MacJannet FOUNDATION

Les Entretiens

BUILDING A COMMUNITY OF GLOBAL CITIZENS

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE MACJANNET FOUNDATION

SPRING 2011

Buddy call at MacJannet Camps, circa 1953. This photo, taken by Donald MacJannet, was recently discovered by Charlotte MacJannet's great-nephew, Daniel Lathwesen, a photographer in Essen, Germany. The camps' breathtaking location on Lake Annecy, George Halsey contends, was a critical element of the MacJannets' philosophy but not the centerpiece.

What were the MacJannets really about?

Lake Annecy? International goodwill? These were merely peripheral to the founders' greatest passion.

George Halsey's article begins on page 4.

MacJannet Prize: 2011 winners

The MacJannet Prize for Global Citizenship, launched in 2009, recognizes exemplary student civic engagement programs at universities around the world. In this, its third year, the MacJannet Prize received 75 nominations from 59 university programs in 26 countries. Out of the original 75 nominations, 22 programs were selected to advance to the second round. The eight winners chosen by the MacJannet Prize Selection Committee are:

First prize ($5,000):

Programa Integral de Acción Comunitaria en Barrios Vulnerables/Community Action Program in Vulnerable Neighborhoods (PIACBV), Universidad de Buenos Aires (Argentina), was established in 2007 to work with high-risk populations in and around Buenos Aires. Its main objective is the construction of communal spaces, called Extension Centers, which promote social integration, local development and further opening the resources available to the community. The projects undertaken through the Extension Centers focus on three broad areas: education (literacy, job training, digital literacy, vocational and teacher training); community health (primary health care, nutrition, dentistry) and community development (legal assistance, citizenship workshops, recreational activities).

Second prize ($2,500 each):

- **Bright Site of Sunnyside Service Learning Centre, University of South Africa (South Africa).** The Centre, created in 2008 in the Sunnyside community of Pretoria, conducts regular "awareness walks" in which students directly engage residents about their concerns, needs and ideas. Issues addressed have included unemployment, homelessness, integration of the refugee community and xenophobia. A second urban/rural site is being developed in Durban.

- **Student Community Engagement, University of Brighton (United Kingdom)** , was established in 2003 to form partnerships between the University of Brighton and community partners to address marginalization and disadvantage in the local community. The program works to identify ways in which students might undertake community-based activities as part of their accredited learning programs.

Third prize ($1,000 each):

- **Amplifying Grassroots Community Voices in Vhembe District, University of Venda (South Africa)**, was launched in response to a disconnect between the local government and many local community members who feel that their voices are not heard. The program works to create all-inclusive community platforms where people have the opportunity to express their views on local development issues.

- **Bard Palestinian Youth Initiative, Bard College, Annandale, N.Y. (USA)**, founded in 2008 by a Palestinian student at Bard, is a student-run program that works to build civil society in the West Bank. Each summer Bard students travel there to run workshops to encourage self-expression, summer educational camps and English classes; they also built the first children's library in the West Bank.

- **Creating Communities for Development, Tecnológico de Monterrey (Mexico)** has established community centers in six high-poverty communities and acts as a spokesman for local needs and interests.
- **DIT Community Links Programme, Dublin Institute of Technology (Ireland)** Community Links at the Dublin Institute of Technology (Ireland) seeks to alleviate educational disadvantage, widen participation and enhance civic engagement, particularly in inner city Dublin, through a combination of community-based and DIT-based programs.
- **Lakeside Drive Community Garden, Charles Darwin University (Australia)**, launched in 2008, is an outreach program that enables students, staff, local government, community members and organizations and local businesses to work together to create a demonstration site for tropical food production and sustainable living education.

This year's prizes will be awarded at the Talloires Network Global Leaders Conference in Madrid, Spain on June 14-16. The Prize winners' representatives will exchange ideas, discuss common concerns, and receive their Prize in an award ceremony. For more information, visit the Talloires Network's website at: www.talloires2011.org/macjannet-prize/2011-winners.

How the Prize affects winners

Since the Prize was launched only in 2009, the seeds it planted may not sprout for years. But two of last year's prizewinners report that the Prize has already impacted their work profoundly.

'A new program was born'

Puentes UC (Bridges UC) *at the Pontificia Universidad Católica de Chile won First Prize in 2010. It involves thousands of students and professors in more than 1,000 municipal projects.*

Receiving an international recognition such as the MacJannet Prize validates our work within the University and the municipalities with whom we work.

At the same time, it was very significant for us to realize that it was time to reflect and redesign certain elements of our program. This is how the project PuentesUC 2.0 was born; it consists of perfecting some main elements of the program. An important part of this process was the enormous benefit we gained from sharing with other successful community engagement programs from around the world last summer in Talloires.

—Gonzalo Valdivieso and Trinidad Vidal, staff members

Global networking opportunity

Ubunye*, at the University of Cape Town, South Africa, is a student-run organization that provides after-school activities in township schools. It won Third Prize in 2010.*

Ubunye's participation in the MacJannet Prize ceremony at Talloires in September last year proved a rewarding one for our organization. Apart from the amazing learning opportunities, Ubunye was able to network with other projects from around the world. The prize ceremony was an opportunity for Ubunye to get its name on the global map and was a rare opportunity to sit with people from different parts of the world and grapple with common challenges. It was incredible being able to deal with local issues through a global debate– we found that through these discussions, and despite our geographical differences, we share common challenges to internationally located organizations.

The MacJannet Prize later led to Ubunye's receiving the University of Cape Town's "Team of the Year" award. The award was given in recognition of Ubunye's contribution in promoting the University's vision, mission and values, and for our outstanding performance as student leaders.

We are continuously grateful to the MacJannet Foundation for its recognition of our work and the opportunities it has opened for our organization.

— Jacqui Watson, chair

Students from local township schools take a break during a day they spent at the University of Cape Town learning about potential higher education opportunities, under the auspices of Ubunye. The day was funded with Ubunye's MacJannet prize winnings.

Leading, listening and location:

The MacJannets' radical educational experiment

BY GEORGE HALSEY

Just what made the MacJannets so special? Alumni and friends of the MacJannets' various programs, like me, have wrestled with this knotty philosophical question ever since Donald MacJannet died in 1986 at the age of 92, and even more so since Charlotte died in 1999 at the age of 98.

To many, the MacJannets were primarily concerned about the cause of international good will— first between Americans and the French (beginning in the 1920s through their school outside Paris and their camp at Talloires), later between Americans and Europeans (through their international exchange programs) and ultimately among peoples throughout the globe (through international conferences at the Prieuré as well as today's MacJannet Prize for Global Citizenship).

International relations were of course important to the MacJannets. But then, that subject is important to many other people as well. How were the MacJannets different?

Spectacular settings

In my own view of the MacJannet ideals, international goodwill was a by-product rather than the centerpiece of their vision. Above all, I believe, the MacJannets had unique ideas about the ingredients of a great education.

Today's MacJannet Traveling Fellows programs— oriented around the Prieuré in Talloires— essentially continue the key elements of the MacJannet educational design: a welcoming atmosphere; a sense of nature's enchantment; the opportunity to take risks in cultivating the individual's potential; and the chance to become bilingual and cross-cultural.

The MacJannets chose spectacular environmental settings for great education— environments, like Talloires, that provide an ambiance for learning, reflection and harmony at all levels. The Talloires area, which Donald first discovered in 1925, met their requirements. He disguised his summer program there as a "camp," but it was like no other camp. Education there was continuous from morning to night.

At age 15, Donald became the head-of-household for his family.

In effect, the MacJannet Camps in Talloires as well as the MacJannet American School, which opened at St.-Cloud outside Paris in 1924, constituted Donald's attempt to realize in practice the ideals expressed in *Emile: or, On Education*, Jean-Jacques Rousseau's 1762 treatise on the individual's relationship to society, and in particular how the individual can retain what Rousseau saw as his natural goodness while participating in an inevitably corrupt society.

A constant element: The camp's Lake Annecy waterfront, 1927.

Mr. Mac's ideals, of course, sprang from the traumas of his childhood in Massachusetts at the turn of the 20th Century. He was raised by idealists who practiced the vow of poverty in order to achieve pure virtue in love, compassion, humility, integrity, charity and virtually every other human endeavor. Donald, however, was unable to derive any sense of spiritual connection from his parents' fundamentalist religion.

When Donald was 15, his father died and his mother suffered a total breakdown that caused her to be placed in a state institution. Donald was placed in the home of a devout practitioner of his parents' religion— an impoverished widow— and her four year-old son. They expected Donald to support them while simultaneously adhering to the practice of devout poverty.

Staggering burden

Donald's younger sister, Jean, was placed in a good foster home with Unitarians who believed in fair monetary compensation and boarded her in return for a stipend that Donald was also required to pay. Donald's older brother and sister were already committed to obligations elsewhere— and, maintaining their own devout poverty, could be of no help to him. "God was supposed to take care of us," Donald recalled near the end of his life, "and He did, as He usually does, through human means." Yet this philosophy placed a staggering burden on young Donald.

Donald attended school while working three jobs. He worked afternoons reading electric meters. He was paid for each meter that he reported, using his sight reading and photographic memory to finish the route in about half the expected time. He also worked an all-night job as a telephone operator, where he was able to cat-nap.

In addition, on weekends he sold aluminum kitchenware door-to-door. In this capacity, he developed a forerunner of the Tupperware party, the layaway plan ("Buy now, pay later"). Consequently, he was extremely successful at selling sets of pots and pans— so much so that he was able to meet the financial burdens placed on him, send his sister Jean to a prestigious boarding school (Northfield in Massachusetts) and attend Tufts himself without financial assistance.

Donald supported himself at Tufts by selling pots and pans.

As an undergraduate, Donald held a job as janitor of the Unitarian church across the street from the Tufts campus.

Teaching by not teaching

Of course, many another poor Horatio Alger-style hero of that day also overcame similarly overwhelming adversity. But pluck and determination were not Donald's sole assets. He was also a natural teacher who believed in teaching by not teaching. He told or led guided tours of historical sites (with plenty of jokes), but his objective was to have the students do the teaching. He created an environment of discovery learning.

At his school at St.-Cloud in the 1920s and '30s, for example, students were continually engaged in excursions and field trips. These were not the ordinary sort of field trips to the local science museum or government offices, but field trips to places like Africa, Scotland and Megève. Even on the short trips, it was always part of the MacJannet tradition that, at the end of the day, the entire

A different kind of lawyer

BY GARY FRIEDMAN

One magnificent summer when I was ten years old, I was a camper at Camp MacJannet. After that, whenever I went to France I'd visit Talloires in the hope of seeing the MacJannets.

When I was 19, I dropped in on them without advance notice. Immediately Mr. Mac put me to work restoring one of the monks' cells at the Prieuré, the thousand-year-old ruin that he had purchased only five years earlier.

That summer of 1963 I learned masonry from the master himself. And at the end of each day, I was led exhausted to the lake by Mr. Intrepid for a bracing swim, followed by long philosophical conversations. Because I trusted Mr. Mac's wisdom, I found myself talking intimately about my dreams of following in the footsteps of my successful lawyer father.

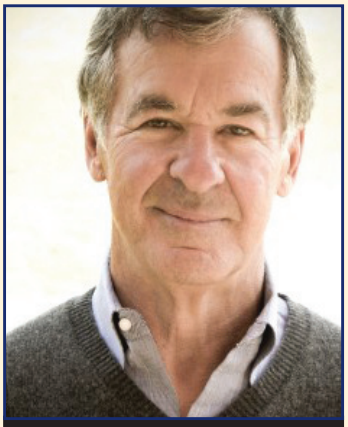
Mr. Mac was less enthusiastic about this aspiration than I had expected. "Replicating your father's life is a great ambition," he said. "But what about following your own instinct, even if that's different than your Dad's?"

I didn't take this too seriously, but Mr. Mac had planted a seed that would bear fruit when I visited him next, at age 26, as I was about to begin my law career. I had already begun to feel some dissonance about my choice to blindly follow my father's path. In that conversation Mr. Mac affirmed my own sense of developing my own idea of how I was to practice law.

No one else in my life played that role for me. I always came away from my conversations with Mr. Mac believing more in myself and sensing that there might be options beyond the narrow world where there was one way to do things: my father's way.

Several years later I conceived of another approach to lawyering. Not only was it different from my father's, it seemed to veer in a direction dramatically different from every lawyer I knew.

Inspired by Mr. Mac's incredible sense of adventure and inner strength, I left my life as an East Coast litigator and moved to California, where I began to develop a new career as a mediation lawyer, turning upside down much of what I had learned about law as an adversarial profession.



Encouraged by Donald MacJannet, Gary Friedman (above) chose a different path from his father's.

My instinct seemed quite heretical to my father as well as other lawyers, but it made great sense to me and to Mr. Mac as well. Mr. Mac called my new approach "peace work," and he wondered rhetorically, "Why not for lawyers?"

As I now celebrate 35 years of "peace work," I feel my kinship with the MacJannets as deeply as when they were alive.

— as told to Grace Billings.

Gary Friedman, who attended the MacJannet Camps in 1954, co-founded The Center for Understanding in Conflict (www.understandinginconflict.org) in Mill Valley, Calif. in 1981. He is co-author of Challenging Conflict: Mediation Through Understanding (2008). He lives in Muir Beach, Calif.

school or camp assembled, and someone from each group explained to everyone else what discoveries were made during the trip. By tradition, the accounts were embellished. The MacJannets listened with rapt attention.

Charlotte's cultural perspective

When Charlotte arrived on the scene as Donald's bride in 1932, she brought her perspective of German culture, at a higher level of understanding the arts than most Americans possessed. Consequently, she discovered voids in Donald's approach.(At the same time, she was something of a rebel against certain aspects of high German culture.)

Charlotte rejected the idea that the performance of music and the arts are reserved to those especially gifted. Her New Age ideas on Gerda Alexander's Eutony method of body awareness and physical therapy operated on a different trajectory from Donald and his students and campers. But even so, her influence was significant. She thought some of Donald's exuberance was too raucus and un-genteel and demanded that it be toned down.

She believed that in some other ways the camp was too militaristic— that it had taken on too much of the style of a military organization. She gasped at the sight of marching and singing to military songs and demanded that these rituals be muted.

Teaching by listening: At the Prieuré, c. 1980

Mrs. Mac believed that with encouragement, anyone could sing and dance.

Also, she refused to accept defeatist attitudes such as "I can't sing" or "I can't dance." In this respect her approach differed sharply from that of my own grammar school music teacher, who declared, "George can't sing," and asked me to just lip-synch, along with four of my compatriots who were also wrongfully accused of mocking the music program.

Salvation through music

Gary Friedman, a MacJannet camper in 1954, was also branded a "non-singer" in my music class, and then granted musical salvation by Charlotte MacJannet. She thought we could sing just fine.

The same can be said of the MacJannets' approach to learning the crafts, or the performing arts. No one can actually remember the MacJannets doing any "teaching" in the sense of a lecturer holding forth. Whenever Mr. or Mrs. Mac appears in my mind, they are listening. They are so genuinely fascinated by what someone else is saying or doing.

A wonderful photograph of Mr. Mac (at left), taken by Philip Rich in the Prieuré garden during a reception about 1980, captures the process better than any words. At such occasions, inevitably, someone brings along a child for lack of a baby sitter and the child has nothing to do. But in the picture, Mr. Mac and this six-year-old are carrying on what appears to be a deep conversation.

As you study the picture, you see that Mr. Mac is responding to the child with genuine interest and great pleasure. When young people asked questions, he would seem to delight in a sense of shared discovery— not answering the question but instead expressing joy in the importance of the question.

To be sure, this approach isn't unique; it's what great teachers do. Teachers' colleges have fostered this idea for

Leading by example, too

BY DAN ROTTENBERG

For most of their lives, Donald and Charlotte MacJannets' direct constituency remained remarkably small— no more than 60 children per year at the MacJannet School outside Paris, and 80 each summer at the MacJannet Camps at Angon. Yet their influence extended well beyond this tight circle— often simply through the example they set, as this admittedly extreme case attests.

In 1962, when he was only 46, my father, Herman Rottenberg, stunned his family and friends by selling his prosperous knitted wear manufacturing company in New York in order to devote himself full-time to what had previously been only a hobby: international folk dancing.

Within a year Dad started teaching a weekly folk dance class at International House, the residence for New York-area graduate students from more than 100 countries.

Dad's entrepreneurial instincts quickly surfaced, and he assembled his best dance students into a traveling international folk dance company. Over the next 35 years, this eclectic "Allnations Dance Company," as it was called, traveled the globe, performing as many as 300 shows a year for schools, colleges, corporations, civic organizations, foreign governments and the U.S. Armed Forces, all in the service of spreading its motto: "Joy in Every Land."

Meanwhile, at International House, Dad created a whole range of cultural programs and special events that greatly enriched the lives of the resident students there. His work there kept him young— as Dad put it, "Each year I grow a year older but the kids stay the same age"— and he remained a vital force at International House until he finally retired in 2008, shortly before he turned 92.

Many of the I-House students who crossed Dad's path during his 45 years there subsequently returned to their native lands, where they became government officials, corporate executives, celebrities, kings and queens— you name it. As a result, Dad was able to travel the globe and find a red carpet waiting for him wherever he went. In short, Dad created a life for himself that, whether intentionally or not, largely replicated Donald MacJannet's example.

Years after his mid-life career change, Dad ran into one of his old competitors from the sweater industry.

"Herman," the man reproved him, "you got out just when business got good! If you'd stayed in, you would have made millions!"

Herman Rottenberg (center) quit the rat race for something completely different. Above: The Night of Nations at International House, New York.

To which my father replied: "What would I have done with that money that I haven't done already?"

The other day I asked Dad, now nearly 95, where he got the idea to quit the rat race long before such a thing became fashionable. "I think I got it from Donald MacJannet," Dad replied, recalling my days as a MacJannet camper in the early '50s. "I saw the kind of life he was leading, and it gave me the idea that I could do the same thing."

Purely by coincidence, incidentally, the president of International House when Dad arrived there was Howard Cook, an alumnus of the MacJannet School at St.-Cloud as well as the longtime president of the MacJannet Foundation. Howard and Dad became great friends, but they passed some ten years at I-House before they discovered their mutual MacJannet connection. Like so many other MacJannet disciples, their lives naturally gravitated in a certain direction.

Dan Rottenberg is an author and journalist who lives in Philadelphia. He was a MacJannet camper in 1952, '53 and '55.

the past half-century. What was special about the MacJannets' implementation was the idea of leading people to places where the environment prompts the questions— that, and the extent to which they were able to use stimulating environments.

You can find much of this philosophy in Rousseau's *Emile*. It's an educational philosophy that's truly unconventional even today. In the 1930s it was already 170 years old but way out there on the fringe of the educational mainstream. The Victorians during the MacJannets' heyday were sexist, while the MacJannets' camp and the school were gender-equal in everything; only the sleeping quarters were separate.

Charlotte discovered previously unrecognized singing talent in Gary Friedman front row right, and George Halsey front row left. The boy at rear left is Tony Cook, now president of the MacJannet Foundation.

Stealth radicals

But the Macs cloaked their experiment with proper trappings of Victorian manners and avoided discussion of the underlying controversial philosophy as much as possible. If you asked them about their philosophy, they might say something like: "Each person must feel safe and welcome. That way, a person can develop his/her own potential and become aware of the beauty and joy in the world around them. A person does not see these discoveries from a perspective of fear and intimidation."

Most parents would probably pay lip service to such an idea, but the MacJannets practiced this notion in a way that was truly remarkable. Their philosophy of using empathy as both a social setting and an educational objective is 180 degrees removed from the educational philosophy of other prep schools of that time— such as St. Alban's in Washington, D.C., where Donald taught after graduating from Tufts, and my own secondary school in the 1960s, Salisbury, in Connecticut. These traditional prep schools believed in hardening young people so they would be able to thrive in a dog-eat-dog world.

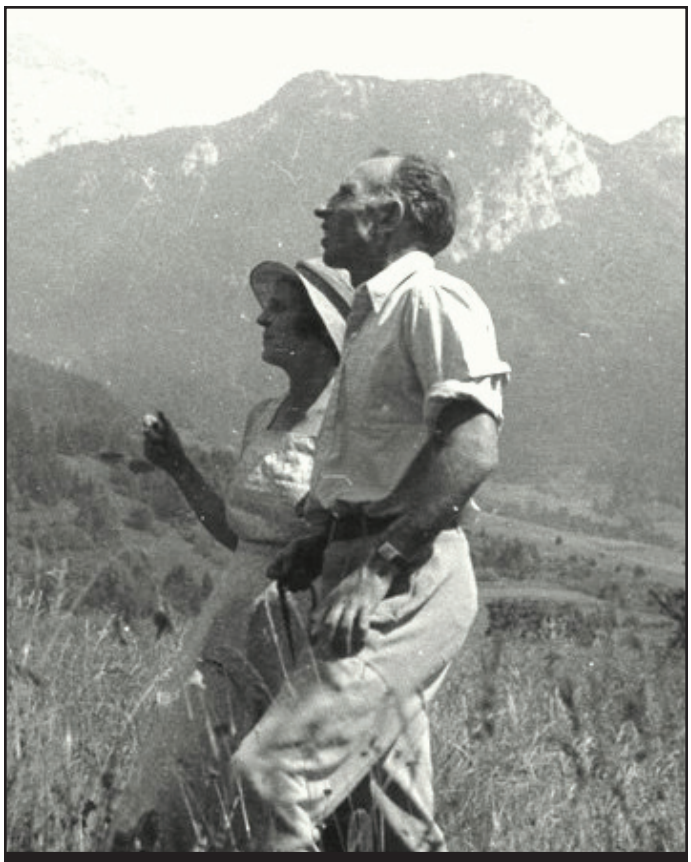
Spectacular locations

Talloires was one of many locations where the MacJannets pursued their educational design. Belle Isle, Cannes, St.-Cloud and Sun Valley (during World War II) were among the others. At one time— after the U.S. Navy took over their school facilities at Sun Valley— they thought of opening their school in Venezuela, at yet another spectacular location.

Talloires has proven to be a suitable place in which the MacJannet educational experience works. As the Tufts European Center has demonstrated at the Prieuré since 1978, it still does. (For the latest evidence from Tufts students, see page 9.)

George Halsey at the summit of Mont Charbon in 1956.

But the MacJannets were never about Talloires *per se*. What the MacJannets were about was an educational design. That design is still there— and it can still be carried on, even now when the MacJannets are gone, precisely because it was never about listening to the environment to which they led people.



The MacJannets (here contemplating the Tournette) were adults in their 30's when they married in 1932.

Reflections of MacJannet scholars—

Tufts in Talloires, Summer 2010

(Editor's note: Tufts in Talloires is a six-week summer program that offers academic courses to Tufts undergraduates at the Tufts European Center while simultaneously immersing them in French culture by housing them with host French families living in and around Annecy. The program's MacJannet Scholars— so named because the MacJannet Foundation subsidizes their fees— reflected on the experience at the program's conclusion. The snippets below are excerpted from their much longer essays and edited for brevity and clarity.
— D.R.

Nature, above all

My month in Paris was a stark contrast to six tranquil and thought-provoking weeks spent in Talloires, and I find that my short time in the Alps has caused me to rethink much of what it means to live happily. The serene and powerful setting of the program inspired most of the thoughts that still wander my mind.

I can no longer see myself living anywhere but in nature. I do not mean this in the dogmatic Walden sense; rather, my short time in Talloires has shown me that true happiness hides in the countryside. Though it was good to take an extended break from music, as I did while in Talloires, I would be curious to see how I would develop musically in a rural setting.

—Katherine Balch
San Diego, Calif.

I learned most about myself

While abroad I learned and experienced more than in my three years on the Tufts Medford campus. I was stretched culturally and academically in ways that I did not expect, and I was constantly challenged and surprised by the day-to-day while living with my host family in Annecy. I enjoyed the process of slowly becoming part of a small community, even for just six weeks, and took pride in my familiarity with the city.

Talloires gave me the time and freedom to learn about people and a place that were so different from myself. However, in the process I feel that I learned the most about myself. Away from the pressure of Tufts, I learned what I like to do and what I'm good at.

— Marcus Cheek
Atascadero, Calif.

Fear of heights, and food

Not only did I conquer my fear of heights when I decided that I must parapente before leaving the region, but I also conquered many of my culinary fears.

Nicole, my host mother, made sure that I was able to try each of the regional specialty foods: tartiflette, raclette and fondue, as well as attend several events marking the 150th anniversary of the reattachment of the Savoie to France. I learned the traditional songs of the Savoyards

A long way from Medford: A class in the Prieuré garden.

and even visited the former capital Chambéry, where my host mother attended boarding school. For me, these interactions with Nicole and her friends were invaluable and irreplaceable.

— Sarah Davis
Erie, Pa.

Hobbit feet and flowers

In the beginning, Talloires seemed to have three separate components: scholarly work, social skills enhancement, and debilitating hikes designed to turn student's feet into highly callused hobbit feet. But throughout the trip I realized that all of these aspects merged to make Talloires into an experience of unfathomable proportions.

Little did I realize that Talloires incorporated everything necessary for a music-obsessed, scholarly intensive math major to thrive. The physical demands upon my aching body, my brain convulsing in frustration trying to remember Latin names and find possible solutions to environmental problems, and the late nights spent socializing with Tufts students and random French persons provided me with one of the happiest times of my life.

— Peter Debbaut
Hood River, Ore.

Colorado preconceptions

Before I disembarked from my comfortable Colorado home, my friends had cautioned me, sayings things such as "All the French eat are big brains, livers, and kidneys" and "The French are known to kiss strangers spontaneously on the cheek!" And, even more alarmingly, "On two— not just one— cheeks!" I immediately began to question why I had signed up. To my further amazement, I was told that the French "worshipped" three seemingly inconsequential items: bread, cheese and nutella (chocolate and hazelnut). I didn't understand this food obsession for the life of me, but gosh, would I find out!

— Ethan Eberle
Boulder, Colo.

Getting to know my professors

I met an array of fascinating people during those six weeks. I fondly remember having many meetings, lunch breaks and discussions with my teachers outside of the classroom, and both my professors had my classes over to their houses at least once. In my experience, the student-teacher relationships at Tufts are unparalleled with those developed during the Talloires program.

In my Islam and Europe class, we not only studied and discussed the French headscarf ban in public schools, but spoke with French Muslim women about their take on the topic. We were also able to meet with the imam of a mosque in Geneva and interview him about what it means to be a modern Muslim living in Europe.

—Carly Fuglei
Missoula, Mont.

Unsung heroes

The front office of Talloires, including faculty members Gabriella Goldstein and Adam Schoene, along with the interns, were always very kind to us. Overseeing 96 students in a foreign country, many of whom don't speak French, takes an incredible amount of organization and effort.

—Maxwell Gray
Danbury, Conn.

What Talloires means to me

To me, Talloires is the early morning cold as I groggily ride my bike to my Crolard stop, only to find myself fully awake minutes later as I stare out at the sparkling blue lake and towering mountains while listening to my friends chatting about what delicious French meal they consumed the evening before.

Talloires is attempting to bake an "American" birthday cake for my host sister, only to find that baking is done in weight and not volume in France, but deciding to forge ahead with the taste-testing method and finding that following the recipe was never that important.

Talloires is missing my bus and deciding to bike to class, finding to my chagrin that the end of one steep incline only means the approach of another, and then discovering that such exercise before a lively discussion on Rousseau's philosophy toward women is all that I need in the perfect day.

— Cleo Hirsch
Hull, Mass.

Living life to the fullest

Watching bikers older than my grandparents push up that killer hill, waking up at 10 a.m. only to hear that my host brother has already biked around the lake, and observing my host mom go swimming daily in the lake was admirable and inspiring. Talloiriens truly live every day to the fullest.

Lindsay Lebel
Cumberland Foreside, Me.

Long dinners and early bedtimes

I had never lived with a family other than my own before, and it took some adjusting, especially after two years of living in a dorm with only other students around. This was compounded by cultural differences – dinner wasn't served until eight o'clock, for example, and the household went to bed and woke up at hours that I considered early, even on the weekends. Being an unobtrusive guest while still taking care of my own needs— like doing homework after the family wanted the lights out— was a balancing act.

— Hannah Hussey
Kennebunk, Me.

No more fast food

Now that I'm back home in the States, I suddenly find myself craving a pain au *chocolat* in the morning before my commute to work, or not being able to even look at American fast food, when I think of how I ate so simply and organically in France.

— Shati Khan
Elmhurst, N.Y.

Getting to know my professors

I felt a sense of comradeship with both my professors, because they too were new to the program. There was joint learning on both sides as we, together, navigated the course material, the Prieuré and France. Additionally, it was a great opportunity to meet professors with whom I would not have had any contact because I didn't have classes with them. I went on a "Bernard Hike" with Professor Ullman, a fascinating person, and the intimacy of the Prieuré enabled me to get to know him further afterward. Also, I had the chance to baby-sit for Professor Pearce, and I was able to get to know her very far out of the context of traditional teaching, as a parent.

— Kismet Lantos-Swett
Bow, N.H.

French parochialism

The most intriguing and shocking thing that I discovered was the homogeneity of the area and the population's general lack of cultural awareness. As someone of Asian descent, it is normal for me to notice this, especially when the population demographic is so radically different from what I grew up with. Along with awkward stares and cries of "ching chang chong," I also witnessed, on more than one occasion, people pulling the corners of their eyes back to create smaller, slanted slits.

My host mother was more aware of what would be considered social taboos in heterogeneous regions of the U.S., but my host sisters would sometimes pretend to chop something at the dinner table while making noises that they thought were karate sounds. They would often stereotype other cultures— not just Asian ones— and people from different parts of Europe and even France.

— Justina Cheng
Livingston, N.J.

A love letter to 'Monsieur Fromage'

TUCKER DELANEY-WINN

'Twas my first night in France
And my energy was low
Still fazed by jet lag
And a language I did not know

New country, new customs,
New words to understand.
Oh, how would I fare
In this mountainous land?

Upon these feelings
In my room did I dwell
'til my thoughts were cut short
By the ring of a bell.

My roommate and I
Dashed down to the scene
And were met by a table
With festive cuisine.

The salad was superb
And the quiche quintessential.
Yet still in my stomach
There existed potential.

But lo!
My host mother arose,
Which ceased all our chatter
Until she returned
With a massive cheese platter.

Oh Zeus! Oh Poseidon!
Oh Athena the Sweet!
What deed hath I done
To deserve such a treat?

The cheeses were many
And my hunger was great.
So when offered a serving,
I loaded my plate.

On Muenster, on Chevre, on Brie
and Reblochon!
On Camembert, on Emmental,
on Comté and Tomme!

I herded these cheeses
In my mouth like a shepherd.
And enjoyed every bite
Like a vegetarian leopard.

Chewing, chomping, licking,
laboring
Smoothly, softly, sickly savoring

The succulent and soft,
Round and robust
Infusion of flavors
for which I did lust.

Oh sweet, sweet cheese
From whose milk doth thou float?
From some heavenly cow?
From an affable goat?

From the depths of the sea,
Or a mountaintop summit,
You've captured my heart,
Along with my stomach.

The author (center) with his host parents, Brigit and Jean-Michelle Brunet-Foessel of Annecy.

Emotions ran wild
And I proceeded to indulge
'til I glanced at my belly
And saw quite a bulge.

Full beyond measure
(Even breathing was tough),
And everyone knew
That I'd had quite enough.

So here's to you, cheese
And your tormenting power:
May your delectable flavors
live on
For us in France to devour.

(The author, Tufts '12, recited this poem at last summer's "Thank You Reception" for Tufts in Talloires host families.)

A specimen of *vielle France*

The house Amanda and I occupied had three wings. We gawked and squealed silently behind Arsène's back the first time he led us through stone staircases, bookcases and bookcases of books, a salle de musique with three organs, and finally our charming bedroom that looked out onto the front yard. We also learned that Hippolyte Taine, a well-known 19th-Century French philosopher, had bought the house and was directly related to our host mother.

I eventually realized the huge impact that Hippolyte Taine's presence had on my host family and their way of life. At our dinners (which sometimes lasted three hours), we discussed literature, art, movies, travel, food, etymology, language, family, funny stories, classes, religion, politics and more. Their world was one of literature, the arts, the Church, Latin, poetry. Every time I read a poem in my French literature course, I would come home, recite a well-known line, and Benedicte would happily continue where I had left off. My professor appropriately called this fast-disappearing lifestyle "vieille France"— old France.

Only a few times did we encounter the obstinate, intransigent right wing that other Tufts students were hurt by. However, even in those cases, we had rational conversations as we each struggled to comprehend the other's logic for their beliefs. This I certainly would not have found elsewhere.

— Suzanne Lis
West Hartford, Conn.

Very different from Medford

The classes in Talloires were unique and memorable. Whether I was wandering through the Alps during "Flowers of the Alps," learning about all that surrounded me, or having brunch at my Child Development teacher's flat with my class, these experiences are ones that I would never have had on the Tufts Medford campus.

— Lauren O'Connor
Dudley, Mass.

Hungry for more

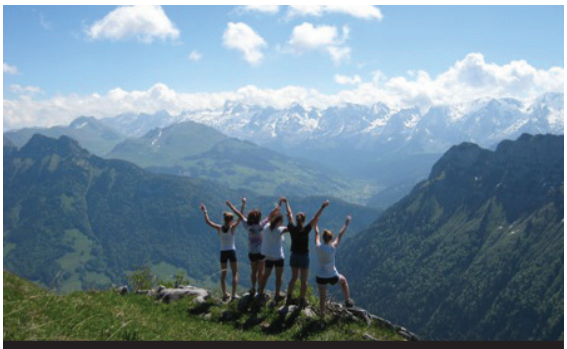
Lake Annecy is one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen; even the simple act of riding the bus to school became almost magical. I have never felt so close to nature as I did during the six weeks I lived in Annecy. I had thought that going back to France would help give me some closure, but it actually increased my desire to study and live there again.

— Jazmin Rodriguez
Hyattsville, Md.

My fellow students

Regardless of the level of French, travel experience or whether students are majoring in liberal arts or engineering, Tufts in Talloires allowed me to meet students I otherwise might not have, and in an exceptionally unique environment.

— Artemis Sapountzi
Port Washington, N.Y.



On the Tournette: No more fear of heights.

I left a different person

I know for a fact that I left Talloires a completely different person from when I began the program. I learned how to adapt and to completely open myself to endless possibilities and to an absolutely beautiful culture. I learned about fromage, two-hour dinners, not getting frustrated with all of the Euro coins, how much Lake Annecy's temperature changed from day to night (and when it was just slightly too cold to swim), the passion and frustration exuded by the local bar during World Cup matches, communicating without understanding or speaking the language, the value of community and family, extending kindness to the fullest extent possible and so much more.

— Rebekah Stiles
Chichester, N.H.

A new comfort zone

There was a moment not too long ago when I was outside, putting my clothes on a rack to dry them. I stopped quite suddenly; for one lucid moment, I fully realized the richness of my life here, in the foothills of the Alps with the clear mountain sun gently bathing every resplendent view in sight. The birds were chirping in full summer style, the trees moved as one with the light breeze and I was barefoot in the grass, drying fresh laundry. The air itself smelled like a flowery heaven.

It is not easy to leave your comfort zone and fly to another country, to spend your precious summer days taking classes instead of hanging out at home, or to make a whole new set of friends, let alone live with a family you've never met.

This is not just a program or a place. Being here has been a journey for everyone.

— Lauren Tvedten Kopka
Harbor Springs, Mich.

Dialogue with plants

I took "Flowers of the Alps" and "Nature in French Literature." I think Talloires is the ideal setting for both of these classes. It was amazing to learn so much about the environment I was actually living in. It was really inspiring to feel like a walking encyclopedia and to be able to have a constant internal dialogue about the plants I was walking past. The location was also incredible for my French literature class, because I was literally in the place that inspired the authors we read.

—Cameron Wright
Ripton, Vt.

Pushed to new heights

As a student of Moroccan and Muslim origins, I felt a deeper connection to France as I studied the lives of immigrants and subsequent generations, especially when I walked past them in the streets of Annecy and Lyon.

Though we were thousands of miles from Somerville, the cohesiveness of the Tufts community was reflected in the organization of the program and the dedication of the staff. Whether it was our trips or our first day taking the Crolard bus, interns were there to guide us. Tufts representation and friendliness was exemplified in every aspect of the program. An experience I will never forget is our group hike to Chamonix. Though I had never hiked before and was afraid of heights, my friends pushed me until I made it to the top along with everyone else.

— Sabrina Zahir
Brooklyn, N.Y.

My passion renewed

While I was able to grow academically and culturally, this program also reminded me of why I decided to major in community health at Tufts. The trip to the World Health Organization [in Geneva] through my Globalization and Health course was an eye-opening experience that made me all the more excited for my future career.

Amy Li
Scarborough, Me.

‘Impossible to forget’:

‘Chevy’ recalls the German occupation

Editor’s note: Madame Louise Chevalier Gridel (called “Chevy,” after her maiden name) was a member of the MacJannets’ staff since the earliest years of the camps in the 1920s. From 1981 until her death in 1994, she was a beloved staff member at the Tufts European Center, helping the Tufts students to understand the French family setting with their host families. In 1983, prior to a field trip to Les Glières— a holdout of the wartime French Resistance— Professor Seymour Simches, then the director of the Tufts program, asked her to relate her experiences during World War II. Rocky Carzo of the Tufts faculty was so taken with her story that he asked Chevy for a copy of her comments, which she gave him and which he has kept in a file since then.

LOUISE CHEVALIER GRIDEL

Before you go to Les Glières, I would like to give you some explanation about what the Resistance was, as you probably don’t know much about it.

For most of you young Americans, World War II took place mainly from D-Day. But it really began much sooner, on May 10th, 1940. From the outbreak of September 1939 to that date, nothing really important happened. Of course we knew it was war. We had blackouts at night, no heat or so little during the winter, which was exceptionally cold, as the coal had to serve first the needs of the army, and that was about all. This period was called *La drôle de guerre*: no attack, no bombing, no air raids, the soldiers doing practically nothing but playing cards behind the Maginot Line, which they thought unbreakable, waiting for the fight to start. Everyone was convinced that this war would be over soon.

Then, suddenly, on the morning of May 10, the radio announced that Belgium and Holland had been invaded and that the German army was rapidly progressing toward the French border. The German army was incredibly well armed: hundreds of panzers, while we had but a few tanks, but mostly, just horses!

Of course the French army could not resist. The French government left Paris for Bordeaux. The inhabitants of the towns and villages where the battle was supposed to take place, and finally Paris, fled toward the Loire River in hope of reaching the south. There were rumors about all young boys being enrolled in the German army, women obliged to work in armament factories, so a kind of hysteria seized people, and hundreds and hundreds left their homes. This is what was called *l’exode*.

Civilians strafed

As the French army also was trying to reach the south, the German planes were dropping bombs every 20 minutes or so, while the Italians used smaller planes, which flew close to the ground and strafed with machine guns. Many civilians were killed or severely wounded, families separated, children lost. It was ghastly. And finally, all those poor people never reached the south, as the elements of the French army that succeeded in crossing the Loire blew up the bridges, which were rebuilt by the Germans not long after.

‘Chevy’ Gridel worked for the MacJannets from the 1920s through the 1980s.

On June 14, the Germans reached Paris, which had been declared a *ville ouverte*, so no battle took place. Soon after, Marshal Pétain— who assumed charge of the French government, and had his headquarters at Vichy, on the other side of the Loire— signed the armistice. And on the 18th of June, General De Gaulle, who had reached London and joined British headquarters, gave his famous call: “France has lost a battle; it has not lost the war. We have our allies, our colonies, our air forces. We must go on fighting.” That is when and how the spirit of the Résistance was born, and that is why we French celebrate every year this anniversary, as you could see last Tuesday.

Trusting Pétain

Unfortunately, many French did not react in that way. When the Germans arrived, they were very polite, courteous and kind to the children— even friendly. And Marshal Pétain had the respect of all, including the Germans, for having won the famous Battle of Verdun in World War I. So some people trusted him and approved his signing the armistice. But he was old, too weak to discuss the Germans’ decisions, and he accepted many of them, which proved to be nefarious.

Yet many people, convinced that we had lost the war, followed him, turned themselves against the British and accepted to be ruled by the Germans and collaborate with them. Some sought only their own interests; others, convinced that their duty was to follow the marshal, considered De Gaulle a traitor. Some had to pay for this at the Liberation; though they were sincere, they were called collaborateurs, Pétainistes or “Vichyites.”

Others, though few indeed, recognized their error and joined the "Gaullistes"— that is, those who answered the general's call. They left France as they could to reach London, most of those from the Breton and Normandy coasts in fishing boats. Many didn't succeed, were taken and sent to camps in Germany. But a good many did.

Swastika on parade

In England, they were trained to continue to fight, at first in Africa with the British Eighth Army, under the command of such outstanding French chiefs as General Leclerc and General Koenig. They were called the Free French, and many joined the Royal Air Force.

But in France? The morale was low enough, except for the *collaborateurs*, who didn't care about their fellow countrymen, thought that the war would be over soon, and believed everyone's interest was to make friends with the Germans. Not only did we suffer from hunger— believe me, it's painful!— and cold, and from knowing nothing about what happened to some of our relatives. But imagine the Nazi flag, with the black-and-white swastika, flying on all monuments, seeing German soldiers everywhere, hearing constantly the sound of their heavy boots, and knowing that every noon in Paris they would parade under the Arc de Triomphe and along the Champs–Elysées with their fifes and drums. It was really disheartening!

Those left behind

But besides the French-language "Nazi" radio broadcasts from Stuttgart, there was the radio from London— hard to get and soon forbidden, nevertheless bringing hope and faith. Many people, as I have said, had reached England, but many others had to remain in France to fight in some other ways: destroying railroads, preventing the trains from transporting war provisions, or even blowing them up, or doing sabotage work in the factories. They gathered in groups called *réseaux de résistance*, each of them under the command of a leader. They got ammunition from London by parachutes. Some others took or sent messages to and from London through the BBC. Needless to say, many were caught, shot or sent to death camps.

To understand the "why" and "how" of Glières, you must know that from July 1940 to November 1942, France was divided in two zones, by a line starting from the southwest— the Basque coast, Bordeaux, Angoulème, then going up the Loire. Above the river was the occupied zone, ruled by the German army, assisted by an administration of collaborateurs. Underneath was the free zone, still ruled by the French administration.

Quest for a pass

Of course, many of those who refused the armistice wanted to reach the free zone by any means, in order to join the Free French or to help them. But a pass delivered by the Germans— an *ausweiss*— was necessary, and it wasn't easy to get. But many succeeded, thanks to the help of some patriots who had their homes on one side of the line, very near, and their work on the other side. Therefore, they crossed the line every day with a permanent *ausweiss*. So they would make false passes for those who needed them. Or some peasants who knew a little path in the woods, or a little brook easy to cross, would help them. Thus was born the clandestine army of those who resisted against the armistice: the Resistance.

At the beginning they were isolated in little groups scattered here and there, many of them very young boys from 16 to 20, under the command of a more experienced leader—sometimes a French officer like Colonel Jourdan, who had not been taken prisoner. Later on, at the beginning of 1944, when things were getting worse and worse for the Germans, all Resistance fighters were grouped under the command of General Koenig, who, after having fought in North Africa, was in Algiers as a member of the Provisional Government of the French Republic, the president of which was of course General De Gaulle. General Koenig then acted as commander-in-chief of Free French forces— which also included the *Résistants* who remained and worked in France itself.

After the Allies landed on the coast of North Africa in November 1942, all France was occupied by the Germans. No more "free zone," which made things even more difficult for the *Résistants*.

Hiding places

They were also called the *maquisards*. As you know, the *maquis* in Corsica is a wide area of land full of bushes and rocks, where the Corsicans hide themselves when they have a vendetta. We have such terrain here, although it's much smaller. Glières is such an example, with woods, and big holes in this huge stone wall. There was another near Grenoble— Le Vercors— and some others in Auvergne and Brittany. *Prendre le maquis* would mean to join this secret army, and those who did were called *maquisards*. Many of them, as well as those who remained in the cities, were caught, tortured (in order to make them say what they had to keep secret), shot or sent to the death camps.

The most hideous aspect of this war was that some French did so against their own countrymen. It was painful enough to see France divided into collaborateurs and Gaullistes, but two wicked men, named Darnaud and Bassompierre, created a police to help the Germans fight the Résistants. It was called the Milice. Its members, well trained and instructed by the Germans, became experts in chasing and torturing. You will be told by Colonel Jourdan, one of the few survivors, how they fought against the men at Glières.

What now?

And now, what to do? Forget all this? It is impossible for those who have lived through it. But in my opinion, war is one thing and peace another. Hard as it is, we must try to forget, as hatred can only create more hatred. So we must do all we can to promote peace, and pray to God that such horrors will never happen again.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Escaping the Ivory Tower

BY TONY COOK

When you weave the themes that connect our foundation's forebears with our programs today, the common thread is "hands-on" education. That's because Donald and Charlotte MacJannet were, in their own way, pedagogical pioneers who made a deep and lasting impact on their students. At Mr. Mac's schools as well as the camps they ran together, the emphasis was on learning by doing– what we would call today "educating the whole person."

The MacJannets challenged the young people in their care to go out and explore the world and its wonders first hand. Books and classrooms were simply a departure point for a continuing adventure in learning.

Trips to landmarks and museums were an avenue to understanding Occidental civilization. Adventures in the great outdoors were opportunities to confront adolescent fears and build confidence. The arts were a way to fathom the human condition, and learning the language and customs of a foreign culture– France– was the path to open young minds to the variety of human experience.

The MacJannet Foundation is devoted to carrying on this tradition. The students we support who come each year to Talloires do far more than study indoors. They live with French families, cultivate their mastery of a new language, eat the local food, climb La Tournette, visit the nearby monument to the French World War II resistance fighters, learn geography and geology from the landscape of the Haute-Savoie. It's a hands-on experience in cultural exchange that stimulates awareness and, in the truest sense, expands the students' horizons, making manifest the MacJannets' educational philosophy.

The same can be said of our MacJannet Prize winners. These are students and teachers in every corner of the world who benefit from a hands-on educational philosophy– what academicians call "service learning." They are leaving their ivory towers to take to the field and apply classroom lessons in engineering, social work, medicine, architecture or any number of other disciplines to improve their own or even far-flung communities.

The result? Everyone benefits: the students, their universities and especially the people whose lives are improved by this form of learning-by-doing–- the first step in creating societies with engaged, active citizens.

Given these direct connections to the MacJannets' approach to life and learning, our foundation's forebears would approve.

Mary Harris retires from MacJannet board

Mary Harris, a pioneering MacJannet spirit in multiple capacities for the past 40 years, retired from the MacJannet Foundation board this year.

Mary first met Donald and Charlotte MacJannet in 1971, when she was a student in the fledgling Geneva exchange program of Tufts University's Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, then in its fourth year. As a Fletcher administrator through the 1970s, Mary supervised that MacJannet-inspired exchange program and also helped facilitate the MacJannets' donation of the Prieuré in Talloires to Tufts in 1978. She's one of the few people who were actually present when Tufts President Jean Mayer visited the Prieuré for the first time that year and, after looking around, declared, "Yes, we can do this."

After the Prieuré became the Tufts European Center, Mary served eight years (1982-89) as its second director. In the process she pushed to attract the best and brightest Tufts faculty members to the Prieuré's six-week summer college program, thereby persuading skeptical Tufts administrators that the Prieuré was, in her words, "an academic reality and not just a playground." Equally important— symbolically, at least— in 1985 she gave birth in Annecy to her first son, Brett— "the single most significant thing I could have done to tell the French people that I love them," she jokes.

As a Tufts development officer and trustee liaison from 1989 to 1994, Mary continued to work closely with Charlotte MacJannet, then a member of the Tufts board of International Overseers. Needless to add, she has served on the MacJannet Foundation board almost since its inception in 1978. Today she lives in Santa Ynez, California, where she promotes local tourism.

"No question, we all have part of the MacJannet soul in everything we do," she says. "They're with me every day."

MacJannet Foundation trustees and overseers, June 2010.
Seated, from left: Wenke Thoman Sterns, George Halsey, Tony Cook, Jean-Marie Hervé, John King.
Standing: Jean-Michel Fouquet, Tony Kleitz, Todd Langton, Rocky Carzo, John Iglehart, Dan Rottenberg, Lawrence Bacow, Maria Robinson, Bruce Berzin, Grace Billings, Gabriella Goldstein.

THE MACJANNET FOUNDATION

The MacJannet Foundation is a non-profit charitable foundation created in 1968. It mission is to promote the Prieuré in Talloires, France, as a catalyst to unleash individual potential and inspire international understanding. Our vision is a community of global citizens.

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