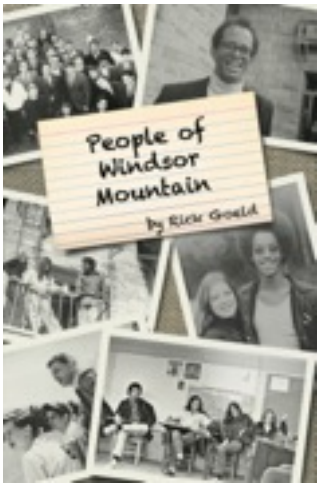

These are samples from Part 1: History

CHAPTER 1: BEGINNINGS (1920-1944)

WINDSOR'S ROOTS are in Germany. Max Bondy, born in Hamburg in 1892, was an educator. His wife, Gertrud, born in Prague, Czechoslovakia in 1889, was a psychoanalyst who had studied under Dr. Sigmund Freud.

During World War I, Max had served as a private and was decorated for injuries he had sustained. During and after the war, although committed to German ideals and culture, Max was deeply affected by the violence, cruelty, and hyper-masculinity he observed among German youth—behaviors that would later add fuel to the terrible fires of Nazism. Max and Gertrud decided to take a small step to counter this trend by opening a school with a friendly, family-like environment that would "educate the emotions."

In 1920, the Bondys founded a school in Bruckenau. In 1923 the school moved to Gandersheim, and moved again, in 1929, to Marienau. As the Nazis rose to power, the Bondys came under severe pressure to sell the school. In 1937, they sold *Schule Marienau* and opened *Les Rayons* near Gland, Switzerland. In 1938, they relocated to the United States. The school takes its name from Windsor, Vermont, its first American location. After an interim move to Manchester, Vermont, the school established its permanent home, in 1944, in Lenox, Massachusetts.

WINDSOR'S PHILOSOPHY is beautifully expressed in the many speeches, documents, and writings Max and Gertrud left behind.

From Gertrud's *What We Should Be,* published in the 1961 Windsor yearbook: "When I was a small girl, my father always said to me, 'Decency is self understood.' This is difficult to comprehend since there seems to be very few decent people. A truly worthy life starts only when decency is self understood. It is hard to understand that one does not receive praise for simple decency: whereas, one is not trusted and punished if he does not lead a good life. It is with the acceptance of this fact that the beauty of life begins and the path is clear for the attainment of true happiness."

From a speech by Max Bondy published in the 1964 Windsor yearbook: "The most important goal of our school is education towards living in a community. Everything has been done to find a role for each individual within the community. Every child has duties to perform which may require giving up personal comfort for the benefit of the community."

EUROPEAN ROOTS WENT DEEP. Many students considered Windsor to be a European boarding school transplanted onto American soil. Essentially, that's what it was.

Barbara Baruschke McCormick attended Windsor from 1958 to 1960. The Baruschke family played a key role in Windsor's early history.

"The Bondys were very close friends of my parents," she began. "My father, Harald, attended Gandersheim. Then, after graduating from *Schule Marienau*, he became Max's personal secretary. My mother, Hannele Collignon, entered Marienau in the mid-1930s. That's where she met my father.

"By then, the Nazis were breathing down Max's neck. They would not tolerate a school run by Jews. Max fought to keep the school open, at least until graduation. He succeeded, allowing Hannele to graduate, along with Annemarie, Gertrud's daughter." In later years, Annemarie would play a key role in progressive education.

"In 1937," Barbara continued, "Max was forced to sell the school, not to a Nazi sympathizer, but to a non-Jew. He took a huge financial loss. The school was re-established in Switzerland as *Les Rayons*. Many students, particularly those who were Jewish, moved with the school." In 1938, when the Bondys moved to the United States, Barbara's father remained in Switzerland as headmaster of *Les Rayons*.

Barbara, her sister, and both brothers were born in Switzerland. She smiled as more memories returned. "My mother told me she remembered Heinz, Max and Gertrud's son, as a little blond boy riding around the school on his tricycle." After Max's death in 1951, Heinz would become Windsor's headmaster, a role he would fill for twenty-five years.

Heinz Bondy at age 10 (1934)
photo from Carolyn Bondy / Bondy Family archive

Paula Brunner Abelow, now ninety years old, attended Les Rayons from 1938 to 1940. She recorded her family history, dating back to 1830, in a document called the Brunner Lieben Story. (http://joshuaabelow.com/paulabrunnerabelow/thebrunnerliebenstory.pdf)

Paula wrote: "We settled into our new lives in Switzerland, our parents sending us to a small coed boarding school called *Les Rayons* in Gland, on the Lake of Geneva…. The predominant language at the school was German…. [but it] was in the French part of Switzerland, so we had a native, Mr. Lyrer, teach us French. We also started learning English (British). Aside from summer camps, we had never been away from home. So the whole boarding experience was new to us, including the way the school encouraged freedom of expression…. *Les Rayons* even had a student government."

Later in the history: "[My younger sister] Alice and I took piano lessons there, continuing studies that we'd started in Prague…. Mademoiselle Sharon came once a week from Geneva to give private lessons to willing students. She gave recitals to the whole student and faculty body…. The school also furthered my lifelong love of Art…took us on a special trip to Geneva to view the paintings of the Prado Museum

[of Madrid, Spain], which were stored there for safekeeping during the war. Seeing original Velazquezes, Goyas, El Grecos and other Spanish artists was awe inspiring!"

Regarding food shortages: "Along with other students, I remember helping to plant a victory (or war) garden there, weeding the pathway, etc. Victory gardens were designed to help reduce food shortages caused by the war, which did affect us at *Les Rayons*. The father of one of the [local] students provided milk for the whole school.

"Other students were all refugees, too, from Germany, Austria, and Czechoslovakia. Some were Jews, but most of them were half-Jews, with one parent having been Jewish, but practicing Christianity.

"Although we children—as students—were allowed to stay in Switzerland, our parents could not, because of the country's ban on refugees. So, first they went to France, then decided it was too close to the action…. So they decided to try the United States." Traveling on visitors visas, her parents arrived in New York in December of 1938. Paula and her brother and sister joined them in March, 1940.

later in Chapter 1…

WINDSOR IN THE FORTIES

Glenn Dulmage, who passed away in 2012, wrote an email about his memories of Windsor. He attended Windsor from 1942 to 1950, spanning grades four through twelve. (Author's note: In the early years, the school included lower as well as upper grades.) One remembrance, from 1942, was about the Windsor tradition of playing classical music in the morning: "The entire school [twenty-three students] would gather in the Music Room where my aunt, Paula Thibault, would play a short piece on the piano. This would be followed by a short talk by a faculty member on a subject, usually World War II, of interest to the whole school. After this morning gathering, we would then go into the dining room for breakfast."

The Bondy family had strong connections to European patrons who helped the school financially. Glenn wrote: "among them were the writer Thomas Mann and the violinist Alexander Schneider, one of the early violinists for the Budapest Quartet. Alexander Schneider would come to school with a few other musicians and play for us. I, of course, was blithely unaware of the magnitude of this. Thomas Mann came from time to time to talk to us and read from his work. Again, I had no idea how much this would mean to me in my later life."

Glenn also wrote about "a lovely spring morning when headmaster Max Bondy, in a thick German accent, admonished the students, 'Ja, you have nicht to go in the buuushes,' hoping that that order would suffice to deter physical urges among the older students."

Glenn also remembered a polio epidemic that forced Windsor's 1943 summer camp to close. He was not infected, but three of his friends were stricken, one of whom died.

Chapter 2: Growth and Prosperity (1945-1959)
Chapter 3: The Golden Age (1960-65)
Chapter 4: Transition (1966-70)

CHAPTER 5: DECLINE (1971-1975)

It was a dark period in American history.

On May 1, 1970, U.S. troops invaded Cambodia. Just days later, four students were killed at Kent State University by National Guard troops. On May first one year later, massive anti-war demonstrations began in Washington D.C. Ultimately, twelve-thousand demonstrators would be arrested. In June, *The*

New York Times began publishing parts of the Pentagon Papers, which detailed military motives and blunders in the Vietnam War.

Fast forward one more year to June, 1972, the start of the Watergate scandal. Richard Nixon was re-elected later that year, but by early 1973 his administration was disintegrating, leading to his resignation in 1974.

And if that wasn't enough, in 1973 the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) imposed its first major embargo, sending shock waves through economies around the world.

It is accurate to call this the darkest period in Windsor's history—after all, it culminated with the school's closing. Some who were there have very negative memories. Others, though, were still able to derive great benefit from their experience.

First, the bad stuff:

THE SCHOOL TOOK TOO MANY AT-RISK KIDS

Because of declining paid enrollments, the school began taking, in Heinz's words, "Kids we probably shouldn't have taken. Some were too sick or violent." These were students funded by the Massachusetts Division of Youth Services and other state agencies. States were happy to send their problem children to Windsor or any other boarding school that would take them. Sadly, the cost of boarding school was less than it was to hospitalize or incarcerate them. This is not to say the entire student body consisted of mental patients and criminals. Heinz was careful to point out that "the other students were the same as before."

In the mid-forties, the first few years in Lenox, the school had about fifty students. In 1973 the school had two-hundred-sixty-five students. Windsor was no longer small enough to maintain the Bondy vision of a friendly, family-like atmosphere.

Maurice Eldridge: "We took more at-risk kids than the balance of the student population could sustain. The balance tipped too far." He remembered a state-sponsored student from Boston who "was pretty scary. I walked him from campus into Lenox, and made sure he got on the bus back to Boston."

Lee Goldberg (1970-73): "Heinz and Gertrud took chances on some kids. Most of the time they were right, and it positively influenced many kids. But some only stayed a few weeks. They were harmless, but they needed real mental hospital care. Still others used the freedom to just party all the time."

Forrest Tead (1974-75): "There was one student I was afraid of. He claimed he'd stabbed someone to death, and gotten caught, and that's why he was at Windsor. That same guy broke into a Lenox music store and stole a bunch of expensive guitars."

DRUGS AND STEALING BECAME MAJOR PROBLEMS

Heinz Bondy: "In the seventies, we were not able to control the drugs. We used to have almost no stealing at the school. Once the drugs came, stealing increased dramatically."

Forrest Tead: "My first day at Windsor, in September, 1974, my dad and I went to a local hardware store to buy a lock. The clerk asked us what school I was going to. When my dad answered 'Windsor,' the clerk laughed and said 'there's no lock you can buy that's gonna keep your son's stuff safe.'" Forrest also noted that even though there were problems, his overall experience at Windsor was positive.

Dave Porta related a story he said Heinz often told (Author's note: Other alumni related the same story): "There were a lot of parents who just wanted to put their kid somewhere. Oil millionaires, movie stars, broken homes, etc. During Watergate, John Ehrlichman called, and asked Heinz if Ehrlichman Jr. could be accepted mid-term. Heinz asked: 'I don't see why not, unless...he's not on heroin, is he?'America had just gone through a big middle-class suburban heroin epidemic a year or so earlier. It had hit Windsor hard. Ehrlichman replied: 'I dunno. Lemme go ask him.' Ehrlichman never came back on the phone."

later in Chapter 5, student stories…

Students who attended during this period have a mixed bag of stories, both of their Windsor experience and their lives after Windsor. Sadly, too many fell victim to the bad stuff, and died too young. The following stories reflect those troubled times. Some are inspirational; all are instructive.

Lee Goldberg offered a very balanced perspective of his Windsor experience: "It was life-changing and life-saving. Despite the flaws and less wholesome aspects of the school, it provided a safe haven for me to find myself and get an education that prepared me for an exciting, productive, and occasionally enlightening life. The old guard teachers were there. People could still excel in class if they wanted to. The Windsor community had a large core of good, intelligent and compassionate people (students, faculty, and staff) whose social codes, activities, and life goals helped inspire and guide me. The school's social structure, if not perfect, provided a good lab in which to test and refine my ideals.

"I also understand that I was one of the lucky ones for whom the school's positive aspects far outweighed its darker influences. This was not the case for several of my friends, including at least one who killed himself shortly after leaving the school, and another who chose an untimely exit in early adulthood. Many of my other friends graduated and had various levels of success in overcoming their experiences with the drugs, teacher-student fraternization, and other common hazards of the social environment at Windsor."

Lee related memories of Sunday mornings in the Main House: "One of the teachers would set out a brunch, a copy of *The New York Times,* and play classical music. There were discussions and chess games. In the middle of all the craziness, there were people who were smart enough to take advantage of things like this."

One of those red diaper babies, Lee's family found Windsor through the progressive network. In Lee's case, his parents knew the Vedro family, whose son, Steve, another red diaper baby, had attended Windsor in the sixties and gone back to teach there in 1971. Lee took Steve's Film and Media class, and remembers him as an excellent teacher who "got us so excited" that he (and others) often stayed late to talk, which caused him (and others) to be late to the next class.

Lee credits Steve as the person who inspired him to go into electronics. Lee expected a full-fledged counterculture to emerge, and studied electrical engineering, in part, to have the technical tools to help support it. The full-fledged counterculture never emerged, but Lee has had a successful career as an engineer, entrepreneur, technical writer, editor, and publisher. He cherished the years he spent at RCA working on the Mars Observer, which was launched in September, 1992. "It satisfied my need to work on something that was technical and also involved the planets and the universe." He also spent six years as editor for communications at the well-regarded *Electronics Design* magazine, happy to have "a front row seat from which to watch a few technology revolutions."

Still very interested in technology and social/environmental issues, Lee is now a free-lance writer, editor, and speaker. He, his wife, and daughter live in Princeton, New Jersey.

Charles Parriott attended Windsor from 1969 to 1971. Like many Windsor students, Charles came from a negative home environment. As a child, he was, in his own words: "a dark and negative person." Searching for something, he found it at Windsor in Gerald Hausman's creative writing class. Gerald remembers having to find innovative ways to get Charles, then a fifteen-year-old, to complete assignments. "If you write a finished piece," Gerald would tell him, "then you don't have to come to today's class." Gerald's strategy was to get him interested, get him to "nibble the bait," and then "set the hook." Charles was hooked, beginning with poetry, and later moving on to short stories.

Charles was not immune to the problems at Windsor. He remembers drinking and doing drugs, but was never addicted. He also remembers saving two classmates who had overdosed on heroin.

Charles believes that his Windsor experience shaped his adult life. Jan "Gerdi" Wiener, the Czech freedom fighter who taught at Windsor from 1965 to 1975, was another major influence. Charles remembers him being "always on my case—every single day. He was very critical, but also very encouraging." Charles's relationship with Jan and Jan's wife Zuzana sparked an interest in Czech culture. Jan encouraged Charles to visit Prague, calling it the world's most beautiful city.

After graduating in 1971, Charles continued writing, but wanted to move towards visual arts, specifically glass sculpture. He studied at the California College of Arts and Crafts, and later at the internationally known Pilchuck Glass School in Stanwood, Washington. In 1978 he co-founded the Glass Eye Studio in Seattle. His ongoing interest in Czech culture, and in particular glass sculpture, lead to a major opportunity. In 1981, he met the famous Czech artist Stanislav Libensky. In 1985 he was awarded an IREX (International Research and Exchanges Board) grant, which allowed him to study with Professor Libensky at the University of Applied Arts in Prague. Charles, well known and respected in the world of glass sculpture, still lives in Seattle.

Later in Chapter 5, Gerdi and Zuzana Wiener's story…

Jan "Gerdi" Wiener was another faculty member who stepped up, but that would understate his accomplishments, which were far greater than what he did at Windsor.

The family name Wiener literally means someone from Vienna—the city is called Wien in German. Gertrud Bondy's maiden name was also Wiener. Jan's father was Gertrud's brother, so he was both Gertrud's nephew and Heinz's cousin.

Jan's parents were Czech-German Jews born in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. They had lived in Prague, but moved to Hamburg, Germany to facilitate Jan's father's import-export business. Jan was born in Hamburg in 1920. His parents nicknamed him Gerdi, a diminutive of his middle name Gerhard.

In 1933, as the Nazis gained power, the family, including older brother Thomas, returned to Prague. In March, 1939, when Germany overran and occupied Czechoslovakia, Jan, his father, and his step-mother fled to Yugoslavia. His mother and grandmother stayed in Prague. Fortunately, Thomas had received a scholarship to attend Harvard University, and had left the country just one month earlier. Jan and Thomas would not see each other again for almost 20 years (1939-1958). (Author's note: Thomas become a Professor of Linguistics and taught at Harvard University, the University of Michigan, Sorbonne (University of Paris), and Brown University.)

On Easter Sunday, 1941, Germany attacked Yugoslavia. Jan and his father were caught in an air raid. Although neither was hurt, their village was surrounded. Jan's father decided to commit suicide, considering that more honorable than dying at the hands of the Nazis. Jan stayed with his father and step-mother as they ended their own lives.

He then made his way into fascist Italy, where conditions for prisoners were understood to be less harsh than in Germany or Czechoslovakia. Perhaps the worst part of his trip was a train ride to Genoa. Using his belt, Jan attached himself to the underside of the train, and for many hours was soaked with excrement from a toilet drain just above him.

In Genoa, he was captured and spent the next year in prison, after which he escaped, was recaptured, and spent more time in prison. During his last stay in prison, he received word, through the International Red Cross, that his mother and grandmother had died in Terezin, the German concentration camp.

In the fall of 1943, as Allied forces advanced in Southern Italy, Jan and friends escaped from yet another prison, made their way through enemy lines, and connected with British troops. Finally free, he made his way to Britain and fought the Nazis as a navigator in the Royal Air Force's Czechoslovakian 311th Bomber Squadron.

After the war, he returned to Czechoslovakia, which became a Soviet satellite in 1948. The Communist regime began persecuting those they considered "unreliable." Jan, who had fought alongside a Western government, was accused of spying and harboring pro-Western sentiments. He was sentenced and served five years (1950-1955) in a prison camp. After his release, he taught English at the Research Institute for Higher Education in Prague.

How Jan came to teach at Windsor is another fascinating part of his story. I was able to speak with Zuzana, Jan's third wife, whom he married in 1963. The Bondy family was well aware of what Jan had been through. Zuzana said that Gertrud Bondy appealed to Eleanor Roosevelt to intervene in Jan's behalf. Carolyn Bondy confirmed this, adding that Heinz also pursued the case with Senator Ted Kennedy. The political influence worked. After a thorough interrogation, Jan and Zuzana were allowed to come to the United States for one year, on the condition that if they did not return, they would never see Jan's sons (from a previous marriage) again.

The couple traveled by ship, arriving in New York City in December, 1965. Gertrud sent a car to get them. The reunion in Lenox, combined with the celebration of Christmas, was a moving and joyous occasion, reuniting family members who hadn't seen each other in decades.

At Windsor, Jan taught history and cross-country skiing. In his Twentieth Century European History course, he often spent the Friday class relating his own personal experiences. Zuzana taught Russian and dance; and the couple became dorm parents in the Main House.

After their year was up, the couple decided to stay in the United States, and the Czech Communist regime revoked their citizenship. Fortunately, both sons were able to come to America. (Author's note: In 1968, Senator Ted Kennedy helped bring one of Jan's sons, and Zuzana's brother Peter and his wife Mila, to America.)

When daughter Tanya was born in 1970, the couple moved to a house in Lenox, but continued to teach at Windsor. Jan was appointed Head of the History Department, and later Dean of the Faculty. He and Zuzana taught at Windsor until the school closed in 1975, the same year their son Joe was born.

Many alumni and former teachers have wonderful memories of them.

John Campanella remembers sitting in awe as Gerdi told stories of his narrow escapes from Nazis and Fascists during World War II.

Maarit Linna (1968-70) remembers him as strict, "old school," and particularly opposed to cursing. "He said that he 'saw shit' whenever he heard the word 'shit.'" Maarit remembers him talking about cursing in an assembly. She believes that his efforts actually reduced the amount of cursing on campus.

Ann Aoki (Shelley Winograd, 1969-72) has wonderful, touching memories of the Wieners. "Zuzana and I embroidered a sheepskin bunting for baby Tanya. We worked on it together. I felt so accepted—that the sewing I did would be part of the baby's things. Another time, she gave me a traditional Czech garnet bracelet that was a family heirloom. When Gerdi died, I gave it back to her. I felt that it belonged in her family. They taught me how to be human. They were very special to me."

Gerald Hausman remembers a year he and wife Lorry, and the Wieners, were dorm parents in the Main House. The Hausman apartment was at one end; the Wiener apartment was at the other end; and sixty teenage girls lived between them. The couples became instant friends. Gerald considers Gerdi's influence a major factor in his recovery from his motorcycle accident, which had resulted in twelve compound fractures between his right knee and ankle. "I was shattered," Gerald said. "Gerdi rebuilt me psychologically." Gerdi also insisted Gerald attend his exercise classes. "I quit two or three times," Gerald remembers, "but it became an essential part of my therapy."

the Wiener family story continues…

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This is a sample from Part 2: Student Stories

In the book *Preparing for Power*, the authors describe prep schools as "hard places, where literally from dawn to dusk each person's life is so regulated that freedom must be won by stealth." They note that "most boarding school students come from homes where achievement is highly valued, even venerated." Pressure from their parents, piled on top of a pressurized school atmosphere, results in "few mercies for the weak or inept. From the cradle, most prep school students are told to 'be somebody,' few are told 'just be yourself.' Pressure on these students is relentless…. The pressure to get into the right college can be excruciating for many of these young people. While they are taught cooperation, they learn competition…. We began to see boarding schools as crucibles, from which some students emerged as tempered steel and others were simply burnt to a crisp. Life in the 'total institution' is demanding, even a little frightening to some students, and there is, in the words of one student, 'no place to hide.'" (Kindle location 353)

Later in the book, the authors note that "most prep school students have shiny, well-combed hair, are trim, healthy, and at least reasonably attractive." (Kindle location 1086) They also state that "Boarding school students have a high degree of both self-esteem and efficacy. Most students strongly agree or agree with such questions as 'I am a person of worth,' and 'When I make plans, I am almost certain I can make them work.'" (Kindle location 1247)

These comments describe elite prep schools. Windsor was nothing like that. It admitted all kinds of students; only a small minority came from privilege. Most were in some way misfits or damaged. Some were orphans. They came to Windsor to be educated, for sure, but they also came to be understood, nurtured, and in some cases, healed. The ones that were lucky "learned how to live" and went on to be functional, successful adults.

The stories that follow are about students, or groups of students, who experienced Windsor in ways that somehow changed their lives. Some stories are uplifting; others are tragic; all are informative.

CHAPTER 11: THE AFRICANS

Many Windsor alumni assume that Heinz Bondy "imported" a group of African male students in order to win a league soccer championship. In 1962, Windsor did indeed win a soccer championship with the help of some very good African players. But the story of how and why the Africans came to Windsor is much more than that.

In any society, there are parents who seek a better education for their children. Often, what they want is a classic European-style education. During the twentieth century, parents in developing countries had two choices: either establish local schools, or send their children away, most often to schools in the United States or Western Europe.

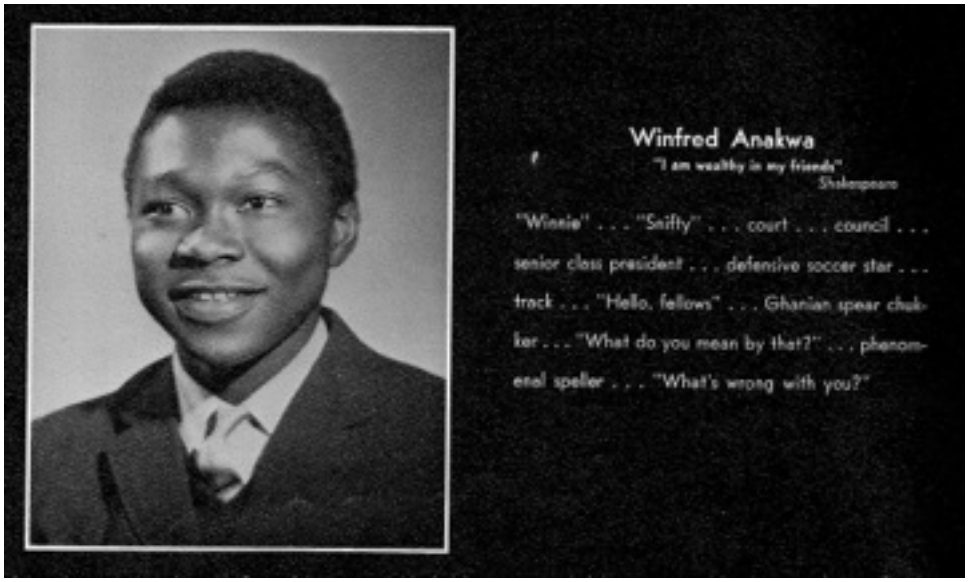
In the 1950s, American schools began recruiting more black African students. For some schools, it was a token attempt to be seen as liberal. For truly progressive schools, it was a natural extension of what they had always done. Windsor was one of those schools. Buxton, in nearby Williamstown, Massachusetts, was another.

Buxton was founded in 1928 by Ellen Geer Sangster, a pioneer in progressive education who took a particular interest in the development of African students. Ms. Sangster died in 1985, but I was able to contact Bill Bennett, currently Buxton's Director Emeritus. Bennett taught and served as Director and Co-Director at Buxton for a span covering more than forty years.

"Ms. Sangster often visited Ghana, Liberia, and other countries in West Africa," Bennett said. "At one point the government of Ghana asked her to establish a creative writing program, which she did, funded

with her own money." Between 1966 to 1972, Sangster published six anthologies of creative writing by Ghanaian secondary and college students. In 1978 she published *A Grain of Mustard Seed: Memories of Eight Decades*.

Winfred Anakwa is one of the Ghanaian students who attended Windsor from 1961 to 1963, the same years I was there. He and I were friends—not close friends—but friends nonetheless. I interviewed "Winnie" at his home in Peoria, Illinois, where he lives with his beautiful wife Dorothy. We had not seen or spoken to each other in more than fifty years.



Senior photo from the 1963 yearbook

"In the spring of 1961," Winnie began, "Ms. Sangster came to my school to identify students who could come to the United States." Winnie was attending the co-educational Achimota School in Accra, at that time considered the best secondary school in Ghana. "She didn't select me or any of the others. Actually our headmaster selected us, based on who he thought would do well in the United States. He selected students from different regions of Ghana. We were all from middle-class families. Ms. Sangster interviewed each of us individually. It was kind of an 'out of the blue' opportunity."

Buxton, Windsor, and Stockbridge were, at that time, the three most prominent progressive boarding schools in the Berkshires, and their headmasters communicated frequently. Heinz Bondy, who years earlier had established an African Students Fund to raise money, requested that Sangster identify four students for Windsor. Heinz Maeder, a former teacher at Windsor who had founded the Stockbridge School in 1948, requested two students. Sangster wanted two students for Buxton.

Of the eight students Achimota's headmaster identified, only seven came to the United States. "One student's parents decided to send him to England instead," Winnie said, "so Stockbridge only got one student." The seven were all in the third form of Achimota's British system, the equivalent of tenth grade in an American high school. That way they could spend two years in the American school.

"All seven of us flew together on Pan American Airlines," Winnie said. "We landed on September 4, 1961, at Idlewild [now John F. Kennedy International] Airport in New York. Ms. Sangster and another teacher met us and drove us into the city, where we stayed at a hotel for one night. We were struck by how big the city was. We took a subway ride, and a boat ride around Manhattan. We saw the Empire State Building." It was an eye-opening experience for the African teenagers.

"At dinner," he continued, "there was half a chicken for each of us!" Although not spicy enough for Winnie's taste, "it was enough to feed an entire family in Ghana!" He also remembers Ms. Sangster leaving a tip on the table, and one of the students, thinking it was a mistake, picking the money up and giving it back to her.

After their city adventure, the group drove north, spending two nights at Sangster's farm in Petersburg, New York before moving on to Buxton. They spent a few days there, acclimating and getting some orientation. When the school year began, two students remained at Buxton; one began classes at the Stockbridge School; and the remaining four—Winnie, David Knight, Cadman Mills, and Sam Oklu—began classes at Windsor.

"It took us a while to get used to the food and cold weather," Winnie said. "The first time I saw snow, I thought it was insects falling down." He remembers that Heinz and Ms. Sangster helped them purchase gloves, sweaters, and other heavy clothing, to supplement the lighter wear they had brought from home.

Many teachers and students befriended the Africans. Winnie remembers spending Thanksgiving and other holidays at John Winter's home in Westchester County, New York. He and John, who attended Windsor from 1959 to 1963, have remained in close contact. He also remembers he and Cadman spending a holiday with Peter Roeper at the Roeper family home in Detroit. Peter, who attended Windsor from 1962 to 1964, is the son of Annemarie and George Roeper, co-founders of the Roeper School; he is also Heinz's nephew; and he was the goalie on Windsor's soccer team.

Peter offered insight into how the Ghanaians acclimated to American life. "It was, in a way, scary for them," he began. "I remember our train trip to Detroit. Winnie, Cadman and I were traveling together. That particular train always had lots of Windsor students traveling to Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago. I could only find two seats together, so I told Winnie and Cadman to take those seats, and I would sit somewhere else. Winnie and Cadman insisted that I not leave them alone. The three of us ended up sitting in two seats for the entire trip—12 hours, I think."

Another challenge was getting used to American humor and communication styles. "Students had fun with us," Winnie said. He was often called "spear-chucker." David Knight—who was tall, handsome, and liked to dress up—was called "penthouse playboy" and "Black Star." "But we knew it was all in fun," Winnie added. He commanded enough respect to be elected Senior Class president. He also served on both the Student Court and Council.

As noted previously, interracial dating was common at Windsor. During their senior years, Winnie had a relationship with Connie Bieringer, and David had a relationship with Connie's best friend Linda Katz. They hung out together, and "turned heads" when walking together in Lenox and Pittsfield.

When I told Winnie that many alumni thought Heinz had specifically requested excellent soccer players, he laughed. "None of us played varsity soccer at Achimota," he said, noting that virtually every African boy grew up playing soccer. At Achimota, Winnie had been a track star. John Winter remembers Winnie running the one-hundred-yard dash in 9.9 seconds while at Windsor. Later, as an undergraduate at Brown University, Winnie ran a 9.7, just a half-second off the world record at the time.

Although the Africans were good friends and excellent students, most alumni remember them as exceptional soccer players. And the four Ghanaians were not the only Africans to play on Windsor's championship team. Windsor had also accepted a number of students from Kenya.

Other New England boarding schools had African students who played soccer. For example, Wilbraham, a large Massachusetts school that was league champion in 1961, had students from the Congo. But the number of black Africans on the Windsor team raised some eyebrows. Wendy Serbin Smith remembers one opposing team being "taken aback when they saw how integrated our team was." Of the nineteen players on Windsor's championship team, four were from Ghana, four from Kenya, one from India, one from Japan, and nine from the United States. Windsor was, at the time, the smallest

school in total enrollment to ever win the Western New England Preparatory School Soccer Association championship.

This excerpt about the team appeared in the 1963 yearbook: "Singled out for special praise were co-captain George Otieno of Nairobi, Kenya, whom coach [Heinz] Bondy described as by far the best high school soccer player he has ever seen—an opinion concurred in by most opposing coaches—and [co-captain and goalie] Peter Roeper of Detroit, Michigan, who although playing his first season of soccer allowed only six goals to be scored against him [in ten games]—three coming on almost-impossible-to-stop penalty kicks. Winfred Anakwa was the team's outstanding defensive player, and David Knight its high scorer with twelve goals."

Each player brought something different to the team. Forward George Otieno was both agile and muscular—so strong that opposing players who got in the way of his screaming shots were sometimes lifted off the ground by the impact. Peter Roeper used intelligence and athleticism to overcome his lack of formal soccer experience (Author's note: Peter told me that his goalie skills came, in part, from playing dodgeball as a child). Knight was a quick and agile forward. Anakwa, a middle-fielder, was fast enough to help the attacking forwards, and when necessary to fall back to help defend the goal.

The other Ghanaians also contributed. Cadman Mills was a forward, and Sam Oklu was a defenseman. Oklu in particular is remembered for his wild charges, with arms flailing and legs churning. When he finally reached the ball, he would kick it with a loud shout of "Oon-so!" After a while, Windsor students watching would shout along with him.

The 1963 yearbook shows that all four Ghanaians graduated, as well as three of the five Kenyans, including George Otieno. Sadly, little is known about the Kenyan's lives after Windsor. I was able to determine that Otieno played soccer for Akron University. Attempts to contact any of the Kenyans have been unsuccessful.

The Africans continues…

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This is a sample from Part 3: Faculty Stories

In the broad spectrum of educational careers, teaching at a boarding school is a narrow and unique niche. Public school teachers overwhelmingly have unions to protect them and negotiate for them. College professors (theoretically) have the opportunity to achieve tenure. Boarding school teachers have no union support, no form of long-term job security, and are typically paid less than equivalent positions in public schools.

So why do some boarding school teachers love their jobs? The simple answer is, for many, the positives far outweigh the negatives.

The biggest positive is a love of the educational and social environment. In class, boarding school teachers work with small groups of generally motivated and well-behaved students. They also get to interface with those same students all day, every day, seven days a week, during extracurricular activities, field trips, over meals, and in various casual settings. The ability to influence children during the years they grow into young adults is, for some teachers, a priceless opportunity. Strong bonds are formed—some of which become lifelong friendships.

Beyond the environmental aspects are a handful of financial benefits, which are most often free or subsidized housing and meals, and the ability to educate one's own children for free or at a greatly reduced cost.

But teaching at a boarding school is not for everyone. The all day, every day, seven days a week life means that one is never off duty. If you are a live-in house parent, you have taken on the very serious responsibility of a bunch of teenagers. Finally, your long-term job security may rest on the whim of a cranky headmaster, or on what is being said about you on the faculty grapevine.

The book *Preparing for Power* labels this arrangement a "unique financial partnership." The authors, in analyzing boarding school life in the fifties, sixties, and seventies, wrote: "Without the indirect subsidy that teachers provide to parents by working for pay that is only slightly above the minimum wage, the tuitions at most schools would probably have to double to meet the schools' running expenses…on balance, the relative impoverishment of boarding school teachers is what, in the end, balances the boarding school budget." Articles on various websites indicate that this situation still exists today, albeit in varying degrees at different schools.

The quality and dedication of its faculty is a huge part of any boarding school's success. Windsor was no different, and was blessed with an excellent core group of teachers. Many taught there for a decade; some taught for two decades or more. In this section, I have tried to include teachers whom I think had the most impact on students for the longest periods of time. (Comments about Maurice Eldridge, Jan and Zuzana Wiener, Gerald Hausman, and Carolyn Bondy are in Chapters 1-7.) I'm sure I've omitted some excellent teachers. For that I apologize, but I couldn't include everyone. Further, even the best teachers do not connect with every student. I have included what I consider to be relevant comments, both good and bad.

CHAPTER 17: THE MUKHERJEE FAMILY

In doing research for this book, I had the pleasure of interviewing Sushil and Gourie Mukherjee's son, Ronendra—Ron—who graduated from Windsor in 1963, the same year I did. Sushil passed away some years ago, but I was pleasantly surprised to see Gourie, ninety-one years young, smiling as I entered the family home in Freehold, New Jersey. Unfortunately, she is suffering from Alzheimer's disease and was not able to join my conversation with Ron.

Gourie and Sushil Mukherjee

Their story is unique and fascinating.

Sushil was born in 1917 in Madras (now Chennai), India. As a young man, he established himself as both a musician and one of India's leading modern artists. In 1953, he received a Smith-Mundt grant to

spend a year at the University of Wisconsin as professor and artist-in-residence. After that, he returned to India and established an art-oriented learning center at the Lawrence School, where Ron was a student.

In the late fifties, Sushil met Hans Maeder, who was traveling in India. Maeder had been a teacher at Windsor for a short time before establishing the Stockbridge School in 1948. Hans was impressed enough to invite Sushil to teach at his school, with funding provided by a Fulbright grant. In 1960, Sushil came to the United States; Gourie and Ron remained in India. After a year at Stockbridge, Sushil was ready to return, but fate interceded.

Heinz and Gertrud Bondy had become acquainted with Sushil and his work. They saw the unique talents he could bring, and invited him and Gourie, a psychology teacher, to join the faculty. Sushil and Gourie began teaching at Windsor in 1961, and the family was reunited.

I thought that Sushil had taught continuously at Windsor for the next thirteen years, but during a follow-up phone call, Ron told me what really happened.

"Back then," he began, "the immigration law was very strict. India's quota for Exchange Visitor visas was only one hundred per year. In fact, the law was very racist. My father and mother were told they had to go back to India. I was on a student visa, so I could have stayed." At the time, Sushil was friendly with Silvio Conte, the U. S. Congressman who represented Western Massachusetts. Conte was, in Ron's words, "a great man." Outraged by the situation, Conte introduced a bill that would have allowed Ron's parents to stay, but the bill died in committee. "In 1966, my parents had to return to India." (Author's note: significantly, Congressman Conte was guest speaker at Windsor's June, 1966 graduation ceremony.)

The existing law, the Immigration Restriction Act of 1921, established quotas that strongly favored the immigration of whites from Northern and Western Europe. Bills had already been introduced in Congress to change the law. With Senator Ted Kennedy's help, the Immigration and Nationality Act of 1965 was passed in June of 1968. "That's when my parents were allowed to come back," Ron said. "They had been in India for two years."

I was a math and science nerd and never had Sushil as a teacher. Still, I remember his striking looks and demeanor, and his interesting accent. He was a larger-than-life presence. Students cherished his artistic ability, intellect, gentleness, kindness, and humor.

Diane Staver: "Sushil had a great influence on me. I was never a star student, but I loved to listen to him talk. He often had a philosophical question to pose during art class. He made me think and challenged me to look at the world from different angles. I don't remember doing any decent art at Windsor, but I did go on to get a couple of degrees in painting and now teach Fine Arts at a small college in Indiana. Sushil is one of three artists who inspired my love of art.

"In addition to teaching art, Sushil would bring his bamboo flute to class. He let me try to play it. Although I had longer fingers than him, I couldn't reach those last couple of holes on the flute. When he played, it was as if his fingers became the flute. During the seventies, Ravi Shankar, the famous musician from India, would invite Sushil to perform with him during his East Coast engagements."

Lee Shapiro: "Sushil was one of the great men of the world. He taught me how to self-analyze my thinking, and gave me an appreciation of Indian music way before it was in vogue. I also loved his artwork. Going to New York and seeing his show at a Madison Avenue gallery was a highlight for me."

Lisa Locke: Sushil was my favorite instructor. He was a teacher of Humanities and Art, but also introduced me to palmistry, which I've studied my entire life because of his tutoring in this subject. When I visited Western Massachusetts, I was able to stop and say hello to him. He was so kind to me, and willing to talk about life and spirituality. I will always be grateful knowing him.

A brief item in the May, 1970 issue of the school newspaper noted the cultural aspect of Sushil's presence: "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."

During his Windsor years Sushil became well-connected to the American art and music scenes. His art was featured in many shows. He also spent five years as the principal art critic at *The Berkshire Eagle* newspaper. In the music scene, he connected with, among others, Alice Coltrane, Randy Weston, Ravi Shankar, Ali Akbar Khan, and Stan Scott. Ravi used to call Sushil *Dada*, which is Hindi for big brother. Sushil arranged for Shankar to play at Windsor.

Greg Brown noted that he was quite a character: "Sushil was my friend and remained so for many years after I left Lenox. He could swear almost as beautifully as he could paint and play music. Made you feel almost blessed to be cursed by 'Sush.'"

In 1975, when Windsor closed, the Mukherjee family remained in Lenox. Sushil worked as a visiting emeritus professor at Hampshire College, and as an artist-in-residence at the State University of New York (SUNY) in Albany. He remained very active in the international art scene. Ron said it best: "He was truly a renaissance man."

the Mukherjee family story continues…

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The Faculty Section also includes stories about
Edith and Rex Reckendorf
Klara and Kornel Bernatsky
Franny and Jim Hall
Quentin Labelle ("Label")
Donald "Duck" Daley
Oldrick Prohafska
Milan and Lenny ("Mama Milan") Milicivec

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