

BROWN LEDGE CAMP



ALUMNAE LEDGER

FALL 2010-WINTER 2011

www.brownledge.org

LIVING HISTORY

One of the most rewarding benefits of the camp director's job is the opportunity to connect with wonderful people across generations and continents. A few weeks ago we had the chance to reconnect with **Dorothy Butler Fardelmann Adams**. Dorothy doesn't use all of those names now, but all of them are significant to tracing her affiliation with Brown Ledge. We first knew her as "Bob's mother" when Bob Fardelmann worked in the waterskiing department in the early 70s. Dorothy's BLC lineage goes back much further. In the 1930's, Dorothy Butler lived in Montclair, New Jersey and rode in the synchronized equestrian team there. **Fritz Kleeman**, head of riding at Brown Ledge Camp, came to watch the troop perform and left in awe, determined to build a similar "drill team" at Brown Ledge. It didn't take much persuading to get **Harry Brown (H.E.B.)** on board and together they convinced those in charge to send the troop (the horses and many of the riders) to camp. Thus the BLC mounted drill team was born, and along with it, Dorothy's long camp association.

Dorothy Adams remembers how it felt to be a camper at Brown Ledge and when we hear her description we are struck by the timelessness of her experience. Dorothy grew up in a strict household ("When dad said 'sit', you sat!") and she'd been to structured camps before coming to BLC. Brown Ledge meant freedom and she loved it from the beginning. "It was wonderful knowing that at 9:00 am I could go anywhere I chose and that it was all waiting for me." Horseback riding was not Dorothy's only love. In fact, she stopped loving riding after getting thrown "one too many times," most memorably onto a particularly knotty cedar cross bar. Happily, there were plenty of other things to hold her interest, including tennis, arts and crafts, golf and swimming. And acting? Dorothy shoots a "you've got to be kidding look" and explains that not only was she not drawn to dramatics, but that one would have been crazy to compete with accomplished actress, Bobbi Brown, known to us as **Barbara Winslow!**

By Bill & Kathy Neilsen

During our visit Dorothy let us peruse her Arlington Hall year books. Attending Arlington Hall in Virginia was a natural progression for Dorothy, who was then called Dottie according to the dozens of inscriptions. Arlington Hall was a combined high school and junior college where Harry Brown taught sports and dramatics and Fritz Kleeman directed the equestrian program. Dorothy graduated from Arlington Hall and went on to work for the Rockefeller Foundation in New York City during the war years. During that time, her alma mater was taken over by the U.S. Army under the War Powers Act and became the home of the Signals Intelligence Service and never resumed its educational mission.

After her camper years, Dorothy continued on at Brown Ledge as a counselor, teaching arts and crafts when it was located at the top of the triple decker, where Ship Ahoy is now. Her husband and Bob's father, **Robert Fardelmann Sr.**, taught tennis. When Dorothy moved from Montclair to the Burlington area in 1964, her camp ties continued, along with her friendship with Barbara Winslow. Dorothy's children, **Lee** and **Bob**, became Brown Ledgers in their own right. Lee taught canoeing in the 60's; Bob started his camp career as a stable boy in 1967 and ended his counseling days as head of sailing in the mid 70s. Bob also served on the BLC Board of Directors from 2000 to 2006.

Dorothy spent much of her adult life on Porter's Point Road in Colchester, not far from Brown Ledge. For years she worked in the Pharmacology Department at the University of Vermont. When she retired she was finally free to pursue her

BULLETIN BOARD:

- You can expect *Alumnae Camp Information, 2010 Campaign Results Booklet and 2011 Campaign Information* in your mailbox soon!
- This ledger is available as a PDF file. Photos are in color and hyperlinks are active. You can access it from the BLC webpage.
- Be sure to inform Liz Bell of any address changes. Also have her add your email to the monthly electronic BLC enews.



Welcome JC Class of 2010 to Alumnae! See page 4!

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT	2
O' FISHEL NEWS	3
BLC HISTORY PROJECT	5
MILESTONES	7
NEWS FROM YOU	8
WHERE ARE THE JC'S NOW?	10
DIRECTOR OF DEVELOPMENT	11
BLC INFO	12



Continued on Page 2

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

A common and acceptable question in our house these days is: "Who are you texting?" When my (almost) 13-year old daughter, Grace, responds with the name of one of her camp friends, I feel a bit safer. It makes me so happy that during the winter she is still in touch with her bunkies and pals from Brown Ledge. Generally, once she has told me who she is "talking to", the conversation leads to some silly story that she explains in GREAT detail about something that happened at camp. Sometimes I get it, sometimes I only wish I could have been in the cabin or dining hall, or at the waterfront with them.

These memories are not too far from the memories stored away in my head from my summers at Brown Ledge. There was the summer in Ship Ahoy that my bunkie's wool sweater NEVER dried. Every time she hung it outside, it would down pour. The sweater ended up inside again, and

our cabin had that grrreeeat, wet wool smell for the entire first month of camp!

Please take a moment this winter to reach out to a camp friend. Whatever your current, favorite mode of communication is these days (phone, email, text, holiday card). Let the stories from your summers at Brown Ledge fill you up this winter, and then join us at Alumnae Camp in August, 2011!



Posing for a photo before drill this past summer are Lori Angstadt, Grace Orben, Emily Maggs Orben, Kathy Neilsen and Robyn Sonis.

➔ Living History (continued from page 1)

own education. Her passion for history led her through her Bachelors Degree, followed by a Masters Degree in History in 2008. Dorothy was honored by the University as the oldest recipient of both undergraduate and graduate degrees. Dorothy says, "they made quite a fuss over me when I got my Masters." Her love of history continues to this day and at her home in South Burlington, you will find Dorothy surrounded by historical texts.

When asked about the most significant people who came into her life through Brown Ledge, Dorothy Adams does not hesitate. She speaks first of **Mrs. Brown**, who spent much of the camp day sitting on the deck of what is now the library. Mrs. Brown was the camp dietician, meal planner and culinary supervisor and from her perch overlooking the grove, she also supervised the comings and goings of girls, always ready with a friendly word of support or encouragement. Dorothy says, "I was not homesick but if you were having a lonely spell, Mrs. Brown was always there." The other very significant person was Mrs. Brown's daughter, **Barbara Brown Winslow**, Dorothy's point house bunkie and lifelong friend.



Dorothy and her son, Bob, in a recent photo.

3RD ANNUAL BLC WORK WEEKEND

Can't make it to Alumnae Camp this summer? Or maybe you want to be at camp more than just once? The 3rd Annual Work Weekend will take place on Sat. & Sun. **June 4th & 5th, 2011**. It's a great way to reconnect with old friends and to lend a hand it preparing camp for the arrival of the campers. Last year we had a blast on Saturday night with a trivia game and Greg Snedeker's band! Hope you'll join us this summer! More information about signing up for the Work Weekend will be sent out via the Enews messages.



BROWN LEDGE ENEWS

Aren't receiving the BLC Enews in your inbox? Liz Bell sends out news and updates about BLC and the alums every four to six weeks via an email message from the Brown Ledge Web Site. If you'd like to be added to the Enews recipient list, you can create an alumnae account on the web site (www.brownledge.org) which will add you to the list. Or you can email Liz directly (liz@brownledge.org) and let her know you'd like to be on the Enew list.

O'FISHEL NEWS

By Melissa Fishel Mauer

As many, if not most of you know, 2010 was a difficult year for the Fishels. It all started in November, 2009 when Fred woke up one morning not feeling well. He went to the ER, got admitted, had heart surgery, ended up in intensive care for many weeks, almost died, finally started to recover and then went home almost 2 months later, never to be the same again. The good news is that he is still with us, living independently in a beautiful setting close to me where he has made friends, not just with the other residents, but the staff as well (including the head chef, who is very good to my father!). Fred is not himself in many ways, but he still has the occasional "Fred talk" in him when he gets the opportunity (usually when his grandchildren are visiting).

In the meantime, Twylla held up well, at first, when Fred was hospitalized, sitting vigil at his bedside for all those weeks, begging him to get better. Then she started to show signs of a little dementia, started to withdraw from my father's bedside and then the physical decline started. My mother had serious medical issues for years, but was such a feisty person, it never interfered with her activities or goals until recently. The biggest adjustment for my mother was to come to the realization that she could not return to her beloved Brown Ledge Camp (2008 being her last summer there). I thought this alone could do her in. I don't know of anyone (with possibly the exception of Barbara) who loved camp and all it's inhabitants (that includes all the creatures too: the chipmunks that sneak in to the cabin, the spider on the wall, the muskrats in the lake) more than my mother did! My mother died on July 17th at the age of 82. She is missed! My father has lost his zest for life. They were married just one month shy of their 59th anniversary. Now I have to give Fred the Fred talks to remind him that life goes on, we do the best we can and should count our blessings.

We do have many things to be thankful for and many things to look forward to. I am grateful to have had such wonderful parents, to know that they have had a great life in which a huge part is due to their connection with Brown Ledge Camp and all of you. It is comforting, if not overwhelming, to know that they touched so many lives. The cards, phone calls, e-mails, visits, etc. meant so much to our family and reinforced the fact that Fred and Twylla left their mark in this world. You should know that they cared deeply about and always wished the best for each and every one of you!

We thank **Andy Broido** (and Robin) and **Marilen Hartnett**, fellow Floridians, for being so wonderful, supportive and helpful throughout all of this. My father has also had support from **Jura** (aka George during her camp years, her twin known as Mike) **Dargis (60s)** who has



phoned and visited. She is now living in Miami with her husband. We had a great visit in December with the Abitbols (**Carolyn Larkin, 60s**). Daughter **Chantal (90s)** flew home to Miami (all the way from Australia where she lives with husband Daniel) to visit her family and brought 8 month old son, Jonah with her. He is adorable! Pleasant as can be despite the fact that he still doesn't sleep well, poor Chantal! It was wonderful to spend time with Carolyn, husband Andre, Chantal, her sister Nicole and little (but growing like a weed) Jonah. We look forward to another winter of equestrian endeavors here in Florida provided by **Di Glossman (60s-70s)** and her heard of warm bloods, who are advancing very nicely (all the way up to the Grand Prix level) in the organized world of dressage. We will be seeing **Nancy O'Day (70s)** in just a couple weeks when she is down to visit her parents and groom for Di during a weekend of competition. We catch a glimpse of **Betty Resch (80s)** here and there when Di is competing, as Betty is also a Floridian and provides a home away from home for Di when she is down competing. **Robin Manookian Fleck (70s)** will be down for a visit the first weekend of March, can't wait! We are also expecting to see **Mona Neale McCrudden (70s-current)** and gang when they come down this winter to visit her parents who live just north of us.

We are planning a Brown Ledge Florida reunion on March 13th at my father's place (Abingdon, Port St. Lucie) and invites will be going out shortly. And we hope to see everyone at alumni camp this summer, August 2011, at which we will be celebrating and memorializing my mother, our dear Twylla's, life. Details about this will continue to go out by BLC E News provided by the hard working, dedicated **Liz Bell**. Happy New Year Everyone from Fish and family!



2010 2ND YEAR JC'S: WELCOME TO THE BLC ALUMNAE

The following women lit their candles as they read "This is the Last" at the final Ledger of the summer. Congratulations to all of them on their graduation from the amazing Brown Ledge Junior Counselor program.

Franny Alston

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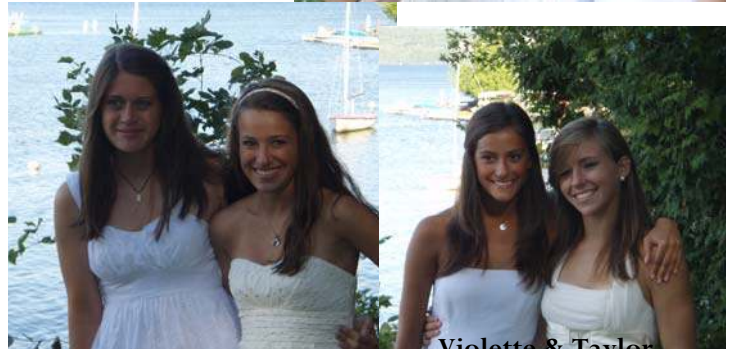
Sara & Nell Riding



Audrey, Kayaking; Franny, Riflery;
Devin, Swimming & Claire, Tennis



Jamie, Kylie &
Lizzie, Theatre



Alenka & Sarah, Sailing



Violette & Taylor
Waterskiing

2010

DEJA-VU

By Priscilla Rice Oehl

We are on a ten-day road trip through New England to visit family and dear friends. The change in scenery and terrain is totally different from the beach community in New Jersey where we are fortunate to spend most of the summer months. We have left sandy beach and dunes for forests of pines and birch trees. Most significantly, we have left ocean surf for the tranquil beauty of lakeside.

The gentle lapping of the water on Lake Sebago in Maine is soothing as I sit on a rocky ledge near the home of friends we are visiting. My mind is carried back to other days on the shore of another lake where memories of more than sixty years are still vivid.

"I Want to Go Back to Brown Ledge Camp, on dear old Malletts Bay..." keeps going through my mind. Would it be possible, I wonder, to adjust our itinerary a little and plug in Winooski, Vermont, to our trusty GPS? Would my adoring husband be dotting enough to drive an extra two hours,

temporarily by-passing the turn off to Stowe, our destination?

The answer is unequivocally positive and my spirits are soaring as we head to the shores of Malletts Bay. Will I be disappointed, I wonder? Will it have changed, as most everything eventually does?

After being a little taken aback by the large number of yachts and some commercial buildings heretofore unseen, I sense the quickening of my heart as we turn onto Marble Island and find the road leading into Brown Ledge.

"Brown Ledge campers, hats off to thee, to thy memory true we will ever be..." My husband is amazed that I remember the words as well as the tune! I am ecstatic to see the original riding ring where we spent hours practicing for the Drill Team. The two original clay tennis courts were where I began my lifelong love of the game which I still play several times a week. The archery targets seem further away, probably due to the new (to me) additional riding areas.



BLC HISTORY RECOVERY PROJECT

Name of Alumna: Joan Wildebush Berry

Interviewed By: Laurel Moran (64-69)

Date of Interview: November 22, 2010

Years at BLC: Camper: 1957-1960

JC: 1961-1962 Sailing

Basics: Just about everything!

Intermediates: Sailing & Riflery

Bunkies/friends: Jill Schropp, Bonnie Royster, Cathy Eaton. I'm still in touch with all of them!

Cabins lived in while at camp: Cuckoo Clock, Horseshoe Inn, The Hole, Beehive (both JC years)

What were other BLC accomplishments that you achieved other than the awards? I was named Most Valuable member of the riflery team. I was on the sailing team.

Memories: I remember the smell of Hoppes [gun cleaning solvent. Right before a big sailing regatta, I found I had to pee really badly. Topher [sailing counselor] wasn't about to let me come in to use the bathroom as we were in the process of getting a good starting position, which was a matter of much maneuvering and timing. So she yelled through the megaphone "Hike out!"

I was at camp for Mr. Brown's (HEB) last summer. I remember looking out of the dining hall and seeing the truck delivering his oxygen. He would make sure to come for Sunday dinners, but the rest of the time he was really too ill. And I think he came to part of the Awards Night but had to leave. After the candle ceremony we all went up to the Grove and circled his cabin and sang to him for hours. We were all crying. He died that winter.

Mr Brown's chapels were amazing. He was a very metaphysical man, and his sermons seemed to be about such topics as the harmony of the universe, the importance of the stewardship of the land. He was very much ahead of his time, and he set me on an amazing course for the rest of my life. Mr Brown liked to eat outside, so many, if not all Sunday dinners were picnics in the field. I remember being served Sloppy Jo, which I had never seen before, and I asked what it was. Mr Brown enthusiastically said, "Why that's a Sloppy Jo!"

What was the most significant positive experience you had at BLC?: I remember sitting in the dining hall one night – back then you could sit in there in the evening and drink coffee, smoke cigarettes. I was talking to Bill Godard [riflery counselor]. He said to me "Don't ever underestimate the effect you can have on people. Don't ever underestimate yourself." Isn't that an amazing piece of advice to get? It has always stayed with me.

What impact has BLC made in your life?: When I first came to camp, I did not feel particularly smart or competent. But I was treated as if I were. Once you've had a taste of feeling competent – to make your own decisions, to strive to excel – well it's enabled me to go through my life trying things, taking chances. Sometimes failing, but knowing that's okay. BLC gave me the confidence to try and try again and to know I'm just fine, even if I do fail at something. I can pick myself up and go on to the next thing. Or work at something until I get it right.



➔ DEJA-VU

We drive up the narrow road, unannounced, and park near what I think might have been Arts and Crafts. I don't feel like an interloper. I'm an alum returning for a nostalgia trip, and yet I sense that we should somehow announce our presence. As if by ESP, a friendly counselor appears, Mark from Riflery, and greets us warmly with no suspicion at all. I wonder how many others just wander in on the spur of the moment.

We meander up the road where we see the new (to me) dining hall. Mark escorts us in and begins to give us some of the statistical answers to our questions when miraculously Kathy Neilson appears. Out of the blue, it seems, although the presence of two white haired seventy-something individuals in the grove area could hardly go unnoticed!

She, too, welcomes us as if we have been expected all along. I reminisce about the different cabins I occupied from 1944 to 1949. I am heartened to learn that there still is Banquet Night and singing in the dining hall. I view the new

theater building with warm memories of Barbara Brown Winslow and the many summer productions I took part in. The waterfront brings forth even more recollections of swimming around the island for my Intermediate badge, and attempting the mile swim out to the middle of the bay with a boat alongside. (I don't think I made that.)

I see the spot on a rocky ledge where I stood on the last night of camp at age 12 or so, promising myself that I would indeed remember the happiness of that summer. I picture the floating candles and taste the salty tears we all shed. The melody and words to "Remember the times you've had here, remember when you're away..." float in my head. I am overcome with nostalgia. The Beehive, Skunk Junction, Dead End Kids, Ship Ahoy loom large in my mind. I inhale the ever-present scent of pine. I hum softly to myself "Tell Me Why the Stars Do Shine...." and know in my heart that God indeed has made a wonderful place here for many of us to love.

ALONE AT BROWN LEDGE

By Anonymous

Sounds strange, doesn't it? Yet two of my most vivid Camp memories are of times when I was completely alone there.

Throughout most of my BLC years, I went to Camp early—when there was still a late-spring Vermont chill in the air—and stayed late, until foliage season was well under way.

The first of my memories takes place at the end of my fourth season as a counselor. It was autumn, probably late-September, and I was still residing on the promontory that becomes Brown Ledge Camp each summer, slowly being consumed by the dread of having to find work for the “off-season” again. I would stay there as long as I could, mowing the archery field and repairing cabin steps to earn my keep until the intensifying chill became too much to bear.

One night I decided to walk to the waterfront and sit on the rock by the Pointhouse (the swimming dock was already on its winter mooring), in hopes of getting some sudden inspiration from the night sky that would tell me exactly what I should do until spring returned the following year. The air was still—chilly but pleasant—the black canvas above awash with the Milky Way. I sat down and *tried to relax* (still one of the best oxymorons ever, second only to Western civilization), but my mind—agitated at the best of times but especially when stimulated by the stress of impending job-hunting—would not let me.

Then I looked up to the left of Mosquito Island, and there, low over the horizon, was the aurora borealis: a broad curtain of undulating pale yellow, set in motion by a wind that wasn't there. (The first time I had ever seen the aurora borealis was during my first BLC summer. I was standing in front of the theater when another counselor pointed it out to me. At that time, though, it was nearly directly overhead and took the form of a perfect, electric-blue roller coaster loop.)

The yellow curtain was soothing and mesmerizing, but my trance was soon broken by a bright object in the peripheral vision of my right eye—and a sound. A fireball, yellow-orange and large enough for me to make out its roundness, appeared—seemingly out of nowhere—and moved leftward for about two seconds: a long time, when you consider how quickly shooting stars flit and disappear. It moved more slowly than any other meteor I'd ever seen before, but what really struck me was that I could *hear* it. The sound was somewhere between an electrical crackle and the sound a sheet of paper makes when it is torn in half. Although I was completely sober at the time, until just recently I had remained skeptical of what was recorded in my memory banks via my optic and vestibulocochlear nerves. But today on my lunch break, thanks to the Internet, I was reassured of my sanity and the accuracy of my recall (see <http://www.meteorobs.org/bagnall/audible.htm>).

By this time I was convinced the night circus was

over—the Northern Lights had just been upstaged by an audible fireball, and that was a tough act to follow. Still, I wasn't quite ready to turn in for the night. I continued to sit, my mind more entertained than agitated now thanks to Mother Nature's Freak Show. Then, *ker-PLUNK!* Something heavy had just fallen (or jumped) into the water to my left, not 10 feet from where I was sitting. I leapt to my feet, heart pounding (so much for being less agitated), and looked for the source of the sound but saw only the resulting ripples. As my eye adjusted to the darker water I finally managed to make out a shape gliding at the surface: a big rodent-like shape with a flat appendage at the rear. Yes, I had just been scared out of my wits by... a beaver. The circus had sunk to the level of practical jokes. Now I really *was* ready to turn in for the night.

I never did get the answers I had sought—the original purpose of my nocturnal visit to the waterfront—but I got something better: one of the most memorable hours I have ever spent anywhere, an hour I wouldn't trade for anything in the world.

Oh, right—I had mentioned two memories when I started this. The other one is far less spectacular. In fact, it lies at the other end of the sensuous spectrum and should probably be included in an appendix. The setting for this one is late spring, just before my last summer at BLC. I was walking along the Camp road one night (have you guessed I like night walks?) and had reached the Vista by the Head of Riding cabin. I stopped in my tracks as an indistinct, odd sensation slowly overcame me. I then realized what it was: the world around me was pitch dark (probably owing to cloud cover) and *completely silent*. No metallic tapping of halyard against mast, no distant rumble of automobiles, not even a single chirping cricket. I had never before experienced a total absence of sound before, and I haven't since.

Now, many years later, when I am heading home on a train packed with tired commuters, I sometimes think back to the rippling yellow curtain, the crackling fireball, and the impish beaver, and I give thanks for the hour in which I was treated to all three.

2011 CAMP DATES
OPENING DAY June 23
SWITCHOVER July 20 & 21
STOCK SHOW August 6
HORSE SHOW August 13
MUSICAL August 14
AQUACADE August 15
CAMP CLOSES August 17
ALUMNAE CAMP August 19-22

MILESTONES

Congratulations to the following Brown Ledgers for their Weddings & Engagements:

Jill Dannemann (88-97, 99 & 07) became engaged to Patrick Smith in September.

Lynda Hutchinson (92-95, 97-04, 06-08) is also engaged! She and Blair Fraser got engaged on 10.10.10 exactly 10 years after they met!



Crystal Irwin (94-99) was engaged to Doug Taylor on July 23, 2010. "He's originally from Northern Virginia. We met through mutual friends in February of last year and our wedding is planned for September 10, 2011 (9.10.11 :) in Virginia Beach, VA."

Mary Brust (80-85, 89-91) was married to Keith Levenson in April of this year.

Chori Folkman (90-94) and Zachary Jarvis were married in September, 2010

Meghan O'Brien (96-02, 04) announced her engagement to Chris Morrissey. Although the actual wedding date hasn't yet been planned, it's official!

Amelia Weir (89-92, 94) was married to Terry Cundiff on September 18, 2010.

Josh Podvin (03-06) is engaged to Erin Thompson.

Andy Lipsky (97-10) and **Kaitie Lenahan (10)** are engaged.

Congratulations to the following Brown Ledgers for their new additions to the BLC family:

Chantal Abitbol Allam (85-92) sent us this news: "My husband, Daniel and I are proud to announce that our son Jonah Sheppard Allam was born on Saturday, May 24 at 3.14 in Sydney, Australia. He weighed 8 lb and 1 oz. We started a micro-blog to record special moments at www.hereisjonah.tumblr.com."

Alison Greene Barton (69-74), to keep pace with her Mommy sisters Becky and Rachel, has adopted a baby boy! Alison and Brooks' baby boy, Rohan, was born July 12, 2010 at 1:26 am. He weighed 7 lbs. 4 oz. Everyone is doing well!

Kathryn (Kit Kat) Winter (00s) informed us that she "had a beautiful baby girl Amelia Katrina Capasso on June 22, 2010. She was 7lbs 7 oz and 19 inches long." They are moving to New Mexico in August, 2010.



Summer Lei D'Anna (Shidler) (89-97) and husband John welcomed a daughter, Caroline Kei, on April 15th. They also celebrated their third wedding anniversary in Hawaii in October. Future Brown Ledger Caroline turned six months while there and enjoyed swimming in the ocean and eating plenty of poi!

Emma Forbes-Jones (83-87) wrote to tell us, "We have just returned from Ethiopia with our new daughter - finally a potential BLCer in our family!!"

Maggie Sanders Moore (88-94) said, "My husband Sam and I are happy to announce the arrival of future Brown Ledger, Sadie Beatrix, born November 15. Everyone is doing well. I have already started singing camp songs to her as it seems those are the only songs I can remember the lyrics to these days!"

We regret to inform you of the passing of these Brown Ledgers. Our thoughts go out to the families and friends.

Pat Farrel (50s & 60s) passed away on November 4, 2010. She will be missed by many. Here is a link to her obituary in the local paper: <http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/centredaily/obituary.aspx?n=patricia-farrell&pid=146439146>

Edie Plimpton Fleeman (66-69, 71-74, 96-05) and **Jan Plimpton (66-72)** sadly lost their father, Robert Plimpton, on December 31, 2010 – less than two weeks before his 96th birthday. Edie told us, "Yes, he loved BLC! He and our first Border Collie used to collect lost tennis balls at camp each Final Events. They would get a bucket full! He and my mom also adored Fred and Twylla, and so many others involved with BLC." They are having a celebration of life for him at the Asheville Rifle and Pistol Club on May 27, 2011 in conjunction with the Black Hawk Annual Match, a match he ran for over twenty years.



NEWS FROM YOU

Layla Guest (93-99, 01-03, 05-06) told us about a surprise visit with a "lost" alum: "I had the most serendipitous Brown Ledge experience last night in San Francisco, where I am currently living. I was taught a Pilates class downtown and afterwards was talking with some of the women. I was rambling on about abdominal muscles and a woman stopped me and asked me if I went to Brown Ledge!?! She noticed my camp ring... She is **Leslie Carr**, camper and Sailing JC from the late 80's/early 90's! We had a wonderful conversation and I, of course, remember her because she was a JC in my first few years as a Skunker!"

Jenifer Hlavna Feaster (90s) sent us the latest update on her family: "After a great stint in NYC, my family has relocated to the suburban Boston area! It is so great to be back in New England (I grew up in VT). My kids are in love with our back yard, and of course... the fact they have their own bedrooms has improved our quality of life tremendously. Now we're only a few hours drive so hopefully we'll be able to introduce our 4-year-old daughter to Brown Ledge sooner than later."

A newly found alum, **Bob Graham (49-50)** was happy to find us: "Dear Folks, Enjoyed your updated web page. Never have forgotten my two summers of working for Mr. Brown and his family in 1949 and 1950 as a utility guy. That was a name for anything that needed to be done. Ended up mostly supporting primarily the water activities of water skiing and sailing. Those two summers left an indelible mark on my soul. They were great. While I don't qualify as an alumni (wrong gender) would love to hear of any of the old staff of senior and junior counselors. Still have a roster of the campers of one of those years and some of the old pictures. The new ski boat looks great. We used the 18' utility Chris-Craft. Not sure it made it 60 years. Best regards, Bob Graham"

Toni Ladenburg Delacorte (58-64) "Just wanted to let you know that I've moved to Stillwater, MN. Sadly, Remy Red Dog died of cancer of spleen before we left. Sassy and I miss her happy-dog smile so much. I just adopted a 8-yr old rescued Golden Retriever named Chooie. Even tho' she's a dog, she is a Brown Ledger through and through -- she has loads of energy, smiles a lot, is always up to try new things, loves the lake, is an eager eater and would sign loudly in the dining hall if she actually could sing. Long story short, I reconnected with Bill Alexander, a man I dated in San Francisco 32 years ago. We've been in touch as casual friends ever since. He lives in a tiny village called Marine On St. Croix in a house on the St. Croix river, once occupied by Garrison Keillor of "Prairie Home Companion" fame. Last March, I accepted Bill's invitation to come for a friendly visit and lo and behold, I fell in love with both him and the "city" of Stillwater. My company said I could work from home if I moved there, so I rented out my house, found a wonderful

one in Stillwater and made plans to be here in September. I'm LOVING the cool weather and sleeping with the windows open. The cats were good travelers in the car and seem to me very happy with their new digs. I live about five minutes from main part of Stillwater. One of the first things I did was join the Co-op which is almost entirely organic. Also five minutes in the other direction are a gigantic supermarket, Target, PetCo and Starbucks. At this time of writing, the leaves are almost peak colors, the lake is bright blue and I wake to hear the loons. So life is good and I'm feeling very much at home here."

Ashley Globerman (97-01, 06) is now a Real Estate Agent for Anchor Associates in New York City.

Jeanelle Kucera-Driver (00s) is pleased to announce the release of her new book *Ynséa*. "My book was published on September 16, 2010 by Eloquent books! It is my first novel and it's a Young Adult Fantasy. I am very excited, and I wanted to share! Princess Rensenia of the kingdom of Ynséa is caught in a terrifying situation. Her father, King Sírsus, has abandoned his people after the death of his queen. The king turned over control to his younger brother, Iemond, believing the kingdom in capable hands. But Iemond has other plans. Rensenia suspects that her uncle is plotting against them and she must fight to get Ynséa out of his grasp. She has strength, courage and magic at her back, but she must be careful--one false step can mean the ruin of everything. King Sírsus ignores his daughter's pleas until it is too late and a battle ensues to take back the kingdom. As the story unfolds tales of deception and long planned treachery are uncovered. It is a story of romance, mystery, magic, and excitement. Rensenia will stop at nothing to bring Ynséa back into rightful hands and restore peace to her kingdom even when her father falters. This medieval fantasy reaches a stunning conclusion as the control for Ynséa engages in a vicious fight for power."

Wendy Wergeles (64-73) hosted a wonderful fundraising event on Oct. 16th & 17th for the Equine Land Conservation Resource with some wonderful guest speakers! You can learn more about it at www.TheEventDerby.com.

Laura Parisi (93-99, 01-04) wrote a great article that was posted on the Culinate web site. The title is "The Ketchup Memory – Remaking Dad's Favorite Condiment." It was posted on Sept. 27, 2010. -- Take a look! http://www.culinate.com/articles/first_person/the_ketchup_memory

Rachel Jackson (87-92) sent us an update on her battle with breast cancer: "I finished my last round of chemo on June 1st - 16 rounds total! On July 13th I had a double mastectomy, including the removal of 36 lymph nodes on my left side, and reconstruction. My pathology report came back, and the chemo did its job and killed all of the cancer cells :) In May I participated in an Art Bra show to raise money for the Breast Cancer Resource Center of



TO SEE AND BE SEEN!

By Liz Bell

Brown Ledgers in, or near, Burlington may have checked out **Kevin Christopher's (97-10)** latest production. Kevin was directing and co-producing "The Rocky Horror Puppet Show" at the Black Box Theater which ran for two weeks starting October 21st. Kevin's version had everything you love about the original story BUT included puppets. Other Brown Ledgers involved in this production included: **Andy Butterfield (01-04, 07)**, **Catherine Alston (99-10)** and **Timothy Shuker-Haines (97-10)**.

Judith Dry (96-04, 07-10) sent us some exciting news: "I've landed my first running gig in New York! It's a children's musical called *Dear Edwina* and it runs from December 17th to February 27th at the Darryl Roth 2 Theater in Union Square! I play Annie, the girl scout cookie selling champion. It's a very fun show and obviously any alums in the area should come and bring their kids and say hello after!"



Ted Welch (07-10) has a role in the upcoming movie, "The Help." He told us, "I filmed everything in Greenwood, MS, and it was awesome! I shot for twelve weeks playing Bryce Dallas Howard's husband, William Holbrook, and Sissy Spacek was my mother in law."

Grant Neale (80s & 90s) performed in "Polanski Polanski" at the HERE Arts Center in New York. The show ran Sept. 22-25, 2010. On the left are photos from the show featuring Grant.



➔ MORE NEWS FROM YOU

Central Texas. It was a fantastic experience, and I wrote all about it on my blog. As part of the fundraiser we also put out a calendar, and I'm on the cover of the 2011 calendar! People can view the calendar cover and buy calendars through the BCRC website (www.bcrc.org).

Jennifer "T-Spoon" Hart (03-05), who holds the copyright to a black and gold flag (representing the colors of the New Orleans Saints football team), has shared some exciting news: "Cornell P. Landry, author of "Goodnight, Nola" and "Happy Jazz Fest," emailed me last week for permission to use the American Black and Gold Flag in his new book, "One Dat, Two Dat, Are You A Who Dat?" The American Black and Gold Flag is featured in the book and on the back cover! The book is really cute, and will be out in November, just in time for the holidays!"

Bobbi Collins Degnan (58-64, 84) spoke with Fred Fishel on the phone in September. "... Then he got much more animated (sounded like his old self) and said (the staff) found a package in his closet - and asked him "what's this"? It was THE quilt. Twylla had carefully put it in a plastic bag, with the quilt patches turned on the inside. But Fred knew exactly what it was - he said "it's the quilt they gave us for our 50th." Then he said, "I have it on my bed now - it has just gotten a little cooler, and I am using the quilt." I said to him, there is a LOT of love in that quilt. And he said: "I know - and I am sleeping much better now." Then he said, "please tell everyone!" It makes me smile down to my toes to think of Fred wrapped up in his BLC quilt. I hope it will make you smile, too.

Stephanie Zimbalist (70s) wrote "I'll be heading east to New Brunswick, New Jersey to do "The Subject Was Roses"

at the George Street Playhouse (www.georgestreet.org, I believe). The run is Feb. 8th~Mar. 6th. Interesting, challenging play, a Pulitzer winner [which means nothing] written in '65, it takes place in the Bronx in '46. One a dem family dysfunction plays. Michael Mastro of "Side Man" fame directs."

The Short sisters from Xenia, Ohio can't begin to express how



meaningful it was for us to have our children together for a summer, let alone at our most favorite summertime location for girls: Brown Ledge Camp.

We all live so far apart, so it was a special, special time. The cousins got to celebrate together in the dining room on Charlotte's birthday; made Laney teach them how to ski, taught each other camp songs, cheered for their respective accomplishments and generally told each other every day how much fun they were having. Many tears were shed at final ceremonies. Pictured above are **Lane and Missy (Short) deCordova (73-77); Audrey, Sally (Short, 74-76) and Charlotte Davis; and Heather (Short, 75-76) and Claire McDonnell.**



WHERE ARE THE JC'S NOW?

Name: Katy Robbins Reitz

Interviewed by: Liz DeOreo

Birthday: August 1, 1973

JC year(s) at BLC: 1989 & 1990

JC Department(s): Theatre

Vanguard: 1990

College attended: University of Vermont – 1991-1995

Degree: BA in Theatre and History

First employment after graduating: Brown Ledge Camp – Swimming Counselor 1993-1995! 1997 – Montgomery Securities; 1998 – Lehman Brothers Institutional Equities Trading Desk, San Francisco; 1999 – Present - Hearst Magazines in Media PR

What you are currently doing:

I'm currently working in magazine PR – have been for over 12 years. I am married to Monte Reitz for over five years, and we have two children, Henry (4) and Rose (almost 2), along with two cats and three fish! We are living in Brooklyn, NY.

Has BLC helped you pursue this path? If so,

how? From the moment Richard put my name up in lights (Vanguard), the rest was simple! My greatest life lesson from camp came, not surprisingly, from Twylla. "If you are just

honest about your situation, it will all work out for you in the end." I had been caught at camp with several friends, one of whom was smoking. Everyone got in trouble for lying by saying no one was smoking, except, ironically, the camper who was smoking and admitted it. Lesson learned, and I found this applicable through all aspects of my life. I tried to impart this to my campers and now to my children as well.

Any future plans? I've given up on planning too far in advance, as things seem to happen for the best regardless of what I try to plan!

Note from Liz DeOreo, the interviewer:

Katy and I were theatre JCs together in 1990 and we've not yet accepted that being long enough ago that anyone would care where we are "now" because hey, weren't we just there? We spent hours on Beehive porch making "Guys and Dolls" t-shirts for the musical and working on her "Where the Wild Things Are" directing scene. All her efforts that summer culminated in Katy's theatre vanguard; an amazing moment for me as well as for her as I had watched her work so hard

for it – there's a good chance I cried more than she did. So we are well acquainted!

**“IF YOU
ARE JUST
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SITUATION
IT WILL
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YOU IN
THE END.”**

ONCE LOST, NOW FOUND.

If you would like contact information for these BL'ers, please contact Liz Bell at liz@brownledge.org or 877-252-2586

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Penelope Wood (80s)
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penwood@gmail.com

Julie Ballou, Erin Ballou & Alex

Meltzer at the start of the Turkey Trot they ran during Alex's Thanksgiving visit to the Ballou family in Texas. It was cold by Texas standards, low 40's, wet and windy!



NEWS FROM THE DIRECTOR OF DEVELOPMENT

By Liz Bell

2010 ANNUAL CAMPAIGN January 1 - December 31, 2010

2010 brought in many generous gifts for the foundation. We had a few different opportunities beyond the usual fundraising reasons to give a gift to The Brown Ledge Foundation.

With **Twylla Fishel** passing away, so many Brown Ledgers knew how much it would mean to her to give a gift to the Marjorie P. Brown Scholarship Fund (and the Mr. Mac Operational Fund, too!). Close to 90 people gave in memory of Twylla. The Fishel family thanks you for your kind and generous support.

We also sadly lost **Marty Olsen (86-03)** after a battle with cancer. We are honored to have received 52 donations in memory of Marty. His years at Brown Ledge are a strong memory for so many Brown Ledgers who will always have fond thoughts of their summers with Marty.

Brown Ledge also had a special fundraising effort in place to raise the necessary funding for the new Ski Boat! The boat was debuted during Extravaganza '10 and all the campers and waterfront staff were thrilled to have the new

boat up and running. An enormous thank you goes out to **Kathy & Greg Snedeker** for overseeing a successful event to raise funds for the new ski boat. We had 8 teams of six (or more) participating in the evening – and **Emily Neilsen** was a great MC for the night. She did a phenomenal job creating the various trivia categories and questions – many of which stumped most of the teams. Thank you, Emily!

You will be receiving the 2010 Campaign Results booklet within the next month – but we wanted to let you know where we are as of December 31, 2010:

Mr. Mac Operational Fund: \$109,008
Marjorie P. Brown Scholarship Fund: \$32,910
Gifts-in-Kind: \$5168
GRAND TOTAL TO DATE: \$147,086

A sincere **THANK YOU** goes out to the 457 generous donors!



ADDRESS UPDATES

The following people have made a change of address since the previous Ledger. If you would like contact information on any of the alums listed below, please contact Liz Bell at liz@brownledge.org or 877-252-2586

Sophie Allen (00s)
 Mary Louise Apgar Thorburn
 Caroline Barber Greene (90s)
 Marti Botch Parrish (60s)
 Ali Buckman (90s)
 Dorothy Butler Adams (30s)
 Liz Cain Hassan (80s)
 Nelly Campbell (90s)
 Judy Carlson Weyand (50s)
 AnneMarie Clermont (80s)
 Grace Crandall (90s)
 Jessica Damon (80s)
 Darcie Denero St. Onge
 Tess deRham (00s)
 Judith Dry (00s)
 Heather Fishel Ververs (80s)
 Deborah Garfield Weitzen (80s)
 Annie Goelet (70s)
 Layla Guest (90s)
 Whittemore Hall (90s)
 Margie Hassan (00s)
 Lily Hazelton (00s)
 Jenifer Hlavna Feaster (90s)

Jessica Jekkel (90s)
 Noel Keck (00s)
 Kristen Kelly (80s)
 Toni Ladenburg Delacorte (60s)
 Ellie Levinson Hood (50s)
 Katherine MacCornack (70s)
 Charlotte McCorkel (90s)
 H.Kay Merriman
 Kira Mohaupt Cordasco (80s)
 Alicia Monzeglio (00s)
 Meghan O'Brien (00s)
 Stephen Pile (80s)
 Arielle Shipper (00s)
 Ariel Slomka (90s)
 Martina Solomon Thimot
 Mary Stoerker
 Taylor Strimple (90s)
 Kerry Stroud Green (80s)
 Kathryn Wellin Thier (90s)
 E.B. Westbrook (90s)
 Joan Wildebush Berry (60s)
 Kathryn Winter (00s)
 Kat Yaroschuk (90s)

WORK WEEKEND TRIVIA WINNERS ENJOY RED SOX GAME



Lisa Bennett Morse (66-68. 92-99) won the Red Sox tickets at the 2010 work weekend Trivia Night. "Hi! We had a wonderful time at the Boston Red Sox game that ended in the bottom of the 11th inning with a walk-off homer hit right to where we were sitting. 10 feet further and Dick would have caught it!! We stayed in a hotel on the Charles and walked to and from the game. Perfect game weather. Thanks Brown Ledge for a great 39th anniversary celebration!! Love, Lisa"



**THE
BROWN LEDGE
CAMP
MISSION
STATEMENT**

Brown Ledge is a non-profit camp that exists to develop community, self-discipline, responsibility and achievement in girls and young women, through self-directed participation in varied activities in a high quality summer program.

BROWN LEDGE CAMP

DIRECTORS

Bill & Kathy Neilsen

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Please send all address changes to Liz Bell.

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WE'RE ON THE WEB!

www.brownledge.org

KEEP IN TOUCH WITH BLC!

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