

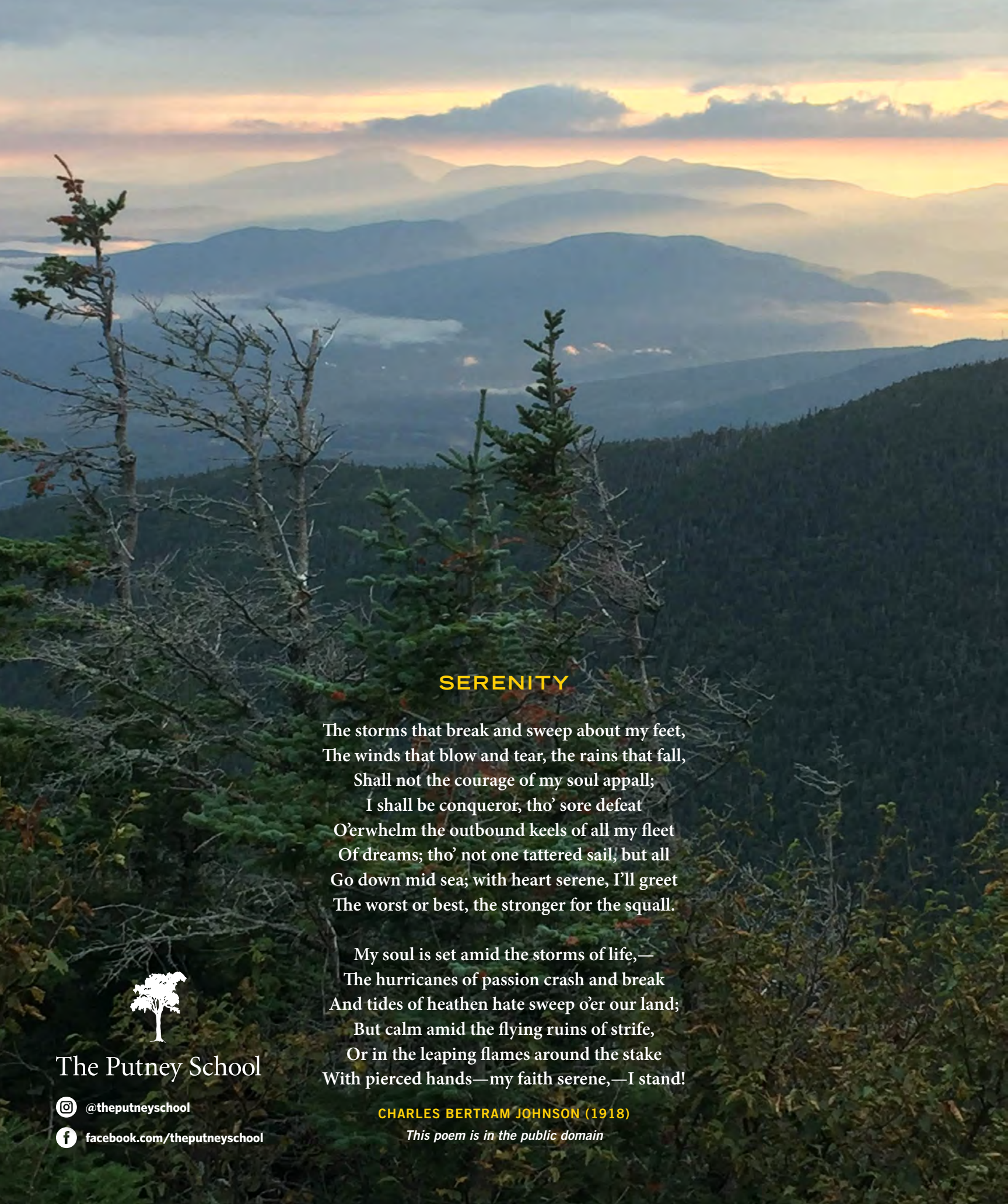
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PUTNEY POST

FALL 2021





SERENITY

The storms that break and sweep about my feet,
The winds that blow and tear, the rains that fall,
Shall not the courage of my soul appall;
I shall be conqueror, tho' sore defeat
O'erwhelm the outbound keels of all my fleet
Of dreams; tho' not one tattered sail, but all
Go down mid sea; with heart serene, I'll greet
The worst or best, the stronger for the squall.

My soul is set amid the storms of life,—
The hurricanes of passion crash and break
And tides of heathen hate sweep o'er our land;
But calm amid the flying ruins of strife,
Or in the leaping flames around the stake
With pierced hands—my faith serene,—I stand!

CHARLES BERTRAM JOHNSON (1918)

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DRIVE

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Detail photograph of a 1965 Volvo restored
by Merou Rosner '21 over the course of
her four years at Putney. See p. 15.

TOC photo:
Woven tapestry by Viva Vadim '21 that
earned Viva two national awards. See p. 32.



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DEAR READER,

At Putney, we teach failure. We teach *for* failure. We teach about failing often, and well. There is, as you will learn reading this issue's stories, more to learn there than there is in straightforward success.

This issue's theme—Drive—captures the energy that sees people through challenging situations, “failures,” and creative dilemmas. They are the two sides of the same coin. What happens when the coin, with failure on one side and drive on the other, flies through the air, throwing off sparks like a firework pinwheel? It turns end-over-end with frustration, re-starting, inertia, self-doubt, and more. The juicy words that live on the flipside of the failure coin—creativity, problem-solving, persistence, the emergence of a hard-won completion, and *drive*—illuminate failure's importance. That's where the magic lives. That's where the learning happens.

There is a unique beauty in a project seen to completion. In this issue, we'll bear witness to a few, including getting a fifty-six year old car to run, bringing highly conceptual ceramic art from idea to finished piece, and bringing a movie to the big screen. We also hear the story of an alumna whose striving is ongoing, even when she's arguably at the top of her game.

Current Head of School Emily Jones (who is herself completing her Putney project—this is her fifteenth and final year as head of school) and Christopher Barnes '85 (Head of School at Midland School) sat down last summer to talk about their experiences with running an independent school as Putney began honing in on finalists for its new head of school. Now, a few months later, we've shared the exciting news that Danny O'Brien, currently head of High Mountain Institute in Leadville, CO—started by Chirstiphoner Barnes and his wife, Molly, in 1995—will be taking the wheel upon Emily's retirement.

This issue will land in your hands as Putney's fall project week launches. In those ten days, students may attempt to fix their first car, make their first movie, or create their first ceramic vase. And while the vase might crack, the car might not start, and the movie might be terrible, we know that every emerging master has to start somewhere. As we continue to teach and learn, we will savor those imperfect outcomes, and encourage the continuing growth of our students and our community.

Best wishes,

ALISON FRYE
Editor

DARRY MADDEN
Publisher

Looking

BOARD OF TRUSTEES CHAIR
JOSHUA LAUGHLIN '82, IN A
LETTER TO THE PUTNEY
SCHOOL COMMUNITY:

“He will lead Putney’s efforts to grow into an even more robust vision for progressive education and a diverse, equitable, inclusive, and just community. His many conversations with our students, teachers, parents, trustees, and friends revealed the humility, self-awareness, and determination essential to the work ahead.”

FEEDBACK FROM
STUDENTS:

“He would be good at balancing the ideological responsibilities and the pragmatic ones. He would also help with anti-racism and sustainability at Putney.”

ADMINISTRATION:

“I heard thoughtfulness, compassion, a love of the mission and place.”

PARENTS, TRUSTEES, AND ALUMNI:

“I feel like I would hit the ground running becoming a better teacher and member of the community if Danny were head of school.”

In July, Putney will welcome Danny O’Brien as its tenth head of school. O’Brien currently serves as the head of school at the High Mountain Institute (HMI) in Leadville, Colorado. At HMI, O’Brien has worked to develop innovative educational programs and increase the diversity of students, faculty and staff. He will join the community on July 1, 2022 with his wife, Ellie, and their children, Vivie and Henry. Stay tuned—the Post plans to dive in and learn all about Danny and his hopes, dreams, and plans for Putney in future issues.

WELCOME, DANNY O’BRIEN

“Putney is clearly in a position of strength and can take tremendous pride in all that it has accomplished. At the same time, if we are to live Putney’s fundamental beliefs, there will always be work to do. I heard loudly and clearly, for example, the need to continue to make progress in living out Putney’s commitment to anti-racism and to ensuring all people who enter campus see this school as a home.”

Read more www.putneyschool.org/putney-to-welcome-new-head-of-school

aHead



Q&A with Danny O’Brien, Putney’s Next Head of School

What books that you’ve read in the last year that have impacted you deeply? I found *The Smash Up* by Ali Benjamin both entertaining and very thoughtful in representing the complexities of the current cultural moment. *The Warmth of Other Suns* by Isabel Wilkerson placed me in the shoes of Black Americans struggling with systemic and individual racism to achieve the fullness of their dreams during and after the Great Migration. I don’t know how it could not inspire people to fight for change.

How do you decompress? I love to take off on a run through the woods. Camping with my family is (mostly) a joy. I find myself cooking more-complicated-than-is-really necessary meals on most weekends. I keep my phone out of my bedroom, and have learned not to check email until we have had breakfast and the kids are on their way to school in the morning!

What are you most proud of from HMI? 1) A couple of years ago, I received an email from an alum who had attended several years prior. She was a first generation Latina who shared the ways in which she thrived at HMI and the ways in which we had fallen short of meeting her needs. As I read her email, I realized we had already addressed the specific facets of our program that she articulated as needing improvement. This does not mean HMI is perfect; I know this student and others from historically marginalized identities have had other experiences with us that were unacceptably harmful. It was nonetheless affirming to reply to this student sharing how we have made changes to address many different issues rather than simply talking about the need to do so. And 2) We expanded financial aid packages to include not only wilderness gear and airline tickets for students, but also transportation for parents/guardians/caregivers to attend our Family Weekend. It was important for us that every student see a loved one in the crowd on this important day.

What surprised you about Putney when you visited? The number of students who cared enough about the school to show up for my optional, after school Q&A session during my candidate visit shocked and impressed me. I don’t know if you’d see this anywhere else.

What is something that people wouldn’t know about you by looking at you? I am the product of incredibly diverse, under-resourced public schools in Providence, Rhode Island. I am grateful for all of my experiences in these environments; they shape my aspirations for education today.



FINDING

A After an accident left Alicia Brelsford Dana '87 paralyzed from the waist down, she turned to hand cycling.

WAY

Left: One of the first rides after years of time off, while daughter Willa still little (Three Notch Century, White Mountains) **Right:** Bike race in Keene, NH, between Alicia's junior and senior year at Putney

STORY BY
CATE MARIAN

Strapped into her handcycle on a quiet country road, water splashed from Alicia Dana's tires as the rain soaked through her clothing. Drenched and determined, she got her workout in.



She had asked her sister, Carlotta Brelsford Cuerdon '80, to pull over during their drive from Putney to Madison, WI, for the 2018 U.S. Para-Cycling National Championships. Cuerdon knew Dana planned to stop along the way to train for the race, but when it started to pour she assumed they would just keep driving.

Not the case. "It was terrible," Cuerdon said. "I looked at her out there—cars going by and spraying her with water—and thought, 'This is it. This dedication to training, even under the most adverse conditions; this is what separates the champions from the rest of us.'"

Indeed, Dana is a three-time Paralympian in women's handcycling. During her senior year at The Putney School she had an accident that paralyzed her from the waist down. For her, pushing through tough situations has been a way of life. Rain is the least of her challenges.

Last Summer, Dana won bronze medals in the Tokyo 2020 Paralympic Games [Note: The 2020 games took place in the Summer of 2021]. She had been on track to win a gold but that got derailed when the chain on her handcycle slipped off mid-race. As her team fumbled to fix it, she watched in horror as seconds turned into minutes. By the time it was re-positioned, she couldn't make up for the lost time.

Despite the defeat, at age 52 she's at the top of her game in a sport she helped shape—and her coaches say she can still get faster. She's come a long way from the 17-year-old girl grappling with the fact that she would never walk again.

"You learn to adapt," Dana said. "Human beings are incredibly adaptable. You don't know it until you have to, but you find a way."

FINDING HER FREEDOM

Everything changed on a sunny day in September. While hanging out with some friends at the school, Dana climbed about 40 feet up a tree in Tripping Field. She tried to move onto one of the smaller limbs but it wasn't strong enough to hold her weight and she fell, landing flat on her back.

"I was instantly paralyzed," Dana said.

Before the injury, she was a nationally ranked nordic skier and cyclist.

"Being an athlete was a huge part of my identity," Dana said. "It was where I got my confidence from and my self image."



Now, she was in a wheelchair and re-learning basic mobility skills.

"I was so impatient to get out of rehab—I got out in record time," Dana said. "I remember the physical therapist trying to teach me to do this, do that, and I had no patience—just send me home and I'll figure it out."

She was so eager to get back to normal, and she graduated as planned with the class of '87, but nothing was the same.

"I underwent this huge transformation, and came back to school and felt so distant from my friends," she said. "Like a world had opened up that I couldn't let them into, and I couldn't climb back into their world. It was really disorienting and I really struggled."

After graduating from Putney she moved to Miami and began wheelchair racing, particularly in marathons. She later went to California to attend UC Santa Barbara, and eventually returned to Vermont to finish up her degree at Marlboro College. It was during that time, in the mid-'90s, that she got her first handcycle. They were just starting to become available, but still few and far between.

"That was really great," Dana said. "I could ride my old bike routes, and I felt a new sense of freedom and strength, exercising that athletic part of myself."



Left: The day of Alicia's release from rehab, November 1986, with her father Center: On handcycle in Tokyo Inset right: Holding bronze medal at the Tokyo Paralympic Games

In 2000 she and a group of other cyclists rode across the country for ten weeks to raise funds for disability-related causes. The next year she qualified for the United States Paralympics Cycling National Team—but it wasn't quite her time. That path was put on pause when she decided to take a break from the sport to raise her daughter, Willa '22—as a single mother, without the use of her legs. She had gotten married, then divorced soon after.

"I was very tired," Dana said with a laugh. "But you figure out pretty quick as a mom that you adore this little being. Like becoming disabled, you find a way. One day at a time, and the days accumulate and things change."

She didn't return to handcycling until eight years later, when a friend encouraged her to participate in the Burlington City Marathon and she won first place in her division.

"It just kind of gave me the bug again," she said. Handcycling was also becoming more

prevalent, in part due to a rise in wounded war veterans who had lost limbs.

"I thought, hey, this sport really is something now," Dana said. "My competitive spirit got reignited."

THE POWER OF PERSEVERANCE

In less than a year she had made it back onto the U.S. National Team, securing the very last spot for the 2012 Summer Paralympics in London, then diligently working to the 2016 Games in Rio—where she earned a silver medal—and continuing to the most recent Tokyo Games.

"Once I put my mind to it, and started training regularly and updated my equipment, I really did get back to the top of the field pretty quickly," Dana said.

Her love for the sport goes beyond the motivation of racing. The camaraderie she

has built with her teammates, and the support she has found in the para-cycling community, have been incredibly important for her mental health and wellbeing.

"I feel very much like I belong to this certain culture," she said. "It develops close bonds. I feel like I have some really close friends now."

Not to mention her family. When she's not loading her equipment into a van or onto a plane for far-off training trips and races, she's speeding along the tree-lined roads in Putney, making water stops at her mom's house or the occasional call to Carlotta for an emergency pick-up if things go awry.

"I feel like everybody in the community knows who she is," Cuerdon said. "The whole community is so proud of her and just wants to help. It's really heartwarming. It definitely takes a village. Even if she may not be aware of it, there are so many people

who will tell me how impressed they are and how amazing she is."

Cuerdon also works as the assistant director of development at The Putney School.

"In my role I talk to alumni all the time," she said. "I get to hear from the network of fans who are cheering her on from afar."

Dana's relationship with her hometown is a little more complicated.

"In some ways I feel like I stick out and I'm different," she said. "I navigate my way through life in a way that most people don't understand, and I can feel like a loner."

But it's also where she was born and raised. It's home.

"I've lived in other places, but I always come back to Putney," she said. "Being disabled is a really integral part of who I am. And this community is a really integral part of who I am. They co-exist."

In addition, Dana's daughter, Willa, is a student at the Putney School, and her ambition has certainly rubbed off.

"My mom always tells me to pursue my passions, however unrealistic or impossible they seem to be," Willa said. "In doing that I've had some pretty incredible experiences, so I appreciate her endlessly for that. She also takes life as it comes, one day at a time, and that taught me to be more flexible and easygoing. It's pretty incredible

how hard she works, and watching her train motivates me to pursue my own interests with renewed passion and drive."

Dana makes it back to The Putney School to watch her daughter in numerous plays and, of course, for Harvest Festival.

"I love being up there on campus," she said. "It's such a beautiful spot."

Although she can't change what took place there years ago, her experience has instilled new perspectives and fresh wisdom that she would give to her young self, or anyone else going through a similar situation.

"Your life can still be great," Dana said. "It's going to look different. But the sky's the limit. You can create what you want, you can be who you want. Don't be unrealistic but don't put unnecessary limits on yourself. You can find a way." ■



NEW

MOVE- MENT

Gentaro Yokoyama '96
knew he wanted to be a
ceramicist after Putney.
But he also knew he
wanted to push what
that meant.

Gentaro Yokoyama '96
in his Tokyo studio eats
pasta from a ceramic
pillow he designed that
doubles as a bowl.

ART & DESCRIPTIONS BY GENTARO YOKOYAMA '96



I ALWAYS PUT MOVEMENT INTO MY WORK.

Humans are naturally interested in movement—looking at a fire or at the waves breaking.

In many cases, Japanese ceramics try to create movement by making something look like it is in the process of cracking, so it looks like it might crack more. Many old ceramics have that, but I'm not very interested in copying something else that has already been done, so I created this kind of new movement. I put feet on my work, so it seems like it might start walking around. That brings more strength. Instead of it being just a thing it becomes more like a creature. I feel like it has more soul by putting on feet.

This is a cup and a sculpture. I like to have more than one purpose in one work. And many times it's been sculpture and been something functional. Many times I put a little hole where you can put a flower into it, which becomes functional. I've been working really between craft and art, and I'm always in the middle.



3

THIS IS A TOOL TO SCOOP the tea powder for a tea ceremony. I made it out of a skateboard.

I actually bought my first skateboard when I was at Putney. I learned many of my first tricks at Putney too. I thought it would be interesting to put these two elements together—the tea ceremony and skateboarding.

This isn't ceramics, but a different medium. I am part of a group called The Tea Room, which produces art tea ceremonies.

To be creative, first you have to like it. You have to have some kind of passion for it, and you have to have some kind of dream. My dream is to create something new every day.

Putney introduced me to ceramics. But Putney also showed me that I can work in different materials. At Putney I was also doing woodworking and working with wax. I even did some stone sculptures. That was the best thing that happened to me at Putney.



TWELVE YEARS AGO MY FIRST DAUGHTER WAS BORN.

However, while she was in her mother's womb, there was a little problem. The doctor didn't know exactly what the problem was, but the water in the womb was more than it should be, so doctors thought there might be some problem with the baby. She was about eight months pregnant. In those final months, every day I was thinking of many things. And I was really scared—was she going to be OK, was she going to be alive? Is she going to be healthy? I didn't know what to do about it, and I was scared. After she was born, the next day she had surgery on her intestinal tract. She was fine.

After that, I started thinking about that experience, and I felt like that was very similar to looking at a ghost. It's kind of covered by a veil, the baby is covered with mother's skin, and it's very mysterious. You don't know what's inside and what it's going to look like, and it's very scary. I thought an unborn baby was like a ghost. I've been making them ever since, using different shapes and materials. This one is made of cloth that is soaked in liquid clay before firing. The cloth burns off in the kiln.

My job is to push what ceramics is. I don't want to be making what someone has already made. To me, that's not interesting.

4

THERE IS A TEAPOT CULTURE in American ceramics that we don't have in Japan. And it really got me interested in ceramics.

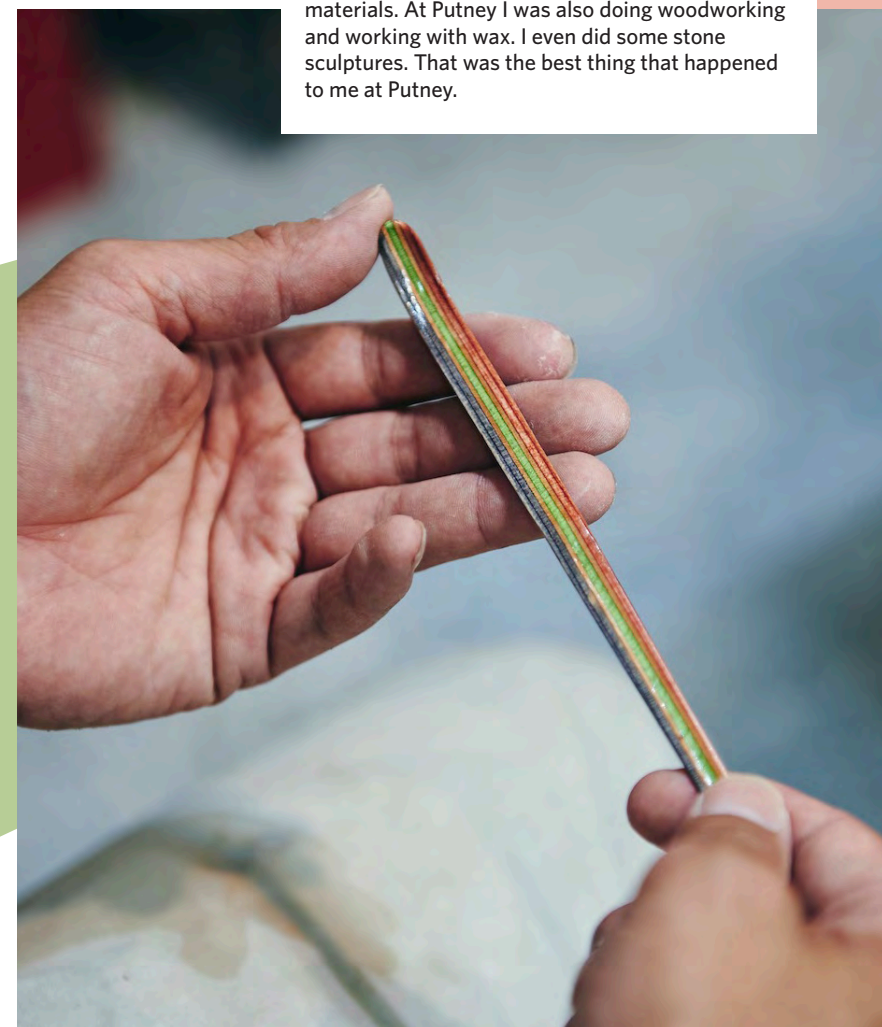
This teapot was inspired one day when I was making flower vases out of small pipes. It gave me the idea to make a teapot in this way.

This teapot is made from one continuous length of clay pipe. I really like this kind of fluidity.

I look for inspiration in everything. Every day I'm thinking about what to make, what's fun to create, how can I make people happy. Whatever I'm thinking becomes my creation.

2

[Editors Note: yes this is a teapot.]





Merou Rosner '21
wanted to fix up a
1965 Volvo during her
first project week as
a commuter vehicle.
After four years of
stops and starts, it
made the commute.

STORY BY
DARRY MADDEN
PORTRAITS BY
LAURA STEWART

The silver and rusted '65 Volvo in unknown condition arrived one early winter's night, and was dropped beside the carpentry shop to await its fate.

In the morning, ninth-grader Broden Walsh '21 got behind the wheel while classmate Merou Rosner '21 and their advisor Glenn Littledale '76 pushed it into the shed under the gas kiln where Rosner and Walsh would take their first ever whack at fixing up a car. Their goal was to have it running soon enough for the two day students to use it to commute from Marlboro to Putney.

⁴ Merou Rosner and her project car at her home in Marlboro, Vermont, in 2019.

By this point in their first-ever project weeks, Rosner and Walsh had spent one week of the two finding the car, leaving one week to get it running.

They had noticed while unloading the car that the brakes didn't seem to be working. So they began, naturally, with the emergency brake.

For his part, Littledale told them to research how brakes work and have at it.

"The hardest part was some really rusted parts. Trying to get the brake drum off was a difficult task," said Rosner. "Glenn would come help and show us a trick, like jumping on the wrench. But otherwise it was a really easy fix."

But that was the only fix they accomplished that project week. The Volvo was towed back to Rosner's house in Marlboro one December afternoon, where it was tucked into the barn as the winter sun went down.

It was too cold to work on it that winter, said Rosner, too dark. And besides, they needed too much from Littledale to do much on their own.

"But then spring came and we decided to continue. We didn't feel like we'd done enough—we hadn't fixed the car," said Rosner. "At that point, we still thought it would not take too, too long. It wouldn't take our entire high school experience."

Ultimately, it did take her entire high school experience. Rosner watched as her friend and co-mechanic Walsh moved on to other art forms and ideas and experienced a range of project weeks. She watched as nearly every other student at Putney did the same. She would return, over and over, to the car. She worked slowly and deliberately. She worked alone in the garage under Keep dorm, where, if she closed the door, she could capture some of the heat from the faculty apartment. She soldered, welded, wired, bent steel, disassembled and reassembled.

Before heading off to other horizons, Walsh stayed on for a second project week. They wanted to skip all the other likely issues with the car and go straight for the jugular—ignition. They wanted it to start.



From left to right: Merou Rosner and her dad, Raphael, when she started ninth grade at Putney. Walsh and Rosner working. Rosner in Marlboro over a holiday break.

"We had an emergency brake. That's enough, we don't need full brakes. Let's just get it started," remembered Rosner.

To begin, they drained all the fluids and performed an oil change (The oil was "disgusting;" the gas was so full of rust, it was red, and viscous.)

"We knew that it needed a lot of work, but we decided we were going to ignore that for the moment. And so we tried to start the car and nothing happened when we turned the key."

They tried to hotwire it. They observed that the starter motor and solenoid were not

working properly. They still didn't know if the engine was working, but they knew they couldn't even test without a functioning starter.

They took it off the car and into the classroom. There, with Littledale's help, they disassembled the starter, cleaned it out, soldered and braided a new connection.

"We got it back on the car and hotwired it again to see if it would turn over, and it sounded promising. You could hear stuff working," said Rosner. "And then it caught on fire."

Glenn Littledale has served as the advisor on this and many other projects that involved car repair, bike building, or, really, anything mechanical that needed creating or fixing.

"I'm a congenital gear head. I feel like my highest best use is as someone nursing old machinery and that I'm a fake teacher and really more of a machine nurse," he said.

He has seen many longer term projects through, including individuals with one project, like an orrery (a mechanical model



of the solar system), and projects that are passed from student to student, like the telescope that has been the main telescope of the astronomy project for over a decade.

"You can string time together either as the same individual or you can string time together with the project being the unifying idea. The idea of continuity can take a couple of different shapes," he said.

He thinks of these longer term projects as similar to Putney still teaching traditional chemical darkroom photography—it is explicitly not about instant gratification. The process itself is involved, requiring dedication and investment.

Persistence is, of course, also a key ingredient.

"Merou worked with persistence, she worked with intelligence, she worked with attention to detail. There are very few people who you can hand a wiring diagram to and say, 'Make sure you have continuity everywhere there appears to be continuity in this system.' She was not only able to do that, she was able to identify where her car departed from the wiring diagram in front of her. You're talking about an unusually intelligent person with phenomenal analytical skills. I might offer direct instruction about a thing and then she was routinely able to generalize the result. So she was always looking to leverage what she knew. She retained what she knew. So that made her an especially powerful fledgling mechanic."

When we left our mechanics, they had made a connection between the starter motor and the solenoid. But it didn't make a strong enough connection, and that was the part that caught aflame.

Solo now (Walsh had gone abroad), Rosner started tracking the ignition system wiring so that she didn't have to hotwire it for every attempt at a start. And when that was working, she took apart the carburetor, cleaned it, and (miraculously) it was functioning properly. She adjusted the valve timing, which she describes as "super high stakes."

"Glenn made it a huge deal, which was good because I had to be really careful that no gunk was getting into the engine—I was in the engine at that point."

There was still no evidence that the engine would function even if all the moments leading up to it turning over were. But all the steps ahead of it were, now, ready to go. And so, with an external fuel system perched on the roof, with Littledale and Pete Guenther '80 under the hood spraying starter fluid and poised to extinguish any fires, Rosner turned the key.

"And it worked, the car started. The engine ran, the engine worked. It sounded pretty amazing, it sounded like a nicely working engine. It wasn't making some sort of gross sound, it was just purring. I was so happy. In my head, I was like, 'Wow, we're so close to being done. This is so cool.'"

"So close" is relative. Over the course of the next two years, she stayed with it. She repaired the entire brake system and the fuel system. By the spring of her senior year, she was ready to try and drive it. (It gave her another run for her money by not starting when she tried, but eventually she won out).

With fire extinguisher in hand, she and Littledale backed it out of the garage under Keep. The fifty-six-year-old car drove up the hill past Noyes, past the bare-branched apple trees, up the truck road, turned around at the barn, down to Wender Arts, and back to Keep. Perfectly.

 **WATCH THE MAIDEN VOYAGE**
Visit putneyschool.org/volv

On the day of her graduation, Rosner sat behind the wheel of the Volvo and waited with the tractor and hay wagon to process down to the ceremony. Since it had not been ready to commute before graduation, the procession became the goal. She had eight other students crammed in it—maybe more ("I wasn't sure if that was too heavy for the brakes that I'd done," she said). When they got to the stand of locust trees and the waiting crowd of family and friends on the East Lawn, they streamed out one after the other—a clown car. Rosner left it there, on the truck road, and ran off hand in hand with a classmate to join the group.

What had she taken away from this experience? Had she, as some teachers had suggested, lost out on the diverse and eclectic opportunities afforded her from a Putney education?

Littledale believes there was an "opportunity cost" to sticking with one project, but that it was worth it. "It's the same for kids in the theater who are year in year out participating in theater. Or kids who are involved in the arts and just dance all the time. Are you going to tell them not to dance? No, you're not going to tell them not to dance. They are dancers and they love to dance."

He gave her exhibition about the project the working title "How I Wasted Four Years at Putney" as a nod to that. "That's true," he said. "But is it true enough not to do it? Under the umbrella of working on this car there was an awful lot of development."

"And if I had given up, or if I had stopped, or if I had decided it wasn't giving me enough instant gratification in the beginning, I wouldn't have learned about that and I wouldn't have developed a mindset that it doesn't always have to be solely product-oriented. The project itself can be the reward."



"It taught me so much about commitment and about the way that I should be viewing success and feeling satisfaction with the progress that I've made. In the beginning, I really thought it was going to be a quick project, I didn't realize how much it took to fix up a car. And it initially felt disappointing to have the first couple project weeks not really result in something



that felt like a huge change. But now after so much time, I've learned that none of it was really about having a drivable car. That was always the general goal but there was so much value hidden in every single step," said Rosner, who is now a first year student at Carnegie-Mellon studying physics.

"And if I had given up, or if I had stopped, or if I had decided it wasn't giving me enough instant gratification in the beginning, I wouldn't have learned about that and I wouldn't have developed a mindset that it doesn't always have to be solely product-oriented. The project itself can be the reward."

After graduation, the car was parked near the field house, overlooking the alpaca field and the solar panels, an anachronism between a half dozen Subaru Outbacks.

Towards the end of July, Rosner's father arrived to help get it back to their property in Marlboro. He had helped numerous times before, always with a truck and trailer, but this time—this last time—they decided to drive it home.

The plan had been to inspect it, register it, have it fully legal. Time ran out and it didn't happen. So they took the back roads to avoid being stopped. He drove the Volvo and she followed behind in the family vehicle. About two miles from their house, two Vermont State Troopers came around the bend in the other lane. Rosner saw them slow down, pause, look at the Volvo with curiosity and suspicion. Her father saw this too.

Clockwise from left: Rosner and Littledale; Project week 2018; Littledale helps out under the hood; Friends jammed in before processing down to graduation.

So he floored it. "My dad makes it go as fast as he possibly can get it to go, pushing as hard as it will go those last two miles to my house. It was crazy. It felt like we were in a car chase, but we made it."

Littledale got a kick out of this story. "I hope Merou remembered to torque the tie rods and torque the axle nuts," he said.

In the end, it did make the commute, if only once. ■

There's No Success Like **Failure**, According to
Oscar-Winning Filmmaker Darius Marder '92

The **F**-word

Anyone familiar with filmmaker Darius Marder's 2020 Oscar-winning feature film *Sound of Metal* or his 2008 documentary *Loot* already knows he's an artist unafraid to explore one of America's most feared and loathed conditions—failure.

This doesn't mean you'll find the F-word (failure) dropping from Marder's lips. That's too on-the-nose for this much lauded writer/director. Rather, this Putney School graduate ('92) chooses to embrace error, court catastrophe, and dance with possible defeat.



MARDER WAS RAISED IN CONWAY, MASSACHUSETTS, in a community that adhered to the teachings of philosopher and Russian-born mystic George Ivanovich Gurdjieff, who believed most people live in a state of waking sleep, unaware of their connectivity to everything around them. Finishing his formal education at The Putney School, a learning environment that “trusts people who want to be in that vulnerable landscape...where there’s a magic in the unexplorable” was a natural choice for a young man coming to terms with his artistic legacy (grandparents and parents are all artists) as well his own urge to push boundaries into the unknown.

As a filmmaker, Marder has garnered a reputation as a lone wolf, not beholden to the Hollywood Machine with its endless remakes, comic book movies, and sequels to franchises that long ago lost their luster. Instead, he heeds a voice “inside telling me to make films.” By listening to this voice, by allowing himself to live in a place of uncertainty, the Academy Award-nominated Marder connects with what most of us would call success by any measure—a roster of top filmmaking awards and a body of work that leapfrogs over obvious characters and clichéd plotlines. But don’t congratulate him. To Marder the pass/fail mentality stymies creativity and keeps people from risking breakthroughs leading to artistic truths that would otherwise remain hidden.

Marder and I spoke twice while he was with his youngest son in Arkansas. (Marder’s eldest son, Asa ’18, as well as his older sister, Gabriel, ’90, are also graduates of The Putney School.)



Darius working on set during filming of *Sound of Metal*.

It’s ironic we’re handed this topic—learning from failure—as the world witnesses the failure of America’s efforts in Afghanistan, a disappointment many say could have been avoided had our leaders learned the lessons of Vietnam.

When something goes terribly wrong, people seem to go one of two routes—they blame someone else, or less often, they admit failure. Assigning blame is a way for us to avoid being uncomfortable because being wrong is not allowed in our society. We do a Hester Prynne number [from the *Scarlet Letter*]; we cancel people who fail. Meanwhile, we’re fascinated by train wrecks; people get endorphins looking at other people’s failure when the only appropriate response is to accept that failure is the human condition. Or is there a third, and maybe more interesting route to take after something goes south? When you don’t look for someone to blame; when you’re willing to be in that space of discomfort, that’s where you find the greatest riches.

Can security exist side-by-side with failure? The creative process is by definition insecure. You have to be able to live in a place of failure to find even a glimmer or glimpse of success. Success isn’t a product. It is a moment of creative truth. The actual



Sound of Metal lead actor Riz Ahmed, Oscar-nominee for Best Actor, with Darius during filming

process of finding something creatively, something transcendent, does not come from a pre-scripted place—there’s never a destination. For me there’s an odd sort of security in trusting in this dichotomy.

You chose a career in one of the most difficult industries in which to achieve success. There are a thousand pitfalls along the way to getting a film on screen. What keeps you going? My true north is connecting with something unifying and greater than myself. When I was 18, I was in a dark place, driving cross-country with no particular

plans. A phone call from Ruth Charney, my favorite middle-school teacher, came out of the blue asking me to help her teach English. I said “yes.” Working with kids over those years put me in service of something greater than myself. That notion of “service to” is something I come back to when times are tough.

Is it difficult to deal with the industry’s “gate-keepers”—those responsible for green-lighting a film’s production? Professionally I haven’t done much approval seeking. I didn’t design a career

around people needing to say “yes” to me. Which is a long way of saying that there have been a lot of years with little to no money. However, I do deal with The Machine That Doesn’t Get It. Hollywood wants to see everything before it’s made. If you’re talking about an idea, they ask, “What happens next?” They want to apprehend the whole thing before it’s written... so we see superhero movies and remakes; they’re already written, bottled, and packaged. Hollywood has a hard time with the unknown. They think they can avoid making costly mistakes by asserting control. But that’s not how I work. I do a lot of unorthodox and reckless things to facilitate an entirely different process.

Such as?

I shot *Sound of Metal* on 35mm film because it signals energy, the aesthetic is different. Also, it’s finite, you can’t shoot forever. There’s a danger quotient to film. Video makes people lazy. You can try this or that all day... [and that affects] the energy level of the whole set. I wanted to raise the film’s energy level, increase the precariousness.

For instance, in *Sound of Metal*, the music performances were filmed live, in a club with an audience. I wanted to signal to the actors that something was at stake; this wasn’t about movie magic, this was about the actors’ magic. My message was: “If I’m willing to fail and there’s no safety net for me, then there’s no safety net for you, the actor.” I wasn’t just talking. This wasn’t about failure as a hypothetical; I had to be willing to risk it all to get the film I wanted.

I also shot the film sequentially, so we couldn’t go back and “fix” shots. It was like life; it exists in the moment and then it’s gone.

What makes you willing to take these risks? It’s almost hubristic to think you can make something perfect. There is no success without failure. There’s no success if you try to avert it. I tell my actors, “This is a place to make mistakes.” A script is a platform that wants to be solid. Just like a parent with a child. You want to be solid, not to control your child. You’re solid so that your

child can make mistakes, knowing you won’t fall apart. The director and script are there so an actor can fail. If the actor can’t fail, there will be no magic, no transcendence. That engagement is essential. The paradox is you can’t remove yourself from failure. Failure is something that doesn’t match your intentions. It’s not linear. It feels bad. We are taught to hate it. That’s natural. Yet it molds us. When we allow ourselves to exist in that void, that’s where the gold is found.

It sounds like you welcome failure.

It would be disingenuous to say I welcome it. In fact I’ve always been a perfectionist. I’ve spent years creatively blocked trying to avoid failure. I didn’t hand in one single paper at Putney for that very reason. I’m constantly wrestling with this. Sometimes it gets hard to see. But I’ve spent my time in the hell of perfectionism. When I lose my way I let certain guideposts help me. I follow intuitive patterns; I’ve learned to trust even when they don’t make sense. I follow synchronistic events that help in that landscape of the unknown.

Do you think your early life set the stage for your courage to be at peace with what most of us would call failure?

No. My family’s relationship with failure is complicated. They are eccentric intellectuals and artists who have largely (at least in the context of art) chosen obscurity over scrutiny. My parents (both artists themselves) have also been lifelong spiritual seekers. In a way I look at the life of an artist from this vantage. Filmmaking for me is a continuation of their work. Gurdjieff talked about how we mostly walk around in a dream, asleep to the larger truths. The Putney School touches upon that same realm. It sets the stage where things can be messy and uncomfortable and at its best [gives students] a way to do that safely. It’s wonderful to see Putney exploring this notion of failure. It’s just such a delicious paradox. When we don’t confront our own failure, we create pain. While we try to protect, we harm, we create discord. We think failure is for others. “I’m not a part of that catastrophe!” But then, in every good story—as in life—the villains always think they’re right. ■



Thought Leaders

As Putney prepared to meet its tenth head of school, the *Post* sat down with current head Emily Jones and Christopher Barnes '85, the current head of California's Midland School, to talk about headship, the independent school landscape, and the Putney that its newest head is inheriting.

Emily Jones and

Christopher Barnes '85 in conversation

"Heal the sick and raise the dead"

Emily: The mandate from our board is "Putney must remain unique." Our strategic plan states that mandate. But you have to figure out how to be unique in useful, educationally valid ways. Everybody is trying to be progressive now, even if they're not necessarily using those terms.

Christopher: This is really about domain expertise, being the very best in an unusual niche. Putney does look a little bit different, and that is its charm, its strength, and also, frankly, its weakness. Who sends their child off just to be unique and different? You send your child off for excellence.

Emily: There was a huge explosion of progressive schools in the 1930s, when the alternative was to sit in rows at desks and be drilled, to have no freedom, to have to dress in a certain way and think in a certain way. That's not the generation of kids now looking at schools. Today, student agency is difficult to





People underestimate how frequently heads of school are called upon to play King Solomon, to pull out the golden scissors and make really hard decisions

forced me to spend more time thinking about adults than I did in the first half of my time here, when I focused on the experience of the students much more. I think my successor will inherit a list of things to focus on—how you design job descriptions, how you house people, how you actually get the work done.

distinguish from students expecting to be able to do anything they want to do, and from schools catering to students' every whim.

Christopher: No kidding.

The joke about being a head of school is that all you have to do is heal the sick and raise the dead, and you're all set.

But for this question of what headship means in a progressive school, you really have to pick your time and era. Is it the progressive school of 1935, when Carmelita Hinton was founding Putney? Or do you mean the progressive school that Emily runs today in literally the next century? Does "progressive" mean being out on the edge of whatever's progressive and progressing today? Or does it mean something that once was—and we want to be that?

Emily: I think it has to be both.

Being head of a school is like being the mayor of a small town. Everything that happens is part of the same fabric: every time somebody's spouse gets sick, or somebody's kids gets kicked out of college and winds up at home. I was slow to figure some of that out. There are also systemic issues that have

What's an important piece of the job that people might not have any idea even exists?

Christopher: Supporting the board of trustees to be their very best selves and most effective team in support of the mission.

Emily: About 20% of each group—students, faculty, parents, alumni—are the more vocal and more demanding ones. Keeping in mind the views and needs of the other 80%, and balancing the school's responses, is a constant responsibility.

"Every head of school saves the school"

Emily: People want a head that can do everything, but I think the next head of school will need to be looking and saying, what's the weak link at the moment? What needs the most attention? Being able to discern that is really important. My predecessor here professionalized the business side of the school, which makes everything else possible. So I came into a school where the academic program was going to be really fun to work on, but it was only possible because Brian

Morgan had gotten a grip on what was going on in the Main Building.

Christopher: I think every head of school saves the school in their era. Each head takes on the challenges of their moment. I've informally known you, Emily, for 20 years. I think one of the things Putney needed when you started was to get pushed to think deeply about Putney's commitment to the pedagogy.

Is Putney in a position of strength?

Emily: One of Putney's strengths is that we have some of the nicest parents out there. I actually told the search committee to use that as a lure, because I spend a lot of time with other heads of school listening to their trials and tribulations, and I come back happy not to be in their shoes. I think that our educational model is cool again, which it wasn't for a long time. That's a position of strength.

If someone gave your school \$15 million, how would you spend it?

Christopher: Roughly half for long-term capital projects (faculty housing!) and half into the endowment to support the annual operating budget and financial aid.

Emily: Half for financial aid endowment, half for capital projects, including faculty housing.

What are some challenges for the new head of school?

Housing

Emily: As Christopher said, I have looked at the educational piece of Putney more than the business piece of it. And there are things that had been assumptions about how you run boarding schools that have changed. Right now, we're running hard into the idea that boarding school teachers live in a dorm for a certain length of time while they save up enough money for a down payment on a house locally. It's not realistic anymore. When you add the fact that most of our young faculty have student loans, housing becomes a huge impediment. I was slow to recognize it. The school has bought three

houses in the last six years and we've just rented another one. We have decided to put back on the master plan something that fell off a while back, which is freestanding faculty housing on our 600 acres. So, we are not right now in a position to do what we need to be doing for our faculty in the longer term. That's going to be expensive, and it changes the whole model of how you finance things in a boarding school.

Christopher: From the other side of the country, I can also attest to the housing challenge. It's not special to Putney, right?

Emily: Right.

Christopher: When I was writing my board report in May, the cheapest house available within a 20-minute drive from our campus was \$1.1 million!

Financials

Christopher: People underestimate how frequently heads of school are called upon to play King Solomon, to pull out the golden scissors and make really hard decisions. It's obvious that we don't pay or compensate our faculty enough, whether it's in dollars or in housing. But that's 70 or 80% of where we spend money. We can't pay the faculty more by using less paper at the photocopier. It doesn't move the needle. You want to move the needle? You need more students, or you need less financial aid, then you can have more compensation. But both of those approaches present challenges. There are some very powerful limitations. For example, we're definitely not going to mess with financial aid. If anything, we want to offer more financial aid in this day and age. And then you end up with only a couple of dials you get to adjust. Things like a copious endowment and a robust and strong annual fund make a huge difference. That doesn't come from us hoping that one person's going to make a big gift. It comes from people like me and every single other alum, writing that \$1,000 check every year. Saying, "I believe. I want to make sure that all of Emily's efforts translate into the future, and carry on to the future, to the next head," and that comes from that robust support.

What qualities will the next head have to possess?

Christopher: You really are looking for that person for whom the mission and the fundamental nature of the school resonates so firmly that whatever their weaknesses are, they will address them and fix them, because they're so passionate about the mission. It might be that the perfect person isn't a savant with Excel, but everything else is perfect. So if that's the person, and if they're passionate enough about the mission, they'll backfill that gap.

Emily: I agree that people want a head who can do everything, but I think the key is to look at the school and ask, "What's the weak link at the moment? What needs the most attention?"

Christopher: If you end up with a checklist, you end up looking for perfection you'll never find "We need somebody who has raised \$10 million in one capital campaign, who has been on at least two or three accreditations for independent schools, someone who is an artist and a singer. We need somebody who's a brilliant writer..." If you do this, you eliminate the very thing you need more than anything, which is somebody who comes to the table and inspires folks with a commitment to and passion for the fundamental mission of the school.

What is a major takeaway from your Putney education?

Christopher: Ever since Putney, off and on, I have done real things with my hands—building and construction, maintenance, and crafts (post-Putney I went through a serious knitting phase!), all of which have been an important part of my life and stems from my time at Putney.

Emily: I asked my parents if I could go to Putney, and they rolled their eyes and sent me to a more conventional school. Probably a good idea, as I was a bad-attitude kid, determined to undermine whatever authority was around, and at Putney in the 1970s I could have gotten pretty far off the rails.

I agree that people want a head who can do everything, but I think the key is to look at the school and ask, "What's the weak link at the moment? What needs the most attention?"



ON THE HILL

A photograph by Anna Hubbard '22, for which she received a national scholastic arts gold medal for original photography.

LETTER FROM THE HEAD OF SCHOOL

I am often interviewed by educators who visit Putney or find me at conferences, and of course I can talk the ear off anyone who wants to talk about Putney. Over the years, I have realized that one of the most unusual features of our educational model is that our students start learning from scratch over and over and over while they are here. At most high schools, it's hard to start something new—you don't make the soccer team if you don't know how to play, you can't start learning a new instrument, and you certainly don't have to learn how to milk a cow. Putney students have job training three times a year, so over four years students will have learned twelve jobs. The same is true for evening arts classes. Our academic program almost always can give students the courses they choose, but in the evening arts program, students often wind up with their third or fourth choice because studio space is limited. So twice a year a new group of students shows up in Latin dance or ceramics or printmaking and has to learn from scratch. Since everyone is starting together, whether in new job or new evening art, there is no embarrassment about not knowing.

What this produces is a lovely undauntability in graduating students. They head off to college confident that they can figure things out, and do what needs to be done. As young adults they take on projects that intrigue them and talk themselves into jobs they have no experience in. They have an internal gauge of success, and not too much angst about being evaluated. If you are an alum, I bet you can recognize this in your Putney friends, and, I hope, in yourself.

This issue of the *Post* is all about persisting, through hardship, through what may look like failure. It reminds me that as we make changes in the program and curriculum here, we must be sure to hang on to this habit of making kids start new things often. And hang on to the piece of the Putney Core that says that graduating seniors need to have, or be actively working towards, resilience, perseverance, gumption, and internal fortitude.

All the best to all of you,
EMILY JONES
Head of School



“Be actively working towards, resilience, perseverance, gumption, and internal fortitude.”

Edible Forest Garden

Four years ago, then-seniors Finn Lester-Niles '18 and Griffin deMatteo '18 dreamed up, designed, researched, officially proposed, and created an edible forest garden. Sited with what is arguably the school's prettiest view—looking north to Green Mountain Orchards and Ascutney in the far distance—the garden was an intentional green space containing edible plants and trees, with canopy, understory, shrub, vine, herbaceous, and ground-cover layers, aimed at producing food with the lowest amount of maintenance required.

Designed with a U-shape to maximize exposure to sun and minimize exposure to elements, Finn and Griffin envisioned a “robust ecosystem and an ideal space for rejuvenating relaxation, agricultural experimentation, and place-based learning.” In the fall of 2017, the students finally got their hands dirty after months of planning, siting, and consultations with local nurseries. A garden emerged. That spring, the students graduated. As can happen with student-led initiatives at a bustling boarding school, the project eventually stalled in their absence.

Fast-forward to spring of 2021, when a new crop of ninth-grade students on the school's Sustainability Squad saw in the languishing project the chance to reinvigorate the garden. Moreover, during Covid, students needed outdoor spaces simply to spend time with friends. With the help of science teacher Dawn Zweig, a handful of students dug in—literally—to the forest garden. They cleaned, pruned, planned for weed management, planted, and built an arbor out of grape vines, and by the end of the spring 2021 campus-wide work day, had transformed the space.

What's next for the edible forest garden? The students envision building a bridge to the school's swing and bonfire pit, a hammock, a bench, a hedge to define the space, and a bridge to the adjacent faculty garden near Old Boys dorm. Meanwhile, they will grow and enjoy pears, plums, strawberries, blueberries, mint, thyme, currants, and grapes. In the words of Charlotte '24, “It grows snacks!” something that always makes a teenager's heart happy.



Q&A WITH STUDENT HEADS OF SCHOOL >>

As a student head of school, what are your goals for this year? What do you hope to accomplish? **Emma:** We wish to serve as models and bridges to communicate by encouraging everyone to speak their minds and contribute to making Putney a student-governed school. **Corinne:** I would like for us to be considered friendly faces on campus. With the pandemic and the new protocols that followed, connecting and communicating with our peers (student, faculty, and staff) effectively was quite a challenge so I hope we can aid the community in bridging that gap.

What's your ideal vision of how Putney students can have an impact on the culture at Putney? **Emma:** Since Putney students have diverse backgrounds, it is important to make sure Putney is an inclusive place and everyone feels comfortable about their own identities. My ideal vision for Putney students is that they would respect each other, and at the same time bring their own perspectives to the community. **Corinne:** Every Putney student has an impact on the culture by just being their most authentic self. Putney students offer a wide array of opinions while also having the mental capacity to accept and understand that our opinion alone is not the only one that matters, the only one that is correct, or the only one that should be treated with respect.

Masks, social distancing, and other Covid restrictions have certainly affected life at Putney. What is some advice you had for students heading into the school year? **Emma:** Just keep in mind that doing this is for the whole community, and we are slowly making progress. One thing I keep telling myself is that instead of thinking negatively

about these restrictions, we could view it as a new experience. How do we adjust to a time when we need to spend a lot of time being distanced from each other? **Corinne:** Be kind to both yourself and others. We all had a pretty rough time dealing with the pandemic during the past two years, and as we move closer to our new norm, many people could use some kindness and room to readjust.

When you graduate and move on to whatever is next, what will be one of your favorite memories from Putney? **Emma:** When I was a freshman, I got addicted to ceramics. Every day after school, I would head straight to the studio. There usually would be other students there, but I was too shy to start a conversation. After a trimester, my ceramics got better and

CORINNE

EMMA

better; I got to know people who had the same interests as me, too. Eventually, we became really close friends. Even after their graduation we still keep in touch, and made a plan to visit Japan's ceramics museum one day. It's awesome to think about how many possibilities we're given as students to try new things. I would never have tried ceramics if I weren't given the chance to participate in evening arts programs. **Corinne:** AM Barn during the fall of my sophomore year. More specifically, the journey back to my dorm after my barn shifts were completed. During these walks, my friends and I would try our best to brave the cold for a few extra minutes to take the road past the Currier Center so we could catch the sun rising over the tree line above Noyes. And from there we'd walk to the KDU for breakfast, still in

our barn clothes which smelled of manure, hay, and milk.

Anything else you would like to share about your new role? **Emma:** I'm really grateful to be elected as one of the student heads of school. I will do my best to coordinate every task. I want the students to feel comfortable reaching out to us; the more student-oriented the Putney administration is, the better it will be for our future. **Corinne:** I feel both excited and grateful to have been given the opportunity to continue to give back to this wonderful community and I can't wait to see where this year takes us!

FARM UPDATES

Small changes make Putney's farm more resilient in the face of a changing climate.

URINE FERTILIZER PROJECT

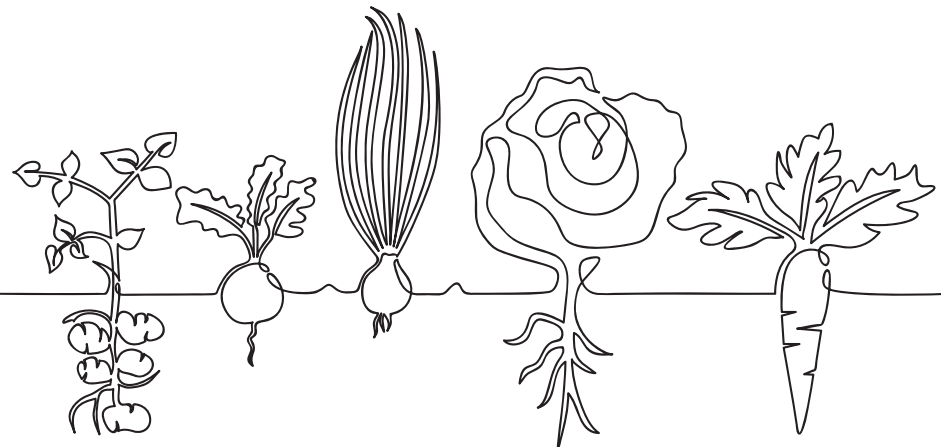
Putney is partnering with the Rich Earth Institute, out of Brattleboro, to study the impacts of urine-based fertilizer on the growth of hay.

NEW MANURE LAGOON

Putney's “lagoon” is where rainwater that falls on the manure pit and milkroom discharge is held, and it serves a crucial role on the farm. By getting water out of the solid manure pit, space is created for food waste compost. Plus, the liquid “waste” in the lagoon is used to fertilize and irrigate fields and crops. But it's too small. This year, in partnership with the USDA, the lagoon will be redesigned and expanded.

LOW TILL/NO-TILL PRACTICES

The farm has been moving toward more low and no-till cultivation methods for its fruit and vegetable crops. Machine tilling the soil to prepare beds and manage weeds kills beneficial organisms and creates compaction, which negatively impacts root growth for the plants. New techniques include using a power harrow, which only disturbs the top layer of soil, hay and woodchip mulch from our own land, and tarps to manage weed growth.





SPORTS ARE BACK!

Whistles! Cheers! Buses! Putney students were back on the fields and trails this fall, playing soccer and running cross-country. While competitions were altered slightly because of Covid, the small inconvenience of wearing a mask at the starting line or on a bus was well worth it for the joy of racing through the woods and cheering on a friend's goal on the soccer field.



WHO COOKS FOR YOU?
In early September, the KDU staff found this injured juvenile barred owl in the corner of the dining room. Many staff members stepped up to help it find its way to the Vermont Institute of Natural Sciences to be (hopefully) rehabilitated and released. Good luck, little one!

NATIONAL AND STATE Art Award Winners

From the quiet nooks of Putney's campus, darkrooms thumping with music, and the ever-welcoming weaving studio, Putney students create art. During the 2020–21 school year, two students received National Scholastic Art Awards: Viva Vadim '21 for a woven tapestry that won both an American Visions Medal and a national gold medal (shown on Table of Contents page), and Anna Hubbard '22, who received a national gold medal for original photography (shown on p. 28). At the state level, a total of 23 Putney students received recognition for their poetry, photography, weaving, ceramics, painting, and more. The Brattleboro Museum and Arts Center featured this work in a student exhibition last spring.



The Putney School
SUMMER ARTS

4 WEEKS TO
CREATE AND
CONNECT
THROUGH ART
Ages 14–17



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ALUMNI CONNECTIONS

Hannah Reimann '83
is making music in
New York City.

ALUMNI BOOKS



From There to Eternity: Alzheimer's and Beyond

Harlan Flint '50
Sunstone Press, 2021
This is the story of the end of life journeys of two dissimilar but treasured people. One was the author's wife, Chris, who joined him on a path that brought them close to the community of people whose ancestors were among the first European settlers of New Mexico. The other, his friend, Baudelio, was the last of a long line of pioneers who found a home in the high country of northern New Mexico. The story had its final act for Chris and Baudelio at close to the same time but in far different ways: hers from the anguish of Alzheimer's, his from a slow decline after a lifetime of hard work. Other characters are the people met along the way and the places where they came together, including Santa Rita, the ephemeral Hispano community where they built a straw bale cabin, and a roadside cafe in a small town on the way to and from their remote cabin.



Survival Skills: Norway, Anti-Semitism and the Holocaust: A Family Story

Anne-Marie Foltz '53
Ipbooks, 2020
"In this stunning memoir... Anne-Marie Foltz tells the astonishing story of her family's displacement and survival from World War II Norway. In adulthood, Foltz finally found the questions that unlocked her parents' theretofore silent and conflicting memories of how and why they left the Nazi Holocaust in Norway. The parents, Lova and David Abrahamsen, he a distinguished psychiatrist and author targeted by the Nazis, and she an extraordinarily courageous woman and mother of two daughters, saved their treasure trove of letters. David fled by ship to America, hoping the family could later reunite. During the winter 1940–41, Lova saved her life and the lives of her daughters in an epic trek from Norway to Sweden to Moscow, across the Soviet Union to Japan, by ship to Hawaii and San Francisco.

In their rich surviving letters, both Lova and David use the word "unbelievable" to describe their realization that they will once again reunite, that a family can survive the most evil of forces. This story is almost unbelievable, except that we as readers are swept along on a well-documented odyssey. At once a work of retrieval, history, personal revelation, Jewish consciousness, and wonderful storytelling, this book reminds us brilliantly that we are our pasts, as well as the presents and futures we make out of them. This is a book about loss, but also renewal and the universal meaning of why life matters." —David W. Blight, Yale University

Finding the Bones

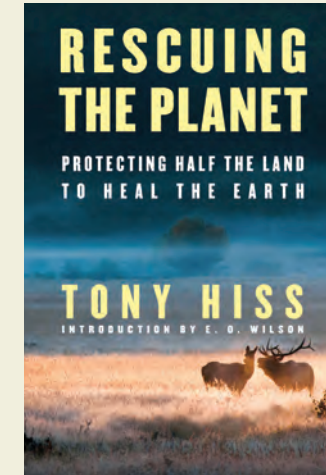
Avery Russell '55
Austin Macauley, 2021
Finding the Bones is a dark romance set against the youth rebellion and revolutionary violence of the 1910s—an era not unlike 1960s America—where idealistic young men and women seek to create a more just society but often fall victim to retribution or disillusionment. Charlie Everett, a journalist on the make, and Olivia St. James, an ardent feminist and journalist in her own right, find themselves caught in a deadly embrace from which neither can escape. Author Townsend Ludington calls the book a "fine, sophisticated historical novel, [whose] omniscient narrator moves deftly among her substantial cast of characters, showing us the lives of bohemians and



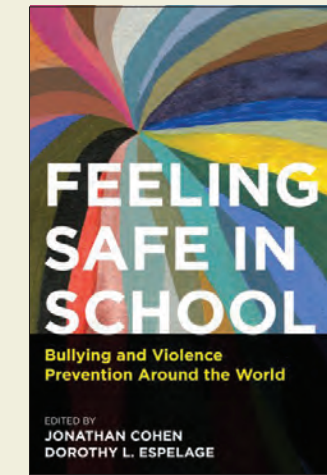
expatriates of pre-World War I and beyond. If there is any symbol of the partially thwarted lives that the central characters endure, it is in Hartley's poem *Finding the Bones*... where the bones of a dead bird are found with its wings still on and its feathers attached, the last vestiges of a life and an ardor Charlie himself experienced among the bones he hid from everyone."

Rescuing the Planet: Protecting Half the Land to Heal the Earth

Anthony Hiss '59
Knopf, 2021
Beginning in the vast North American Boreal Forest that stretches through Canada, moving across the continent from the Northern Sierra to Alabama's Paint Rock Forest, from the Appalachian Trail to a ranch in Mexico, Tony Hiss sets out on a journey to take stock of the "superorganism" that is the earth: its land, its elements, its plants and animals, its greatest threats—and what we can do to keep it, and ourselves,

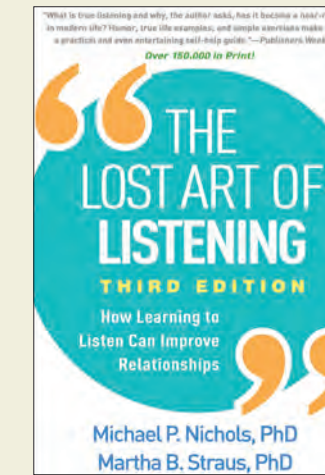


alive. Hiss not only invites us to understand the scope and gravity of the problems we face, but also makes the case for why protecting half the land is the way to fix those problems. He highlights the important work of the many groups already involved in this fight, such as the Indigenous Leadership Initiative, the Yellowstone to Yukon Conservation Initiative, and the global animal tracking project ICARUS. And he introduces us to the engineers, geologists, biologists, botanists, oceanographers, ecologists, and other "Half Earthers," like Hiss himself, who are allied in their dedication to the unifying, essential cause of saving our own planet from ourselves. Tender, impassioned, curious, and above all else inspiring, *Rescuing the Planet* is a work that promises to make all of us better citizens of the earth.



Feeling Safe in School

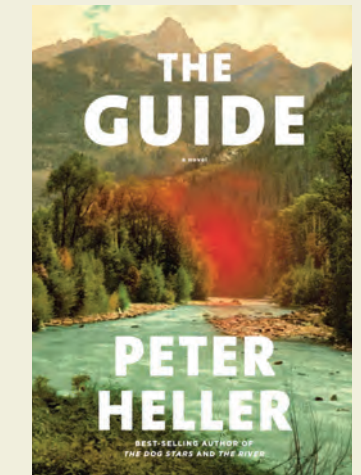
Jonathan Cohen '70 and Dorothy L. Espelage
Harvard Education Press, 2020
Jonathan Cohen and Dorothy L. Espelage, two leading authorities in the fields of school climate and prevention science, have gathered experts from around the globe to highlight policy and practice recommendations for supporting children and adolescents to feel and be safe in school. Featuring analysis and commentaries from experts in public health, psychology, and school improvement, *Feeling Safe in School* addresses social, emotional, and intellectual aspects of safety as well as physical safety. The experts offer candid and unique insights into the way 11 different countries view and define what it means to feel safe in school, the types of goals and strategies that are being used to promote safety, and whether and how measures are being used to gauge progress. Interest in supporting the physical as well as the social and emotional safety of students as a prerequisite for



learning and healthy development is now a global phenomenon. *Feeling Safe in School* adds to the understanding of the possibilities for increasing student safety by examining the experiences of other countries that are tackling this issue.

The Lost Art of Listening (Third Edition)

Martha B. Straus '73 and Michael P. Nichols
Guilford Press, 2021
That isn't what I meant! Truly listening and being heard is far from simple, even between people who care about each other. This perennial best-seller—now revised and updated for the digital age—analyzes how any conversation can go off the rails and provides essential skills for building mutual understanding. Thoughtful, witty, and empathic, the book is filled with vivid stories of couples, coworkers, friends, and family working through tough emotions and navigating differences of all kinds. From renowned therapist Michael P. Nichols and new co-author



Martha B. Straus, the third edition reflects the huge impact of technology and social media on relationships, and gives advice for talking to loved ones across social and political divides.

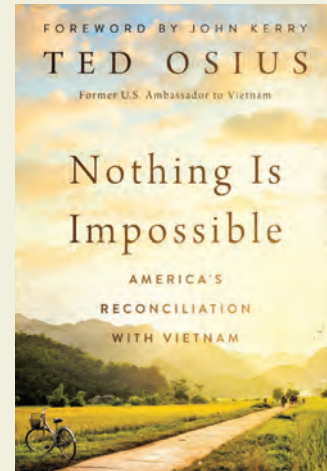
The Guide

Peter Heller '77
Knopf, 2021
Kingfisher Lodge, nestled in a canyon on a mile and a half of the most pristine river water on the planet, is known by locals as "billionaire's mile" and is locked behind a heavy gate. Sandwiched between barbed wire and a meadow with a sign that reads "Don't Get Shot!" the resort boasts boutique fishing at its finest. Safe from viruses that have plagued America for years, Kingfisher offers a respite for wealthy clients. Now it also promises a second chance for Jack, a return to normalcy after a young life filled with loss. When he is assigned to guide a well-known singer, his only job is to rig her line, carry her gear, and steer her to the best trout he can find. But then a human

scream pierces the night, and Jack soon realizes that this idyllic fishing lodge may be merely a cover for a far more sinister operation. A novel as gripping as it is lyrical, as frightening as it is moving, *The Guide* is another masterpiece from Peter Heller.

Nothing is Impossible: America's Reconciliation with Vietnam

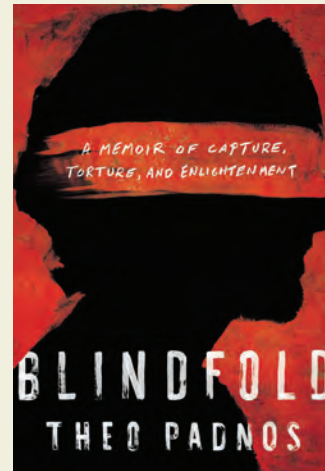
Ted Osius '79
Rutgers University Press, 2021
Today Vietnam is one of America's strongest international partners, with a thriving economy and a population that welcomes American visitors. How that relationship was formed is a 20-year story of daring diplomacy and a careful thawing of tensions between the two countries after a lengthy war that cost nearly 60,000 American and more than three million Vietnamese lives. Ted Osius, former ambassador during the Obama administration, offers a vivid account, starting in the 1990s, of the various forms of diplomacy that made this reconciliation possible. He considers the leaders who put aside past traumas to work on creating a brighter future, including senators John McCain and John Kerry, two Vietnam veterans and ideological opponents who set aside their differences for a greater cause, and Pete Peterson—the former POW who became the first U.S. ambassador to a new Vietnam. Osius also draws upon his own experiences working firsthand with various Vietnamese leaders and traveling the



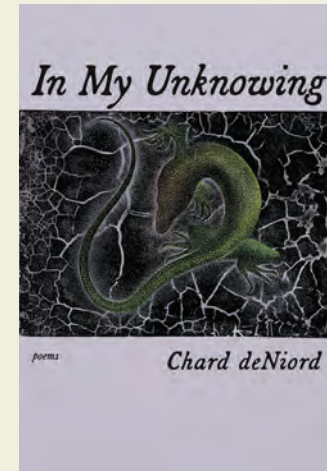
country on bicycle to spotlight the ordinary Vietnamese people who have helped bring about their nation's extraordinary renaissance. *Nothing is Impossible*—with a foreword by former Secretary of State John Kerry—tells an inspiring story of how international diplomacy can create a better world.

Blindfold: A Memoir of Capture, Torture, and Enlightenment

Theo Padnos '86
Scribner, 2021
In 2012, American journalist Theo Padnos, fluent in Arabic, Russian, German, and French, traveled to a Turkish border town to write and report on the Syrian civil war. One afternoon, while walking through an olive grove, he met three young Syrians—who turned out to be al Qaeda operatives—and they captured him and kept him prisoner for nearly two years. On his first day, Padnos was given a blindfold—a grime-stained scrap of fabric—that was his only possession throughout



his horrific ordeal. Now, Padnos recounts his time in captivity in Syria, where he was frequently tortured at the hands of the al Qaeda affiliate Jebhat al Nusra. We learn not only about Padnos's harrowing experience, but we also get a firsthand account of life in a Syrian village, the nature of Islamic prisons, how captors interrogate someone suspected of being CIA, the ways that Islamic fighters shift identities and drift back and forth through the veil of Western civilization, and much more. No other journalist has lived among terrorists for as long as Theo has—and survived. As a resident of 13 separate prisons in every part of rebel-occupied Syria, Theo witnessed a society adrift amid a steady stream of bombings, executions, torture, prayer, fasting, and exhibitions, all staged by the terrorists. Living within this tide of violence changed not only his personal identity but also profoundly altered his understanding of how to live. Offering fascinating,



unprecedented insight into the state of Syria today, *Blindfold* combines the emotional power of a captive's memoir with a journalist's account of a culture and a nation in conflict that is as urgent and important as ever.

FORMER FACULTY In My Unknowing: Poems Chard DiNord University of Pittsburgh, 2020

In his new poetry collection, Chard deNiord explores the paradoxical nature of unknowing. Says best-selling poet Carolyn Forché, "To read these poems is to float at a holy distance over the earth, herein recognized as the heaven it has always been, as no other place would do for living forever. It is a world about to evanesce, but is as yet legible to us in these masterful poems, which are in themselves a species of musical awareness."



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

CLASS NOTES

30s Agent & Secretary: Needed

Tom Crowell '39 (tomcr9@aol.com / 434-295-1395): I am, at the moment, well, and walk uphill and down daily. At 99 1/2, joining the centurians seems within reach but is by no means certain. My daughters, Leslie and Allie, live with us in my house and do the shopping and most of the cooking. Grandsons grew up with us, but they are long gone. We all love the outdoors and are very active, lifestyles encouraged by Putney. [Editor's note: Tom is now 100. The University of Virginia wrote an article celebrating Tom on the occasion of his 100th birthday, which you can find online easily.]

40 Agent & Secretary: Needed

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

42 Agent & Secretary: Needed

**43 Agent & Secretary:
Needed**
Adelaide Brokaw Tolberg (m_tolberg@hotmail.com): I am currently living with my daughter in Seattle, WA.

44 Agent & Secretary: Needed

Sally Symington Henderson (judsalhen@verizon.net): I live in a wonderful senior facility, with my unit right on Chesapeake Bay. With the Covid problem, we are very much confined to Bay Woods, but that hasn't been too bad, as we are still able to use our docks and woods. From my fifth floor windows, I am able to enjoy birdwatching in the local trees, a lifelong hobby started at Putney those many years ago. We welcomed my first great-grandchild in early 2021. His mother has a job she is able to do at home, which is good, as his father is a career Marine with an unknown destination coming up. I hope Putney is there for him when he is

ready. I love all the ways Putney keeps us old alums in the picture.

45 Agent: Needed Secretary: Needed

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

47 Agent: Needed Secretary: Anne Sarcka,

802-229-5266, asarcka@vtlink.net
Anne Sarcka (asarcka@vtlink.net): What a year! Warding off Covid, learning to manage without the live presence of friends and family, finding Zooming an annoyance and insufficient, later realizing it was a godsend, a lifeline. Learning to adapt to new challenges. Learning patience and frustration management. Here in Vermont we've been in relatively good shape, but it's too early to know how the new variant(s?) will affect us and neighboring states. In June I had a great year-late birthday celebration with closest friends, family, and a fine jazz band as the late sun's rays lit the lawn. Doing some painting; feeling enriched by the many books on race/equity we've been reading; continuing to expand my delightful collection of house plants and trees as a distraction from not being able to go south during Covid winter(s?). The next plantings will be cherries and plums. I've been organizing friends to support elections in critical states; we will be writing 1,000 postcards to VA over the next month encouraging people to vote. National news pins me to the TV many nights, now horrifying with our careless exit from Afghanistan threatening the lives of so many Afghan allies. We were so fortunate to come of age when we did. Many of us have been able to live our lives in relative comfort compared to the threats young people face now. We are the one percent, the lucky ones. I'm grateful and humbled—as well as disturbed—by that thought. The birth date, the skin color, the community, the choice of parents worked in our favor. Just dumb luck. Nearing the end of our lives, I hope most of us feel we have paid



A painting by Elinor "Fen" Hegemann Taylor '47 which will be the cover of her upcoming book.

back all we could. It would be great to discuss that with our class sometime! **¶ Elinor "Fen" Hegemann Taylor** (fenlt@yahoo.com): The good news is that I'm still alive. I've also had my two Pfizer vaccinations, but here in San Miguel people under age 50 have still to receive theirs. I have been putting together a small book of some of my paintings, which should be printed soon. This cover is pictured above. Now that the book is almost done, I can go back to painting, and since I don't expect to do another book, I am free to experiment with abandon. Life during the pandemic is certainly not as varied as it was. I see very few people, eat at home, and the concerts in which I sang are suspended until next winter. I do a lot of gardening and dote on three cats. I see my children on Sunday Zooms, and don't know when, if ever, I'll get back to the USA.

48 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Dorothy Russell Booth, julianrusty1928@yahoo.com, 480-821-4949
Harlan Flint (harlanflint@outlook.com): I have reluctantly given up skiing, but it has given me the time I needed to write my third book, published in January of 2021. It's called *From There to Eternity: Alzheimer's and Beyond* (p. 34). As the title suggests, it is in part the chronicle of the last hard years of my wife, Chris, with whom I shared over 60 years. It also describes 45 years of friendship with my northern neighbor, Baudelio, who introduced me to many wonderful people from New Mexico's unique Hispano cultures.

49 Agents: Harriet Stupp Rogers & Louis Sudler

Secretary: Needed

Christie Poindexter Dennis (*christie.p.dennis@gmail.com*): I will be moving out of my lovely Cambridge apartment and into Kendal at Hanover on November 1, just days (daze?) before I hit 90. But Putney remains vivid for me. It will be a strange new world but familiar territory. Of course, I'm terrified. Also a little excited. ¶ **Louis Sudler** (*sudlger@gmail.com*): Dear classmates: As I approach the age of 91 later this year, it is timely that I write and say "thank you" to all of you who have supported the class of 1949 for more years than I can calculate: it has been a great honor to have served as class agent along with **Harriet Stupp Rogers**, and this has been made easier by your generosity! All the best to you all.

50 Agents: Joan Strong Buell, Peter Caldwell & Dick ChaffinSecretary: Al Hudson, 413-256-6950, *abhudson@anthro.umass.edu***51** Agent: Needed

Secretaries: Nancy Nomland Bernhardt, 519-884-1850, *bernhardt.nancy@gmail.com* & Binney Carpenter Robertson, 406-926-2074, *anne2bruce@mail@icloud.com*. Class updates from class secretary **Binney Carpenter Robertson** (*anne2bruce@mail@icloud.com*): Bruce and I are in a Life Care place in Missoula, MT, enjoying a university community with a good orchestra, which we will enjoy tomorrow in an outdoor amphitheater. Next week there will be a wonderful rodeo. My daughter, Kristy, will join us. We have some good news about our son, Peter Matthes, who has epilepsy. He no longer has seizures, and his psychosis is now under control with medication. I talked to **Peter Castle** this summer. He said he had been in the hospital for a blood infection and is better now. He has two children, and they enjoy bird watching. He spent time this summer at their place in New Hampshire. He spoke of his hope that the Democratic Party wants peace. Peter is reading a Bill Bryson book. I suggested he read *Code Breaker* by Walter Isaacson, about Nobel Prize-winner Jennifer Doudna, and how RNA study has spawned new understanding of how to help against viruses like Covid-19, as well as furthering our understanding of neuro-based diseases like my son's epilepsy, as well as many other nerve-based diseases. **Nancy Nomland Bernhart** is in pretty good health, except her

knees hurt. She tries to remember great-grandchild birth announcements and anniversary cards. Nancy had a lumpectomy many years ago, but has not had a recurrence. **Peggy Rood Clark** lives with Bill Clark in Calgary, Canada. She has five children, ten grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren. Bill has been in the oil business, as are two of their grandsons. There are twins among the great grandchildren. One of her grandchildren studies astrophysics. Peggy has Parkinson's disease, uses a walker, reads the news every day, and loves music. **Dave Sapir** has done a grammar of a Nigerian language and has worked in Senegal. He and his wife have also taught French. They have three kids, one of whom is an architect in Austin, TX. Dave is currently reading a book on the domestication of animals. One of his two girls has a PhD in musicology. I asked if Dave had called **David Plowden**. According to Dave Sapir, David Plowden seems OK. I tried to reach **John Moyer** but have not been able to. John, if you see this, please get in touch. (406-926-2074 or *anne2bruce@mail@icloud.com*).

52 Agent: Nate Chaffin

Secretary: Justin Biddle, 919-732-7347, *dorothyandjustin1@mac.com*. **Nate Chaffin** (*nathanielchaffin@gmail.com*): I'm very happy to have made it through the pandemic and to be generally enjoying good health. I even did some cross country skiing last winter. I am often in contact with **Peter Castle '51** and received a very nice holiday card from **Charlie Beveridge**. I was sorry to learn Pat Colt, Phyllis Watt Ingersoll, and so many others have passed. I'm looking forward to a reunion next year, or soon. I'm overjoyed that Trump is gone. Keep well, and all the very best to you all.

53 Agent: Needed

Secretary: Needed **Steve Addiss** (*saddiss@richmond.edu*): **George Yang**, once the best knife-thrower in Putney, became a neurosurgeon, grew many varieties of fig trees, and is now a humanist. I admire his range of interests and abilities, enjoy my phone conversations with him, and only wish that we still had Abijah Reed with us. ¶ **Anne-Marie Foltz** (*anne.marie.foltz@gmail.com*): At our 50th reunion, amidst our discussions about the turns our lives had taken, I learned that at least five of us in our class were refugees from World War II. Of course, none of us had talked about it then.



Kilty Binger Gilmour '53 is carrying on and keeping up with lifelong Putney friends.

And my family never talked about it either. It was only after my parents had died and I read the letters my parents wrote to each other during the war that I learned about their early history and how frightened we had all been, so frightened that we would never talk about it. Now, I've talked about it in my book, *Survival Skills: Norway, Antisemitism, and the Holocaust: A Family Memoir* (p. 34). It's available at Amazon in softcover and Kindle format. And now I learn from the *New York Times* that classmate Elka Scott Schumann, who had a wonderful career with her Bread and Puppet shows, has died. I learned from her obituary that she and her parents fled Russia at the beginning of the war and may have traveled on the Trans-Siberian Railway like my mother, sister, and me. At Putney, we could have compared notes, but we didn't. I retired from academia and public health consulting in Africa many years ago while based in New Haven, CT. In retirement, I played recorder, violin, and viola da gamba in ensembles. My husband, William Foltz, died in 2013. In 2018, I moved with my newly adopted labradoodle, Zola, to Madison, WI, to live nearer my son, Jeremy, and family. He teaches at the university here. My son Peter's family is in Boulder, CO. His daughter just graduated from Berkeley and is applying to medical schools and planning to go into geriatrics. I wish she'd hurry up her studies. Meanwhile, I'm still trying to adjust to midwestern culture. ¶ **Kilty Binger Gilmour** (*kilty@mac.com*): I can happily say that I am keeping on carrying on, with company from my four kids, three of their spouses, their combined progeny of seven, and three great grandchildren. On occasion, I'm in touch with **Elizabeth Arakie Grant**, **Peter Castle '51**, **Ingrid Olson Stocking**, **Kit Lukas '52**, and **Tui Judd '52**. The Putney bond is like Gorilla Glue.

54 Agent: NeededSecretary: Needed **John Noyes** (*johnlnoyes@gmail.com*): I'm still dancing!**55** Agent: Needed

Secretary: Henry Harrison, 231-499-4189, *henry@hhh3.net*. **John Stickler** (*johndandsoma@gmail.com*): After six months, *Arizona Highways* magazine has opened up the link to my February 2021 article. Find it online by searching "Rancho Santa Cruz Arizona Highways."

56 Agent: Needed

Secretary: Jayn Rosenfeld, *jaynrosenfeld@gmail.com*, 212-633-6260. **Gottfried Paasche** (*gpaasche@yorku.ca*): George Packard, in his recent book, *Last Best Hope: America in Crisis and Renewal*, highlights three exemplary Americans he calls "equalizers": Horace Greeley, Frances Perkins, and Bayard Rustin. Bayard Rustin spoke to us in the assembly hall the night of the 1952 presidential election while we were waiting for the first returns. It had been an exciting campaign at the school. Norman Thomas had the biggest parade; my roommate, Pete Foster, had "I like Ike" above his bed, and I, "I like Adlai Madlai." Much to my puzzlement and incomprehension, Rustin that night told us that it made no difference who won the election. It was the most memorable talk of my four years at Putney. The next closest was B.F. Skinner and his talk of sexy automobile designs and the power of the random rewarding of pigeons. I only understood Rustin's message decades later. Spring vacation of 1954, Arthur Gillette and I had the privilege of joining seniors on Morris Mitchell's meticulously planned—we were a racially mixed group—trip through the Deep South and the Tennessee Valley Authority. We spent the first night lodged at the lower Manhattan Quaker Meeting House. There on the staircase greeting us was Bayard Rustin, who was singing us Shakespearean songs! My final "encounter" with him was at the 1963 March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom, organized by him, standing next to Martin Luther King, Jr. I had our son, **Franz '79**, with me on the vast lawn and kept falling asleep and waking up to repetitions of the phrase "I Have a Dream." How was I to know it would be the most famous speech of my generation! I also met in that crowd for the first time again, **Will Fuller**. I learned to admire Rustin

and was excited to find George Packard choosing him, mostly now forgotten, pointing a path to a better future for Americans. ¶ **John Richardson** (*johnlislott@sbcglobal.net*): After more than a year of daily walks and numerous Zoom meetings, it was a relief to be able to do more face-to-face social activities in May. During that month we had a wonderful get-together with **Jayn Rosenfeld** and Jerry Seigel, their daughter, Micol, and her daughter, Anna. The event was part of Jayn and Jerry's visit to Micol and Anna here in Bloomington. Later, at the end of June, Lislott and I flew to Geneva, Switzerland, to see our daughters and their families. A high point of that visit was a family reunion in Saas-Fee, a mountain town in the Valais. Lislott's family once had a chalet there. It was particularly poignant for us, as we hadn't been there since the 1980s. The change that shocked us the most was how much the glacier, which used to dominate the town, had receded. Otherwise it was a pleasure to be there and to do some hiking and even some climbing. ¶ **Jayn Rosenfeld** (*jaynrosenfeld@gmail.com*): It is so gratifying to see classmates remembering, mixing it up, being connected! My story is made of large changes. We have a new adopted granddaughter. Our daughter, Micol, age 52, has a darling, challenging eight-year-old, which brings our "grand total" to three, including Gabriel (21), computer sciences major at Whitman College, and Nathan (19), in woodworking school in northern Vermont. Like **Julie Skinner Vargas**, we are trying to be done with our family-shared house in Vermont, but the nostalgia keeps getting in the way. We had planned to take a National Geographic tour to Iceland and Greenland, and I was looking forward to lectures on global warming and sightings of polar bears, seals, and glaciers. Alas, we canceled the trip on the counsel of Iceland and the U.S. government. We were very disappointed, and took as a pathetic substitute four days north of Boston. ¶ **Julie Skinner Vargas** (*jsvargas@mac.com*): I'm currently in our cottage on St. John, Virgin Islands, with our daughter, Justine, and granddaughter, Zoie. We'll stay two weeks this time. Unfortunately, the trip is kind of a business trip. Ernie and I are considering selling our property (this cottage and the f our surrounding lots). I will be meeting this week with realtors. Ernie doesn't want to fly anymore, so I won't be able to come down with him again. He's 89 and in very good health, except wobbly enough to need a cane



Ross Harris with Bill Wasserman '45 and Tomas Forman '17 in Ipswich, MA, summer 2021.

outside of the house. I'm not sure whether it was the Covid pandemic or not, but I find myself drawing in: staying home more and simplifying my environment—a "get rid of stuff" phase of life. Anyone want a cottage in the Virgin Islands? I'm still working for the B. F. Skinner Foundation, now on archival stuff, since Kristina is the president. My father's literary estate belongs to the Foundation, and the files left in the Skinner house (now Ernie's and mine) need to be moved out. The Foundation wants to post everything of interest to historians or the general public ("What was Skinner like as a father?") on *bfskinner.org*. That requires digitizing and creating a good search method. The Foundation is working with Harvard and an archival company to form categories, etc. Most of the originals will eventually go to the Harvard University Archives, so of course they are interested in the project. Archiving will keep me busy for the rest of my life. With the way the country is going, I'm not too sad that the rest may not last too long.

57 Agent: Nick Davis

Secretary: Muffy Greil Vhay, 775-882-3643, *dandmvhay@aol.com*. **Jane Adams** (*janeadamsphd@gmail.com*): Although I'm older than dirt, at least I'm still on the right side of it. I am writing a regular blog for *Psychology Today* on intergenerational relationships, so I'm always interested in how other people's are doing, especially post- (we hope) pandemic. My kids are well, their kids thriving—a 19-year-old just elected to Phi Beta Kappa!—and I just lost my most recent dog and am bereft, so if you know of a calm, snuggly mature dog in Washington or Oregon that wants to grow older with me, please let me know. ¶ **Nick Davis** (*comstockd@msn.com*): Here are some brief Putney mid-1950s

memories: Remember Ann Volkmann Dick '45 showing amoebas, bacteria, viruses, and cells? Or recall Ed Shore asking "What if Hitler had had the atomic bomb?" and then adding, "He nearly did." Ray Goodlatte musing about the honor of Will Stark. Honor? Then a memory flash of Jeffrey Campbell excitedly presenting "The Sermon on the Mount," or Hester Caldwell '46 providing verbal pictures of medieval European markets or major American events. Charley Brinkley is to me a memory link to Dave Syrett '57 and his family's compilation of the Hamilton Papers. A Syrett & Commager debate ("Importance of Women in American History") on TV, with Margret Meade.

Johnny Caldwell '46 driving Nordic skiing competitions, the beginning of a U.S. Olympic team. Mrs. H.—magnificent Mrs H.—always ever-present, shunning grades and trophies sometimes. Norwood Hinkle on stage and some of us sitting on hardwood benches hiding a book between music sheets. Mabel Gray ensuring clean rooms and teaching the meaning of responsible behavior. Ed Gray on how to fix window, door, or other building problems yourself. Warren Leonard—I thought I didn't need Latin (I probably did). So many more, but my recall fades. Family news and excitement: So far we've survived the pandemic thanks to vaccines. Our grandchildren, two boys ages 11 and 13, by and large are developing coping skills, but not without frustrating social limitations and mixed isolation situations. Our son, Ben, is an electrical and mechanical engineer with Sandia Labs in Albuquerque, NM. He just got married in a true flash of love-at-first-meet (now a year ago) to a newly minted MD. Lynn's PEO (Philanthropic Educational Organization) women's scholarship support project thrives and consumes much time. My activities are a mixed lot: learning chess, world stamp inventorying, and finding natural events that altered cultures and civilizations, including volcanic eruptions, mega droughts, plagues, massive earthquakes, tsunamis, and glacial melt floods. Histories of massive migrations of early Mongolian tribes over the trans-Siberian-Alaskan land bridge, or the transpacific Polynesian migrations, or southward migrations of north American "Asian natives," or more recent Puebloan migrations, etc. Perhaps we're caught in "idols of the tribe." Watching the summer Olympics was a spiritual tonic. Fabulous! I hope the Winter Olympics will be the same. ¶ **Joan**

Marquis McKirachan (joanmckirachan@sbcglobal.net): While I am feeling unending grief about all the people who have suffered and died and still are, I am personally well with many blessings in this era and decade. I had values before Putney, but they were clarified and strengthened there. I have been against every war since I was born. I have wished we studied peace. I have wanted everyone to have enough work and money to live without fear of either. I have wanted people to be educated on how to be good citizens so that fairness and equality would be predominant civic values. So, lots of grief these past 20 years about the world. Happiness that 20 years ago I became a grandmother and that, beside being a mother, has been the most inspiring experience of my life. I am pleased about my retirement from my profession, which I truly loved. I study poetry and Spanish. I like to think about quantum physics, impossible as it is to understand. I am alive because of family, friends, loves, and pets. I am alive thanks to loving and being loved. I remember people from Putney days and I wish everyone the best. ¶ **Susan Peterson Palmore** (susanmpalmore@yahoo.com): I am still comfortably ensconced in my Honolulu condo, where it has been an easy and safe place to get through this everlasting Covid pandemic. Hawaii's numbers are higher than ever, and our hospitals are very full as our residents seem to have decided that they cannot forgo large extended family celebrations and social gatherings, even though we are just over 60% vaccinated. With a dense population in Honolulu and the introduction of high tourism levels, it has been a recipe for disaster. Despite that, I remain safe and relatively content with large outside space in my own condo and a garden area where we can safely swim and gather in small groups. And I can see Diamond Head, the ocean, and the mountains from here, so what's not to like? I feel very lucky. I have yet to be bored with many of my activities safely done via Zoom, including board meetings, educational activities, book groups, church, and visits with friends and family. We were even able to explore Waikiki almost totally alone with no tourists or workers in sight when Hawaii was essentially closed to tourism. With a fellow Honolulu Museum of Art docent, we prepared and gave two extensive talks to fellow docents, one on portraits and one on art versus craft using photos taken earlier from the museum or from catalogues or the internet. I continued

my work with a group that has developed shelters for houseless/homeless youth between ages 18 and 24, despite being unable to visit the shelters in person. In November, four of us safely gathered and cooked 12 turkeys and full turkey dinners for about fifty youth at five centers. Luckily, two persons were experts in cutting the turkeys to cook and then again to serve. My daughter and her husband both continued working in North Carolina, but my daughter's Latin classes were all virtual. My eldest granddaughter graduated from Smith in May 2020 after three months of virtual learning, and my younger granddaughter graduated this May. She was expecting to spend all four years overseas, but spent the last year and a half on Zoom from at home. It was sad not to see my family for so long or to have in-person graduations. However, I braved the airports and flights to visit them in North Carolina in June, which was wonderful—and safe. The separation—and age—has given me pause to think about whether and when I should relocate to North Carolina before I don't have the strength or energy to make such a major move. Stay tuned! Meanwhile, I look forward to news of classmates and welcome any that make the journey to Honolulu. Aloha. ¶ **Minda Wetzel** (minda.wetzel@gmail.com): My husband and I still live in Lawrence, KS, and enjoy traveling occasionally. We purchased a 25-foot RV, which allows us to take overnight trips while staying safe. We did finally venture on an airplane during a lull in the pandemic in June, traveling to the East Coast to spend time at Squam Lake in New Hampshire. I have spent time there in the summer for the past 73 years. We stay in cabins along the lakefront where many of our family members join us at the Rockywold-Deephaven Camps. This lake is where *On Golden Pond* was filmed, and the cabins are similar to the one featured in the film. You may remember that Jane and Henry Fonda starred in the film. Our current activities include lots of walking and photography, particularly nature subjects like birds, butterflies, and flowers in local wildlife habitats. This hobby seems to suit the restrictions resulting from the pandemic. We meet many friends who are interested in photography and, with digital format, we can play with the images and share them with friends. We both post them on various internet sites like Kansas Birding and on our Facebook pages (Mary Wetzel and Ted Holdahl). Our children are now in their 50s,

grandchildren from ages seven to 33, and a great-grandchild is age three. We feel blessed to still be enjoying life despite the world's aches and pains. Climate change is clearly the biggest threat to our species and the planet as we know it. Best wishes to all. We are halfway to anywhere so do stop by to visit if you are near Kansas City.

58 **Agent: Needed**
Secretaries: Chris Avery, 540-371-5152, cavermac@mac.com & **Kit Horton,** 520-887-5070, kit@kithorton.com
Grania Gurievitch Brolin (brolin@optonline.net): Here are a few highlights from early spring, 2021: President Biden is coming across as sober and strong. Friends are coming over to pick innumerable daffodils and raise a glass. Family has come inside the house. **Susan Hambleton, Sophia White Sutherland,** and I are in occasional contact—a great pleasure. My Spanish is improving. Cooking, not so much, as I'm waiting to have more guests. All in all, we are incredibly lucky to be doing so well in Covid spring II.

59 **Agent: Lucy Barber Stroock**
Secretary: Lee Johnson Miller, 215-290-0357, abigailleemiller@gmail.com
Jerry Burnham (jerry.burnham@gmail.com): Boy, 2020–21 has been quite a year and a half! Raun and I are hanging in. We're fully vaxed. Wearing masks. I turned the big 8-0 this year. Trying to keep mobile. We lost my good Putney friend Peter Ostwald this year. Wonderful craftsman and teacher. Raun and I recently performed for the Greenwich Village Folk Festival in July. You can watch on YouTube. I'm still working on my genealogy. We're all related! Hoping to travel next year, maybe to Hawaii. Stay safe, everyone! ¶ **Lee Combrinck-Graham** (lcombrin@gmail.com): I had retired, on January 31, from a role as medical director of a large family service agency. More and more the work of medicating everyone was being take over by NPs, so I was mostly reviewing and signing everyone's work, which was extensive and time consuming, but also interesting. Probably the latter was annoying to everyone, but stimulating for me! I remained medical director for the Jewish Family Service agency in and around Stamford, CT. When we shut down, several things happened that affected me, mostly that people had changes in job status that affected their health insurance, and they needed to follow up to determine where their insurance

was accepted, e.g. Medicaid. I also was the only person in the agency who saw children and adolescents. I did more direct patient hours than I had been doing when taking my body into the office. Seeing families on Zoom was an eye-opener. In one day I saw two families for a first visit. One had strapping teen boys and a large golden retriever, and they all snuggled, along with the parents, on a couch so they could be on the screen. The second had teen girls placed strategically on the couch while the adults fell off the arms of the couch! The work was engaging, and the outreach was generous, and I enjoyed it a lot. I retired from being medical director of that agency the day before I turned 80. In terms of going out and staying home, things are not much different between pandemic life and retirement life. I just have different things to do! The hardest part was how to be in contact with my son, Mark, who lives in a community for adults with disabilities in Pennsylvania. He works on a farm and is very engaged, but being in contact and seeing his family is very important to him. We managed some open-air picnics involving siblings and a Christmas visit, also open-air and quite cold, mercifully lasting only as long as it took to rip open packages and then retreat to warmth, he to his cottage and me to my car and a trip home! I'm now looking at how and where to take the next phase of my life. I'm working on a book and doing so provides lots of reflection and revisions, not only of what I write but of how I evaluate and even remember the ideas and episodes to be recorded in the book. I'm also trying to decide where to be. Should I remain in my glorious apartment and find a companion for that time when I am too gaga to tie my shoes, or should I move to a new community, nearer to where family members are? Those are in exploration at this very moment. ¶ **Keila "Tibi" Fulton DePoorter** (keilaco@aol.com): **Kathy Bernstein '73** comes over from Boulder to sing with me every other month or so, and recently when she came we sang our favorite Putney songs like *Hey Ho to the Greenwood, Ave Verum Corpus,* and the *Alleluia* round. I have been feeling pretty "quiet" these days, and yet as we were singing songs and harmonizing together, I felt an inner waking up to that experience. The hearing of our shared harmonizing so feeds my heart, my whole insides with the same harmonizing, that I feel the vibrations throughout my whole being. It's the same feeling I used to feel rehearsing and

performing under Norwood Hinkle way back in 1958. I loved it back then, too, but I didn't get what the dynamics were about then. I just thought it was singing under his direction that felt so timeless. It was the inner harmonizing vibration that enlivened me then, and still does today. ¶ **Tony Hiss** (th15@nyu.edu): Knopf has published my 15th book, *Rescuing The Planet: Protecting Half The Land To Save The Earth* (p. 35). It's about how we can stave off the mass extinction crisis that threatens the existence of a million species of plants and animals. It's an optimistic book reporting on the extraordinary progress being made by the remarkable people and projects I met up with on travels around North America—from the overwhelmingly enormous boreal forest in Canada, where the Indigenous population is being asked to be the rangers in a vast new system of national parks, to a once bone-dry and now lush and re-greened ranch in northern Mexico. ¶ **Phil Mendershausen** (bayrumvanilla@gmail.com): Instead of cruising the world or tanning on a Caribbean beach, I decided to install 38 solar panels on my roof, plus 20kw of lithium battery in my garage to see me through the night or protect me should the grid go down. Yep, I turned my home into a miniature power plant producing 30% of my requirements, but my famous Texas governor and his appointees insist that I be reimbursed for my excess electricity at 40% of the going rate, which gets re-sold at 100%. At least my power bill has become negligible and I'll have enough juice for my Tesla when I can afford it. In the evenings I've been watching public television, and especially appreciate President Trump's role as Trojan horse to keep the GOP on its heels. Y'all come visit. ¶ **Carol Lee Metzger** (aa4kp@genset.com): I've been suffering from a lung disease that many people—including me—had never heard of: bronchiectasis. In this condition there is permanent enlargement of parts of the airways, causing the function of the little cilia that normally wash mucus out of our lungs to become impaired without our noticing. The body knows something is wrong and the response is to cough. However, the cough is not effective and continues incessantly. This results in weight loss from extra calories expended by the coughing, plus sleep loss and exhaustion, since the problem doesn't recognize bedtime. The etiology in my case is unknown. Not much fun. There are various interventions available, but I have not found any of them to be particularly effective.

Supposedly, researchers in China have been successfully treating this experimentally with stem cells; however, as with so many nasty chronic health issues that befall us, the real fixes that regular people can actually get hold of always seem to be years down the road. I find myself cynically modifying Descartes' famous proof of his own existence. Instead of *cogito ergo sum* (I think therefore I am), Carol declares *tussio ergo sum* (I cough therefore I am). On a lighter note, for whatever amusement it may hold, I would like to share the following true story of a recent happening in our standby power business: An elderly lady in Louisa, VA, was certain that her house was haunted! Lights had allegedly been cutting off and back on sporadically when no power outage or activity from her generator was present. But her son, less convinced, suspected that a more earthly process might be in play and called our tech, Gary, to check out the generator. On Gary's arrival, all was fine with the lights, and the generator checked out as well. However, while he was still there—YIKES!—the strange phenomena manifested. Undaunted, our fearless technician traced the problem to a faulty breaker. Case closed. An exorcist will not be required. This is the first time in 37 years of business that Generator Service Company has been called to troubleshoot a haunted house. ¶ **Bea Edey Phear** (*beaphear2@gmail.com*): I am in good health and still doing my various volunteer activities and playing bridge, now online instead of in person. ¶ **Michael Roos** (*Roosnyc@gmail.com* / 917-363-2332): The last time I saw many of my classmates was at our 50th reunion. I missed our 60th reunion because I was returning from China. The trip was about a month long and was really definitive. Two high points were X'ian, a small village 45 minutes from the closest road and home of the terracotta warriors. The view of the terraces from the hotel were spectacular. In a 270-degree arc from the hotel there was not a house, road, or car to be seen. They have been growing rice on the terraces for 600 years. The farmers had cultivation tools in one hand and cell phones in the other. This was my third trip to China, the other two were with the NY Choral Society. We sang Mendelssohn's *Eliza* with Shanghai's equivalent of Juilliard and the Shanghai Opera Chorus. One delightful moment was a lunch with a baritone from the Opera chorus. He didn't speak English, and I didn't speak Mandarin, so we resorted to a peculiar form of Italian. Much laughter all

around. Other than that, my daughter, son-in-law, and two grandchildren are doing well and living in Waterbury Center, VT. I hope all Putneyites, and particularly the surviving members of the class of '59, are living joyful lives. Fond regards to you all. ¶ **Marshall Walker** (*marshalldaviswalker@gmail.com*): Covid experience has been for the most part boring, but we have fared better than many. I have missed my orchestra and tai chi group, but my daughter from California visited with family for a month and my other two daughters live in town. We have seen them regularly. Weather permitting, we entertain on our veranda where Sheila has bridge games—again weather permitted. So not too bad. I watch with horror the crazy politics south of the border and feel lucky to be where I am. ¶ **Barbara Breasted Whitesides** (*bawhitesides65@gmail.com*): Our great source of contentment is having our younger son and his family under our roof, too. The 13-month-old granddaughter—learning to walk, and maybe soon, talk—is just wonderful. Can I learn to start shedding books?

60 **Agent & Secretary: Ragnar Naess**, 929-355-6670, *ragnae@earthlink.net* **Jonathan Allen** (*rfguy13@comcast.net*): As the years have passed since my Putney days, I have come to appreciate how my experience there has shaped my major life decisions, starting with the choice of a liberal arts college where I majored in physics, rather than a straight engineering school. The most significant decision, however, was to commit my physics career to environmental causes, especially solar energy R&D, where I spent about 30 years. Although the specific kind of solar panels we developed did not dominate the market, solar power has finally reached a point where it can provide a major part of our renewable needs. Throughout all this time I have been grateful to my wife, Shirley, who has supported my career decisions rather than urging me to seek higher paying but less beneficial work. ¶ **Greg Biss** (*gbiss@roadrunner.com*): As I prepare for a cross-country journey to see three of my four kids and all (now soon-to-be seven) grand ones for the first time in 17 months, I am reflecting also on familial feelings for my Putney colleagues, most of whom I've not seen in six decades. I greet you all and wish to convey my abiding gratitude for the many memories from that distant time which

continue yet to flood. [*Rags adds: For 2021 virtual June reunion Alison Frye suggested we find a classmate to share a walk. Greg happened to be in town with his wife, Barbara Smith, so he called me. We three had a great visit while we toured the new "Little Island" on the Hudson at 14th St. in Manhattan. I asked Greg for permission to share some of what they shared that day with me. Greg's path included a career as a professional scuba diver, composer, and performing pianist. Today, he and Barbara continue to run the Eastport (Maine) Arts Center, which has been their baby for many years. Barbara worked as a potter until 2005, which added spice to our conversation as retired professional potters. I shared my devotion to Manhattan Country School (founded in 1966 for pre-K-8th grade by Putney graduates Marty '53 and Gus '52 Trowbridge). Greg visited MCS the next day, which pleased me immensely. I believe we were all intrigued by meeting to engage in sharing the flavor of our experiences after 61 years apart. Thank you, Greg and Barbara!]* ¶ **Miriam Friedmann** (*vogelfang@gmx.net* / 49-821-487160): After raising a family and living over 30 years in New York, I moved to Augsburg, Germany, in 2001 to help care for my aging parents, who had once fled Germany and had returned to live here in 1960 after my father was fired from the University of Arkansas, following his refusal to sign an oath supporting segregation. It's a long, complicated story. (Look up the 1954 Supreme Court decision to integrate schools; governor of Arkansas Orvil Fabus, and Act 10. It's one of the forgotten shameful chapters of prejudice in the USA.) Upon the death of my parents began intensive research about my family's roots and the long history of anti-semitism. Years of research resulted in the acclaimed documentary film: *Die Stille schreit*® (*IT WAS ALL LEGAL* is the English title). The English dubbed version of the film is available through Vimeo. Though this is my story, it is also the story of so many of our former teachers at Putney, as well as many of our families whose lives were affected by Nazi Germany. The strength of the film lies in that it is deeply personal story, which could be that of any one of our families. The idea for the film originated from an image from my childhood that has accompanied me throughout my life. It is that of my Augsburg grandparents, Emma Carolina (born Binswanger) and Eugen Oberdorfer, who had been persecuted by the Nazis as if they were vermin to be eradicated and thrown out like trash in a

mass grave in Auschwitz. This goes as well for the vision of my grandparents, Selma (born Fromm) and Ludwig Friedmann, who on the evening before their ordered deportation in 1943, gathered together in their cramped quarters with their friends the Gugenheimers, Erlangers, and Cohens, and committed suicide. The film depicts the lives and tragic fates of my grandparents, who stand representative for all those who shared a similar fate. The film uncovers and depicts in detail the complex structure of the Nazi regime, which infiltrated and controlled every detail of daily life, making life not only for Jews, but anyone who did not fit into the Nazi ideology, intolerable. Original locations and documents bring us close to the perfidious Nazi system of dehumanization, disfranchisement, and ultimately murder. We uncovered endless disturbing facts that few of us—particularly the descendant generation—know. Were you aware that those members of our families who could not flee had to pay 50 RM for their own one-way ticket to Auschwitz? We witness Nazi parades through Augsburg, buildings belonging to our families decorated with swastika flags, and how Augsburg looks today. Without wagging a moralizing finger, the film illustrates "occurrences," which to this day remain uncomfortable and all too often concealed. "Aryanization" during the Nazi Era undoubtedly belongs to the greatest plundering of the 20th century. Many German citizens profited from this and became wealthy. How was it possible that such inhumane murderous behavior could be accepted as everyday behavior and taken for granted? We should ask ourselves how would we have behaved in such a situation. What can we learn from the past? I ask myself, what had our families done that they should have been held responsible for the lost WWI and the 1930s economic crisis. Disturbingly enough, history seems to be repeating itself, though today the focus is somewhat shifted. To quote the filmmaker Josef Pröll, "It is frightening and deeply disturbing to see what people are capable of doing to one another. There were times when I sat in front of my computer and could not continue. It is precisely for this reason that it is so important to pass this story on. It depicts what can result from blind hate and makes clear: This should never happen again." My hope is that through the distribution of this film, we can individually and collectively contribute to a greater understanding of how the seeds of hate and prejudice are sewn. We

cannot take our democracy for granted. It remains a work in progress. We are happy to assist in providing press releases for English speaking audiences. You will find further information on our website, which is both in German and English: www.diestilleschreit.de. People's reactions and comments are always welcome. My hope is that Putney people will pass this on to others. I would love to hear from any of you. ¶ **Mickey Gillmor** (*mickey.gillmor@gmail.com*): I'm still working—teaching future midwives and women's health nurse practitioners about gynecologic health care and chairing the admissions committee at Frontier Nursing University. My roles are all online and have continued pretty much without a hiccup with the pandemic. The school has been challenged to recognize the racism of the founder and has risen appropriately to that challenge. Anti-racism work continues and I am proud to be a part of it. The work has kept me sane during this stressful time. Not getting to see my grandson in person and not getting out of Atlanta for a few weeks in Maine in the summer, not playing recorder with friends in person—that part is tough. But I am grateful for the digital platforms that have kept us at least a little connected. The big miracle of the pandemic has been online weekly meetings with my three living brothers, including **Wiley '61**. We are closer than we've ever been! We've also been able to talk with our sons in Brooklyn and Seattle almost every week since 2020. ¶ **Dan Grace** (*dangrace@hotmail.com*): I flew my Cessna 185 from Casper (home) to Jeffco airport outside Denver because a friend was receiving a Master Pilot award from the FAA for having flown for 50 years. I'd learned to fly in Boulder, CO, in the early 1960s and it was fun to catch up with several friends from that time frame. Because of Covid concerns, I hadn't flown to Colorado since early in 2020. It was fun to catch up with several pilots and to meet new ones who showed up to celebrate aviation's finest. It boosted my spirits to see WWII planes flying in recognition of accomplishments of a fine pilot. I have been retired as pilot for the Caterpillar dealer for much of Wyoming since early 2008. Having avoided the HIV virus thanks to Dr. Fauci's direction in the 1980s, I am pleased that he is the lead on stemming the spread of Covid. It's sad that so many question science. ¶ **David Griffiths** (*griffith@reed.edu*): I married Terry (RISD/Peace Corps) in 1970, and we have two children, Jennifer (a doctor in Surrey, BC) and

Tim (a lawyer working for the California Senate), and two grandchildren (Steven and Sarah). Most of my career was spent teaching physics at Reed College; I retired in 2009, after 30 years. I loved teaching, and Reed was the perfect place for me. In the course of that time I wrote several textbooks, and worked on a lot of interesting projects with colleagues and students, activities I have continued in retirement. In Portland, one of our closest friends has been **Cindy Parker**. We have traveled with Cindy and her husband, Steve, to Florence, Hawaii, Peru (the Inca Trail to Machu Picchu, and the Manu jungle), and most recently Mexico City. I'm also in regular touch with **Tom Roeper '61**, though sadly now mostly by Zoom. And this summer we spent a couple of days each with my sister **Katie '63**, my nephew, **Ben '82**, and **Sarah Altschuler '90**, a good friend of my daughter-in-law. All of us are appalled at how expensive Putney has become; I wish the scholarship program could keep pace. What I cherish most about Putney was the chance to be part of something approaching a utopian community. It was not, of course, the real world, but I'm glad to have experienced it, and I wish more adolescents (maybe all adolescents) could have that opportunity. ¶ **Sarah Gray Gund** (*gundskg@gmail.com*): Geoff and I have a blended family which consists of our adult children, his four and my two. We have eight grandchildren, his two and my six. They are all bumping along leading full and productive lives and no one has had Covid. We had an active travel schedule for the first years of our retirement, but Covid put a stop to that. The adaptations we have all made to accommodate the times we live in have been tough for some, particularly our high-school-age grandchildren. Geoff and I have two lives, one in Riverdale, the Bronx, and during the summer months on Martha's Vineyard. Both are filled with friends and activities that provide many pleasures. Family flows through both venues, which makes it all the better. So, it is a good senior citizen life. ¶ **Gael Rockwell Minton** (*sbfarm03@gmail.com*): The biggest pleasure in my life now is being healthy, being part of a multicultural community in northern New Mexico, and experiencing my family: our two children, their spouses and their children (on the cusp of young adulthood), who are developing their numerous gifts. Our extended family creates a wonderful, far-flung net. This social distance is a challenge, as we all are more hesitant to drive and fly long

distances. Another joy is the annual summer Taos School of Music (taoschoolofmusic.com) annual chamber music festival, which runs from late June to early August and was founded in 1963 by Taoseno rancher, ski instructor, and cellist Chilton Anderson '47. Ty and I recommend reading *Deep Adaptation—Navigating the Realities of Climate Chaos* (2021 Polity Press), edited by Jem Bendell and Rupert Read. For me, the struggle daily between the grief over the human destruction of living systems and the joy of protecting and participating in a functioning living system (our small farm) is most challenging. Robin Wall Kimmerer's *The Democracy of Species*—rather than the tyranny of one—is a good drum beat. The contradictions of living in late-stage industrial society make connecting with others who share this grief and joy invaluable. ¶ **Ragnar Naess** (ragnae@earthlink.net): I have lived a very privileged life as a white male with all the trimmings arising from birth into an upwardly mobile WASP family. Putney gave me the foundation to slowly unfold and question my world based on my emerging values. I went to Putney (next to birthing me, the best gift my parents ever gave me) after one dreadful year in a traditional ultra-WASP all-male boarding school. My first Putney year was one of thawing out and looking around. This thaw and seek pattern continues to this day; I've been slow to test and leave behind approved ways, to build confidence in what Maslow calls self-actualization, if I remember correctly. I have Putney to thank for the courage and self-esteem to live as I have lived. In the '60s I thought I could design a life to live off the grid making pots. I fell in love with "small is beautiful" as a way of living lightly on earth. Slowly I understood how even my choice to make pots for a living as a "village potter" required immersion in much larger economic and social systems. I thought I was so different, only to discover I built my values and visions from the post-WWII culture generated in the USA during my youth. Acknowledging my roots freed me to build a more personal existence from what I found useful in foundations of my birth good fortune. Committing myself to giving back created rich links with worlds new to me. My work life was solo most of the time. I balanced it to meet my need to be in the world, with a variety of activities in community. To engage you classmates in writing for the *Post*, I offered some options of introspective

questions to provoke a report. 61 years is a long time to review. I thought it only right that I should try to answer them myself. I've shortened my original questions to the essential: *Most pleasure now?* Family and friends; gardening; live music; biking. *Most challenging now?* Wanting to do more than I can do as my unknown expiration date nears. Losing almost anything I need to continue whatever I am doing while stationary in a very small work space. *Have I lived the life I anticipated in 1960?* No. *Expected:* In 1960, I was expecting to become an architect; instead, 1964 AB in history; 1965-66 did pre-med science for two years as grad student at large; after those two years, I finally felt as if I had a college education; I got credentialed to teach history and chemistry in California; in 1966 I married my best friend from college with the idea of raising a family. *The unexpected path:* 48 years making pots for a living; moving to Brooklyn in 1973 when the city was on the skids instead of returning to live in California; marrying men instead of women—I've shared life with wonderful people; nearly 30 years ago adopting and being adopted by my Argentinian apprentices with whom I became a grandfather: they my children, their two kids my grandchildren—one is in North Carolina, pursuing a PhD in chemistry and the other on a Bernstein fellowship at Brandeis where she will study neurophysiology, as she wishes to understand the universal emotional power of music; becoming an inner city activist in 1973; supporting Manhattan Country School, the superbly "walk-the-talk" pre-K-8th school weaving MLK's vision into its pedagogical evolution, founded by Putney grads Marty '53 and Gus '52 Trowbridge in 1966; practicing Rinzai Zen Buddhism for 11 years with a Zen Rōshi—this practice remains one of my enduring spiritual threads; a second and major spiritual thread: seeking personal truth in periods of gestalt psychotherapy; spending 15 years in Christian practice—couldn't have done Christianity before Zen—never succeeded in believing in God but came to terms with my WASP roots while exploring broader cultural Judeo-Christian narrative; becoming a small landlord in 1973 on advice of urban frontier friends who said "Buy a row house with a rental unit," which provided monthly checks when pottery did not; then (1999, scary) adding the next door house (with empty lot) and two duplexes that now provide retirement income; gardening 4,000

square feet of garden two blocks from the Brooklyn Navy Yard. *How do you surprise yourself as you see yourself today?* Being nearly 80 hasn't dulled my delight in life and willingness to risk change and be challenged. *How has your life prepared you to cope with the national and cultural changes of the past six years?* Working with court-committed sociopathic kids for 14 months as a CO and living for many years in a racially, ethnically, economically very diverse neighborhood has been a continuing education. Nothing prepared me for "T" and the shameless white supremacy in the hearts of so many fellow citizens along with what we now finally acknowledge as domestic terrorism. This brutal side of our culture, grounded in our very beginning, has become blatant since the first mass murders. Daily life for me involves coping with what seems to be very different and opposing notions of the social contract I thought we could assume were shared by all Americans. *Did your Putney education help you recognize our cultural biases and inequalities as highlighted by Covid and BLM?* I had a long way to go starting at Putney. Taking evening activities focused on current events with Jeffrey Campbell introduced me to skepticism about our national public narratives. In the classroom, even though we used primary texts rather than textbooks, my memory of our history studies at Putney seems to have been respectful of the traditional narrative. No one spoke of removing confederate statues or even seriously challenging the slave economy enriching our founding fathers. I know we didn't understand the degree to which our institutions grew in white supremacist frameworks to safeguard privilege and status of white males, particularly so blatantly after the Civil War. To this day anyone, of any race or ethnicity, has to "practice" under the rules of white supremacy to survive and prosper. Fortunately this has become obvious to everyone who cares. Groundwork is underway for change. And hope. My first encounter with racism in junior high when I was 13 was a traumatic awakening to Northern complicity. Covid now puts us more violently face-to-face with the depths of inequity and injustice. Now no one can deny that where there are food deserts there are health, education, housing, and wage-level deserts. Now epigenetics underscores the lasting transgenerational impact of slavery and poverty, a much deeper injury than the terrible visible scars of inadequate nurture.

BLM, with irrefutable validity, gives me hope because it is so widespread and local, nurturing new, young leadership from within minority communities. All of this motivates my desire to support radical educational pedagogy and practice as my "community involvement." Gentrification has swamped our neighborhood (unfortunately) in the past ten years (I've been here 48 years) so my local activism is basically as a tree hugger—not that there isn't still plenty to do. My focus is on education of youngsters who will become aggressive citizen activist adults. *Did Putney alert you to our doctored national historical narrative?* Not specifically. Now, finally, we are discussing the contradictions in values and behavior built into our system. Putney created community in which our unexamined assumptions could emerge. Sadly, over 60 years, we have witnessed brilliant leadership of human rights activists only to learn once again: The battle is never won! I believe profound, very personal reckonings with our skewed values by individuals—and perhaps generational change—are needed. All the adjustments in law and practice are meaningless if we carry forward with distorted inner world views. At a time when the complexity of our national narrative was obscured, Putney gave us permission to live lives challenging it.

61 *Agents: David Doskow*
Secretary: Ethan Clifton,
 415-398-0212, fixedshutterdome@monopec.com
David Doskow (david@doskow.com): All good! Family is wonderful; but of course in August we are concerned about the Delta variant. Lynn and I continue to find lots to do; but still primarily avoiding crowds. Which means no movies, theaters, etc. We did get to California to visit our grandchildren in May, also their parents; obviously that trip was a long time coming. Golf, bridge, books, and TV are a great way we spend some time. All in all no real complaints except for Washington and Albany. **LOOKING FORWARD TO A GREAT PUTNEY REUNION—JUNE 2022.** And of course thanks to all who made Putney's annual giving so successful. Hats off to **Carlotta Brelsford Cuerdon '80.** ¶ **Tom Roeper** (roeper@linguist.umass.edu): My wife, Laura, and I welcomed our fifth grandchild recently from our son, Tim, who is teaching economics at NYU, and his wife, Emma Otheguy. Google her if you have children; she is writing very successful children's books. Our daughter, Maria, is the HR director for

the International Machinists Union and has three lovely and lively children. We went to the beach with them last summer, keeping our Covid fears at bay. I'm still working in linguistics at UMass, focusing on the acquisition of recursion (things like John's friend's father's hat, or the big little boy) in languages from Karajá and Pirahã in Brazil to Chinese, Japanese, Hungarian, Romanian, and Romani (language of the Roma). It is fun and I am blessed with a great international team. Laura just had a show of accordion books at Gallery A3 in Amherst, MA. If you are around, stop by and see us. I hope we can get up to Putney soon again and maybe see some of you. I also work on African-American English quite a bit—our diagnostic test, the Diagnostic Evaluation of Language Variation, aims to prevent children with dialects, and in particular AAE, from being classified as disordered. It has just been re-released by Ventris. I'd like to get my old roommate, **Claude Winfield**, to offer to teach a course with me at Putney on cultural aspects of Black society, the history of civil rights (I taught Freedom School in Mississippi), and AAE. Any takers or interest from someone at the school? As always, I think, the values of Putney are critically important to the world and need to keep evolving (outpace Covid!) and I think we can all promote them. If we alumni can think of how to do it collectively, we should. ¶ **Jonathan Rosenbaum** (jrosenbaum2002@yahoo.com): My own way of coping with the Covid lockdowns has been to keep working, with diverse writing assignments (most of them overseas) and online teaching and lecturing, which tends to be even more interactive than when I did these things in person. I've also just returned from over two weeks of travel to Il Cinema Ritrovato in Bologna and my old neighborhood in Paris, hanging out with many old friends in both cities. ¶ **Joan Rosenfelt** (joancelia@earthlink.net): It's been a lovely summer here in Pond Eddy, NY. The weather has been beautiful; thank God we have not had an "extreme heat event" here in the northeast—yet, and once again, I've enjoyed sitting in my comfy wicker chair. They say that sitting is the "new smoking"—I don't doubt it but, honestly, I really love sitting and reading the paper—or my mail—even the bills!—in my beautiful backyard, surrounded by pots of colorful flowers, eating *al fresco* while an array of birds, including the wondrous hummingbirds, dines at the feeder.

Then along come the wild turkeys making their daily rounds to peck at the corn we put out for them. And the squirrels. I love squirrels! They used to climb up the fire escape outside my beloved NYC apartment where my neighbor, Mitch, and I delighted in feeding them giant walnuts—especially in the cold of winter. We loved watching them twirl the nuts in their little "hands" while using their bushy tails to fend off the icy wind. Here we actually have buzzards who come early in the morning to eat the day-old cat food we leave for them. Amidst all the woes of the world—and boy do we have plenty now—(Afghanistan, Haiti, etc.—it breaks your heart to hear the news), I myself am dealing with an assortment of personal challenges at this time—tough ones. But there's one challenge I'm enjoying this summer: the effort to grow tomatoes, hot green peppers, and little pickling cucumbers (my favorite variety is called Boston heirloom pickler) in garden boxes. I realize this is no big deal to many who have veggie gardens—but to me it's been a special thrill. The challenge is trying to keep the deer, groundhogs, and possibly some bunny rabbits from eating not just the fruits but the plants themselves. Apparently they're quite irresistible to these creatures. Every night we have to go out and fully cover the plants from top to bottom with Dollar Store plastic shower curtains, secured with old wooden clothespins all around. And then the next morning I eagerly rush out to check if any precious green tomatoes or tiny, baby cukes (or their leaves) have been "chomped." Mostly not, I'm happy to report. Actually, we've already had a few fat cukes, fresh and crisp though a tad overgrown. A wonderful part of summer here used to be these happy gatherings of friends I'd invite for brunch at the artfully set wrought-iron dining table under the catalpa tree, overlooking the literally babbling brook. We had such a good time; the sangria flowed and there was much amusing banter and merriment. (There were some who dubbed me "The Martha Stewart of Pond Eddy"—a fine compliment, indeed.) But I've lost a few friends in recent years and now one of my closest friends here, having been widowed three years ago, is selling her house (for a very good price, I might add) and moving to Connecticut to be near her daughter. So life here in the boondocks is slowly getting lonelier, bit by bit. Ah, old age. It ain't no picnic! Although I've still got my band of dear kitties for company—twelve



Joan Rosenfelt '61 enjoying the bounty of her summer garden

“rescues” at last count—along with a scowling, grumbling former neighbor who lives on the attic floor and helps take care of the kitties (whom he loves and cradles in his arms), vacuums the rugs, prunes the bushes, and shovels the snow, etc. Sometimes he’s pleasant, but mostly not. What can I do? I really need his help. And the kitties love him. I hate to see summer end. I love summer here. It’s kind of like how wonderful spring was at Putney, walking across the sweet-smelling east meadow filled with knee-high daisies and oh-so-healthy dandelions to the little Putney store in the valley for a 15-cent dish of ice cream. So delightful. And, honestly, winter here stinks—though it’s brightened a bit by the tapping of my old maple trees for sap, boiled into syrup on the big wood stove in the living room. Still, come the autumn equinox I’ll once again start counting the too-numerous days until spring, which, so far, has always shown up—eventually. Note: I happened to pick up a children’s book at the local Salvation Army thrift shop a while back—*The Cats in Krasinski Square*, a Warsaw ghetto story illustrated by Wendy Watson ’60. I’ve got other books of hers, too. She’s really an exceptional illustrator—artist, really—her work is always wonderful. This prompted me to look her up on the web to see what she was up to now, whereupon I was sorry to find that she had died in February of 2018. Gee, she was so talented and accomplished. The illustrations in this book are lovely, very sensitive and appropriate. How sad to lose someone so special. I didn’t know Wendy well, but I remember that she was one of the few girls at Putney who had hair as curly as mine! (More info on Wendy and her books at www.bookologymagazine.com/article/wendy_watson)

62 Agent: Nick Macdonald
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63 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Pam Huessy Hazel,
704-876-2200, phazel45@gmail.com
Lawrence Boothby (lawrence2.boothby@gmail.com): Thanks to my public library having outdoor pick-up and return, and the addition of two five-week-old feathered friends to my household, the pandemic has been a good time for me. The air is cleaner and it is quieter with less through-neighborhood commuting traffic. It is nice to see neighbors with more time to jog and bike with their partners and kids because they are working from home. I send thanks to my Facebook Putney friends during this time of social distancing. I don’t have to walk very far to encounter how hard this period is for most other people who are not yet retired with savings, with kids that are not already grown, educated, and debt-free. ¶ **Tom Fels** (tfels@comcast.net): I continue my work archiving and writing about the era of the 1960s. Also for the last decade I have been exhibiting the art I occasionally produce. The pandemic has encouraged increased contact with Putneyites of my era, a welcome excuse to be back in touch, or expand the usual correspondence, as may be needed in each case! ¶ **Tony Seeger** (tonyseeger@hotmail.com): I hope members of my class are all well. I have managed to avoid Covid so far, but social isolation, lack of live concerts, and cancellation of academic conferences and travel gave me a bad case of writer’s block and banjo freeze-up. I didn’t write or play for a year. Other avenues opened up, though, since my wife and I could spend a lot more time with our adult daughters and three grandchildren in Maryland and in



Lawrence Boothby '63 with his feathered friends

Vermont. Recently I have learned a new song, finished some long-overdue writing, and hope for a live reunion at Putney someday. ¶ **Katy Thompson** (ktt5461@gmail.com): In 1990, I bought a failing village store here in Tamworth, NH. My idea was to restore it to its former glory, pass it on to an actual business person (11th-grade math with George Carow was a bust and nothing has changed since!) and “get on with my life.” The store turned out to *be* my life, and has been a blessing in all kinds of ways over the last 30 years—mostly the chance to get to know so many and varied members of the human race, in the shelter of our pretty amazing small-town community. “The Other Store” (named long before my time) and added “Daley Cafe” have been a local meeting place, with hardware, groceries, local produce, breakfast and lunch, ice cream, gifts, toys, books, a community mailbox, local foods dinners before the summer theatre up the street, Sunday afternoon concerts by the river in back, teenagers working in the cafe, 10-year-olds doing the inventory over Christmas vacation, etc. Now, with the help of our wonderful store manager and a great planning team, I’m about to pass it on, in large part (I’ll still be the landlady for now) to...drumroll...**Peg Loughran, Putney '84!** Peg is the longtime proprietor of Tamworth’s beloved Sunnyfield Bakery—sourdough breads baked in her home wood-fired brick oven and sold across New Hampshire. I’ve known her since she was a quietly competent 12-year-old stagehand at the local theatre, where I was painting sets. More recently, she co-founded our fabulous farmers’ market. The storefront will re-open next spring under her skilled hand as the Sunnyfield Bakery & Cafe, offering breakfast and lunch, groceries, and more, with the same community focus—but with a whole new flair. I look forward to working with Peg on renovation over the winter, then settling into a quieter, adjunct role (i.e. loafing around eating at the new cafe!). More time for music, art, writing, the outdoors, friends, family, travel—I hope—and to clean my house, fix up a few more old buildings, and do what I can to help the old planet. So grateful for the multiple Putney threads through all of this.

64 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Needed

65 Agent: Needed
Secretaries: Robin Barber,
robertebarber@galleryofreaders.org &
Stevie Brown Peacock, 206-445-3700,
njspeacock@gmail.com
Alexa Heder (alexaheder@yahoo.com): This getting old is not for sissies. Thank God we survived 2020 and January 2021. We did not go to crazy Florida this year... I was achey, but have savored the gradual course of the seasons, and enjoyed the slow spring awakening of our yard and area. ¶ **Lydia Davis** (cote@bard.edu): I’m balancing garden, writing projects, family, and community activism. I recently joined a postcard writing group to try to counteract voter suppression moves. Reading groups are a pleasure: e.g. Walt Whitman and *The Secret Life of Fungi*. I miss you all.

66 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Seth Bates,
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67 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Needed

68 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Marney Lindsay
morrison@morsn.com

69 Agent: Dan Martin
Secretary: Judi Lowenburg Forman,
judiforman@gmail.com
Judi Lowenburg Forman (judiforman@gmail.com): Everything that has happened in my life, and all of yours as well, in the past year and a half has happened in the context of Covid. In the beginning, as an introvert and an artist, I was quite delighted about being forced to stay home and spending all the time I wanted in my studio. But the pleasure of that eventually wore off and the frustrations of all the limitations imposed on all of us made it all less fun. My main retirement plan was (still is) to travel to metalwork workshops in interesting places. Although that plan was temporarily derailed, it was an unexpected pleasure to be able to attend workshops in the comfort of my studio, requiring no travel at all! I am grateful that so many talented instructors turned to Zoom to teach. It’s been a great opportunity to work with some of the best jewelry artists in the country without the expense of travel, and it seems that this will continue even as in-person experiences are returning. It’s also been an unexpected

pleasure to have daily FaceTime visits with my granddaughter from the time she was six months old, through her first birthday and up to now, as she’s turning two (and behaving as expected!). But the positive and interesting things about life during the pandemic have not been able to overshadow in any way my reaction to the horror at what is going on globally with authoritarianism taking hold along with the progression of climate change, which seems irrevocable at this point. In spite of all the bad things that I’ve been through in my life, I have somehow always been an optimist. Be safe everybody! ¶ **Bob Raynolds** (bobraynolds1@gmail.com): I have used the Covid to remap my dissertation work in Pakistan; the geology of the foothills of the Himalayas. A blessing of time allowed me to take on this task that otherwise would have hung around my neck like an albatross for the remainder of my days. Having shed the rotting bird, I then launched a 22-week seminar in collaboration with a Zoom master in Baluchistan. We corralled 22 speakers for a weekly event...you find out who your friends are when you invite them to give an hour-long seminar at 12:30AM. My lectures for the Denver Museum of Nature & Science moved to Zoom as well. We increased attendance and also archived the materials on the Museum’s YouTube channel. The most recent event was a program on Earth as Art. I was invited to define art up front. Thank goodness I roomed with **Dave Fichter**, so this was not a problem. If you’re curious, check it out at the Denver Museum of Science channel on YouTube (Playlists / Digital Earth Series / Digital Earth: The Earth as Art).

70 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Tim Rieser,
Tim_Rieser@appro.senate.gov
Susannah Brown (tibareno@aol.com): After 30+ years in western Massachusetts, my husband, Doug, and I retired to Ajo, AZ, eight years ago. It’s a small former copper-mining town 40 miles north of the Mexico/U.S. border. We knew one person when we moved here, and have found an interesting and welcoming community. The Sonoran Desert and mountains are amazingly beautiful. We’ve been involved in volunteer archaeology surveys, and, most importantly, humanitarian aid work in the desert and in migrant shelters in Sonoyta, Sonora. My nursing skills have come in handy.

71 Agents: Josie Chase & Sara Rosner
Secretary: Michael Tanner,
michael.tanner@nyumc.org
Su Bowerman (su.bowerman@gmail.com): What a year (plus) has been, eh? Covid has changed our lives forever. I am still in Naples, Italy, teaching school. I feel lucky that as a school teacher I kept my job, although it went online, which brought a steep learning curve both for me and my students to adapt. We went home on 4 March 2020 at 4PM thinking everything was normal, only to be told at 8PM that we would not be returning to school and lessons would be on an online learning platform from the next day forward! So we had to learn how to scan a book in PDF and float an audio track over that for all our students who did not have the books at home! I like a challenge, and it was good to learn new useful tools. Learning to mark student work online, keep track of everyone on-screen during a lesson, etc. My son got married in September 2021 in civil court with no one else there but his wife, but when Covid blows over we will celebrate in style! My daughter continued to run her gardening business, which was flourishing as everyone was stuck at home and wanted a lovely garden to enjoy! My mom and step-dad (**Betsy Brett** and **Alan Carpenter**, Putneyites from class of ’48) have stayed healthy walking around their retirement home and the open space behind it in the coastal foothills of California. I was sorry to have missed our 50th reunion, albeit online! It would be good to see everyone again. Thank you **Sara Rosner** and **Josie Chase** for your suggestion for a 50th reunion class gift. It is a good idea, and I have contributed. Maybe next summer if Covid regulations have passed by, we can all meet in person for the three-year 50th reunion celebration. Today we had a school outing that reminded me of Putney in some ways. We had canoeing, archery, football, dodge ball, swimming, diving, and a picnic for a big end-of-school bash, after having been in online lessons. It was lovely to have our masks off and social distancing not required while being outside in the sun and water! Sending love to everyone and hope to see you next summer. All in all we were very lucky! How have you all fared? ¶ **Andy Gordon** (agordon9@gmail.com): I have a daughter who has spent a lot of time in China, mostly working on climate change issues. She is now working at the California-China Climate Institute at Berkeley. Under the Paris Accords,

there was supposed to be a side arrangement between the U.S. and China to focus on cooperation between the two biggest economies. When Trump withdrew, Governor Brown decided that California and China should have the side arrangement instead. That's where Jessica is working. The critical issue is how quickly China will move off coal. Jessica has a PhD from MIT, ran Oxfam's climate change section for a while, and has done other things in China. I have spent the last three pre-Covid years as a full-time volunteer college counselor at two Miami high schools that did not have any college counselors. Many of my students are hungry, some live outside. Both schools I worked at are in the Little Haiti section of Miami, with students who are majority Haitian, many undocumented, with the rest generally from the Caribbean or Central America. Extreme poverty. Virtually every student with a social qualifies for the maximum Pell grant. Students sometimes share phones and at the main school where I worked, no one had a laptop. I learned how to do the college stuff for my own children and their friends over the course of about 15 years. The work is basically helping students get admitted and finding the money to pay for it with a general objective of trying to give kids the opportunity to have something other than a minimum wage job in their life. Actually doing a program in an inner city school, as opposed to just a few applications, was different in many ways. With Covid, volunteers were no longer permitted, so I'm waiting to decide whether to start up again next year. ¶ **Mimi (Katzenbach) Stokes** (*mimistokeskat@gmail.com*): I write this as the temperature in Portland, OR, is at 111 and still rising. The arugula in my raised beds looks clinically depressed. But the chard is being a real champion, and the innate optimism of parsley (parsley always seems to me to be giggling) seems to be helping its resilience as the heat relentlessly beats down. Resilience. The word of these times. I am finding my personal resilience in the joy of becoming a grandmother; my son and his wife had a beautiful baby boy last summer. I am finding regenerative, enlivening energy in developing my theory and method of ecopsychology in earnest, and finding my simpatico, like-minded professional tribe in the global Jungian community. I am also reviving my interest and professional training in foresight and futures scenarios. Self-published books and

developing a professional website are the projects that take up my days these days (and emergency watering). I legally changed my name to my mother's maiden name, Stokes, after she died a few years ago, and I am feeling myself called back to my ancestral Stokes roots in southern Vermont/Berkshires, MA. I am planning a trip to the area this October to scatter my mother's ashes in Vermont, and to explore relocating. Creative projects that involved actors and a lot of personal contact got derailed by the pandemic. I am now beginning to explore how to adapt them to this new world we live in. May everyone find whatever it is you need to keep yourself resilient as we go through these dramatic times for people and planet. ¶ **Lindsay Harper duPont** (*Lindsay@lindsaydupont.com*): I am a full-time illustrator/painter working and living in the suburbs of NYC. Our good news from the past rotten year is that our oldest son, Sam, got married to a lovely woman, Jaime. There was an 11-person, immediate-family-only wedding in Baltimore over Thanksgiving, and it felt like a wonderfully grand occasion. We're planning a trip west to Wyoming to visit friends, and to Colorado, where my mother was from, to visit cousins. That is, if all goes according to plan. Find me online at *lindsaydupont.com* or on Instagram *@lindsayhdp*. ¶ **Sandy Post** (*sandy.post@icloud.com*): Flip and I remained healthy through the pandemic, but our professional lives were hit hard. We've landed in a good place, though. So much more to say about this experience but bottom line is my life is full and rich and I will never be bored. Easy to keep my perspective. This isn't cancer. I will heal and Flip and I will be OK. The list of things to be grateful for is long. We had a visit with Libby and **Matt Mills** for the first time since Christmas of 2019. It was great to find them both in good health and good spirits. I am really looking forward to in-person reunion next year. Happy that it will include '70 and '72 because I, like many of us, have people I would like to see in those classes as well.

72 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Needed

73 Agent: Tim Dwight
Secretary: Needed
Marti Straus (*mstraus@antioch.edu*): We made it through the pandemic in one piece—so far—and it is lovely to see and

hug friends and family again. **Lizzy '05** is back in Brooklyn, and **Molly '09 and Ian Frothingham '09** are in Maine, but the lure of the 802 in the summer is very compelling, so they have been home a bit. My whole professional life—teaching, consulting, leading workshops, supervising, private practice—is still pretty much all on Zoom and I hope I will be doing more in-person soon. I have two books out recently: a co-authored third edition of *The Lost Art of Listening* (p. 35) and a workbook for parents and kids called *Cool, Calm, and Connected*. It has helped to feel generative during this isolated time. Vermont is as great a place to weather a pandemic as any and I am grateful for the woods and plenty of work—the ambient grief makes things deeper and a little stunning. Trump is defeated, and there are moments of joy and grace alongside the suffering, as, perhaps, is always true.

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

75 Agent: Tim Dwight
Secretary: Sarah Minot Gelabert,
sarahmgold@gmail.com
Marshall Nalle Ayers (*4ayers@sbcglobal.net*): We sold our home of 27 years in Glendale, CA, and relocated to our cottage on Balboa Island, CA, and so far, have avoided Covid and survived downsizing. Our older son is engaged and lives in the Bay Area, and our younger son is heading into his senior year of college—hopefully in person this year! Retirement is a work in progress, but we plan on being bi-coastal and spending more time at my family home in Rhode Island starting this September. Long term, we may head to northern California, but for now any Putney friends visiting the Newport Beach area are welcome to come for a swim! **Sarah Minot Gold** [aka Gelabert] and I got together on the island this summer for a most pleasant afternoon catching-up. ¶ **Kate Rowe** (*krowe@sgrlaw.com*): We had a wonderful couple of days with **Maria Philip** and her husband, Marty Clarke, when they came through on the way to visiting their son at school.

76 Agent: Tim Dwight
Secretary: Needed
Liz Cobbett Williams (*eccw@hotmail.com*): I had an opportunity to listen to and briefly visit with **Annabelle Hoffman '77** at her



Top: Putney Mini-Reunion Series: Liz Cobbett Williams '76 and Annabelle Hoffman '77 in Bennington, VT. Bottom: Annabelle Hoffman '77 performing *Bel Canto Celli*

cello performance of *Bel Canto Celli* in Bennington, VT.

77 Agent & Secretary: Jen Just,
jramsajjust@gmail.com
Jen Just (*jramsajjust@gmail.com*): I've been lucky to be working at home already (on a book about 19th-century Chicago politics and the press), with about two acres of lawn and woods that I'm trying to turn into more of the latter, and a number of house projects that are finally getting attention now that I have plenty of time and no excuse. I have a wonderful group of friends here that took our regular happy hours to Zoom for a while, then back in person when it was safe. **Chris Hurd** and I have been watching TV and movies together regularly (via FaceTime), and made it all the way through *Schitt's Creek*, which got us through the worst of the pandemic. I've also been in touch with **Hilary Stewart**, **Arnold McLeod**, and others. Thanks to **Margie Serkin** for her convening efforts! I enjoy serving on the Putney board of trustees. While it can be challenging at times, it's rewarding and an honor—and often a lot of fun—to be working on the issues facing the school, and our times,

with Putney people. ¶ **Dan Seamans** (*seamansdaniel@gmail.com*): I'm spending a fair amount of time with my grandchildren, age three and a newborn. Best wishes to all! ¶ **Ethan Pettit** (*ethanpettit@outlook.com*): I was saddened to hear of the passing of Emilia Bruce. My heart goes out to **Paco '78**, **Maria '82**, and **Ana '84**. Thoughts as well of Linn Bruce, his mentor, Fernando Gerassi, and that sphere of life that embraces Spain and Putney, the Spanish Civil War, the Bruce family, and painting, always painting. The pandemic put a stop to having openings at my art gallery; however, we still have a website, a collection, and once in a while we make a sale. Still in Brooklyn, still in the discourse, do drop by if you're in town. My number is 347-578-3041.

78 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Melisa Gillis,
melisagillis@gmail.com
Constance Cunningham (*ccunningham3@verizon.net*): I happily got my license as a professional counselor, am chanting nam-myoho-renge-kyo, and enjoying life with my wonderful cat, Mopsey. Best wishes to all!

79 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Andrew Cohen,
allthethings@gmail.com
Andrew Cohen (*allthethings@gmail.com*): Life change-wise, the thing happening as I write this is that I'm taking Gemma to the University of Vermont, where she's going to study animal science, and I'm both thrilled for her and feeling sad about the prospect of empty-nesthood. Max has spent the summer working in a restaurant in Coldfoot, AK, and will return to University of Washington in September for his senior year if they get it together enough to have in-person classes. UVM is miles ahead of UDub on this, in that they're requiring everyone on campus to be vaccinated, among other precautions. It's August 19 as I write, and UDub still hasn't announced an official policy, so we won't be surprised if the whole thing is a charade to get the tuition money and then shut down the campus. In which case, there's a chance I won't be an empty-nester by October. I navigated most of Covid as an un- to underemployed editor and writer, doing mainly gardening. The shutdown happened right as I was about to be interviewed for a job I wanted and was being paid to do temporarily as a sort of apprentice; three weeks later the newspaper had gone under. Eventually I became a

contributing writer for the website of Prairie View A&M University, an HBCU near Houston, TX, and an on-call proofreader for an ad agency in Ann Arbor, MI. I'm up for several other part-time jobs at the moment and hope to add to the eight or nine hours I typically work per week. I'd settle for 20. ¶ This is a good place for me to mention that one of our classmates works as a copy editor for the *New England Journal of Medicine*, which for what it's worth I think is a really cool job. He didn't have any particular news he wanted to share, but I'm really hopeful he will at some point in the near future, so I'm leaving a placeholder here for you: [Jeffrey Allen]. With both kids gone for the time being, I think there's a chance I could leave Madison, though a lot depends on what **Lynnea Hansen '82** has in mind. I would be excited to move to Europe, depending on what the U.S. does politically and pandemically. One thing that makes me want to stay where I am is that there are few places where I could play soccer and have as much fun losing every week as I do with Uganda, my team of over-50s. On the other hand, moving to the East Coast would put me in closer proximity to Putneyites **Mike Dibb** and **Rebecca Johnson-Dibb '82**, who I just saw for the first time in ages last night. A lot to think about, and a lot of time to think about it. ¶ **Spencer Moore** (*spencerhmoore@gmail.com*): Jean and I are still living in Seattle; we will likely live here for the remainder of our careers and then retire back in Portland. It has been a strange year, of course, with Covid and all; it's been difficult to make connections in a new city when everything has been closed down. All that feels like it's slowly fading away, at least in western Washington, with high levels of vaccine compliance. Here's hoping that, Covid-wise, things continue to improve. Jean and I hope to spend a week camping in North Cascades National Park; it's not far from Seattle and I've never been. We're planning on renting a teardrop trailer, which no doubt will feel like glamping compared to our normal tent camping routine and sleeping on the ground. We're keeping our fingers crossed that the smoke isn't bad in August—if last year is any guide, that's unlikely. The smoke was so bad in parts of Washington last year that it took weeks (and multiple shampoos) to get the smell out of the interior of the car after a trip to the Columbia River Valley. The other big thing for me is that I'm learning to fly gliders. I probably won't get my license until

next year, but it's a lot of fun learning. I recommend that anyone even remotely interested in engineless flight should get a demo ride; there's probably a local club near you. Are there other folks from the Putney class of '79 in Seattle? It might be fun to do a get-together, now that we're able. Drop me a line if you're interested. ¶ **Prudence Simon** (prudencesimon@yahoo.com): Covid gave me a break from the usual demands of my career; I work with my hands in close one-on-one contact doing massage, rehabilitation, or helping others overcome traumatic brain injury, stroke, and visual learning disabilities. All of this was paused during the pandemic—the clinic where I worked closed. These circumstances gave me space to follow and hone other pursuits I hadn't had time to focus on. I will be finally ordained in summer 2022 as a Soto Zen Priest after 21 years of study. I am sewing my robes, which has been a long project with starts and stops. I began this in 2008 when I was in residence at Tassajara Monastery (in the mountains near Carmel Valley, CA) for three years. Carolina Mead and I got officially married after being together on and off since 1986, so that was wonderful. We tied the knot at the Bernalillo County courthouse in Albuquerque, NM, December 31, 2020. The city was empty due to Covid and we had a very cold, intimate celebration at a friend's fire pit with the four of us. My partner is an RN who works in wound care at Presbyterian Hospital here in Albuquerque. She has been working on the front lines throughout Covid and that has been intense. We live in a solar house she designed; she also has a degree in architecture. Our house has been a cozy sanctuary throughout Covid. Since I have been home, I have come to feel so much gratitude to live in a warm, beautiful, solar home with our organic garden and our dog, Cleo, a German shepherd from the pound who is now eight. We live in a friendly neighborhood in Albuquerque near the university. Lately, I have been working from home doing astrology readings, working on some writing projects, and doing watercolors. It has been a challenging and rich time. Sending lots of cheer to all in the class of 1979. Wishing you all the best! ¶ **Neige Torrey Christenson** (neigechristenson@gmail.com): I've been tending to my family's health, my own included. My particular form of dance, contact improvisation, is exceptionally "pre-Covid" in its free-form, close proximity

to partners: certainly no traveling around teaching and dancing improvisationally with strangers for me this past year and a half! Many of my colleagues began bravely experimenting with virtual, Zoom versions of practicing this form, or "dis-dancing" versions outside with props to maintain safe distance, and I applaud them all. I danced at home on my furniture and yoga balls for a while there, but then got tired of fumbling with which glasses to wear and attempting to "connect" with others through the screen when we used to connect so kinesthetically. One day I stopped trying so hard and let it go. The form is busy being reinvented by us all, with a newly heightened care for boundaries and clarity! I'm grateful that my family all stayed fairly healthy; we had faculty housing and my husband still had his teaching job (stressful as it was), and since we make each other laugh easily our hunkering-down phase worked quite well. We walked/biked/skied/juggled/did something outside every day, and got down to more meditating/mending/cooking/reading/calling friends and family than we'd ever managed to do in our former lives of running around to events and obligations elsewhere. The only real through-line project I've had this year is restoring and printing up my late mother's prolific woodcut artwork, and experimenting with new formats for her images. It has been a peaceful, steady project. I look forward to coming to the next Harvest Festival and having a booth—please come and say hello!

80 Agent: **Jonah Maidoff**
Secretary: **Meg Spicer**,
lisameg4@gmail.com

Alyssa Hinton (alyssahintonartist@gmail.com): My year on lockdown was compromised of my teaching 6th–12th grade digital art and design on Zoom from a side room in my basement studio for Durham Public Schools down here in the Triangle in North Carolina. It was lonely to say the least, but I accomplished all sorts of outdoor DIY projects as an antidote to Zoom. I literally cleaned the woods near my house of random debris tossed from the roadside. I built a garden gate from found palette wood, and planted a "live salad bar" in two metal raised beds I purchased. I nurtured my tree nursery and installed fence posts for my yard and garden. I was able to visit my daughter and grandson every week ... and still am! As for my students, the ones who applied themselves were able to really benefit

from a wide variety of creative self expression opportunities. I do feel a bit shaky and concerned given the overall situation, and I hope I will be able to enjoy the company of family and friends more and more as time goes by. Be well, and take advantage of all this reflective time if at all possible!! ¶ **Bobby Hudson** (bobby.hudson@live.com): These days I am living in New Jersey with my partner of 25 years. I had not been in touch with Putney for what seems like forever until I got a call about addressing racial inequity at Putney. I was able to join a couple of the Zoom meetings, which were great. They reminded me of the times when I was a student at Putney, joining with my fellow students of color to discuss the "issues." I think Putney is special in that way because dialogue is always possible, which is an important start. For the past two years, I have been on dialysis while waiting on a kidney. It's not as bad as I thought it was going to be. Especially because I have been HIV+ for over 34 years and I literally died after having a heart attack in 2019 two weeks after my mom passed, I feel fortunate to be alive. For me, every day is a benefit. I attribute my survival to my Buddhist practice of chanting Nam-myoho-renge-kyo for over 30 years, which is all about world peace through self-fulfillment and helping others to be happy. I definitely believe it has helped me maintain my sanity, health (I'm still alive), and happiness through the years, including the Covid-19 years. Fortunately, I did not contract Covid and I have been vaccinated. I am working as a tutor mostly working with graduate students. In addition, I have been working on a screenplay about Satan. I know it may sound strange that a Buddhist is writing about Satan, but that's the beauty of life.

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

Tasha Maidoff (natashamaidoff@gmail.com): Hi all! As a mother of two boys that are both over six-foot-five, I am feeling short. But I'm still ambitious, not about getting taller, but about making work. I have continually, since graduation, been evolving as an artist, both as an independent filmmaker and an author. I have several projects that are in the works and have some "legs." I still dance—not as a performer so much as privately, but it's always been one of my great joys. That said, I appear in my most recent film as a cleaning maniac

robot while my mother talks about the difficulty of being both a mother and artist in the 1960s. Horseback riding is still a great passion, though I don't get to do it often. I hope to have a horse of my own again one day. I am currently teaching at Chapman University as well as working as a creative coach for people completing novels, plays, films, and songs. My boys are now ages 15 and 20, and we all live in our home in Venice, CA. Come visit if you're in town! My dad still lives in Italy, where he continues to paint, and my mother, **Ilka List '53**, is still writing, drawing, and sculpting on Martha's Vineyard, not far from my brother **Jonah Maidoff '80**. Contact me through my website: www.natashamaidoff.com.

82 Agents: **Anne Dillenbeck** &
Jamie Isaacs
Secretary: **Maggie da Silva**,
goochling@gmail.com

83 Agent: **Kate Morse**
Secretary: **Evan Freedman**,
evan@drevanfreedman.com
Hannah Reimann (reimann.musicandfilm@gmail.com): Hi, everyone. I'm not sure I've ever written anything here before. I'm living in the West Village, enjoying creating community at St. John's in the Village, where my new concert series, Revelation Tuesdays, features musical and spoken-word artists of different genres once a month. I've received a grant from the Café Royal Cultural Foundation to complete my upcoming EP of original music, *Mi Corazón*, sung in three languages. I continue my nine-years project of the music of Joni Mitchell. I plan to be in LA to celebrate Joni's music with a birthday concert for her this November, god willing. I'm staying busy with my students, writing instructional books for young musicians, and navigating this unprecedented time with as much faith and creativity as I can. Love to my sis, **Kim '81**, always, **Cecily, Lisa**, and all my Putney loves. ¶ **Clay Wilcox** (sclaywilcox@gmail.com): Greetings, friends. I'm pleased to report that my family and I made it through lock-down physically and mentally (mostly) intact. At one point, we had three kids taking virtual college classes at home while I too worked from home and my wife of 26 years, Janine, actually went out in the world to see her geriatric patients. Fast forward—we have one daughter working as a nurse in Boston while her rising-junior sister is studying fashion

merchandizing at Marist, and her twin brother is in health sciences at Fordham in the Bronx. I'm still in aviation and have been fortunate to live in a nice town in central Connecticut while spending time in Cooperstown, NY, during the summers. Biking, tennis, cooking, flying, and general bon vivanting are all still in my wheelhouse, for which I am grateful. I am always happy to stop into the 05346 for a mountain bike ride and visit with the likes of **John Labine, Mike Collins '82, JJ Johnson '82, Josh Laughlin '82, and Hugh Davis '81**.

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

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

Gillian Windisch Bruce (gillsie2002@yahoo.com): The last 36 years in a nutshell: Moved to Oregon. Art degree. Thrice married, twice divorced. Two daughters. Two step-kids. About to be a grandma. Self-employed as a hard rock miner and lapidarist. Slowly losing my mobility to Ehlers-Danlos syndrome. Practicing Buddhist. My best friends are vermin. If you are interested in rocks, find me at SGLapidary.net or Thunderegglovers. Etsy.com. If you're interested in stuff I make, find me at tangibleimaginings.net. Want to be a voyeur? Instagram @gillie_bruce (send a friend request). Also @sglapidaryco, @thunderegglovers and @ratladyadvice. Oh, and @Tangibleimaginings. If you just want to reconnect: Gillsie2002@yahoo.com. I'm a hermit but I know how to use the Internet. I hope you are well. ¶ **Hannah Galloway** (gallowayh@gmail.com): I am back living in Santa Monica after a couple of years working in Vancouver and San Francisco. I'm still a design manager in tech, so have been fortunate during these Covid times to work from home. That said, Zoom fatigue is no joke. My kiddos, Zoë and Eli, are 28 and 25, respectively (!!) and both have launched, returning to Canada after their sunny, SoCal upbringing. I also had a pre-Covid visit with **Taylor Moriarty**, picking right up where we left off what seems like a million years ago. Stay well and safe, everyone. How did we get to be so old? ¶ **Kate Register** (kregister@mac.com): What a Covid year it's been! I decided to go cold turkey on LA and change it up. My daughter, Ellie, now 17, was ready for change, and my son, Noah, age 20, was ready to move into his own apartment.



Gillian Windisch Bruce '85, hard rock miner and soon-to-be grandmother

Noah stayed in LA and Ellie, my dog, Violet, and I packed up the car and drove across country. The endless roads heading east gave us plenty of time to reset and dive into re-creating a new life essentially. We got a sight-unseen apartment in NYC that we are renting. We found discounted art studio spaces in Tribeca to start creating! My daughter up and started her own company called Elliebelliie, where she upcycles tank tops. I put all my old painting tools away. Bought a few rolls of raw canvas and have been approaching the canvas with as much physical process and unconscious freedom as I can muster. Going as big as I possibly can! I thought I would miss all the nature the mountains provided me in California, but this concrete jungle of NY has surprised me with so much love for humanity. We all realize we need each other here. I have never felt more connected. I can't wait to see the leaves change and see the fall in Vermont, pick some McIntosh apples, and hug a few friends from my Putney days. Until then, wishing you all well. ¶ **Sarah Zevin Vela** (sarah.vela@gmail.com): I heard from **Christopher Barnes** (cbarnes@gmail.com), who is still in Los Olivos, CA, at the Midland School (Putneyites welcome to visit!) and reports he survived a crazy year and is looking forward to the next. As for me, I'm counting down the months (nine!) before I get to say goodbye to Austin, which has been my increasingly regrettable home for 20 years, and move back to New England, which is



Top: Hannah Galloway '85 and family **Middle:** Kate Register '85 left California behind, headed east, landed in New York, and is thriving in that city. **Bottom:** Sara Zevin Vela and family will soon be moving east after many years in Austin, TX.

my forever and ever home, Amen. I'm pretty excited about it. All the usual other things are true—my kids are becoming adults and that's extremely weird. My life is both narrower and fuller as a result of all this *waves hands* stuff going on—choir and chamber singing put on hold for the foreseeable future, and in-personing, in general, has been very limited. I haven't seen my dad in two years, which sucks, but I'm excited to finally be able to visit this fall. I'm in some Zoom call or other for work or family catch-ups or what have you basically all the time, which is exhausting. But I also pay better attention, in general, to the little things. I have longer, sweeter neighborhood walks with the dogs, and all this at-homing has meant more precious time spent with my soon-to-be out of the house kids. Wishing everyone well!

86 *Agent: Needed*
Secretary: Needed

Nora Daniel (norapainter@yahoo.com / 614-209-6772): I'm enjoying the rural life in Ohio, but am yearning to return to Vermont. My daughter, Ruby, is a teenager and wants to attend Putney as soon as things can fall into place. Painting has remained my main game, while marketing the work is still way chill. Anyone wishing to help me get art up on walls, get in touch. You can see some work on Instagram (@noravdaniel), Etsy (Nora-DanielArt), and Patreon (@noradaniel). I have been in touch with **Cam Adibi '87**, **Jim Rice '87**, and **Amelia Lawrence Darrow**, and would love to be in touch with other old pals. Any Putneyite is welcome to stop by the farm in Zanesville. I'll probably try to put you to work. Speaking of which, I'm looking for folks who want to apprentice/intern to learn about drawing and painting and be studio assistants in trade. Thank you to all who have supported me by purchasing my work on Etsy and Patreon!

87 *Agent: Alicia Brelsford Dana*
Secretary: Needed

Sam Spencer (sam@aupt-industries.com): We have moved from California to Telluride, CO, and have been settling in happily. Our move was planned prior to Covid; however, our timeline lined up with the rest of the nation as we confronted lockdowns and all the rest. We have been here since the end of the school year 2020. Wendy and our sons, Oliver and Dodge, are thriving here, it's great to be near family, and to live in the glorious San

Juans. Wendy's family is from here and we are thrilled to have everyone close at hand. It took a little longer to organize our exit from California than we anticipated; however, it has been well worth it. I think 15 years of wildfire, multiple displacements, and the increase in humanity in NorCal finally pushed us to get in gear. We are almost entirely out of the wine-growing business and I am hoping that by the time this posts to have closed a sale of our ultimate vineyard. My career path has diverged; I have taken the helm of a mining exploration and reclamation firm based here in Eagle, CO. We are working to develop new mineral products and rare earth elements as well as recovering precious metals, all the while remediating the sins of miners past. I am happy with the change. Surprisingly, it's not that far from viticulture. If you're nearby, please reach out.

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

89 *Agent: Needed*
Secretary: Needed

Jessica Tuteur (jessicat@napanet.net): **Stephanie Loucas, Aeron Daly '90, Hannah Wirth**, and I met up for a mini reunion in Napa. Such a treat after 18 months of Covid.

90 *Agents: Torin Koester & Emily Bibbins Silas*
Secretaries: Emily Bibbins Silas, emily.silas@gmail.com & Meghan Campbell, megwest72@yahoo.com

91 *Agent: Needed*
Secretary: Chloe Bosquet, chloe.m.bosquet@gmail.com

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

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

Nat Taylor (Birdhavengardens@gmail.com): Well this year has been memorable on many levels: the uncertainty; the buffoon in the oval office; the masks; and successfully building a house from the ground up. **Zohar Schwartz '92** was architect to a divine dream, and many a gifted tradesmen in the Outer Cape contributed to its fruition. My family moved in as



A mini Putney reunion in Napa enjoyed by old friends Aeron Daly '90, Jessica Tuteur '89, Hannah Wirth '89, Stephanie Loucas '89

temperatures soared and gardening re-started. And I have not stopped since. I am exhausted but happy, and my two little ladies are growing up here as happy as the clams and oysters that abound in this area. Please contact me if you're ever in the area.

94 *Agent: Nkomo Morris*
Secretary: Caroline Roman, carolineroman@hotmail.com

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

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

97 *Agent: Vasya Dostoinov*
Secretary: Rickey Bevington, erickeyb@gmail.com

Ilana Savel (mysticlanamama@gmail.com): Hello! **Amos Newton '90** and I are still homesteading in Jamaica, VT. Our children are 13 and nine, thriving and becoming excellent musicians. Amos's sawmill business has been busy and fulfilling work. I finished nursing school during Covid and currently work as an RN at a small, local hospital. I'm looking forward to an in-person reunion when that is safe.

98 *Agent: Charlotte de Villiers Cathro*
Secretary: Needed

99 *Agent: Needed*
Secretary: Kuna Tavalin, ktavalin@hotmail.com

Abby Sirulnik (abbysirulnik@gmail.com): I've been living in south Orange County, CA, for the past 12 years with my two kids (now teens), husband, and cat. My little SoCal yard affords me a garden where I can apply my Putney skills, and I often tell my kids of my wonderfully unique life at Putney. I hope that you are all doing well.

00 *Agent: Needed*
Secretary: Needed

01 *Agent: Jada Lindblom*
Secretary: Norah Lake, norahlake@gmail.com

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

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

Jillian Brelsford (jbrelsf@gmail.com): I work on a public sector medical-surgical unit in greater Boston. We converted to a respiratory step-down unit to respond to community needs during the pandemic's inpatient hospitalization surges. It has been an unbelievable experience to share with co-workers and patients (not always a great time, but immeasurably meaningful and an honor to be a part of the frontline crisis response). It has also been a pleasure to find myself in leadership roles in the nurses' union here in Massachusetts. I'm married to the founder and CEO of Democracy Brewing, a worker-owned brewery and restaurant in downtown Boston. They were able to re-open this 4th of July, so come by if you're in town. Wishing happiness and fulfillment to everyone (and thanks for getting vaccinated).

Logan Brennan-Sawyer (brennansawyer@gmail.com): My wife and I live in Beijing, where we teach at the Western Academy of Beijing, a progressive international school. We've mostly stayed in Beijing these past two years, which has been an excellent opportunity to get to know the city, its incredible food and drink flavors, and to become involved in the local music scene. I met my wife a decade ago while we worked at Northfield Mount Hermon, another private boarding school just down I-91 from Putney. We have since taught



Jillian Brelsford '03 (left) has been working as part of the frontline crisis response to the pandemic.



Tory Voight '03 has spent the pandemic learning remotely from Nevada, hiking with friends and boyfriend.

at schools in the Netherlands (where we were married), Cambodia, and now, China. Our newest adventure has been the birth of our son this summer. The last time I was "on the hill" was December of 2019, and I recently realized that this is the longest I have been away since I was three. Much has changed in the interim. My parents moved out of the Arms House, our family home for a third of a century, and my father, who managed the KDU for 34 years, retired this past June. Hopefully, we will be able to visit them and

Putney next summer. ¶ **Tory Voight** (vvoight@gmail.com): I graduated from Harvard Business School in May after a very surreal experience of being a student in a pandemic. Last summer, I interned in product management in machine learning at Google, where I worked for a decade before school. As my internship and second year classes were remote, I moved to Summerlin, Las Vegas, to work remotely and rock climb with my boyfriend and climbing partners in Red Rocks Conservation Area, a 15-minute drive from our neighborhood. I will be a principal product manager focused on virtual and augmented reality (which was my focus before HBS) when I return to work in September. Until then, I'm climbing and fly fishing on the west coast, brushing up on Unity, React Native, and C#, and oil painting. I'm still making sense of what the value and point of an MBA actually is, especially returning to the world of tech where it's not as valued as, say, consulting, but I'm proud to have shared this experience with my family as a first gen student. At HBS, I founded the first-gen low-income club and was a graduation speaker representing first gen-students. I'm excited to return to work and see how I've grown.

04 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Hillary Foxweldon, hillaryfoxweldon@gmail.com



Charlotte Spear, currently doing her residency at West Virginia University, plans to pursue a fellowship in cardiothoracic surgery.

05 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Margi Dashevsky, margueritedashevsky@gmail.com
Charlotte Spear (charlottespear@gmail.com): After graduating in 2005, I went on to obtain my bachelor's degree in biology from Hamilton, and from there went to work in a pharmaceutical company doing chemical engineering for 2.5 years, then went on to get a master's in anatomy from Creighton University, and in the fall of 2015 was accepted to medical school. I continued my passion for bioengineering and innovation there and decided to pursue a career in surgery. In 2019, I matched into general surgery at West Virginia University, where I am currently in my second year and looking forward to pursuing a fellowship in cardiothoracic surgery.

06 Agent: Kyra Sparrow-Pepin Chapin
Secretary: Needed

07 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Needed
Samia Abbass (sabbass011@gmail.com): I was humbled and grateful to (finally after almost four years of walking this path of grad school) graduate with my fellow Goddard psychology and counseling folks in February. This time has been one of intense and deep listening for me. More and more, I understand that becoming a mental health practitioner is a heavy mantle to take on. That weight comes from the knowledge that mental "health" (as it is practiced in this country) is steeped in legacies of oppression, colonialism, eugenics, and erasure. My thesis was about community liberation and big-picture dreaming/thinking/analyzing about how we can wrestle mental health and wellbeing from the grips of white supremacy culture. It feels like a manifesto, a call to action; and while I sort of hate it (after spending a year struggling with the writing process), I am also immensely proud of it. It feels like a raw, vulnerable, authentic part of me—something that I needed to give voice to, as part of my own journey of becoming and identity formation. If you want a copy, let me know. Onward to new journeys—and dismantling carceral and oppressive mental health systems!

08 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Olivia Hooper, steveirwinindisguise@gmail.com



Top: Samia Abbass '07 (left), is diving into work as a mental health practitioner who works to, in her words, "wrestle mental health and wellbeing from the grips of white supremacy culture." Bottom: Emmalee Carr '09 is getting married in April and still knows the back way to the Putney Co-op.



09 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Gordon Greer, greergh@hotmail.com
Emmalee Carr (emmalee.carr@gmail.com): Hi Putney—it's been awhile! I am doing well and living in New Jersey. After taking my sweet time, I finally went to college at the University of Miami and graduated in 2017 with a BS in marine science and geology. Since then I've been working for the NJ Department of Environmental Protection. I'm excited to share that I am engaged and getting married in April! One of the superlatives given to me at our senior dinner was

"queen chameleon," as I frequently returned to campus from breaks with a new do. As of June, this is the first time since high school that I have an entire head of naturally colored hair. Not sure exactly what that says, but I'm definitely beginning a new chapter of life and I am looking forward to what's to come. Sometimes, if I'm lucky enough to be en route somewhere via 91, I find myself taking exit 4 and going up the the hill to Elm Lea Road. I make sure the swing set is still there, say hi to the cows, take in the view of Mount Monadnock, and see if I can remember the back way to the Co-op. Putney has a very special place in my heart. I am so happy and proud to have graduated from The Putney School. Also, I am one of the only people I know to have enjoyed their high school experience. Anyone else? Please feel free to reach out (Emmalee.Carr@gmail.com), especially if you find yourself in central Jersey. Lots of love, Emmalee (Yes, I legally changed the spelling in 2010. Like I said, it's been awhile.)

10 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Hannah Lily Postman, postman.hl@gmail.com

11 Agent: Zach Gruver
Secretary: Needed
Rory Moon (rorygmoon@gmail.com): I'm in my third year working for a film company in Borneo, Indonesia. 2021 has been an exciting year. I worked on my first Netflix project filming wildlife on the island of Sumatra, and started venturing into the world of permaculture. ¶ **Katherine Weir** (katherineweir56@gmail.com): I returned to Brattleboro last summer, after spending the past few years studying botany at the Evergreen State College in Olympia, WA. This fall I moved to New York to begin my MFA in textiles at Parsons School of Design.

12 Agent: Claire Koerschen
Secretary: Needed

13 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Needed
Nicolas Engst Matthews (nengstmatthews@gmail.com): After two years, I'm still volunteering with Isha Foundation in southern India. What was supposed to be a five-month trip has become a wonderful two years! I graduated from the foundation's five-month classical Hatha Yoga Teacher Training program back in February, and have been supporting both the Hatha school and a few

other departments since then. I even got the opportunity to teach a four-day class for Isha's own progressive boarding school, which was a deeply rewarding experience. I am happy I've been able to stay here as long as I have. And though I hope to get a chance to visit Putney and friends in the near future, I'm thinking of taking up my activities here in a more long-term and committed way. This is all very exciting and I wish you all a wonderful fall! ¶ **Cameron Ward** (camson2121@gmail.com): I'm trying to think of the best way to summarize the 8+ years since I was a student. I don't think exciting really covers it. I am currently writing this from my office at work. I just finished up a session with a 14-year-old who is trying to get sober. I am a peer recovery support specialist (PRSS) with an alternative peer group here in Houston, TX. So here I am, sitting on the other side of the table when over three years ago, as a 23-year-old, I was in their position. I put down drugs and alcohol April 1, 2018, and thank the universe that I never looked back. My time between graduating from Putney and that special date was a bit of a whirlwind. After being accepted to a college closer to home, already struggling with a multitude of mental health phenomena, I managed to be asked to leave the same university twice. I endured many years of intense alcohol and drug abuse. It didn't stop there. I struggled with PTSD and a raging eating disorder that was eating me away physically and mentally. All of these things culminated into a fateful night. Sitting in a split-second moment of desperation, with the support of my family, I ultimately checked myself into a long-term psychiatric facility. When I successfully discharged from my outpatient program, I had been working in the restaurant industry as a manager in early 2019 (a daunting task for someone in early sobriety). Soon enough, I became a certified PRSS. Being able to use my own experience and extensive training to support those dipping their toes into recovery is nothing short of a miracle and a gift. I worked as a recovery advocate in an acute women's facility. Santa Maria Hostel is one of the few facilities in the U.S. that allows mothers to have their children with them while receiving addiction treatment. Being of maximum service to those suffering while being on the frontlines of one of the nation's most grave, dastardly, and unforgiving epidemics, I had found my calling. Addiction affects people of all walks of life; it does not



Top: Emma Cowan '11 and Caleb Cochrane '11 are officially engaged and will be getting married in 2022. Bottom: Rory Moon, continuing the film work he knew he loved during his Putney days

discriminate. I am active in the recovery community in Houston, working towards many efforts with the city's Recovery Oriented Systems of Care (ROSC), ranging from the opioid crisis to harm reduction law in the state. Today, I am a PRSS with Palmer Drug Abuse Program, where I get to work with resilient, courageous, and hilarious kids, facilitating meaningful and impactful relationships to show them that a life in recovery doesn't have to be stale and crotchety. I am also working towards finishing my bachelor's degree so that I can move forward in getting my LCDC and eventually getting my master's in social work. I used to be severely insecure about the fact that I am 26 and still not a college graduate. If there is anything that Putney taught me, though, it's



Top: Nicolas Engst-Matthews '13 upon graduation from classical Hatha Yoga Teacher Training at the Isha Foundation in southern India Bottom: Cameron Ward '13 is happy, healthy, and helping people find their way.

that we pave our own path; it doesn't have to look a certain way. I am capable of being in a relationship where I can give respect and respect myself. I just got back from Yellowstone with my partner, and it made me miss the hillside all the more. Life looks a lot different. The tools and skills I acquired at Putney can now be put to use as a sober,

useful, and happy member of society. I think back to my time at Putney and am grateful for the ideals that the institution instilled in me—maintaining authenticity and being of service to my community. I am hopeful that as Putney continues to grow in its own efforts to be inclusive and better advocates for its students, that it also works towards supporting students that feel as lost as I once did. The fact of the matter is that these issues don't start once we leave the hill. Teens are experiencing hardship on the hill right now and it comes in different forms. We must do better, not only as alumni and staff but as humans. It is no longer an option to sit by and watch students wither away or hope that they can pull themselves up by their bootstraps. When carving and molding the next generation of young people, we owe it to those students to be the hands of hope. We are all so deserving of living this life joyous, happy, and free. It's the only life we are guaranteed. If you are struggling, need resources or want to "fellowship" with a fellow recovered alumna, my line is always open. 254-423-5886. The hand of recovery is always extended to you. In service and gratitude, Cameron Ward '13.

14 Agent: Lindsay Moon
Secretary: Needed

15 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Needed

16 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Needed
Ani Ventocilla King (animvk12@gmail.com): In 2020 I returned to Panama from an SIT international honors program—Food Systems: Agriculture, Sustainability, and Justice—in Georgia and Ecuador, and then moved to the Lower Hudson Valley for an internship with the Chester Agricultural Center to focus on implementing a Covid relief market for farmers and to study regional food resilience in a space that leases affordable black dirt land to small and beginning farms. In 2021, I graduated from the New School's School for Public Engagement with an emphasis on food policy, and continued at Chester as the director of communications and farm store manager. I'm looking forward to furthering the facilitation of equity and justice in the food system as a livelihood, and will be traveling south and west of New York this winter in between farming seasons in case anyone has any food/



Putney Mini-Reunion Series: Sundara Ziegler '14 and Siena Powers '14 pruning fruit trees in Berlin, Germany

farming spaces and people I should connect with. Sending lots of love to Putney folk!

17 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Needed

18 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Needed
Acadia Barrengos recently directed *Indecent*, by Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright Paula Vogel. *Indecent* is a deeply moving play inspired by the true events surrounding the controversial 1923 Broadway debut of Sholem Asch's *God of Vengeance* that depicted the first lesbian kiss on a Broadway stage. The producer and cast of Asch's play were arrested and convicted on the grounds of obscenity. "Indecent," which won two Tony Awards, charts the history of this incendiary drama and the path of the artists who risked their careers and lives to perform it. The work is Acadia's fourth-year directing thesis. [submitted by her proud dad, John].

19 Agent: Needed
Secretary: Needed
Rintaro Tinaka (rt1983@nyu.edu): The college experience has been very interesting and eventful because of the Covid in both good and bad ways. I started out in Shanghai freshman fall, but soon after the fall semester was over, I had to go back to Japan because of Covid. When the spring semester began, there weren't many cases yet in Europe, so I decided to go to NYU Berlin (Germany), since I didn't want to take online classes and Japanese people can go to Europe without a visa, so I ended up studying abroad in Germany. But a month after I arrived in Germany, Covid was spreading rapidly in Europe, so I ended up going back to Japan to finish the semester. I stayed in Japan until the end of the sophomore fall semester



Top: Graduation! Ani Ventocilla King '16 graduating from an international honors program studying food systems. Middle: Putney Mini-Reunion Series: Caroline Rodenbush '17 and Hannah Kauffer '17 in New York, keeping up those Putney connections Bottom: Rintaro Tinaka '19 at NYU's Shanghai campus

(April–November), taking online classes. I had been studying abroad since when I was 12, so it has been so long since I lived with my family in Japan for this long period of time. I was lucky enough to return to the Shanghai campus sophomore spring semester since many of my friends from my grade are still stuck home these days. I am staying here in Shanghai this summer taking summer classes and doing an internship. I am a social science major with an environmental studies focus, and minoring in Chinese. At school, I have been taking mostly social science fundamental classes, some NYU core curriculum, and Chinese classes. I was expecting that college would be hard but I never expected it to be this hard. The workload is much more, and one of the things that took me a while to get used to was mid-term and final exams. I was so used to doing project weeks instead of exams so that is something I struggled with the most. I also play for the NYU Shanghai boys basketball team. I played basketball in Putney, too. It was an honor to be a captain for two years, and I feel like I learned a lot about basketball, but the playing style and physicality of the players in college are so different from high school. So it is also a different experience playing with this team. I've also been in touch with some Putney people too. I occasionally talked to my friends from my grade to see how others are doing in college. I kept in touch with some friends who still attend/attended Putney, it was also nice to hear from the international ambassadors to be recommended to moderate the last Putney Panel. Hopefully, the Covid settles so that I can visit them in the States.



Emilia Bruce and Libby Mills at Putney Reunion in 2014

FORMER FACULTY
Remembering Emilia
by Libby Mills

Emilia came to Putney School in 1959, brimming with an energy that fed the school for three decades. She was the last of a stream of language teachers who had weathered the 20th century wars in Europe: Madame Case, the French bride of an American soldier in the First World war; Stepha Gerassi, whose memories of the Russian revolution of 1917 were personal; Felix Lederer, who left Germany for Italy from which he, with Marisa, came on to America to find a safer life; and finally, Emilia, whose family resisted Franco in the Spanish Civil War. All of them wrapped their language teaching in the history and culture of whichever country they represented; their world view touched the entire school and—I like to think—broadened our perspective.

For me, Emilia was more than a long-time colleague, though that was important. We both taught on the top floor of the Reynolds Building, up in the treetops. I was on the east end in the weaving room (now called the fiber arts studio), with all the looms clacking away while on the other end she was directing a lively Spanish dialogue, usually ending with a song: *...de colores se visten los campos en la primavera...* The doors between our rooms were never closed. Eventually I realized that I had audited Emilia's class for...how many years?? I vowed, one day, to be her official student. That happened.

In her “retirement,” Emilia met students in her house, high on West Hill looking over the rooftops of Putney School to Monadnock. Her teaching space was the living room, alive with the colors of Spain and Mexico, with artist/husband Linn’s brilliant paintings on the wall. Rich and wonderful smells of Mediterranean cooking sometimes drifted in from a pot simmering on the kitchen stove. Books were everywhere; Emilia’s reading was wide and unpredictable. Her knitting was in the corner and we cheered each other’s projects. Hers were unique in design and color, often echoing something from her childhood. The place felt both earthy and cosmopolitan; it was our turn to be in a language class couched in Spanish history, art, and culture—with family added to the mix.

Through it all, Emilia radiated a sense of social justice, perhaps born in the heat of the Spanish Civil War. She worked with local Mexican immigrants who were plagued by the language barrier; she stood in active support of those who experienced harassment because of their skin color or accent. She had learned to defend herself on that score; those stories were some of her best. On the other hand, when we were travelling together in Bolivia she was quick to understand that her own language was the tongue of the oppressor.

I can’t be the only person for whom Emilia was a window on the wide world. And how many of us can remember—and maybe still sing—“*De campos...*”?

We can all be grateful for the years of her friendship.

IN MEMORIAM

Sue Byers Plant ’42 was born in Boston, MA. She lived in Milton, MA, attended Milton Academy, and was a 1942 graduate of Putney. Sue was fortunate to spend most summers at one of her family’s two houses in Little Compton, RI. After high school, a short stint at secretarial school led to a war job at the MIT radiation lab making movies of prototype radar sets. When WWII ended, Sue started working at Children’s Hospital, Boston, doing EEGs. Sue went to see friends in San Francisco, and as she crossed the Sierra and entered the Central Valley, green and in blossom, she realized she had found her home. Shortly thereafter, she was offered a job doing EEGs at UCSF and moved permanently to San Francisco in 1948.

Sue met her husband, Graeme Plant, through mutual friends. They were married in March 1952. They moved to Napa and were active golfers. Sue won club championships multiple times, and captained the

Women’s Golf Association. Among other highlights were her five holes in one. ¶ In 1969, the Queen of the Valley Hospital bought an EEG machine. Sue was hired as the technician and worked there on a part time basis for 20 years. Sue did volunteer work for the cancer society and the tutoring program through her library. In her later years, Sue was active in the Meals on Wheels program, loved to do yard work, and was well known for her tomatoes. She was a Giants fan from the moment they moved to San Francisco, and 2010, 2012, and 2014 were possibly the best years of her life. (Giants fans will understand.) She is survived by her three children, four grandchildren, and her brother and sister.



Priscilla Stevenson Hunt ’47 passed away peacefully, surrounded by her children, on April 17, 2021. Priscilla has now joined her beloved husband, Rick, who died in April 2020. Priscilla and Richard had been married for over 65 years, and both lived accomplished lives as individuals and as a couple. Priscilla was raised in New York City and Connecticut by her parents, Bill and Bumpy Stevenson.

During World War II, Priscilla and her sister, Helen, lived with their grandmother when their parents went overseas together, her father heading the American Red Cross operations in Great Britain, North Africa, and Italy; and her mother supporting the troops. Priscilla graduated from Oberlin College, where her father was then president. She subsequently worked at the United Nations in New York City, and family lore has it that she was later interviewed for a job at Radio Free Europe by none other than Rick. As she always put it, “I didn’t get that job, but I got a job for life.” They married in 1954, and had three children, Helen, Sue, and Bill. During the 1960s, Priscilla traveled with a group of volunteers through Alabama to promote Black voting rights, and she remained devoted to this cause, always supporting the Southern Poverty Law Center, for example. She was also dedicated to and volunteered much time at the League of Women Voters and FamilyAid Boston. With Rick heavily committed to his teaching and administrative responsibilities at Harvard, it was fitting that Priscilla found her own niche at Harvard as a docent at the Harvard Art Museums, the Sackler Museum in particular. She loved touring groups of people around the museum, whether they were high school students, new parents, or elderly couples, and it was



clear to all that she loved the various pieces of art she was describing, as well as their histories. Priscilla, Rick, and the children played tennis regularly, with family battles in every configuration, and not all of them ending peacefully. Priscilla was legendary for her blistering lefty forehand, unreturnable when she hit it just right. She was also an accomplished pianist, performing regularly for friends and family. Her children will remember Priscilla as a loving mother, a devoted wife, and a friend to many.

Seth Wakeman ’48, of Stonington, CT, died March 9, 2019, as the result of an unexpected accident in Mystic, CT. He was the loving husband of 35 years to Joanna “Joey” Wakeman who, sadly, also died due to an unexpected accident on Saturday, March 9. Born in Springfield and raised in Northampton, MA., he enlisted in the U.S. Navy, serving four years, honorably discharged in 1955 as a Petty Officer 2nd Class. Following his military service, Seth attended Nichols Jr. College, graduating in 1958. He eventually went on to earn his BS in finance from NYU. Seth spent most of his working career in the field of banking. He retired in 1999. Throughout his professional career and during his retirement years, Seth dedicated his time volunteering and giving back to many organizations in the surrounding communities. He served on numerous municipal town boards and held several positions in the non-profit sector, and was an active member in the Rotary Club of Mystic for fifty years, serving as past president and a member and charter member of the Vineyard Rotary Club. In addition to his many civic duties, he loved being near the ocean, fishing, lobstering, and shellfishing. Seth is survived by his three sons, three stepsons, and a granddaughter.

Eric Wagner ’49 passed away peacefully, on July 26, 2021, at the age of 89. Eric attended Harvard College and Columbia University, where he earned a PhD in mathematics. While in college, Eric took a summer internship at the U.S. Bureau of Standards, where he worked on one of the



world’s first computers, which started a life-long career working with computers. After college, Eric served in the U.S. Army, and upon his return began a forty-year career at IBM. Eric also taught computer science and mathematics at the University of Bergen in Norway, Queen Mary College-University of London, and the Stevens Institute. An avid outdoorsman, Eric loved hiking and climbing in the Hudson Highlands, and camping trips in the Catskills and Adirondacks in summer and winter. He earned membership in the Adirondack 46ers, climbing all 46 high peaks by 1969, when he was 37. Eric served as a board member at the Garrison Art Center and the Catfish Pond Association in Philipstown, NY. Eric was Garrison’s Boy Scout Troop 4 scout master for fifteen years. A life-long painter, Eric had an exhibition of his paintings, which represent abstract mathematical themes, in January 2018 at the age of 87, at the Garrison Art Center. Eric is survived by his wife, Miriam, his three children, and five grandchildren.

Jerry Ingersoll ’49 died peacefully in his Buzzards Bay, MA, home on December 28, 2021, cared for by family and friends. Jerry was born June 28, 1930, the youngest of four children of Hope Garland Ingersoll and Winchester Fitch Ingersoll. Raised on the work ethic of Grazing Fields Farm and then Putney, Jerry was capable of fixing anything, often with his ever-ready Swiss Army knife. His commitment to serving people and making the world better matured into humble leadership in sustainable design and conservation. He received his BA at Harvard College and a master’s degree in architecture from the University of California at Berkeley, where he helped to found the Berkeley Arts Festival. Recruited to the London School of Architecture (1960–1965), Jerry co-authored the pre-scient book, *Manual of Tropical Housing and Building Design: Climatic Design*, which led

to a professorship in appropriate technology design at the University of Science & Technology in Kumasi, Ghana. There he applied new social, economic, and environmental understanding with Ghanaian wisdom, to create innovative tools and build homes for low-income people that last into today. In 1972 he co-founded MassDesign architectural firm in Cambridge, MA, planning commercial and residential buildings, with a focus on solar design. The firm authored *Solar Heated Houses for New England*, part of a breakthrough from research concepts into actual solar heated homes. Jerry was always the first to jump in to help, and the last to ask for help. He and his cherished wife, Phyllis Watt Ingersoll ’50, loved to work with people of all colors and ages, truly listening then really pitching in. He led his family in making substantial land donations to the Wildlands Trust of Southeastern Massachusetts, securing the preservation of hundreds of acres of forests, fields, and ponds, and winning in federal court one of the country’s first cases affirming the U.S. Wetlands Act, which states that highway designers have an obligation to avoid damage to endangered wetlands when a reasonable alternative exists. He also served on the board of directors for the Wildlands Trust of Southeastern Massachusetts, Historic O’Neil Farm, Cambridge Boat Club, Grazing Fields Farm, and Bay End Farm. As a youth, Jerry served as a leader for the Experiment in International Living, then as an Army medic in occupied France during the Korean War. He learned to speak five languages, and became an adventurous world traveler. He was also a skilled sailor, artist, prolific reader, exquisite appreciator of classical music, and would often beat Siri for speed at defining rare words. He will continue to inspire his three sons Eric, Carl, and Kofi, his daughter, Sarah, eight grandchildren, nieces, nephews, and a great number of



people worldwide to whom he has given his labor, sage advice, patient understanding, and cheerful friendship. His death, along with Phyllis, his beloved wife of 65 years, was memorialized in a gathering last summer on Bay End Farm. Contributions in honor of both are welcome and can be made to the Phyllis Watt Ingersoll Experiment Fund at WorldLearning.org, or contact sarahingersoll@me.com.

Boris Frank '50 is gone. He was born in Hollywood, CA, on March 27, 1932, and moved to New York City in 1938. He had a great, rewarding life with incredibly fulfilling professions in broadcasting, teaching, nonprofit development, and consulting. He has a wonderful family. There are not many who have the opportunity to see five generations. Boris had a feud with cancer, and cancer won. He died on August 6, 2021 at the age of 89. This is all Boris wanted the world to know. Now here is the rest of his story...



Many know Boris as "Bunny." He was a Jewish boy born on Easter Sunday, and his nickname has forever been his link to the Christian holiday. It is a fitting first example of how he lived the rest of his life as a connector, networker, and boundary-crosser. He grew up in a family focused on the arts. As a child Boris was exposed to a world of political and social involvement through gatherings at their home that included such luminaries as Paul Robeson and Woody Guthrie. The Putney School had a profound influence on his life. He learned to think critically, experiment with ideas, be inventive, and act on his values—all qualities that his family, friends, colleagues, and clients recognize in his approach to life and work. He developed a fondness for the out-of-doors at Putney, and was a lifelong animal-lover, founding "Bears Place" with his wife, Terry, to provide nurturance to a variety of creatures. Boris graduated from the University of Wisconsin-Madison with a degree in education and emphasis on speech and radio-TV communications. At the age of 23, as a first lieutenant in the Army, he was hand-picked to be the officer-in-charge of the Television-Radio-Motion Picture Section, U.S. Army Recruiting Service. From 1964 to

1982 he was on the faculty of the University of Wisconsin. During his life, Boris developed a kinship with the larger community by giving freely of his time and expertise to individuals and organizations alike. He had a unique perspective on the world as an activist, social entrepreneur, and community servant due, in part, to his Russian Jewish immigrant family history, and in part to his life experiences in broadcasting, fundraising, and work in non-profits. He lived his values by volunteering and serving on boards of countless organizations. Throughout his career, Boris was an educator for thousands of professionals in the non-profit sphere as a lecturer, teacher, and mentor through the UW system, community colleges, and the United Way. His work focused extensively on supporting the arts, civic organizations, community-based non-profits, free community clinics, neighborhood/community centers, humane societies, and at least 85 public libraries. He founded Boris Frank Associates, and for 37 years focused on consulting and teaching about non-profit management, start-ups, board and staff development, and strategic planning. Boris is survived by his four children, and six grandchildren, nine great-grandchildren, and three great-great-grandchildren. Boris Frank was a mensch. Through his humbleness, integrity, consistency, and compassion, he was an inspiration to his family, friends, and colleagues alike. Bunny Frank is loved and admired by so many in Madison, Dane County, and beyond. His footprint is everywhere and we are all the better for it. He is sorely missed.

Bob Platt '51 passed away on December 29, 2020. Bob grew up in a family of five children who all enjoyed music. Bob loved singing and after he took up the guitar and banjo, he continued to bring people together with music. Until a few years ago, he was still singing in the community chorus at the College of Marin. The friendships Bob formed at Putney spanned his entire life. After graduating from Harvard College, he was stationed in Europe with the Army, where he met and married Annelise Henriksen, from Denmark. They moved to Cambridge, MA,



where Bob attended Harvard Law School. Bob and Annelise had two children, Torben and Kirsten. In 1977, he married Bodil Klein and expanded his family to include her three sons, Stieg, Borg, and Ulvar. Bob spent summers in Northport, ME, where he learned to sail, another lifelong passion. At 47, Bob and Bodil escaped the work world and sailed their boat from Maine to Florida. They then moved to San Rafael, CA, where they pursued their shared passions for tennis, hiking, and traveling. They were fortunate to have children and grandchildren nearby. Bob particularly enjoyed the annual family gathering on Mount Tamalpais to celebrate Father's Day. Bob continued his legal work, focusing on criminal appeals cases. His sense of justice shaped his career and his political views throughout his life. Bob died peacefully at home, cared for by his wife Bodil. Predeceased by his sister, Emily Platt Hilburn '49 and brother Bill Platt '54; he is survived by two siblings, David and Lisa; his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, who will all miss him.

Elka Scott Schumann '53, a pivotal figure in Bread and Puppet Theater and the wife of the theater company's founder, Peter Schumann, died August 1, 2021. She was born Elka Scott in Magnitogorsk, Russia, in 1935. Her father was an American sympathetic to the communist cause. Her mother, Masha Dikareva, was Russian. When the Nazis invaded the Soviet Union, Elka was a young girl and escaped with her parents on a boat to Japan, sailing to Hawaii and San Francisco. She spent the post-World War II years in Berlin, where her father was a journalist. Elka came back to the U.S. and settled in Ridgefield, CT. She spent her final year of high school at Putney, where she would later teach Russian and her husband would perform his first puppet shows. She attended Bryn Mawr College and traveled to Munich for her junior year abroad, during which she met Peter Schumann. The Schumanns moved to New York after they married but long before they moved permanently to Vermont in 1970, her connection to the state had been established by visiting her grandfather Scott Nearing, who with his



wife, Helen, became famous authors and advocates of agrarian self-sufficiency. On the Bread and Puppet farm in Glover, VT, which her parents bought as a retirement home and then gave to the Schumanns after the theater troupe's residency at Goddard College ended in 1975, Elka made apple cider, ran a sugaring operation with 2,000 taps, raised sheep, and spun her own wool. Bread and Puppet's finances have always been shaky, but its press has provided a substantial financial foundation by producing books, calendars, banners and posters. "It was her project, mainly," said Helen Rabin, a retired baker in Plainfield. "That was where she really came into her own. The Bread and Puppet Press really became a very important financial prop for the theater. Nobody expected that." Elka was known to thousands of visitors to the Glover farm for conducting tours of its cavernous puppet museum. "She was just so full of the lore of the theater and all of the puppets and everything going way back to the beginning," Helen Rabin said, "and the museum has it all." Because her husband is such a colorful character, Elka did not garner as much attention, but she was Peter Schumann's "first and best critic and adviser," said Bell, now an associate professor of puppetry at the University of Connecticut. "She was in a position that not all of us were [in] to say, 'That's a bad choice.' She had a highly developed critical sense." The Schumann matriarch had a musical side, too. She learned to play saxophone late in life and is credited with playing an important role in the revival of "Sacred Harp" music in the Northeast. The theater company started employing it in performances when it was at Cate Farm. "Her generosity to all us puppeteers was consistent and grand," Trudy Cohen, another longtime Bread and Puppeteer said. Son Max Schumann said, "she just supported the family and the whole thing in every imaginable way." —*Excerpted from VT Digger, August 2, 2021, by Jon Kalish*

Madge Huntington '54 of St. James, Long Island, and New York City, died peacefully at home in Flagstaff, AZ, on July 17, 2020. She was 83. Daughter of architect and noted pacifist, William R. Huntington, and Katrina Roelker, she was a graduate of Radcliffe College. As a creative thinker and multi-talented artist, Madge lived a full and varied life, with formative years in post-war

France and adulthood in Mexico, Long Island, Italy, and New York City. During her life she raised a family of four children while dedicating herself to numerous pursuits, including making and exhibiting works of fabric art, writing a book on Chinese history, working as publications director for the Weatherhead East Asian Institute at Columbia University, playing viola in an orchestra, singing in a chorus, and creating refined etchings. She loved to play the piano and was an avid gardener. Insightful, generous, and caring, a beloved mother and a dear friend, her memory will be cherished. Madge is survived by her children, Margot, Stefano, William, and Adrian, sister Molly Huntington Silloway '60, step-relations including Andrew Cooper '71, Olivia Dreier '68, and Thomas Van Cooper '77, and numerous nieces, nephews and cousins.



Connie Gray '55 passed away on March 11, 2021 at Pine Heights Rehabilitation Center in Brattleboro, VT, due to complications from a spinal cord injury on October 1, 2020. This is most disheartening because her return to Valley Cares

in Townshend, VT, in August of 2018 from Watertown, MA, was the catalyst for a rejuvenating and rewarding change. Surrounded by amazing health professionals, she not only adapted to the new environment but took charge of it. Leaving behind her tenuous health and solitude in Watertown, she catapulted into a daily routine filled with new friends, music performances, community meals, and as much or as little interaction as she cared to engage in. As you can imagine, in a short time she became the social diva of the common room, and in good weather, she sat by the front entrance all day greeting everyone by name. She enjoyed Valley Cares with her new cat and her little apartment filled with her favorite artwork, photos of family, music, and a new wardrobe suitable for casual country living. She was content. While there she underwent knee and shoulder replacement and she was thrilled when she no longer needed any walking aids. She never missed an opportunity to go for a car ride to her childhood haunts, she attended school reunions, every

family gathering for birthdays, weddings, and holidays, and was grateful to be with family again. She did crossword puzzles with her sister, Debby, sisterly rivalry engaged, when she knew an answer she would spell the word as if Debby had never been educated. Covid curtailed many of the routines of the facility but Connie prevailed in spirit, following her daily schedule. Unfortunately, on October 1 she took a devastating fall in the hallway and damaged her spinal column, rendering her paralyzed from her shoulders down. After two months of rehab she was able to gain some mobility in her arms and torso, but had lost the desire and heart to fight any longer. Here is a quote from her obituary written by her niece Molly Gray, now lieutenant governor of Vermont. "Connie lived a fiercely independent and resilient life. A woman ahead of her time, she proudly blazed her own trail and at every chapter lived by her own rules. This gave her an enduring sense of pride punctuated by lifelong friendships and the ability to love deeply. Connie will be missed by her family and so many of the lives she touched throughout her life." The family thanks you all for being enduring friends with Connie and wishes you health and courage to endure these difficult times.

Anne Kilham '55, 83, noted artist, died peacefully in the warmth of her home on March 3, 2021. Born in Santa Fe, NM, Anne grew up on a farm in eastern Massachusetts. She came from a family of creative people: artists, architects, engineers, and inventors. Anne attended Colorado College for nursing but ended up "majoring" in mountain climbing. She also attended Rhode Island School of Design.



Rockport, ME, had been home for Anne 1972. She started her business with hand-printed block print notes and postcards that she sold by retail mail order and to local shops. Eventually she moved on to watercolors that capture images of the coast and the islands, inland mountains or lakes, and of course flower gardens. Over the years she has been active in town affairs, serving on various committees including conservation, comprehensive plan, and others. In 2008 she

was honored with the title Artist Laureate for the Town of Rockport. Anne is survived by her three four grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren. She is also survived by her brother and sister.

Barbara Laine '55 was born in Toronto, Canada. Following the death of her father, she and her family moved to Putney. In 1957, she attended Edinburgh University, where she met David Norman Laine. They married in 1959 and had three children. In 1970 the family moved one last time to London. From 1971 she continued the silversmithing she had begun at Putney and sold handmade jewelry in Covent Gardens markets until approximately 1975. In the mid '80s, as the revival of pilgrimages began, she walked 740km to Santiago de Compostela; it was a life-changing experience. She was an early and active member of the Confraternity of St. James, a group supporting and promoting the pilgrimage. Barbara studied Russian to degree level and produced a translation for a German production company. She began studying Mandarin in the late 1980s, became proficient in French, Spanish, and Greek, and was an avid reader. In 1991, she made her first trip to China to visit a young man who had been a guest in the family home in England. After the events at Tiananmen Square, he had been imprisoned, and Barbara went to ask him questions on behalf of Amnesty International. She was a generous donor to Freedom from Torture and an enthusiastic volunteer at the Furzedown Food Bank. Barbara is known as one of the founding members of the Dulwich Quilters Association, a title she was never sure was hers but had long ago stopped trying to convince anyone otherwise as, true or not, that's what everyone believes. She was a life model in local schools and colleges until the age of 70, when employing authorities stopped insuring her. She practiced yoga for nearly 60 years and later in life practiced tai chi as well. Barbara and David traveled to many places: Greece, France, Germany, China, India, Thailand, Morocco, Tunisia, the list goes on. In many of these countries, Barbara took the time to study local architecture and clothing, try foods, and talk to people. She recorded some of her travels in sketches and paintings, and by collecting textiles from all over the world. These textiles often found a place in the quilts she was well known for

producing over almost 40 years. She hosted four exhibitions of her work at the Sprout gallery in Furzedown. In 2014 Barbara was diagnosed with breast cancer and lung cancer. However, neither of these diagnoses slowed the relentless pace of Barbara's life. There were exhibitions to see, books to read, cities to visit, colours to match, and quilting to be done. In early 2020, after the return of cancer, an inoperable brain tumor was discovered. From that point on, Barbara had a steeper but pain-free decline in health and on the 10th of July 2020 she died in her sleep at home in London.

Bob Schneider '56, 83, passed away on July 13, 2021, at Maine Medical Center surrounded by all of his family. He was born in Queens, NY, the son of Claire Schneider and Samuel Kromash. He attended Rollins College in Florida. Bob proudly served in the U.S. Army and spoke fondly of his station in Paris, France—a perfect assignment for his love of saucisson sandwiches. Bob was a larger-than-life, fun-loving character who loved good times, good food, good friends, and family gatherings. His charismatic personality made him a perfect fit for his successful career in apparel sales. Bob's customers and colleagues used to say he could make any hanger dance! Bob was an excellent cook and "Bob's Ribs" were an absolute favorite—long hours of smoking... the ribs, he devoured novels and listened to music, filling the neighborhood with show-tunes and jazz. Always willing to share colorful stories, Bob captured the attention of all. He will likely be remembered as a worldly, man's man, who enjoyed the finer things in life. Bob is survived by his wife, Deborah, two daughters, his sister and brother, two grandchildren, well-loved nieces and nephews, and his brother-in-law.

Patrick Trowbridge '71, 68, died July 24, 2021, after a long challenge with Parkinson's disease. He was born in Gainesville, FL, to Clinton W. and Lucile (Reeves) Trowbridge who, with their four children and family pets, made the trek to Maine every summer to join extended family on Hancock Point. After graduating from Putney, Patrick was asked what he had liked most about his four years there: "Everything!" This included cross-country skiing, maple sugaring, madrigal singing, Long Spring adventures, farm chores, contra

and square dancing, and making lifelong friends. He received his BA from Colorado College, where his thesis was on Cochiti Pueblo figurine pottery. Patrick's formal studies led to his taking delight in discovering hidden historical details during many home restorations. A keen observer of the natural world, Patrick loved the outdoors. As a young adult, he was a Hurricane Island Outward Bound School student and later, an instructor. He reveled in running barefoot through the island's woods before diving into the cold ocean water before breakfast. His adventurous spirit led him to hop freight trains around the country, fish for king crab in Alaska, crew on the schooner *Victory Chimes*, rebuild a wooden peapod and row it ten miles across a choppy Blue Hill Bay to Swan's Island, and swim unattended in frigid Jericho Bay from Sunshine on Deer Isle to Crow Island. Patrick was a sought-after builder and renovator of homes. He was an avid beekeeper, maple syrup producer, gardener, and woodsman who took great satisfaction in cutting his own firewood and splitting it by hand. He restored his West Brooksville farmhouse and dairy barn over three decades. Patrick's numerous building projects leave a lasting legacy that speaks of his appreciation for quality craftsmanship and eye for detail. Patrick wasn't much of a "joiner," but he made exceptions for the Peter's Cove Men's Chorus in Blue Hill, and for the Christian Science Society in Sargentville. Survivors include his wife, Patricia J. Lown; their children Samuel and Anna; brother Paul (Jennifer) Trowbridge; sisters Teisseire (Charles) Bowden and Michele (Thomas) Parsons; stepdaughters Jessica Creighton (Brian Whitfield) and Emma Creighton '02; aunts, nieces, nephews and many cousins. The family requests that charitable donations in Patrick's memory be made to Stanwood Wildlife Sanctuary (Birdsacre), Ellsworth, ME, or Friends of Holbrook Island Sanctuary, Brooksville, ME.

Margaret Jemison '78 passed away April 24, 2021, at the age of 61. She took her last breath on her birthday, in her birthplace of Birmingham, a magical symmetry that befits her. Margaret leaves behind the love of her life, her greatest joy and finest legacy, her son Sampson "Sam" Brodie Hausen Jemison. She is also survived by her brother, Dick, and numerous nieces, nephews, great nieces, nephews, and cousins, as well as a



tremendous and far-reaching community of friends who loved her like family. At Putney, she formed deep lifelong friendships. Margaret's many stories from this time revealed the meaningful impact her high school years had on her life. She would go on to serve on Putney's board of trustees. She attended Tufts University, later transferring to her father's alma mater, the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, where she earned her degree. After university, she lived in Birmingham, AL, San Francisco, New York City, England, and Boulder. Along the way, she enriched her life with acting, studies, and various creative pursuits. Margaret chose to raise her beloved son in a charming old house in Pittsboro, NC. A wanderer by nature, she was called to put down deep roots in North Carolina, where she had a strong connection to a vast community of friends. Gifted with an endlessly curious mind and true adventurous spirit, Margaret dove into life head first. She was a talented actor, she studied and practiced Nia dance, Feldenkrais, documentary film, painting, and drawing. She was a devoted meditator and practitioner of re-evaluation counseling. She loved traveling and engaging in new experiences, finding home in new places, and forging enduring friendships wherever she went. Margaret's generosity of spirit inspired her remarkable philanthropy. The start-ups and organizations she supported reveal her passion for civil rights, women's rights, environmental justice, art, theater, and music. She changed lives on a personal level, saved organizations, and launched new ventures. Notable contributions include the gift to the Birmingham Civil Rights Institute of Spider Martin's photography collection chronicling the civil rights protests in Birmingham, and her support in launching the Haw River

Ballroom in Saxapahaw, NC. Diagnosed with breast cancer in 2009, Margaret had a tough journey with numerous surgeries and setbacks. She had rebounded gloriously, dubbing herself a "Phoenix Rising" when she reached nine years post-cancer. She moved to New York City to pursue long-held dreams. In her last years she was working on several projects of paramount importance: a play about civil rights in Alabama, a screenplay chronicling her cancer diagnosis and the devastating fallout that followed, an art show of Southern artists, and the creation of an artists retreat in Old Chatham, NY, where artists could rest, renew, and create. She was in Old Chatham when the cancer made a traumatic reappearance in June of 2020. As Margaret had a profound sense of lineage and place, it was fitting that she return to her birthplace for her final months. Family was near as she crossed over into a heavenly realm, where certainly she must be sitting in a big chair, reading poetry aloud, enchanting the angels. In lieu of flowers, please consider a memorial gift to Friends of Jemison Park friendsofjemisonpark.org P.O. Box 530813, Birmingham, AL 35253.
Photo credit: Mira Stout '78.

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

ALUMNI

- John Feer '45
- Anne Hastings MacQueen '51
- Joan Rothenberger Felkel '52
- Peter Ostwald '59
- Marion Liebes '62
- Claudia Tarver Jokinen '66
- Christopher Regan '82
- Bill Wasserman '45
- Pan (née Feancis) Whitesell '05

PUTNEY POST

Emily H. Jones
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FALL 2021

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 Breck Montague P'08, '15
 Mary Montague P'08, '15
 Nkomo Morris '94
 Innocent Ndubuisi-Obi '12
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 Thomas Steele-Maley P'20
 Ira T. Wender P'77, '89
 Charlie Young '74, P'03

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P.S.



Ninth graders constructed a chalk geologic timeline of the history of earth on the path between the Currier Center and the KDU. Seen here: an artistic representation of the first organic molecule.

FROM THE PUTNEY SCHOOL INSTAGRAM @THEPUTNEYSCHOOL



Reunion 2022?

It's too soon to know whether we will host reunion next summer.

We hope we will be able to do it.

If it's a go, here's the plan:

FRIDAY, JUNE 10-SUNDAY, JUNE 12, 2022

Classes of 1950-57, 1960-62, 1970-72, 1979-83, 1996-98

50th reunion group (classes of 1970, 1971, and 1972)

will start their reunion on Thursday, June 9.

Stay tuned. We will know more when spring is here.

Covid: Vaccinations (and boosters) will be required for all guests who are old enough to be vaccinated. Masks will be encouraged, and possibly required, for indoor events.



The Putney School

Elm Lea Farm, 418 Houghton Brook Road, Putney, Vermont 05346



Weaving by Marcie Cummings '21, recipient of a 2021 Vermont Scholastic Gold Key Arts Award.