



Windsor Mountain School--A Personal History

This is the Fiftieth year that Windsor Mountain School is in operation and the Eightieth year of my life. So I thought that this would be the right time to look back at the life of the school and at my life, the time to look at what it has meant to the people that have lived with me and have been part of it. I had a beautiful and rich life, full of teaching and learning, but I must be brief, otherwise, I would write a book.

Year after year, I have talked with children

I.E.

Here's What You Can Do

1. Over-population creates environmental havoc. If you must have more than two children, adopt the others. Support the dissemination of birth control information. Support abortion legislation.
2. The automobile is the No. 1 polluter. If you must have a car, buy a small, efficient model. Pick up hitch-hikers, participate in car pools (don't drive alone: you create more pollution and congestion).
3. Patronize public transportation; use buses and subways. Oppose new highway programs which only encourage more traffic and, thus, more pollution. Insist that footways and bicycle paths be part of transportation planning. Help bring back the railroads.
4. For short distances, walk or ride a bicycle.
5. Don't permit poisons in your food, in your water, in your home:
 - a. let your local grocer know what you think about poisons in the food you buy from him — boycott him if he seems unimpressed;

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Scholarship Fund Growing

I never would have believed that we would raise enough money for the scholarship fund this year, and to tell the truth, at one time I had just about given up hope. But then I thought about the situation I was in last year and got some inspiration.

It's a great opportunity for an underprivileged child in the ghetto to have a chance to better himself educationally, but in many of the public schools there isn't enough time and consideration given to the child. This is one advantage of coming to a private school. Also it's a change of environment to get out of the city smog and into the country air. It's a real change.

But a lot of these kids would not have the chance to come to a school like Windsor because they don't have the money. But we, the scholarship committee, have made up our minds that we're going to do something about it; we're going to raise the money to bring these kids here to give them a chance to improve themselves.

We are now operating a school community store which offers everything a regular grocery store offers. We have soda machines in the dorms and washing machines which collect more money for the scholarships. We are planning on having a school taxi service and we also have kids working in town who donate their earnings towards scholarships.

We also have you, the parents, because without you, Mayfair wouldn't be a success and that's our main support for the scholarships. If things go right next year we will be able to accept more students than we have ever had at Windsor.

Pat Gregg

of it. I had a beautiful and rich life, full of teaching and learning, but I must be brief, otherwise, I would write a book.

Year after year, I have talked with children and have tried to help them to grow up. I have learned as much from them as they have learned from me. I have lived with them through the thorny times of their lives and I have empathized with them. We understood each other and had a deep communication. In our communications we forget that I am old and they are young, we just understand each other on a common level and we trust each other. What I have learned in my life has become part of my personality and I use it like a carpenter uses his tools to enlarge his person without thinking how to use them.

My study of psychoanalysis has helped me in my work as a part of myself without using therapy as it is generally understood. Writing is not my way of expressing myself and of communicating; my way is talking and listening. But this might give a picture of what I have to tell. I think that the main part of my personal work is to give the young people a feeling of security and of being accepted as a person. Very often that feeling helps most to overcome the difficulties and the resistance of being helped from an adult.

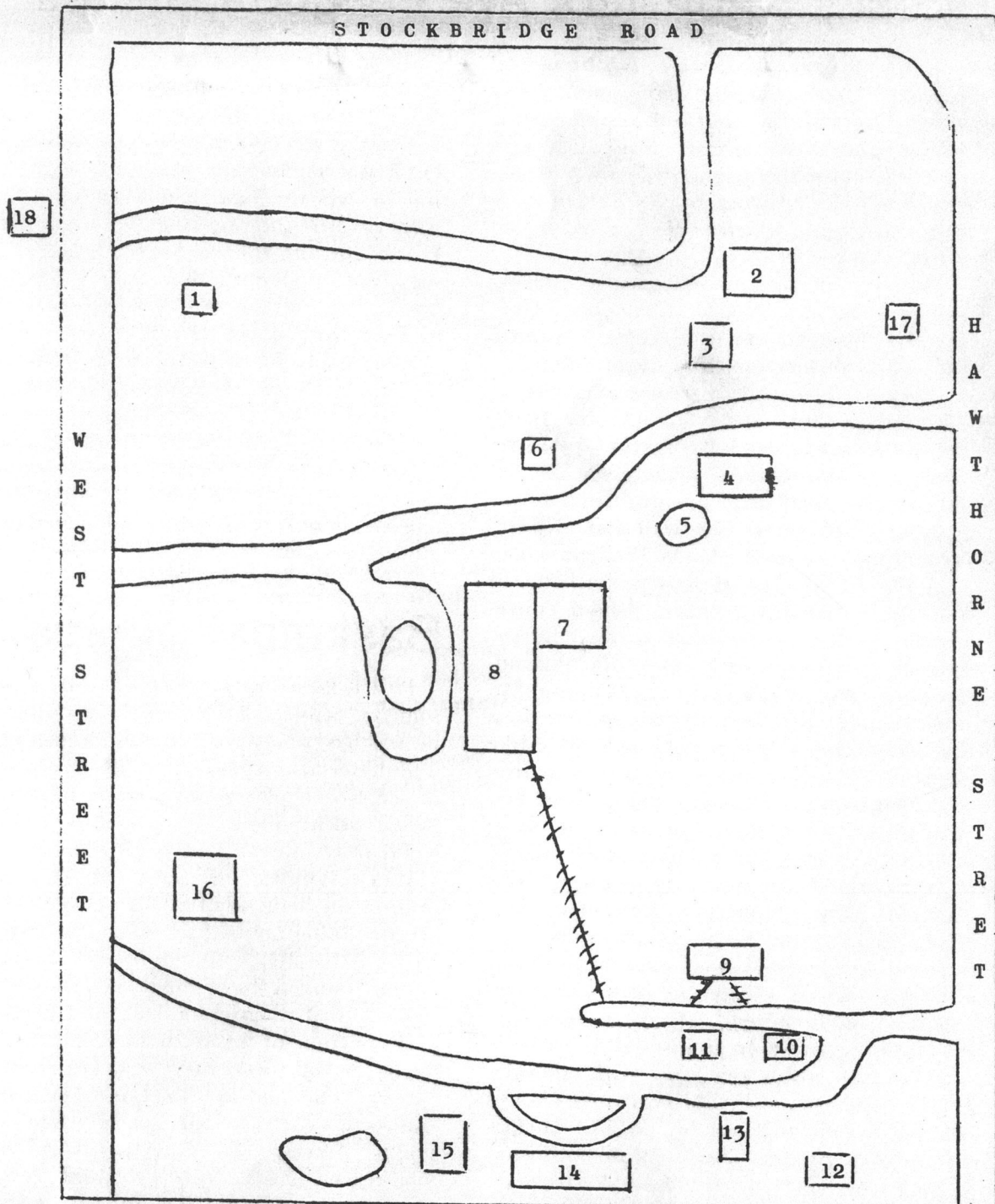
Dr. Gertrud Bondy

I was born on October 7, 1890 in Prague, Czechoslovakia. I spent my childhood in a comfortable home. I went to a private girls' school and later on I had private lessons in which we studied mostly in literature. I spent a great deal of time studying piano. I started to learn music when I was six years old and for many years it became my main interest. My father was blind and much of my time was spent playing for him. I had an older brother and sister. My mother was devoted to the care of my father and we children took turns reading to him, much Philosophy and much of my knowledge and interest in Philosophy and reading was started at that time and has remained with me. We had many social evenings in which everyone had to speak about certain Philosophers, writ-

seems unimpressed;

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Pat Gregg



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|------------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|
| 1. A-Frame | 6. Rec. Room | 11. Boys House | 16. Theatre |
| 2. Art Studio | 7. DINING ROOM | 12. Bondy Res. | 17. Infirmary |
| 3. Swimming Pool | 8. MAIN HOUSE | 13. Laboratory | 18. Cottage |
| 4. East Dorm | 9. West Dorm | | |



VARSDTY BASKETBALL TEAM: l. to r. standing; Jack Brennen, coach, John Campenella. sitting; John Perez, Phil McCarthy, Mavie Mike Byrd, Mike Pettus, Frank Henderson, Dan Henderson, Jim Sarmuk, Barton, Joe Berson, Phil Roach

Varsity Hoopsters Are League Champs

The Windsor Mt. Varsity won its second straight Berkshire Hills championship this year, going undefeated in league play for the second consecutive season. Mike Pettus, a sophomore, led the league in scoring. Mike's season was highlighted by his 42 points against Salisbury, which broke the old school record.

However, the most important and exciting games were the independent ones. Here Windsor played better teams such as Milford, Cornwall, Wilbraham, and Assumption.

The first game of the year was played at Assumption Prep and Windsor lost 72-63, despite 35 points by Mike Pettus and 16 rebounds by Jim Sarmok. Assumption was led by sharpshooter Rick Riley who fired 24.

After wins against Cornwall and Milford, Windsor was ready to play Wilbraham whom they had to beat in order to gain a berth in the Class B New England Prep School Tournament. In the first quarter sparked by the outside shooting of Mike Byrd and the outstanding play of Mike Pettus, Windsor Mt. took an early lead. Despite a strong zone press by Wilbraham, Windsor held on 72-61. Mike Byrd had 31 points, mostly on acrobatic driving layups, and 17 straight free throws. Pettus, who blocked several shots in the final quarter, also added 28 points for the winners.

This brought the team up to the playoffs and Williston Academy. Windsor's coach Jack Brennan told his team that a good defense would be the key to winning. Windsor did not play as well as in previous games and as a result trailed by 7 points going into the fourth quarter. In an inspired rally, Windsor cut the lead to one point with one minute left. At this point, Mike Pettus left his man and stole the ball for an easy bucket. Now Windsor was ahead 59-58. Williston scored and held on to win 61-60. Windsor ended the season with a 14-2 record.

Sarmok were the outside threats. Frank and Danny were overwhelming on the boards, but Mike Pettus was the big scoring threat, the key to the defense, and the outstanding player. Frank Henderson was not a big scorer, but he was the best defense player and always covered the opponent's best player. Frank was also known for his habit of pinning the opponent's shot against the backboard. The starting five was helped by Johnny Perez and Mavio Barton.

Some game highs were: Mike Pettus; 42, 35, 31, 29, 28, 28. Mike Byrd; 31, 26, 23, 20, Jim Sarmok had 23 against Darrow, and Danny Henderson threw in 24 against Cranwell.

Jim Sarmok and Frank Henderson were co-captains, and Mike Byrd and Mike Pettus received honors when they were named to the all league team.

Joey Berson

Basketball Snaps

Phil Roach was the victim of a trick when someone wrote a letter to UCLA saying that he was 6'6" and averaging 30 points a game. The letter also said that UCLA would come to see Roach play so they could scout him. When asked about this possibility, Roach could only reply—"what if they come?"

When Windsor Mt. played Darrow, an amusing incident occurred. A Darrow player was dribbling the ball when he was confronted by Mike Byrd. Byrd yelled—"Look out, chump!" and as the frightened Darrow player looked up Byrd stole the ball for a layup.

At halftime of the Wilbraham game, Vernon Baber had the key to the locker room but Vern appeared to be lost. Coach Jack Brennan was extremely upset and when Vern finally showed up, Brennan asked him, "Vern, who has the key?" to which Vern replied, "I do, but if I wouldn't have had it I would have had it." Vern thought about

JV's Finish Second

The Junior Varsity rolled to an (11-5) season behind Doug Peek's all around play and John Campanella's scoring. The J.V. led the league until losing to Millbrook and Salisbury. Both losses were avenged later in the season. In the return game with Millbrook guard Joey (Pistol) Berson fired two last minute jumpers from way downtown to lift Windsor Mt. past Millbrook 36-34.

Playing rival Cranwell in their last game with a large noisy crowd Windsor fell short 46-44 despite a valiant effort by co-captains Berson and Peek. This defeat eliminated the J.V. from first place and put them in second in the Berkshire league.

Outstanding individual performances were made throughout the season. Against Millbrook and Lenox, John (the bomb) Robertson pumped in 21 and 22 points respectively. Against Belafontaine Doug Peek scored 35 points to overwhelm them 60-47.

John (bruiser) Campanella poured 19 points into the 60-47 rout. Joey Berson fired 18 points against Salisbury.

Doug Peck's outstanding play throughout the season at blocking shots, scoring, and rebounding was one of the prime reasons for the team's great success. Coach Jack Brennan's leadership pulled the team through the tight ones and proved invaluable throughout the year.

The starting 5 was composed of Peek, Campanella, Berson, Phil Roach, and Phil McCarthy. Although Roach and McCarthy were not high scorers they were good defensive players and were always hustling wherever they were on the court. Chip Murray and Vernon Baber were the subs.

PEACE OF MIND

Let me be the kind of man I want to be
The kind of man that is free,
Free to think,
Free to do.

THE ART STUDIO

The art studio is, for a few students, a second home where they can go for a little peace and quiet to concentrate on creating.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Sushil turns the studio into a place of deep contemplation in the Eastern Tradition while telling stories or encouraging a student to work.

On Thursday through Sunday, Alan takes the helm as instructor. His renowned life drawing class Saturday and Sunday nights from 8:00 til 10:00 is said to be the most productive group of students. Life Drawing is where one can learn about the human form and improve on drawing technique at the same time.

Familiar to the studio is Steve Allen, who has filled two sketch books which show a short history of rapid drawing development. David Porta, the frequently outspoken figure in the social life of Windsor, becomes very quiet when at work in the studio. Gary Rasmussen many times may be seen working on a plaster engraving. The delicate dragon drawer, Celeste Sullivan, sits quietly creating her fantasy filled paintings with amazing dexterity. And the surrealist painter of the studio, Rick Vanzetti, has made many of the stage sets for school productions.

Now that spring has come, many of the artists will leave the studio and paint in the warm fresh Berkshire air.

anonymous

English Paper

Learning to log time, learning and working. Working to relax. Language for a spelling of typical back-ass-sideways origins in Greek or Latin, of old English. Escape for purposes of infinity. Dieing to live, and for a marble tombstone. Critique for the sake of time, and time for space. Space for materials,

edge,

but I'm nearsighted and won't see to fall off so . . .

Franky Lee and Judas Criest

have cold eyes, and I'm chilled to the bone already so I need some sweetwater from the proverbial pigeonfucker to rinse them out.

Meanwhile back at the coherency file enter one coffee pot that wheezes and a coffee cup that fizzes. I figure they must have some claim to fame. Maybe Martin Luther King had an asmatic coffee pot too. And Napoleon a fizzing cup?

Parsley, Sage, Rosemary, and Thyme was first given to me by Gloria G. She gave me much more. The record and the memory lasts. She has died in the system, her time over for good. A spring of green fields that the imposing structures of glass and steel couldn't even dent The door was open and we both walked out for a few hours a day. The door of a bus marked "F" for a name shut it every day, and one of suburban taboo reinforced it.

The door of a jet reinforced by needles, and sided by proles sealed it forever.

My Aunt's claim to fame was only a grandstand soap opera. She had stopped watching soap operas when she stopped doing her own ironing in the afternoon. Her claim to fame was knowledge that she could manipulate her world completely. When I entered that world, I became subject to revision.

Joel could play a wicked game of ping-pong. He could also weave one hell of a story. Uncle Joel was long gone. His legend wore on in some circles. He was a mobius strip of a community of up coming artists, poets, junkies, and proles.

The first revision came at me like a ball of fire. I was freezing at the time. And so I went bravely off into the public high school. Unacustomed to wearing the clothes of others, I went, bearing health forms and loose leaf filler paper. To the councilors go, said the hall monitor. I, trusting that with such a title as councilor he would help me in my adolescent struggle against the elements of

From time to time I have to prove things to stay intact and justify me o the world. When a public high school vice-principal tries to shame me by saying: "Why should you be here? There are other people who want to come here. Why should you be here with the trouble you cause us?"

When a shrink tries to find out why I act like I do.

When a slum landlord in Detroit tries to have me committed for being incorrigible.

And when an abstract thing like English IV wants an examination of my literary thought for record. That, by the way, may be held against me in the future. I hope that you feel I'm justified this time.

Jay D. Sandler

Here's What You Can Do

(continued from page 1)

- b. patronize organic farmers and food stores selling organically grown food.
- c. oppose the use of herbicides in local waterways (do you really want them in your drinking water?);
- d. learn to control insect pests around the home and garden organically (do you really know what is in that spray can?).
6. Schools train leaders and mold opinions. Make sure yours is training people to be sensitive to ecological issues.
7. Oppose sound pollution: sonic booms from the SST (being built with your tax dollars), Muzak. Oppose sight pollution: billboards, littering, urban sprawl. Support strict regulation of unnecessary internal combustion engines (e.g., snowmobiles, trail bikes, motorboats).
8. Packaging equals Pollution. Return all packaging materials (plastic and paper bags, cardboard cartons, plastic wrapping, no deposit/no return cans and bottles) to the store,

purposes of intimacy. Dying to live, and for a marble tombstone. Critique for the sake of time, and time for space. Space for materials, and material for storing in time and space. Writing for memory and to encumber the whole system again. A circle called to learn.

I feel that I have no responsibility to learn for anyone. I have the responsibility to encumber others who directly want my interpretation of things. To write for an evaluation is usefull only to beurocrats and people who otherwise need an ego boost to justify their lives to themselves.

Books are to fill the void between thought and deed. They exist as a twighlight zone. Books being untouchable are industructible as is music or remembering the involuntary act of breathing. Yoga controls breathing. People burn books. Lie No. 5,785 just destroyed. Lie No. 5,786 coming up next. Lie No. 6,000 long gone.

Me,
red house plans to revise, and paint grey without ice
snow,

I want to swim, warm.

She is still there. She still has songs. She still has dust. The post office does me a favor. Address unknown. Thought insufficient to send via the U.S. Postal System effectively . . .

Another, plain as the mysterious writing on your back. High weeds, cool night can combine in a house. Several others but one that matters around expensive equipment, and more important around permission to sleep together for the first time.

One night by the wall, grass in the bathroom, bird in cage, goo in hand, hand by hand, he found the ground of naught but Eldorado. A poem that I once had to memorize for school.

Reader beware of Benares and other Indian phenomena that roam the streets they are a figment of Cris Columbus' warped imagination. The NRA can prove the world is flat. The SDS won't admit it, the smug New England farmers are constantly falling off the

the nail monitor. I, trusting that with such a title as councilor he would help me in my adolescent struggle against the elements of red tape. He was pleasant from the roots of his hair to the horse pictures on his walls.

Tall, lonely, with a guitar over one shoulder. Another girl to see when I was down. I couudn't talk to her, just see that somebody else was lower. Danielle could play a song. She could play it better than anyone else in the whole world. It was "It's All Over, Now, Baby Blue."

And this was the humanities lab, a soul workshop for the weak and/or detached individual. Everything was real down to a very authentic man who once wrote an introduction to a William Saroyan book. He asked me about Hot and Cold mediums. I was an expert. He was a friend. He forgot who I was in the masses later.

I was a summer artist for several years. Down by my favorite part of the city, down by the river. Clay was cool to the touch. Both I and the clay felt at home in the vast underground caverns of the old aquarium.

Tony Greenwold wore a rubber hose for a belt, smoked Raleigh cigarettes, and had a hearse. He called the asses on my sculpture buttocks. Pronounced BUT-TOCKS.

Benson & Hedges menthol on the way, a milk bottle hookah there and noth&ing but grass after. I went back and forth on the subways every day. Once a girl I knew doubled over and started to scream. I ran over and she looked up at me. It is the kind of look that is a look forever and can never be described. The subway came. It was rush hour and crowded. She bumped into a man in a suit. He yelled that we were a menace to society, we should be put away somewhere. It cut deeply.

In the morning when I showed up, so did all the regulars. None of us were paid to show up and form the picture we did. Dante the cop. The guys who fished for the monster carp that fed on garbage. The little black kids who would come up to anyone new and pick a fight. Size was no object.

cardboard cartons, plastic wrapping, no deposit/no return cans and bottles) to the store, OR, remove all unnecessary packaging materials before you leave the store, OR, better yet, bring your own reusable containers for the produce you buy.

9. Do not wear wild animal furs. All are from endangered creatures.

10. Support the creation of parks and wild-life sanctuaries.

11. Support a disposal tax on the sale of new automobiles to fund the recycling of old cars (after usable parts have been removed).

12. Make sure that local industry and government do not pollute our common air and water.

13. Recycle wastes: newspapers, metals, garbage (through sewage treatment plants into useable compost).

Windsor Mtn. School Earth Day Committee

A Fair Tale

As David strolled through the forest one day, something passing caught his fancy.

"Aha!" he exclaimed, "what new wonder is this that I behold. Perchance it doth possess mystic might, that I may be united with my true love, fair Daisy."

And that it did, for as he clutched the object in his hand, a startling transformation took place. In the twinkling of an eye, the brave lad was whisked through a cosmic door, where he beheld many wonderous things. The next instant, he stood before his lady, in the tower where she had long dwelt in confinement. She had been imprisoned there by a wicked witch who nursed a grudge against her father, the king.

"Heavent to Betsy!" she cried in distress as he appeared. "This will never do. You must hide in the cupboard before the son of the wicked witch comes, for he is a dragon that lives on a diet of virgins and I fear for your safety."

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A Fair Tale

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"Fear not my love," he replied, "for even now this mystic object which I hold before you informs me of a plan that will protect us from his hungry jaws." Whereupon he gathered her in his arms and together they retired to her private chambers where they did things.

After recovering, the duo, led by David, gathered chestnuts from the hearth and over them he uttered an incantation, which according to his magic object, would destroy the witch and all her magic. And this it certainly did, for even as he cried the final words, "OPEN SEZ ME," the door behind which the witch was lurking flew open slamming her head against the wall killing her dead on the spot.

Then still acting on orders, he grasped a magic sword hanging over the mantelpiece and confronted the dragon saying "I'm going to kill you, you slimy scaly creature." whereupon he lopped off its head. And lo and behold the witches hoard, hidden inside his hide, lay revealed.

"Goodness," cried Daisy, "What luck, now father will surely make you king."

And so it was. The old king was so astounded by David's feats that he thought, "Here at last is a man worthy of my kingdom and my daughter." Thus they were married and lived happily ever after.

A Personal History

(continued from page 1)

ers, and artists, and there were many lively discussions about philosophy and the politics of the times. Besides that I had a very active social life and many friends and they, too, had an influence on my way of thinking and seeing life.

When I was seventeen my father died, and this changed my life very much. I lost the

sions. Though he lived in Hamburg and I in Vienna we managed to see each other often. In 1912 we traveled with my married sister and her husband and a group of young people in Italy. We spent three months in Rome studying history of art and looking at all the interesting places. We had the most wonderful time and learned very much. After that Max Bondy joined the youth movement in Germany. They had groups of students in Freiburg and in many other German Universities. They rebelled against the kind of life that existed at that time among the adults and in the students' world. In many ways this rebellion was very much the same as the student rebellion is today. They fought the hypocrisy of the adults, who often led a double life. The students in Germany at that time had their fraternities in which dueling and drinking were their main interests. The groups under the leadership of Max tried to replace this way of life by organizing mountain climbing, hiking groups, and reading groups. It became a very large group and they had meetings in which they decided to educate people to real truthfulness to oneself and others, to mutual understanding and in this way build a new and more sincere society. If I described all their ideas it would be a book in itself and I must satisfy my readers by giving these ideas in a short description which does not give the real picture of this lively and inspired youth. When World War I began most of these young people had to go to war. At first they believed that they were fighting for a just cause, but soon they became disillusioned. Many of them died in the war and only a few lived to carry on their ideas.

Before the war we had dreamed about building a school in which these ideals could be fulfilled. Max and nearly all his friends had enlisted and were at the front. In September, 1916 Max and I were married. After a short trip to the Alps we returned to Hamburg because we received the news that my husband's brother was killed in Roumania and we felt that we should be with the family. Just a few months before my husband's mother died and this second blow was

succeeded in making it a beautiful community where we could fulfill our educational ideas. We had good teachers who understood our ideas and helped us make our dream a reality. Dr. Otto Reckendorf came to us in 1926 and taught mathematics and science, and his wife, Edith, taught Art and Weaving, both were a great help to us. I took care of the houses, did all the buying, etc., besides working with the children.

Max did all the administration work, taught History, History of Art, Latin and Philosophy. We had lively discussion groups in the evenings and for the first time in any school read Dr. Freud with the children. This was a courageous undertaking at this time since Freud was still attacked from all sides. Every Sunday Max gave one of his morning speeches which were one of the high points of the school. Many philosophical, religious and educational questions were discussed with the students. In the afternoon the students met in groups with the teachers and discussed the things he had said. Theater, chorus, orchestra and dancing were very much a part of our life.

The arts of all kinds were very lively. We performed some Shakespearean plays, Stravinsky's Story of a Soldier, and many other plays. One of the teachers wrote plays for the younger children which were a great success. It is difficult to describe in detail the life we had and the many accomplishments. These years were really the beginning of our school and it has developed to what it is now.

In 1924 our son, Heinz, who is now the Headmaster of our school, was born. In 1929 the place at Gandersheim became too small and we had to move to Marienau, which was a big farm we turned into a school. We had some wonderful years there in which the school came to its full development.

When the school was in full bloom Hitler came to power in Germany. From then on it was very hard to continue the school as all our ideas were in total contradiction to all that Hitler stood for. But we tried to continue for a while and succeeded with many difficulties. The majority of our students had learned so much from the school that they

seeing life.

When I was seventeen my father died, and this changed my life very much. I lost the joy in my music. I still practiced the piano for six hours a day, but my real enjoyment was not the same any more. Shortly after that we moved to Vienna. My sister had married and lived in Hamburg. My mother remarried shortly after that. At first I continued my life in the same way, but then I decided to study medicine, of which I had dreamed all my childhood without really being able to do something about it. I gave up my music, locked my piano so that I would not be able to play and devoted all my time to my medical studies.

A very happy and active time started. I first had to pass my Matura (which is the main exam to enter the University) and then I entered the University in 1914. In August the outbreak of the first World War found me in Alt Ausee, a place where I had spent much time during my first years of life and which I loved very much. A very happy vacation ended abruptly, I went back to Vienna, many of my friends had to go to war and it was the beginning of a terrible experience. My mother and I worked as nurses in a children's hospital because the other nurses were needed in the War and in the Soldiers' hospitals. I had at this time started my medical studies secretly at night. But it worked out and I enjoyed my studies very much. Every day seemed to me like a new discovery. At that time we had two years of preclinical studies and then three years of clinical work. During the clinical years I already had to do the work of a doctor as the need for doctors in Vienna was critical. During these years I heard the lectures of Professor Freud and that was the beginning of my interest in psychoanalysis and psychiatry which later on was to become my chosen profession.

During all these years I had a very deep friendship with my late husband. We had many common interests and endless discus-

ing. My husband's brother was killed in Romania and we felt that we should be with the family. Just a few months before my husband's mother died and this second blow was hard to take. After a short stay at home Max had to go back to the front and I went back to Vienna to continue my studies.

In 1918 our oldest child was born and Max came to Vienna. During his stay in Vienna the war ended. After a short stay Max then went to Erlangen to finish his PHD in History and History of Art. I followed soon with the baby. We rented a house and both studied and worked. During this time we had many meetings in our house with new and old friends, many discussions, much music. Out of these meetings the idea of having a school in which all our ideas could be worked out came up again. My husband's father bought a place for us. It was a hotel called Sintalhof. We started the school with the son of the former owner, who had been educated in a school with some related ideas. The school soon had students who very enthusiastically helped to build it up.

My second daughter was born in 1921 and shortly afterwards I went to Vienna to study with Dr. Rank. We moved the school to a place called Gandersheim. We rented a former hospital and the school remained there from 1922 to 1929. It was very difficult for me to prepare everything so that Max and the students could move to Gandersheim. Although my father-in-law sent me the necessary funds to live and prepare the new school, the money lost its value before it arrived because of the German inflation. It was difficult for us to obtain food and all that was needed, however, we finally succeeded with our preparations and Max then moved to Gandersheim with some of the students, and we started the school again. During this time we enrolled students from England and other foreign countries and with this foreign currency we were able to support the school. Finally the German Mark was stabilized and we had an easier time. The Gandersheim school began to become well known and we

continued for a while and succeeded with many difficulties. The majority of our students had learned so much from the school that they did not become Nazis, but it was very hard for them to live under the Nazi regime for the next few years.

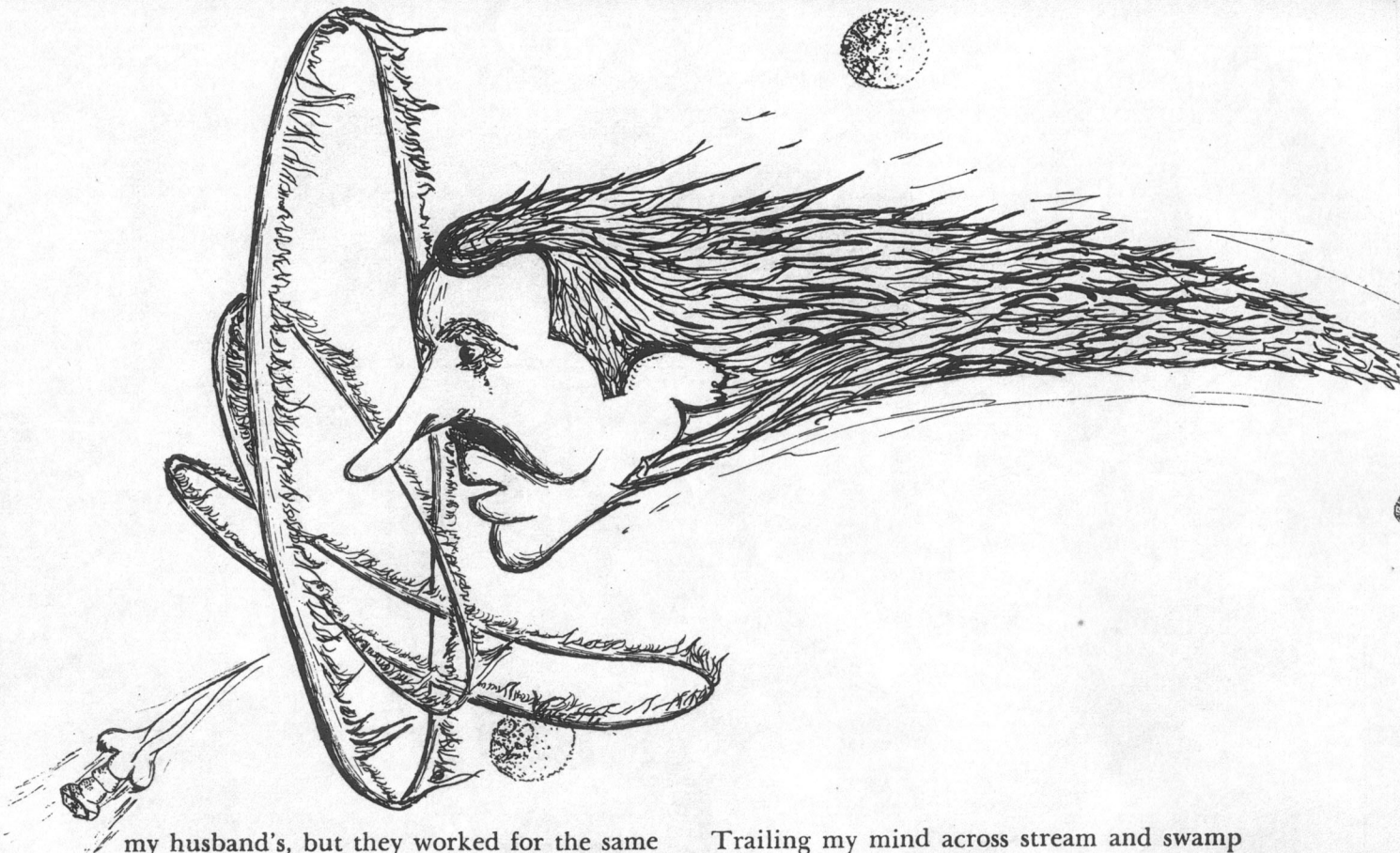
Max at first thought that the Hitler time was a passing phase, but I did not believe it and started a new school in Gland, Switzerland, on the lake of Geneva, with help of one of our alumni. We took some of the children with us and soon had children from Czechoslovakia and Austria when Hitler started to be a threat to them. In April, 1937, Max decided to give up the school in Germany because he felt that it was hopeless to wait for Hitler's fall. He also brought some children with him whose parents were against the Hitler regime. Many Jewish children also came. Many horrible things were happening in Germany, many of the parents of our children were persecuted and were put in concentration camps. It was a very hard time for us, but the children learned mutual consideration and understanding. When we felt that a big European War was inevitable, we decided to go to the United States. Harold Baruschke, the alumnus who helped us start the school in Gland would stay there and continue the school, and we would exchange students from America. My son-in-law, George Roeper, who also was a former student went to the United States first to find a location to start a school. We followed with our children and found a place in Windsor, Vermont.

The beginning in this country was very difficult. We had received permission to come here and get started through some parents of English and American students. But we could not take much money out of Switzerland and at first had no students but Heinz, the daughter of our cook, and the daughter of the German writer, Carl Zuckmayer. I had to visit and talk with many people to get the school started. It was hard because in Europe Max and I were known as educators,

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but here we were without background and had to start from the beginning. Fortunately we met some people who really were interested in our educational ideas and this was a great help. Dorothy Thompson who lived in Barnard, Vermont was a friend of Carl Zuckmayer and she helped us. Through her we met Dorothy Canfield Fisher who became a very dear friend to us. We soon started to get students and I found that many American people showed much understanding for our work and were courageous enough to send their children to this very new and different school. With their help and the help of young teachers who agreed to work for room and board because they were enthusiastic about our ideas we succeeded so well that only after one year the place in Windsor, Vermont became too small and we had to move the school to Manchester, Vermont to a very beautiful property which we rented. Dorothy Canfield-Fisher and the Walter Hards, who were both writers and had a bookstore in Manchester came very often in the evening and gave speeches for the students and contributed to the life of the school. In the summers we had camps in which the Sterba's from Detroit, both very well known analysts helped us by sending children and also contributed very much to the life of the camp.

In Manchester the school grew very quickly. Our life was very similar to our life in Europe. It seemed that the same ideas that were new and revolutionary there were also new and revolutionary here. My oldest daughter and her husband, both graduates of our school, joined us in the first year of the school in America. They left us in the second year as they were offered a small nursery school in Detroit by Dr. Editha Sterba. This was the first daughter school of our school. In the years that followed they became extremely successful and the small nursery school grew into the Roeper City and Country School, which is now a famous school for gifted children and has 650 students.



my husband's, but they worked for the same goals and their educational ideas were very much the same. They both gave their full personality to the school and the education of the children. The fight against hypocrisy, against thoughtlessness and inner laziness, for learning to listen, to communicate and to help each other to be sincere to one's self and others, to learn to trust oneself and others, is still a big part of our aims. In 1965 Jan Wiener came from Czechoslovakia with his family and joined our staff. He has contributed very much to our life here and the intellectual development of the students.

Adolescence is a time of no-man's-land. It is a very stormy time of loneliness and of seeking the goals and aims of life. The young people now have a hard time finding them and we try to help them. The problems are still the same as they always have been only the solutions that the young people are trying to find are different. Some believe that the

Trailing my mind across stream and swamp
Zoning myself in the rockland strait
Which blocks my Nortic passages
Sounds bring forth new color combinations
brush and streaking the air
Twisted voices carefully stranding themselves
into a course friction rope

II

I see a voice go through the air as
rolling rills fall into a pasture
I yearn for my words to lodge on
the foothills of Winslow Valley

Rushing, brushing thru a hollow oak
tunnel I become a reed
bringing out sound.

To be heard to swing sounds on an
earing and dive into the net (the heart)
Amber hoops wheeling across
greenhills I jump through and
people stop to listen

Country School, which is now a famous school for gifted children and has 650 students.

We also grew very quickly. The war broke out and our son had to go into the Army. He had been one of the first graduates of the school in this country and a student at Swarthmore at this time. He was in the American Intelligence.

In 1945 Heinz came back from the war and we met in Boston. He had gone through many terrible experiences and some exciting ones. One of them might be of interest because it shows how much the school had influenced the students. One of Heinz's jobs after the war was to screen German officers to find out how guilty they were of Nazi atrocities. He met a young Count Von Bernstorff. Two of the Bernstorff's sons had been graduates of the school in Germany and one of them was now a Captain. The officer that Heinz met was a cousin of theirs. He asked Heinz, hearing that his name was Bondy, whether he was Max and Gertrud Bondy's son. Then he told him that he had a message for Heinz from his cousin Bechtold, with whom he was in Stalingrad. Bechtold said that he wished Max would know that he never became a Nazi and that he had tried to influence his troops in his ideas and told them what he had learned in Marienau. It was wonderful that this message actually reached us. Bechtold was killed in Stalingrad shortly after this talk with his cousin.

In 1944 the buildings in Manchester became too small for the growing school and we had to move again. We bought property in Lenox from a New York banker, Mr. Winthrop, and the school has been here since then. In 1951 my husband died and my son, Heinz, became headmaster of the school. From the beginning he and I worked very well together. Heinz had been Assistant Headmaster in the last year before Max died and had no difficulties in taking over the school. He soon was able to do a wonderful job. Heinz's personality is very different from

still the same as they always have been only the solutions that the young people are trying to find are different. Some believe that the answers are in taking drugs, others in drinking or in a thoughtless and superficial life. Other generations have sought other remedies for their troubles. But we are not to judge but to help them to find better ways of living a happy life. Max and I have devoted our lives to this task and so has Heinz. It is a hard job but we often have the joy of seeing success and seeing people grow up in a richer and better life.

Very often the small difficulties of every day life seem to overshadow our real work so that many young teachers get disappointed because it is a slow and tiresome job. But we cannot forget that our main task is to help the children find themselves and a right way of living. Many of our teachers and students know that and help us in our job. The student government which educates the children while they are trying to help to educate the others in one way of our education. Mr. and Mrs. James Hall have been at the school with Mr. Quentin Labelle for twenty-five years and have helped us in our job and we are grateful to them. Many of the teachers who were here a much shorter time have taken an important place in our work and we owe them much for our success in fulfilling our aims with the students.

MILL BREEZE

A couple of days
your feet stink,
the old mans boots
long gone,
wed argue half the night
over who burped, said what,
but Id stole popcorn from pigeons
and you kept smiling.

No one can say what might have happened,
But hindsight is universal.
A current in the river has hundreds of eddies,
But all water flows to the sea.

Adam Thielker

earing and
Amber hoops wheeling across
greenhills I jump through and
people stop to listen.

III

The ramms heels stamp, clouding up
a fire of sand,
I am heard with a tickling cough
They laugh with a handkerchief
And I die with an open mouth.

Matthew Lesser

To those who shall be considered insane
and excentric throughout time dedicated to:
martin, jesus, gandhi, jaon, john, paul, judas,
martyrred and yet to be martyrred
Sweet teacher that helps me to teach,
I have hear loves you and my spirit is within
you.

Great Artist—creator of the Heavens
How small is my voice when I sing
To you I am another colour, another sound,
Yet I am a teacher of the Lord
And all the ages have seen my words
Nailed, hung, burned, and starved on the
crosses or stakes.

You say that this is to be the perfect Age
And that the saints shall be revered by heir
own peoples.

I stand with some followers and pray
That the others do not devour our words with
spite
And argument ad hominum.

In the month of August ye say that I shall be
no more

Yet I shall live to meet Lord Death
with only my short years in your Service
And yet perhaps not . . .

I have to deny that of the Earth
I shall deny that of the Devine
Even you, even Lord Death
Only if I may teach The Word.

The Teacher, Dobidah





PORTA