beautiful beaches, stunning sunsets, world-class surfing, film festival, terrific everything, is fully back up and running (...except for parts of the "Puntas" neighborhood which still have no water, and some places up in the nearby mountains that remain without electricity). The longer-term economics for Puerto Rico are not good. (Seems to be leaner times comin' for many of our citizens, both on the island and elsewhere!) Recently I participated in a Putney School gathering in downtown Manhattan hosted by a lovely friends-of-Putney couple at their comfortable apartment. Head of School Emily Jones and **Joshua Laughlin '82**, chair of the board of trustees, updated us on the school's progress and its important, ambitious plans going forward. It was a spirited and uplifting evening. I got again what a gift the school is and especially for this moment—me—I'm going to give them some more money.

63 *Agent:* Needed
Secretary: Pam Huessy Hazel
704-876-2200, phazel45@gmail.com

64 *Agent & Secretary:*
Needed

65 *Agent:* Needed
Secretaries: Robin Barber
robertebarber@galleryofreaders.org &
Stevie Brown Peacock, 206-445-3700,
njspeacock@gmail.com
Robin Barber (robertbarber@galleryofreaders.org / 413-585-8530): Feel free to call, write, or stop by to visit Carol Edelman and me: 16 Vernon Street,



Seth Bates '66 (in blue), retired and exploring

Northampton, MA, 01060.
www.galleryofreaders.org.

66 Agent: Needed
 Secretary: Seth Bates
seth.bates@sjsu.edu

Seth Bates (Seth.Bates@sjsu.edu): I retired from 35 years of teaching at San Jose State University in December of 2016 and am still exploring what it means to be retired. I am traveling a bit more, but also being a parent again of sorts to our two grandkids, now 14 and 16 and getting close to going off to college. Our home is in Carmel on the California coast and it is a blessing to be able to live here. I sing (still) in a great choral group here: I Cantori di Carmel, and we travel to Colorado nearly every summer for a few weeks away from cell phones and television. Lots of doggies and stuff. I do have a Facebook page (<https://www.facebook.com/seth.p.bates.at.home>) that has a bunch more stuff about our life here, but if you don't like politics I would steer clear of that! I do see posts from other Putney grads; **Jock Gill '63**, **Chris Walling '67**, **Marney Lindsay Morrison '68**, **Tony Mulcahy**, **Dorcas Gray**, **Mead Walker**, **Louis Postel**, and others. It is nice to see their postings. ¶ **Claudia Jokinen** (cjjokinen@gmail.com): I have this week received a diagnosis of early stage lung cancer and am trying to establish my positive attitude as I face treatment. And, of course, I remembered smoking in those hideouts popular to smokers, and how those spots continued to diminish. Anyway, although my head and heart are full of Putney memories, I guess I would like for at least my class to know we may not have done a good job of remaining in

touch but they are often fondly thought of and applauded. If all goes as I plan, with God's help, I will see Putney again. ¶ **Sandy MacDonald** (smacd@aol.com): Zinnia and Eva (nearly age three), attend a wonderful "forest school" in Prospect Park—it's very Putney. We all spent the summer on Nantucket, where Laurel appeared in a delightful revue, *MusACKal*. I'm looking forward to another season reviewing theatre and singing with the Oratorio Society of New York. ¶ **Meryl Natchez Rafferty** (merylnat@gmail.com): Back when I was working full time, I read a poem by William Dickey called "On Being Asked to Define Bourgeois Individuality." In it he talks about a "room of available time." I remember longing for that room, and now I am finally in it, with whole days at my disposal to read, think, write, garden, play with grandchildren, go to a movie, or whatever strikes my fancy—as Dickey puts it, I can wake in the morning and think, "What is it I most want to do/with this favorable day?" While I read almost exclusively fiction and poetry, this summer I read nonfiction by Primo Levi, Elie Wiesel, Czesław Miłosz, and Alain Besançon, trying to make sense of the current political world. And spurred by this paragraph from Levi, I also use my time in being active with Sister District, sending postcards, doing phoning and canvassing: "The Nazi Lagers were the apex, the crown of European fascism, its most monstrous manifestation, and, in forms both open and disguised, it has survived the defeat of the Second World War. Anywhere in the world, if one begins by denying the fundamental freedoms of Man, and equality between men, one is heading towards a concentration-camp system, and this is a trajectory that is difficult to stop." Aside from that, I am filling my time with poetry—reading, writing, doing some reviews and interviews for the *ZYZZYVA* blog, *PoetryFlash*, and *Poetry Northwest*. I am on the board of Marin Poetry Center, which means I get to select readers and arrange readings, and sometimes cook dinners for visiting poets. I post a poem by someone most Mondays on my blog, www.dactyls-and-drakes.com. My oldest granddaughter is a junior this year at Putney. It's been so much fun to share experiences with her, and to watch her benefit from what Putney offers her. This last spring she

spent the term in Morocco, and loved it. Her presence means I have been back to school several times. I found our reunion engaging and meaningful. Thanks to all of you who were there for making it so.

67 Agent: Needed
 Secretaries: Molly Scoville
 Fitzmaurice, mfitzm@aol.com &
 Jonathan Schlefer, schlefer@alum.mit.edu

68 Agent: Needed
 Secretary: Marney Lindsay Morrison, marney@morsn.com
Jon Crary (jkc4@columbia.edu): I'm coming off four years of involvement with Putney as a parent—my twins graduated in 2017 and, along with the challenges of adolescence, both of them had an amazing set of experiences. It was gratifying to get to know so many of the wonderful current faculty. I'm now in my 27th year as a professor in the art history department at Columbia, where I teach and write on a range of issues dealing with art, media, technology, and film. I'm also a co-editor of a small non-profit press called Zone Books that I started with two friends in the 1980s. It publishes adventurous works of philosophy, history, anthropology, art, and political theory. As a longtime resident of the Upper West Side, I've crossed paths with Putneyites from various historical eras. If anyone is in the NYC area, please get in touch. ¶ **Robert Chave** (626-622-8562): I found myself deeply moved to see many of your faces again, electronically, and speak with a few of you. **Olivia Dreier** was kind enough to Skype me from her laptop and pass me around during Lynette's memorial. I would like to introduce a few topics for discussion with anyone willing to pick up the dialog at a later point in time. I hope to have coffee with a few of you, touching on the last half century, and on what the years ahead might hold. Perhaps your choices will better inform my own. Here are a few reflections. First: As we age, we are facing a time that is not unlike our adolescence. Our bodies are changing. Little in the past has prepared us for what we are facing. And we must make choices about what we want to do with the new episode of our lives that is unfolding. The politics of the present era are as grim as those of Nixon. So much now, is as it was a half century

ago, and I find myself thinking of you. Second: I was only with you for a couple of years, and my social skills would not reach full development for another decade. I was a late bloomer. I fixed cars around Cambridge during the '70s, going to Harvard Extension at night, and eventually to Tufts for a BSME. I went to MIT with DuPont funding for graduate school when I was 30. Eventually I went on to NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory for the core of my career. Seventeen years ago I started to contract back to JPL, with work on the Hubble Telescope, some Mars Rovers, and an ozone hole-measuring instrument that we bolted to the wing of a demilitarized U2 aircraft. Twenty-five years later the spectrometer on the U2 is still flying, still measuring ozone. For me, personally, the awakening that led to all of this actually started with you all, and at Putney. Third: People are sent to boarding schools for a host of reasons. One is to outsource the upbringing of a child whose existence is inconvenient. I was one of that group. An indifferent student, I did show imagination in the machines and gadgets that I built. Putney seemed like a reasonable choice for a child who vigorously built all manner of things. A social worker had urged my Parents to get me out of the chaos of their household, and put me into the hands of strangers. You were the strangers. In those years I was more than a little feral. I ate everything with a spoon. I lacked basic manners. I did not have regular hours of sleeping and waking. I was rather "mind blind," not yet competent at reading the interior states of the people around me. And somehow you all put up with it. Fourth: This is a fairly cheery phase of life. I am working on a calibration system for some of the the world's largest solar concentrators. I have the good fortune to be working on some test equipment for a Mars Rover that is scheduled to be launched in 2020. I come back to Putney three times a year to support engineering and design projects with **Glenn Littledale '76**. And I have taken up the sport of rowing (sculling) and row regularly on Santa Monica Bay: a remarkably empty stretch of water early on Sunday morning. But I am facing major changes. The brush fires in California have increased each year to improbable levels of destructiveness. This canyon, where I have lived for 30 years,

may very well burn. And Los Angeles takes a great deal of energy to navigate. So I have to choose a new place to live, or find different arrangements in this city in the middle of a housing shortage. I am casting a fairly wide net over the range of options. I would enjoy seeing some of you again individually, learning about the choices you made, the communities you have built, and your plans for the all too brief time we have left. I send you all every good wish. ¶ **Nan Epstein**: Don Hood and I (met 1976 married 1978) are still working. I have been a neurosurgeon since I finished my residency at NYU in 1981 after medical school at Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons. I have specialized in spine work. I am still operating, which is a great opportunity to put on your pajamas and have others clean up after you. I do a lot of reading/publishing as editor-in-chief of *Surgical Neurology International* and on other editorial boards of spine journals—past president (2001) of the Cervical Spine Research Society (my father, Joe Epstein, was president in 1981). I write a lot about too many surgeons doing unnecessary surgery. My last 150 patients were out in two-three days after major spinal operations with no infections or significant complications, and no readmissions. When off, Don and I read, write, kayak, and bike. He is editor-in-chief of *Vision Research*. His major research is on glaucoma and he is trying to change the way ophthalmologists and optometrists evaluate these patients; there is something called an OCT which is like an MRI of the back of the eye with light—very accurate and much more useful to identify glaucoma suspects, those with progression, etc. Don is lecturing all over the world as he transforms how glaucoma is diagnosed. There are great (free) lectures on his website on the topic. ¶ **Sharon Gilmartin Danann** (sdanann@gmail.com): I'm thrilled to discover that **Cathy Stasik Norman** lives a mere 25 miles from me, in a charming little town called Fairport Harbor on Lake Erie. We have recently spent a blissful day at the beach with my two youngest grandchildren, Landon (6) and Lily (4). Cathy is a librarian. I retired six years ago after 22 years as an industrial hygienist for the Occupational Safety and Health Administration. Most of my time is devoted to being a regular part of the

childcare village for my grandchildren and studying feminist spirituality with the Women's Theology Institute. If you are coming through northeast Ohio, look us up. ¶ **Olivia Stokes Dreier** (olivia@karunacenter.org): I spent the first half of my professional life working as a psychotherapist and also helped start a Waldorf School in Hadley, MA. Since 2002, I have been involved with Karuna Center for Peacebuilding, a small NGO in Amherst that I now direct. We develop peacebuilding and reconciliation programs with local partners in conflict-affected parts of the world. Photos of our Rwanda program are in the April issue of *National Geographic*, in case you have a copy lying around. My husband, Alexander, and I have two sons and two grandchildren. The latter are half Czech and live in Prague. Sadly, Alexander was diagnosed with Lewy body disease in 2012, a progressive neurological disease that developed into real dementia a year ago. All considering, we are managing reasonably well thanks to lots of good support. My office is close the the Amherst/Northampton exit off I-91 for those traveling in New England. There is a great cafe close by and I would welcome a visit over coffee or lunch. ¶ **Jonathan Hillyer** (jonathan@hillyerphoto.com): I had a small Putney reunion preview in May of this year when my girlfriend, Jackie, and I met **Jock Kerlin** for dinner across the bay from San Francisco. Hadn't seen him in years. It was great to get together. Still, I was feeling pretty ambivalent about going to our 50th Putney reunion. Hadn't ever been to a Putney reunion before. But I'm told that 50th reunions only come once so I was more uncomfortable about the idea of missing something I would regret later than attending. So Jackie and I went. I have to say, it was quite the amazing time! There was a lovely party for our class at **Marni Hinton Rosner '69**'s the first night and what a discovery...we are all adults! There was no teenage angst or games on the agenda. Sven Huseby and Libby Mills were at the party as was a crowd of faces from our class. In everyone's face I could see both stranger and friend. A special kind of brain teaser. For the whole weekend, as I was seeing the face of a classmate right in front of me, it was overlaid with the image that I remember of them from half a century ago. It was great to see the people



Class of '68 reunion with David Munford, Emily Thomas, and Gail Reed Prager



Jonathan Kaunitz '68 and Sven Huseby at Reunion 2018



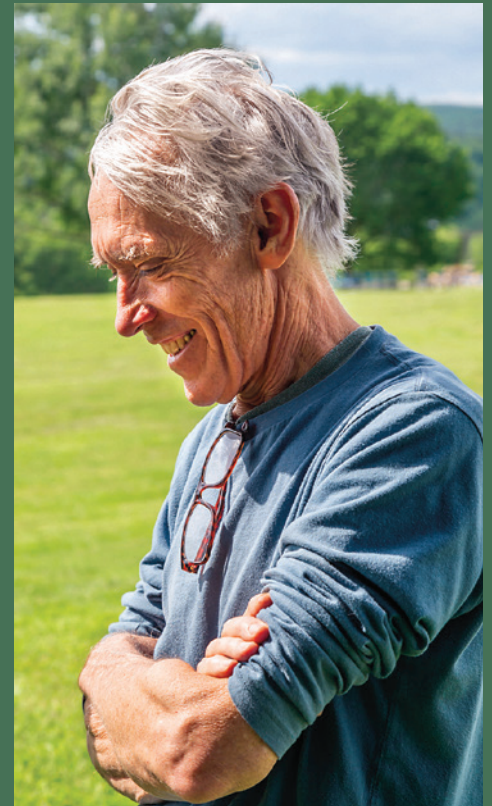
Jonathan Kaunitz '68 and Emily Thomas '68 in NYC

I'd known so well from 50 years ago and equally, those that I hardly knew from our school days. Great activities throughout the weekend, including time with two of Lynette Wright Omar's grown children and a granddaughter, contra dancing, a beautiful movie by **Rachel Fields**, the hike up Putney Mountain, meals in the KDU. It went too quickly. And I wish I'd taken more photographs to remember the moment and remember the faces. ¶ **Jonathan Kaunitz** (jake@ucla.edu): Returning home from the class of '68 reunion last June was a delightful opportunity to reflect on how Putney had shaped my life over the past 50 years. After getting over the jarring sensation of seeing people in late middle age last seen as teenagers in a context that was at once familiar but then again a little off, with many new buildings on campus, a jazz room that disappeared without a trace, and the surrounding hills reverting back to forests, the memories started flooding back. Perhaps the most important message Putney left with me is the importance of creativity, which should underlie whatever occupation or hobby that one pursues. For me, it was choosing the career path as physician—scientist, understanding the hidden intricacies of life, and, more importantly, realizing how little science really understands despite substantial advances in medical diagnostics and therapeutics. Certainly many of Putney's most well-known boomer years graduates have excelled in the cinema, photography, and other forms of creative artistic expression. As for other lessons learned, almost every class and activity left me with an approach towards how to live one's life. Although being semi-literate as a student, English was probably my least-favorite subject, I now edit a medical journal, proofing and editing every editorial that we print, go figure. Another in the appreciation of music, following the Putney philosophy eschewing listening to music in the background but rather studying the elements underlying what you hear. Fortunately, the internet provides a wealth of music analysis, such as Ashish Xiangyi Kumar's YouTube posts, that provide a live score while providing bar-by-bar explanations of every musical device that is incorporated, which I'm assured would bring a smile to Norwood. Another way Putney has influenced me is by understanding the

importance of patience, courage, modesty, humility, and community while avoiding needless publicity and conspicuous consumption. Although this life philosophy may be more adapted to New England in the 1960s rather than to twenty-first century Southern California, what matters is not where you live, but how you conduct yourself. Perhaps the most durable lesson learned at Putney is the importance of public service. As a physician at the Veterans Administration for the past 35 years, I have learned deep respect for those who served, deriving great satisfaction from caring for those at society's fringes who have experienced hardship beyond imagination. Spending time with my classmates at our 50th, in addition to seeing Sven, sleeping in my old room at Noyes, and eating in the KDU: these and much more made for an exhilarating, nostalgic, and memory-filled weekend. Where else could you sit in the back of a dump truck driven by a fellow student deep in rural America where the roads had no name, discussing Hegel and Proust? To the class of '69 and those beyond, please make every effort to attend your 50th, since once it's over, it's gone. ¶ **Polly Levin** (pollylevin@yahoo.com): Apparently we no longer have summer on the west coast. It's been replaced by fire. Many days the sky is paled by smoke and ash rains down. But we're better off than people inland who haven't been able to go out of their houses for months, let alone those who lost lives and homes. And I'm lucky to be able to escape to the coast on weekends where the offshore breeze keeps the smoke away, mostly. ¶ **Marney Lindsay Morrison** (marney@morsn.com): Our 50th reunion, from dinner at Hinton House on Thursday until we left on Sunday, was engaging and joyful. The Putney School today is inspirational, and they hosted us generously. Many of us stayed on campus in Noyes and White Cottage. As we left on Sunday, we pledged to come back and hoped to talk the rest of you into joining us. This year Lynette Wright Omar's daughters, Shira and Leah, and her granddaughter drove north with **Sonia "Kelly" Reese '69** to see Putney and meet Lynette's schoolmates. We gathered in the old Assembly Hall for an hour to ask or answer questions and share remembrances. **Jonathan Hillyer** hung three luminous photographs in the art show, one with a

1968 CLASS REUNION

For the last few years, we've started the 50th reunion a day earlier than other reunion gatherings, hoping to give that class a bit more time to simply be together, to rekindle old connections, and forge new ones. We thank everyone who attended the reunion for making it a special weekend for all. Class of 1969, mark your calendars for June 6-9, 2019!



Photos, clockwise from upper left: David Munford '68, Class of '68 atop Putney Mountain, Tim Merton '68 (all three photos taken by Jonathan Hillyer -- www.hillyerphoto.com), the class of '68 at their Thursday night dinner, flanked (right) by Sven Huseby and Libby Mills (second from left).



Friends and family of Lynnette Wright Omar '68 (pictured, next page, during her days at Putney) gathered during Reunion 2018 to remember their dear friend, who died in 2009.

tribute to Ed Shore, who taught him photography and much more at Putney. Another was dedicated to Peter Chase '69. Rachel Fields brought her extraordinary documentary and none of us got to see the whole thing, something to be remedied. More about that in another *Post*. Since I retired four years ago, the number of my students has shrunk to three (two from Tibet and one from Togo), morphing from elementary school age to adult while the number of books and newspapers I read has grown in number and complexity in the opposite direction. Four years ago I joined a diverse and public African-American authors book club that meets at a local bookstore, and two years ago I joined a group of 15 women who meet monthly to educate ourselves about race in America and discuss the action taken in our community for change. The chores of the past have become playtime: cooking and yard work. I started gardening this year in honor of my daughter's May wedding. Jim and I co-created two sons and a daughter. Now we also have three wonderful daughters-in-law and a five-year-old grandson. Life is sweet right now, despite the part that's not, and I cherish it while it lasts. Some classmates unable to attend reunion communicated by email. **Jon**

Melrod, a retired civil rights attorney, was unable to come partly because he's recovering from another surgery and specifically because the same weekend his home and magical gardens, Ranchito Milagro, located just outside the city limits of Sebastopol, CA, would be open to the public for his girlfriend's second annual art show. **Gina Newton**, a retired psychologist, plays violin in a string quartet and another musical group in Colorado, gardens, and hangs out with grandchildren aged two to eight. **Chris Boothby** is living and working as a psychotherapist in northern Thailand at New Life Thai Foundation and loving this new chapter of his life. **Steve Horowitz** wrote to the class email list that grew over the spring, "I ended up practicing law in NYC, which was never on my agenda, and will be retiring from that at the end of this year. My tentative plan is to work at an environmental organization next year, so we'll see if that works out. I've been married, divorced, and remarried, and have three kids who are mostly launched in the world. My wife, Debra, and I have a second home in Dutchess County, north of NYC, which she turned into a wholesale flower farm four years ago. While it can at times be beautiful and inspiring, agriculture is a tough business! I guess I should

have remembered that from doing winter barn duty at Putney, though honestly I didn't gain much of an overview about the dairy operation beyond my contribution to shoveling." Then Steve launched into a priceless three-paragraph description of his friendship with Adam Block, during and after Putney. I'll send it if you ask. ¶ **Gail Reed Prager** (gailprager@comcast.net): I attended our 50th class reunion in June (my first ever) and was pleasantly surprised to be joined by almost one third of our class. The class of 1968 went out from Putney into a world full of turmoil and discontent so perhaps it is understandable that most of us seemed to lose touch with Putney and each other. For me, this reunion was a great opportunity to reconnect with my classmates and the school. It also provided a time for a mini family reunion, as my sister **Judy Reed '63** and my brothers **Mark Reed '65** and **Scott Reed '67** and their spouses and one daughter joined us for the Saturday night dinner. I am still living in Mountain View, CA, where my late husband, Kari Prager '65, and I settled in 1981 and ran a BMW motorcycle dealership together for 30 years. I am retired now and am very fortunate to have both of our daughters living nearby and to be part of their four young children's lives. At ages



Lynnette Wright Omar '68

six, four, two, and one, they are keeping me on my toes!

REUNION

69 Agent: Dan Martin
Secretary: Judi Lowenburg
Forman, judiforman@gmail.com

70 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Tim Rieser,
Tim_Rieser@appro.senate.gov

71 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Michael Tanner,
michael.tanner@nyumc.org
Matt Mills (mgreeningm@myfairpoint.net): I was saddened to hear of the passing of my great teacher and mentor, Dave Calicchio. The study of music seems to occupy so much of my time in these months, yet the writing of it is not far from my mind, and the study of the poetic lyric is part of the music. That goes without saying! **Deborah Moffatt** (deborah@deborahmoffatt.com): I'm so sorry to hear that John Bell Young has died. I often think of him, and of Robert Lester '69, when I'm playing or listening to music; they both had great passion and talent, and were, and are, an inspiration to me. Between them they "defined" the music wing for me, as I lurked, awed, in the corridor. My own news is that I have a second collection of poetry forthcoming from Smokestack Books in 2019. Smokestack published Jan Carew's *Return to Streets of Eternity* in 2015 (co-edited by **Joy Gleason Carew '65**). I've also finished a collection of poems in Gàidhlig (Scottish Gaelic), which was commissioned by

the Gaelic Books Council; that should be forthcoming in the not too distant future. I continue to play lots of Scottish and Irish traditional music in and around St. Andrews (Fife, Scotland), mostly in informal sessions in public houses. We love to get like-minded visitors to the sessions so please get in touch or just turn up if you're in the area for any reason!

72 Agent & Secretary:
Needed

73 Agent: Tim Dwight
Secretary: Needed

74 Agents: Tim Dwight
Secretary: Debbie Smith
Ameele, kameele@aol.com

Tim Daly: My grandson, Owen, is a genius. I just finished shooting a cameo in the indie feature, *Stupid Happy*. I am also an executive producer. Look for it at the Sundance Festival in 2019. The fifth season of *Madam Secretary* is underway. I will be doing *Downstairs*, a play by Theresa Rebeck, in November at New York's Cherry Lane Theatre with my sister, Tyne Daly, and shooting *Madam Secretary* simultaneously. Come see me. I need a nap. **David Moore** (email@davidmoorej.org): My wife, Leni, and I hugely enjoyed my '74 reunion in June. Great turnout by our class (plus '72 and '73)! Singing, art-making, good discussions about Emily Jones's long-range vision for the campus, lots of catching up. Life in Minneapolis is busier than ever. All the best to you all.

75 Agent: Tim Dwight
Secretary: Sarah Minot Gold,
sarahmgold@gmail.com

76 Agent: Tim Dwight
Secretary: Needed
Margot Perron (Margot.Perron@parks.nyc.gov): This is a photo of **Peggy King Jorde** and me in Marcus Garvey Park just before the opening act of *Antigone*, a production by the Classical Theater of Harlem, a terrific organization which Peggy chairs. The play was amazing, contemporary, and better than Broadway. If you're in NYC next summer, don't miss Classical Theater of Harlem's outdoor productions.



Jane Dickson on an hour-long camel ride in Xinjiang, western China, with a group of US and Chinese artists exhibiting work in Beijing and Ürümqi.



Margot Perron '76 and Peggy King Jorde '76 at the Classical Theater of Harlem's performance of *Antigone*

77 Agent & Secretary: Jen Just,
jramsajjust@gmail.com

78 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Melissa Gillis,
melisagillis@gmail.com

Lisa Schoyer (lisa@rasopathies.org): My daughter, Turner, is going to Haverford this fall. I'm staying busy working for the Los Angeles Department of Mental Health. My specific passion is nurturing the provision of mental health services for children and youth with developmental disabilities. Meanwhile, with rasopathies.org, our NIH National Cancer Institute team won a Cancer Moonshot grant to study children with a RASopathy and how they and cancer research can inform each other.

79 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Andy Cohen,
allthethings@gmail.com

80 Agent: Jonah Maidoff
Secretary: Meg Spicer,
spiris@svcable.net
Gay Gillingham Morelli (mgmorelli@hotmail.com): Our youngest son, Scott,



Randy Barrett '82 and Lynnea Hansen '82 met up at one of Randy's recent gigs.



Randy Barrett '82 and G. Korth-Rockwell '20 made a Putney connection recently at the Old Fiddlers Convention in Virginia.



Ben Griffiths (right) '82 and his son recently went fishing with Andy Mezirow '82 (left) in Alaska.

will soon graduate from State High and we will become empty nesters! He has decided to attend the University of British Columbia this fall instead of Penn State. With our older son, Michael, living in Seattle, we are looking forward to traveling out west to visit them both. Life is good. ¶ **Meg Spicer** (*spiris@svcable.net*): I am enjoying a cooler day here in southern Vermont, after a hot and moist summer. I am going into my 11th year working as a counselor at Landmark College, which is situated on the campus of the old Windham College in Putney. I get a full summer break, which is rather lovely, but tomorrow I dive back into the academic cycle. Luckily, I greatly enjoy the work and the people I work with, so I am looking forward to it for the most part. Our son is heading into his senior year of high school, so we are deep in the college search. I don't remember it being so complicated when I was going through this, but then that was longer ago than I would care to think. My partner, Lisa, closed her home preschool program several years ago (yay!), and is now being a true Vermonter, holding down a variety of part-time jobs, including working at another home program, doing the books for her brother's carpentry business, being a carpenter's helper for him, and helping out with my father (who lives down the hill from us). Said father turns 92 this October and is doing amazingly well, just a little tippier and more deaf than he used to be. We are well in that part of our lives where parent care features heavily, just as our son is moving into adulthood. I just plan on going with the flow, as it were, and fitting in play as much as possible.

81 Agent: Tasha Maidoff
Secretary: Lisa Cohen Peet,
lisapeet@gmail.com

David Thomas (*david@go-two-one.net*): Tashkent is in the rearview mirror after two years, and we will next go Chennai, India, for another two-year stint, beginning in late September 2018. Following my wife, Claire, around the world is certainly a big change from the ho-hum life in the public library. Our son, Alex, is nearly 12, and really enjoyed our summer tour around the US. Yellowstone National Park was simply an incredible place to go with him!

82 Agents: Anne Dillenbeck
& Jamie Isaacs

Secretary: Maggie da Silva,
goolching@gmail.com

Sam Angell (*sangell@brattleborolaw.com*):

Although we mourn the passing of Hep Caldwell and Dave Calicchio, life continues its inexorable march and I'm happy to announce that my wife Nancie and I formalized the adoption of our son, Daegan Schwartz-Angell, pictured [next page] in his Putney duds. Meanwhile, my daughter, Julia, is entering her junior year at Putney and my older daughter, Paxton, is a freshman at Bard. I went cruising up the Connecticut River recently with **Travis Gray '81, JJ Johnson, and Mike Collins** and for a moment time slipped 40 years.

Life is good, as someone who made a pile of money once said, despite the political, environmental, and human catastrophe we are seemingly unwilling to avoid. Peace to you all. ¶ **Jennifer Ankner-Edelstein** (*jena@exoticskis.com*): I'd like to say this is a BIG year, but then each year seems BIG while I'm living it. In a few days, I am heading to Dublin, Ireland, to drop my son, Beaven, off for his first year at Trinity College. I am so excited for him, and I am going to miss him so much. I think both of these are good things. Piper, my daughter, will be returning for her third year at Putney. She'll be heading back to Cuernavaca, Mexico, for a second term abroad there this winter (a program we didn't have when we were there!). She's doing a lot and making it count, so that's been cool. I am returning to teaching this fall, at a winter-term ski academy. The classes are tiny, the administration informed and supportive, and the day designed around getting out in the snow, so I think this should be a really great year. I am also taking a certificate course for teaching English as a second language. Hope this will lay the groundwork for moving abroad again. Eric, my wonderful spouse, is still testing skis for his *exoticskis.com* project and is still a partner at PlanGen, developing web-based platforms for qualified plans (doesn't sound too exciting until you need one!). In the meantime, we now have *two* fully furnished empty bedrooms in Norwich, VT. We're only ten minutes from Dartmouth College, so come and stay! Come for the leaves, come for the college tours, come for the Nordic or downhill skiing, or just come

to visit. ¶ **Randy Barrett** (*mrbarretone@verizon.net*): All is well in Washington, DC. (Just kidding!) This town is a mess but happily my clan is doing well in spite of weird times. I've been busy performing, teaching banjo and fiddle, and restoring violins. I'm also on the board of the Bluegrass Country Foundation, which operates America's oldest bluegrass radio station, Bluegrass Country. You can listen online at *www.bluegrasscountry.org*. There are also free apps for the station for iPhone and Android devices. Feeding a public radio station ain't easy but we're doing it. Please listen and become a member. I had the pleasure of seeing Putney classmate **Lynnea Hansen** at a recent gig. It was wonderful to catch up. I've also gotten to know fellow Putneyite **G. Rockwell '20**, the wunderkind banjo and guitar player. This kid is a monster! Reminds me of myself at 15—but he's way better than I was. We had a blast jamming at the Old Fiddlers Convention in Galax, VA, in early August. Expect big things from this fellow. ¶ **Erin Doolittle** (*doolittle.erin@gmail.com*): I've moved out to Clinton, MA, and am working as a gardener at Tower Hill Botanic Garden. This has been a great move. I love my little town, and I love my job. I have a wonderful housemate, Angelo, who keeps me fascinated with stories of his childhood in the Philippines. Best to all. ¶ **Tim Falvey** (508-420-9124): I'm alive and well on the Cape of the Cod! ¶ **Ben Griffiths** (*ben.griffiths@wisc.edu*): Hello Putney friends! I just got back from Seward, AK, visiting **Andy Mezirow**, his wife, Nici, and their dog, Watson. Andy took my son and me for three days of amazing fishing on his boat, the *Gray Light*. Seward is a wonderful place, and Andy and Nici showed us a great time. Hope all is well for everyone. ¶ **Chris Rogers** (*wildlifeforever2005@gmail.com*): My wife and I are enjoying life in Florida. We have a pet cat named Meow Meow. We sponsor two children through Child Fund International and we are aunt and uncle to two children. I often communicate with a few Putney friends on via Facebook.

REUNION

83 Agent: Kate Morse
Secretary: Evan Freedman,
evan@drevanfreedman.com

Melissa Chase Grabau (*melgrabau@sbcglobal.net*): I live in Sacramento and have a busy private practice, practice yoga, tear

my hair out about my 16-year-old daughter, and enjoy walking my dog, who seems to be the only one who truly understands.

¶ **Kate Morse** (*kate.morse2012@gmail.com*): I spent the last 30 years in the travel industry in Philadelphia, but recently changed directions completely and am working at an independent school in Massachusetts. I know it will be a challenge to be a wheelchair user in a place that does not shut down with an inch of snow, but it is good to be back in New England. ¶ **Jason Whiton** (*jasonwhiton@hotmail.com*): I'm still teaching art in San Francisco and plugging away on various projects. My new book, *Talking Mort Walker: A Life in Comics* [see Alumni Authors, p. 25], is finally finished and up on Amazon. I'm trying to finish the next one so I can get a real break next summer. "Hi" to our Putney community! Even after ten years out here, I do miss being in New England—but the weather is really working for me!

REUNION

84 Agents: Cyane Dandridge
& Dana Hokin
Secretary: Phil Rutovitz,
prutovitz@gmail.com

Anni Crofut (*annicrofut@gmail.com*): I'm still living in Housatonic, MA, but now both of our boys have launched! Our older son, Zephyr, is studying menswear at the Fashion Institute of Technology in NYC, and our younger son, Kaylo, is starting art at Putney for his junior year. This is very exciting, and somehow comforting in this crazy time to know that he will be at the school where I went, as well as my father, sister, nieces, nephew, and cousins. Putney is part of the soul-life of our family. In other news, I continue to design jewelry (*www.AnniMaliki.com*), which my husband and I sell at juried craft shows around the Northeast. I'm also active in my community in the fight to reduce plastic waste. We just got a bylaw passed (the third town in Massachusetts) to prohibit the sale of single-use PET plastic water bottles. I'm generally grateful for a very good life full of love, health, friendships, and meaningful work and projects.

REUNION

85 Agent: Elizabeth Harris-Warner
Secretary: Sarah Zevin Vela,
sarah.vela@gmail.com



Daegan Schwartz-Angell, son of Sam Angell '82 and his wife, Nancie, modeling Putney swag



Anni Crofut '84 with her family

Seth Rogers (*srogers@williams.edu*): **Peter, Phil, Finn, Matt, Ben, Andy, Doug, Gillian, Kate, Liza, Zazzie, Tattie, Zach, Blair**—how are you? I'm lucky that my son, Declan, has been doing Bill Koch ski races on the Putney trails the past few years; it's nice to get back and see the farm.

86 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Needed

87 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Elizabeth
Thankful Shannon, *etshannon@hotmail.com*

88 Agent: Gabe Gilligan
& Natasha Byus
Secretary: Caitlin Clancy,
caitlinclan@gmail.com



Jeffrey White '88 is playing and teaching music in Washougal, WA.



Camille Collins Lovell '91 and Katharina Rosenkranz '92 in Amsterdam, sending good wishes to their Putney people



Magda Scharff '21 and Nkomo Morris '94 (front), Kerry Ryder-Parke P'17, and Collin Leach P'21, Magda's mom (back), small world coincidences in Bosnia, summer 2018.

Jeffrey White (jeffreewhite@gmail.com): Life is good. There has been much transition in the last three years. In chronological order: I bought my first car ever (I know), moved out of Portland after 19 years, got married, bought a house, and started my own business. I live in Washougal, WA, and created the Washougal School of Music, which is going well. Yesterday I spoke with **Chris Jones** '90, my first year roommate, for the first time

since graduation! I still hope to return to Putney some day, and possibly do one of the arts retreats. www.jeffreewhite.com.

89 Agent: Needed
Secretary: David Sergenian, david.sergenian@gmail.com

90 Agents: Torin Koester & Emily Bibbins Silas
Secretaries: Emily Bibbins Silas, mizsilas@comcast.net & Meghan Campbell, megwest72@yahoo.com

91 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Chloe Bosquet chloe.m.bosquet@gmail.com
Camille Collins Lovell (c@honduras.com) and **Katharina (KD) Rosenkranz '92** (karosenkranz@t-online.de): Camille was on a stop-over between Kampala and Boston, and Katharina took the train from Berlin; we met in the Netherlands earlier this year in order to talk about the old times and spend some present time together. Hello from this Amsterdam bridge to all of our friends from Putney!

92 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Jonathan Zurbel jzurbel@gmail.com

93 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Joy Woodward, joy.woodward@gmail.com

REUNION

94 Agent: Nkomo Morris
Secretary: Caroline Roman, carolineroman@hotmail.com
Nokomo Morris writes this about the photo she sent: "We're in the town of Yajce in Bosnia, where we are all learning Bosnian songs with Village Harmony and performing them around the country! The bench says something like, "The place for kissing.""

REUNION

95 Agents: Jesse Becker & Sarah Parrott Berlinger
Secretary: Jesse Kurlancheek, jdk@nookie.org

96 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Chas Foster, mallardman2@earthlink.net



The Lives of Man, by Vanessa Compton '99

97 Agents: Vasya Dostoinov & Joshu Harris
Secretary: Rickey Bevington, erickeyb@gmail.com

98 Agent: Charlotte de Villiers Cathro
Secretary: Needed

REUNION

99 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Kuna Tavalin, ktavalin@hotmail.com
Caitlin Worsham (ceworsham@gmail.com): I am officially splitting my time between Hanoi, Vietnam, and Charleston, SC, with frequent stopovers in Seattle! After a decade of helping students in Vietnam find their paths to places ranging from Putney to Exeter to Harvard and beyond, I'm excited to have started my own company in the USA that does the same for students around the world. Though I still work with AEG Vietnam and am inspired daily by that work, I've launched worshamconsulting.com to help more American families find their way to great educational pathways—like I was led to Putney, then Brown and then Tulane—and to great global careers. It's strange to think how the careers I and most of my friends have didn't even exist and, in fact, couldn't have existed in their current forms, when we were in high school. I've also recently touched base again with **Ellen Latzen**, who



is doing great, and look forward to visiting **Sarah DuBose Garrett** on her ranch outside of Austin with her beautiful family.

REUNION

00 *Agent: Gabe Lifton-Zoline*
Secretary: Katie Graves
Bowen, kategraves2@yahoo.com

REUNION

01 *Agent: Needed*
Secretary: Norah Lake,
norahlake@gmail.com
Melissa Mitchell Saito (mitchell.mc@gmail.com): Melissa and her husband, Keita, welcomed their first child, a son named Kaisei, in July of 2017. The family lives in Osaka, Japan (sent by Melissa's mother, Maureen).

02 *Agent: Joie Botkin*
Secretary: Katie Earle,
katieearle@gmail.com

03 *Agent: Needed*
Secretary: Tory Voight,
vvoight@gmail.com

04 *Agent: Needed*
Secretary: Hillary Foxweldon,
hillaryfoxweldon@gmail.com
Kimberly Chisholm (207-884-8421): I enrolled in a yoga teacher training program. I graduated in July. I'd like to start my own cat yoga studio. Pet appreciation is a real issue and cats are often pushed aside. I can

use my skills as a vet—I can spay/neuter/vaccinate cats—and then host yoga classes with cats to find them homes. Meow.

05 *Agent: Annie Carter*
Secretary: Margi Dashevsky,
margueritedashevsky@gmail.com

06 *Agent: Kyra Sparrow-Pepin*
Chapin
Secretary: Needed

07 *Agent & Secretary:*
Needed

08 *Agent: Needed*
Secretary: Olivia Hooper,
steveirwinindisguise@gmail.com
Ilana Newman (hallieilananewman@gmail.com): I'm still living in Toronto with my partner, Pablo. I received my master of information degree last year, and have been working as a librarian at a large law firm since then. I'm still playing guitar and singing (you might remember me from coffeehouse and assembly performances), and have been learning to make preserves and pickles in my free time. I also bake a lot (mostly bread, though I did make a very challenging babka a little while ago—completely worth the effort!). While I don't get to see Putney people very much, I'm happy to say I'm still in touch with many of my classmates via social media, and hope to make it out to the next reunion! Feel free to get in touch via email or Facebook anytime.

09 *Agent: Needed*
Secretary: Gordon Greer,
greergh@hotmail.com

10 *Agent: Needed*
Secretary: Sydney Leed,
sydneyhrleed@gmail.com
David Baskett (d.bas171@gmail.com): I moved back to the States (New Mexico) and am starting a martial arts teacher training course. ¶ **Oliver Dobrian** (odobrian23@gmail.com): Hey, Putney people! As of writing this, I'm preparing for a super busy but super fun August. I'm in the midst of teaching a summer course at University of California-Irvine in digital music production for a bunch of exchange students from China, which ends August 10. After that, my band, Filmspeed,



Oliver Dobrian '10 (on drums), rocking his Putney gear while playing with his band, Filmspeed.



Lena Jorde '10, finding rain in the California desert



Matthew Minella '10 is living in working (and cooking up a storm) in DC.



Emily Rosenblatt '10, with the bundles of fur that are her life and livelihood



Maggie Waggaman '10 lives at an equine boarding facility, where lovely sunsets are apart of her daily life.

is going on tour August 15–19. Then it's back to my grocery store job while we plan our next move and I get back to normal life. Those of you connected to me on social media may know that Filmspeed was recently featured on the cover of *The Aquarian Weekly*, a New Jersey publication that has actually been an institution in the alternative music press since 1969. How a Southern California band nobody has heard of made it to the cover of a New England magazine as big as that I will never know, but it sure does feel nice. I can't speak to any sort of tangible results from it (there will almost certainly not be any), other than some fun psychological validation. That being said, Filmspeed is my main band now, and I'm putting a slight majority of my career efforts into it. Feel free to check us out on all the social media outlets (@filmspeedmusic on most things), and give us a listen! We don't plan on stopping anytime soon, so hopefully you'll be able to say you knew us when. Other than that, my day gig pays the bills, and I'm staying as creatively active as possible outside of Filmspeed too. I'm teaching this summer course, and I'm constantly writing and producing my own music, sometimes

with my girlfriend, Lizzy, who is also a musician and producer. I hope everyone's well, and I hope nobody ever hesitates to contact me, no matter how out of the blue it seems. ¶ **Hugo Frank** (hugocfrank@gmail.com): I'm currently living and working in Cambodia. I'm developing a technology startup there that'll hopefully become the Groupon of Southeast Asia. ¶ **Lena Jorde** (lena.e.jorde@gmail.com): I wrapped up a job in cardiology research in early June—developing tiny heart pumps—and headed straight to Germany to visit the family! I just completed a cross-country road trip from Miami to San Francisco via LA over the course of three weeks! Ran into the one and only **Bronwyn Maloney '09** on the West Coast, who is working on her badass animation career! Got back to Boston, relaxed and rejuvenated after covering 4,600 miles. Now just savoring the last week of vacation before I start year one of an MD/MPH dual degree at Tufts Medical School. Very excited! Got a couch for anyone visiting the Boston area. Hit me up! ¶ **Claire King** (claireaking@gmail.com): Hey all, Claire King here. I'm living in Minneapolis, MN, and never plan to leave. I'm a worker-owner of a cooperatively owned



Alec Ray '14, at his UVM graduation with his parents, Rich and Marjorie

breakfast restaurant, I'm an accountant, a line cook, an artist, and a curator. Also I am gay. My house has ten couches and four porches. Come visit if you wanna talk restaurant, anarchism, cooperative economics, or if you'd like to drink a beer on a porch! ¶ **Sydney Russell Leed** (sydneyhrleed@gmail.com): I'm three years into a five-year MD/MPH program in Syracuse, NY, and loving it, still gardening, still involved with local politics, and enjoying it all. Would love to hear from any current or previous Putneyites! ¶ **Matthew Minella** (mminella101@gmail.com): I recently left Four Seasons and am now working for a fashion company here in DC as a stylist. It's been really interesting going from hotels to fashion but I love it a lot. Don't worry, though—I'm still baking and cooking up a storm. ¶ **Olivia Reininger** (oareininger@gmail.com): I studied music performance (piano) at Gustavus Adolphus College and was very active with voice. I have a small business designing and making jewelry. Currently, I reside in Lincoln, NE, and work as middle school accompanist. I sing in a choir with 75 members as well as a small chamber choir. I have recently been studying jazz piano and I continue to

teach piano lessons. ¶ **Malcolm Richardson** (malcolm.eb.richardson@gmail.com): I'm still in Brooklin, ME, with Becca and the dogs. On the best days we all go fishing.

¶ **Emily Rosenblatt** (emsrosenblatt@gmail.com): I currently live in Alaska where I'm running a year-round competitive sled dog team and tour business called Wildthingz Dog Mushing with my husband, Richie, recently married in fall of '17. Our dogs compete in distance races and are shooting for the 2019 Iditarod thousand-mile race! My business is in the beautiful mountains of Denali National Park and shows visitors a glimpse into the off-grid homesteading lifestyle we aim to maintain with our 28 sled dogs. I am also working on an ongoing photographic series capturing this lifestyle that is shown periodically online and in the Fairbanks area. If you need a puppy fix, look for me in Alaska! ¶ **Mike Stein** (hissteinness@gmail.com): After having finished my chef apprenticeship last summer in Germany, I've decided to travel a bit and ply my trade across the globe. I recently moved to Madison, WI, and will be taking some writing and Spanish classes this fall semester. Gods willing I will be in Australia by spring. I spend my days enjoying nerdy things and life's little pleasures. I feel a bit bad that I haven't made it to a Harvest Festival since graduation, but I hope my travels will take me that direction someday soon. I always love catching up when I get the chance and there are a lot of fond memories I'd like to share again. I always love hearing from folks, so feel free to shoot me a message. ¶ **Maggie Waggaman** (mmwaggaman@gmail.com): I'm working in Rhode Island as a live-in stable hand for an equine boarding facility. Also am continuing to study interior design, as well as dabbling in the possibility of one day owning a goat dairy. For now, happy to watch the sun set over the horse paddocks with my partner and strange little dog.

11 Agent: Zach Gruver
Secretary: Needed

12 Agent: Claire Koerschen
Secretary: Needed

13 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Sam Reisman
sreisma1@skidmore.edu

Julia Redden (reddenjulia@gmail.com): I learned many skills throughout my Putney career that I expected to serve me well throughout adulthood. One that I didn't expect was cow-milking. Guess which skill clinched me a new job? It just goes to show that you should strive to learn as much as possible, because you never know what will come in handy in the future. I love you, Putney, and much love to Elma, Claudia, Magnolia, and all of those other bovines who taught me.

14 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Needed

Alec Ray graduated with a bachelor of science degree in computer science during commencement ceremonies on May 20, 2018, at the University of Vermont. (sent by Alec's mom, Marjorie)

15 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Needed

16 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Needed

Veleena O'Donnell (vodonn16@gmail.com): I am happy to report that I am spending this year on a study abroad in Tokyo. I will be living with a host family and continuing to study Japanese (and hopefully Spanish) at Waseda University.

FORMER FACULTY

Jim & Sandy Townsend (jetset68@me.com): We're mostly retired, though Sandy still teaches French now at Southern New Hampshire University and at the Franco-American Centre in Manchester, NH. We are also Currier Museum of Art docents.



SUBMIT A CLASS NOTE

Submit a note or photo by emailing alumni@putneyschool.org

PUTNEY POST

Emily H. Jones,
Head of School

FALL 2018

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Henry Chandler '39
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We welcome your comment and ideas. Please direct your correspondence to:

Editor, Putney Post
Elm Lea Farm
418 Houghton Brook Road
Putney, VT 05346
802.387.6258
putneypost@putneyschool.org

Please send address corrections and new phone numbers to:
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IN MEMORIAM

Frances Merrick Nevins '41

Fran Nevins, 94, died July 5, 2017. At Putney, she met her future husband, John Nevins. She attended Bennington College, majoring in literature and poetry. Fran and John married in 1947; in 1948 they were assigned to a post in Haiti with the US Information and Educational Exchange Program with the State Department. They enjoyed a 20-year career in the Foreign Service. In 1967, following John's retirement from government service, the family returned to the Nevins homestead in Marlboro, VT, where John worked as head librarian at Marlboro College, and Fran managed the college bookstore. Over the next three decades, Fran actively engaged the community with her many talents and interests, including the Marlboro Historical Society and local choruses. She was devoted to her spiritual life and to the Episcopal Church. She is survived by her son, two grandchildren, and many extended family. Donations in her memory may be made to Kurn Hattin Homes for Children, The Putney School, or Thompson House in Brattleboro.

Elisabeth Swift '41

Betsy Swift, 94, died peacefully on March 23, 2018. Betsy attended The Brearley School, Putney, and Radcliffe College. She was recruited into the Foreign Service in 1947 and worked for the Central Intelligence Agency until 1975. During those years, she lived in Washington, DC, Germany, Austria, and Turkey. In her last assignment, there were 60 people under her management. She was a woman of competence, humility, and some intrigue. Betsy was a lover of books, nature, music, art, and travel. She had a wonderfully



droll sense of humor. She was a spirited, spiritual, thoughtful, and progressive woman. She was also a devoted volunteer. She served with the Brattleboro Music Center, Brattleboro Area Hospice, Marlboro Music Festival, and Windham World Affairs Council, to name only a few. She was a guardian *ad litem* for a number of years. Betsy was curious about people of all ages and had an alert intelligence. She was much loved by her family and many old and new friends. She loved them back. Toward the end of her life, her caregivers were superb and greatly appreciated. She is survived by her sister, three nieces, as well as many great- and grand-nephews and nieces, in whose company Betsy took great delight.

Marybelle Herman Cochran '44

Marybelle Cochran died on March 3, 2018. She successfully raised five children and one husband, whom she married when she was 19. She uncomplainingly accepted her husband's commitment to his medical career. During her years focused on child rearing, she had the feeling, "There's more to life than this!" Marybelle was a woman of radiant charm, beauty, and athleticism. She could light up a room with her smile. By the early '60s she recognized the importance of women's rights and became a strong women's advocate. A devout political liberal, Marybelle was a regular poll worker on election day, smiling broadly at her Democratic friends and frowning at her Republican ones. She organized and marched for peace and was an active member and leader of multiple boards. After graduating from the B.U. School of Social Work in her forties, she became a devoted clinical social worker. Marybelle was an extrovert who asked probing questions and answered honestly and directly. She always appreciated being teased. She is survived by her husband and her five children, 13 grandchildren, and one great grandchild. Although she

felt that life for women in the '50s was constraining, she flowered during the women's movement in the '70s, when her career was able to blossom. The loss of her wonderful spirit, her ready laugh, her playfulness, and her mother-bear personality leaves a large hole in her family. In lieu of donations, please continue on as engaged and thoughtful people. That is all Marybelle wanted us to be.

Hester Goodenough Caldwell '46

Hep Caldwell was born November 30, 1928, and died on April 10, 2018. Hep died as she lived—sustained by her love



for her family and her ability to meet challenges with laughter and quick wit. Hep was born in Woodbridge, CT, to Erwin and Helen Goodenough. She grew up loving the

outdoors and playing alongside her three older brothers and male cousins, excellent preparation for her future schooling and her later ability to simultaneously embrace and challenge traditional gender roles. At the age of ten she entered The Putney School, where she met the boy she would later wed, John Caldwell '46. Hep's passion for the outdoors and pushing the boundaries might best be captured when, in 1941, in eighth grade, she affectionately shot her 11th-grade friend Dick Richardson with a BB gun through her dorm window to demonstrate her marksmanship. Later, as an 11th grader, she and a friend pulled their mattresses out a window and onto the roof of the tower of the Main Building, so that they could sleep under the stars. It was Hep's time as a student at Putney School that shaped her life as a teacher, mother, administrator, and mentor to many students. In all, she spent 45 years at Putney, entering in fifth grade, just two years after the

school's inception in 1936. After graduating from Smith College in 1950 and marrying John, she returned to Putney in 1953, where she taught history for 37 years even as she raised four children and earned her master of arts in liberal studies from Wesleyan University. During her tenure at Putney, Hep held a variety of positions, including head of the history department, dean of faculty, field hockey coach, and ski coach. An avid hiker, she led student ski trips to Tuckerman Ravine, drawing on her years of skiing for Putney and on the ski patrol at Smith. Together, Hep and John exemplified partnership as they raised their four children, worked at Putney, and traveled to Switzerland, France, Italy, Austria, Finland, Norway, Australia, Tonga, Wales, England, Japan, Yugoslavia, China, and Russia on learning, hiking, and skiing expeditions. In their later years, Hep and John became co-sponsors of Camp Caldwell, a series of mini-camps for their ten grandchildren, where they nurtured family ties, promoted the benefits of physical labor, and cultivated a respect and love for the natural world. In the spirit of 5AM barn duty at Putney, the little grandkid campers could not have 7AM breakfast until they had dipped in the icy cold spring-fed pond at the bottom of the hill, which of course Hep and John had done themselves an hour or so earlier. Other camp activities ranged from "waking up the chickens and feeding them" to drawing straws to see which pair would have to wade into the swamp mud to remove the watercress that had infested the pond's water. Now adults, some of the grandkids' fondest memories include their time with Hep and John. Hep contributed significantly to her community, serving as a founding member of the new Putney Library, chairperson of Brattleboro Community Chorus, head of Putney's Democratic Party, and a justice of the peace, presiding over scores of weddings. Inspiring her children, grandchildren, and students to do good in this world, lifting hearts with her piano playing, Hep's legacy lives on in her children and grandchildren, all of whom love skiing and other outdoor activities, many of whom are engaged in teaching and coaching. Hep faced old-age challenges in her final years, but

she never lost her quick laugh and ability to find levity in whatever was happening around her. She was predeceased by her daughter, Jennifer '75, and her brother, Ward. She will be greatly missed by her husband, John, her three children, Tim '72, Sverre '73, and Peter '74 and her ten grandchildren, Tyler, Alexa, Anya, Lucy, Sophie, Lucinda, Heidi, Austin, Isabel, and Patrick, and her brothers, John and Jim.



Geoffrey Hendricks '49

Visual and performance artist Geoffrey Hendricks, internationally recognized in association with the avant-garde Fluxus movement of the '60s and '70s, died on May 12, 2018. He spent his early summers in Marlboro, VT, on a farm belonging to his parents, Walter and Flora Hendricks, who later founded it as Marlboro College in 1946. At Putney, he met his future wife, Bici Forbes '50 (now Nye Ffarrabas). Geoffrey was a unique mix of contemporary and traditional. He was at peace at home in the city while also finding joy in nature, embracing both. He was a former head of the graduate program at Rutgers University's Mason Gross School of the Arts, where he taught for 47 years. According to his daughter, Tyche Hendricks, her dad was open and receptive to new ideas, encouraged by his parents to do what he loved and to run with it. Geoffrey found his way into the New York modern art world as an undergraduate at Amherst, taking the train to NYC to put himself where these conversations were happening. He made a life in New York in experimental art, known mostly for his performance art and painting clouds and sky on objects, earning him the nickname "Cloudsmith." Nye, also an artist involved in the Fluxus movement who often collaborated with

Geoffrey, said that when she and Geoffrey were about 11 years into their marriage they mutually revealed that they were both gay, and separated. She has remained friends with Geoffrey and his husband, Sur Rodney, and is still very close with his family, often celebrating family holidays together where many conversations about art are engaged. Geoffrey's younger brother, Jon, curator of Fluxus at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, said he thought Geoffrey was such a success because he stuck with it. His life's mantra was to not only think outside the box, but to reach beyond the box. Jon said that his family is now finding out the incredible joy he spread after receiving many letters, all of them speaking on how he touched them enormously. Tyche said that because of his philosophic approach on life and death, he was at peace with the fact that his life was coming to an end.

— Excerpted from *the Brattleboro Reformer*, by Cicely M. Eastman

Susan McIntosh Lloyd '52

An author, historian, scholar, educator, and musician, Sue Lloyd '52 embodied the fearlessness, breadth, leadership,



singlemindedness, and principles of the Putney enterprise, which she so thoughtfully chronicled in her book *The Putney School: A Progressive Experiment* (Yale

University Press; 1987). Susan Margaret McIntosh was born April 18, 1935 in New York City, where she spent her childhood, with summers in the Berkshires. An adventuresome child, Sue would leave the Upper East Side alone to explore neighborhoods less privileged than her own. Later she would actively and broadly address the kinds of inequalities she saw in the world. At Putney, Sue engaged every facet and varied experience of the program the way she did everything – fearlessly, independently, with determination, and without overt effort or drawing attention. She was co-head of school as a senior, exhibiting an ability to get people to do things and make them feel good about it, always with kindness

and concern, skills she continued to develop throughout her life. In 1956 Sue graduated from Radcliffe, married Robert A. Lloyd, and began her career as a teacher. Sue did not feel she could be an adequate mother while teaching and quit to dedicate herself to her children and their early education. When Bob got a job teaching art at Phillips Academy in Andover, Sue returned to Harvard for a graduate degree in teaching, and was then hired to teach history and music at Abbot Academy, soon to merge with Andover. At one Andover faculty meeting, Sue proposed that Andover grow hay on the Great Lawn, a sacred site with chapel and bell tower. Though that particular proposal was not accepted, she ran the woods crew at Andover to cut and deliver firewood. As a teacher and administrator, Sue created an innovative urban studies program connecting Andover to the public Lawrence High School, and then acted as residential dean at Andover, in charge of discipline for 300 students. Gifted with a stalwart, fearless, determined disposition, Sue pushed change, encountered inevitable resistance, and worked through it without being fazed. She never wasted time worrying about what other people, including her own family, would think. Her commitment to social equity continued in the 1960s with her involvement in the civil rights and peace movements. Sue's primary academic scholarship was on the history of independent schools. Her first book on the history of Abbott Academy was succeeded by her detailed and impressive history of the founding of Putney and its first two decades. Asked in the early 1980s by a group of alumni to undertake the project in recognition of the upcoming 50th anniversary of the school's founding, Sue conducted countless interviews and "history taping sessions" and reviewed letters, questionnaires, journals, and notebooks from alumni, current and former faculty, and the Hinton family. Through her exhaustive research and lucid prose the excitement, daring, and sheer suspense of Putney's founding proposition emerge. The detail and immediacy of her account reflects that Sue herself was part of and a product of this progressive experiment and deeply grateful to Carmelita Hinton that it succeeded.

Sue credited Norwood Hinkle's course in the history of music with influencing her lifelong passion as a violist, violinist, chamber music coach, and coordinator of a national chamber music organization. Sue worked for two decades as guardian *ad litem* for the Rutland Family Court, representing and guiding many young people in difficult circumstances. Sue's community and school involvements were too numerous to mention and include serving on the board of The Putney School and the boards of land trusts, public schools, and music programs. With grace, equanimity and calm, Sue accepted a 2007 diagnosis of two debilitating illnesses and the inevitable loss of energy and control. She fully enjoyed her good days and accepted the bad. With a Brahms piano quartet playing in the background, and her husband and three sons around her, she passed away on July 2, 2018.

— Brian D. Cohen

James (Holleman) Wellman '53

Born and raised in Tulsa, OK, James was a gentle soul who had a passion for plants and developed a love for gardening at an early age. This led to degrees in agronomy and plant physiology. While studying in California, he married Marilyn Mitchel, with whom



he had three daughters. James taught college biology in Chicago, became a certified teacher of the Alexander Technique, and met his future second wife, Lori Weiner, before settling in Minneapolis. James enjoyed heating with wood and gardening at their home, especially vegetables and native prairie plants. His and Lori's love of nature led to many camping trips and annual canoe trips to the Boundary Waters. James also loved classical music, poetry, and reading about current affairs and environmental issues. He did home and yard maintenance for seniors for many years. He was an active member of the MN Zen Meditation Center and did volunteer work for prairie garden sites, Loon Watch, and the Land Stewardship Project. He is survived by his wife, Lori, three daughters, one stepson, five grandchildren, and many extended family members.

Louis Stern Loeb '55

According to his baby book, Lou Loeb was quiet on his first day; that was the last time anyone would say that of him. Ever after, Lou was ready with a kind word or a funny story. Perennially the joker, listeners were never certain—until the punchline—whether he was recounting an anecdote or a telling a joke. Lou's sense of humor was coupled with a warm and generous heart. One of his early teachers noted, "Louis is good at making friends. He is very dependable and cooperative." In short, Lou had the makings of a true Boy Scout. For almost 60 years, he served as a Scoutmaster or assistant Scoutmaster. Over the years, BSA recognized Lou for his exceptional service and character, but his real joy came from helping youth develop into leaders. He advocated for a youth-directed Scouting program. Only the love for his wife and family compared to his zeal for Scouting. While Lou studied at Temple University, he met and married his match, Barbara Ann Keely. Together until her death in 2007 they raised four children. Lou devoted his life to fun and family, sharing his sense of humor and enthusiasm for camping and the outdoors with his children. Lou instilled his zest for life in his family, whether they were found or made, including his 12 grandchildren and two great grandchildren. As a college instructor, psychologist, and Scout leader, Lou profoundly affected others' lives for the better. A Scout friend wrote, "He leaves a legacy of countless young men and women who will become great leaders, teachers, and citizens."

Wendy McLeod Watson '60

Wendy Watson, beloved mother, sister, and aunt, died on February 23, 2018, at her home in Phoenix, where she lived next door to her daughter, Mary, who cared for her in her last months. Wendy met the unrelenting challenges of cancer with courage and grace to the last. She was 75 years old. From a very young age, Wendy knew she wanted to be an artist. She received her primary education and early art training from her parents. She later received a BA in Latin from Bryn Mawr College. Wendy was the author-illustrator of 22 books for children, and the illustrator of 75 books for other authors. Her books received many prestigious awards.

Her artwork has been included in numerous national and international shows. To her children, she was an unrelenting pillar of support, advice, companionship, and encouragement. She passed on her deep love of nature, animals, cooking, performing and visual arts, language, reading, and adventure to both her children. Her determination, strength, and courage will live on in all her family members.

Burling McAllester '70

Bur McAllester was born February 19, 1952, and died by his own hand on February 11, 2017. He was 65 years old and had been born to noted ethnomusicologist David McAllester and beloved mother, Susan. He majored in dance at Antioch College, and upon earning his BA, spent three years as a freelance choreographer in New York City, where he mounted several full-scale productions. Moving to San Francisco, he became a craftsman and carpenter. He loved hiking with his many friends in the Sierra Mountains and backpacking along the Lost Coast. He joined with them in English country dancing in Sebastopol and attending the opera in San Francisco. A special pleasure was the home-cooked feasts he served on his mother's china. And he read and re-read sci-fi series. The more volumes the better. He is survived by his many friends, and his sister, Bonner McAllester.

Jess McClanahan '84

Jess McClanahan, 52, died July 13, 2018. Born in Palo Alto, CA, he studied Greek, Latin, and literature at Centre College. He spent many years in the food service business, mostly at Alfalfa Restaurant in Lexington, KY, of which he was a former co-owner. Jess was a kind, gentle, generous man who loved farm work, books, cooking, and the Cincinnati Reds. His survivors include his children, Gray and Rose, and their mother, Loralyn Cecil, his parents, his four siblings, and two nieces.

Amy Meselson '90

Amy Valor Meselson, of New York, NY, passed away on Sunday, July 22, 2018. Beloved daughter of Matthew Meselson and Sarah Page Meselson, and dear step-daughter of Jeanne Guillemin Meselson, William Emerson III and

Arthur Podaras. Loving sister of Zoë Forbes and her husband Brian Forbes, Rob, Jen (Lundgren) and John Guillemin, Paola, Isabel, and William Emerson IV. Amy leaves many more relatives, close friends, and colleagues who loved and admired her. Amy grew up in Cambridge, MA, and attended Buckingham, Brown & Nichols, and Putney. She held an undergraduate degree from Brown University, a master's in philosophy from Harvard University, and a JD from Yale University. Most of Amy's legal career was spent at the Legal Aid Society of New York defending immigrants' rights. She devoted her life to fighting injustice and providing support to society's most vulnerable. The Liman Foundation paid the following tribute to Amy in a message to her family: "Amy was a pioneer in representing immigrant youth. Her success was remarkable. Amy's profound and thoughtful engagement in these issues makes her loss all the more sad, for she gave so generously and creatively to make a place for others in our world. Cry sorrow, sorrow—yet let good prevail!" Donations in Amy's memory may be made to the Legal Aid Society of New York, the Immigrant Justice Corps, or the Woodstock Farm Sanctuary.

Tobias Shepard '91

Tobias Morgan Shepard passed away suddenly in Vineyard Haven, MA, on March 26, 2018. He is survived by his brother, Nathan Shepard, as well as an extended family of aunts, uncles, and cousins. He is also survived by his stepfather, James



Masek, stepbrother Jesse, and stepsister Tanya. Tobias was predeceased by both his parents, Maggie Pepp Masek '58 and Robert Tyler Shepard. Tobias was born on April 16, 1973, and grew up in Acworth, NH. Both of his parents were artists, and both Tobias and his brother began drawing at an early age. Following the death of his father when Tobias was 12, he was lovingly cared for by the David and Pamela Howard family of Walpole, NH, as well as the Jay and Ellen Phinizy family of Acworth. At Putney, he participated in the Ithaca Program

and traveled to Greece and Turkey to study art. He attended the University of Redlands and studied lithography and printmaking at the Massachusetts College of Art and Design. He also studied art in Lacoste, France. Tobias loved creating art, and seldom was without with a sketchpad (and an espresso)—sketching, painting, or making collage. His work was shown in the Etherington Gallery in Vineyard Haven and the Reside Gallery in Cambridge, MA, and is housed in private collections around the world. His mother, Maggie, instilled in him a deep love for cooking. Tobias was a highly-sought-after, self-taught personal chef, with devoted clients all over Martha's Vineyard and throughout the country. Although Tobias struggled with depression and anxiety, he will be remembered by his family and wide-reaching network of friends for his loving nature that shone through his beautiful smile, his one-of-a-kind laugh, his openness and gift for connecting people, his philosopher's mind, his honesty, playfulness, and humor. He was a true bodhisattva. His infectious and urgent energy imbued a luminous quality to time spent with him; friends recall long animated discussions, rollicking storytelling, outdoor adventures, road trips full of magic, and deep confessional heart-to-hearts. Tobias encouraged people's gifts and mirrored the inner beauty of everyone he met throughout his entire life.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Alumni for whom we don't have an obituary or whose notice of death we received as the issue was in production are listed below.*

Kendall Landis '42
Nancy Carpenter Wendell '44
Lynn Barker Root '60
Denise Sackler Marika '73

P.S.



A peek into Putney
School camping trips
in the late 1930s.

PHOTO COURTESY OF
HENRY CHANDLER '39

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Calder, Alexander (1898-1976), *La Grande vitesse*
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