Cover photo by David Berenato, JYF Fall 2013 (Johns Hopkins University)
We have much to celebrate and be truly thankful for today as the academic year 2015-16 draws to a close. As many of you are aware, for a brief time in 2015 SBC JYF no longer existed. Our prestigious Paris program was “spun off” to Hollins College as our mother school was closing. And as we all know, this tragedy was turned to triumph by Saving Sweet Briar, and the French program returned to it’s proper place. But in the legal and academic confusion of the moment no one knew what our future would be. What reasonable student would apply to a program in limbo when so many alternatives exist? And then, of course, the terrorist attacks occurred, creating further doubts in the minds of many.

So I am delighted to be able to tell you that our program has evolved and we are stronger than we have been in many years; the reasons for attending SBC JYF have never been more compelling. Our interim director, John Lambeth, dedicated his considerable energy and much thought this past year to making sure prospective students and academic advisors in the U.S. are aware of our new status and strengths. His vision for our program did much to help turn things around, and we are sorry his time with us has been so brief. Our gratitude is total, and we can’t thank him enough.

After 10 years as Resident Director in France, I took on the full responsibilities of SBC JYF’s directorship, in the U.S and in France. I pledge to you today my complete dedication to making our program the best choice for any student looking for a fully immersive experience in Paris. We are also pleased to announce that Juliette Monet has joined our team in the U.S, as Associate Director of the Junior Year in France program. She will be working to expand recruitment at fairs and online as well as coordinating applications. She has been the Associate Director for off-campus study at Colby College for the last ten years and we look forward to our new collaboration.

Our enrollment currently stands at 27 for the fall of 2016 and 32 for spring 2017, including 10 year-long students. No other equivalent Paris program is doing better, but our goal is to reach a total enrollment of 45. This is within reach. We have vigorously renewed contacts with many student advisors we lost touch with during the crisis, and many have expressed confidence and support. Any support you, as alumnae and alumni, can give us is deeply appreciated. Academic contacts and above all financial help in the form of scholarship assistance for worthy candidates are most welcome. Anyone who is reading this knows what a life-enhancing experience a year in Paris can be, and what a difference it ultimately makes for all students to live in another culture.

I am also happy to report that we have returned to Reid Hall, where we were originally based. The advantages of being in this charming academic environment are numerous, beginning with our happy alliance with Columbia University’s Global Centers program. We have begun coordinating our prestigious David Bradt lecture series with Columbia, which means we have access to a much wider public as well as their 19th Century lecture hall. This is a win-win alliance, and we are all delighted.

And, as usual, I heartily invite all of you to stop by and see us the next time you are in Paris!

Marie Grée, Director
Dear JYF Alumni,

I’d like to introduce myself as the new Associate Director for JYF in Paris based in our VA office. I come from a background in the study abroad field and was born and raised in Paris. In my 6 months here, I have had the opportunity to learn about the long history and many facets of the JYF program, to observe the talented and dynamic staff in VA and Paris, and to travel with the Fall 2016 group to visit the program in Paris.

In our VA office, Mrs. Pat Wydner and Mrs. Sue Fauber have continued to assure the continuity and quality of JYF services to you, our members, and our new students each year. They have been our guides through all the recent transitions. After 44 years of service to the JYF program, Sue Fauber has retired as of January 2017. We wish her well. JYF is lucky to have had such dedicated and hardworking staff!

I have thoroughly enjoyed reading your stories and recollections of your time with JYF. They are truly a testament to the enduring impacts of the experience and an inspiration to us all. Please keep them coming!

Going forward the annual JYF Alumni Magazine will be available in electronic format for your viewing pleasure. In order for us to send it to you more easily, and in order to facilitate communications between us, please share your email address with us at jyf@sbc.edu.

Thanks for your continued support and please keep in touch!

Sincerely,
Juliette Monet
Associate Director

France Alumni, extend your French experience!
France Alumni has been created at the initiative of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and International Development by Campus France to be an efficient digital bilingual platform to unite, inform and guide professionals who have completed part or all of their studies in the French education system. It is a network offering events, directory, forums, career related opportunities, job offers, and a magazine. You may access and join it at https://www.francealumni.fr/en/position/usa/.
1949-50

Stephen B. Gray (Cornell)
Stephen B. Gray died in June 2014. His junior year in France was one of the highlights of his life. As we go through his belongings we have found a diary of that year and many photos. He bicycled all over Europe during that time and bought many books and other mementos of his time there.
Submitted by his daughter Elizabeth Gray-Guimaraes.

1953-54

James Reid (Princeton)
Col. James W. Reid, a retired US military officer, decorated during the Vietnam War with the Legion of Merit for his “outstanding meritorious services” by General Creighton Abrams in honor of his role as a key player for General Westmorelands’s clandestine “operation Vesuvius” in Cambodia in 1967-1968, died Sunday evening December 4 in White Plains Hospital. His wife, Riet, said his death was caused from complications of Leukemia. He was 83 years old.

James W. Reid was born in London, England. His American mother came from Smithtown, Long Island and his father, from an old Scottish family, was a British military officer and UN diplomat whose grandfather administered Oudh, northern India for Britain’s Queen Victoria until 1890.

Reid was one of the world’s foremost authorities of Peruvian textiles who specialized in the art, archaeology, history, religion, sociology and political institutions of ancient—pre Spanish conquest—South America. His academic background includes graduation from England’s 600 year old Winchester College, Princeton University [BA], Stanford [MA], as well as studies at the Institute de Sciences Politiques in Paris at L’Ecole des Beaux Arts and doctoral works at the Universidad de Buenos Aires.

In the 1970’s, after combat in the Vietnam and Korean Wars, Col. Reid with his wife, Riet, served for seven years in US Military Attaché posts in Argentina and Bolivia, during the years of left-wing terrorism in South America.

James Reid was a resident of Hartsdale, NY and an animal lover who served with his own beloved war dog in Korea. He contributed generously to animal shelters in Westchester and in South America. He was known as a true “Renaissance Man” because of his eclectic interests and fluent knowledge of seven languages including Russian, French, Spanish, Portuguese and Quechua, the language of ancient Incas still used by South American indigenous Andean Indians. He was also an accomplished artist who exhibited his paintings in galleries and museums in South American, France and the US. He was a life-time member of the Paris Salon d’Automne. As a secondary career, he lectured at sea throughout the world for Holland America and Celebrity Cruises delivering more than 1,000 presentations illustrated by his own photographs. He also found the cultural enrichment Flagship Forum program.

Reid was an elected member of the Explorer’s Club for his explorations of remote areas of Peru. He authored sixteen major books including a weighty scholarly deluxe edition of “Magic Feathers Textile Art from Ancient Peru” in which, according to art historian Frederico Kauffman-Doig, he “finally lifted the veil that for so long has enveloped feather art.”

Jim’s friend, fellow philosopher and artist, Dr. Judith Economos expressed the feelings of his close friends this way: “Jim was obviously larger [6 ft.3] than ordinary men: a hero, an artist, a man of vast enthusiasms and a wonderful appetite for the beautiful. He was kind, affectionate and generous. He was courageous: never more than in his declining years. In this he was a model for us. Undoubtedly, important people the world over are remembering him nobly, but this is how we remember him and that we all adored him.”

James W. Reid is survived by Riet, his wife of 58 years, who was born in Holland and who is also fluent in many languages and cultures. Mr. Reid is also
survived by two sons, James A. Reid and wife, Ishel, Pascal C. Reid and wife, Tara, four grandchildren and one sister, Ginny Hansen.

1955-56

Reunion in New York (60th) May 21 & 22, 2016

First I want to thank those who helped me organize our 60th reunion particularly Dick Slater, Beth Florance Ries, Marilynn Ray, Philippa Wehle, and Reed Rubin. Reed, a member of the University Club, obtained permission for several of us to stay at the club and use their facility for our initial meeting place. I also want to thank Dr. Emile Langlois and his wife for coming from Florida to join us for the event.

We gathered together at the University Club at their bar and had drinks and hors d’oeuvres. In total we were twenty one people. There was Suzanne Crely Nash and her son Franklin; Beth Florence Ries and her husband, Marilynn Ray and her husband, Mary Lou Lehmann Peterson, Reed Rubin, Ian and Roberta Henderson, Peter and Alexandra Rose, Michael Seitz, Richard Slater, Bob Pelletreau and his wife, Emile Langlois and his wife Pamela, Anne-Marie Foltz, Dana Gibson Close, and Philippa Wehle. We set out from there to go to Sel et Poivre Bistro Restaurant at 853 Lexington Avenue. They had set up a long table at the back of the restaurant for us and provided a special menu with a prix fixe that included a glass of wine and a three course dinner. Among the entrée selections were canard à l’orange with wild rice, frogs legs in Pernod sauce, thin sliced steak frites and salad and for dessert they offered classic profiterole, terrine of chocolate, and ice cream or sorbet. It turned out that this was Roberta and Ian’s neighborhood restaurant. Their apartment was around the corner.

The following day we met at the loft apartment of Magda Salvesen Schueler. She had loaned us the apartment for this purpose. It was the studio and home of Jon Schueler who was the first artist to show at the Leo Castelli Gallery when it opened and was the chief disciple of Clifford Still. We stayed there for approximately forty-five minutes and it gave Emile Langlois the opportunity to explain developments at Sweet Briar College and the state of Junior Year in France. Everyone had questions to ask and suggestions for the future. Particularly interesting was Bob Pelletreau’s suggestion of a program that could extend the educational program offered to many more people.

From Magda’s place we went to the High Line which could be reached via cross town bus or simply by walking. Once the High Line was reached we walked down to the new Whitney Museum and had lunch outside and then entered the museum. In comparison with the old museum on 74th Street (now the Metropolitan Modern) it is enormous and beautifully designed to display the permanent collection as well as visiting exhibitions.

In the evening we went to another French restaurant. Several people had to leave, but we were joined by Lester Little and Lucy McClellan Barrett. We were 15 people. Lester had signed in at the University Club, and I called there to inform him that we were meeting at the restaurant. He later commented to me that the messenger was very impressed by him when

From left around: Mr. Ries; Marilyn Ray; Mrs. Pelletreau; Richard Slater; Mary Lou Peterson; The Pelletreau, Close, Slater, the Ries; Robert Pelletreau; Dana Gibson Close; Alexandra Rose; Beth Florence Ries, Peter Rose
he excitedly informed him that he had a message from Pete Rose (the baseball player). We all had an enjoyable evening and look forward to the 65th!

Many who were unable to attend sent greetings, and almost all of us thought of our Junior Year in France as a decisive year in our lives. Those who sent greetings included Katherine Farrow Jorrens, Josh Koplovitz, Mildred Larson, Lyman Drake, Philip Frost, Harriet Hair, Page Phelps Coulter, Simon Stertzer, Caroline Robertson Wragge, Bill Calin, Calvin Towle, English Showalter, Julie Hatterley Righter, Jane Rather Thiebaud, Joanne Coyle Dauphin, and Helene Mewborn. If I have forgotten someone I apologize.

In our 41st Reunion a book cited was a memorable quote from Ernest Hemingway with which I think we can all agree. “If you are lucky enough to have lived in Paris as a young person, then wherever you go for the rest of your life, it stays with you, for Paris is a moveable feast.” (Ernest Hemingway to a friend, 1950).

Peter H. Rose (Hamilton)

**Jane Rather Thiebaud (Sweet Briar)**


My life began in a very French and Catholic environment even though my family was basically Anglo-Saxon and Protestant. I was born Jane Corinne Rather in Beaumont, Texas on January 13, 1936, the first-born child of James B. Rather Jr. and Lillian Townsend Rather. The City of Beaumont was so named in honor of Mary Warren Beaumont, the wife of the founder, Henry Millard. They were both of French heritage. My birthplace was in the Hotel Dieu Hospital of Beaumont which was built and administered by nuns from the order of the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word founded in France by Jeanne de Matel. This hospital was named after the Hôtel-Dieu de Paris, the oldest hospital in the City of Paris, France founded in 651 and still operating.

My mother was my first and probably my best teacher. She introduced me right from the very beginning of my life, to French culture especially the language, music, dance and lifestyle. Although she had never been in France, she learned from her family about the unique qualities of French culture that influenced and inspired all the countries of Europe and beyond. She found a beautiful little book, “Little Jeanne of France” which she used to read to me.
with the loveliest of pictures of young French girls with adorable haircuts and wearing pretty dresses as they enjoyed playing with their young girlfriends and relatives often holding hands. She also used to teach me beautiful French songs such as “Maman dites-moi” and “Jeune fillette” from the “Bergerettes”, a collection of 18th century French rustic songs. From the inspiring nuns where I went for catechism class I learned cursive handwriting which I use to this day. I also had the magnificent experience at the age of seven of First Holy Communion. But, then, before I was twelve, Mother explained to me that it was important for our family to go to the same church together on Sundays. She said we would now all be Protestant and that the whole family would attend the Congregational Church of Manhasset. I naturally complied with her decision. She actually did not give the matter of changing religions much importance at all. What was important to her was that we, as a family, be together on Sundays. Little did I know at that time how useful it was for me to have known about both Catholicism and Protestantism in my early years.

I then entered Manhasset High School both in Manhasset, Long Island, New York. I remember doing extremely poorly in French classes which consisted mostly of learning verbs and memorizing long lists of words. I was even advised, after a vigorous test, that I should abandon studying French. When I told my Mother about this verdict, she merely laughed and told me to ignore it totally. The most significant moment for me in high school was playing the role of Dorothy in “The Wizard of Oz”. Although I didn’t immediately understand the in-depth message behind the story, little by little I realized that this great American story teaches us that life is a quest and that we need to find knowledge, love and courage in order to finally go home.

Once in college, I continued taking French classes despite my problems with verb tenses especially the subjunctive and with the gender of words. When I heard that my college, Sweet Briar College, offered the possibility of a year of living and studying in France, it seemed by far the best way to learn not only the French language but French civilization and life style. At first my parents were reticent but finally they agreed. When I applied and was accepted, it was an unforgettable moment in my life. I was elated in anticipation of what I knew instinctively would be a tremendously important year. My Mother’s final words before I set sail for France were to observe the way of French women who had charm and intelligence and had their eyes open in order to know what was going on around them. She felt they would inspire me and serve as role models.

My experience with the SBCJYF that academic year 1955-56 far exceeded my greatest expectations. Each day was an intensely exciting intercultural experience. Since I was totally immersed in French life, attended classes given in French, lived with a French family, socialized with French friends and was totally surrounded every day by the French language and culture, it took me only three months before I was able to speak French fairly well. Thanks to SBCJYF, I took classes not only at the l’Ecole du Louvre and le Conservatoire de Musique, but also at the Institut d’études politiques de Paris (“Sciences Po”), and la Sorbonne. What a unique opportunity it was!! The French educational system, at least in the humanities, seemed to favor creativity and originality and not just scientific precision. I felt appreciated and understood and this lead to an outstanding academic experience. It is hard to believe just how much I learned during that year. I shall forever be indebted to the Sweet Briar Junior Year in France program.

to be continued…

Rebecca Cole Van Duran (Manhattan)

I met my present husband on the steps of the Sacré Coeur!! He was diagnosed with Parkinson’s in 2007 and that has been an ongoing adventure! We have five wonderful kids born 1960-1970 and twelve equally wonderful grandchildren who are a great support and help.
60 Year Anniversary

1956-57

Resident Director: Blanchard L. Rideout (Cornell)
Assistant Director: Josephine L. Ott

Patricia Goerke Böhmer (Denison)
I believe I could write a book about my experiences during that time. In short, it was not only a year of impressions and friendships, but it launched my affinity for France which is still strong today.

While in Paris, I studied music (Paris Conservatoire and Ecole Normale de Musique) and will still refer to the teachers I had and the music I played. (At the moment, I’m practicing to give a little house concert, urged by friends and husband, to celebrate my 80th birthday in the Fall. The compositions are mostly the ones I learned in Paris and now I’m...remembering every morning heating up the hand-warmer my mother sent me so that I could practice in the freezing-cold Russian conservatory down the street from the apartment, where I lived with 3 wonderful girls under the tender supervision of Mme Rivière. (This lady, I noted, was given particular recognition as the super hostess in your bulletin several years ago.) Then I remember myself returning to the Conservatory in the Mid-west, making the impression of Paris café days, dressed in a black turtle-neck sweater, with black stockings and smoking Gauloises. My sorority sisters preferred going to the football games. After hearing lectures at the Sorbonne, I consolidated a philosophy of Christian Existentialism, which impressed my philosophy professor so that he gave me special support with references in order to write a thesis of 40 pages.

So you see, the Sweet Briar Junior Year in France had an enormous influence on my life...and that of my family.

Ach, so many influences. I’ll just list some of the most meaningful. You may note that I’m living in Germany and have been for over 30 years. My husband is German, but we are both avid Francophiles. We met in New York City and spent our honeymoon in Paris. Since then we have vacationed almost every year in France, exploring a new corner each time. This September we’ll tour the area around Toulouse (Albi, Cahors, Rocamadour and stay in the lovely medieval...
village of St. Cirq Lapopie). Our daughter has often traveled to France with us and is now employed by a company in Frankfurt which has its main office in Paris. She'll travel often enough to my favorite city, but is now organizing the firm's convention in Biarritz.

Our friends seem to have been attracted by the French-influenced/American-rooted lifestyle we cultivate and we do have an entourage which reflects this. The closest friends have vacation homes in France (Picardie, Provence, Riviera). They manifest the “joie de vivre”, which binds us.

Sarah Carr (Mount Holyoke)

Many of my fondest memories of my experience in France in the 1956-57 JYF class come from the six weeks we spent in Tours before moving onto Paris. Perhaps the most important personal moment of learning occurred during the 2nd or 3rd week we spent in Tours. Despite past college work and more intensive training in French during our first weeks in Tours, I became discouraged by my seeming inability to translate my academic knowledge of the French language into the capacity to actually SPEAK it.

But one beautiful September day the préfet of Tours gave our class a welcoming party: it was a real “do”, with the sky blue and the grass green and seemingly hundreds of white-jacketed waiters passing among us with trays bearing flutes of the delicious Vouvray wine. Without thinking, I consumed numerous glasses while listening to others talk – until the moment when I heard myself telling a story to someone in seemingly fluent French. I couldn’t believe it!! And suddenly I realized that I had enough of that beautiful language inside my brain to speak it without fear, despite more-than-occasional errors. In that short slice of time, I became a real speaker of French, confident enough to proceed through the rest of the year – and, indeed, through the rest of my life so far -- without the crippling speech inhibitions that had previously plagued me. MILLE MERCIS to the préfet, to our teachers, to my host family, to JYF, and to the beautiful French language which has so enriched my life!

And speaking of enrichment: We were blessed to have among us the marvelous Jan Holmquist, sadly no longer en vie, whose musical talent and witty way with words created for all of us – students, staff and host families -- a fabulous Fête d’Adieu. His genius in creating catchy French lyrics for a group sing of Gershwin’s Strike Up the Band produced a true “hit”, one well appreciated by the families and resung by all of us who’ve managed to attend one or more of the several class reunions in NYC hosted by fellow student – now a retired U.S. Judge -- Greg Carman. “Pendant six semaines … nous avons été … avec grand plaisir … vos invités … etc.” I’ll never forget the words – and I suspect they lurk in the brains of many members of our most fortunate JYF Class of 1956-57.

Sandra Epstein Conradi (St Lawrence)

JYF has enriched my life in SO many ways…. Interestingly Joanne Simson and I were attending a German speaking social group in Charleston SC where we both live and work, and realized we had both been SBJY in France attendees, in the SAME year! Amazing.

My French “parents” were Mme. Gille-Delafon, and Monsieur Delafon. She was an architect and he worked for advertising for “La Vache Qui Rit”. I still think of him when eating the “Cow that Laughs” cheese. My roommates were Tryntje Hasbrouck, and Jackie Tabachnik. I would love to know their whereabouts, and contact info. I did not see them at the past reunions.

I took my grandson to France on a Road Scholar Intergenerational trip a couple of summers ago. I was amazed I could still speak French reasonably well. We had a fabulous time. I don’t get to speak French very frequently but when the occasion arises, I do participate.

Since the JYF experience, I finished college at St. Lawrence University, took some extra science courses at the University of Rochester as a “special” student, and applied to medical school. After a couple of years of trying, I was accepted at the U. of Cincinnati Medical School. I pursued a residency in pathology there. My husband and I relocated to Charleston SC in 1973. For several years I served as Medical Examiner for Charleston County, and retired in 2001.

My husband served in the military in Germany for three years, and we had the opportunity to drive to France, visiting Paris, and the Loire Valley…such memories.

Lynn Crosby Gammill (Sweet Briar)

Some of you may have read “Avenue of Spies” by Alex Kershaw, published in 2015. It is about Avenue
Foch in Paris during World War II, when there were several Nazi headquarters located there. During my stay at 3 Avenue Foch during 1956-57 I never knew about the Avenue's past during that period.

My Junior Year in France was truly life-changing for me, as I still communicate with the Lecornu family and some of whom have visited us in Mississippi. M. Lecornu was préfet in Tours during my stay there and later wrote about his adventures in Normandy during World War II when he helped de Gaulle plan for the Normandy invasion.

Among other boards I have been on, my tenure as Mississippi representative on the Mount Vernon Ladies’ Association was renewed interest in George Washington and Lafayette’s association during our country’s early years. American would not be here as the USA without the help of the French.

Stewart and I have three children and six grandchildren.

**Edith Dobyns Gilson (Randolph-Macon Woman’s)**

Congratulations to Sweet Briar College for continuing in operation and keeping the SBJYF program alive.

Junior Year in France with the Sweet Briar group was absolutely the most exciting, memorable and formative year of my life. Living with French families gave me a new perspective on the way other people think and conduct their lives.

My first vivid memory and embarrassing reminder of just how unsophisticated I was in the world of French dining came the first night in Tours chez Mme Renault. In front of me at the dinner table was a bowl of grey shells in a thin broth. Not having the slightest idea what it could be, I turned to my roommate, Lynn, for help but she was as clueless as I was. Fortunately we remembered to do as the hostess does. Soon we were introduced to les moules au vin and we were hooked on French cuisine forever.

I enclose a photo of my roommate, Lynn Tyler Fell (Penn State), and me near Tours in October 1956. A contravention for failing to have lights on our bicycles was about to be written by a local gendarme. I would like very much to hear from Lynn and anyone else from our group.

While still in Tours, Lynn and I went bicycling out in the countryside. As dusk was closing in a gendarme stopped us and issued a contravention for failing to have lights on our bicycles. I still have the ticket and am so glad we didn’t land in jail.

After graduation I spent a year at Penn State teaching French and working on a master’s degree which I never completed. The following year I worked in New York City at the French linen shop D. Portbault, Inc., putting my French to good use.

In November 1960 Glen and I married and lived in Birmingham, AL, where I taught high school French. We moved to Miami in 1964; five years later on Bastille Day we moved into the house where I still live.

My husband and I vacationed in France several times. The most memorable and relaxing trip was on a barge “L’Escargot”; we cruised the canals and waterways from Beaune to Dijon. The accommodations were primitive but the wine got better every day – it was wonderful!
Nancy Savage (Hollins)
So many good memories of wonderful professors, classmates, host families, rich courses, daily life and travel flood in. One seems especially relevant now. I enjoyed sharing it recently with Muslim neighbors concerned by wrong impressions of their culture.

April, 1957, spring break, four students in a little rented *deux chevaux* set off to get a taste of Spain. The schedule also included taking a ferry from Algeciras at the tip of Spain to Tangiers in Morocco for an afternoon. Once arrived, however, some mistaken information surfaced - the ferry wouldn’t return until the next morning. So we were marooned in Tangiers for the night. It was Ramadan and a rather dicey time in north Africa with the Algerian uprising. Guides clamored at the gate and as it seemed wise to have some help, we gravitated towards a young man about our age who was especially persuasive. Omar was all kindness, eager to share the beauties of his city and shepherded us towards the nearby *casbah*. It was another world - surreal and beguiling. After a rich journey to mosque, palace, fortress and markets, we ended up at his friend’s shop for the sunset meal. Sitting on the floor of a small room we dipped delicious flat bread in a robust communal stew of beans, fish, and potatoes, sharing ideas as we ate heartily. Then we continued to explore the wonders of the rambling old city much of the night. This included a visit to musician friends to enjoy their vibrant music and learn about the exotic instruments. After our brief rest in a tiny hotel, Omar returned at dawn, guiding us down to port for juicy oranges at a market and grateful goodbyes before the return ferry to Spain. Once back in France with family and courses, I felt calmer about the political situation and brought a fuller awareness to every experience. I’ll never cease to be grateful for how the JYF program enabled me to be comfortable in French - the opportunities this afforded then and thereafter…

John H. Smith (Cornell)
My Sweet Briar Junior Year in France (1956-57) was probably more important to me personally than academically, in terms of learning to live and function in new and different environments (I had gone to college in the town where I grew up). I was very fortunate in my French family, which helped tremendously in learning conversational French and providing an atmosphere conducive to study, besides making my stay lots of fun. While I had done a little international travel before, the academic year, and especially the following summer, provided lots of varied experience contributing to a lasting taste for travel.
The academic side had its lasting effects too, including a lifelong interest in reading in French for pleasure and a museum-going habit which certainly had not been there before. My major subject, mathematics, was not, of course, directly related to anything French, but there is a French mathematical style (abstract and systematic) which had an influence on how I approach mathematics. Many years later I had occasion to give a talk at the Université de Bordeaux number theory seminar “Sur le groupe de Galois d’un polynôme dont les coefficients sont indépendents.”

Looking back, it is hard to imagine how I would have developed had I not chosen to do the JYF. It certainly has enriched my life in ways that affect me every day.

1958-59
Constance Cryer Ecklund (Northwestern)
I was, I believe, the poorest JYF member and had no camera of my own. Hence I have not one photo of my 1958-59 year except these. But the memories are legion.

When I say I was the poorest of that Junior Year, it is in knowledge of the miracle of being awarded in spring 1958 a fine year abroad grant from Chicago’s Alliance Française. Because I was 19, I was placed in a junior year group. Sweet Briar was suggested at Northwestern as the finest and, we know, it was! Having never been away from home, meeting the students from many regions was a revelation. (I had never met anyone from the East and was quite intimidated. How could I know I would become a Yale PhD and live in New Haven). I was placed by JYF in the lowest echelon of Tours housing, but since my Tours family living across the street from the huge prison never fed me enough (they laughed when I bit into the gun shot bullet left in a scrawny supper of hare from the hunt, my mother back in Chicago wrote a fervent letter to Mlle Idoine, telling her that if I were to stay in the program I would need better nourishment. Mlle Idoine was most kind, and placed me for Paris on 96 av. Kleber in the handsome apartment of Mme Dubois. I had two roommates,
Julianne Stauffer (deceased) and Sandra, now Sandra Stanton. It is she who is ill and to whom I’ll send copies of the photos. Each of us had her own room, and since Mme Dubois had been involved with the Ecole de Cordon Bleu we ate splendidly, even having champagne glasses from Marie Antoinette.

I knew my grammar and French culture very well, but I had never spoken French, since it had been taught in English, alas. Still, I was determined that at year’s end I would be taken for a native speaker and have the grades needed to be in Phi Beta Kappa back at Northwestern. Both dreams came true, thanks to the marvelous professors Sweet Briar had under contract-Mme Daladier, Norbert Dufourq, Maurice Serulaz, et al. and the year-long Sorbonne literature courses.

I also had a very special friend, met through my family back in Chicago. This was Cecile Jouhannaud Raynal, the widow of the former Prefect of the Bouche du Rhone—a powerful bureaucrat whom the French government scape-goated at the beginning of WWII in connection with the assassination of the King of Yougoslavia, Alexandre I. The Jouhannauds had begged the King not to be placed in an open carriage, but the Paris government already pro-Nazi, overrode the objections and both the moderate Minister of Foreign Affairs, Louis Berthou, and the King died instantly. Cecile was the one who used her own rosary beads to close the monarch’s eyes, then, she and her husband and young daughter, Fantille, were roughly sent off to Paris to live at 13 quai de Conti. When I arrived in Paris M. Jouhannaud had died, Fantille, a lawyer, always in need of cash, had become someone hired by wealthy Americans like the Mellons to show their children the best French culture. Imagine being taken around Paris by a handsome woman in a long leopard coat who knew members of the Academie Française next door. What a guide she was: a fabulous heroine of the Resistance, decorated by DeGaulle, living next door to the Monnaie in an apartment used by the young Napoleon and later Napoleon’s physician.

I became a kind of “Gigi”, not needing to pay for these cultural twirls and knowledge, taught by Mme how to serve a gentleman cognac and prepare cigars, how to speak impeccable French, what to look for
in clothes and art. By year’s end I had been given a unique opportunity of having Mme unexpectedly obtain for me an invitation as the guest of the Duc and the Marquis de Hautefort for the Cercle Interallié Ball. Wearing a dress sent me by my mother from Montgomery Ward’s catalogue, with the benefit of a hair style and makeup from Elizabeth Arden on the Place des Vosges paid for by aunts in Chicago (the Arden hair salon wanted to know where I had bought my dress for the ball, to which I replied with guile “ma robe vient d’Amérique”), and with my two roommates cheering on my taxi from the Kleber balcony, off I went. I had never danced except for one lesson from a tawdry little studio around the block, but I went through the receiving line and was able to shake the once frozen hand of Maurice Herzog, whose Annapurna feat I had much admired. Yes, the Phi Beta Kappa key did come, and through having it I met Henri Peyre at Northwestern’s induction. Peyre, the French Chair at Yale, urged me to apply at once and become the first Northwestern Ph.D. in his department. Then, at Yale’s annual Phi Beta induction dinner in the 1970s, I met my husband, John; and, of course, on our honeymoon we went to revisit 96 avenue Kleber and 13 quai de Conti where we were given wonderful hospitality by Mme Jouhannaud’s daughter and her maid, Adélaïde. This past year, as a widow, my Sweet Briar steps again led me to the Quai de Conti, where Adélaïde served a sumptuous dinner to me and my only French citizen student from Southern CT State, Julie Peters-Schweig. Since I always speak to my students about Sweet Briar, I had sent Julie to the Institut de Touraine one summer, she married a Tours native, lives there now. In pure serendipity, after Adélaïde had presented me with the surprise of a photo of John and me with Mlle Jouhannaud and Adélaïde, it is Julie who said, “Constance, I would love a Junior Year photo of you standing on the Institut’s steps. I live so near, and it changed both of our lives.”
1965-66
Assistant Director: Janet Taylor Letts (Wheaton)

Janet Taylor Letts, originally from Ho-Ho-Kus, New Jersey, died suddenly at her home at Westminster Canterbury in Charlottesville, Virginia on December 30, 2015. Janet was a distinguished scholar and professor of French literature. She graduated with high honors from Swarthmore College in 1952 with a degree in History and then continued her studies in Strasbourg, France where she obtained a “diplôme d’études supérieures.” After returning from France, she went on to do her PhD at Yale University where she studied under Henri Peyre. In 1963, she joined the faculty of Wheaton College in Norton, MA, where she became chair of the French Department in 1966 and continued teaching there until her retirement in 1990. Her book on the Cardinal de Retz published in Paris in 1966 was considered by the editor, M. Nizet, to be a classic on the subject. Moving to Charlottesville, Virginia upon retirement in 1990, she was able to dedicate more time to her career as an author. In addition to various articles, she published another book in 1998 called “Legendary Lives in La Princesse de Clèves”. She continued her research and writing and was working on a book about the Turkish spy at the Court of Louis XIV when she died. Although Janet leaves no family she will be missed by all who knew her in the United States and in France.

Submitted by Gretchen Ellis, former Assistant to the Resident Director of the Sweet Briar Junior Year in France Program (1979-1981).
50 Year Anniversary

1966-67

Resident Director: Edward Harvey (Kenyon)
Assistant Director: Joanne C. Dauphin (Wellesley)
Warmest greetings to all the 66 – 67 ers! My thoughts go back to that memorable year when I passed through the looking glass after having been a student myself in 55 - 56. Memories of la douce Touraine, and “little Sweets” there and in Paris. Memories of my office at the end of the hall in Reid Hall, and various members of the group turning up there: “Madame, j’ai un problème”! Although so many more options are now open for study abroad, it’s good to know the Junior Year is carrying on, despite complications. May each of you continue to reap the benefits of that unique experience.

Harrison Bloom (Univ of Pennsylvania)
The lasting effects of the JYF are the wonderful life-long friendships maintained with fellow students David Brûlé, Lonna Dole Harkrader and Sophie MacKenzie Belouet. And, Paris remains one of my favorite cities in the world.

News. Please consider checking out a fun, interesting, short and helpful book written by my wife Patricia and me (both of us are internists/geriatricians). Get Up and Move Your A**, A Light-Hearted but Serious Guide to Successful Aging.

Written in verse and cartoon illustrated by an award winning cartoonist, Isabella Bannerman, the book emphasizes the importance of physical activity, mental activity and social engagement. Based upon scientific data (reference list is included) as well as our combined years of clinical experience, the book presents sound advice and is NOT a bunch of anti-aging baloney. The back cover lists praise from a variety of people and professions. You can view the book on our website www.doctorsbloom.com. It’s also available from Amazon.

Additionally, we have a narrated musically accompanied YOU TUBE video which can be accessed by typing in either my (Harrison Bloom) or Patricia’s (Patricia Bloom) name.

David Brûlé (Fairfield)
It seems like a lifetime ago (or was it only yesterday?) that we sailed out of New York harbor on the Queen Mary bound for Cherbourg. Few of us likely realized what lay in store, but, being full of ourselves at nineteen years of age or so, we left with high expectations, sure that great adventures were ahead.

From Cherbourg through Caen, we made our way to Tours, and got settled into our host families.

For HG, Walter, John and me, we moved into our rooms chez le docteur Gaudeau, 32 Rue Emile Zola.

In terms of French language ability, several of us headed for the bottom of the heap, and we wound up in the remedial class of Mme. Renault (or was it Mlle.?) Quoi qu’il en soit, tous les garçons sont tombés amoureux d’elle en moins de denez!
Others in the group, more well-traveled and seasoned in French, fit right into the student life in the Loire Valley, while all some of us could do was to listen to them in silent and jealous envy.

For me, once in Paris and settled into the pension de famille on Rue de Babylone, things French didn’t get much better. I spent time walking between Reid Hall and Sciences Po, bumbling through the language and culture. I spoke as little as possible, convinced my French would be embarrassingly incomprehensible and full of mistakes.

However, by December’s end things changed dramatically for me. Norm Chazin and I decided to hitch-hike out of town heading south on Christmas vacation, bound for at least Spain. Along the way, we split up and I was soon on my own. That was the best thing that happened for my conversational skills because I was forced to start speaking French to get along and survive. One-on-one conversations with people who picked me up on the way to Spain really unlocked and loosened my tongue. Suddenly all of that pent-up vocabulary and years of grammar study somehow came forth, and I was on my way! I got back from my adventures in Spain, Morocco, and southern France with a new confidence and better than halting French. And I haven’t looked back.

After spending two years teaching English (TEFL) in the Peace Corps in Azrou, Morocco, I was back in Paris, tested into deuxième année at Sciences Po (my old nemesis from 1966-67) and won my diploma in International Relations.

Just before that, I had met my wife Monique in a café on the Place de l’Odéon, really just by chance. (We were both waiting to use the same pay phone there, and struck up a conversation) And we’ve been together ever since.

Given my politics in the troubled years of 1968-74, I opted out of joining the Foreign Service, and went into teaching instead. Lo and behold, Mlle Renault wherever you are, I became a French teacher! I even put back into my name the accents aigu et circonflexe, that my father’s generation had dropped. My Brûlé grandparents were very happy with the traditional spelling of the family name.

I spent my career in the Amherst-Pelham School District in Massachusetts, a few miles from my ancestral home. I was Foreign Language Department head and a teacher of French, Spanish, and Irish Gaelic.

My son Kevin, born in Paris, my wife, and I spent endless summers between Brittany, where my wife’s family farm homestead is located, and the quiet Paris suburb where we have a small house and garden.

One of those coincidences of living between those two worlds, and connecting my year of ‘66-’67 in the 7th, came to light when a few years ago, I was exploring my genealogy. It turns out that one of my grandmothers, seven times removed, left the small parish of St. Sulpice to start a new life in Québec in the 1630s. She was one of the filles du roi, young women willing to settle in Québec and marry. The treasury of the king gave each of these recruits a small dowry to help them get started in New France.

How many times since 1966 had I visited St. Sulpice, a few blocks from St. Germain des Prés, not far from Sciences Po or Rue de Babylone for that matter, never realizing that part of my family came from precisely that achingly familiar neighborhood more than three centuries earlier. No wonder it had sometimes inexplicably seemed that I had been there before.

Over my years of teaching French I regularly accompanied high school students to Paris and Valence on month-long home-stay programs, visiting the same spots with them that we all did back in the 60s. It’s fascinating to dwell on the ways life’s coincidences keep some of us connected with Paris now, and with the way it was in 1966. Little did we know what life had in store, back when we first strode up that gangplank to the deck of the Queen Mary, fifty years ago.

Elizabeth Cadwalader (Sweet Briar)
I have such merveilleux memories of the Junior Year in France. From our fabulous stay with the Cheron-Leclercs at La Gruette in St. Cyr-sur-Loire—bicycling in to Tour for classes, laden with huge packed lunches comprising wine, chicken, bread, cheese, fruit and more—to living in the 8ième arrondissement in Paris, “à quelques pas de l’Élysée,” visiting the Louvre almost daily, and taking in movies, theater, concerts at unbelievably low student prices, though I must admit to not so frequently taking in my classes at the Sorbonne. I even traveled to Russia over the Christmas break—what an adventure, and again ridiculously cheap as it was subsidized by the Sorbonne. I am still in touch with some of the
Walking up to Sacré Coeur.
wonderful friends I made during that year.

As for the language, I have been back to France with my husband a couple of times, and I find I actually speak better now than during my JYF year when I was so nervous about making a mistake in grammar. After going to Mexico and learning Spanish by the necessity of communicating rather than the study of grammar, I found my French improved as well! I rarely use French now, but the study of French sparked my interest in language. I taught English to Speakers of Other Languages for many years, and whenever I travel, my husband and I learn enough of the country’s language to communicate on a basic to moderate level. Our most recent studies were Croatian and Czech. We do plan to go back to France at some time, and look forward to revisiting its beautiful places.

Mark Green (MIT)
How best to restart a conversation after 50 years?
First of all, thank you. At least for me, our little community was a lifeline, a place to call home in the midst of an unfamiliar culture. I remember all of you as an especially nice group of people, modest and unassuming about what I now realize was an exceptional collection of talents. And thanks especially to those of you who kept our compact to speak only French—I still can speak it. To our year in Paris, I owe many of my abiding interests outside of my life’s work in math and science— theater and the arts, food and cooking (Julia Child!), history, wine, travel, politics and poetry.

I have been happy in my life and career. Married to an artist, with three great kids who are now out in the world following their own passions (and now our first grandchild). Our kids each spent a summer abroad in high school, in Japan, France and Spain respectively, but stayed in the US for college. After a stint back East and NoCal, I returned to LA, as a math professor and later director of an institute devoted to interdisciplinary applications of mathematics.

Our time in Paris opened my mind in certain ways, which I would haltingly characterize as the ability to step outside of my identity as an American and see us from outside. It was, among other things, a permanent inoculation against xenophobia, a vaccine that I wish was more widely distributed.

“Dictes moi où, n’en quel pays...”

Lonna Dole Harkrader (Mary Baldwin)
Living with French families in Tours and Paris was the overriding best part of my JYF experience. I was cared for and loved by the nicest families. One of my first experiences with my family in Tours was trying to eat an apple with a fork and knife. The apple flew across the room much to the delight of the Vassor’s two adorable children. When I went back to visit six years later with my soon-to-be husband, they presented the ice cream cake to me to cut for dessert. All eyes were on me and the children were giggling. Not wanting to repeat the apple experience, I deferred the job to Mme. Vassor. I am happy they enjoyed having such a klutz from the US as me to regale them over the years.

Having a bike while in Tours to visit the chateaux and wine cellars with JYF friends as we learned to picnic à la française, was very memorable. I remember hitch hiking back from a trip to Spain with hardly a francs in my pocket and being picked up by someone who wanted to be sure we were OK with stopping to have lunch along the way. Thankfully this kind man treated me to lunch. I think he liked the way I helped myself to 4 or 5 types of cheese when the platter was passed at the end of the meal. A few years after living in France I joined by Peace Corps and taught French using the audio-lingual method to Ghanaian middle school students who were delighted to learn the language, something they could use later as they carried on trade with Francophone countries.

Nina Salant Hellerstein (Brown)
I was a member of the JYF group of 1966-7, and I am delighted to contribute to the 50th anniversary commemoration of our group. I am sending you four photos from the stay in Tours and Paris. All are of my roommates at the Coutants’ house in Tours: Alice Bloch and Liz Couture. The mountain photo is me (left) and Liz at Mont Blanc, during a weekend when we hitchhiked to Geneva and Chamonix. The one-person photo is Alice in a garden in Aarhus, Denmark; we spent the two-week spring break in Copenhagen and Aarhus visiting a wonderful Danish young man and his mother, a connection that Alice had made via her high school student exchange program. I have many wonderful memories of our year, including the nice family in Tours; my hostess in Paris, a shy elderly lady named Jeanne Hoen; the classes in Paris, which gave us such a solid base in French studies; my explorations of the nooks and crannies of Paris; and...
the irreplaceable French language skills we learned over the year. I have worked with study abroad programs since then, and I have concluded that it is very difficult to find a program today that offers the in-depth, enriching experience that Sweet Briar’s program provided.

My year in France was the determining factor in my life: it inspired me to go to grad school in French at the University of Chicago. I became a French professor and went on to spend more than thirty years at the University of Georgia (I retired in 2011 as head of the Department of Romance Languages). Most of my research has been on Paul Claudel; I was inspired in this choice by the special enthusiasm of our fantastic theater professor, Alfred Simon, for Claudel (I met M. Simon again at a Société Paul Claudel meeting years later.) I have been back to France almost every year since then and continue to nurture wonderful memories of our year there. I have crossed paths with several members of the group whom I didn’t know at the time: Marja Warehime, Adelaide Russo and Merritt Blakeslee.

In other news, I married my high school sweetheart, Walter Hellerstein, and we raised a son and daughter in Athens, GA. We now have three grandchildren who live in Atlanta. I send my best wishes to everyone in the group with a special “bonjour” for Alice, Liz, Gilla and Gail.

Dorothy Mackey Lurie (Wellesley)
I feel so very grateful to have had the opportunity to spend 11 1/2 months in France, really learning to speak French. Yes, I became a French teacher initially, and I even married a Frenchman whom I met in NYC—thus potentially realizing my mother’s worst nightmare—although her grandchildren really only speak English. But that time spent in a different culture changed me, and opened my eyes (which had already been opened quite a bit after 2 years at Wellesley coming from a public high school in Texas).
When I left for France I think I only knew Velveeta, and American cheese. Joanna Alexander, Pat Morrill, Carol Page and I stayed in half of a chateau in Tours, (photo to follow) and the food, OMG.... pheasant, paté de faisan, goat cheese, brie, homemade green tomato preserves, the bread, the soup, artichokes, omelettes; I gained 15 lbs during our 6 weeks in Tours. I remember one Sunday lunch not long after our arrival where the family discussed at length a pneu crevé. Never had learned any practical words while reading Molière. ;) I remember the host family telling us that they would never forget the American soldiers who liberated France during the war--and they would always be grateful.

And Paris. My aunt and uncle, who were at Oxford that year, told me it was the rainiest winter in memory. It was cold and dreary, and for me at least, who actually did study quite a bit...often depressing and sort of lonely. I do remember going out early one morning with several roommates to get an American breakfast: une omelette peut-être. Non, pas possible. Le chef n’est pas là. I remember the workmen dressed in their distinctive blue clothing sitting at the zinc counters--Bois et Charbon--drinking eau de vie at 7 am. Vraiment?? But April came, and I understood why April in Paris can be magical--after a long damp winter.

Let me add that I was not particularly fond of the blue haired widow we 4 stayed with initially dans le 9ème (Rue Taitbout?)--always counting her silver spoons and feeding us slim rations. But Carol and I moved in the spring to a wonderful apartment dans le 6ème je pense (Rue l’Abbé Grégoire), and the widow was so cheerful and welcoming.

I have returned to Paris many times since, and for me it is now an even more a magical place (my late
husband, Jean-Claude, grew up in Paris during the Nazi occupation), full of memories that I cherish. My husband, Greg and I, moved from Houston to Oakland, CA last December to be near the grandkids. We love it here!!

Fred Northup (Sewanee)
Our year was the most transformative of my life for several reasons.

First, I fell in love with my wife Julie Seibels Northup (Sweet Briar) in December of that year, and we enjoyed each other and Paris in a special way. We were married following graduation and have successfully navigated the Scylla and Charybdis of marriage ever since. Meeting my future wife, Julie Seibels, made the year more than memorable; she was smarter than I was, gave me an education in the arts for which I am still grateful, and decided she liked me. The experience of the year provided us with a common foundation and experience which has always been important.

I went to the Episcopal seminary in New York after teaching French for a couple years, and while there figured out a way to spend a semester (with full credit back home) studying with a private tutor in Paris. It was just a ruse to get back to Paris. I had a Sunday job at the American Cathedral, and enjoyed the friends we had made years before on the Junior Year.

Then, a few years later, because of my experience at the Cathedral, I was hired there as the Canon (assistant priest). Sophie (McKenzie) Belouet was there, as well as Joanne (and Patrick) Dauphin with whom we became great friends, as well as many others. We remained there for three and a half of the happiest years of our lives. Living on Avenue George V in an apartment with a courtyard was as good as it gets! So, from ’66 to ’78 we lived a total of five years in Paris. Our oldest son was 2-5 there, and our second son was born at the American Hospital (generally more famous as a place people die!).

Another great experience was of studying at Sciences Politiques. This was transformative as I went from being the ugly American to coming to understand and appreciate the views and values of others. I’ll never forget being asked if it were true that Americans keep vegetables frozen in the kitchen for long periods of time. This seemed truly barbaric and incomprehensible to my French questioners.

More important, of course, was being confronted by political and social views unlike any I’d ever heard, and learning to see the world from a different point of view. Life went from being simple to complex.

Lastly, I was one of the lucky ones – I had a great family. A married couple, in their 40s, with a 17 year old son at home, and another in the Navy. (For example, they took roommate David Earle and me out to Sunday dinner in a restaurant with them every week.) I was fortunate too, in having David as a roommate, and we remain friends, with David on the Board of my non-profit, Athletes for a Better World.

Short bio: After college I taught at McCallie School, Chattanooga, and then after seminary served congregations in Memphis, Paris (above), New York City, Lake Charles, Louisiana, and finally served for ten years as Dean of St. Mark’s Cathedral in Seattle before taking early retirement and forming Athletes for a Better World (abw.org).

I cannot close without paying tribute to the beat up Lambretta scooter I bought in Tours for $40, drove all year, and then sold for $20. It gave me the freedom to explore all the chateaux of the Loire, and in Paris to go to so many more places than we ever would have seen just riding the metro or the bus. Plus, what can be more fun than attacking the Arc de Triomphe à toute vitesse!

Julie Seibels Northup (Sweet Briar)
I chose to go to college at Sweet Briar because of its Junior Year in France program – which I incorrectly understood to require being an SBC student – and my junior year in Paris was, for me, a transformational experience that more than exceeded my expectations. I changed my undergraduate major to political science, changed my minor to music, changed my entire world view, and met my future husband, Fred Northup (Sewanee), among other things.

I switched from the Sorbonne to Sciences Po supplemented by music history courses at the Ecole Normale de Musique and the Conservatoire de Paris. Studying international relations from a French perspective – or just being an American in France in the midst of the Vietnam War – was an education in itself. Fred and I joined the choir at the American Cathedral on Ave. George V and carefully looked for a Cathedral-based funeral in the obituaries because we got paid 35 francs to sing. Fred had a scooter.
which made traveling around the city to various concert venues, theaters, and parks easy; Pariscope became our weekly event planner. My Tours and Paris roommate wrote in her diary that she was sick and tired of my saying how excited I was with each new adventure (yep, roomie, I read it and cried!), but the year was for me a continuous delight.

My Paris host, Charlotte Roger, was a former resistance worker and cantatrice with amazing stories to share, and two of my roommates were non-SBC music students, so harp or flute music frequently greeted me when I entered the apartment. A highlight of the year was when Mme. Roger informed us we could now “tutoyer” her and call her Camé. We had the pleasure of visiting Camé in her country house years later, and of visiting Fred’s fantastic host family (which I am sure he will describe on his own) several times in their country home, most recently last summer.

Fred and I returned to Paris for a semester when we both were in graduate school – Fred at the General Theological Seminary and me at New York University – and later when he became Canon at the American Cathedral in Paris. During that time, I produced our second son, studied and practiced the art of French cooking, translated materials for a pharmaceutical company, and assisted Joanne Dauphin, our beloved 1966-67 directrice, who was still involved with SBC’s JYF program.

Many years later, after working in public housing, public health, university administration, and management consulting in Tennessee, New York, Louisiana, and Washington State, I obtained a law degree from the University of Washington (my initial career goal) and since that time have practiced civil rights and employment law in Atlanta and Asheville, North Carolina (Fred retired as Dean of the Episcopal cathedral in Seattle and started a nonprofit, Athletes for a Better World). In Atlanta one of my great joys was being chosen to sing with the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra Chorus, and during my ten years with the chorus we performed both in the U.S. and in Berlin and won two Grammys.

There is no doubt in my mind that our shared time in Paris was the reason we continue to observe, participate in, and/or support multiple aspects of the arts and are politics fanatics. We still see several JYF alums fairly often – Ann Webster and we (and occasionally Ann Teat Gallant) visit back and forth, particularly during Richmond’s annual French Film Festival; we see Sophie McKenzie Belouet and Joanne and Patrick Dauphin whenever we are lucky enough to go to Paris; and David Earle is a member of Fred’s board. But our two sons are my only truly unequivocally great contribution. Fred Jr. is an auctioneer, actor, musician, and CEO of Southdown Productions based in Seattle; Temple is Associate Professor and Director of the Jack Valenti School of Communications at the University of Houston. Both of them speak French, and Temple actually proposed to his now-wife on top of the Eiffel Tower. Between them, we have three grandchildren who are a true joy to this grandma. The children are studying Chinese and Spanish. What can I say?

**Ruth Tauber Pomerantz (Douglass)**

What a year it was! I think that my journey was different from the others because my prism was different from the others. My parents are Holocaust survivors who wanted to give me every opportunity that my American friends had. As the sole survivors of their immediate families who remained in Poland, they raised me with dignity, optimism, hope, and with a great love for languages. By the time I went to Paris in my junior year, I had already spent an entire summer in Paris after my freshman year at Douglass College. Having started to learn French in high school, I was determined to master the language which was, to me, the most beautiful language in the world.

How excited was I when I learned that I would be part of the Sweet Briar College Junior Year in France family! I met a feisty, spirited girl on the ship en route to France and we became immediate friends. Susie Wolfson and I lived in Tours with Adelaide Russo at the home of the Roy family. One of the highlights was being introduced to la société” by Mme. Roy and how we prepared for that event! Those six weeks were idyllic and fun. Susie and I remained friends and even shared an apartment in New York City after graduate school. Unfortunately, she passed away in 1980, but the memories are forever etched in my heart. In Paris, I shared a room with a French girl, Francoise Nouvion, who is still my dear friend.

I earned my Master’s Degree in French from Columbia University and worked for a short time as a free-lance interpreter for the French Commercial and Cultural
Attaches in New York. After a fulfilling career as an educator, although I didn’t teach French, I became an entrepreneur and run a property management and development company.

My husband Bruce and I took our two daughters to France many times over the years. I like to believe that my passion for languages was instilled in them as they both studied French and Spanish in high school. Our daughter Jessica was a double language major in French and Spanish and Lara was a double major in Spanish and Political Science.

My junior year in France was one of the best years of my life. I loved the sights, culture, music, and the smells from the bakeries and cafes. I loved the Wednesday morning class at the Louvre which enhanced my lifelong passion for art. And, I loved my French name Rachele because the French couldn’t pronounce my English name!

I feel so blessed and honored to have had this experience.

Joan Retsinas (Bryn Mawr)
Fifty years post-Paris, I marvel that I lived in Europe for a year. The past fifty years I have been rooted in the United States. A family (one husband, three children, 5 grandchildren) rooted me, eventually in Providence RI. Although my husband and I have traveled extensively, we returned to Paris only once. Work-wise, I ended up getting a PhD in sociology, specializing in health policy, taught at various places, edited a journal, am now retired.

The Junior Year Abroad, though, left memories that remain crystal-clear even today: my roommates Penny, Marcie, Mary; Madame Verley, who gave us a once-weekly cooking class, Science Po, Monsieur Verley’s advice to buy a small street map booklet and follow a different route wherever we went (advice I still try to follow), the easy chance to cross a border into another culture, a trip to Normandy, the theater class that got us into theaters, the art class that got us into museums. Most of all, I treasure the sense of wonder: so many different peoples, different languages, different values. I always knew that I was an American living in a much bigger universe. The year made me feel that truth viscerally.

Barbara Stanford Tremblay (Colby)
It is not an exaggeration to say that my year in Paris with the Sweet Briar Junior Year in France was life changing. I enjoyed every aspect of the experience -- visiting in person the monuments, museums, and historic sites I had learned about in school; living like a Parisian; and discovering all that Paris, France, and Europe have to offer. My French family was absolutely wonderful (I was thrilled to introduce my own mother to my “French Mother” and “Sister” in 1978) and made my experience truly enjoyable. Among my fondest memories are the art courses at the Louvre -- an experience I never could have imagined for myself -- and the lectures on the history of art, along with the opportunity to experience live theater and so much more. Equally important were the many friends made within the group -- for me, those shared experiences of half a century ago continue to live very vibrantly in my memory.

And of course, the experience launched me into a lifelong career in education, beginning as a French and German teacher at the secondary and undergraduate levels, then on to many years as an educational administrator.

I enjoyed a long career in public and higher education, retiring in 2012 after more than 40 years. In 2014, however, I came out of retirement to serve as interim principal of an elementary school for which I had served as principal more than 20 years earlier. Then I accepted an offer to fill in as principal of a rural elementary school not far from our home in Keene. Before these “retirement jobs”, I spent seven years as Superintendent of one NH school district (NH) after more than eighteen years with the School Administrative Unit based in Keene, where I served as principal of two schools, Assistant Superintendent and Interim Superintendent. Earlier I worked with adult learners at Keene State College and taught languages in several Maryland and Pennsylvania schools.

Along the way, I have tried to extend my reach into the community by serving on numerous non-profit boards and professional organizations in New Hampshire and beyond. Now, in retirement, that is a continuing focus.

I loved my years in education, and continue to look fondly back on my experience with Sweet Briar’s Junior Year in France as the launching pad for the next five decades.

My husband, Tony, and I have three children and eight grandchildren and will celebrate our 48th wedding anniversary this June 22nd.
Upcoming JYF 1968-69 Anniversary Announcement:  
50th Anniversary Celebration in 2017!

Dear Friends:
In 2018 we will mark the 50th anniversary of our 1968-69 Junior Year Abroad in France (JYF). An informal committee from our program group is thinking about that celebration and we want to hear from you. What ideas do you have to mark the occasion? Where would you like to celebrate and what season of the year? What type of experiences would be exciting to you? Would you plan to bring your significant other? Your family? If so, what kinds of help would you need for planning?

Sweet Briar’s JYF office has offered to send out this initial notice to the email list of our program group. They may not have everyone’s current email so if you keep in touch with alumni from our group, please share this notice with them.

To help us gather information about your preferences and whereabouts, please write back to Meredith Ludwig (merryj1948@gmail.com) with a copy to Eric Allemano (eric.allemano@yahoo.fr) with your responses to the following questions and any ideas you would like to share.

1. Do you prefer to celebrate in the US or in Paris?
2. What time of year would be best for such a celebration? (Keep in mind holidays in fall/spring)
3. Would you be interested in a weekend celebration? If longer or shorter, please specify the number of days.
4. What type of activities would you enjoy?
   o Anniversary dinner (for example in New York or Washington)
   o For a Paris reunion (please note if you/a companion prefer English commentary for any or all of these options)
     • Dinner at Reid Hall
     • Dinner cruise on the Seine
     • Trips to nearby sites, such as the Chateaux region
     • Cooking classes
     • Wine tasting
     • Walking tours (and eating tours)
     • Theater and sporting events
5. What assistance would you need if you were making a trip from your home to New York, DC or to France? (for example, hotel recommendations; activities for family members; food issues for a planned dinner; access needs for disabled travelers)

Please acknowledge this message, let us know where you are, and share your thoughts by April 1 to Meredith Ludwig with a copy to Eric Allemano (merryj1948@gmail.com and eric.allemano@yahoo.fr).

Thank you from your friends
David Adams (Kenyon College); Eric Allemano (Kenyon College); Daniel Gorrell (Miami University of Ohio); Bonnie Halpern (Vassar College); Meredith Ludwig (UNC Greensboro); Cheryl Mann (Dickinson College)
1973-74
Andrea Gisela Snell (Mount Holyoke)
Andrea Gisela. Age 63. Died on August 12, at home with her family in Ridgewood, NJ. Born in Manhattan in 1953, she was the first child of Sigrid Leube Snell and George Birge Snell. She graduated from Northern Valley Regional High School in Demarest (1971); from Mt. Holyoke, summa cum laude (1975); did research abroad at the Universities of Tuebingen and Paris; and received an M.Phil. and a Ph.D. (1982) from Yale University.
After graduating from Yale, she served as Vice President, Jan Krukowski Associates Inc. in Manhattan, a firm specializing in market research and major fund-raising campaigns for colleges, universities, and cultural institutions. Later, she served for over two decades as Vice President of Hudson Strategies, Inc., Ridgewood, NJ, a communications consulting firm.
For the past 28 years, she played in the first violin section of the Ridgewood Symphony, and during the same period held leadership roles in organizations supporting orchestral music and music education in the public schools. She was also active in numerous groups supporting the interests and well-being of children and young adults with special needs.
An avid hiker, swimmer, and canoeist, she and her family enjoyed vacations in upstate New York for many years. As her illness progressed, she continued to play chamber music with her friends, and also found great benefit and joy in equine therapy.
She is survived by her husband of 32 years, John Workman; and their two children, Julia Workman of Wynnewood, PA and Marcus Workman of Ridgewood, NJ; by her brother Dietrich Snell of Manhattan, and her mother Sigrid Snell of Haworth, NJ. Services will be private. In lieu of flowers, the family would welcome memorial donations to Pony Power Therapies, Mahwah, NJ, or to the Ovarian Cancer Research Fund Alliance.
Submitted by John Workman, husband of Andrea Snell.
Resident Director: Arnold Joseph (Denison)
Surprise! I’m still here. Hangin’ in there, a mere self of my former shadow. Retired from Denison since 1990. Withdrawal from academic life was not that painful. Forgot a lot of literary facts but had assimilated lessons from Camus, Proust and others influential in my dealings with realities. I keep busy and amused with a variety of creative silliness. Wrote some short stories such as “Konrad, the Free Range Cauliflower,” dabble in resuscitating discarded items resulting in my montage of rejected, paint-enhanced circuit boards, “Obsolescens-Obsolete” and spend time in my kitchen which serves as an atelier as well as a playroom. My memory is fading fast. I recognize very few people on the 1976-77 photo taken at the Institut de Touraine. I do remember Teri Joseph (Denison) and she’s not even in the picture. I also recall being fond of your group and, like you, I think of my times in France as a series of rewarding and life enhancing experiences. So, write to me and justify your existence.

Assistant Director: Janet Wagner

Arthur Kevin Berry (Princeton)
My Junior Year in France was one of the most exhilarating of my life: it was my first time traveling to Europe; the first time flying on a 747 Jumbo jet; the year that I made some of the best friendships of my life (which still endure to this day); the year which truly crystallized my understanding of international relations on multiple fronts – personal, social, academic, spiritual – it was truly a magnificent turning point in my life, and I am and forever will be, exceedingly grateful for having had the opportunity.

My junior year provided me with an experiential foundation which primed me for much of what came later in my life: pursuing a Master’s Degree in International Relations and Development Studies; working as an intern in the US Embassy in Tunis, Tunisia; a career in international travel and tourism working as an Area Sales Manager for Air Afrique.
Airlines, and extensive travel throughout North and West Africa, all of Europe, the Caribbean, Canada, and Brazil; the development of a sensibility and affinity for people, places and cultures different from my own…the list goes on.

Finally, my Junior Year gave me the gift of learning a language completely different from that of my mother tongue – this gift of inestimable value has added a dimension to my life, without which, I would not be the Citizen of the World that I have been trained to be as a function of that first time living an international existence.

To this day, I continue to be involved and engaged in life, career, friendships, etc., which have evolved out of the foundational experiences I had during my Junior Year Program in France.

Thank you, Sweet Briar Junior Year in France program…may you long continue to serve as a conduit for the tremendous life experience which is afforded to those you welcome through your doors!

Susan Coulson Burghes, PhD (Mount Holyoke)
Let me say how relieved I am that Sweet Briar College & the JYF Program has avoided ‘the axe’. I now have 3 degrees from 3 different schools, have lived in 4 countries and not one year of my life has taught me more than my JYF in 1976/77 in Tours & Paris! Please feel free to edit this missive!

I was a junior at Mount Holyoke College majoring in Chemistry and French. It was a difficult task to arrange this year abroad with my professors due to my science major and the required courses I would need to fulfill in Paris and upon my return. Also, I applied directly to Paris VII Jussieu Faculté des Sciences. I cannot remember if I was required to do this by the French University System in order to take classes there. I was classified as a graduate student in their science curriculum as they had almost no hands on laboratory experiences for their undergrad students.

Therefore my academic experience in Paris was entirely separate, and very different from anyone else with JYF. I attended Paris VII for Thermodynamics and
an advanced Biology class, and Institut Protestant for Philosophy [where I was jovially ridiculed for being a 'scientifique and positiviste']. I took - of all things - an American literature class somewhere else, but I cannot remember where. It was in the American lit class where I made some friends - Claire from the Channel Island of Jersey, and Anne-Laurence Renault [in the photo with me, I think I have spelled her name correctly].

We spent the first perhaps 6 weeks in Tours. A lovely, well-healed town with a relaxed somewhat bucolic lifestyle. There were some short introductory course in conversation and translation. I wish I could remember the names of my hosts! It was a middle-aged Dr. and his wife. She had some health problems, but they were charming people. I also met their daughters - one married - and their adorable granddaughter. A generous, loving family all around. I was deeply grateful!

On to Paris where I was placed with a WWI vintage couple. There is nothing light or easy in that period of history. If you survived that war, it was only to experience economic devastation and recovery and the repeat horrors of WWII.

So, I grasped that, but they were SO rigid and dour, I asked to be moved. [I couldn't even keep my hair brush next to the bathroom sink!] Again, I wish I could remember their names! I know they lived just off the rue Poncelet in a great area, and easy walk to Étoile.

Then my life in Paris really kicked into gear. Anne de la Garenne was an early middle-aged spinster, but with a real twinkle in her eye. She was the privileged daughter of an Englishwoman and a Frenchman [one or both high born]. She worked in a publishing company in Paris and was very literate, but also delighted in youth. I also had an American roommate with the program, Linda Weiner, and I am trying to remember what school she was from...in PA I think. She had actually gone to MIME School, so was not a big talker! Haha! But we were patient with each other, and I was fascinated with her life experiences. Her parents were divorced and her mother was an anthropologist, so she had lived in extremely exotic places & conditions.

I was soaking up newness like the proverbial sponge! Linda and I took the traditional Toussaint holiday. Linda and I hitchhiked [I was paralyzed with fear at first] to the Vosges mountains!!! A very sympathetic family picked us up and we squashed into their small car with their 2 small children. No car seats then! It was pouring with rain, and we felt and, I expect, looked like drowned rats! They took us to retreat in the mountains runs by Marianist Monks!!!! Once again, total newness... I am not Catholic, and Linda is Jewish [but maybe something else and not religious]. We slept in big, simple dormitories with concrete floors in bunks. There was a large trough with cold running water and no heat anywhere.

We stayed a couple of nights. The monks were very kind to feed us. We took a mountain hike, and left a few days later for the [big] town of Nancy to see the Art Nouveau Museum. Again, I do not recall details, but we stayed in Youth Hostels here and there. I became separated from Linda and attached myself to a very laid back group of Europeans from all over Europe. They carried around a coffee can they called the Common Market. Each group member put money into the can from which we could buy food and drink as we hiked and hitched to the next hostel.

I remember finally returning to Paris with only the 2 Spanish Catalanian anarchists! Something almost Fellini-esque - nice guys, but completely unplugged. I visited museums galore. I hadn't a cent to spend so I would cruise the department stores every couple of months and try out the perfumes. I attended church services at the Cathédrale Américaine - a gorgeous church with some extremely well-healed people. This is how my parents and I spent Christmas with the Consular Assistant to the US Embassy in the gorgeous townhouse [paid for with American taxpayer dollars! How appropriate!]

I remember 2 faculty who led the program - Professor Langlois, who is the kindest, most darling man. He set an example in every way. And a petite young woman whose name I have lost. She was married, but she and her husband worked in separate places. She was very kind and understanding.

Your letter brought up some really dusty memories, some of which are literally not fit to print.

After MHC, I went directly to the University of Maine were I got my Masters in biochemistry. I then worked in gorgeous mid-coastal Maine for about 4 years. I married a man from London which is where we lived when we were first married. Arthur was finishing his PhD in biochemistry and I worked in
couple of different laboratories - Inst. of Neurology Queen Square & the Hammersmith Hospital. We then moved to Toronto where Arthur did his post-doctoral fellowship and cloned the gene for Duchenne muscular dystrophy. Again, I worked in several laboratories mostly at the Hospital for Sick Children. It was an extremely exciting time scientifically, and personally. We had our first child, Evan, in Toronto.

We moved to Columbus, Ohio where I [finally] got my PhD in molecular, cellular and developmental biology. My project was working on an animal model of multiple sclerosis. Arthur [Burghes] is now a full professor in 3 departments at THE Ohio State University and has created an animal model for spinal muscular atrophy.

I, on the other hand, realized that I could not raise my sons [alone] and work full time in this field. I would like to say I switched to another field, but threw myself into various activities like creating a science club at the local elementary school, working on school projects like an arts club [involved mostly in theatre productions], substitute teaching - French occasionally.

Arthur and I have 2 sons, Evan and Gareth [what is with these Welsh names!] who are both engaged to be married!

I think Daphne Johnson Hanrahan is the only person I am still in touch with. You probably have her info - she is in New Jersey.

I would be happy to host visitors to Columbus - obviously we have a lot of entree into the world of gigantic universities now. Columbus is a delightful, youthful, progressive city with enormous ethnic diversity and a huge economic base.

I am sad to say that I have lost contact with Claire, Anne-Laurence and Linda. I would love to see them or hear from them. Their friendship was a lifesaver to me. Please feel free to contact me at this email or my mobile: 614-352-9550. I am in Paris right now, and need to get over to the Louvre with my 11am ticket!!

Natalie Graham Hinkle (Randolph Macon Woman’s)
Forty years! I do not know about everyone else, but that takes my breath away. It doesn’t seem like that long ago.

In fact, I was just in Paris in April for my niece’s wedding and it was just like old times. Not a stranger to Paris, and certainly, not a tourist!

This feeling is also probably because I have been working for a French company, based just north of CDG Étoile, next to the Bois, in Suresnes, for the past 10 years. IER www.iier.com Impressions et Enregistrements des Résultats…..an old-fashioned name from the 60s when airlines had to record everything on paper or magnetic strips). Owned by Vincent Bolloré et sa famille. Who knew there would be a French global entity with its North American operations 10 miles from my home in Central Texas?!

I wasn’t looking for a job at the time. They heard about me and asked me to do some translations to English and I never stopped working there. I have worked in every capacity in the company except Accounting and Sales. I am head of Customer Service/Logistics for North America and support our regional President and all our sales and technical staff with special projects and bids nationwide and also in South America (not our region, but United Airlines operates there and they are one of our largest customers.) Loads of fun! Hard to even think of retiring now. I have really enjoyed the experience. All my French colleagues are astounded that I understand, speak, read and write French. They always want to know my story, and it is rewarding in so many ways to explain.

After receiving my BA in French and Chemistry, I took a completely different route into business with an MBA. Thought about international business briefly, but married a Texan and worked in Hospital Information Systems. Of course, it is pretty international down here. My husband expanded his aluminum die casting business to Monterrey, MX 15 years ago, and also did business in Spain, Germany, and Italy, but recently sold both to explore other options before retiring when he reaches 90. (He is our age.)

We have a son and daughter, both in medicine. Go figure. He’s in an MD/PhD program and she is an equine veterinarian.

I have fond memories of Tours (my birthday party and the family butchering sheep outside our bedroom window), touring the Loire Valley, riding around Paris and Northern France in a yellow sports car (Mustang?), Mont St. Michael, Reims, Chinese
restaurants and phoning home. (What an ordeal!) Oh yes, and living beside Étoile (ever so briefly) and then the Eiffel Tower. We all had our corner cafés where we would meet when dinner chez Madame X was awful. The patisseries and crêpes between classes and the university cafeterias. Maybe not very unique, but very special, nonetheless. If any of this rings a bell, it would be absolutely wonderful to hear from you.

Barbara Mendelsohn Price (Sweet Briar)
I have recently made a concerted effort to commit to my French language skills and last year June 2015 I spent 6 weeks in Paris and the south of France, two weeks with my husband and 4 weeks on my own in Paris living with a French lady on Rue de la Tour Maubourg in the 7th and taking classes again at the Alliance Française on Boulevard Raspail. I had 4 weeks of language retraining and walking the marvelous city of my youth. What a month it was! I plan to go back again and again and am in the process of making dreams a reality.

I have also joined two very interesting patrimoine groups - The French Heritage Society out of New York, and Friends of Blerancourt both of which can be found on the internet and I encourage all to join. They are wonderful organizations with access to the most incredible homes, gardens, museums, people and places all over France and the organizations raise money for exchange students. They are worthwhile organizations which have opened doors and through which I have made good friends.

Vive la France et l’amitié française. Thanks to Sweet Briar Junior Year Abroad for opening doors and making the most profound impression on my life!

Kimberly Harper Wiehl (Middlebury)
I had a wonderful junior year in Paris and have some very fond memories of that special time. Looking back, I realize that these months were the beginning of a long and happy life spent abroad for nearly a quarter of a century!

The first weeks in Tours, my college roommate Janice Pedrin Nielson, and I stayed with several other girls at the home of M. and Mme. Vuccino. The family had hosted many JYF students over the years and they were very strict on the ‘speak only in French’ rule. Each night we would dutifully sit at the dinner table where one by one we contributed to the conversation in our best (and improving day by day) français.

The weekends visiting the Loire chateaux were a lovely way to explore the region and appreciate the history and culture of centuries past. But all the while, the excitement was building for the move to Paris; where I could hardly wait to live la vie parisienne!

We were certainly not disappointed! So stimulated by all the city had to offer, practically every day revealed a new discovery or insight. Janice and I lived in the 13th arrondissement with Mme. Dutilh, who unfortunately was not a gifted French cook. But that was not really a problem, as we discovered many new restaurants and exotic cuisines that were affordable on a student budget. One of our favourite outings on Saturday nights was to walk through the little streets to Rue Mouffetard and enjoy the plentiful Greek mezze and delicious grilled lamb kebabs.

To continue with a diverse liberal arts curriculum, I had the great opportunity to study at Sciences Po, Paris IV and at the Musée du Louvre art course – three very unique institutions and each with a unique approach to education, each of which was different from what I had experienced back in Vermont at Middlebury.

I remember that my friend Katie Henahan Dunbar and I felt very rebellious by wearing blue jeans to Sciences Po where the typical dress code at the time was skirts and pearls for the women and jackets for the men! We studied Relations Internationales with the rather imperious M. Duroselle. After his lengthy lectures we would treat ourselves to what we considered the BEST croque-monsieur in Paris at the café with a large fish tank near the rue de Rivoli.

I loved the art course with the weekly visits to the Musée du Louvre and the Jeu de Paume, with Mme. Cotté gallantly leading us through all the exhibits with much authority. In the spring we would meet at the Centre Georges Pompidou which was newly opened in January 1977. It was the first major museum that used the innovative ‘inside out’ style of architecture. We were in awe of the complicated structure and it was certainly the most modern, and fun, building I had ever seen.

We learned so much about the most famous artists spanning five centuries and were thrilled to find the originals of other works by these artists in museums throughout Europe during our summer travels. In
fact, I still have a keen interest in art history and marvel whenever I see a painting or artist I had studied 40 years ago!

But most importantly the year spent in France was the beginning of the nearly 25 years I spent living, working and travelling throughout Europe. Following college I studied at Thunderbird School of Global Management and once again spent a semester abroad, this time in Oxford, England and Maribor, Slovenia. After graduation with an MBA in International Finance, I moved to New York to join the management training program at the then Chemical Bank, now part of JPMorgan.

After four years I was (very happily!) transferred to London for a two year assignment to arrange financing for oil trading companies. That assignment began in 1985 and led to other roles financing infrastructure development and projects in the developing economies of Central and Eastern Europe in the early 1990’s. Over the years spent in London, I travelled frequently to the Continent – managing to visit nearly every single European country for business and/or pleasure.

In 2001, I became the Secretary-General of the Berne Union, the global trade association of export credit and political risk insurers. The organization had 80 member companies, from both the public and private sectors, which together represented over 120 countries. I spent a very exciting and rewarding decade organizing meetings and conferences around the world for members to exchange technical expertise as well as to promote the mission of the industry globally. In 2012, I returned to my native Connecticut where I now work in the third generation family business in commercial real estate.

Throughout the years spent abroad, I always travelled to France each year – to ski in the Alps, swim in the Mediterranean, relax in the hills of Provence or to return to my old haunts in Paris! I’ve also continued with French studies, taking a course or two every several years at the Alliances Françaises in London and New York. I wanted to be sure that I would not lose the ability to communicate in this beautiful language. In fact, this summer I will be starting an executive education course at INSEAD based in Fontainebleau, just outside of Paris, so once again I am looking forward to my next adventure in France!
Resident Director: William W. Kibler (U. Texas, Austin)

Hard to believe it’s been 25 years since the 119 members of our SBC-JYF first gathered in Tours for our introductions to one another and to France. We were met there by our very capable French-based staff—Carol Denis, Joanne Dauphin, and Lucienne Derozières. For those of you who may have missed the news, our beloved Assistant Director Carol Denis passed away from cancer in August 2006, but I know that she remains foremost in your memories of that year. And I can assure you that she was as indispensable to me as she was to all of you. Whenever I think back on our experiences, she is closely mingled in with all my memories.

Since last I wrote for the Alumni Magazine, I have retired from the University of Texas but still live in Austin with my wife, Nancy. We now have two very happily married daughters, Mary- Alison here in Austin, and Charlotte in Houston. We have been blessed with five grandchildren, ranging in age from 12 to 17. The eldest, Abbe, is a senior at the Liberal Arts and Sciences Academy here in Austin and will be entering college next fall. The youngest, Nora and Katie, are both entering Middle School. So this is an exciting and challenging year for all. My wife and I enjoy traveling, and have taken 2 or 3 trips every year since we both retired in 2008, to such varied places as Egypt and Turkey (no longer safe for tourists, alas), Chile, Tahiti, Costa Rica, and most of the Caribbean islands. Each summer we go to the 1000 Islands in the St. Lawrence River in Ontario, Canada, to escape the Texas heat. As I write this in mid-September, we have been back just for three days (and it’s still hot!)

I hope that each and every one of you harbors warm memories of your year in France and feels that you have profited in some important way from your experience. With increasing globalization in our
lifetimes, it has become more and more important to learn about and understand other cultures. I wish you well in the future and hope you will drop me an email at wkibler@utexas.edu. Many thanks for the memories!

Assistant Director: Carol S. Denis

Kelli Morton Brown (UC San Diego)
I can’t believe it’s already been 25 years! It seems like just yesterday I was attempting to see every corner of the Louvre (something like 20 visits), and trying every form of patisserie with my roommate Emma Blake in the guise of gaining the full cultural experience. My favorite class was “The history of Paris through its monuments”. I wish I could wander through every major city with Madame Oswald in tow bringing its history alive. I’ve been fortunate enough to have stayed in touch with Paris and have visited several times with my family. While I’ve lost contact with my French family from JYF, we’ve made new friends by hosting French students at our house and subsequently visiting them in Paris. It’s so cute to see my daughters falling in love with the French language, country and culture as well. I’m looking forward to the day when they will embark on their own Sweet Briar JYF! Sweet memories for sure! I’d love to get back in touch with my JYF friends. Let me know if you are ever in the San Francisco Bay Area.

Ruth Mason Smith Custard (Washington and Lee)
JYF undoubtedly changed my life forever for the better.

Asit Parikh (Northwestern)
I have fond memories of my JYF year, the places, the food and the friendships. In fact this summer I will go to Carcassonne in August with my family of 5, to spend a week with a close French friend with her
family of 5. It was that year in Paris that solidified our now 30 year old friendship.

I majored in French Language and Literature at Northwestern graduating in 1993. While my plans originally entailed pursuing a doctorate in French, I ended up in medicine instead and graduated from a physician scientist (MD PhD) training program at Vanderbilt University. Today I run a large research and development group at Takeda Pharmaceuticals, where I still find myself speaking French almost every day, sometimes it’s only a sentence or two, and sometimes a spontaneous half-hour conversation. Imagine that, an American of Indian descent speaking French in Japan’s oldest pharmaceutical company!

2002-03

Paul Kutner (Georgetown)
On May 29, 2016, alumni Dr. Melissa “Missy” Bailey (Rice University) and Paul Kutner (Georgetown University) were married in New Orleans, Louisiana. After JYF, they lost touch for nearly a decade, but thanks to Facebook they reconnected. They saw each other for the first time in June of 2012, and started dating in the spring of 2014. Paul proposed to Melissa on September 5, 2015, in Central Park.

In attendance from the 2002-03 JYF group were Brandon Waltz and Elisabeth Grover Waltz (Wheaton College of Massachusetts), Rik van Riel and Rebeka Fortess (Case Western Reserve University), Dr. Kelly Vance Klocek (St. Mary’s College of Maryland), Beth Laux Hather (Northwestern University), and Dr. Nick Hatcher.
10 Year Anniversary

2006-2007

Resident Director: Marie Grée

Ten years ago, my second year with Sweet Briar College in Paris, you were 133 students and I vividly remember the many wonderful times we shared. And my memory has been refreshed over the years as you have visited us in Paris – most students who spend a year here will eventually come back to renew their ties to France.

So who remembers singing a capella, and giving an impromptu show in front of the Galeries Lafayette right before Christmas, receiving a pretty good amount of money from the Parisian crowd? Are you still singing? And one amusing anecdote that I learned from one of your group who told me recently about practicing his pronunciation in front of a mirror at night with lipstick on, as Mme Denise Guine advised all of her students to do! He speaks beautiful French today so I guess the method works…

I also had the pleasure recently of meeting with alumni from many years ago and listening to their stories about travelling to small villages in France in a 2 chevaux or buying a Vespa to cross Paris at full speed. Well, my guess is that you would probably not do that today in the same car, but most of those villages have changed very little or not at all. So come back and explore, and of course stop by the Office at Reid Hall.

You are all well along in your careers now, and some of you have started families, but I am sure you have not forgotten your French and I hope you have the opportunity to use it. If you feel « rouillé », try the lipstick technique. Vous ne regretterez rien!

Assistant Director: Karen Parnet

Rikki Jones O’Reilly (Hood)

The experience, the complete immersion, the friendships, the awkwardness of normal – each part made my 2006-2007 Junior Year in France an incredible memory that I speak to still today. It is true that the
best type of education is the one you experience in a world completely unlike your own. American-born, Junior Year in France allowed me to think globally. I wanted to see and do more, because of Sweet Briar, I did, and I still am. In the past ten years, I studied in Ghana with Duke University; I completed a Master of Business Administration; and, I am a Presidential Management Fellow in the U.S. Government. I am currently pursuing a professional certificate in International Business Management from Georgetown University. I press forward because of the incredible experiences I was afforded as an undergraduate student at Hood College. While time is fleeting, life is happening, and I look forward to the next ten years. For the 2016-2017 class, let your Junior Year in France be the catalyst for something truly amazing!
Most Recent Alumni

2014-2015

Resident Director: Marie Grée

Assistant Director: Lucy Hervier

Warm greetings to the JYF class of 2014-15. Looking over your class picture, it brings back special memories such as our time in Tours together, the trip to Strasbourg and our private visit of the National Assembly. It has already been a couple of years since you were here. The big change since you left is our move from the Alliance Française to Reid Hall a beautiful center in the 6th arrondissement. We would love to show you the new office on your next trip back to Paris. My work there still involves some of favorite responsibilities, interacting with host families, and finding the right fit for each and every students.

Finding internships has also been a highlight of my time at Sweet Briar JYF. It was thrilling to give students, still young, and with very little professional experience, embark on diverse and compelling new journeys, working in art galleries, restoring old films from the silent era, or observing brain surgery.

You are now our most recent alumni. A JYF alumni myself, it has been interesting to read throughout the years past alumni testimonials. Many things have changed since my time in the program. Students no longer take a boat to get to France, and don’t have to wait in line at the post office to call their families back home. But in more important ways, the experience is still very much the same. As former students often say, the program plays a big role in what they end up doing
for the rest of their lives, provides lifelong friendships and offers new perspective on life. This was very much the case for myself, and I feel very proud to have been part of this experience with you. Please keep in touch and let us know what you’re doing.

Rebecca Andriani (Wooster)
I am a member from the 2014-2015 Sweet Briar JYF program year and my plans after graduation have already started this past February where I began an internship in Women’s Ministry with my church Vineyard Columbus. What is particularly unique about this ministry is the opportunity for me to reach out to women of all cultural backgrounds, especially given the size of our international population that is part of my church. My long-term plans after this internship will hopefully begin looking for mission opportunities overseas.

Gina Faldetta (Amherst)
I am happy to say that this fall I begin my studies at Harvard Law School! I hope to study intellectual property law. Also, I am happily still in touch with my host family from my junior year abroad!

Sarah Haas (Colgate)
I am planning to obtain my Masters Degree in Journalism at Northwestern University’s Medill School of Journalism.

Beatrice Herrmann (Rice)
I will be starting this upcoming September, my Masters 2 at ENS Cachan in Fundamental Microbiology in Paris, France. During my masters I will focus on viral and bacterial infections while finishing the Masters in July 2017 after completion of a research internship. Afterwards I will continue my research and studies with a PhD, either in the US or Europe.

Liza Keller (Northwestern)
I will be working at Burger King Corporation as an Analyst in the Leadership Development Program.

Aleksandra Burshteyn (Amherst)
Bonjour! I hope all is well in the Sweet Briar Junior Year in France offices!

I write to you with my post-graduate plans, as requested: I will spend the next year, August to August, traveling the world on a Watson Fellowship. I will be living in Northern Ireland, the Czech Republic, South Africa, India, and Mongolia (and perhaps others!), speaking to people about their memories and experiences of social and political transitions. I’m terribly excited and nervous all at the same time, so if anyone has any advice, contacts, or words of encouragement, please don’t be a stranger!
Megan Johnston (Sweet Briar)
Since graduation, I have been working as an apprentice at Waterpenny Farm, an organic vegetable farm in Sperryville, Virginia. I’m learning about all aspects of farming such as growing and harvesting produce, as well as selling goods at weekly farmer’s markets. Eventually, I would like to work with a farm-to-school program and hopefully help to increase awareness of and access to local food. I’m also looking forward to visiting France again one day! I have so many fond memories with JYF 2015 and I’ve been working to keep up with my language skills so that I can visit again soon!

Sammy Marrus (Wellesley)
I graduated from Wellesley College in May with a BA in History & French. I am back living in NYC nearby old friends and family and I am starting work at a startup soon.

Alex Nunnelly (Providence)
I am at the University of Notre Dame in the ACE program Master of Education, a 2 year fellowship in New Orleans teaching high school French 1 and 2 and English 3.
Send or update your email address!
- Share your stories, memories or photos to JYF
- Receive your Alumni Magazine and other updates from JYF
- Be included in the online JYF Alumni Directory

Contact us at jyf@sbc.edu
2016 Contributors to the Scholarship and Financial Aid Funds of the JYF

We wish to thank the following alumnae and alumni, friends of the JYF and corporations making matching grants, who contributed a total of $8,720 during the 2015-2016 school-year (July 1, 2015 - June 30, 2016).

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<th>1948-49</th>
<th>Patricia Cary Stewart, Cornell</th>
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<th>Margaret Chase Hager, Wheaton</th>
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<td>1951-52</td>
<td>Josephine Wells Rodgers, Sweet Briar</td>
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<td>John Conley, Yale</td>
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<td>Michael Koppisch, Johns Hopkins</td>
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<td>Deborah Kennedy, Mt. Holyoke</td>
<td>1965-66</td>
<td>Judith Anderson Russell, Denison</td>
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<td>Edith Dobyns Gilson, Randolph- Macon</td>
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<td>Nnn Tull, Wellesley</td>
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<td>Constance Eklund, Northwestern</td>
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<td>Jane Loewenstein Levy, Duke</td>
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<td>Roger Zissu, Dartmouth</td>
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<td>Barbara Hannaford Steiner, Briardiff</td>
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<td>1959-60</td>
<td>Joseph Carroll, U/Virginia</td>
<td>1969-70</td>
<td>Lynn McWhood, Wellesley</td>
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<td>R. Eugene Jaegers, U/Louisville</td>
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<td>1960-61</td>
<td>Katherine Emery Pogue, Northwestern</td>
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<td>Maria Carozza Volpe, Sweet Briar</td>
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SCHOLARSHIP FUNDS

❤ The **CAROL STARR DENIS FUND**, in memory of Mme Carol Denis who died of cancer on August 8, 2006. Endowed scholarship funds (only the income is used):

❤ The **R. JOHN MATTHEW ENDOWED SCHOLARSHIP FUND**, in memory of R. John Matthew, Director, Junior Year in France.

❤ The **ARTHUR BATES MEMORIAL FUND**, in memory of Arthur Bates, Professor of French, Sweet Briar College.

❤ The **ROBERT MARSHALL 25th ANNIVERSARY SCHOLARSHIP FUND**, founded in 1972 in honor of the 25th Anniversary of the Junior Year in France and renamed in 1984 in honor of Robert Marshall, Director, Junior Year in France.

❤ The **MARIANA GOMEZ FERRE SCHOLARSHIP FUND**, established by her classmates in memory of Mariana Gomez Ferré (Wellesley, JYF 1982-83) killed in a plane crash in Cali, Columbia, on December 20, 1995.

❤ The **EMILE LANGLOIS FUND**, in honor of former Director, Emile Langlois. Financial aid operating budget (your contribution will be used for the 2017-2018 financial aid budget).

Your gifts to JYF are tax deductible. Please note that many firms match employee contributions to JYF in Paris.

To donate, please send a check made payable to Sweet Briar College Junior Year in France using the enclosed envelope or send your contribution to: JYF in Paris, Sweet Briar College, P.O. Box 1075, Sweet Briar, Virginia 24595 or donate online at sbc.edu/give and select JYF in Paris from the list.

THANK YOU!!!
JYF in Paris offices at Reid Hall