

News from the Mountain School

SPRING 2011

PEARLS AND SEAWEED

NUMBER 43

My New Mindset: I Can't Draw Lions, Yet

By Susie Caldwell Rinehart

In the Underwood common room, I'm listening to Spring '11 students talk about their abilities as if they are immovable features on a map: *I'm an English person, not a math person. I can't do public speaking. I am a slow reader.* Then I remember that this morning Cole asked me to make him a lion. *Sorry, I said. I can't draw lions.*

I wonder, are we teaching our students (and our children) that if they are not automatically good at something, that they are doomed to be bad at it?

I have been thinking about this ever since reading Carol Dweck's book, *Mindset*. Dweck and her team of Columbia University researchers discovered that the view people have about their intelligence profoundly affects their IQ and their life. For those who think intelligence is fixed, their intelligence will be fixed. For those who think intelligence can grow, and work to improve it, their intelligence will grow.

Dweck defines the difference this way: when a student with a fixed mindset receives a low grade, she looks for ways to keep her self-image intact by blaming the teacher, acting indifferent, or avoiding the coursework all together. When a student with a growth mindset receives a low grade, she seeks out ways to *do* better instead of seeking out ways to *feel* better.

The Danger of Praise

I found it hard to believe that someone's attitude about learning could actually affect test scores. Dweck didn't believe it either. So she and her researchers gave an IQ test to seventh graders. After, they divided the students with equal scores into two groups and praised them differently. To one group, they said, *Wow! You did well. You must be really smart.* To the other group, they said, *Wow! You did well. You must have worked really hard.* Both groups were equal, but began to differ after the praise they received. When those who were praised for being smart were given a choice of study problems to do, they rejected the challenging ones. The other group chose to do the hardest questions and outperformed the first group on the next test.

Then the study gets even more interesting, and a little sad. They said to those seventh graders, *You know, we're going to other schools and those students would like to know about the test.* They gave them a page to write their thoughts and a small space at the bottom to write the scores that they had received. Here's what happened: 40% of the ability-praised students lied about their scores. They raised them. It was as if the students internalized that imperfections were shameful. As Dweck says, *We took ordinary*

Let the daily tide leave some deposit on these pages, as it leaves sand and shells on the shore...This may be a calendar of the ebbs and flows of the soul; and on these sheets as a beach, the waves may cast up pearls and seaweed.

—Henry David Thoreau

kids and made them into liars simply by telling them they were smart.

How to Grow Your Mind

The researchers found that a fixed mindset creates an urgency to prove oneself over and over. One look at the opportunity to do something new or to go for a leadership position and the questions begin: Will I succeed or fail? Will I look smart or dumb? Will I be accepted or rejected? If it's all good news or bad news, there is no room for growth.

At the Mountain School, we're learning to give feedback differently to emphasize the process. *Way to go! You kept after it! or Having a hard time? Try this different way.* But what about the student who stays up late working hard without signs of improving? Dweck says that it's the attitude *toward* the work that counts. Is that student working hard for the love of it or is he trying to prove himself? Dweck says he might need help remembering what he loves about learning.

When it comes to a difficult challenge, Sue Kruse, Math teacher, repeats to students, *You can do it!* For those afraid to speak another language, Leo Eisenstein (French teacher & S'05) has them say: *Je peux. Je veux. I can. I want.* Jack Kruse, Humanities and English teacher, suggests adding *yet* to self-deprecating remarks. *I can't do public speaking, yet.*

So the next time my son Cole asks for help with a drawing, I'll say, *Let me see that pencil and paper. I can do it! Je peux. Je veux. I can't draw a lion. Yet.*



Susie, Kurt, Cole and Hazel will be moving to Boulder, CO after 18 excellent semesters. Susie will co-direct *Where There Be Dragons*. Kurt will finish his PhD in wildlife biology. Please keep in touch: susie.rinehart@gmail.com and rinehart.kurt@gmail.com



By Alden Smith

Letter from the DIRECTOR

Letting Go and Living Well

I awoke early to the sound of footsteps outside my tarp shelter. I lay in my sleeping bag, listening. A hermit thrush sang in the distance. Then I heard it again, the *shp shp* of Jack Kruse's boots on wet leaves. I smiled. I had invited Jack to visit me during my three-day solo. "Come anytime," I'd said. "You could bring me coffee or ice cream." This would be my third day alone, and I was ready for company.

I heard Jack put down his backpack and walk over to my campfire, extinguished by last night's rain. A few sticks snapped, and in my mind's eye I saw him breaking kindling. Jack leaned over the tinder and reached into his pocket for some matches.

I poked my head outside my shelter to say hi. Instead of Jack, a moose stood broadside five yards away. She nosed the ashes of my fire, her hump towering above. "Oh," I said. "Hi!" She turned her head and trained a dark, glistening eye on me. "Easy now," I added, just for something to say. For half a minute we watched each other. Then she turned and ambled around my tarp. I scrambled to my



feet and watched her disappear into the foggy woods.

Jack never visited me during that solo in the bear orchard, a shallow ravine of apple trees surrounded by deep forest. For the past decade I've been

studying this remote corner of Vershire. I've saved dozens of fruit trees, planted clover, and spied on bears with motion-sensor cameras. I've filled a shelf of journals with my observations. I guess you could call the bear orchard both my science site and my primary source of balance. My three-day solo every June helps me learn more about this place and decompress from the school year.

During my first few years at the Mountain School, I imagined living six months alone in the bear orchard. I would spend my sabbatical building a cabin, growing a garden, hunting wild game—you know, creating my own Walden. I figured every couple of weeks I could walk back to school and resupply the way that Thoreau returned to Concord. Meeting Miss Hopkins in 2006 put an end to that dream. After one afternoon together, I never wanted to be alone again. The idea of solitary sabbatical was suddenly absurd. This immersion in the bear orchard every June was as close as I would get.

I finally did take a sabbatical this past fall. My growing family settled in the Champlain Valley on the other side of Vermont. At first it was hard to disengage. I sneaked back to Vershire now and then to check my cameras in the bear orchard, have dinner with the Kruses, and see the corn on Garden Hill. To the students I was a stranger, and I could tell that fall 2010 was going well. It was humbling to see the school sail without me—just as it did for fifteen years before I arrived in Vermont. Some young alumni must feel this way. It's hard to imagine someone else sleeping in our bed, doing our chores, hanging out with our teachers. Only after a period of mourning and letting go can we feel genuinely good about the Mountain School thriving without us.

Once I let go, I settled into a wonderful routine in the Champlain Valley. Several rituals stand out: visiting our ducks with one-year-old Ella and watching her hunt for their eggs; playing noontime basketball at Middlebury College; watching Missy paint flowers she picked from our garden; and finding several pounds of *Hericum Coralloides*, our second favorite edible mushroom, on a family walk in the woods.

I also sat down to write a book about the bear orchard. For six weeks I pecked five hours a day at my computer. I started a blog and wrote a few essays. By October I grew weary of the project. The problem was not the writing itself, which was a luxury. It was the view out the window. From my desk I could see leaves turning color and geese winging south over the valley. For the first fall in my professional life, I had ample time to do the things I most love to do. And here I was sitting indoors writing about those things.

So I got up. I abandoned writing and went hunting. I learned the movements of deer, climbed into tree stands and waited for them with bow and arrow. I waded into the lowlands and hunted ducks in flooded timber. I chased wild turkeys and geese around the valley farms. At sabbatical's end, I brought home not a book, but a chest freezer full of wild game.

My life is full of these surprises. I make a plan and it doesn't work out. Maybe it turns out even better if I let it. I meet my c o m p a n i o n for life, I let the honking geese pull me outdoors, or I peek outside to see a moose in place of Jack.



Pounds of Comb Tooth, or *Hericum Coralloides*

Faculty Notes: Pronunciation

By Jack Kruse

In my house, if you say, “I’d like to invite a snow bike” when you mean to say, “invent a snow bike,” you lose the conversation. It doesn’t matter if it’s clear what you meant or if you correct yourself right away—if someone else notices, you get this: “Invite a snow bike? What could that mean? How could you invite one when they don’t exist yet? And how would you invite it? Are these imaginary snow bikes sentient? Oh, I’m sorry, did you mean ‘invent?’ Well, that’s not what you said. You said ‘invite.’ You lose. Next topic?”

You would also lose the conversation if you said “invant” or “invend,” but you wouldn’t for an accent. People from Tennessee can say “invint” with impunity. Too few accents, these days, as it is. Even when we think we’re going to get a few here, students from Vermont or Texas, their parents turn out to have been raised in Connecticut or Iowa.

Miss Reidell, my third-grade teacher was sick one day, and the substitute, a gigantic red-headed Texan, gave us a lesson in what she called “proNOUNciation.” My parents said that word differently, more the way it’s spelled; they also said *mischievous* (“MIS-chi-vus”) differently from this lady who had us chanting “mis-CHEEV-us, mis-CHEEV-us” so we’d never again get it wrong. I now know that she was trying to purge us of the four-syllable “mis-CHEEVY-us,” but at the time, she came across as a complete whacko.

Now I’m the whacko. The way people pronounce things matters to me. If a student calls herself Hannah (the one that rhymes with Donna), I think everyone ought to call her that—and not the Hannah that rhymes with banana.

My mother taught us to say “to-MAH-to,” and she’s sticking with it, but I say, unless you’re from England, say “to-MAY-to.” The Gershwin song was misleading: only a handful of Americans (most of them movie actors) ever said “to-MAH-to.” And no one ever said “po-TAH-to.”

I have my students say “clear.” Then I have them say “nu.” Then I have them say “nu-clear.” Apparently, lots of people defend “nu-cu-lar” as a regionalism or an accent, but why bother? Just do your best to say the word. Lots of people also call spaghetti pasghetti,

most of them toddlers who will grow out of it. Mac and Doris were forever being called the Con-rads, but they were really the Conards, and now I live in a dormitory named after them. If people call it Con-rad House, I

correct them. And while we’re on dormitories, it’s Tobold—in spelling and pronunciation—not Tobald.

Here’s what I love, though: little habits of pronunciation that our friends have but do not notice: the way Pat Barnes says “ompen” for *open*, Kit Halsey Leckerling says “bolth” for *both*, Sue Kruse pronounces the *h* in *white*, like Eliza Doolittle trying to blow out Professor Higgins’ candle. I like the regional things too: Susie Rinehart saying *box* the Toronto way: “bawx,” Chief Ward calling a fire in someone’s chimney a “chimbly fire,” and almost everybody in town sticking a T in the town next door: “Cheltsea.”

Any words on your list? Please send your thoughts about pronunciation to Jack.Kruse@mountainschool.org.

...only a handful of Americans (most of them movie actors) ever said ‘to-Mah-to.’ And no one ever said ‘po-Tah-to.’

’Tis the season for Maple Custard

By Marilyn Covey

4 large eggs (1 cup) lightly beaten
1/2 cup maple syrup (the darker the better)
1 t. vanilla extract
1/4 t. salt
3 cups milk, heated just to boiling point

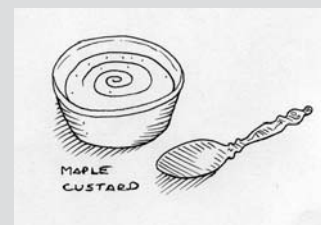
Preheat oven to 350°. Bring 4 cups of water to a boil and set aside.

Whisk together the eggs, syrup, vanilla and salt.
Slowly stir in hot milk. Ladle into custard cups, filling

to within 1/4 inch of the rim. Place the cups in a large, shallow casserole and carefully pour the boiled water into the pan, until it comes halfway up the cups.

Bake for about 50 minutes, until the edges seem set but the middle a bit wiggly: they will finish cooking (left in water bath) as they cool.

Serve warm or cool to room temperature, cover and chill.

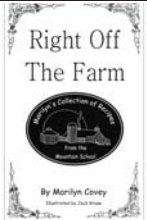




This season's lambs by Doug Austin



Past Environmental Science teacher Tina Hartell f04-s10 recently visited with her twins Wren and Ada 6 1/2 months.



Purchase Marilyn's cookbook of Mountain School recipes online Rightoffthefarm.com

Food for memories!

Arrivals!



Marilyn's long-awaited granddaughter 5-week-old Ziva Quadros Covey born Feb. 10, 2011 to proud parents Nathan and Susan Covey



Missy and Alden Hopkins Smith born Feb. 3rd, 2011

Farm Report: Grandma Was Right, Food Really Did Taste Better Back Then

By Liana Hebb, Farm Manager

One year into managing the farm, I have gained a foundational knowledge of the quality of crops and soil this land currently affords. I have noticed many strengths and also places that can use improvement, particularly some deficiencies in soil health, which affect crop strength, yields and nutritional value. My strategic objective is to address these deficiencies and thus ensure full biological vitality in crops. This means that on a basic level, the plant's DNA potential is maximized, which correlates with vital health and increased production. The outcome is not limited to higher yields of more flavorful and nutritious food; it also means building insect and disease resistance in crops, as well as healthy immune systems up the food chain in animals and people. The plan to get there is through nutrient dense crop production methods.

Over the course of the last century, USDA averages for nutrition in crops (recorded 1940's-90's) have been declining. We literally do not have the nutrition we used to have in our food; one apple from the 1960's was as nutritious as about 6 apples are today.

How do we get the nutrition and quality that our grandparents had, pre-1940, back into our crops? Soil becomes denuded over time as we mine it of minerals annually with crops. It needs to be re-mineralized, especially if we're tilling, which destroys the biological system. Seed quality, cultivation practices, crop and soil health management, are some of the factors that affect the nutritional values of crops. We are following a number of protocols this year, starting with soil mineral balancing, to make sure we don't have deficiencies in potting soil or the fields. We address deficiencies by amending the soil to reach ideal ratios.

We must ensure that there is enough soil microbiology present to maintain the minerals in a bioavailable state, in which plants can uptake minerals to grow. We add broad-spectrum biological inoculants to seeds, thus adding bacterial and fungal organisms to the soil at the time of sowing. It is not safe to assume that all the necessary biological life is available in the soil, especially using tillage, and without it, we would be putting seeds out with an automatic stress.

Our compost production method is another important tool for cultivating the necessary soil biology: compost and soil have a spectrum between fungal and bacterial populations. A majority of vegetable crop plants (with the exception of the brassicas family) have primary symbiotic relationships just to the fungal side of the center of the spectrum and weeds just to the bacterial side. Soil mineral ratios and energy levels determine ideal habitat for specific species of soil life. For this reason, weeds can be a valuable indicator of the soil condition, for example, crabgrass is indicative of insufficient calcium. In compost production, we must add lignin-based woody material to the pile, which can be broken down by fungus only, in order to bring in these fungal populations.

All other compost material, green plant matter, leaves, manures, food scraps, etc., are broken down by bacteria and thus create bacterially-dominant microbial populations in the soil.

All mammals can digest complete proteins and non-reducing sugars. When sufficient calcium, phosphorus, sulfur, etc., are present in the soil, photosynthesis produces these compounds. Insects can digest free nitrogen, amino acids and simple reducing sugars. When there is a lack of sufficient mineralogy in the soil, compounds such as protein and carbohydrates are not completed in the plant; they begin rapidly breaking down, becoming susceptible to insect attack. Disease is a result of a plant's cell being weak, allowing fungi to push through. Again, the cell wall strength depends on sufficient mineralogy, most importantly, calcium, for the plant to build its structure.

Throughout the season, we visually examine plant health,

observing color and leaf thickness. We also monitor sap regularly, using the refractometer. This allows us to read proactively and see when the plant is going to become diseased or infested by insects.

To address deficiencies in real time, we use nutrient drenches for the roots and foliar sprays on the leaves as in-season management protocols to ensure the plants have what they need. One excellent, natural, readily available source of minerals is seawater,

which has 91 different minerals, and can be used in dilution in both a foliar and drench application.

We are on our way to a highly functioning biological system; having direct mineral, vitamin trace element and nutrient improvements that are easily verifiable in crops. Adding nutrient dense crop production methods to our organic management approach on the farm has brought an exciting new sense of empowerment to growing fruit, vegetables and to improving the quality of the hayfields, the health of our animals and meat. Because we can proactively monitor and address health in plants, we are better able to produce food with superior flavor, shelf life and a broad range of health benefits related to the body's complete nutritional needs being met.

Sources:

Kittredge, Dan, "Principles to Produce Nutrient Dense Crops," www.realfoodcampaign.org

Jack, Alex, "2011 Planetary Health/Amberwaves Nutrient Guide," Amberwaves, 2011

Cocannaouer, Joseph A., "Weeds: Guardians of the Soil," The Devin-Adair Company, 1950





Welcome to Spring 2011



A good semester for:

- **Winter camping:** Deep snow-pack well into April suggests that solo sites will be accessible only by snowshoes.
- **Ambitious farmers:** The strategic plan calls for feasibility studies for on-campus milking parlor and slaughter house.
- **Sugaring:** The first big run was timed perfectly with the reunion during our spring vacation; a cold spell delayed the next run until the Spring 2011 students had returned.
- **Squash:** Last years harvest was so abundant, we're still peeling and eating winter squash in April!

A bad semester for:

- **Leftovers:** Student appetites are on the rise, as is faculty family attendance at dinner.
- **Spring cleaning:** Deep snowpack is likely hiding fecal gifts from 10 on-campus dogs.
- **Population control:** One (human) baby, 9 (goat) kids, 5 calves, 30 lambs were born on campus this semester.
- **Road run ning:** Mud season on Vermont roads has never been worse.



Hey Ma, the Sap's Still Running...

By Marc McKee

Well, Sox fans, we're listening to the first games of the season at the sugarhouse, and so far, one has to wonder. The guys on the radio are already asking the "Red Sox Nation people" (whoever they are) if they're getting nervous about the current season prospects. They want the fans to twitter their responses for a survey. (Can't do that at the sugarhouse.) And I gotta tell ya, judging from the first three games, the Fenway (un) faithful might start to fussin' pretty soon.

And that brings me to the sugaring report. Well, in a minute. There is possibly no greater, more satisfying vernal combination than baseball and sugaring. Just being in the steamy confines, between the radio and the evaporator, friends all around, exclamations of "this smells so good!" from the visitors, makes one feel that surviving the winter was an incredible success: in a sense, worth the effort. Surely, summer will not be far away. And yet...

Vermont springs can fake you out. Last year, we were all done by this time (I am writing at this moment on the third of April.) At this time last year we were pulling buckets, the ground was bare, and I could drive up to the sugarhouse door on the tractor. Today, there are still two feet of snow in some places, and the only pulling of buckets is to empty sap and put them right back up on the spout to collect more. At this point, it seems that we might keep going for some time yet.

So, now I am thinking, "What a wonderful way to break in the

new evaporator!" A banner year seems to be in the making. The timing has been terrific. More importantly, the sap has been coming in at 2% sugar content consistently, very clear and abundant.

The returning volunteers from past years saw a great first run, which also meant great weather: blue skies, daytime temperature in the 40's, a gentle west wind. And smack on the middle weekend of the break! (Great timing, Marc!) We made almost 50 gallons. Then came a week of cold, north-windy days, even colder nights, and nothing doing out in the bush. Hush, hush, sweet Charlotte. Nada, chaque jour.

OK then, so we did get a break, even if it's a damn chilly one, enough to cause some gnarly mumbling by this sugarmaker. A sugaring life must admit some discord.

But, spring '09 brought the fine weather conditions back to Vershire with their return (how excellent and considerate of them), and now we're once again going full bore, pedal to the metal. Good gollie, miss Mollie!

With over 70 gallons of syrup in the bank, and almost 1,000 gallons of sap waiting for me tomorrow, the season ain't over yet. And, as of now, the Baltimore Orioles are the best team in the AL East, with a perfect 3-0 record. Who knows what might happen next?

Field Notes from 89th Street *by Janice Nimura f87*

Reprinted from *The Morning News* (www.themorningnews.org), January 5, 2010.

My nine-year-old had a nightmare last night. As I sat on the edge of her bed in the thick silence of three a.m., we heard the syncopated honking of geese overhead, a daytime sound in the darkness. We listened, astonished, until the silence closed in again, and Clare fell back to sleep.

The moon was full, though buildings blocked it from view. I imagined the moonlight gleaming on the river, brighter than the lights of the city. The moonlight on the wings of the geese. From Manhattan's canyons—even from the gully of our low-rise side street—it can be hard to see up and out, to remember that we are just a dot on a long coastline, that migrating creatures pass right over us.

I was born at New York Hospital on East 68th Street. My children were born there too. My parents were born in Brooklyn, my grandparents on the Lower East Side. My claim to being a "New Yorker" is as solid as the bedrock schist beneath Manhattan. But when I reveal my origins, people are always surprised.

"You're from here? Really?"

"Where did you think I was from?"

"Uh, I don't know. Vermont?"

Maybe it's because I don't paint my nails, because I prefer natural fibers. I drink a lot of tea. I knit. Whatever it is, it's true: I could be quite content in a smaller, greener, less peopled place,

closer to the cycles of plants and animals, where frost patterns grow on ponds instead of pavement. New York is more than I need.

But New York is my village. My closest relatives live here. My friends from kindergarten live here, and their mothers keep in touch with mine, and their children play with mine. My daughter goes to my old school. My son goes to the school where my mom used to work. Down the street lives Mr. Greenberg, in his nineties now, who used to stand in the window of his bakery on Third

When I run along the river I can lengthen my gaze—past Mill Rock to Hallett's Point and Ward's Island, with the Triboro Bridge in and out of sight as the shoreline curves—and feel like I am moving through a landscape instead of along a grid.

Avenue decorating birthday cakes, mine among them. Dense chocolate layers, with whipped cream in between. I see him walking in the neighborhood with his wife sometimes.

I believe in the many-layered comforts of village life. I am lucky to have married a man willing to make my village his. I rejoice in the multi-generational friendships my children take for granted. So after trying out addresses as far away as Tokyo, we live on 89th Street, a block from the East River, in a neighborhood which, like me, is in the city but not really of it. At the edge of Yorkville, bounded on two sides by a curve in the river, this is not a place that people pass through on their way to somewhere else.

The quiet lets other sounds emerge. My children recognize the voices of cardinals and mourning doves and blue jays hidden in the

continued on next page

trees. Beyond Carl Schurz Park the sky opens wide over the water, swirls of cloud reflected in the swift currents of Hell Gate, where the river meets the westernmost reaches of Long Island Sound.

East End Avenue rolls like a wave as we march its length to school in the morning. A doorman is hosing the sidewalk, washing away the yellow mess of fallen gingko nuts, and six-year-old David races the rivulets snaking downhill. He crouches to watch the rounded leading edge of one stream, guessing its path, jumping out of its way. At the corner of 79th Street there's a flood rushing in the gutter, a miniature river. We imagine tiny fish gliding over the penny we can see glinting underwater. Inch-high waves splash against the curb. Beyond the intersection, puffs of wind wrinkle the surface of the real river, and swells break white against the edge of Roosevelt Island. The neighborhood is flowing: water to the gutters, children to school, the tidal river toward the harbor and then back again, like the children coming home.

Growing up, I spent summers in the woods and by the sea, poking in tide pools, picking huckleberries, turning over rotting logs to watch sow bugs and centipedes wriggle away. I am still tuned to things like these, the way other New Yorkers might be tuned to designer handbags or alternate-side parking rules.

Every day I mark the signs of the seasons, of birds and animals, plants, currents, clouds. I mark them perhaps more carefully than if I lived on a Berkshire hilltop, because they are not as obvious. I point them out to Clare and David, and now they point them out to me. Our morning walk to school is punctuated with stops: for a plate-sized mushroom, growing out of a tree trunk above our heads; for the first green points of daffodils; for

the last pink petals of a rosebush in November; for a hatchling robin lying dead on the sidewalk. Looking slows us down, and wakes us up.

I live in a setting created almost entirely by human intervention, from the sidewalk beneath my feet to the red glow of the sky on an overcast night. But when I run along the river I can lengthen my gaze—past Mill Rock to Hallett's Point and Ward's Island, with the Triboro Bridge in and out of sight as the shoreline curves—and feel like I am moving through a landscape instead of along a grid. The street grid itself is draped over hills, and as I walk my daily rounds of child-shuttling and errands I try to feel them: the east-west spine of 84th Street, the gentle slope downward from 86th to the water.

I have become an urban naturalist. The things I see raise questions, send me on quests in the present and into the past, lead me from discovery to discovery. My pile of field notes grows, and with it an ever more rooted sense of belonging to the place where I have always been.



Janice, Yoji, David and Clare Nimura

**Would you like to submit an essay to this newsletter?
Email it to marilyn.covey@mountainschool.org.**

More Garden Hill Gatherings

A perfume of maple syrup, coffee, and fudgy oat squares wafted through many a graduate home this winter as alumni across the country gathered together. Defying rain, wind, snow, and sleet, nearly ninety intrepid graduates joined in the fun along with some family and friends. Graduates from a range of semesters were in attendance—from the pioneers of f84 and s85 all the way up to our most recently minted alumni of s10 and f10.

For the next round of events, we're recruiting hosts in the cities below as well as Chicago, Nashville, Los Angeles, and Austin, Texas.

If you're interested in getting involved, please contact: Madeline Podnar Stewart s98 at madeline.stewart@mountainschool.org

**Our heartfelt
thanks to this
season's gracious
hosts!**

- Eliza Pritchard Nelson s88 (Portland, OR)
- Sara Huser f09 (Cleveland, OH)
- Julia Marsh s00 and Bruce Wallace f93 (Baltimore, MD)
- Gwyn Welles s95 and Ben Pomeroy s95 (New York, NY)
- Polly Robbins White s86 and Ian Francis f87 (San Francisco, CA)
- Steven McDonald s03 and Emma Haberman s03 (New York, NY)
- Alex Grossman s91 and Dave Park s91 (Norwich, VT)
- Ashley Mattoon s86 (Washington, DC)
- Madeline Podnar Stewart s98 (Seattle)
- Phoebe Holtzman f04 (Boston)



Baltimore: (L-R) Hunter Long f10, Alyssa Kaden f10, Andrew McGowan f10, Kara Hamilton s98, Bruce Wallace f93 (co-host), Julia Marsh s00 (co-host).



Boston: Sylvia Brown f10, Rachel Black s10, Liz Bloom f06, Rosa Floreak s10, Gabriella Gutman s10, Catherine Dugan f09, Phoebe Holtzman f04 (host), Duncan Hilton f96, Ben Chan f99.



Washington DC: Back row (L-R): Chris Hargett, Freddy Holcomb s10, Daphne Kiplinger s02, Dave Steadman. Next row: Cleo Hargett, Mary Louisa Leopold (Ashley's daughter), Anna Hargett. Next Row: Patrick Reed s10, Kate Hamilton s10, Ryan Hargett (on lap), Howie Parnes, Jeanne Philbin Hargett s87. Front row: Ashley Mattoon s86 (host), Kristen Richards Parnes f84



Cleveland: Back row (L-R): Nell Patterson s10, David Parker s10, Sara Huser f09 (host), Kyle Kysela f10, Liz Smith f07, Brian Huser s08, Isabel Newlin s08; Front row: Anna Garnitz f10, Miranda Orbach f09.



Photo by Dave and Alex's daughter Audrey (age 7)

At Left, Vermont: Back row (L-R): Rosi Kerr s92, Rosalie Sharp f10; Dave Park s91 and Alex Grossman s91 (hosts) with their daughter Kiran (age 4). Front row (L-R): Becca Scully f99, Sam Rossier f10, Isaac Sacca s10, Karen s85 and Sydney Guttentag



Seattle:(L-R): Megan McJennett f89 with husband Brian, daughter Charlotte and son Quinn; Mark Dawson, Sarah Sullivan f99, Sofia Dawson f10, Camilla Gardiner f09, Gordon Gardiner, Dianna Garfield f00, Jenna Thompson, Will Genge s01, Erika Knight, Madeline Podnar Stewart s98 (host), and John Simeone f00.