

Summer 1998

Dear Alumni FOOT Leaders,

It's summer and here I am sitting in one of my favorite spots looking out at the ocean on Martha's Vineyard, doing one of my labors of love, putting together this annual newsletter. There are 249 of you now--actually more, since some of you don't give mother Yale your address which means I have to track a few of you down. (Is there a reason some of you have gone underground? Let me know--it makes great news copy.) We now are running 35 trips during that last week in August: 4 in the White Mountains, 4 in the Adirondacks, 8 in the Catskills, 8 in Vermont, 8 in northwest Connecticut/so. Massachusetts, and 3 in the Yale Forest. Wow!

Before I get started with the alumni news, I wanted to share with you excerpts from a speech that a recent Head Co-ordinator, **Fran Franze** '98, delivered to the potential FOOT Leader applicants. I thought it captured in many ways the spirit of FOOT. "In many cases, the first face a frosh sees when he or she nervously walks through Phelps Gate and steps on the Old Campus is the face of a FOOT LEADER. And it's a friendly face, SOMETIMES a spastic face (we pride ourselves with our overzealousness), but most importantly it's a face that puts one at ease. This comforting face is soon joined by eleven other smiling faces and WAA-LA a FOOT group is formed. Now, why is a FOOT group so magically comforting? I'll tell you why. Each member in a FOOT group is someone who is courageous enough to spend a week with a bunch of strangers in the wilderness. Furthermore, most Yalies who go on FOOT are people who are willing to lay it on the line, willing to respect, willing to share, willing to learn, and most of all, willing to have a good time. This disposition is so important because it creates an atmosphere in which true bonds of friendship can be forged. During the course of a FOOT trip, members begin to genuinely trust their fellow FOOTies to the extent that they are willing to talk about their hopes and fears, to let go of some emotional baggage and to discharge any negative energy that they might have. When frosh who have just gone on FOOT come back to Old Campus, they return feeling triumphant, exhausted and exuberant. They look grungy, they reek, and they're damn proud of it! They are glad to have started their Yale experience with a small group of people in the outdoors. And I think that in a very large sense, they feel confident and secure because if something goes wrong there's eleven people at Yale whom they know really well and whom they can go to for help. Finally, I'd like to talk briefly about my interpretation of the philosophy of FOOT. Each FOOT Leader has their own take of what this philosophy is so I encourage you to talk with some old leaders afterwards. In two major ways, I view FOOT as a celebration on common ground. Firstly, each FOOT group is unique, because it is an assortment of diverse individuals from all over the place. FOOT is so wonderful because it provides an opportunity to celebrate both the differences and the similarities between people. In this sense, we use our own diversity as our common ground. The second type of common ground in FOOT is, of course, the environment. FOOT is a celebration of the outdoors. It is an affirmation of all that is beautiful and difficult about camping. FOOT by no means tries to instill an appreciation of the outdoors into people...It's kind of funny to imagine a FOOT Leader on top of a mountain beating a FOOTie with a stick and saying, 'Enjoy this view you ungrateful wretch, enjoy it!' No, an appreciation for the outdoors is definitely not something you can implant. Instead, I believe that each of us possesses an affinity with the wilderness, for some it's buried a little bit deeper than others, but it's still there. FOOT's goal is to foster a group atmosphere that will draw out that appreciation. Through learning camping skills and how to deal with the many trials and tribulations of backpacking, one can't help but to discover a new found respect for good ol' mother nature...I guess, in many ways, FOOT helps us become healthier people, because it not only allows us to get in touch with our inner child, but also with our inner outdoorsman."

Anyway--on to the news! **Jamie & Florence Williams** '86&'89 stopped by New Haven in the fall for dinner with the news that Jamie has taken a new job in Montana as head of The Nature Conservancy for the entire state. Their new address is 535 5th Ave. Helena, MT 59601 (406) 449-5162. They continue to do all their fabulous river trips. (See photos--the snow pix is actually a river trip!) **Hilary Blair** '86 wrote, "Just a quick note to mention that my NOLS experience finally came in handy for this acting career. I just filmed an industrial video in Ouray, CO during the peak aspen colors because I was one of the few actors who rock climbs! I got paid to climb and run for the camera. I also got to keep the new harness and rock shoes plus the costumes. I'm on the faculty at a school part time as a drama teacher and they gave me the week off. They generally let me off for auditions and voice over sessions, but it was cool of them to give me the whole week. I spend the summer on the Vineyard teaching; I spend winters in Denver. Grad school brought me out and I stayed. I actually make my living in the theater world and love it. I need to get to the mountains more, but we all say that I guess." I spied a large COLOR photo of **Greg Felt** '87 in the New York Times (actually it was about a year ago: 6/15/97) who was rafting down the Arkansas River in Colorado as one of the raft companies that takes part in an annual clean of the river. (Hey--Greg, how about our next reunion raft trip??) Greg is quoted in the Times as saying: "We pulled out a 55-gallon oil drum, a shopping cart, sheet metal, a bunch of fencing and furniture..It's quite an ecological success story--the fishing has really improved." (The river lobby also got Federal funds to stop acid drainage from abandoned mines in Leadville.)

**Patrick Wheelan** '88 sent a lovely Christmas card with the news that "last month I took my wife, and 4 - 1/2 year old son to Manatee Springs State Park. We took our canoe over a big bull manatee. On Thanksgiving day while in the canoe on Sarasota Bay we had a shark encounter. We followed a school of 20 2-4 ft. sharks as they looked for their Thanksgiving feast. Humans were not on the menu." Besides teaching, I heard he was doing volunteer work in a nearby prison. **Paul Jahnige** and Sally Loomis '88 sent news in

poetic form of their daughter Sage growing: "At the top of the year Sage was learning to sit; and most of her food came from mommy's sore \_\_\_\_." They also added the exciting fact that Sally is pregnant again and that they did a lot of traveling: trekking with Llamas, and climbing peaks in the Adirondacks. Community Resources is doing just great. Their staff has tripled, they opened a second office in Philadelphia and they are rapidly entering a new stage in the life of their organization. As part of this growth, they "have embarked on new initiatives in environmental education, community organizing, and monitoring and evaluation." Some recent efforts include: expanding urban environmental education opportunities with Washington DC's Department of Recreation and Parks, organizing urban communities to take control of their own environments, and monitoring and evaluating a major park restoration initiative in Philadelphia.

**Roger Wynne** '88 reported that Esther Bartfeld and he married last September near Seattle, outside, on one of the most perfect weekends of the year. "After decompressing in the Gulf Islands (up in Canada), we backpacked for a week in the Olympics. Yes, one of the great deals about living here is that we get all this stuff right in our backyard. I sometimes run into **Ben (Saylor)**, have corresponded with **Kristin Mitchell**, but have yet to hook up with **Liz (Ablow)**. This is not for a lack of contact info, but for a lack of a life. My job (and lately, wedding planning and house hunting, buying and moving) have left me less time that I would prefer to do the little things, like, oh, say hello to people. Ben and Kristin and I kicked around the idea of a FOOT spring tele ski last year but didn't follow through. Maybe this year." Roger's new address: 5903 Greenwood Ave., N Seattle, WA 98103-5824 (206) 789-4206.

Another West coast marriage was that of **Kristin Mitchell** '89. She wrote: "On Christmas eve last year (would have been winter of 1996) as we (Kristin and David Thomas) were opening presents in front of the fire in our new home, we decided to get married. Over the next eight months, Kristin and her mother managed to make all the wedding arrangements for a beach wedding at the family retreat in Inverness. We escaped the demands of work and wedding planning in January for a practice honeymoon in Baja California. We rented kayaks in La Paz and got dropped off on a desert island. Each day, we'd paddle along the coast for a few hours, stop to eat lunch and hike around, paddle some more, and find a beach to ourselves to make camp for the night. By August 16, we were ready for the wedding. Several family work parties had successfully transformed the salty boathouse into an airy reception hall and four generations from both sides of the aisle built and leveled a platform for us to stand on at the edge of the flood tide. We decided to forego a formal rehearsal dinner and the wedding party paddled kayaks around Toales Bay in the moonlight on the eve of the wedding. Last minute scrambles happen at all weddings: we struggled to get porta-potties under the low-hanging bay tree, and had an emergency run for fabric paint to decorate quilt squares. Most things went well, and as planned. The music, a group of heraldic trumpets was just right for the setting: our good friend Margo did a wonderful job of personalizing the ceremony for us: Kristin's dress, handed down over four generations, fit perfectly, and the chocolate-hazelnut wedding cake Katherine baked was even more stunning after David put the ganache frosting on it. Some things turned out wonderfully by chance. The weather had threatened rain, but turned beautiful just as David and his parents approached the platform. During the ceremony, a sailboat regatta passed behind us with rainbow spinnakers flying. We returned from a portrait shoot to find that our guests had abandoned their chairs to sit on the dock with their feet dangling in the bay. Although friends had told us weddings are emotionally intense, we weren't quite prepared for the love and joy that surrounded us that day. After a bird walk and a hike with friends and family the next morning, we returned to Seattle to switch luggage and head to Tuscany for our honeymoon. We had settle on Italy as being warm and romantic with lots of hiking opportunities, good food and great art. Cinque Terre (five lands) are five towns on the Mediterranean, which are connected by a local train. With no cars in town, we walked up and down the hilly streets, hiked along the coast and up into the orchards and mountains behind the towns, and ate lots of gelato. We even managed to find kayaks to rent and explored a sea cave. We also explored the ancient hill towns of Umbria and found a charming room with a view in Florence, where we wandered through art museums and ate more gelato. After two glorious weeks, we had to return to the reality of work responsibilities, and as they say, the honeymoon was over. In October, larger firm bought David's employer, Pacific Environmental. It didn't seem like a good change, so David looked at some of the firms that had been courting him and selected Cambria Environmental. The time between jobs allowed time for a little road trip (9,300 miles, 25 states) before starting the new job. Kristin will finish her internal medicine residency in June 1998. She anticipates a change of pace during March and April which she will spend practicing rural medicine in Zimbabwe. We have both been thinking hard about the best post-residency job situation, and have decided to move to Alaska. Kristin was asked to join a small internal medicine practice in Soldotna, where she will see both referral and primary care internal medicine patients. She is excited about the opportunity to learn more clinical medicine in a supportive environment where she will work closely with three other outstanding internists. We are both excited about the recreational potential of living in Alaska, and of course our puppy looks forward to seeing her namesake place. Soldotna is 2-1/2 hours south of Anchorage on the stunning Kenai Peninsula. We mushed dogs with a team bound for the Iditarod next year, hiked in dramatic mountains, ate local salmon, and saw the Northern Lights from our lakeside cabin while Kristin was interviewing. We look forward to having visitors. (Kristin has yet to send her Alaska address.)

Some news from **Trex Proffitt** '89: We two (Trex and wife Beth) are in our 3rd years at grad school, working towards PhDs at Northwestern, in Evanston, IL, just up from Chicago. I'm studying organizational behavior and Beth is studying cognitive psychology. We're headed up to Green Bay later today to stay at a house B's lab is renting for research purposes. They want to study fish experts and Menominee Indians to understand their 'mental models' of the natural world. Guess what a fish expert looks like--he runs a bait shop on the lake. It's such a hoot. Nonetheless, these guys are amazing. Muskie this and Redhorse that and Sturgeon here and Croppie there. It's pretty neat, and I'm trying to figure out a way to study the Indian casinos up there...Beth has a copy of Steve's book ([Kinship to Mastery](#) or [The Value of Life](#)--Trex didn't tell me which one, but, hey, publicity never hurts) which was enough to chew over in an informal seminar we had with our lab group. (Also) for my research I'm looking for an exhaustive list of EPA programs that involve collaboration with regulated industries. These would range from 33/50 to EnergyStar to Pollution Prevention Partnership etc. Is there a giant catalogue somewhere lying around? I want to know basically what they are, when they started, who's

involved, and what their status is today. Any ideas or contacts? Trex can be reached at Dept. of Organization Behavior, J.L. Kellogg Graduate School of Management, Northwestern University, 2001 Sheridan Rd. Evanston, IL 60208. (847) 491-0458.

**Frank Levy** '89 is working at [www.PlanetAll.com](http://www.PlanetAll.com), a website that helps people stay in touch.(!) He claims there is even a FOOT group using it.(!) He has made friends with **Jessica Plumb** '92. We should find out more about this! **Karen Shipley Taylor** '89 wrote us via email: "Due to fate, I was involved for the first 5 years of FOOT as an undergraduate (I took a spring semester off). I was also on support crew for two years (did anyone else do this?) because I sprained my ankle and **Kashka Kubzdela** had to go in my place. Now I am a stay at home Mom in Danbury, CT. My son (napping now) will be two on April 16 and his name is Charlie (Charles Shipley Taylor to be exact). **Carrie Hatcher** '89 is his godmother!! I am writing because I am interested that Kashka has a kid. Could someone tell me how old, name and what sex. normally I would email Kashka directly, but if she is a Mom, I might never get an answer..." Kashka herself replied: "Dear Karen, It's great to hear from you and CONGRATULATIONS on your son! I can't believe we are all becoming moms and dads. My daughter was born on October 30, 1997. She was 8 pounds and 20 inches long. Now, four and a half months later, she is 19 pounds and 27.5 inches. She is very sweet and beautiful. Her full name is Nicola Serenity Yeong-Shin Kubzdela. The Chinese name means Singing Heart and the first character Yeong (as would be written in Taiwanese) is the same as the first character in the old Chinese martial art developed by women monks--Wing Chun. For the most part Nicola is very healthy and cheery, though recently she got very sick with a some unusual Kawasaki disease. We ended up in the hospital, which we finally left a few days ago. Nicola was treated with human serum and children's aspirin and I keep my fingers crossed that she will not have the common complications resulting in heart and artery aneurysm. She will continue to have echo-cardiograms for the next six months. You are right not to count on answers from moms. I guess it takes one to know one. I've never known the meaning of the word busy until now. I'm taking care of Nicola myself and working half-time for Chapin Hall, the Center for Children Research, where I'm currently doing research on inner-city school networks. It's pretty interesting and kind of like doing another PhD. This time in social sciences and education though. I still think of my field-biologist days and hope to find my way back to Madagascar one of these days. This time it would be with Nicola, of course. Have you had the chance to take Charlie hiking yet? I can't wait to take Nicola to the mountains or one of the oceans. I once tried to show her our big lake, but she slept right through it. Maybe one of these days we can have a FOOT hiking or just camping reunion with all our kids. I bet that would be a blast!" You might try to contact Kashka through this website: <http://student-www.uchicago.edu/users/kubz>. Some recent sad news from Karen Shipley Taylor is that Carrie Hatcher's mother died suddenly. I am sure she would like to hear from folks: 913 Gott St. Ann Arbor, MI 48103. (734) 332-3828.

**Ann Vileisis** '89 was in New Haven at the forestry school this January, giving a lecture on her new book on the history of American wetlands. She sent me her Holiday newsletter which reads as follows: "The past two years have been busy, productive, and fun for us (Ann and her husband Tim Palmer), and because we didn't have a moment last fall to send a winter note, we'd like to bring you up to date on our lives in 1996 and 1997. Most of 1996 we spent working full tilt on our books --Ann's wetland history book and Tim's Columbia River book. We lived nearly half of the year in a delightful log cabin (owned by generous friends) looking out to the Tetons. It was fun to have moose and bison as neighbors while we worked. Then we spent the rest of the year in the van, traveling slowly through the northern Rockies while still working on the books. We squeezed in a Middle Fork Salmon trip and a spectacular Flathead River expedition with Ann's mom and stepfather. Through the spring and summer of '96, Ann trained for the Portland Marathon. Every other weekend in various beautiful places, she ran and Tim biked long runs, 12 miles, then 14, then 16, all the way up to 26 on the marathon weekend in September. It was a rewarding experience; she had a great time and came in 3,296th! In autumn, Tim shifted gears and volunteered on a U.S. Senate campaign in Idaho, where we thought there might be a chance of electing a good candidate. Through his work on the Columbia book, Tim realized again that politicians on-the-take are a fundamental source of many problems. It seemed that volunteering to elect a better 105th Congress was the important work to do. We lived in Boise, and Ann continued to work to finish up her manuscript by mid-January. While 1996 was a year mostly of sitting and working, 1997 has been a year of amazing adventure. Tim was ready to begin research for a new book about the Pacific coastal mountains that stretch from Baja Mexico all the way north to Kodiak Island, Alaska. So we started our journey in Baja in January and moved north to British Columbia, then Southeast Alaska, then around to Kodiak Island in August, not returning from Alaska until October. Our travels have been delightful. We want to share just a few highlights: In Baja, we drove 20 miles out a road paved in salt (salt is collected and mined nearby) to a bay called Ojo de Liebre. As we approached the water, we saw dozens of spouts on the horizon. This is where the gray whales come to give birth and rear their young in the winter. At this little national park, there is nothing but two tiny huts with palm frond roofs. How tropical! One sells Mexican food and beer, and the other sells tickets for boat rides. We took a great ride out to see the whales close up. The really neat thing was that we spent the night camped out there at the edge of the lagoon. In the middle of the night when the wind died down and everything was very quiet, we could hear the sounds of the whales breathing: Pfhssshhh, Pfhssshhh. It was amazing, as if the whole bay was alive. And it was, it was just filled with massive whale beings floating easy in the buoyant salty water. From March 18-20, we spent our birthdays at Sinkyone, the only piece of California coast that is still roadless and wild. Doesn't the name sound Shangri-La like? There were beautiful trails that followed along the bluffs, then into redwood forests, then back out to emerge at the mouth of a tiny stream with hundreds of purple irises in bloom, and then onto a beach where harbor seals flopped on rocks just offshore. Then the seals followed us in the waves as we walked down the beach. It's one of those magical places where around every corner, some wondrous gift of nature presents itself. On her thirtieth birthday, Ann took a cool little dip in a placid pool at the edge of the beach, at the mouth of a little stream just before it made its final dart into the sea. We spent the month of May on Vancouver Island, British Columbia. There we enjoyed exploring Clayoquot Sound with its stands of giant cedars and hemlocks. We canoed out to some islands where we hiked and camped and became acquainted with both old-growth forests and the intertidal zone. We were also thrilled to discover the mountains at the island's center. Tim donned his skis for the first time all year.

In June, four friends joined us for a sea-kayaking expedition in Glacier Bay. We paddled for two rainy days, but then the sun burst out. We took a few layover days at a glorious campsite and hiked right up to the edge of two enormous glaciers. Aside from the interest and beauty in this glaciated landscape, there were lots of sea mammals, seals, porpoises, and humpback whales that breached as we watched from camp one night. Next we enjoyed two grand northern river adventures. We rafted both the Tashenshini-Alesek and the Copper River in Alaska. Eight friends joined us for a trip on the Tat. This is considered the premier mountain-and-glacier river on the continent, and it didn't disappoint us. One layover day we hiked up a ridge above Sediments Creek to alpine meadows, and we found wild flowers, willow ptarmigan, mountain goats, and a knock-out view. Then Tim's cousins Mary and Greg joined us for the Copper River trip. This amazing float took us down 290 miles on the nation's tenth-largest river. The lower river was running 200,000 cfs--ten times the volume of the Grand Canyon! One highlight was rowing through Abercrombie Rapids. As we flushed down an enormous, tumultuous wave train, we saw ahead of us a seal riding in the waves! We had to be 40 miles from the sea, but this fellow must have discovered the joys of whitewater while fishing for sockeye salmon. For one 2-mile section, the right bank was a giant glacier, calving chunks of ice directly into the river! The turnaround point for the whole trip was on Kodiak Island. We left our van in Homer, Alaska and took backpacks on a ferry (saw lots of puffins) for 10 hours to Kodiak. A friend gave us a ride to a trailhead, and we backpacked for 4 days through gently rolling alpine meadows to Center Mountain, where we looked out to the west. It felt good to travel so lightly, with just our packs. One night, we watched the full moon rise pink over the mountains. Then back on the Kenai Peninsula, for a final great adventure, we backpacked up to the top of a glacier and skied for a day across the Harding Ice field--an ice-age landscape of snow; and rocky mountains buried almost up to their tops in ice. After all these exquisite sights and experiences, we felt full and happy and ready to return to writing work though we still miss Alaska. The big news is; that we had twins! This Autumn, our two books came out. Ann's book is called Discovering the Unknown Landscape: A History of America's Wetlands. Tim's book is The Columbia: Sustaining a Modern Resource. We're pleased with how they turned out and with the response so far. We're also both happy to have the chance to tell what we think are important stories. We plan to return this January to Kelly, Wyoming, where we'll hunker down once again to work on our projects. Tim will begin writing his coast range book and Ann has a job editing a book about the history of the salmon crisis in the Pacific Northwest. The challenges of writing, of adventuring, of working for better care of the earth, and of pursuing all our important goals have kept us busy and engaged. It hasn't been all easy, but rarely does a day go by when we don't consider ourselves fortunate to be living in such a beautiful world, to be healthy, to have each other, and to have good friends and family. We were so happy that our travels have taken us to places where we could meet up with some of our friends and family, and wish we could see you all! We love to keep in touch, even if it is only through short letters like this one, and we would be delighted to hear from you." (Ann can be reached through her mother: Box 814, Southbury, CT 06488) This summer Ann and Tim will be in Montana and Idaho.

I got a short note from **Tiff Bingham** '89 who said, "Keep up the good work! It sounds like FOOT is stronger than ever. May I be a freshman again, please? p.s. Did you hear that **Michael Kahan** '90 and Gabriella had a baby girl this fall named Eva?!" -- Which leads me to the next letter from Michael, himself. "I'm still here in Philadelphia working on my PhD in American history. I'm teaching a course this summer on the history of Philadelphia to students who are mostly longtime residents of the area and therefore very enthusiastic about the subject. This coming year I will teach other classes in social and urban history, my main areas of interest. The big news is that my wife Gabriella and I are expecting a baby in November (this was last November of 1997, so the event has occurred!) We are leaving the sex as a surprise, so you'll have to wait for the announcement to find out if pink or blue baby FOOT gear will be in order! Considering the trend evident in this year's photo section, this might be the next niche for the FOOT logo. (Actually--as stated before, we know the sex was a girl and there actually is more about BABY FOOT gear later in the newsletter.) I live a couple of blocks from **Emel Gokyigit** '91, who has decided to defer Harvard law school for another year while she waits for her husband (who's in my PhD program) to finish his exams. I also, by the remarkable coincidence, ran into **Renny Gleeson** '90 at a restaurant here. Double-takes were exchanged on both sides, until we realized that the other was who we thought he was. You never know who you will meet in the city of brotherly love!" Ann V. gave me an update on Michael and Gabriella saying that Gabriella got hired to teach Russian Literature at Stanford. So maybe they are moving out west...

**Eve Porter** '90 reported that she is "running a tiny non-profit called the International Centre for Humanitarian Reporting--we are trying to work with people to improve the quality and broaden the content of international news. We have a weak little website (but are working on it) at [www.ichr.org](http://www.ichr.org)." She also works on CROSSLINES, a magazine, the latest of which was a collaboration with Magnum Photos on humanitarian photography. "We're planning a half-day discussion of reporting from Afghanistan. Trying to start off a series, maybe with Columbia Journalism School, on reporting from various places. We shall see." Eve looks for camp counselors every summer for her camp on Squam Lake, so if you are looking for summer employment, contact Eve: [xlines@tiac.net](mailto:xlines@tiac.net). **Jeannette DeMallie Gorda** '90 wrote "the last couple of years have been exciting times of discovery and change for me. The biggest news is that in August, 1995 I married my best friend, a wonderful man named Rhett Gorda from Wellsboro, PA. Since 1992 we have been spending the winters out in the bush with our team of sled dogs and my cat. In the summers I have continued to work at the Geophysical Institute of the University of Alaska, Fairbanks, studying glaciers and trying to decide what to do with my life. In 1994, I started volunteering at the Alaska Family Health and Birth Center, which is a birth center run by a pair of direct-entry midwives. After doing quite a bit of independent study and helping them with prenatal visits and births for parts of two years, I have decided that my calling in life is to be a midwife. I am now at Saint Louis University (in St. Louis, MO, of course) doing an accelerated BSN program, from which I will graduate next May (1998). I plan to get a year or so of experience working in labor and delivery (hopefully I can find a job in the hospital back in Fairbanks) and then I will go on to get a master's in nurse-midwifery. My dream is to one day have a women's center clinic in Fairbanks with an emphasis on natural childbirth and well woman gynecology and family planning. I am also

hoping this life plan will allow for Rhett and me to continue to spend part of each winter in the bush, where we both feel very much at home and at peace.”

I can't skip over the class of 1990 with some mention of **Eric Greenwald**. Eric came back, yes, for yet another year of support crew! What would we do without Eric? It was great to have him around again. He always shares his experience and wisdom with the new leaders. I'm a little worried though--ever since he started working for the CIA he has virtually disappeared. Any recent sightings of him??

I received a newsletter from **Katie Hackett '91** who is now a graduate student at the University of Michigan. She wrote “Let's see, Ted (her boyfriend) and I returned to the States (from Africa) about five months ago (this would have been March of 1997) and what culture shock we experienced, even though we were only gone for nine months! As I've mentioned to some of you, as I was walking down NYC streets those first few days I felt like all I could see were big red pairs of brown, red and pink lips walking down the streets in high heels. It was quite bizarre. But after adjusting to the fashion scene (gasp...fashion was not a part of my Africa existence as I wore the same four dresses over and over again for nine months...ugh!) I felt like Pac-man walking down the streets, 'Mmmm, McDonald's! Mmmm, Thai! Mmmm, sushi! Mmmm, Greek!' Diversion from the standard African beans and rice fair was greatly welcomed. Ted and I each lost 20 pounds while in Africa and are now fighting to keep it off. Africa. So much to say about it, so much I'm still learning about myself, my country and my travels in the context of my experiences in eastern Africa. I spent two months in Eritrea, a newly independent country northeast of Ethiopia, with Ted. After finishing my two projects in Asmara (both public relations projects, one with the Eritrean Ministry of Tourism and one with a private business), Ted and I hopped a bus to Addis Abeba, Ethiopia and flew from there to Nairobi. The bus trip through Eritrea and Ethiopia was one of the many highlights of the entire trip: a 650 mile journey through the mountains took three twelve-hour days on the bus. PHEW! Although we'd learned some Tygringa (the national language of Eritrea) from the neighborhood kids, we spoke not a word of Amharic, Ethiopia's national language. Try to imagine what it was like to be the only white couple on a three-bus, three-day convoy through Ethiopia AND to speak not a word of the local language! At one point, the bus stopped, all the passengers exited the bus, armed guards boarded the bus and we had no idea what was going on...let alone know how to inquire about what was happening. Nairobi dealt us even more culture shock. The level of development in Kenya was completely unexpected, as was the overwhelming presence of inner-city problems, homelessness, crime, petty theft, drugs, etc. On the cab ride to our hotel, a kid tried to jack open the taxi-cab trunk to steal our backpacks, another kid pick-pocketed a man's wallet right in front of our cab and another woman had her watch torn off her wrist. When we finally settled in our hotel room I cried and thought to myself, 'What the hell am I doing here??' But I learned to deal with it very effectively and very assertively. One afternoon Ted and I were approached by a young boy begging for money. Standard procedure, really except that this kid did not leave us alone even after walking five or six blocks. I, of course, began to get nervous and when I turned to look at Ted I noticed this kid hanging on Ted's arm. I think something snapped because I grabbed this kid and began screaming at him in Swahili. He was surprised by my reaction, as I was. The great irony of these situations is if the police catch these kids stealing or begging, they're beaten to death. The front page of the Nairobi paper once had an article about a nine-year old boy who was shot to death in the city park because he snatched a woman's purse. Though it was difficult not to report many of the petty crimes I witnessed during my stay in Nairobi, I couldn't justify the death of a child because he or she was stealing money, more often than not, for food. The beauty of Nairobi for me, however, is the people I met there. There's a sense of caring and selflessness among Kenyans (and most eastern Africans I met) I've never experienced before. The person who touched me the most was the secretary at work, Elizabeth. (I volunteered at UNICEF for four months, helping them design and implement water management programs in local schools. I worked in a small community-run school in the second largest slum in Nairobi, an experience worthy of its own letter.) Though she supports her husband, who doesn't work, and six children going to school, she somehow managed to find \$500 so her neighbor could attend a skills workshop offered by a local non-profit women's center. Amazing when you consider half her pre-tax salary goes to school fees! Even that vignette about her does not do her justice, though I'm sure nothing I can relate about her, and the other friends I made in Africa, could possibly convey the importance of friends and family and the value of love and community I learned while in Kenya. In December, Ted joined me in Nairobi and we then journeyed to Tanzania Mt. Kilimanjaro in time to see the sun rise from the top Christmas morning. We spent New Year's Eve on Zanzibar Island, just off the coast of Tanzania...another top ten experience in Africa. And from there we traveled through Malawi for several weeks, returned to Nairobi to visit friends and flew back west with the night to NYC. We traveled up and down the east coast for several weeks visiting friends and family and then I returned home for a six-week stay with the family in Buckhannon. Anyway, those nine months in Africa were absolutely phenomenal, perhaps some of the most challenging and most rewarding months of my life. I treasure the lessons I learned in Africa about life's simple treasures and still find it difficult to deal with American consumerism and the constant bombardment of advertising I see EVERYWHERE. But, also, I appreciate more our American conveniences and freedoms, particularly our freedom of speech. Never before have I had to guard my comments as I had to in Nairobi. As many of you may know, technically Kenya is a democracy but President Moi still rules with an incredible dictatorship. Right before I left Nairobi at Christmas time, an ad appeared in the local newspaper appealing to Kenyan citizens and international aide workers to reform President Moi's unjust practice of requiring new citizenship cards to vote in the next election. (A few days later I read in the paper that the person who'd placed that ad had been killed in 'police crossfire.') That is, anyone who wants to vote in the next election must pick up a citizenship card application in Nairobi and pay the application fee (clearly a non-affordable expense considering the average Kenyan earns \$60 a month). Apparently, Kenyans who are NOT members of Moi's tribe and therefore less likely to vote for him, often receive citizenship cards with misinformation rendering their cards useless. As you can imagine, this is an intentional way for Moi to skew his vote without disregarding the International Monetary Fund's threat to withdraw all international financial support of Kenya unless the 1997 elections are fair and just. Needless to say, it was particularly frustrating and scary to be in a country with so much corruption and

crime with no recourse. That is, corruption does not stop with the government -- police set up roadblocks and bribe commuters on their way to work, bank employees who refuse to loan the government money (which they know will never be repaid because its typically funneled directly to the President's Swiss bank account) are often 'caught in police cross-fire', etc. I'm extremely interested to see what happens in Kenya over the next several months and often wonder when Kenyans, ex-pats and the international aid community will rebel or overthrow the government... I think the most recent recent riots in Kenya are only a glimpse of what is to come. I'm also extremely interested in the development of Eritrea over the next years for exactly the opposite reasons as it's billed as one of the few potential success stories of Africa. Since Africa: I've enrolled at the University of Michigan for an articulated master's in Public Policy and Natural Resource Management. In fact, I just returned from a week in Ann Arbor --I was moving stuff from my folk's house, scoping out Ann Arbor, familiarizing myself with the campus and following up on the apartment I rented sight unseen. All I can say about the new pad in Ann Arbor is that it never occurred to me that I should inquire about the ceiling height of the place. Two of the three rooms have sloped ceilings -- I'm going to have to wear a helmet around the place. Here are my new address and telephone number: 114 N. Division Apt 11, Ann Arbor, MI 48104 (313) 998-1268." Katie supplied me with a later update: "I'm really happy at the University of Michigan and although the program is quite rigorous, I'm learning tons!! Ann Arbor is a great college town. I can't say I miss the heat of Arizona (where she had been living before the Africa trip)."

**Chris Roberts '91** (and his new wife Hannah) sent a holiday newsletter which I send along: "This year our twelve grandchildren graduated summa cum laude from the Sorbonne, our dog sea-kayaked up Mt. Kilimanjaro, and the two of us collaborated on a three volume anthology, 'Eschatological Haiku and Miscellaneous Love Poetry,' which was nominated for the Nobel Prize. Well...ok...actually, we don't have a dog. Nevertheless, this is our first ever annual Christmas letter. It has obviously been an emotional and wonderful year for us. We are happy to be together in a new city but miss our old friends very much. We hope you are all healthy and happy...Our big moment was getting married on August 2nd near Hannah's home in Yorkshire. It was as we had hoped it would be, the pay-off for many months of hope and planning. The service was worshipful and people seemed to enjoy the reception. Many of you were able to be there, which amplifies our joy, and we thank you for that. In the months before the wedding, Hannah began the year living in Oldstead and working on several projects. She was a gardener, an actress, and the production manager for a play that was touring Britain. She took a course in counseling. Chris began the year living in Baltimore and working as an editor for two web sites on the Internet. In May he began working in Washington DC, as an associate producer of Religion & Ethics NewsWeekly. You can watch the show in the U.S. most weekends on PBS television. The months before the wedding were kinda tough, to be honest. Except for a few jam-packed visits, we were apart. Corresponding over email, keeping busy with wedding chores, and trying not to be anxious about our future were the main themes. We should have been more patient and grateful, for now 'the future' has either arrived or is beginning to dawn and we are very fortunate. In mid-September, after the wedding and a few weeks dealing with immigration authorities, Hannah joined Chris in Washington. Now we live in a beautiful old apartment building surrounded by leafy streets and a view of the city skyline and the Washington Monument from each room. Our neighborhood is called Adams Morgan and lies between the National Zoo and one of the most colorful and delightful urban streets we have ever known. The shops and restaurants seem to be about 33% Ethiopian, 33% Hispanic and 33% far-out miscellaneous. Hannah has plunged into Washington life. She's played Cherrie in Daphne du Maurier's 'September Tide' with the British Embassy Players. She's been working part-time as a researcher for the Washington Center for International Studies. Their project--no joke!--involves a border dispute between Iran and the United Arab Emirates. She's also been doing an internship in dramaturgy at the Woolly Mammoth Theatre. Chris has been busy keeping pace with weekly television production. He is also rehearsing for his dramatic debut as a villager in the British Embassy's February '98 production of 'Mother Goose.' The villagers have seven songs to learn, so many evenings Hannah practices patience while Chris practices his music. We have four goals at the moment: first, Hannah would like for one of her projects to grow into a full-time job that she can really sink her teeth into. It would help a lot for her feeling more settled. Second, we need to find a good church. We're spending more and more time at our neighborhood house church, a book-store cafe congregation called The Potter's House, a branch of the Church of the Savior. It's a pretty radical place, with many opportunities to serve the needs of our city and with many demands on people like us who are able to give. We're moving carefully on that. Third, Chris is trying to figure out his long term vocational plans, and whether to prepare for ordained ministry or to maintain the journalism trajectory. Fourth, we need to spend more evenings at leisure. The best moments of married life have been low-key nights on the town with new friends or totally low-key nights at home with backgammon and ice-cream. Finally, many thanks to all of you for your love and support this year. We've had some difficult and exciting times and you've been good to us. Six months ago we owned our clothes and other university leftovers and not much else. Now we've got pots, pans, pillowcases, picture frames... all that stuff. Our household has risen, we're a new family, and we're launched at last. You are always welcome to hang out and visit us wherever we are: 2853 Ontario Rd. NW Apt #618, Washington DC 20009. (202) 234-9859.

**Eric Steadman '91** said a quick hello and invited me to the annual New Year's Party that is still being held at Tiff Bingham's in eastern Connecticut. He is back in DC at 2960 Newark St. NW 20008. (202) 966-8282. **Louisa Castrodale '91** sent a quick note to inform me that "I graduated from Tufts in May and have started working in a small animal clinic in Baltimore. Sort of terrifying and exhilarating at the same time." Her new address is: 2110-1/2 E. Fairmount Ave. Baltimore, MD 21231. (410) 732-4091. **Steve Bunyak '91** wrote this email: "Hi everyone! This will be a last email from my post at Marasco Newton Group's environmental consulting headquarters in Arlington, VA. Sasha (his wife) and I move to Chicago June 1 for her four-year residency in Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation at Northwestern's downtown Rehabilitation Institute of Chicago. I will stay on the MNG as a 36 hour/week teleworker and volunteer one day/week in a local school or community art organization. We're excited for the move and hope to see you all in Chicago during the next four years. Sasha and I both thank all of you for your love, friendship, and support during the Philly/DC phases of our lives. As we celebrate our one-year wedding anniversary on May 12, we will be thinking of how

blessed we are by our friendship with you. In our busy lives of 'on-calls' at the hospital and late nights working on reinventing environmental information strategies, we certainly don't take enough time to keep up with all the friends who mean so much to us, so we take this opportunity to say thanks and send our love. Hope you're all well and having some fun out there."

**Ben Harley '92** wrote that he has had some sort of life change, but I never found out what that was! His new email address is bharley@ibm.net. I wrote a recommendation for **Maggie Vining '92** who has been living in Austin, Texas for an internship with Outward Bound's Florida Special Program. It was a good excuse to catch up with her and to recall some FOOT memories. She wrote: "I just started a new job after an arduous interview process. I am working at the Darden Hill Ranch School, which is a residential treatment center for emotionally disturbed boys. The staff is made up of ex-marines and retired cops, so my supervisor didn't think a 'delicate flower' like me would be able to handle the boys, especially the bigger ones. After somehow convincing him that I could do the job without having to perform restraints, I am now working the most challenging job I've had to date. Yesterday we went hiking and that band of city-smart sex offenders transformed into a team of helpful, considerate boys determined to get everyone to the destination successfully. It was heartwarming, and confirmed my hunch that if we planned the right kind of challenging activities, there'd be less restraining going on. With this successful wilderness outing in mind, I am applying for an internship with Outward Bound's Southern Land Program. Unlike the other OB programs, this one serves kids who have been in some trouble with the law and youth-at-risk. I am interested in this because of my teaching experience last year. Although I managed to control my classes of 30 students and teach math well enough to improve our state competency test scores, I felt that something was missing. Test scores were very important to me because my performance as a teacher depended on them and as a 'low performing' school, we were in danger of being taken over by the state. But in the rush to test successfully, I lost some kids -- the at-risk and behaviorally and emotionally handicapped ones. Although I had some success, I felt like the classroom was not the best environment for communicating with these students. Personally, the challenges I have encountered in the mountains have taught me more about myself, and given me more confidence than doing well academically or socially." Maggie then described her FOOT experience in relation to what she was experiencing as a teacher: "The [FOOT] trip itself was all I had hoped it would be--streams, green, good food and no mishaps--though I would have been a better leader the next year. The trip started off with me falling off the edge of a narrow trail -- I was talking and walking backwards for some reason. I remember skinny dipping one evening and discovering that all our butts were covered in heat rash. I also remember the banquet we had, with fern frond table mats, grass crowns, and presents for each other. The trip created friendships that were kept for a long time but I don't remember exactly how it happened. Which is a good thing -- I don't think we forced anything. That year we had dinners at my house and the freshmen organized dinners in different dining halls and invited me and Seth. Sometimes I'd have lunch with Suzanne or Blake or someone else, just to talk how school was going, etc. I am still in touch with two of my freshmen. FOOT has followed me well beyond Yale, however. Last spring, I wrote a grant proposal for a 'FOOT' program at my middle school. I wanted to use 8th graders as leaders (accompanied by teachers) who would also act as peer tutors and role models the rest of the year. Some of the leaders would be at-risk students as well as many of the trip participants. Unfortunately, the money became tied up when the financial man in the Board of Education had a stroke, so I never did it. I also realized before I could start that kind of program, I would need some more training which would make it easier to get grant money from other sources. I would not have thought of this program had I not participated in FOOT. It has long been a dream of mine to be an outdoor education instructor, and FOOT was my first step in that direction, and this internship would be my big chance." I got a later update from Maggie which stated: "In November I returned from a straight 48 hour shift at the residential treatment center to hear a message: 'We hope to see you in Scottsmore, Florida on January 1 to start the internship with OB Florida Special Programs!' So here I am, in Florida, training to lead canoe trips for adjudicated boys and girls. It's an excellent program that I wish I'd known about while at Yale. The summer will be the real test down here--even in January a visit to the latrine is giving the mosquitoes an undefended feast. Anyone interested in this program should contact HIOBS and ask about the Florida program. I left Arthur (Laura Bradford's brother with 11 dogs--mine, his and 9 puppies. He's adjusting well to fatherhood, and as much as I like puppies, I'm glad to be missing the formative weeks." Maggie added that she sees **Laura Bradford '92** and **Todd Reisz '95** every once in a while and she hears that **Deb Blanchard '94** is in Austin. However, she wanted me to pass on a message to Todd that she is waiting for you to call her back!

**Seth Hawkins '93** wrote in that "it was the summer before my junior year I started thinking about medicine, largely in response to SOLO and my exposure to wilderness medicine. So I went up and got SOLO's WEMT the next summer. I'm sure I'm not the only person whose career choice was affected by their FOOT experience! Hope everything goes well up in New Haven. I decided on UNC-CH over Yale at the very end of the application process two years ago, and kept my spot open long enough to get info on MOOT, a Yale Med School outdoor orientation program modeled after FOOT. I still stay in close touch with a number of FOOTies: **Peter Braasch '95**, especially when he was down here in NC; **Edwin Choy '93**, now in his umpteenth year of MD/PhD at NYU; and **Jeremiah Scharf '93**, MD/PhD at Harvard. His long-standing nickname is 'Spoonface,' after a FOOT spoon game--I think it involved identifying people by hanging spoons off their nose." ('tis true) Seth also informed me that he is running a regional wilderness medicine interest group (Carolina Wilderness Medicine) and that he hopes to come back to Yale to teach the new leaders their medicine component someday...

**Jeremiah Scharf '93** is alive and well at Harvard. He wrote: "For the most part, life has been good. I am at Harvard Medical School in the MD/PhD program, in my fifth (of hopefully 8) years in the program. I am currently in the lab full time doing my PhD in Neuroscience working in a muscular dystrophy lab studying the genetic basis of a disease called spinal muscular atrophy (sort of like Lou Gehrig's disease but in infants). It has been hard work, but a great learning experience for me and one that will give me a good sense of what life in academics is all about. I must say that although I have always liked the outdoors, FOOT definitely set me off in the right direction. Once here at Harvard, I helped to organize the first FOOT at Harvard Medical School (called FEAT) and helped to teach the SOLO type course in wilderness medicine to the leaders. In addition to that fall trip, I also hiked Mt. Katahdin for

the first time in my life that summer, which was an experience I will never forget and hope to repeat soon. For any FOOTies in the area, the Chimney Pond Trail to the top (Cathedral Trail?) is the most spectacular I have seen on the East coast...I have been hiking away these past few years--a week in the Smoky Mountains in July '96 (amazing rhododendron and more rain that I have ever seen, plus a few bears)--I'd be happy to pass on good back-country recommendations to anyone interested in that area. At the end of that trip I stopped in to see **Seth Hawkins** and his wife Kelly Collings Hawkins in Chapel Hill. Seth is a second year at UNC med school and is doing well. August '96 brought me to the southwest and hiking in the Grand Canyon. I was hesitant at first about the tourism, but what an experience as long you start early in the morning!! What a feeling to slowly descend over millions of years of history into the earth, where every step gives you a new view, a new perspective on an incredible geological wonder. And finally, this past summer I spent a week in the Grand Tetons and Yellowstone National Park. Only dayhiking in both places, but my god, what incredible landscapes from the snow capped peaks of the Tetons to the boiling, steaming mud pits of Yellowstone and some great bison and moose along the way. I am scheduled to go to Australia next summer for a scientific meeting, but I hope to spend an extra week or two backpacking around the continent--if you or anyone you know have any must sees there, please let me know! That and a few day trips might be my last hurrah before going back to the hospital part of medical school, followed by a residency somewhere (maybe pediatrics? neurology? still way too early to tell) where I will definitely have less time to travel and hike. I have seen **Steve Kahn** '93--I believe he is now in Europe and is scheduled to do some medical work at Everest base camp this spring (you know Steve!) He will graduate from med school next June '99 after taking a year off." Jeremiah's address: 64 Francis St. Brookline, MA 02146. (617) 734-9101.

A short note from **Krista Longnecker** '93 informed us that "Like a jellyfish at sea, I am moving along: 19 Clay St. North Brunswick, NJ 08902 (908) 940-8507. **Paul Sabin** '93 is back in New Haven. His wife(?), Emily, is starting law school. Paul's writing his dissertation. He's at 281 Willow St. NH, CT 06511 (203) 787-3141. **Rachelle Lyons** '93 and **Burch LaPrade** '93 wrote that "all continues to go well here in the Oakland hills. We bought a house here a year ago and are loving being homeowners. There is always a project underway! Burch started business school at UC Berkeley in September and is really enjoying it. He continues to work full time for the Berkeley Police Dept., too, so he is very busy. After graduating from vet school, I opened my own equine practice. I have never had so much fun in my life! We hope that you and FOOT continue to thrive." **Perry deValpine** '93 sent news that he and **Jason Soll** '94 went backpacking together last September. "I had a good but somewhat overworked summer in Colorado and now fall back in Davis is going well. I had a fun visit with **Carrie Patterson** in Aspen. Aspen is 3 hours by car, but only 17 miles by trail from where I lived." **Jody Esselstyn** '93 married Jeff Aten last July 5th in Burlington, VT. Jody had been working for planned parenthood in Vermont. Now she is in New Haven at the Yale Nursing School getting a masters. I went to her wedding shower a year ago March along with **Blake Esselstyn** and **Meredith Forte**, both '97. I often see Jody jogging around town. Her new address is 853 Orange St. Apt 2 NH, CT 06511.

**Elizabeth Murdock** '94 wrote the following: "I've been in Leipzig, Germany since September where I have a position teaching English. Yes, that would be the former East Germany. It is simultaneously quite different from my previous experiences in Western Europe...and then not quite so different after all. And the real bonus is that the students are excited to meet and talk with people from America. Which just makes my job that much easier and more fun. (Always looking for a new forum for FOOT game!) Anyone thinking about heading this way should definitely look me up. (email is the best way: e\_murdock@hotmail.com) **Scott Walsh** '94 also wrote in: "**Jason Soll** called me today to tell me that he is no longer working at the wood products company in San Francisco, and that he is getting ready to head into the Southwest for some adventures. He's never been out there before and he sounds pretty psyched for the whole thing. Jason's number in San Francisco is (415) 285-3321. I am also starting to think about finding a new job, preferably with an environmental non-profit group, either in the Washington DC area, or in the Austin, TX area. I've been working for an environmental consulting firm for the past year and a half, and I'm starting to think that I; am ready for a break from the private sector. Email me if you have any ideas: scottw@jscinc.com. I heard that **Phil Mundy** '94 is back from Australia and will be teaching at a school in New Brunswick, NJ.

**Meg Wickwire** '94 sent us all news through her annual holiday letter: "December 1997: 'Tis the season again. Last year, I started out my annual letter with 'Greetings from Sunny Mequon!' Oh, the irony! Yes, for those who haven't heard, I have moved to Los Angeles. As I write this on December 14th, it's 70 degrees outside and, of course, sunny as always. Am I being cruel on purpose? No, I'm attempting to lure you out for a visit. Despite a few major drawbacks (mostly airborne) it is pretty here. Please call me if you are traveling westward! Last year at this time, I was a bit discouraged about my job search. Though tempted to do temp work and live with my parents for the rest of my life (not!) I chose instead to fight for an interview at every independent school I'd heard of and some I hadn't. Between February and April I traveled to Philadelphia, Seattle, Colorado Springs, Tampa, LA, Honolulu, Nashville and San Francisco. The first time I came to LA, I was visiting friends on my way to a San Francisco job conference. I stepped out of the airport with my luggage, looked at the greenish-tan sky, and said to myself, 'Thank heavens I'm only here for three days!' I got to know some wonderful people during my search in all corners of the country, but by March I was discouraged. No school had seemed quite like the right match. Past experience with the Cosmic Sense of Humor has taught me not to ignore any lead even if it involves something ridiculous like, for example, moving to LA. When a well-known school in that city called, I accepted the offer for an interview. With my luck, I reasoned, it will probably be perfect for me. Half-hoping I would find the school full of weirdoes, freaks, and disgruntled employees, I boarded another plane. The intellectually inquisitive teachers I met at Harvard-Westlake made a strong impression. So did the down-to-earth, dedicated administrators. Most notable, though, were the kids. They were obviously intelligent, but throughout the day I noticed myriad small signs that they were also genuinely polite, considerate, and good humored. When the school offered me a position teaching 7th and 9th grade English and Journalism, I gulped and accepted. I continued technical writing at a computer company in Milwaukee for the rest of the spring. It was challenging, interesting work, and I regretted having to



leave the incredible people who had been so supportive during my job search! I did leave, however; I had to make summer travel plans. Cooper (my dog) and I headed for Vermont in late June. Driving over the border from New York, my eyes filled with tears. Vermont, in its Spring glory, was as beautiful as I remembered! After a wonderful wedding at the Trapp Family Lodge in Stowe, we headed for Camden, Maine. I spent a few days catching up with relatives, then took the ferry to North Haven, an island off the coast. My uncle had kindly offered his cabin for a few days. Several people joined me for the weekend, including Ted and a good friend from Yale. We filled up on salt air and stunning vistas, then my friend and I headed south for a brief stay on Martha's Vineyard. It was as beautiful as I had heard, and amazingly peaceful. Finally, I headed to Boston for the wedding of another close college friend. At the Boston wedding, I bumped into Cathy Kim. An old friend from college, she was working in LA and looking for an apartment. Welcome to the Fairy Tale that is my life! I had dreaded the prospect of living alone in a new city. Cathy is a fantastic friend and roommate. After a few days at home in Wisconsin for another wedding, Cooper and I hopped in my Saturn station wagon and headed west. Driving to LA was a great way to make the transition. I arrived unscathed and spent a week in LA arranging the apartment, then flew to New York to stand up in the wedding of my college roommate, Mary. Thus ended my Summer of Weddings! (One more and I might have reported the epidemic to the CDC!) Back in LA, the work began. I was petrified the first day, but my fear soon faded before the daily challenge of lesson plans and student meetings. It wasn't until a month or so had gone by that I realized how right I feel teaching. I have a lot to learn, but I am lucky to have stumbled onto a career that matches my passions and interests so well. Many of you knew this all along; thank you for your nudges and your sincere advice. You were absolutely right! Though challenging, teaching is downright funny at times. Harvard-Westlake students are at once extremely bright and endearingly innocent. One day in seventh grade English, for example, Alan annoyed Marisa one time too many. She turned to him in exasperation and said, 'Alan, you're so--so--so prepubescent!' Alan looked stricken. Marisa immediately repented. 'Don't be offended, Alan,' she said cheerfully. 'We're all prepubescent.' But teaching middle school is challenging in some ways I never expected. It's grueling work, crowded with details, busywork, a stuffed schedule, and challenging personalities. Most jobs, though, involve all of those things. Teaching middle school, however, adds to that list the challenge of overcoming the adolescent logic system. It is no small accomplishment to maintain your composure when a room full of fourteen-year-olds tell you their grades are too low and you should grade more like Mr. So-and-so, and by the way, he doesn't ever give homework over the weekends, either. I am proud to say, I have perfected the art of maintaining my cool exterior while every cell in my body tells me to tick my thumb tip on my nose, waggle my fingers in front of my forehead, and make fart noises at everybody else in the room. For all the antics, though, this is one of the most rewarding jobs I have ever had. Middle school kids are inspiring. They are wonderfully honest, they work extremely hard, and they laugh in all the right places. Surviving adolescence is like navigating a tidal wave blindfolded; I do not envy their task! I hope this letter finds you in good health and high spirits as you enter the new year. May the holiday season bring joy, love and prepubescent humor to you all!" One of Meg's visits during her travels last summer was to me on the Vineyard. She and **Charlie Hale '94** (who also has a house on this island) came by for lunch. (see photo) Charlie is still working in Boston and trying to decide whether or not to go to business school. Meanwhile, Meg is at 1831 Prosser Ave. Apt. 309, LA, CA 90025.

**Ben Strauss '94** sent several emails which some of you may have followed. Ben had been living in DC and working at an environmental policy consulting outfit --Abt Associates--really a contractor to the EPA. He was planning a big trip and we were passing on advice. He even contacted some early FOOT leaders (which he appropriately called legends!) After tossing around the idea of traveling to South Africa, Ben decided on Asia. He wrote: "Switched to Asia for a number of reasons--a friend is traveling there, nostalgia for tropical forest--but do have a bit of a feeling I'm almost too late, especially with the fires. Would have loved to go to Sarawak, but obviously that's no good this year. I've made my decision (about grade school). I'm going to UW in Seattle for a PhD in ecology in the fall." Before Ben made up his mind he visited Chicago: "My first visit to U Chicago, was very auspicious, I must say--it put me in touch with FOOT roots. I had read in one of Cilla's magniloquent summer letters that a former FOOT leader, from before my FOOT time, **Kashka Kubzdela**, was in the program there, so I tracked Kashka down, and she helped me out a lot. We had brunch, and invited **Trex Proffitt**, who's at Northwestern, to join us, too--so I met two legends of the past who were only names on a page before...I highly recommend it. The FOOT spirit truly lives on in anyone who has ever played boppity-bop-bop-bop or tied a goofball." I believe Ben's new email address is bstrauss@clark.net or benstrauss@hotmail.com. I also got a brief message about **JP Pett-Ridge '94**. She got her master's from the Yale School of Forestry and Environmental Studies and now is heading for a doctoral program in Berkeley.

**Dan Filler '95** sent several cards over the course of the year (including one of the photos in the photo section). Dan had hiked the AT the previous year and was working in the North Face Store in Portland, Maine when he wrote: "Good news! I got a job as a wilderness instructor at the Hyde School, a private school in Bath, Maine. I'm very excited. I start towards the end of March. I will spend the first couple of months on campus, learning all about Hyde and the 'Hyde Philosophy.' The school follows a character-based curriculum. Come June, I will start leading trips. We lead trips mostly in Maine and the Whites. I'm a very happy boy. I recently heard from **Anne Egger '95** and **Kristen McDonald '95.5** who were traveling through SE Asia together. Both are very well. I hope all is well in New Haven." **Roger Levine '95** showed up last August in New Haven. He has started a PhD program in history at Yale. So we immediately put him to work as one of the alumni FOOT leaders on the AT support crew. It was great to have him back!! **Anne Egger '95** sent a short note stating that she was still in Bluff, Utah at P.O. Box 331, Bluff, Utah 84512. (email: annegger@worldnet.att.net) I wonder if she was evacuated during that big manhunt we read about in the paper! I recently read they have blocked access to the San Juan River!

**Josh Cott '96** wrote me from Charlottesville, VA where he will be at med school for the next four years. "I'm starting medical school here at UVa tomorrow (written August 25, 1997) and I'm a little overwhelmed by the big public University and all the promises of no respite from the insane courseload ('trying to take a sip from a firehose,' one dean called it). However, besides that

general unease, everything is terrific: I've moved into a nice apartment, with interesting roommates; the second year students are caring and have really encouraged us to get out and meet each other at orientation activities (no cool games though; people aren't quite silly enough, at least, not yet); the dean of students is a big fan of vacations and balancing schoolwork with avocations! This last thing is very promising. In fact, the only bad news so far is that there was a first-year outdoor orientation, but I never got the mailing for it! I was a bit upset, as you can imagine. It was pretty meager: one trip with 16 people total! I guess next year I'll have to lead a trip and see about expanding the program. It will just take a little more work now to find hiking buddies, but the Shenandoahs are only 1/2 hour away so it shouldn't be too hard. About now you are probably thinking, "but he graduated in '96..." Yes, I took the past year off from any sort of academics or responsibility so I could grow up a little and see a little more of the real world. My last chance to see things as a non-medical professional! In the fall I did some volunteering and waited tables at a restaurant in Boston...nothing too exciting, but I loved being able to read all the books I wanted and learn from life instead of professors. In the spring, I took my trusty new Subaru outback on a roundabout drive around the country. Needless to say, I had an extraordinary time. My favorite area, southern Utah, is dear to your heart too, I believe. We passed through Zion in gorgeous weather and watched a storm roll in from Angels Landing. The next day it snowed 18 inches in Bryce--it ain't so pretty when visibility is 50 feet! But down lower, on the Canyonlands side of things, it got nice and hot and gorgeous again. My favorite was really the new Grand Staircase-Escalante Monument Region--during the spring especially, it was gorgeous and there was practically no one there. I'm looking forward to doing some 4th year rotations out there so I can see what it would be like to live in the quiet of the desert. The quiet of the desert must sound good this time of year, right? I hope FOOT '97 goes off with nary a hitch. I think we had enough accidents my year for the next decade. In truth, the collection of accidents that last day in the Adirondacks remains one of my most cherished memories from Yale and FOOT. Not the accidents themselves of course, but our response: an unfortunate, but satisfying illustration of the newfound teamwork and trust in our group and even between groups. That and the memory of chasing the ambulance to the hospital with the random gatekeeper woman who played loud Bob Dylan and sacrificed a whole day to help us--there are still kind people out there. Ah, talking of FOOT makes me misty-eyed. What a great distraction from biochemistry! I hope this year is wonderful for you and that the FOOTies aren't too unwieldy (33 trips worth of parents--my goodness!)"

**Abby Benson** '96 reported that "I have been living in Cambridge, MA since December '96 working as a geologist for Arthur D. Little. It's the perfect job for me, as I get to go to the office half of the time, and spend the other half romping around out in the field. I travel a lot to exotic places like Kentucky and New Jersey, but usually manage a week home every now and then. I ran into **Sam Dyson** '95 on the street a while ago, on his apartment search in Cambridge. I also recently got a call from **Josh Kane** '96 who is living in Boston for the summer. Unfortunately, those are my only recent FOOT encounters! I would love to be having more!" Abby's email: benson.a@adlittle.com. I also heard from **Sara Heitler** '96 last summer who wrote: "Life here is good. I'm on vacation for a few weeks. In the fall I'll start as the Director of Admissions & Extracurricular Programs at the New Jewish High School of Greater Boston." Her email is sheitler@mcimail.com. I briefly saw **Rob Schonberger** '96 on the Old Campus during FOOT last summer. He brought me quickly up to date on things, but my shorthand notes might have the story a bit off. In any case, I believe that Rob was on Yale-in China but it wasn't working out, so he left and is now heading for Israel for a year of study in Jerusalem. Meanwhile **Kristen McDonald** is still doing Yale-in-China. **John Lozier** '96 posted this on the listserv: "Dear friends, Soon this cowboy will ride again, this time to the east again. But now, unlike the last two times I rode, I don't ride until I hit the big drink. That is as long as you don't call the Iowa River the big drink. This time I stop somewhere in the middle. Yes, medical school is calling, and though I'm not totally sure why I'd give up a generous salary, plenty of free time, great friends here in SF and beautiful California weather, there's something about this childhood dream that keeps me coming back to it. So off the Iowa I go. My mailing address will be 20 Olive Ct. Iowa City, IA 52246. Hope to hear from you all soon."

**Kathy Stroker** '96 wrote me with the news: "I just received my Peace Corps assignment and am very excited about it. I'll be going to Benin! It's a small country on the West Coast of Africa, inbetween Togo and Nigeria. I'll be teaching English to students in Benin's equivalent of the 7th, 8th and 9th grades. It sounds like a great assignment for me. Of course, the prospect of living there also tends to terrify me from time to time, but that's normal. My life out in California is still going very well. I actually just returned from doing a boat delivery from San Diego, around the Baja Peninsula and then into the sea of Cortez. And that was an amazing experience. Right now I am proctoring exams at the Law School at Berkeley. After that, who knows? I'll be out here until the middle of March, when I'll commence a drive back across the country with my boyfriend who has never seen much of the midwest or the east coast. In January I'll be hosting many Yale visitors--some alums but also two of my freshmen from when I was a freshman counselor. One of whom is now heading up FOOT--Lucy Schaeffer. I was thrilled to hear of her commitment to FOOT and I think that she will do a great job. So that's where I stand right about now. I'm researching Benin little by little. I'm looking forward to my first California Christmas and I'm missing all you east coast folk. I will certainly keep you posted on all Peace Corps developments."

**Ivan Kerbel** '96 sent a postcard with the following: "This picture (see photo section) was taken at a Habitat for Humanity work site at Thousand Sticks, KY (notice the FOOT eco-warrior T-shirt). **Sarah Fayen** '97 wanted me to mention to you that you can always spot the FOOT leaders by their headlamps. We are now in Kansas, having survived rabid dogs, railroad bridges, and many hills through Kentucky, Illinois and Missouri." Ivan had written me previously when he asked for a recommendation, "I am impressed by the degree to which FOOT was demanding, both physically and mentally. The leadership skills I gained when my FOOTies were miserable and drenched by downpours, when they had personal conflicts, albeit minor ones, or, most embarrassingly, when we were totally lost...cannot be compensated for anything I learned in the classroom. And I have found my home, my zone of comfort, in that setting --out-of-doors, in the company of others. I am proud of the things I accomplished at Yale --my senior essay, a fencing championship or two--but I draw upon FOOT leader skills more than anything else as I navigate through post-college life. My best Yale memories and my best Yale friends were made outside the school calendar and away from campus, as you already know."

Whether watching **Sam Dyson** (a very large man) wrestle **Rosemary Hutzler** '96 (a very small woman), or seeing **BC** (Brendon Connolly) '95 outjump the rest of us to catch a high-flying disk, or warming up some couscous with my very own excellent FOOTies, I was happiest, most aware of my surroundings, and most in touch with other people, during FOOT trips. I think that the environmental message, that these woods and rivers and animals are ours to preserve rather than waste, is an important one and also one which is not lost in the Yale-orientation aspect of FOOT."

**Emily Wilk** '96 showed up at my doorstep (literally!) and is now house-sitting in my New Haven house while she is working for some scientists on the Lyme Disease this summer. She has been in Tucson, AZ with **Dave Lambert** '95. Emily's plans are to apply to med school for next year. Dave is getting a PhD in biology from the University of AZ.

**Meredith Forte** '97 is down in Guatemala working on a project to address population and environmental issues in the Maya Biosphere Reserve region. She sent a fascinating newsletter about the region and project she is working on and with it a personal letter. From her letter: "Today we gave a presentation to 40 adolescents about AIDS, juvenile relationships, general reproductive health, etc. Several FOOT games came in handy---To All My Neighbors, Baby if You Love Me Give Me a Smile, Boppity-Bop-Bop-Bop--albeit in somewhat altered forms. Ice breakers are pretty universal. At the end of the day the group leader asked us to come out and help lead another session. It looks as though I will need to come up with some new games. Any suggestions? I would love to get my hands on a good book on leading group discussions with teenagers, especially at risk youth. Lessons learned from YSEC have also proven very useful over the past few months here. This is our first grassroots fundraising campaign. What do you think? I hope that this letter finds you happy and healthy. I have had a lot of opportunities to reflect on just how lucky I have been with my life." Meredith can be reached at Remedios/CIGT, P.O. Box 593478, Miami, FL 33159-3478 (email: l.grandia@conservation.org or grandia@gua.net) If you are interested in her project, ask her to send you her long newsletter--as I said, it was fascinating. They also have a wish list and a request for programmatic contacts with population and health organizations or ideas where they might raise money. Phone/fax is 011-502-926-1134. I heard that **Blake Esselstyn**, who was in Panama, last year, is now in Guatemala also working with Meredith.

I got a wonderful letter from **Luke Hanson** '97. Here are excerpts: "I received my copy of the alumni magazine today -- like a ghostly vision of September past Betty Trachtenberg greeted me from the cover, the ubiquitous cigarette eerily absent from her portrait. I don't know exactly how AYA tracked me down here in Chicago. Like the FBI they have ears everywhere and like the Mafia once you are in their club you can't very easily get out. I had planned to fly low below their radar for a few years if I could, at least until I could offer something in the way of news if not money, but then this afternoon in my mailbox sat their monthly missive and I knew they had got me...But still we are kept together by Yale. Tethered to New Haven through friendship and memory. And suddenly Yale, which was the source of so much change and confusion for us, has become the anchor keeping us from drifting away from each other. Made of a chain of memories that tells hundreds of wonderful stories -- some sad, some fun, some drunken, some utterly sober. I hold on to that chain now. Every few weeks when the sky turns dark, and now as the earth begins to darken and the leaves fall from the trees, I call up those friends and we share those memories and we put everything in perspective. And other times I might sit and flip those memories along, I count them like rosary beads in my head, I concentrate on each and try to bring out crisp detail so that I can have them forever... Asking the cabbie to take me from Tweed to Phelps Gates (or is it Phelps Hall on Gate Street, or is it Old Gate on Campus Street, or is it...) and then sharing a room with **Jesse Heitler** (who had worked with Robert Reich, a man who sounded vaguely political and important to me), and sitting up late listening to Jay Rabideau play guitar better than I had ever heard anyone play an instrument before. And getting on the bus next morning and going out with a dozen strangers, and being scared. And then spending six days in Vermont with Dave and Nina and David, with Kayla, Allison, Heather and JP and with Rob and Sara. And then coming back a week later, and not being scared anymore..." Luke later goes on to say, "The real reason I wrote was very simple. I wanted to say thank you. I can start by saying that nothing else at Yale taught me as much as I learned through FOOT. And I don't mean classroom stuff. I mean the important stuff that books, even when they are great famous books, are only imitations of. Lessons in leading, lessons in following. Communication, Cooperation. Yale is a wonderful place, but a pure experience of any of those things can be hard to come by. Ironically, all the book learning seems to get in the way. Everyone is always on their way somewhere and too rarely is it the same destination. But in late August there wasn't a flake of that. I could walk onto Old Campus in shorts and a T-shirt and not worry about books (for a while) and just bask in the wonderful people that I was lucky enough to be around. And that's how FOOT was --the great people that you always shared Yale with--but also the freedom to share parts of each other that there wasn't time for in November or February. And now looking back, that's what Yale was for me. All those people. And that's what FOOT was for me. So many great people. And so it makes sense that I will always remember FOOT people, and I will always think of FOOT as the greatest thing at Yale..." Thank you, Luke, for such kind words--and deserving of all FOOT Leaders.

Also from the class of 1997: Here's a great "it's a small world" story. Steve and I did a road trip over spring break this year--13 states with the dogs, mostly down South. On the way back we're driving in New Jersey on the interstate when my eyes fixate on the Yale sticker on the back of the car in front of us. I say, "Wouldn't it be funny if we knew that person?!" So I speed up to pass and get a good look at the driver, a low and behold, it's **Leah Angell** '97! Now, my first instinct is to run her off the road so I can say HELLO! but I restrain myself and fortunately for us all I notice in my rear view window that she has her blinker on and is about to pull off into the next gasoline stop. So I pull off too and pop out next to her as she parks--you can imagine the surprise on her face! Leah had been in touch anyway, so this was not a rare spotting of an endangered FOOT alum. But still... Leah has been teaching at the Peddie School in NJ. She had written earlier: "I saw your letter in the Yale Alumni Magazine and I knew I had to write you. I hope FOOT is going well. When I read your letter, all my FOOT memories came flooding back. I guess I have heard Dean Trachtenberg's speech to the leaders at least four times! I still keep in really close touch with **Brian Ching** '97 (who is in Montana working for NIH) and **Melissa Lee** '97 (who is a Yale Med School and heading MOOT (Medical School Outdoor Orientation Trips) this year). Both are

doing well. I can't believe I am a teacher. It's really hard work. Wow. The swim team here keeps me extremely busy too. I would love to see you again and talk all about teaching. I have learned a lot of lessons this year!" And then more recently: "I thought of you and other FOOT Leaders last weekend when I chaperoned a rafting trip on the Lehigh River Gorge. And wouldn't you know it? They put the first aid kit in my raft. The rapids were great, and I felt like a FOOT leader all over again. I didn't suggest Boppity-Bop-Bop-Bop, however. The kids might really start to wonder. I'll be in New Jersey all summer after going to England in June with another Yale swimmer, Malindi Davis. I'm taking a class at Princeton Theological Seminary on a grant from Peddie. I cannot wait to be a student again. Ha, let someone else grade papers." I have bumped into **Michelle Anderson** '97 who is living in New Haven working for LEAP, a program for inner-city kids. I remember Michelle saying she thought New Haven was a great town (not bad coming from a west coaster!) and here she is! Going back to **Melissa Lee**. I have been working with Melissa --FOOT helped MOOT get off the ground two years ago and each year now I advise the med students with their program which is going strong. I know **Jesse Heitler** and **Kayla Tabula**, both '97, are in Denver working on Jesse's website business.

News of 1998 graduates: **Leah Kelley** will be going to med school after a year's deferment (I believe, it's Emory). **Boots Kronman** and **Matt Stiebel** will both be going to Yale Med School. (Boots is also deferring a year). A recent bit of gossip also said that **Max Laurans** got in too. I am getting very suspicious about this FOOT-Medicine Connection. Is there a conspiracy growing? At least I want some good medical advice in my old age... I did acupuncture this past fall and it was terrific. Let's hear what you have to say about that! I just got a call from **Donna Tversky** who is in Stanford, CA.

Finally, more news of me: Last summer Steve and I went to Thailand, which was a fascinating trip but we were disappointed that the landscape has largely been developed. There are some wonderful sights and historic sites to visit, the people and food are terrific, but it is no longer the Shangri-La we were hoping to see. I worry about Asia in general, just read the newspaper. At New Year's we went to Dominica, a Caribbean island we found largely undeveloped and thus a great place to go. We did lots of hiking (one trip to the world's largest fumerole) and snorkeling. And as I said over spring break we traveled south by car mostly to Virginia and Tennessee. We ended up in DC for one night while Steve was awarded a conservationist award from the National Wildlife Federation. Our big news was that we almost moved to Wisconsin! Steve was offered a dean's job out there and there were lots of possibilities for me. I had a few frantic phone calls to Meg Wickwire (who is from that state), but in the end we decided to stay. Believe me, one of the hardest things for me to leave would have been FOOT. So meanwhile, it's back to Hopkins in the fall. I am also doing several high school orientations: Westover, Canterbury and now the Bryn Mawr School in Baltimore. I may be contacting some of you in the Baltimore area for a night of FOOT games! Some sad news is that Beecher, our Clumber, passed away, but we still have Sam & Willy.

So--as I say good-bye this year, remember to stay well and don't do anything I wouldn't do (which probably gives you lots of license!) Keep in touch. I now have my own email address: [priscilla.kellert@yale.edu](mailto:priscilla.kellert@yale.edu) but I am not hooked up while on the Vineyard so if you have a real urge to contact me this summer, you can still email me through Steve at [stephen.kellert@yale.edu](mailto:stephen.kellert@yale.edu). Or you can call: 508-693-8338 or you can write: P.O. Box 6042 West Chop, MA 02573. In August, I will be back in New Haven. You Can always contact me at home: 57 Edgehill Rd. New Haven, CT 06511 (203-865-9126) There's something wonderful about your letters--and I save ALL of them. I promise to upgrade the FOOT listserv when I get back (I admit I have been delinquent) so send in your emails if you want to be added to the list. Meanwhile, keep contributing to the FOOT Jason Karpf Scholarship Fund (checks payable to FOOT) in memory of our dear friend Jason. It is always greatly appreciated.

Now, back to the FOOT baby business. Remember, I mentioned something about that. Well, all you parents out there--if you send in a picture (I'm sure you must have one or two) and size & age, you will get a FOOT baby present. I promise you it is awesome. I know you are out there too--Liz, Kristin, Kashka, Karen, Michael, Paul, Tali--come one, share the news! Even if you have something coming in the future-but can't wait. Let me know.

We should start thinking about the next reunion trip. So if any of you have ideas, let me know. The raft trip down the San Juan was awesome last time. Please keep sending in news. I love to hear from all of you. I get sad when the MIA list grows. If you want addresses of other FOOT Leaders, drop me a note (aha--a trick to get you to write!) I do have a master list, this year arranged by location, so you can easily find the other FOOT Leaders in your area. Take care and stay well & happy.

OXOXOX Cilla