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Shirley Collado ruminates on a host of issues, including her return to Middlebury, what it means to be a diverse institution, and what keeps her up at night.
The Cursive Script Etched into the 10-by-18-Inch Glass Window-pane reads “Laura E. Jarvis” and below it “Alpha Chi 1901.”

It’s faint, as a 110-year-old etching would be, which is probably why Carey Bass ’99, a designer for this magazine, didn’t notice it for several months despite sitting just five feet away from the window. When the words did catch her eye one bright winter day, we soon had another bit of lore to add to this stately building that we—Middlebury Magazine and the College’s Communications Office—now call home.

We moved into 152 College Street last November, roughly six months after the College purchased and extensively renovated the historic Italianate-style house on the corner of Weybridge and College Streets. For the past 30 years or so, the building had served as a community-care facility for the elderly, yet the building was not passing into the hands of a new owner but those of a former one.

Built in 1867 as a private home for Middlebury’s fifth president, Harvey Denison Kitchel, the house was first purchased by the College upon Kitchel’s resignation in 1873 and served as the presidential residence for the next two chief administrators, Calvin Hulburt and Cyrus Hamlin.

Hulburt and then Hamlin lived in this elegant house on what was then called Green Street until 1891, when the College’s eighth president, Ezra Brainerd, determined that the institution should “own a suitable building in which the young ladies who came from out of town could room and board under the charge of a competent matron.” Eight years had passed since Middlebury admitted May Anna Bolton, Louise Hagar Edgerton, and May Belle Chellis and became a coeducational institution, and with female enrollment creeping into double digits, Brainerd rightly felt that a dedicated dormitory for women was in order. The board of trustees agreed, and that fall, 16 students (“who came from out of town”) moved into the house, which had subsequently been renamed Battell Hall. (It was Joseph Battell, Class of 1866, who had given the College the money to buy the house from Kitchel in 1873.) Naturally, Middlebury would eventually need to construct more student housing, and with the opening of Pearsons Hall in 1911, the house once again became a presidential residence, but only briefly, before returning to private ownership in the 1930s.

But what of our mystery woman, Laura Jarvis? After Carey noticed the etching on the window, word quickly spread around the building; it was Robert Keren, the office’s news editor, who reached for his mammoth 1,182-page bicentennial edition of the General Catalogue of Middlebury College and discovered our etcher on page 83.

Laura Ellah Jarvis, the daughter of Albert A. and Josephine Train Jarvis was born in Stockholm, New York, on July 26, 1877. She prepared for college in Worcester, Massachusetts, at Classical High School and enrolled at Middlebury in 1897. As a student she was inducted into a pair of honor societies: Phi Beta Kappa and Alpha Chi. One day during her senior year, she decided to etch her name, Alpha Chi standing, and class year onto the window of her dorm room, where it would be discovered more than a century later.

One year after graduating, Laura married George Gabriel and the two had a daughter, Marjory. Laura Jarvis died in 1904 at the age of 27. —MJ

Last year, 152 College Street was renamed Kitchel House in honor of its original owner. While the house was being renovated, we filed a video story that delved into the history of the building. It can be found here: go.middlebury.edu/kitchel. Robert Keren conducted much of the historical research that appears in this column.
Where Profits Come From

I was surprised that Kevin Charles Redmond’s article about the Student Investment Committee (“Taking Stock,” spring 2011) contained no references to the wider, social consequences of the September 2008 stock-market crash.

Mr. Metzger-Traber, co-chair of the SIC, remembers the exact moment he learned of the crash as others remember the morning of September 11, 2001. But what about that moment burned in his memory? There’s no mention of widespread foreclosures, growing unemployment, and historic levels of socioeconomic inequality. Instead, we learn that economic distress for most has yielded profits and lucrative trading experience for a select group of Middlebury students.

When Mr. Caplan, the other SIC co-chair, says that “it’s exciting. It’s real money,” there’s no discussion of where profits come from and how other people’s lives may be affected. Middlebury’s investment strategy says a great deal about its institutional values. Unfortunately, this article gives no indication that the students who impact that strategy have thought about those values at all.

Josh Wessler ’09
New York, New York

Query for the Committee

Kudos to the Student Investment Committee for managing a portion of the Middlebury endowment so well. Questions for the committee: To what degree, and how, do you address your fiduciary responsibility of factoring environmental, social, and governance (or ESG) risks and opportunities into your decision-making? (Both the UN and SEC have affirmed that addressing such issues is a fiduciary duty, and influencers in the marketplace such as Bloomberg and Mercer likewise advocate actively managing these issues.) And do you give input to the Advisory Committee that makes recommendations on how the College votes its proxies, which nowadays invariably contain shareholder resolutions addressing material sustainability-related risks and opportunities?

Bill Baue, MA English ’96
Sunderland, Massachusetts

Editors’ Note

Evan Caplan ’11 responds: The SIC considers environmental, social, and governance risks and opportunities through strategic alliances with other student groups, company-specific ESG analysis on every company in the portfolio, and ESG-motivated investments. We have forged a close working relationship with another student group on campus called the Socially Responsible Investment (SRI) Club. We invite SRI leaders to become engaged in the SIC and work jointly with us. Every buy pitch presented before the SIC is required to include analysis, typically provided by SRI, which informs our membership about the ESG assets and liabilities of the company under consideration and the overall effect upon its value. Going even further, some investment pitches are driven by the social responsibility of selected companies, which improve them from a financial perspective as well. For example, the SIC holds a company that was pitched based upon its waste-to-energy program and another that is a worldwide leader in sustainable design and construction. While we have had presentations and discussions on proxy voting in order to educate our members, the mechanics of that process rest with the SRI group.

Striking Works

Kudos to Max S. Gerber who took the cover and lead article photographs of Susan Conley ’89 for “Stranger in a Strange Land” in the spring 2011 issue. The photographs themselves are striking works of art. Who is Max S. Gerber?

Stephen Gray ’69
Indianapolis, Indiana

Editor’s Note

In addition to being a swell fella, Max S. Gerber is a photographer in Los Angeles, California. His work—which is quite stunning, as Stephen Gray kindly pointed out—can be viewed at www.msgphoto.com. Max is also a published author. His book, My Heart vs. the Real World, is a photo-documentary project that explores the world of children with heart disease and was published by Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory Press in 2008.

Illustration by Jon Krause

SOMMER 2011 3
Middlebury
Upcoming events for Middlebury alumni, parents, and friends

Alumni College at Bread Loaf
James H. Douglas '72, Department of Political Science
The Art of Governing: A View from the Vermont State House

Miguel Fernandez '85, Professor of Spanish
Comedias dramáticas del mundo hispano
Dramatic Comedies of the Spanish-Speaking World

Peter Ryan, Professor of Geology
Vermont's Geological Landscape: From Continental Collisions and Mountain Building to Groundwater and Streams

Cynthia Packert, Professor of History of Art and Architecture
Incredible India: Modernity, Myths, and Media

Matthew Kimble, Assistant Professor of Psychology
Happiness

September 9–10, 2011
Annual Alumni Golf Tournament
In honor of
Gordie C. Perine '49

September 14–29, 2011
Great Civilizations along the Silk Road
Alumni Travel: China
With John Berninghausen
Truscott Professor Emeritus of Chinese Studies

For further information, please visit go.middlebury.edu/alumni or call 802.443.5183.
Here I Am!

Reading Peter Knobler’s essay (“Play Ball,” spring 2011) about life in the 60s—our 60s, not the 60s—set me to wondering: what would I write about my life at this point?

A few years ago, I reconnected with my best friend from junior high school. We compared notes. She went to UConn and became city editor of the Boston Globe. I went to Middlebury and went into project management in graphic arts. “You didn’t use your ticket,” she said, pointing to the fact that I went to the more prestigious school and ended up in the far less prestigious job. This gave me pause.

It’s true. I did not become a lawyer, or a professor, or an editor. But I do have the most amazingly literate daughter. And I have given rise to a family. I have experienced cancer twice (in my thirties and my fifties). I have lost my sister to it. I have survived a car accident that gave me a spinal injury referred to as a “hangman’s fracture.” I have ridden the bucking bronco of my daughter’s adolescence. I have seen my husband safely through four open-heart surgeries. And here I am. For sure, my ticket has been punched, just in a different way.

Claudette Foundstein Dunk ’68
New York, New York

From Ashes Rising

Not so fast, Paul Witteman ’65, (Letters, spring 2011) in tossing Detroit to the trash heap. Remember the saying, “Call in the Last Rites officiant and watch the patient recover.”

I grew up at 142 California Street, a house still standing in a little Highland Park island in Detroit between John R and Brush, now rimmed with burned-out attic rafters and weedy cellar holes. The Ferris School we happily walked to is boarded up, glass-strewn and root-bound. Our Highland Park High School, whose 1950 yearbook was dedicated to its “40 different nationalities,” is chain-linked and defunct, but it gave me a very democratic, non-elitist foundation.

Detroit is so totally discouraging that it is weirdly invigorating. I came
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Teaching English to Speakers of Other Languages (TESOL) • Teaching Foreign Language • Translation & Interpretation • Translation & Localization Management • Peace Corps Mentor's International

LETTERS

home from a recent visit to encourage Siren Arts filmmaker friends to do a documentary; they interviewed for two weeks in cold rain, delighted. I tried to get our Teen Futures youth development program into the schools there through Department of Health friends. They loved the program but got word that $500,000 more must be cut from budgets.

When a person—and I hope a whole city of persons—sinks into “final stages,” hanging on by a thread, miraculous turnarounds can happen. That strange thread often strangles alibis and apathy and jump-starts willpower. The difference between death and revival often depends upon undaunted effort and creative encouragement, hanging in there when all seems lost. People like Paul, although he did his best for a while, must get out of the way; he could tip the scale.

Julie Howard Parker '34

Granville, Vermont

LETTERS

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Safety in Football

United States Senator Tom Udall has proposed legislation on football helmet safety, and there is sure to be helmet hearings in Congress in some form, either on either Udall’s initiative or that of Democrats on the House Commerce Committee (“Mixed Signals: Artists Consider Masculinity in Sports,” www.middmag.com).

Congressional and Federal Trade Commission interest in football helmet safety is the result of professional football injuries and concussions being at a nine-year high, with brain-related injuries the most common type of injury in NFL games. As the season progresses, the chance of injury increases. It is not an exaggeration to say that there is a national public health crisis of concussions in sports—estimated to total four million dollars annually, not including the possibility that tens of millions more “sub-concussive” head blows contribute to youth mental deterioration.

Few, if any, Middlebury football players go on to the NFL, but as we’ve seen, this is not just an NFL problem. Reportedly, the safety claims made for helmet safety are based on studies conducted by individuals connected to the NFL or NFL teams.

Shouldn’t Middlebury—and other colleges and universities—be involved with the hearings? After all, you all have an interest in football safety.

Ralph Stone ‘61
San Francisco, California

Many Midd Connections

The obituary notice of Amarie Whittens Dennis under “Honorary Degree” in the spring 2011 issue saddened me because I met her at graduation in 1960, when she was honored.

While it is perhaps understandable that her obit in the Smith Alumnae Quarterly neglected to mention her honorary degree from Middlebury in 1960, how is it possible that this obit didn’t point out the fact that her son,
Ward, graduated in 1960 with honors in Spanish. I've always felt that Sam Guarnaccia, revered former head of the Spanish department and former director of the Spanish School and the study abroad program in Madrid, proposed her as a worthy recipient of an honorary degree. It made her visit that much more memorable.

For that matter, some of her survivors have Middlebury connections, too: Janet Young Dennis '62, former daughter-in-law; Heather Dennis Parsons '88, a granddaughter; and Chris Parsons '87, Heather's husband.

Lee Farnham '69
West Trenton, New Jersey

Editors’ Note
We regret the oversight.

A Note from the Editors:
Elsewhere in the Mailbag
In late May, several envelopes arrived at the Middlebury Magazine editorial offices bearing great news: the esteemed judges
in the annual awards program sponsored by the Council for the Advancement and Support of Education had bestowed five medals—for design, editorial, and general excellence—on this quarterly publication.

The results: a bronze medal in the college and university general interest magazine category; a pair of silver medals in the category Excellence in Design: Illustrations for “Long Live the Great White Yak,” by Emiliano Ponzi (winter 2010) and “Brain vs. Nature,” by Heads of State (spring 2010); a silver medal for editorial design for the feature “Can the Louisiana Coast Be Saved?” in the fall 2010 issue; and a silver medal in the “Best Articles of the Year” category for “Hollowed Ground” by Sierra Crane-Murdoch ’10 (summer 2010).

In addition, we’ve learned that the editorial team at the website byliner.com has chosen “Hollowed Ground” as well as “Is Yemen the Next Afghanistan?” by Kevin Charles Redmon ’09 and the aforementioned “Can the Louisiana Coast Be Saved?” written by Emily Peterson ‘08 for inclusion on their new site, which seeks to “discover and discuss great reads by great writers.”

Congratulations are in order to the writers and illustrators.

Finally, our favorite e-mail came from an avid reader who was requesting an additional copy of the magazine. He writes: “I greatly enjoy the Middlebury
Letters Policy
Letters addressing topics discussed in the magazine are given priority, though they may be edited for brevity or clarity. On any given subject we will print letters that address that subject, and then in the next issue, letters that respond to the first. After that, we will move on to new subjects. Send letters to: Middlebury Magazine, 152 College Street, Middlebury, VT 05753 or middmag@middlebury.edu.

Magazine, and am sorry to report that the recent issue that arrived yesterday unexpectedly hurled itself into a bathtub full of water—and drowned. The pages are inextricably compressed, and, alas, unreadable. (Oh, all right, full confession, I dropped it.) Could you please send along another copy? I promise to be more responsible."

Now, imagine if that had been an iPad!

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Middlebury is the first liberal arts college to field its own team in the Solar Decathlon. The contest challenges college and university teams from around the world to design, build, and operate 100-percent solar-powered homes.

You're invited to visit Middlebury’s entry, Self-Reliance, and the other 18 finalists' houses while they are on display at the National Mall. The awards ceremony is at 2:30 p.m. on October 1. Admission is free and families are welcome.

For more information, visit solardecathlon.middlebury.edu

111 Axinn Center at Starr Library
112 Battell South
117 Mahoney Center for the Arts Patio
118 Coltrane Lounge
119 Dog Sculpture at Munroe Hall
122 Gifford Hall
123 Mead Chapel (Harris)
124 Parton Health Center
125 Johnson Memorial Building
126 Davis Family Library
127 Mead Chapel (Marlow)
128 Natatorium in Peterson Family Athletics Complex
129 McCardell Bicentennial Hall Observatory
132 Stewart Hall
Bridget Besaw ("One Dean's View," p. 40) is an award-winning photographer who splits her residences between Maine and Chile. Her work can be found at www.bridgetbesaw.com.

Harry Bliss (Cover) is a cartoonist and cover artist for the New Yorker. He lives in Vermont and his work can be found at www.harrybliss.com.

Jesse Catalano ’11 ("Self-Reliance," p. 15) is the graphic design lead for Team Middlebury, a finalist in the 2011 Solar Decathlon competition.

Angela Jane Evancie ’09 ("Einstein on the Porch," p. 88) is a writer, photographer, and radio producer based in Burlington, Vermont.

Barry Falls ("Banished to Paradise," p. 34) is an illustrator based in Lisburn, Northern Ireland. His work can be found at www.barryfalls.com.

David Gusakov ("Commence with the Clues," p. 16) creates crossword puzzles in Vermont.

Barbara Melosh ’72 ("Requiem for a Grouchy Old Bastard," p. 24) is a pastor at Salem Lutheran Church in Baltimore, Maryland. She previously taught American history and literature at George Mason University.

Kate Nerenberg ’05 ("The Culture of Beer," p. 44) is a freelance writer and the associate food and wine editor at the Washingtonian magazine.

Phil ("Einstein on the Porch," p. 88) is an illustrator in Saskatchewan, Canada.

Zaheena Rashid ’11 ("Banished to Paradise," p. 34) graduated from Middlebury in May. This is her first story for the magazine.

Kevin Charles Redmon ’09 ("This Man Has Created a Monster," p. 28) is a freelance writer and a frequent contributor to the magazine.

Carmen Segovia ("Requiem for a Grouchy Old Bastard," p. 24) is an award-winning illustrator based in Barcelona. Her work can be found at www.carmensegovia.net.

Brett Simison ("Sound of Science," p. 20) is a photographer in Middlebury. His work can be found at www.brettsimison.com.

Stephen Spartana ("The Culture of Beer," p. 44) is a photographer based in Sparks, Maryland. His work can be found at www.spartana.com.

Angel Valentin (This Man Has Created a Monster," p. 28) is a photographer who divides his time between Miami and Puerto Rico. A Pulitzer Prize finalist in 2002, he presents his work at www.angelvalentin.com.

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ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

This summer, Kohn Field was resurfaced with more than 94,000 square feet of world-class artificial turf, with a large portion of the old turf being reused by the Town of Middlebury. Photograph by Brendan Mahoney '11
It All Started When...

The Potomac Theatre Project in New York City celebrates its 25th anniversary this year. Since 1987, more than 200 Middlebury students have worked with the Potomac Theatre Project, and many have gone on to successful careers. We thought it would be fun to make a few connections. (Please note: this is by no means a complete picture, but rather a snapshot of a few of the students who have benefited from the alliance between the College and the professional theater company.)

Illustration by Jane Trapnell
Record Brights  A record number of Monterey and Middlebury students received Fulbright awards for the 2011–12 academic year. Here’s what they’ll be doing around the globe.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>School</th>
<th>Country</th>
<th>Project</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jessica Bluestein ’11</td>
<td>Middlebury</td>
<td>Brazil</td>
<td>Sociology research</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lindsey Bowman</td>
<td>Monterey</td>
<td>Brazil</td>
<td>Teaching English</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Olivia Claudio ’11</td>
<td>Middlebury</td>
<td>Germany</td>
<td>Teaching English</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christopher Hench ’11</td>
<td>Middlebury</td>
<td>Germany</td>
<td>Teaching English</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bonnie Holman</td>
<td>Monterey</td>
<td>Ecuador</td>
<td>National program on carbon sequestration, forest protection, and economic development</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Timothy Liu ’11</td>
<td>Middlebury</td>
<td>China</td>
<td>Sociology research</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amelia Noble ’11</td>
<td>Middlebury</td>
<td>Uganda</td>
<td>Public health</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rebecca Noreen</td>
<td>Monterey</td>
<td>Panama</td>
<td>Language-teaching methodologies</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Romany Redman ’11</td>
<td>Middlebury</td>
<td>Russia</td>
<td>Public health</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elizabeth Reid</td>
<td>Monterey</td>
<td>Jordan</td>
<td>Government program to protect archaeological sites</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bill Reinecke</td>
<td>Monterey</td>
<td>Burkina Faso</td>
<td>Working with 3,500-member agricultural cooperative</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Self-Reliance, Middlebury’s submission in the U.S. Department of Energy Solar Decathlon 2011 is nearing completion. This fall the house will be disassembled into modules and transported to Washington, D.C., for the final competition, and then back to Vermont. For more, visit solardecathlon.middlebury.edu/competition.php.

Nearly a foot of 80 percent recycled blown cellulose insulation fills the walls, 21 inches in the roof. Photovoltaic system includes 30 efficient SunPower 225 panels—performance metrics are wirelessly collected and presented online for review. Linseed oil from the flax plant is the main ingredient in the wood finishes, and paint made from eggshells is used on interior walls.

Two of Middlebury’s theater students and rising stars, Carlie Crawford ’11 and Daniel Sauermilch ’13, were awarded national honors at the 2011 Kennedy Center American College Theater Festival this spring. Carlie earned the Barbizon Award for Excellence in Costume Design, and Daniel won the John Cauble Award for Outstanding Short Play for his recent work, “The Rwandans’ Visit.”
Commence with the Clues

ACROSS
1 Edge
4 S.C. airport
7 Fastest land animal
14 Dissonant chord (abbr.)
17 "Inner" prefix
18 Scheme
19 City in northeast Italy
20 Mel of the Giants
21 "... a borrower ___ ..."
22 2011 top graduate Pincus
25 Dessert pleaser
26 Kind of comparison
27 Vermont apple drinks
28 ___ Toscano
29 Old soft drink
31 With 35 Across, pre-procession gathering place
33 Wooden percussion device
35 See 31 Across
36 Lay's corporation
38 Kind of rally
39 Kenyon ___
43 Sch. in Delaware
44 Full
46 Talk too easily
48 It rode the moon
51 Bannister, for example
54 Web ordaining org.
55 Where Pierre departs
56 Gamaliel's aid
57 Promising poker hand
58 Gently cooks tuna
60 Berber tribe
62 No longer active (abbr.)
63 Lawn or garage event
66 Those with hot pants?
68 Honorary degree recipient
75 Partitioned (off)
76 It's not the Americas
77 Star Wars' Briqualon
78 Ruined
81 Pianist Claudio
82 Larder
85 Sand ___ at Ralph Mhyre
86 All 24 hrs.
89 European music label
90 Lymphatic organs
91 Sault ___ Marie
92 Skunk
94 Commencement collective
95 ___ field
98 Dunkin' delectable
99 ___ mode
100 Animal House smoothie
104 ___ you can
107 Curl again
110 '80s British songstress
111 Jean Seberg 1964 movie
112 ___ loss
114 Focuses on
116 Its cap. is Kigali
117 Freshwater Eurasian fish
118 Highest academic honors
121 Campus ___
122 Up in the air for a grad?
123 Final syllables of words
124 Coach Beatty clocks it
125 Exist
126 It last flew 11/26/2003
127 ___ play
128 Poss. time for touchdown
129 Something burned

DOWN
1 Change a moniker
2 "The door ___!"
3 ___ board
4 Maintain as fact
5 Be poised to sign
6 Guided
7 Radio station to our north
8 Sexy role
9 Time Machine people
10 Poet Pound
11 Mai ___
12 Portion of a circle
13 Big cheese
14 Way in
15 Of practical value
16 ___ home
18 Common plastic (abbr.)
In preparation for the opening of the School of English, the Bread Loaf custodial crew made its rounds to tidy up the campus. Upon emptying one of the firewood boxes for a few repairs, a crew member found a passel of papers and scraps more than 75 years old, including a Boston Herald newspaper dated July 10, 1934; a two-cent stamp with a sweet letter to "Marian" from "Mother"; and a collection of wrappers for Ivory Soap, Gillette blades, Beech-Nut chewing gum, Old Gold cigarettes, and Kongen of Danmark cough drops. We're guessing those wood boxes hadn't been cleaned in awhile!
Research, In A Word Each year, approximately 100 students and 50 faculty members spend their summer hours conducting research of all kinds in various buildings around campus. These are just a few of the things they study.

Excerpt “When I decided to pursue the governor's office in the spring of 2001, I sat down and put my reasons for doing so in writing. I carried that piece of paper with me every day as a reminder of what this job means, not to me personally, but to the people I have been so privileged to serve. After nearly 30 years as a legislator, secretary of state and state treasurer, I was confident in my ability to chart a course for our state that adhered to the goals and aspirations of Vermonters.

I knew I could not go it alone—no one could. A governor sets ambitious objectives, recruits the best and the brightest and leads Vermonters in a dialogue through which they can develop ownership in the state's policies and goals. I believe that I lived up to that standard and I am thankful to all who helped along the way. The job of governor is more than running the machinery of state government and setting policy.

A governor sets an example and leads. Through every debate—no matter how contentious—I sought to uphold the Vermont tradition of dignified civil discourse. I worked to bring people together around shared goals and, when differences could not be bridged, never fault others for sincerely held convictions.

In a time of searing political rhetoric, the way we conduct our public business here in Vermont is something of which we should rightly be proud.

After eight years as governor, countless miles traveled across our state and thousands and thousands of conversations with Vermonters from all walks of life, I am proud of the differences we made.

Vermont is the healthiest state and the greenest state. After the nation's deepest recession in generations, we have among the lowest unemployment rates, the highest bond ratings and the least stressed economies in America.

Our communities are safer from drugs and violent criminals.
Our infrastructure is better maintained and funded.
We achieved groundbreaking reforms in health care, making us a leader among states.
We protected our natural gifts—our waterways, our air, our forest and our wildlife.
We allowed for greater certainty within our permitting system.
We brought state government into the 21st century and supported our next generation in their pursuit of higher education and quality jobs.

But success is not rankings alone. Indeed, the initiatives we started and advanced will evolve and change. New technologies and new ideas will allow for new opportunities. Unforeseen challenges will emerge. But what endures—the legacy that is left—is found in the lives and stories of the people of this great state.

—From The Douglas Years: Dedicated to the People of Vermont by James H. Douglas '72 (Fourteenth Star Press, 2011)

Overheard Each summer, hundreds of students arrive in Middlebury to immerse themselves in language studies. After taking the Language Pledge, they speak nothing but that language. This makes it hard for some to manage even the most basic needs, but others get right to the point; one Russian School coordinator was approached with this request almost immediately:

"В Миддлберри есть пляж для нудистов?"

"Does Middlebury have a nudist beach?"
“It’s not what happens to you. It’s what you do with what happens to you.”

—Chris Waddell ’91, the most decorated male skier in Paralympic history, in his Commencement address to the Class of 2011

FIVE MINUTES WITH . . . LUTHER TENNY

Every year, Middlebury College Commencement comes around like clockwork. And just as consistently, Assistant Director of Facilities Services Luther Tenny leads an incredibly efficient team of groundskeepers in preparing the campus for its moment in the sun (or rain).

On planning
The Wednesday immediately after Commencement we hold a post-Commencement debrief to discuss what went well and what could have gone better. We take those notes and use them to create the plan for next year. It’s truly a year-round effort from a variety of departments to ensure we have all the details correct. We have a 10-page spreadsheet that details our every move, day by day, complete with diagrams for each event. For instance, on Monday we mark buried utilities on Voter lawn in preparation for the tents to go up on Tuesday. Then every day we’re cleaning out dorm rooms getting them ready for the graduates’ families, along with setting up events for Senior Week and getting the grounds to look their best. On Friday it starts to ramp up with departmental receptions, and we begin to put together the Commencement stage. On Saturday we have Phi Beta Kappa, Baccalaureate, more departmental receptions, and we set 1,500 of roughly 5,500 chairs for graduation. Sunday we start at 5 AM and set the rest of the chairs, the stanchions, all the signage, and the stage. Following the ceremony, we break everything down and put it away for next year. Every year we get better at it!

On odd behavior
One year we had someone do a naked run though the chairs at dawn on Commencement morning. We also once had someone swap out one of the graduating country flags on Voter with a Red Sox flag during the ceremony. Thanks to the keen eyes of one of our staff, we changed it back right away. Good thing it wasn’t a Yankees flag!

On what keeps him up at night
Aside from my infant daughter? After working all week cleaning out rooms, landscaping, and slinging chairs, I’m plenty tired and normally sleep quite well. Weather is the wild card.

On what’s left behind
We usually find lots of cell phones and sunglasses when we’re cleaning up. Occasionally we’ll come across a sleeping graduate. I can’t speak for the group, but when it’s all said and done, I head home, take a cold shower, and go to bed because we’re back at it the next day, cleaning out more dorm rooms and getting ready for Reunion.

On weather
There is no “Plan B.” We’re outside rain or shine, so we just have to make the best of what Mother Nature throws at us. This year was a particularly wet weekend.
"Sorry I'm late! I couldn't fit it in my car!"

These are the rushed words exclaimed by a mildly frazzled Hannah Waite '11 before she catches herself, takes a deep breath, and then introduces herself properly with an enormous smile and handshake.

The "it" she's referring to is a 4' x 4' wooden frame that she returns with later that afternoon, after borrowing a truck from a friend. At first glance, the apparatus looks more like a woodshop castoff than the object of so much fervor. But the excitement on Hannah's face as she sets it up in an empty practice room at the Mahaney Center for the Arts makes it clear that this is something special. In fact, this labor of love has been Hannah's primary academic focus for the past year.

The laser harp, as she calls it, is the culmination of Hannah's senior thesis. It is comparable to a traditional multistrunged harp, but uses laser beams instead of musical strings to create sounds. As a double major in physics and music, Hannah was thrilled when she discovered that her newfound love of science could blend so perfectly with her lifelong passion for music.

“I've enjoyed studying physics at Middlebury, but I really love the way it's opened up a whole new way for me to look at music,” she says in her intense and gravelly voice as her hands move quickly to get the laser harp up and running. She begins by attaching half a dozen cables and wires between the wooden-framed harp and her laptop computer, which is set on a wobbly music stand nearby. Dressed in shorts, a tee shirt, and sweatshirt, she may well have just come from Ultimate Frisbee practice—a team for which she served as a captain this year, and yet another of her self-described passions. She's also barefoot. "I always play barefoot, even for performances!" (And true to her word, when she arrives for her thesis final performance later that evening, she's decked out in a blue silk sheath dress, a long string of pearls, and the token pair of flip-flops, which are immediately tossed aside when she gets down to the business of playing the harp.)

“When I first conceived of the project, the music and the science seemed like separate ideas to me. But it didn’t take long to find out how truly related they could be.” For example, Hannah used a sophisticated software program called Max 5.1 to create her original music, but when a laser didn’t trigger a particular note or musical phrase the way it should, she would turn her attention to the electronics to make adjustments before going back to composing the music.

BRIGHT LIGHTS
Hannah Waite lights up the stage with her unconventional laser harp and radiant smile. For more on this story, visit middmag.com/laserharp.
“So within the same 20 minutes of me working on one aspect of the laser harp, I may have done three music things and three physics things. The two disciplines became completely interconnected through this one project.”

Once everything is hooked up, Hannah taps a few keys on her computer then steps toward the harp. With her hands poised to begin, her face becomes set with focus as she slides her fingers in and out of the shoulder-height instrument, intermittently breaking the barely visible lights of the laser beams. Sounds start and stop, layer and collide. The room is suddenly enveloped in rolling arpeggios and recurring harmonies. Hannah smiles, steps away from the harp, and the notes tumble on. It’s as if she has set a high-tech fugue in motion.

When describing the science of the music—how it all works—she speaks in rapid-fire sentences filled with complex concepts. Part maestro, part physicist, she is at ease and confident in her topic.

“At the top of the frame are the lasers, and they are incident on the bottom part of the frame, which has these very tiny photo cells,” she explains, as much with her words as her hands, which fly in and out of the lasers, triggering a cascade of melodic sound. “These photo cells are light detectors, and when I interrupt the lasers with my hands, a change in resistance goes through the cells, which initiates a change in the circuit, which initiates a sound.” Her fast-paced descriptions and no-nonsense style make it all sound so easy.

The music she creates can be as simple or complex as she likes. “I can program each laser to do just about anything,” she says. “I can program a single note, a loop of notes, a change in octave, even how long or short each note lasts.” She reaches for the instrument again and sweeps dramatically from right to left, the bright red lasers lighting up the back of her hand, and the music begins to play. Unintelligible notes tumble on. It’s as if a living piece of thin air.

“Watch this,” she says. “It’s not the kind of thing you get to do in your typical physics course.”

A French composer, performer, and music producer named Jean Michel Jarre has popularized an elaborate type of laser harp by incorporating it into his concerts, but it’s not entirely clear that any one person invented the instrument. Rather it seems it’s been altered and refined along the way by a handful of musicians, engineers and performers dating back as early as 1975.

“I think her biggest challenge was that it was really several interrelated projects,” added her music adviser, Peter Hamlin ’73. “She had to design the lasers and the circuitry, she had to build the physical frame of the device, she had to create the computer programs that convert the laser signals to sound, and then she had to compose and perform musical pieces to demonstrate the instrument.”

After all that, he says, “We were both surprised that the laser harp actually worked the very first time Hannah fired it up for a test. My experience is that complex projects like this never work the first time. So we were expecting to be doing a lot of trouble-shooting that day, but instead we got to just play with the harp!”

But is it music? Science? Or just a novelty?

“It’s all of those things,” insists Hannah.

Her understanding of how the musical notes work together comes from years of studying piano and singing in choirs, but her ability to bring the music to life through the computerized manipulation of laser beams is all physics.

When Hannah presents her final thesis performance later in the evening, the soon-to-be-graduate draws a crowd of more than 100 people. During the 40-minute presentation, she is both scientist and artist, explaining in great detail how she’s simulated the plucking of an actual harp string by interrupting a laser. Then she turns down the overhead lights and grabs a chalkboard eraser from the front of the room. “Watch this,” she says to a roomful of faces focused on her as she bangs the eraser against her hand. Chalk dust fills the air around the harp and the thin red lines of the lasers are suddenly visible. Hannah quickly reaches into the harp and the sounds begin again, tumbling from the “strings” of thin air.

“It’s funny,” she says. “Even after all this time I still feel like I should be able to grab the beams like strings and feel the things that are making the music.”

She grasps at a bright red line, fast fading as the chalk dust subsides. “But it’s just a beam of light after all.”
Felix Rohatyn '49 has spoken often of the valuable lessons he learned as a student at Middlebury by talking about Ben Wissler, his former physics professor. “Professor Wissler used to say to me, ‘No, Mr. Rohatyn. You don't have the wrong answer; you have a wrong answer.’”

Wrong answers, as Felix grew to appreciate, could be very valuable, and that was the central message of my Baccalaureate address to the Class of 2011.

As you can tell by now, I will adhere to tradition only to the extent that I view this opportunity — really this honor — to address you for the final time as a class before you graduate.

Although this is by no means a religious address, the core of my message comes from the Talmud, the 2,000-year-old collection of rabbinic writings on Jewish law and tradition. In fact, the Talmud is much more than a collection of writings. According to Rabbi Adin Steinsaltz, one of today’s foremost living Talmudic commentators and translators, “The Talmud is ... a conglomerate of law, legend, and philosophy, a blend of unique logic and shrewd pragmatism, of history and science, anecdotes and humor. Although its main objective is to interpret and comment on a book of law, it is, simultaneously, a work of art that goes beyond legislation and its practical application.”

The Talmud continues to guide many Jewish communities around the world in their Jewish practice. The particular story I am about to tell, and which forms the basis of my message to the graduating class, has appeared, unsourced, in several books on Jewish thought. This particular version appears in Sheldon Oberman’s Solomon and the Ant and Other Jewish Folktales. And the story goes like this:

A young man found a scholar who was a master of the Talmud. The young man asked, “Will you teach me the Talmud?”

The scholar answered, “It won't do you any good.”

“Why not?” asked the young man.

The scholar said, “First you need to know the Talmud’s way of thinking.”

“Fine!” said the young man.

“Then teach me the Talmud’s way of thinking.”

“That won't do you any good, either,” said the scholar. “Not unless you have the ability to learn the Talmud’s way of thinking.”

“How will I know if I have the ability?” asked the young man.

The scholar said, “I will test you with three questions.”

“Fine,” said the young man.

“What’s the first question?”

The scholar said, “Two men climb down a filthy soot-filled chimney. One comes out with a dirty face, one with a clean face. Who decides to wash his face?”

The young man answered, “The one with the dirty face.”

“No,” said the scholar. “It’s the one with the clean face. Let me explain. The one with the dirty...”
face sees his friend’s clean face. He assumes his own face must also be clean. So he decides not to wash. The one with the clean face sees his friend’s dirty face, and he thinks, “My face must also be dirty.” So naturally he washes.

The young man looked embarrassed. “I didn’t think about it that way. What’s the second question?”

“Two men climb down a filthy soot-filled chimney. One comes out with a dirty face, one with a clean face. Who decides to wash his face?”

The young man laughed and said, “I already knew the answer. It’s the one with the clean face.”

“No,” said the scholar, “it’s the one with the dirty face. Let me explain. The one with the dirty face sees his friend’s clean face. He says to his friend, ‘Your face is so clean! Is my face also that clean?’ His friend answers, ‘No, your face is filthy.’ So naturally he washes.”

The young man looked upset. “I thought the first answer was the right one.”

The scholar said, “The first answer was right until you think of the second answer. The second answer is such a better answer that the first answer is no longer acceptable.”

“If see your point,” said the young man. “What’s the third question?”

“Two men climb down a filthy soot-filled chimney. One comes out with a dirty face, one with a clean face. Who decides to wash his face?”

The young man frowned. “You won’t get me this time,” he said. “It won’t be the one with the dirty face, and it won’t be the one with the clean face. The answer has to be either both of them or neither of them.”

“No,” said the scholar. “There is no answer because the question is ridiculous. How can two men climb down a filthy soot-filled chimney and one come out clean and one come out dirty? It’s not reasonable.”

The young man looked shocked. “I was wrong all three times. I must be the wrong person to learn the Talmud.”

“No,” said the scholar. “You are the right person to learn the Talmud. Let me explain. If you could answer everything correctly, why would you need me to teach you? You will be an excellent student. Look how much you have already learned about the Talmud’s way of thinking!”

The scholar accepted the young man, and he became an excellent student of the Talmud.

There is a lot going on in this story.

The first time the scholar asks the question, “Who decides to wash his face?” the young man responds, “The one with the dirty face.” The scholar tells the young man he is wrong and explains why. The young man is embarrassed and says, “I didn’t think about it that way.” The way the young man did think about it was from his own perspective, from looking in at the situation rather than from the perspective of the two men in the story.

When the scholar repeats the same question, “Who decides to wash his face?” the young man laughs and replies quite confidently, “I already know the answer. It’s the one with the clean face.” When the scholar tells him he is wrong again and provides the logic to why his answer is incorrect, the young man is upset and says, “I thought the first answer was the right one.”

In this part of the tale, the young man learns there is a very important possibility within the situation that he had not considered—that the two men could talk to each other. When the man with the dirty face notices the man with the clean face, he asks whether his face is also clean. His friend answers, “No, your face is filthy.” So naturally he washes.

When the scholar asks for the third time, “Who decides to wash his face?” the young man, all the more intent on getting the right answer this time, desperately says it must be “either both” or “neither of them.” And for the third time, the scholar tells the young man he is wrong. The scholar points out that the analytical option the young man had not considered is to question fundamental principles even to the point of rendering an entire scenario null and void.

As a whole, this story offers seemingly simple shifts in perspective and reasoning. At the same time, the combined impact of those shifts is great. We discover how much one can learn from wrong answers, and why wrong answers are so central to learning; they force one to delve more deeply, consider new angles, to think in new ways.

We hope your four years at Middlebury have prepared you well to get many answers right, but also to find the kernels of truth in your wrong answers, even if you discover their truths long after the fact.

As this story and the Talmud teach us, even the “ah-ha I’ve got it” moments can give way to the “wait, there is more to this than I thought” situations. Answers once considered right often become wrong, or at least only partially right, when considered from a larger or more informed perspective.

That richer perspective comes from a persistent consideration of the insights that are illuminated by mistakes. In other words, by making the most of our wrong answers, we can become wiser and come closer to the truth.

Although the young man gets all the questions wrong, the process of understanding why his answers were wrong offers an invaluable element of learning. The scholar guided the young man through a relentless exploration of possibilities and perspectives.

It is the young man’s willingness to take part in this exercise, ensured by his very wrongness, which convinces the scholar to take the young man on as his student.

Commencement, of course, means “the beginning” of something, not the end. As you leave Middlebury for the next exciting and challenging chapter of your lives, let our Commencement ceremony tomorrow signal the beginning of adopting a new way of thinking, unencumbered by the fear of getting things wrong, and being fully cognizant of how questions can have multiple answers, and how each answer, either right or wrong, carries with it some truth that advances one’s learning.

Good luck, members of the Class of 2011. I suspect that each of you has gotten enough right answers over the past four years to know how to value wrong answers. We look forward to following your progress, celebrating your successes, welcoming you back to campus often, and encouraging you at your reunions every five years always to pursue a special way of thinking.

Thank you.
Requiem for a Grouchy Old Bastard

A Lutheran pastor finds herself in an unusual situation.

By Barbara Melosh '72
Illustrations by Carmen Segovia
"Pastor, we've got a family here looking for a Lutheran minister," the caller began. I groaned inwardly as I recognized the funeral director’s voice, thinking of the sermon preparation, meetings, and pastoral calls already on my calendar.

But I said yes because I had promised myself I would. I’d spent a long stretch of years out of church. So I knew something about the mixture of anger and alienation and just plain drift that sent people out of church, and the way that even the most inveterate “unchurched” person might be ambushed by longing for the rituals and cadences of worship.

My father’s funeral had brought me home to my childhood church. I’d been swept up by the strong language of the liturgy and brought to tears by familiar hymns. The former organist, long since retired, had driven for hours so he and his wife could join the little group that had gathered to grieve with us. After the service, we went downstairs where the urns of coffee and trays of cookies and sandwiches brought back, in a rush, memories of Sunday morning festivity. Later, I found myself wondering forlornly where I would go if I had to bury my husband or my child, or where they would go to bury me.

So several years later, when I had returned to church and then a few years after that surprised everyone (not least myself) by becoming a minister, I had made a promise to myself. When an unchurched family came looking for a minister to bury their dead, I would say yes.

The day before the funeral, I went to meet the family at the funeral home. The body lay in folds of pleated satin, flanked by dim pink torchlights. A prominent nose lent the face a stern air.
He was dressed in a dark-blue, pinstriped suit, sharply creased, with a precisely knotted tie over a starched white shirt.

Ten people sat in a small cluster of chairs arranged next to the coffin. I worked my way around the circle, shaking hands as I took measure of the family. They were talking quietly, composed and matter of fact. Albert had lived 85 years, the last one in failing health. His older sister, tiny and frail, sat with upright posture, both feet planted on the floor. The last survivor of six siblings, she nodded vaguely when I introduced myself. I noticed the hearing aids in both ears, as the others hastily explained that the batteries were dead. Albert had no children and his female companion had died years ago. The circle next to his body included some of his many nieces and nephews and their partners and some of their children, Albert's great-nieces and nephews.

These preliminaries accomplished, we all settled into our chairs. His sister was on one side of me, and on the other, his great-nephew Tom, one hand running distractedly over his stubbled chin.

I looked around expectantly. Silence.

“Sol!” I said brightly. “Tell me about Albert.”

Tom declared, “He was a grouchy old bastard.”

Protests erupted around the circle, as people shot dismayed glances in my direction and glared at Tom, who stood his ground.

“C'mon, you all know he was.”

Then the stories came tumbling out, glimpses of a life for a funeral requiem. Meticulous to a fault, Albert had spent hours in the bathroom each morning, carrying out elaborate rituals of grooming—a source of intense grievance, years later, among those who had contended for their own time in the one bathroom of that row house. His exacting sartorial standards applied with equal force to domestic order, and when he established his own household, those standards were fiercely enforced upon all comers. He could hardly bear to have visitors in his home, so vexed was he by their relentless depredations—wet glasses set on his tables, crumbs dropped on his living room rug, sofa cushions askew. Children were a special trial, requiring his constant correction. “He was always yelling at us,” one nephew recalled wearily. For their part, the younger generation retaliated by tormenting him—an easy target, of course, agitated as he was by disorder.

Grouchy old bastard. A stark summation of a life. I couldn’t help but feel, looking over at his stern profile, that this last word from his family pronounced bleakly on his curious and perpetually frustrated drive for order. Well, his miseries were over now. Sweat would not stain his pristine white shirt, and no errant drip of gravy would threaten his tie. As for his house, whatever became of it, he wouldn’t be there to suffer it.

The next day I stood next to Albert’s body again, looking over the little group of mourners, those people who had annoyed him so much.

The next day I stood next to Albert’s body again, looking over the little group of mourners, those people who had annoyed him so much. His sister, leaning on two canes as she tottered to her chair; his brother-in-law, in a shiny black suit, likely in long service for such occasions; his candid nephew, his face scraped pink today; along the back row, grand-nieces and grand-nephews slouching in their seats as they thumbed their cell phones. I stepped to the lectern, surprised by welling tears, and then steadied by the strong and somber words of the funeral liturgy. In my homily, I included some of their memories of Albert, that exasperating and so easily exasperated man.

After the brief service, they filed up to the coffin to look one more time into his face. His sister kissed him on the forehead. Tom stood at the coffin for a long moment and then turned away, honking into his handkerchief. Two great-great-nieces came up clinging to their mother’s hands and stood on tiptoes to peer curiously into the coffin. Then the room emptied out, and the pallbearers were dispatched to wait across the hall.

As I stood next to the coffin, the funeral director turned the crank to lower Albert’s head. He tucked in the satin lining, lowered the lid and latched it, and secured the flowers on top with a bungee cord. He and an assistant flung open the parlor doors and then rolled the coffin into the hall.

They summoned the pallbearers to line up on either side. On the signal, they lifted together and strained with effort as the coffin lurched out the door and down the front steps. They slid it into the hearse. I climbed in the passenger side.

On the way to the cemetery, I lapsed into a morose silence. Grouchy old bastard—well, he had earned that epithet, on the evidence. Still, behind it I thought I could hear the faint echo of another name, the hint of an unmade diagnosis of a condition that, once named, might have been treated, that once treated, might have provided Albert some relief from the constant irritations of a messy world. What if? Too late to ask that question, on the way to a grave. I sat up straighter and opened my service book to the graveside liturgy.

The hearse crunched over the gravel roads of the cemetery and pulled up next to a little row of chairs and a hump of AstroTurf covering the open grave. The mourners assembled, and I said the words of committal over Albert’s body and poured sand on his coffin, thinking a moment too late how he would have hated that. A light breeze sent the sand swirling in the air and skidding down the lid, requiem for a grouchy old bastard.

This essay originally appeared in the vol. 33, no. 3 issue of Journal for Preachers. Barbara Melosh ’72 was a professor of American history and literature for 25 years before becoming a Lutheran pastor in 2005.
THIS MAN HAS CREATED A MONSTER

One of popular culture's most infamous serial killers owes his life to novelist Jeffry Lindsay '75.
Dexter came to Jeffry Lindsay ’75 at a Kiwanis luncheon in South Florida, not far from where the crime novelist lives and writes. Lindsay was sitting at the head table, preparing his remarks, facing a room filled with real estate brokers, car salesmen, ambulance chasers, and bail bondsmen. “And they’re talking and shaking hands—totally phony, annoying behavior—talking with food in their mouths, la la la la, handing out their business cards, and the idea just popped into my head that serial murder was not always a bad idea.” He began to scribble on his napkin, profiling such a character. “Now what if there were a guy like that? He killed only really bad people.”

In the months that followed, Lindsay amassed a gruesome library of books on sociopaths, murderers, and the G-men who hunt them. He interviewed psychologists and crime scene investigators. Cop friends turned him loose in the dead-files room, so he could pore over reports and photos, “the ultraviolent, horrible stuff. If you look at missing-persons statistics,” he said recently, “and if you put the numbers together, it seems possible that there’s an awful lot of very happy, very clever serial killers out there, too smart to get caught, just going about their lives. When the mood takes over, they go out and biff somebody.”

Out of Lindsay’s macabre research emerged Dexter Morgan: a fussy, neurotic forensic blood-spatter-pattern analyst for the Miami Police Department who moonlights as a serial killer with a lusty knife. Crime fighter by day and crime doer by night, Dexter suffers through the nine-to-five and departmental infighting while gleefully deliming child molesters and trailer-park lowlifes in his free time. Can psychopathy possibly be endearing?

Miami is an essentially weird place. Artifice and grit are in constant competition. Luxury condo skyscrapers, scrubbed to the brilliant white of cruise ships, stretch like sails along the beach; their aquamarine windows flash high above the street’s barred shops, where you can turn your gold into cash, style your hair, and buy discount shoes, all at the same address. Cuban cafés sell medamoches—ham, cheese, pickle, and mustard, smashed and grilled on cheap egg-bread—and Dominican beer at any hour. When I arrived for a visit in April, I landed in a thick rainstorm, but a cheery recording on the airport shurtle wished me a “sun-sational” vacation anyway; pulling away from the curb, the driver ran over an abandoned Smarte Carte, a body in Florida: bury it in the woods, toss it down a sinkhole, wrap it in a chain and sink it in the ocean, drop it in the Everglades and let alligators take care of it.

“Dexter’s not a vigilante,” he reminded me. “Vigilantes are trying to perform an act of justice. Dexter just likes to kill people.”

Lindsay was tending to pork chops and fixing me a mojito while he spoke. The mint was fresh from the garden, which shares the yard with key lime, orange, and mango trees; the Cuban rum was authentic contraband. Because Lindsay works from home, he’s the family’s de facto chef and bartender. Banging pots around on the stove can be excellent therapy for the blocked writer.

Dinner that night was a raucous affair. Why pass a pepper-shaker when you can throw it instead? (Hemingway played softball in college.) Lindsay was on a tight deadline to finish the sixth Dexter novel, but the day had been a productive one, leaving him in a boisterous mood; throughout the meal, he broke into show tunes.

After the plates were cleared, he and Hemingway lingered at the table, going over ancient history. “Jeff and I met when I was still in diapers,” Hemingway recalled. They both grew up “the poor kid in the rich neighborhood,” she in tony Miami Beach and he in chichi Coconut Grove. “The Grove was very different then,” Lindsay added. “It was where all the knuckleheads lived, the nuts and bohemians, the artists and other losers.” Their sisters became best friends in second grade, and joint family vacations soon followed. Hilary’s father—Ernest Hemingway’s younger brother—was a writer and painter who never went to college, and Jeffry’s father was the chairman of the art department at the University of Miami.

“My dad and his dad got along so terrifically because they were both sailors—”

“—and they both loved art—”

“—and they both loved adventures—”

“—and they’d both seen shit in the war that they were still
waking up from screaming about.”

Lindsay’s mother, an ex-Marine and a church secretary, sent her son to an Episcopal school, where he pursued theater and started a barbershop quartet. His memories of Middlebury skew toward the noncurricular. At the height of the Vietnam War, he helped an upperclassman, Howie Burchman ’73, occupy the campus ROTC building. “Howie basically was the radical movement. He was the mover and shaker.” After announcing the peaceful takeover, Lindsay recalls going around and giving everyone a vitamin C and one Benzedrine. “We sat there all night, not doing a whole lot.” Through college radio, he befriended Jim Douglas ’72, later a Vermont governor, who presented the nightly news on air. “He was totally unflappable. Nothing could bother him.” Lindsay went into the studio one evening and lit the bottom of Douglas’s copy on fire, as he was reading it on air. Douglas kept reading until the flames reached his fingers, and then he made up the rest from memory.

After graduating, Lindsay took his passion for acting straight to the professional level: dinner theater, upstate New York. A year later, he was at Carnegie Mellon, studying for a double master’s in playwriting and directing. There, he and a few friends formed an itinerant repertory company and headed West, to the City of Angels. “We soon discovered that there are people in LA who spend 23 hours a day, seven days a week, trying to get two lines on a soap opera,” he said. The various failures that ensued were punctuated by Lindsay’s band, the Fabulous Doitx, breaking up on stage in front of a live audience. “And these were my best friends.” He succeeded in getting himself fired as a personal assistant so he could collect unemployment and began to write seriously, “Writing is a horror, and it’s been cruel to me many times, but everything else I tried bit me on the ass, hard, and turned me away.”

In 1985, just after finishing college, Hilary Hemingway won a national writing competition and called her old friend Lindsay. She needed a place to crash in Los Angeles. The pair lived as roommates for four years before things got serious.

“Our mothers made us get married,” Lindsay said.

“My mother adored him, absolutely adored him.”

“My mother liked her a lot more than she liked me.”

“But it’s nice that our in-laws approved of our marriage so well.”

“Approved of it? They demanded it.”

Writing and pitching scripts as a team, Lindsay and Hemingway had a handful of spectacular near misses. They can—and often do—recount them still. Studios green-lighted their projects and then went bankrupt. Their names were stenciled on parking spaces and then spray-painted over. Spielberg breakfasted with them but said he’d already done his alien movie. “You can have a good career and make a lot of money and never get anything made,” Lindsay observed. Scripts get bought and then disappear. Execs stop returning calls. “It’s called development hell.”

When Hemingway’s mother was given six months to live, the two moved home to Florida. Hemingway worked as a produc-
Nelson took me on a driving tour of Miami's underbelly. "As soon as the sun goes down," he warned me, "everyone goes a little crazy."

Crime Scene Investigator Dexter spends his days investigating murders whose perpetrators are both criminal masterminds and psychotic. He doesn’t get assigned to petty larceny cases: when he’s not bagging dismembered body parts or butting heads with his nemesis boss, he’s eating a medianoche at the nearest Cuban restaurant and avoiding his girlfriend’s phone calls. On the other hand, CSI Nelson investigates a lot of car break-ins and office robberies, and he always answers his girlfriend’s calls.

We slow-cruised through “the Pork ‘n Beans,” a sprawling housing project in south-central Miami, and Nelson pointed out boarded-up apartments where he’d processed homicides. “A little girl, killed by a stray bullet. Some idiot with an AK-47. The poor kid was standing in the doorway.” Dexter, by contrast, is impervious to many things, chief among them emotion, and he often seems as unfeeling toward his girlfriend, Rita, as he is toward murder victims. His best weapon is his ability to fake the trappings of emotion, like sorrow, surprise, even love. Nelson, not so much. “Kids are the ones that get to me,” he said, sounding hoarse.

In Little Havana, we turned onto Tamiami Trail. Dexter, when we first meet him, is chasing the Tamiami Butcher, who has been hacking up prostitutes along the highway and arranging them around the city in public displays of grotesque art. Dexter, having just dispatched his own 37th victim, recognizes the killer’s clinical precision. No, he admires it. The Butcher’s not just a creep—he’s competition. The novels unfold from there. On this
day, happily, the Tamiami Trail was free of all stragglers, and only the mannequins outside the Latin rostafas were scantily clad.

Back at the station, Nelson showed me the forensics-processing lab. On television, these labs are sleek, hushed and dimly lit, with glowing instruments lifted straight from Minority Report and technicians dressed like they’re in a nightclub. The Miami CSI’s lab is an old gas station, where evidence is kept in gym lockers, and DNA evidence gets sent to the county lab for processing—the backlog is weeks long. But Dexter is a rogue, not a working stiff, and lab work is tedious. He avoids the lab like he owes it money. His only ally on the force is his adoptive sister, Deborah, a vice squad cop looking to make detective. As the only soul to whom Dexter is loyal, it’s her predictable fate to be kidnapped and held hostage. You can imagine the carnage that ensues.

Nelson has a slightly better work-life balance and just before 11 PM we headed out on our final call of the night, a domestic assault case involving a machete. Leaving the office, I passed a veteran technician’s desk. Above it were tacked photos of grisly shooting scenes along with a kind of note-to-self: “The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing.” Dexter might have approved.

ONE AFTERNOON, LINDSAY TOOK ME TO THE CUBAN RESTAURANT whose dessert case serves as the inspiration for all the elaborate sweets described in his books. Dexter’s favorite drink is an icy batido de dinero, a nice heat-killer served in Miami’s corner cafés, and Lindsay ordered one for each of us.

“The best description I’ve come up with is that it tastes like a good combination of peach and watermelon,” he said. The wonderful abandon of Cuban cooking was on full display, and our plates arrived piled high with fried plantains and shredded flank steak.

Not long ago, Lindsay and Hemingway were in Cuba, filming a PBS documentary about Ernest and researching her next script, Hemingway and Puentes. The feature film, currently in production, is about Ernest’s 21 years in Cuba and the decades-long friendship between the writer and a boat captain, Gregorion Fuentes, that inspired The Old Man and the Sea. Andy Garcia is directing, serving as the project’s lead writer, and co-starring as Fuentes. Anthony Hopkins plays Papa.

“I used to hate the bastard,” Lindsay says of Ernest, between bites of his steak. “Everyone assumed I was some kind of leech, locked onto the Hemingway name, sucking Hilary’s talent out. And everywhere we went for 20 years, I was Mr. Hemingway, or the guy who carries her bag, the gigolo.”

Dexter changed all that. And Hemingway and Fuentes is no small victory for Hilary. Years after leaving Hollywood, they’ve both finally made it, thanks very much.

“When I started seriously writing, I had a 1938 Olivetti Underwood portable, and I couldn’t conceive of anyone writing anything serious on anything but this typewriter. It was a lot of white-out, a lot of crossing out, and a lot of scribbling in.” He rises at 3 AM each day with ascetic discipline, makes coffee, and drags himself into the writing chair. Three to 5:30 are his best, if not clearest, writing hours—he likes to work from behind a scrim of sleepiness, before his inner critic wakes up. By 7:30 the girls are fed and at school, and the house is quiet again, save the whir of the air conditioner. When he needs vacuous silence, or to cut the digital tether, Lindsay takes his small fishing trawler—the Dexter-U5—and anchors it in a nearby bird sanctuary.

Lindsay’s personal creation myth is a sober reminder that to write fiction is to condemn oneself to a life of making it up as one goes along. “I’ve done every job you can imagine, even into my thirties. Waiting tables, cutting grass, doing plumbing, handymaking at a hotel. People always ask for advice on being a writer, and I say, ‘Learn arc welding.’” He recalled receiving a letter from his father about the time he graduated from college and was thinking about writing as a profession. “He basically said go for it.”

When asked at what age his own daughters are allowed to read the Dexter novels, Lindsay sighed. While there’s virtually no gore or graphic bloodletting in the stories, Lindsay uses language like a scalpel to lay bare the erotic—near pornographic—quality of serial violence. Scenic description is all buildup and no climax, a narrative sleight of hand that leaves the reader’s imagination to fill in the ugliest bits. Your brain conjures up nastier images than his pen could ever capture. “In my head, it’s 16,” he said. The eldest read it in high school for the purpose of writing a book report, horrifying her teacher in the process. (She received an A.) “The middle one, she’s already writing stuff that creeps me out.”

Driving home in his gold Mercedes, singing along to a radio’s Motown hit parade, Lindsay pointed out his suburb’s small independent bookstore. He stopped in not long ago to discover that his books weren’t on the prominent “Local Authors” display—no one has any clue he lives nearby. Double Dexter, the series’ sixth and final installment, is due out this fall, and then he’ll be back to casting for ideas. Selling millions of books in dozens of countries and 38 languages has changed nothing about the act of writing itself. It’s still lonely. It’s still maddening. It still requires three-olive martinis. And that’s on the better days.

“Can I tell you my piece of mysticism? It’s serious advice. God—or insert whichever term makes you comfortable here—will tell you if you’re doing the right thing. Doors will stay open just long enough for you to squeak through.” He continued, “But if that’s what you’re supposed to be doing, it will work. And if you end up sitting in the end of a dark alley with another man’s blood on your shirt, putting a needle in your arm, it’s the wrong path.”

Kevin Charles Redmon ’09 is a freelance writer and a frequent contributor to Middlebury Magazine.
A trip home reunites a student with her brother and the country that banished him.

Banished to Paradise

By Zaheena Rasheed '11
Illustrations by Barry Falls
The end of the dry season always brought scorching heat to the Maldives. In the capital city Malé’s southwest harbor, sleek fiberglass boats shimmered in the hazy heat, their outboard engines hanging from their sterns into the dirty waters. A small skiff passed between the rows of boats, carrying two full dustbins and a man wielding a hoop net. He was scooping up yet more plastic from the water. I stood in the meager shade of a stunted hiri dhi, tree, waiting to board the ferry that would take my brother Aiman and me to Goidhoo, an island located roughly 60 miles northwest of Malé.

As Aiman drove up on his enormous Pulsar motorbike, I heard passengers on the pavement muttering, “Is that Aiman?” Aiman was thin, fair-skinned, and had a mop of curls arranged strategically to hide his bald spot. His bike was more suited for a long highway than Malé’s packed streets and looked out of place among the smaller, tamer Wave scooters that most people in the city owned.

Three years had passed since Aiman returned from his banishment to Goidhoo. In 2007, when he was 20, he had been sentenced to a year on the island for having a child out of wedlock. Aiman’s girlfriend, June, who later became his wife, was confined to house arrest in Malé. It was a difficult time; my parents refused to even talk to him because of the shame he had brought on the family. I was eager to go to Goidhoo and meet the family that had taken my brother in and cared for him when his own blood shunned him.

He shook more than a dozen hands and called out hellos to many others as he walked over to me. “Where’s Inni?” I asked, enquiring after his four-year-old daughter.

“She’s very angry with me for not bringing her along,” he said. “Well, why didn’t you?”

“June was afraid of stigma … what people might say about Inni,” he said, the faint lines around his eyes deepening for a few seconds. I followed Aiman onto the ferry. Nearly 40 people crowded onto the small speedboat. Aiman sat across the aisle from me and plugged in his earphones.

A salty breeze blew through the large windows as the boat picked its way through the lagoon, careful not to get its propellers caught in the mooring lines strewn across the harbor. As we passed through the harbor’s mouth, the engines sped up, the powerful propellers churning a white frothy path through the deep, blue ocean. The wind whipped my hair into my face and droplets of spray landed on my arm. Malé’s concrete skyline diminished steadily on the horizon. The ferry sped past Malé’s luxurious tourist resorts. The small islands were dwarfed by their colonies of thatch-roofed water bungalows, fanned out in the turquoise lagoons. In the interior of the atoll ring, protected from the deep sea, the water was smooth and glassy; its blue surface disturbed only by flying fish.

Three days earlier, I had met Adam Saeed, a former criminal court judge. I was interested in the history of banishment in the Maldives. Saeed had served as a judge for 22 years. He told me that the legal system, based on a combination of common law and Islamic Shari’a, gave judges wide discretion in conferring punishment. Regardless of the crime, a judge could sentence offenders to jail, banishment, house arrest, or impose a fine. Judges often preferred banishment to imprisonment, especially in cases of child sexual-abuse and fornication. Even over the past decade, banishment consistently made up over 20 percent of sentence types.

“To be banished means to live in a community that is not yours, without the freedom to leave,” he said. “The government designated certain communities for banishment. They were small, isolated communities that are far from internal trade routes.” Exiles were expected to fend for themselves in the communities they were sent to.

“Now Goidhoo—that was the island people were banished to. It is large, out of the way, but still quite close to Malé,” Saeed said.

Until the advent of modern telecommunications and travel, Maldives’ geographical fragmentation had made banishment an effective punishment. The country lay on an underwater mountain range called the Laccadive-Chagos Ridge, off the west coast of India. Its 1,190 islands, grouped inside 26 ring-shaped reefs called atolls, are strung from north to south over 500 miles in the Indian Ocean. The atolls are separated from each other by deep narrow channels. Traveling from island to island even within one atoll can be perilous, due to treacherous reefs, numerous sandbanks, rock outcroppings, and strong currents.

The popularity of banishment started declining only in 2006. Until then, the number of people banished was far greater than the number of people jailed. That year, for the first time, the number of people banished started to decline in relation to jailed prisoners. “Communities just wouldn’t accept criminals,” Saeed said. “They lived in fear. Could not sleep for fear of theft, boats were no longer safe in the harbors.” When communities refused to care for exiles, some exiles spent weeks on the beach, starving, unable to find work or a family to take them in.

Saeed also said a huge public outcry had ensued in 2007 over the growing numbers of reported child-abuse cases. The public started demanding a harsher punishment than banishment for sex offenders. Goidhoo was among one of the first islands that brought the issue of child-abuse to national attention. “In the majority of cases, sex offenders repeat their actions in the communities they are banished to. Now they are jailed instead of being banished,” he said.

Nevertheless, Saeed believes banishment was a good practice, especially in minor crimes. “Also in some cases, when educated people are banished, they have brought positive changes to the communities. These types of people are not criminals. They are people who make mistakes.”

The woman sitting in front of me on the ferry opened her bag, took out a large knife, and started whittling away at an areca nut, which she then chewed with betel leaves, tobacco, and lime paste. She smiled shyly at me; her gums were stained reddish brown by betel chewing. Her name was Ameema, and she was 40 years old, though she looked much older. Her face was dark brown and wrinkled from the sun, and she wore a dark veil with a long, loose, blue dress. She was returning to Goidhoo after a trip to see the doctor in Malé.

I asked her how Goidhoo islanders treated exiles. I meant people like Aiman and was surprised when she started telling me of a time in the 1960s when more than 500 islanders from Thinadhoo, the capital of southern Huvadhoo atoll, were banished to Goidhoo for trying to secede from the Maldivian state. At the time, the population of Goidhoo was less than 200.

“I cannot remember too much. These are stories from the elders,” Ameema said, tucking in wisps of silvery hair that escaped from beneath her veil. “Our parents told us of how these people...
would eat the fleshy tops of the coconut palms using razors. All the coconut palms were destroyed. They would eat breadfruits that fell unripe off of the trees and tasteless coconut scraps that had already been milked. You couldn’t leave your kitchen, for they stole your rice pot even before it cooked.

“What else could they do?” she said. “Imagine how hungry they must have been. They are human too. They must eat too. Those were such lean times.”

I was from an island called Rathafandhoo in Huvadhoo atoll. I knew of the Southern Rebellion through my parents’ stories. The three southern atolls, Huvadhoo, Fuvahmulah, and Addu had established a separate state called the United Suvadives Republic in 1959, but they capitulated to the central government in 1963. I had heard that hundreds of Thinadhoo islanders were taken to Malé and tortured, some of them had escaped to Rathafandhoo, but I knew nothing about their incarceration on Goidhoo.

After my family moved to Malé, I attended public school until the 10th grade. No school taught Maldivian history. I knew snippets; that Islam had replaced Buddhism and Hinduism in the 12th century, that the Maldives gained independence from the British in 1965, and that the monarchy was abolished in 1968. Government censorship and low levels of education throughout the country’s history had stifled the record and discussion of historical events. Nobody said much about the Southern Rebellion, except that the British had possibly engineered it.

When the southerners were first banished to Goidhoo, Ameema had not been born. But as a child, she had grown up in a community where more than half the population were exiles. After the Southern Rebellion and the incarceration of political dissidents on Goidhoo, Prime Minister Ibrahim Nasir ordered that all criminals—thieves, murderers, sex offenders—be banished to Goidhoo and its neighboring islands, Fulhadhoo and Fehendhoo. The southerners were pardoned in the late ‘60s and allowed to return home, but the practice of confining all other criminals on the three islands continued into the early ‘90s.

“You know, people say Goidhoo islanders are heartless, that we are cruel to outsiders,” she said. “But what could we do? Yes, they starved, but times were tough. No one had enough to eat. Really, we are actually very kind to people.”

“Where did they live? Who kept watch over them?” I asked, fascinated.

“They lived in stick houses in the woods. A man was sent from Malé to watch over them. His name was Thuthi Dhon Maniku. He was cruel,” Ameema said. “My mother told me that during Ramadan when everyone was fasting, in the scorching heat of the midday sun, he would make them [the prisoners] carry limestone from one side of the island to the other. And our island is very big compared to most islands. Dhon Maniku is also said to have built a jail. He was a cruel, cruel man.

“There are people, older people, who can tell you about this. I really don’t know too much,” she said. “Goidhoo people still say their banishment didn’t just punish them, it punished us too.”

We soon spied Goidhoo, the palm trees and tall cell-phone antennas rising abruptly out of the horizon. Goidhoo atoll consists of three islands: Fulhadhoo was on the west, Fehendhoo in the middle, and Goidhoo was on the east. As we pulled into the harbor, I saw yellow flags hanging on sticks in the lagoon. It was the color of the Maldivian Democratic Party (MDP), the ruling party that had ousted a 30-year-old dictatorship in 2008. The MDP had a strong following on the island. Banyan trees with aerial roots hanging off their branches lined the harbor front. A small hut, also painted yellow, stood in the center.

A petite woman wearing a scarf and a long gown, fitted at the waist, stood in the shadow of the hut. It was Maimoona, the woman Aiman called his second mother. As soon as she saw me, she asked if I were his wife, and when Aiman said no, she stalked off in a huff, leaving us to follow in her wake.

“Go back to Malé! I don’t want you here. This Aiman is always tricking me, telling me he will bring his wife and daughter. Here, I was so excited to lay my eyes on them for the first time. What a wicked boy! Go back to Malé,” I heard her scold, as Aiman followed her, offering various excuses.

Maimoona’s house overlooked the harbor and had no outer walls. A breadfruit tree marked the entrance. We walked into an enormous front yard, populated by young mango, guava, stone apple, drumstick, custard apple trees and a thick passion-fruit creeper. The house was L-shaped, the main house a square block from one side to the other. And our island is very big compared to most islands. Dhon Maniku is also said to have built a jail. He was a cruel, cruel man.

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After Aiman was finally able to mollify Maimoona, he
borrowed a scooter to give me a tour of the island. We raced down Goidhoo’s wide dirt roads. The island is shaped like a shoe. With an area of three square kilometers, it is one of Maldives’s largest islands. Eighty percent of the island is covered with thick woods. The population, only 500 people, lives together in a small cluster in the northeast corner, which makes up the heel of the shoe. As we rode, I noticed that all the houses were arranged in neat rows over three streets and all had home gardens. A variety of newly planted trees spilled shade onto the street. Many of the older trees in the gardens had died in the Asian tsunami of 2004.

In the middle of the settlement stood one of the oldest banyan trees I had ever seen. Long aerial roots descended from the branches, most cut off to stop children from swinging on them. The roots that had reached the ground had grown into thick woody trunks, enveloping the main trunk with layers upon layers of hardy trunks. On one side of the tree, the trunk looked like it had broken off. Crows were resting on the jagged edges. We met a good friend of Aiman’s and a relative of Maimoona’s named Ilyas driving by on his scooter. Ilyas told us his mother, now 60 years old, remembers the tree being the same size even during her childhood.

“Am I the only one who’s sad about this tree’s death?” Aiman said.

“We didn’t cut it off,” Ilyas protested. “We heard great creaks and groans one day and a huge chunk just fell off. We think it must be because of the high salt levels in the ground after the tsunami. But we are trying to get permission from the government to cut the tree.”

“Why?” I asked, surprised.

“Well, the roots are blocking the sewage pipes, pushing up through walls and tiles in the bathrooms nearby. And still the central government talks about protecting the tree. Should it be humans or trees? Anyway this tree is not dying. It’s vulnerable to shocks, but very resilient,” Ilyas said.

He left after inviting us to his house the next day for Friday afternoon lunch. The women of his family were preparing a huge feast for the whole island to celebrate the name-giving ceremony for his seven-day-old child.

Aiman and I soon left the settlement behind, driving down narrow dirt paths carved out of the thick canopy, ducking to avoid getting hit by low-hanging branches and dodging thorny screw pine leaves. We arrived at one of Goidhoo’s three mangroves. In the afternoon sun, the still waters perfectly mirrored the surrounding canopy. Aiman told me Goidhoo islanders saw no use for the mangroves and dumped rubbish there.

We stopped at a secluded beach. Bottles, diapers, and other plastic littered the beach, while turquoise parrot-fishes played in the clear waters. A couple of bags filled with coral stone stood to one side waiting to be hauled off. Islanders often used coral stone to build homes. Across the clear lagoon, I could see the green flora and white beaches of Fehendhoo and Fulhadhoo islands.

“Was it hard for you? To be banished here?” I said.

“Aiman stood still for a long time watching fishes jump in the water. “It could have been worse,” he finally said.

That night, I sat with Maimoona in the yard, watching her slice onions for a curry. “You were so kind to Aiman. Why?” I said.

She skipped a beat in her rhythmic slicing.

“How could I be unkind? I’m kind to everyone,” she said. “My eldest son brought him to the house and said, ‘Feed him.’ I said, ‘I can only feed him what I eat.’ Aiman is a very good boy. My children have grown up, some have moved away. Aiman is the same age as my younger son, Ibrahim. I love Aiman like a child. He’s a very good boy.

“Kudabe [her husband] only had two issues with Aiman, same with Ibrahim. His hair was long, and he would not go to the mosque five times a day. Aiman told me he grew his hair long for a reason. Because of his bald spot. So I told Kudabe, the boy does not smoke cigarettes, he does not use drugs, does not wear those necklaces and bracelets that most boys wear these days, does not chase after women—so let him grow his hair. After that Kudabe left him alone.”

Ilyas’s extended family was up at the crack of dawn on Friday morning, preparing for lunch. When I woke up, Maimoona was grinding spices for chicken curry. Every household had been given a small pot of mixed spices to grind. Over 40 women mobilized for the feast. At mid-morning Aiman and I went to see the preparations. In the shade of palm trees near the beach, the younger women were rolling and baking rotis on wood fires, using more than 50 pounds of flour. Then we went to Ilyas’s house where the older women were cooking kandukukullu,
breadfruit and chicken curries, and over a hundred pounds of rice. I smelled the fragrance of spices long before we arrived at the house.

Enormous vats of curry sat boiling on wood fires. The men had caught 25 skipjack tuna for kandhaklikthu curry and the women had collected wood for the fires the day before. The tuna was marinated in a rich blend of spices and bound up in pandan leaves for kandhaklikthu curry. We arrived in the middle of a crisis, for the pandan leaves had come undone in the curry and the tuna had turned to mush.

“This will not do! The men will not eat this,” one woman said.

“Well, they will just have to eat what we cook. Or else they can cook for themselves,” a familiar voice said. It was Ameena, the woman from the ferry. As soon as she saw me, she shoved Aiman away from the cooking and pulled me into the kitchen. She sat down cross-legged on the floor alongside three other women to mix onions, lime juice, and chili for a salad. Large Tupperware containers of thinly sliced carrots and cabbages stood on the floor. The women kept up a constant chatter as they worked, teasing each other about their waist sizes, and talking about the benefits of living in a rural island community. They asked me to agree with every disapproving statement on Male’s congestion, grime, crime, and heavy traffic. The food was ready by the time the Imam’s nasal call to prayer echoed throughout the island.

All of the men who attended Friday’s noon prayers came to eat at Ilya’s house. As I was a guest, they allowed me to eat with the men. Some women had eaten before the prayer call, and others waited to eat after the men.

Over a sweet drink of kandhuh, a mixture of coconut milk, rice, sugar, and cardamom, I asked Aiman what a typical day on the island had been like for him.

“I was lonely. It was hard thinking of my wife and child alone in Male,” he said. “But I became a man here.” When Aiman was sentenced, he had been working for an NGO called Care Society on tsunami rehabilitation and reconstruction. Goidhoo was one of the islands included in tsunami aid and needed an administrator. Care Society decided to give the job to Aiman and he was fortunate enough to have a well-paying job during his banishment. In his spare time he had gone deep-sea fishing, cleared farmland, and dug wells. He had gone jogging on the beach every day.

“People treated me well. Well, most people. There are some who don’t like me,” he said.

In May of 2007, five different girls aged 11 to 19, had accused the island Imam, Ali Rasheed, of molesting them after Qur’ an recitation classes. Aiman had asked a local newspaper to publish the story, which had then led to Rasheed’s arrest. In July that year, Aiman had also organized a festival to raise awareness on child abuse. Aiman away from the cooking and pulled me into the kitchen. He continues to walk free, and therefore, walk free. Despite the harsh punishment, Aiman decided to claim his child because he wanted her to have a father.

Aiman and June were sentenced to 100 lashes in public. But the man who carried out the beatings in Male had passed away, and the courts had been unable to replace him until the end of 2009. So, in June 2010, three years after my brother’s sentencing, he and his wife received summons to attend the court. The courts were clearing their backlogs, and we knew there was only one reason they would summon Aiman and June. We wrote to the president, who was against beatings, asking him to use his presidential powers to pardon them. But although the president could pardon the death sentence, he did not have the authority to pardon public beatings.

I accompanied Aiman and June to court. Court officials took them outside the building, and under the shade of a rosewood tree, they made Aiman stand facing the busy street and told him not to cover his face; the sole purpose of the beating was public humiliation. The three court officials stood behind Aiman in a semicircle wearing identical white shirts and black trousers, arms crossed, their eyes hidden behind sunglasses. The brown-shirted man who carried out the beating was portly and balding and carried a short paddle called a dhura.

I broke into loud sobs as the brown-shirted man bent to beat Aiman. I could hear the steady whacks as Aiman trembled in anger, his fists clenched at his side. His body moved forward with every hit. After every 30 lashes, the portly man would straighten up, panting from exertion, droplets of sweat streaming down his face. June went next. Her face was resigned, her eyes old and sad, and she stood straight, shoulders square. Her petite frame rocked back and forth under the beating, and I felt utterly helpless.

Before I left Goidhoo, I was given a large box of fruits and vegetables—coconuts, guavas, mangoes, breadfruits, stone apples, and chilies—to take back to Male for June and Inni; Aiman was to stay for a few more days.

On the ferry I waved to him until he became a speck on the harbor platform. Soon, the old banyan treetop and then the cellphone towers folded into the ocean. I stood looking back, feeling unsettled, remembering the last conversation I had with Aiman on the island.

After I had packed my bags, I had sat with my brother on the concrete bench in the front yard. The guttural cries of crows and the melodious calls of koels echoed throughout the island.

“You really should bring Inni and June here,” I had said.

“I would like to,” Aiman said. “Everyone knows Inni is my daughter. But you know, no matter what I do, Inni will never be considered my child by the law.”

“Why not?”

“We’ve been trying for years to fill the blank spot where her father’s name should be on the birth certificate. I haven’t told anyone this yet; but a couple of weeks ago the judges told me that even though I have claimed Inni, and I have been punished, the very nature of her birth means there will always be doubt concerning her father’s identity. The only recognition they will give me is as her guardian, not her father.”

Zahena Rashid ’11 graduated from Middlebury in May. This is her first story for the magazine.
One Dean’s View

Shirley Collado returned to campus last summer as Middlebury’s dean of the College and chief diversity officer. Here she ruminates on how the College has changed, what it means to be a diverse institution, what keeps her up at night, and much more, as told to Regan Eberhart.

Coming back felt right. It felt like a great opportunity, and it was a great way to realize the vision that President Liebowitz and I, early in 2007, had thought about: How do you operationalize diversity, how do you bring it front and center, how do you allow it to be a goal that lives and breathes in a functional area of the institution? The opportunity to come back as dean of the College and to put that into practice at the core of what the students experience is a gift.

When you leave a place, you never come back to exactly the way that it was. The work that the president, the administration, and the trustees and the Budget Oversight Committee and so many members of the Middlebury community did to push the institution to be financially healthy was pretty extraordinary. During the time that I was away, Middlebury had asked some very difficult questions of itself.

In some ways, the plummeting economy begged the institutions of higher education to be brutally honest about where their priorities were, and I am very proud that I came back to a Middlebury with priorities like the academic program, diversity, financial aid, access to education, and creativity and innovation being at the forefront of what we were about. Even though we had to make some difficult and challenging decisions about our resources, I was really proud of the fact that I came back seeing exactly what Middlebury was truly committed to—that we decided to protect the things that I think are core to our students’ experiences.

Diversity and community, or diversity and inclusion, can’t simply be something that we hand off for everyone to do. People often say, “Well everybody can do this. This is important to everyone.” It’s in the mission statement. It’s part of what we do. We are a global institution. If you do not have a targeted and intentional approach to diversity in the same way that you raise money for an institution, in the same way that you manage a budget, in the same way that you take care of your buildings and grounds, we will fail.

Chief diversity officers often are facilitators, are conduits, are consultants, are advisers. And as dean of the College, I am

*Yes, this is the title of Shirley Collado’s blog. Check it out at go.middlebury.edu/onedeansview.
centrally positioned to influence parts of the institution where people may not even think about diversity. But diversity needs to be a centrally important part of health and counseling services. It absolutely needs to be integrated into what public safety does. And it needs to be part of what the Chaplain’s Office does. We need to have real outcomes in our Commons, in what we do in residential life.

I love the fact that I can sit with my colleagues and work alongside a president where I’m not the only person at the table talking about diversity. Because I’m the chief diversity officer. People are really thinking about this in a very active way. It’s not because there’s a CDO at the table—it’s because there’s something happening at this place: President Liebowitz and the Board of Trustees thought, “Let’s have this be centrally positioned.” That’s such a strong message about how intentional we are about addressing a real problem in higher education, where we (higher ed in general) give a lot of rhetoric, but we are not coming up with innovative solutions that are pushing what we do as the most selective institutions in this country. I think Middlebury is trying to do something very different. I have colleagues from all over the country who call me and want to know why Middlebury is doing it this way. What’s this about? How is this possible?

What is most rewarding about this job is also what makes it so complicated and serious. I don’t take a moment of this for granted. I see myself uniquely positioned to help facilitate the development of a young person’s mind, of their character. This time is pivotal developmentally in their lives, and I think of it in certain ways as a clinical psychologist. I know that members of my team and I can play a major role in helping foster and facilitate really positive development in our students.

What keeps me up at night? The safety of our students. And I believe in giving students responsibility, and ultimately, at the end of the day, they are their own people, and let alone a liberal arts college and a place like Middlebury. It’s an opportunity for people to learn and work alongside psychologists, mentors who are responsible members of this campus. I am not in the residence halls at night, and I don’t believe in a student affairs division that is there purely for students’ hands. I believe in giving students choices, educating them, exposing them to information and ideas, and ultimately, at the end of the day, they are their own people, making their own decisions. And I want to help them make good decisions—and also care about their neighbor’s decision.

Undergraduate social life has changed because Middlebury has become much more diverse over time; people might not realize the impact that has had. Two things are happening that come with diversity around social life: one is that we have students coming in with different experiences around alcohol. They range from students who have been drinking at very high levels in high school to students who have never had a drink to students from other countries where the social culture around drinking is very different from the United States. Some students have been drinking a glass of wine with their parents for years. The idea of binge drinking and overconsumption is very foreign to some students.

And the other piece is that students come in with different expectations around social life. So not only are they coming with different experiences around drinking culture and exposure to alcohol, but also with expectations about how they want to spend their time. And the more diverse we become as a community, the more tension is built around the variety of choices needed and how people want to spend their time. We need to meet those needs. But I say first and foremost that health and safety are at the forefront of anything we do.

My identity as a psychologist and as a first-generation college student is the lens through which I see student life. The other piece is that college for me was transformative, and that is the single strongest reason why I am in this job. I came from a family where no one went to college. And I went to a place that was very foreign to me. Somehow during that time, I found mentors and friends and a place that was the biggest opportunity ever in my life to ask important questions about who I wanted to be and about how I wanted to learn.

I came from New York City, no resources, oldest child, only girl, having worked most of my life, to going to a college campus where I had the luxury of living in a residence where I had my own room for the first time in my life. And having time to actually learn and work alongside psychologists, mentors who supported me, and I saw possibilities that I never imagined were possible.

I think about that when I’m sitting in front of a student who is grappling with some really tough questions about what he or she is going to do, or perhaps a student who made a mistake, a big mistake that they think they will regret forever and they don’t know how they are going to start over. And I just remember myself.

It’s a very personal thing for me to know that this time and place (whether students come here with enormous privilege or whether this is the first time they have ever had an experience like this), that this is an extraordinary time in a person’s life. Very few people around the world get the privilege to go to college, let alone a liberal arts college and a place like Middlebury. It’s an enormous, enormous opportunity to be here, regardless of your background. I try to remind myself of those moments in time, when college was so formative for me and, on every level, changed my life. And I know that’s happening with our students in a variety of ways.

A book that knocked me over... How the Garcia Girls Lost Their Accents by Julia Alvarez. I read that book for the first time early in college—I had never read a book by a Dominican writer before, let alone a Dominican woman. Although I was born and raised in New York City, I so strongly identified with those girls and what it meant to be a Latina in the United States and what it meant to be bilingual and bicultural with parents who were immigrants trying to figure this world out in the States. It was just so affirming and so validating. I read that book front to back, and I, for the first time, had seen my voice reflected back to me in a body of literature.

What’s on my iPod? It would be very mixed. I listen to all kinds of music. People laugh, but I went to Vanderbilt, in Nashville, Tennessee, so there’s even country music that I listen to. My taste is eclectic. So five artists who would be on my iPod—Mos Def, Adele, Ella Fitzgerald, Corinne Bailey Rae, Coldplay. It’s a mixture.
BEERMEISTER
Greg Engert '02 has been making a name for himself in the world of craft beer. Photograph by Stephen Spartana
The Culture of Beer

What kind of education does it take to become a beer expert?

By Kate Nerenberg '05

Greg Engert '02 is a lot like a professor. He can speak fluently about history, religion, sociology, and chemistry. He went to graduate school. He's a published writer and is working on a book. About twice a month, he travels around the country giving talks. However, his classroom isn't a desk-filled space in a spired stone building on a college campus—it's a bar. Engert is the beer director and a partner in Washington, D.C.'s ChurchKey, a wildly popular beer hall, and its adjoining restaurant, Birch & Barley. A leather-bound list of 500 bottled beers—plus a separate page of 50 drafts and 5 cask ales—is his textbook, complete with an introduction and a table of contents.

In the two years that the bar and restaurant have been open, Engert, 31, has made a quick name for himself in the country's rapidly growing craft-beer world. In April 2010, Food & Wine put him on its annual best sommeliers list, the only time the magazine has recognized a beer authority. Six months later, StarChefs, a well-respected industry publication, named him one of D.C.'s rising stars.

Ken Grossman, who founded California's Sierra Nevada Brewing Company in 1980, calls Engert an "outstanding ambassador for the industry."

With his pageboy haircut and skinny ties, Engert looks like the lead singer in a Beatles cover band. But, as he describes it, "I'm a nerd to the core." He has an academic's voracious thirst for knowledge: When he talks—about any topic—it seems as if he needs extra mouths just to get everything out that he wants to say. I asked him offhandedly where he lives, for example, and he gave me the cross streets before launching into the history of his apartment building and the architect's inspiration, and along the way, he squeezed in a factoid about skyscrapers.

After graduating from Middlebury with an English literature degree, he went to Georgetown University to earn a master's in the same subject, with the intent of becoming a professor.

While working on his thesis near the end of his two-year program, he says, "I woke up one day and thought, I really don't want to do this anymore. I had reached that level of intellectualism that was really, really interesting, but finding something interesting to say about Joyce and Wolfe—everything had already been said. I felt kind of trapped."

He withdrew and, needing money quickly, applied for restaurant jobs, but he didn't have any experience. A Middlebury friend, Dave Gaddas '02, landed him a bartender gig at the now closed Brickseller, a beer-focused bar.

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MAKING BEER HISTORY

Named as the first beer authority to the "Best Sommeliers List" by Food & Wine, Engert is on a mission to get the "noble beverage" the respect it deserves.
“It was a revelation for me,” Engert says. “When you have an intellectual curiosity, it doesn’t go away. It feeds on what I’m surrounded with, and that was beer. The experience there wasn’t just the magnitude of the list”—1,200 beers—“it was that I was getting to meet brewers. I was sitting in on seminars. I started tasting, reading [about], and studying beer as if it were an intellectual curiosity, it’s been written.”

In the summer of 2006, Michael Babin, owner of the Northern Virginia-based Neighborhood Restaurant Group, recruited Engert to oversee the beer program at his four-month-old restaurant Rustico. Engert overhauled its list and two years later became the beer director for the company’s five restaurants. (There are now nine restaurants in the group, and Engert is a partner in a second Rustico location.) Soon after Engert was hired, Babin told him that he was thinking about launching a “huge, grand place” in D.C. that would focus on beer, and the two immediately started planning what would become Birch & Barley/ChurchKey.

“I made a list of every single thing that I always wanted to do with beer,” says Engert. “Every single thing that I had on that list, we do here.” His number-one must-have: complete temperature control. In his research, Engert had found that, like wine, different beers require different temperatures: “If you have a beer that’s not heavy—like volatil e aromatic compounds that provide aroma and flavor will have an easier time of escaping the glass if you serve those beers at 42 degrees. But everywhere I go, they serve everything at 37 degrees.”

So at ChurchKey, his kegs are kept in three separate rooms, set to 42, 48, and 54 degrees. The same goes for the bottles, which are in six temperature-controlled coolers behind the bar. His hand-pumped cask ales are always 52 to 54 degrees. Also, like wine, Engert found that the shape of the glass affects a beer’s flavor, so he stocks 15 types.

Another requirement on Engert’s list when building Birch & Barley/ChurchKey: beer-and-food tasting menus would be available every night and wouldn’t require a reservation. He had been doing special menus about once a month at Rustico, and they were very popular.

While ChurchKey is a physical showpiece—bright-red walls, mustard-yellow velvet banquettes, and beaded light fixtures—it’s also an educational platform for Engert. His desire to teach is apparent when he explains how he organized his beer list. While some bars group beers by region, he says that “doesn’t get enough of the story” because grain can come from one country and be processed in another. And styles are “a bit too restrictive,” “slightly pretentious,” and “difficult for the neophyte to get into.” Instead, he laid out the beers in seven major flavor categories that include crisp, fruit, or malt, with two or three subcategories in each, so that a bottle in the “smoke” category can be either a “subdued smolder” or “spicy and meaty.”

“A lot of places serve good beer,” says Garrett Oliver, author of The Brewer’s Table: Discovering the Pleasures of Real Beer with Real Food, and one of America’s leading beer experts. “But Greg is trying to teach people. They will leave ChurchKey knowing something they didn’t know before.”

It’s 4:45 on a Wednesday afternoon, and Engert has gathered with five Birch & Barley servers and two managers for his daily preshift meeting. He runs through an agenda that includes the reservations for the night (84), the VIPs coming in, the special sorbet flavors and charcuterie options, and, of course, new beers on the list. He has poured a tasting of one of them—Plank 1 from Heavy Seas Brewery in Maryland—and as they sip the beer, he tells them that the beer is aged in wood barrels, a technique that brewers taught winemakers when Romans arrived in the area now known as Bordeaux, France—around the time of Christ’s birth.

It can be a lot of information to foist onto a diner, but Engert is on a mission to get beer the respect it deserves. He condemns the idea of using beer in cocktails or cooking with it (“beer-can chicken or whatever that thing is”). And he has reminded me multiple times that beer has a 6,000-year history and is associated with the birth of civilization and Mesopotamia.

“What he’s trying to do is communicate a passion to others that they can then communicate to others,” says Oliver. “He has a love, and he wants everyone to feel it.”

Kate Nerenberg ’05 is a freelance writer and associate food and wine editor at the Washingtonian magazine in D.C.
Kids Book Club

Our editorial staff reads some children’s books and invites guest reviewers to weigh in.

**Miss Etta and Dr. Claribel: Bringing Matisse to America**  
(David R. Godine)  
**By Susan Fillion ’74**

In a beautifully illustrated blend of art history and old Baltimore, Susan Panitz Fillion brings to life the story of the quietly famous Cone sisters and their accumulation, over many years, of one of the finest modern art collections in the United States. Beginning with her own painting of a 1903 photograph of Etta and Claribel Cone seated at an Italian café with their friend Gertrude Stein, Fillion builds her story around the worldwide travels and culture that filled their lives. With Gertrude’s brother Leo Stein, the sisters became immersed in the burgeoning new style of young artists in Paris, which included Picasso and Cézanne and a lifelong friendship with Henri Matisse. As heiresses to the Cone manufacturing fortune, the sisters had little want for money but were refined and modest in their pursuits. They didn’t intend to build one of the greatest volumes of art of their time—they simply purchased things they thought were beautiful and learned as much as they could about art along the way. As Fillion writes, “Etta knew what she liked. And she was just as intent on acquiring it.”—BK

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**How Tia Lola Learned to Teach**  
(Alfred A. Knopf)  
**By Julia Alvarez ’71**

Tía Lola is back in this heartwarming sequel to How Tia Lola Came to Visit Stay. Still caring for the Guzmán family, Mami and children Miguel and Juanita, Tía Lola feels lonely during the day with the children at school and Mami at work. When the principal asks her to teach Spanish, she hesitates as she never finished school herself. But once she begins, neither the school nor the community is the same. Lively, warm, and full of wise sayings, she organizes parties, creates piñatas, plans a carnival, and soon has everyone greeting one another in Spanish. When she suddenly learns that her visa has expired and she may be deported, the town rallies behind her to convince a judge that they need their tía. But it is the voices of her niece and nephew that really show the judge how important she is. Tia Lola has been a source of comfort and strength for them since their parents’ divorce. Readers will not only enjoy the story but they’ll also be exposed to Tía Lola’s wisdom along the way, through her Spanish sayings, which ring equally true in English. —STM

“This book is definitely one of my favorites because Juanita is like me in many ways. I love books, I daydream quite a bit, I live in Vermont, and I have a sister who is a lot like Miguel, except she is in sixth grade and not a boy.”—Eryn Diehl, age 8

**The School for the Insanely Gifted**  
(HarperCollins)  
**By Dan Elish ’83**

The idea that kids can become sudden, unwitting detectives in a crime drama is a perennial favorite in children’s books, but Dan Elish gives us an inventive, and often hilarious, new twist. Daphna, a musical prodigy, and her school chums Harkin (invented a flying car) and Cynthia (Broadway star finalizing her one-woman musical of Macbeth) find themselves chasing a mystery halfway around the world. They’re following clues left by Daphna’s brilliant mother, who disappeared months earlier. Events grow stranger and funnier as the trio flies Harkin’s car—the “Thunkmobile”—to Mt. Kilimanjaro, where they meet an old college friend of Daphna’s mother who answers some big questions and sends them on a tumultuous race to the end. By turns funny and truly suspenseful, Elish’s book sets a quick pace and doesn’t let up. Young readers will love the well-imagined details, particularly those about Daphna’s quirky and insanely gifted schoolmates.—SD

“I especially enjoyed the ‘tops,’ which included gum-top, cock-top, hat-top, and, my favorite, frog-top. This is a funny piece of literature, and I enjoyed the humor and zaniness.”—Kyra Diehl, age 11
the author’s research using documented sources. With its colorful Wild West language, exciting adventures of good guys versus bad guys, and compelling artwork, this book will enthral readers of all ages. It’s no wonder it won a Coretta Scott King Book Award. —STM

“I highly recommend this book. It taught me about being brave. My favorite part was when Bass Reeves got off his horse and finally caught Jim Webb.”
—Jak Rizzo, age 8

Bad News for Outlaws: The Remarkable Life of Bass Reeves, Deputy U.S. Marshal
(Carolrhoda Books)
By Vaunda Micheaux Nelson
MA English ’80
Illus. by R. Gregory Christie

If you enjoy stories about the Wild West of the 1800s, you’ll find this book intriguing. Bad News for Outlaws tells the story of the first African American deputy U.S. marshal, a man who was as large a character as the territory he covered. Formerly a slave, Bass Reeves settled down as a free man in Indian Territory and was chosen by Judge Isaac Parker to help tame the wild region. Nelson fills her narrative with scenes about the lawman’s prowess at capturing outlaws—how he used his wits, courage, and tenacity to bring in more than 3,000 criminals during a time of rampant lawlessness. The story reads like a tall tale, but every detail, down to the actual dialogue, is based on

an aggressive, often cutthroat mindset. Eva and Henry often reassure one another that if they can survive growing up in New Jersey, they can survive anywhere, and this summer provides a test of survival for both of them.

—RE

“I enjoyed reading this heartfelt tale of two teenage girls. Henry and Eva are friends through and through, but their friendship will be put on the edge this summer.

—Emily Ray, age 13

Jersey Tomatoes Are the Best
(Alfred A. Knopf)
By Maria Padian ’83

Two best friends, New Jersey high schoolers Eva and Henry (short for Henriette), are top athletes—Eva, a talented ballerina, and Henry, New Jersey’s junior tennis champion. The summer before their junior year, Eva is accepted into an ultra-selective dance school in New York, and Henry is recruited to spend the summer at a Florida tennis academy. Among other things, they hope the summer will give them a break from their overbearing parents. How they respond to the stress meted out in their intensely competitive environments is at the heart of this compelling, well-written story. Eva’s need to be a thin, perfect dancer propels her into anorexia—and the reader is privy to the harsh, self-nicking thoughts that occupy her mind. And Henry withstands the academy’s demanding environment by employing

Maria Padian puts true feeling into this book, and I love the way she shows Eva’s inside voice. She describes Henry’s romances at camp just as well as she expresses Eva’s battle with anorexia. Characters have real personalities in this book, including the girls’ extremely annoying parents. If you’re a girl, I’m sure you can relate to some of their feelings.”
—Emily Ray, age 13

The Wish Stealers
(Aladdin)
By Tracy Trivas
MA English ’04

When author Tracy Masonis Trivas first began her writing career, she was shocked by the number of “strangers, acquaintances, even friends who were thrilled to shoot down a dream” . . . what the odds are for failure.” The idea of “people who shot down a dream” became the seed for her young adult novel, The Wish Stealers. In the captivating tale, middle schoolers use modern alchemy and moxie to overcome an ancient curse. Plucky Kansas sixth grader, Griffin Penshine, loves to make wishes: that her new school smells like warm chocolate chip cookies, that she becomes an amazing bass guitarist, that her pregnant mom has a healthy baby. But just as the new school year begins, Griffin receives a jinxed package—a box of old pennies from a wizened crone, Mariah—that jeopardizes her cheerful perspective. When Mariah was young, she swiped coins from a fountain where people made wishes. She used the money to buy sweets and hair ribbons, “eating people’s wishes . . . twisting their dreams in my hair.” She kept a few pennies, recording the specific wishes she stole. Griffin must return each wish to its rightful owner, or to a “person on the same journey.” Otherwise, nothing positive she ever desires—for friends, family, the planet, or herself—will come true. And every passing negative thought will. Trivas populates Griffin’s world with vivid, engaging characters, from quirky classmates to her astronomer mom. Colorful prose and brisk storytelling draw readers so swiftly into the tale that even grown-ups willingly suspend disbelief over the far-flung premise. Even grumpy realists will have fun enjoying the ride with the good-hearted girl who believes in going for her dreams.

—Elizabeth Creen

JERSEY TOMATOES ARE THE BEST

Photographs by Tad Merrick

Summer 2011 47

The Wish Stealers
Now LOOK WHAT YOU’VE DONE!

Thank you, Middlebury alumni, parents, and friends!
Your gifts—of all sizes—made another outstanding year possible for our students and faculty. Here are just a few things your support has made possible:

Financial aid for 2,100 undergraduate and graduate students at Middlebury.

Capstone projects like ES401, where students and faculty researched naturally occurring arsenic in drinking water and brought their findings to the Vermont legislature.

Complete linguistic and cultural immersion for 1,500 students learning one of 10 languages at our Language Schools’ Middlebury or Mills College campuses.
Record-breaking championship runs in men's and women's sports—from women's cross country to men's basketball.

36 Schools Abroad in 15 countries, and the Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College, Oxford University.

A new chapter in the Bread Loaf School of English, as longtime faculty member Emily Bartels directs this worldwide community of teachers and writers.

Lectures on hot issues like nuclear proliferation by visiting expert faculty and fellows from the Monterey Institute of International Studies.

Internships that open real-world doors for students—at businesses, museums, and more.

Arts Exhibits such as “Friends Bearing Gifts,” which showcased 40 years of Middlebury's art treasures to the College and the public.

FROM EVERYONE AT MIDDLEBURY, Thank you.
35  I’m sorry to report that another classmate has left us. Winfred Clark passed away on February 14. She was only at Middlebury a few years and finished her degree at Marlboro College. She lived most of her life in Brattleboro, VT, and had jobs as a teacher, secretary, cook, and saleswoman over the years.

Class Correspondent: Alma Davis Strable, 147 West State St., Room 208, Kennett Square, PA 19348.

36  REUNION CLASS

Ruth Schaeffer Sawyer sent this note: “I will not be able to attend the reunion because I cannot travel. I am living in a healthcare facility close to my daughter’s home. My best wishes to those who were there for our 75th reunion.”

37  Memories of Middlebury days continue to lighten my heart and comfort my soul. I wish all my classmates the best. I’d like to hear some news from you.


38  As you know, there is no news from our classmates unless I make phone calls. I’ve not been successful in reaching any of you that I have tried to contact. Consequently, you’ll be reading about a crew of Wake Robin residents and their production of maple syrup. This wonderful group of men and women begins collecting the sap as soon as it starts to run. They haul it, strain it, and boil it in the sugarhouse. Eventually they take bucketfuls of syrup to the dining room. On March 30, the residents and staff enjoyed a pancake breakfast with our own maple syrup. The menu also consisted of syrup to the dining room. On March 30, the residents and staff enjoyed a pancake breakfast with our own maple syrup. The menu also consisted of orange juice, coffee, bacon, sausages, and waffles. What a sweet treat!

Class Correspondent: Mrs. Charles M. Hall (Margaret Leslie), 100 Wake Robin Dr., Shelburne, VT 05482.

39  Duncan Rollason was on campus for Reunion Weekend, accompanied by his grandson Duncan. He attended the Gamaliel Painter’s Cave Society luncheon and Convocation and represented the Class of 1939. I’m sorry to report that Betty Letson passed away on February 9. I received the following letter about Betty from one of her caretakers at Brookhaven. “Thank you for your letter to Elizabeth Letson. It gave us the opportunity to reminisce about her happy years at Middlebury College. She remembered learning to cross-country ski and seeing the magnificent views as she and her friends glided along the white fields. Middlebury held a special place in her heart as a ‘city girl’ who learned to love the outdoors there. We shared these memories two days before Miss Letson became ill and passed away. I want to thank you for the prompt to revisit a special time of Miss Letson’s life and a very special place, Middlebury College.”

40  We continue to share the notes classmates sent to R.C. Anderson in response to his request for news and reflections.

Bob Grant writes, “After we graduated I went on to Rutgers, earning a master’s in chemical engineering in the spring of ’42. I do remember that the speaker at graduation was Hugh Drum, who lost out to George Marshall to run the Army during the war. I went on to work at DuPont Chambers Works in South Jersey and after the war, found I had been working on some part of the Manhattan Project. It was probably Telfon. I enlisted in the Coast Guard Reserve and spent weekends patrolling the Delaware River and the Bay on confiscated pleasure craft, searching for enemy submarines and playing with submarine nets. They weren’t just in Tokyo Harbor to foil Cary Grant and Clark Gable. Funny how things turn out: My grandson’s name is Christopher and he is a sailor in the Coast Guard Reserve, doing living history and interpretation. People come just to see where that light in the family activities. He speaks a language that he not only permits me to stroke his feathers, he solicits this attention and is very sociable with me. He varies in friendliness with other people, sometimes taking to them immediately, sometimes after a suitable time period, and sometimes never. He is quite discriminating. I seem to be his special friend. In China they say if you save a person’s life, you are then, forever after, responsible for his welfare. We have accepted this to be true in the case of Sam and it has been a privilege to have this opportunity to become acquainted with a wild bird on a close, personal level and to enjoy his interesting personality.”

41  We must sadly report the deaths of four classmates: Margaret “Peg” Montgomery Higgins on March 7, 2009, Doris Wolff Bartlett on October 21, 2010, and Mary Stetson Farquhar on January 20 and Ruth Hardy Scheidecker on February 4 of this year. Their 50th reunion autobiographies but quickly increased his diet to small chunks of raw beef and whole kernel corn. By the time his wing healed, he had mused all the lessons his parents would have provided on being a crow, but he had learned to coexist with humans and this has turned out to be a very happy association for the humans of our household, as well as for him. Naming him was an easy matter. My professor of otolaryngology at Johns Hopkins was Samuel J. Crowe. The baby immediately became Sam and he’s well known by our friends, as his home is a large cage in our kitchen, where he can partake in the family activities. He speaks a language that I understand to some extent. On one occasion when I was out of town, daughter Anne told me over the phone that he seemed a little depressed. I asked her to put the phone where he could hear it and I said ‘ah-wah’ into the phone. He immediately responded with his usual morning greeting of ‘ah-wah.’ He and I have a close relationship. He not only permits me to stroke his feathers, he solicits this attention and is very sociable with me. He varies in friendliness with other people, sometimes taking to them immediately, sometimes after a suitable time period, and sometimes never. He is quite discriminating. I seem to be his special friend. In China they say if you save a person’s life, you are then, forever after, responsible for his welfare. We have accepted this to be true in the case of Sam and it has been a privilege to have this opportunity to become acquainted with a wild bird on a close, personal level and to enjoy his interesting personality.”

Sadly, we must report that several classmates have passed away. Esther Korn Kerschner died on January 14, and Clare Lull Lighthall on January 21. The College also received the following message from Ginny Rumbold Bardick: “My father, Charles Rumbold passed away March 20 in Coarsegold, Calif. He was a longtime Middlebury supporter and managed to attend as many reunions as he could. He is survived by me, his only daughter, son-in-law Jeff Bardick, and grandsons Travis Bardick and Brenda Bardick. Dad was a very special man who gave a lot to others and his country. He loved Middlebury and all the school did for him.” Obituaries for these classmates will appear in future issues.

Class Correspondent: Dr. Loring W. Pratt (rpolypond@aol.com), 37 Lawrence Ave., Fairfield, ME 04947.
reveal just how important Middlebury was to each of these women. Doris and Peg were French majors who found rewarding careers as language teachers. Peg derived great satisfaction from her years as a French teacher from fourth grade through high school in Albany, N.Y., and acknowledged that her inspiration throughout these years was her classmate: Janet MacDonald Bagley who passed away on January 12. Obituaries for Jean and Phil Robinson 1942. They have been a big help to me. For those interested, the Robinson address is Elizabeth Blanchard Robinson, Bentley Commons at Keene, 197 Water Street, Apt. MB 6E, Keene, NH 03431. Our condolences to her and all her family. Condolesces also to the family of Jean MacDonald Bagley who passed away on January 12. Obituaries for Jean and Phil Robinson 1942.

—Class Correspondent: Joan Calley Cooper (jcalleycoop@gmail.com), 3400 Laguna St., Apt. 331, San Francisco, CA 94123.

**43**

**Correspondent John Gale reports:** Dick Morehouse says that he and Janet Hooker Laine 1969 are doing well. He uses his walker most of the time, which he finds more secure than a cane, and he exercises weekly on a treadmill. They now have more of their meals at their retirement community, which relieves Lee of some of her duties. Their plan was to return June 1 to Vinalhaven, where Dick is working on two new homes, one on the water to be finished in a few months and another that will need a year for completion. *Bob Byington continues to swim and use the facilities of the fitness center, and has resumed his golf game. He describes a new activity at their Village at Duxbury of an English-style Dart Day, at which he has become quite adept. He and Ann (Cole) Duxbury of an English-style Dart Day.

# Ruth Scheidecker passed away at Wake Robin Retirement Community in Shellburne, VT, where her life was celebrated with a Circle of Remembrance. During the war she worked for the U.S. military in Brazil, where she met her husband, Charlie. After his death he relocated to Wake Robin, where she enjoyed many activities and friendships. In a phone conversation a few months after her death, Charlie Bartlett reported that he was getting by, but was no longer drives but has arranged charge accounts with taxi companies which he says works out very well for him. *Correspondent Jean Jordan reports: When I talked with Elaine Herron Hadley's son, Bruce, he reported that his mother had died on March 23. She had developed pneumonia and was in the hospital three days, then went to rehab for her heart. They had hoped she would be out by the weekend and he was going to get to meals in the dining room. When I talked with Elaine Herron Hadley's son, Bruce, he reported that his mother had died on March 23. She had developed pneumonia and was in the hospital three days, then went to rehab for her heart. They had hoped she would be out by the weekend and he was going to get to meals in the dining room. When I talked with Elaine Herron Hadley's son, Bruce, he reported that his mother had died on March 23. She had developed pneumonia and was in the hospital three days, then went to rehab for her heart. They had hoped she would be out by the weekend and he was going to get to meals in the dining room.

# Ralph Crawshaw, also in Portland, Ore., is preparing another book, perhaps to be entitled Making a Difference, that deals with ways in which physicians may be able to influence thought and opinion in their respective communities, presumably for the better. He's been especially interested in following the career of a young physician who is working in Harlem, N.Y. (and for whom he was a mentor), trying to change individuals' habits to improve their health. He also has been concerned about what he feels is a widespread depression among the medical profession, possibly related to the ongoing changes in medical practice. Ralph no longer drives but has arranged charge accounts with taxi companies which he says works out very well for him. *Correspondent Jean Jordan Shield reports: News from Loie Groben Doe is that her husband, Bill, fell early in January and cracked some ribs, which really set him back. She had 24/7 help for several weeks and finally there was some progress. She became the part-time caretaker, a new role for her, and it kept her home most of the time. She found diversion in books such as A Fire Behind the Fence by Lauren Belfer and The Art of Racing in the Rain by Garth Stein, which has a notewo-thle title but really is excellent and has a dog for the narrator. *I had a brief telephone chat with Lenore Wolff Eakeley. She revealed that she had a minor stroke on New Year's Eve day and needs lots of help. Although she is in a wheelchair and not able to get out much, she still reads the New York Times. She had spent a week in the hospital and three weeks in rehab. Now she has a caregiver and her grandchildren and five great-grandchildren see her occasionally. She is thankful daughter Linda 1969 and son Doug live nearby and bring in supper. *I received an e-mail from Janet Hooker Laine 1969 at her retirement center on Cape Cod. She has learned to deal with her low vision and runs a low-vision support group, which lets her know she's not alone with this problem. Because she is no longer able to drive, she admits she has become very clever at convincing people that they should see a certain play on movie and take her to it.

For those interested, the Robinson address is Elizabeth Blanchard Robinson, Bentley Commons at Keene, 197 Water Street, Apt. MB 6E, Keene, NH 03431. Our condolences to her and all her family. Condolesces also to the family of Jean MacDonald Bagley who passed away on January 12. Obituaries for Jean and Phil Robinson 1942. They have been a big help to me. For those interested, the Robinson address is Elizabeth Blanchard Robinson, Bentley Commons at Keene, 197 Water Street, Apt. MB 6E, Keene, NH 03431. Our condolences to her and all her family. Condolesces also to the family of Jean MacDonald Bagley who passed away on January 12. Obituaries for Jean and Phil Robinson 1942. They have been a big help to me. For those interested, the Robinson address is Elizabeth Blanchard Robinson, Bentley Commons at Keene, 197 Water Street, Apt. MB 6E, Keene, NH 03431. Our condolences to her and all her family. Condolesces also to the family of Jean MacDonald Bagley who passed away on January 12. Obituaries for Jean and Phil Robinson 1942. They have been a big help to me. For those interested, the Robinson address is Elizabeth Blanchard Robinson, Bentley Commons at Keene, 197 Water Street, Apt. MB 6E, Keene, NH 03431. Our condolences to her and all her family. Condolesces also to the family of Jean MacDonald Bagley who passed away on January 12. Obituaries for Jean and Phil Robinson 1942. They have been a big help to me. For those interested, the Robinson address is Elizabeth Blanchard Robinson, Bentley Commons at Keene, 197 Water Street, Apt. MB 6E, Keene, NH 03431. Our condolences to her and all her family. Condolesces also to the family of Jean MacDonald Bagley who passed away on January 12. Obituaries for Jean and Phil Robinson 1942. They have been a big help to me. For those interested, the Robinson address is Elizabeth Blanchard Robinson, Bentley Commons at Keene, 197 Water Street, Apt. MB 6E, Keene, NH 03431. Our condolences to her and all her family. Condolesces also to the family of Jean MacDonald Bagley who passed away on January 12. Obituaries for Jean and Phil Robinson 1942. They have been a big help to me. For those interested, the Robinson address is Elizabeth Blanchard Robinson, Bentley Commons at Keene, 197 Water Street, Apt. MB 6E, Keene, NH 03431. Our condolences to her and all her family. Condolesces also to the family of Jean MacDonald Bagley who passed away on January 12. Obituaries for Jean and Phil Robinson 1942. They have been a big help to me. For those interested, the Robinson address is Elizabeth Blanchard Robinson, Bentley Commons at Keene, 197 Water Street, Apt. MB 6E, Keene, NH 03431. Our condolences to her and all her family. Condolesces also to the family of Jean MacDonald Bagley who passed away on January 12. Obituaries for Jean and Phil Robinson 1942. They have been a big help to me. For those interested, the Robinson address is Elizabeth Blanchard Robinson, Bentley Commons at Keene, 197 Water Street, Apt. MB 6E, Keene, NH 03431. Our condolences to her and all her family. Condolesces also to the family of Jean MacDonald Bagley who passed away on January 12. Obituaries for Jean and Phil Robinson 1942.
Barbara Hall Seay and her husband are happily settled in a retirement community in Durham, N.C. Opportunities for music and theater abound and senior education programs are readily available at Duke Univ. In the years before going to North Carolina, the Seas developed a business in antiques by setting up shows numbering 5 to 10 a year. They started in Pittsburgh, P.A., where they were living. Eventually they moved on and seeking larger markets, they trucked their shows to Ann Arbor, Mich. In their search for antiques, they cast ever-wider nets and enjoyed trips to London for art. A move to Guilford, Conn., further expanded their business. In retirement, they continue to enjoy gathering their family—four children, their spouses, six grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. * Neil Atkins reports all is well with Marylu (Graham) and him. Though housebound, Marylu enjoys visits and reports from her expanding family. A special delight has been the arrivals of four great-grandchildren. Two live nearby in Maine and visit often. Two live in Minneapolis, Minn., and communicate by phone and pictures. The Atkins take special pride in the military tour of their grandson who has enjoyed several promotions while serving in Germany. Currently he is stationed at Camp Lejeune, N.C., and will return soon to Afghanistan. He looks forward to home and college, once he completes his tour. We will keep him in our thoughts and prayers. * Mary Dutton Dolphin tells us she is dancing through her days—ballroom dancing, three times a week at her Senior Center. The average age of the 50 or so dancers is the late 80s, the girls outnumbering the men (the best leaders). As many of us know, Mary grew up in Middlebury in her family home on the border of Porter Field (where in her childhood she watched lots of ball games). Mary now lives in Lakewood, Wash., in the condo she's owned for 40 years. Her daughter lives now lives in Lakewood, Wash., in the condo she's owned for 40 years. Her daughter lives near the beach. She's owned it since the mid-90s. Her daughter lives in Ocala, Boca Raton, and Tequesta, and they have three great-grands plus one on the way. • "Dusty" Cormack reports that his wife, also a member of the class of 1941, and his mother—both of whom graduated from Mount Holyoke—are devoted to keeping in touch with the class—something they accomplished by mailing a postcard to each member of the class every year. * Barbara "Bibbie" Dixon Morton resides in Venice, Fla., in an assisted-living home, which she shares with 25 other folks. She and her husband John had lived for many years in Concord, N.H., where their four children grew up. Along the way, Bibbie ran a nursing school for 10 years and worked with an insurance agency. The Mortons retired to Florida, where she continued her customary services in the Unitarian Church. John passed away three years ago, and Bibbie prefers these days to be in Venice, where the climate is a bit milder than up north where the kids live. * Warren Smith left Luke early to join the Army Air Corps. He served as a bomber pilot and stayed with the AAC after the war, until 1963. When he retired from the military, he worked as a commercial photographer, industrial engineer, home builder, and at several others by setting up shows numbering 16 a year. He's known to have retired from them all, is feeling fine, and, with wife Joan, is living in Lincoln, R.I., about five miles north of Providence. One of their children lives in Rhode Island; the other is scattered from New Hampshire to Florida to Nebraska. Al remembers many of our class but hasn't been in touch with any for several years. He did reconnect at our 50th reunion. He also reconnected once by reliving a freshman moment when he attended the wedding of his brother's granddaughter in the Middletown. He visited the balcony (on the boys' side in those days). He sat in his old seat, where, he remembers, he had once spent a lot of time gazing at the opposite balcony (where the girls sat). In a future vignette, * Robin Willard Addison are just brimming with good news! Jeannine shared their excitement and joy upon the arrival of two great-grandchildren, a boy and a girl. They were delivered just four hours apart by sisters, one in London, England, and the other in Austin, Texas! The girl is named Addison and the boy Benjamin Eli. Jeannine and Ed are Skyping and they eagerly await holding Addie and Ben in their arms. The family was gathering in May in Sea Isle City, N.J., for a grand get-together. * While we're on great-grandkids, Bill 42 and I (Tommy Ring Hennefren) welcomed the arrival of Avery Anne Lambe, our third great-granddaughter probably carrying a stubborn streak. She delayed her expected December birth date until January 3, thereby thwarting her parents' hopes for a 2010 tax break. * We're sorry to have to report that Al Rathbun died back in February. Our sympathies go out to his family. An obituary will appear in a future issue. We also learned that Dorothy Burton Skardal died on June 10, 2010. 

---Class Correspondents: Ruth Wheaton Evans (rwe@verizon.net), 80 Salisbury St., Unit 603, Worcester, MA 01609; Elizabeth Ring Hennefren (elc-bt@earthlink.net), 397 Old Sherman Hill Rd., Woodbury, CT 06798.

45 Mike Mann, living in a CCRC in Slingerlands (Albany, N.Y., area), a lifelong friend of Alan Wolffsey since 1941, phoned Ali's daughter Sue Blumgartner, after learning about Ali's death on March 8, and talked for half an hour. Then he phoned me. Alan and Paula Knight Jeffries, who passed away December 27, were class agents together and the class letter I sent with news of Alan and Paula in particular, sparked Mike's finding my phone number and telling me stories. Alan and Mike were fraternity brothers in Chi Phi. Alan brought his energy to Middlebury and our class in particular, as well as to the energy business world. He was an entrepreneur, for sure. An accomplished golfer he played most of the 52 classic golf courses in the world. We were together at the 65th reunion dinner. He and my husband, Bruce, shared B-24 experiences, he in the 15th Air Force as a bombardier, and Bruce in the 8th Air Force as a pilot. All who knew Alan believe that the word "retirement" was not in his vocabulary. His amused, engaging smile lives on in our memories, too. * Sadly, two months later, after the north was hit with daughter Sue Jo Higgins Wolffsey died on May 22. Kind, caring, loyal wife, mother, grandmother, sister, friend, Jo shared Alan's dynamic life and will be missed by all who knew her. She was my sophomore roommate. I was present at their wedding 66 years ago. Obituaries for Alan and Jo will appear in a future issue. Sue Jo, who lived in a CCRC in Exeter, N.H., appreciates our support of the 1945 Discretionary Scholarship. His CCRC, RiverWoods, recently published The War We Knew, stories of 75 men and women collected with three editors, in an effort similar to one done in 2008 at Wake Robin in Shelburne, Vt., during Pat deLearie Hauffer's term as president of the Resident's Association. Her entry for their book includes descriptions of life at Middlebury as well as a photo of her picking apples. Inspired by both of these projects, I am spearheading the possibility of a similar volume here at RiverMead. Stay tuned. * Pat and husband Hervie Hauffer are excited that his two books have just come out. He was looking at electronic forms for his web site and now he has a new print run. Titles: Codebreaker and The Spies Who Never Won. Check out www.ereads.com. * Dick McCrudden has returned to our scene by way of correspondence with Dottie Laux O'Brien. Living in Carbondale, Colo., Dick is now retired as administrator of Aspen and Snowmass Ski School. * Priscilla "Pete" Hodges Hopkins tells us her daughter, a district ranger for the Beaverhead National Forest in Ennis, Mont., and what she awakes to each morning is Sphinx Mountain. Pete prefers her Green Mountains of Vermont, living in Chester, as I love living with Mr. Monadnock in New Hampshire. * Imagine my surprise and delight to discover Mary and Phil Dunham having lunch at RiverMead recently with fellow Rotarians from Brattleboro, as they begin to check out CCRCs. They have sold off their horses and promise a return visit in picnic weather. * Marian "Manny" Bailey Allen phoned from Florida to say she talks on the phone regularly with Betts Allen Sutman, her roommate, and Lee Van Leuven Morehouse. She and Bob love living in their CCRC in Delray Beach. Their three daughters live in Ocala, Boca Raton, and Tequesta, and they have three great-grands plus one on the way. * "Dusty" Cormack Montgomery shares that he and his wife now know great-grands, and they eagerly await holding Addie and Ben.
47 The fall and winter of 2010-2011 were hard on '76s. A letter from Victor Springer informed me that he had taken a bad fall in November and had hit his head against the bathroom medicine closet. That caused a balance problem due to a bruise on the brain. He's now about fully recovered. Daughter Linda's husband Steve have been called back to their main quarters in Wheaton, Ill., and so they no longer travel to Mexico, much to their distress. Carl Parkinson also fell in November while attending an oyster roast. He said at least he had the pleasure of eating 75 plus oysters, but that did not soften his fall. After 50 days of sending me letters about that, we agreed not to send more. We went to the emergency room and then stayed in the hospital and rehab for about a month. His leg swelled to two-and-a-half times its normal size from groin to toe as his blood was leaking into the leg where he bruised it due to a prescription error. On a more positive note, he and his wife went to Kaanapali, Maui, to celebrate their 62nd anniversary and liked it so much that they hope to return there for their 63rd.

Frances Swain Moretti wrote that they did not travel much or indulge in outside activities this past winter due to all the snow. Her project since last May has been a new dog they rescued from abuse and abandoned by a woman in North Carolina. She has not changed much type and has gradually learned to trust them and respond to affection, but it has been a real challenge.

Tiffany Clark Nourse also wrote of the snow. She said that in four years as a cocc, four years as a family in Rutland, and now five years in Middlebury, they had never seen as much snow in Vermont as this past winter. They are relieved to live in a condo and have someone else worry about the work. Their travel center around trips to visit their kids in Norwich, Vt., and Marion, Mass. In February they celebrated the birth of their third great-grandchild.

Pat Harvey Oehler's big item of 2010 was hip surgery to correct an earlier replacement that was worn out and out of position. It was a "bear of a surgery" but went well. It required a long recovery entailing physiotherapy. In February the family—her sisters, two sons—and friends and neighbors all traveled to Sacramento for a birthday bash. There were 120 guests! In the meantime, Pat was present they took trips to the remodeled Crocker Art Museum and to the new Mondavi Center, where many concerts are held. Other than that she continued to exercise, quilt, and attend, as usual, the Ashland (Ore.) Shakespeare Festival. Bussie Southgate Badger wrote that she and her husband have given up sailing after 30 years. They cruised for many years up and down the Maine coast, principally in Penobscot Bay, in their boat, the Sea Badger. Now they are concentrating on gardening instead. Bussie is secretary of the Armeldel Cemetery, which entails writing a newsletter twice a year, maintaining the mailing list, and other secretarial duties. She also works at the Grover Library repairing books. Elizabeth Condon Anderson writes that she has not yet vanquished Dallas traffic but is happy to report that it has not vanquished her either. To enjoy life she reads, has physiotherapy, telephones her friend who plays music, works with children in meditation, and thoroughly enjoys visits from her daughter. Like so many of us, Kathy Brittain Gose was getting news of the disaster in Japan day after day. Along with the news, they were reminded that they live on a fault line in Victoria, British Columbia, and should prepare themselves
Bothwell. In March 2010 Pat and Bruce spent several perfect springlike days in Bucks County, Pa. Their summer was somewhat blighted when their electric fence stopped working and the woodchucks invaded their large vegetable garden. Kudos to the Bothwells—they trapped the woodchucks and released them some distance away. (I've admitted my guilt and am convinced that wild animals should be protected.) They finished off the year with travels to the Adirondacks, Colorado, and South Carolina. * Both Joan Spross Carr and Beverly Boynton Kinsey reported about a luncheon get-together in Arizona. Joan's bushes took a beating in the cold, and my mother thought there was ice on the greens at the Phoenix Open golf tournament. Ben had hip surgery recently and is doing very well—a new member of the Class of 1948 Joint Club. * Correspondent Sindy Rosenberg reports: Rita and I had a wonderful long weekend in Scottsdale, Ariz., visiting our sons, Nathan and Robert, and their families. We celebrated Nathan's 60th birthday with an Epicurean dinner at the Cork Restaurant and took in two spring training games, Giants 9–Reds 6 and Rockies 5–As 2. What could be better than being in big league games with one's son? I would like to help him be one of the men from the 49. Please send me your news.

—Class Correspondent: Elizabeth Bredenberg Ness (elizabeth.ness@verizon.net), 412 N. Wayne Ave., #109, Wayne, PA 19087; Sandy Rosenberg (inspecspro@acld.com), 628 Commons Dr., Sacramento, CA 95825

49 Correspondent Rachel Adkins Platt reports: Thanks to some classmates I have news to report. I also checked on Facebook for our class and found no one has signed in yet, besides myself. Seriously, it's an interesting story of the founding of Social Network, and perhaps it will inspire some of you to become part of the modern age. * A nice e-mail came from Katherine "Kay" Beers from Middlebury. At the time she was, like most Vermonters, eagerly looking forward to the beginning of summer and hoping to find snowdrops appearing in various places in the yard. She says she is doing a bit with the local AAUW and the Addison County Humane Society and enjoying the company of her two cats. * Janey Baker says that after two years of several abdominal, or as she puts it "gut" operations, things are looking up. "I only have one fistula still leaking, and the doctors think that will heal by itself I am back to taking two good walks in the dog park daily with Gigi, my Maltese-Shih Tzu mix who spent five weeks with friends while I was hospitalized the last time. I walk with six friends. My small family lives out of state, so I am lucky to have wonderful friends. Janet Correll Shuh and Rachel Stryker Smith keep in touch regularly as well as the late Mary Seabord Shahan's daughter, I do miss Mary. I have decided it is hell to get old; however, as long as we keep moving and laughing all should be well." Right on, for those of us who are still moving and laughing. * Michael Schrack in Palm Beach has a very touching story from Virginia "Ginny" Dunn Beach. "I am very thankful that my great-granddaughter, Miriam Bennett, of Vancouver, Wash., is now doing well. In January of 2010 she was diagnosed with stage 4 of a rare form of childhood cancer--hepatoblastoma. Her mother was about to give birth to a third daughter, and the family had just moved to a new home. It was a very difficult period, turning into a year of hospitalizations and surgeries. Included was a liver resection at Stanford, Calif., where the child's father stood ready to donate part of his liver. This was not necessary. Their church, where my son-in-law is the pastor, gave the family three suppers and a beautiful cake. My daughter-in-law told me a half and her latest CT scan was clear. The hospital gave her an end-of-chemo party with balloons, pizza, and gifts. I have joyful photos of the three girls at the outdoor wedding of my grandson, Ben, the girl's uncle, at Cannon Beach, Ore., when it was 52 degrees. Miriam, her mother, sister, and grandfather, my brother, had a love for the outdoors before they knew Miriam was ill, so I was able to get acquainted with these delightful girls though they live far so away. My oldest grandson, Joel, is married to a Japanese girl and they live in Tokyo. He was on the 15th floor of his workplace during the earthquake, which he described as BIG. He's now working from home to stay safe. My latest CT scan showed I am stable and one of the few to have quality of life so long after the mesothelioma diagnosis, five- and-half years ago. Every day I rejoice in so many blessings." This note is from Priscilla 'Keetie' Noyes Cross--our famous gardener from the 49. She says she is doing a bit with the local Garden Club and the Addison County Humane Society and enjoying the company of her two cats. His e-mail came from Katherine "Kay" Beers from Middlebury. At the time she was, like most Vermonters, eagerly looking forward to the beginning of summer and hoping to find snowdrops appearing in various places in the yard. 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Miriam, her mother, sister, and grandfather, my brother, had a love for the outdoors before they knew Miriam was ill, so I was able to get acquainted with these delightful girls though they live far so away. My oldest grandson, Joel, is married to a Japanese girl and they live in Tokyo. He was on the 15th floor of his workplace during the earthquake, which he described as BIG. He's now working from home to stay safe. My latest CT scan showed I am stable and one of the few to have quality of life so long after the mesothelioma diagnosis, five- and-half years ago. Every day I rejoice in so many blessings." This note is from Priscilla 'Keetie' Noyes Cross--our famous gardener from the 49. She says she is doing a bit with the local Garden Club and the Addison County Humane Society and enjoying the company of her two cats. His e-mail came from Katherine "Kay" Beers from Middlebury. 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I have decided it is hell to get old; however, as long as we keep moving and laughing all should be well." Right on, for those of us who are still moving and laughing. * Michael Schrack in Palm Beach has a very touching story from Virginia "Ginny" Dunn Beach. "I am very thankful that my great-granddaughter, Miriam Bennett, of Vancouver, Wash., is now doing well. In January of 2010 she was diagnosed with stage 4 of a rare form of childhood cancer--hepatoblastoma. Her mother was about to give birth to a third daughter, and the family had just moved to a new home. It was a very difficult period, turning into a year of hospitalizations and surgeries. Included was a liver resection at Stanford, Calif., where the child's father stood ready to donate part of his liver. This was not necessary. Their church, where my son-in-law is the pastor, gave the family three suppers and a beautiful cake. My daughter-in-law told me a half and her latest CT scan was clear. The hospital gave her an end-of-chemo party with balloons, pizza, and gifts. I have joyful photos of the three girls at the outdoor wedding of my grandson, Ben, the girl's uncle, at Cannon Beach, Ore., when it was 52 degrees. Miriam, her mother, sister, and grandfather, my brother, had a love for the outdoors before they knew Miriam was ill, so I was able to get acquainted with these delightful girls though they live far so away. My oldest grandson, Joel, is married to a Japanese girl and they live in Tokyo. He was on the 15th floor of his workplace during the earthquake, which he described as BIG. He's now working from home to stay safe. My latest CT scan showed I am stable and one of the few to have quality of life so long after the mesothelioma diagnosis, five- and-half years ago. Every day I rejoice in so many blessings." This note is from Priscilla 'Keetie' Noyes Cross--our famous gardener from the 49. 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Cloutier Eddy sent snapshots of “the beautiful babes of 1950.” One was at a Christmas party in 1949 with Pat and Ralph Eddy, Lois Rapp and Bill McIlwham ’51, and me (at that point Sally Peek Glowa) and Mike Glowa ’49; the other was from graduation with me, Pat, and the late Joan ‘Twick’ Pratt Tillman. Graduation robes are, luckily, billowing, as my first child, Patty Glowa, was born 10 days later at Porter Hospital in Middlebury. Corky Elwell and Mike Glowa were painting barns for a living that summer so I went to feed the Elwell dogs then left for the hospital. I had to find a college-age picture to go with my written memories of the war years. At Kendal at Hanover, we’re publishing a book of World War II experiences and memories; it seemed a good time to do it, as we’re the last to have lived through the war—we’re in our 80s and 90s and we need to do this before we’re all gone. In digging through boxes of scrapbooks and photo albums, I came across snapshots of all of us at Midd—the girls are all wearing pleated skirts, sweaters, pearls, Peter Pan collars, booby socks, and saddle shoes or penny loafers. Lois Rapp McIlwham wrote a long, newsy letter last fall and mentioned a son in his 50s. My “graduation baby,” Pat, is 60. How can we possibly have children entering their 50s? Corky’s son, Ken, is completing cataract surgery and will start seeing from class to class, supposedly without my knowing about it. Now, all my grandchildren call me Tiger instead of Grampa.* Sadly we must report that Roger Casavant passed away on January 7 and Woodford Garrigus passed away on January 11. Our condolences are sent to their families, including Phil ’50 and Roger’s partner. —Class Correspondents: Dixon Hemphill (dixonH1925@cox.net), 10910 Olm Dr., Fairfax Station, VA 22039; Rachel Adkins Platt (platplat27@gmail.com), 34 Tooby Brook, Pittsford, NY 14534.

Correspondent Corky Elwell reports: I talked with Bruce Burdett, who’s in Sunapee, N.H., and he reports that he’s in good health, taking no medications except aspirin. He’s served on the local conservation commission for 19 years and has become attached to Dartmouth as a member of the Institute for Lifelong Education. I received a note from Bill Sommers ’51, reminiscing about days working with the late Sheldon Flory on Frontiers and the intellectually stimulating time it was. He recalled a poem by Sheldon: “For love/You gave of self and never self away/For love/You gave the muted thrust/Of blood transmuted into angel’s breath/In dissonant affair with old, atonal death.” Quoting Chaucer, Bill concluded, “He was a verry parfit gentil knyght.” From Swanton, Vt., Don Hill reports life is good but at a slower pace. He enjoys reading, daily chores, and all the things folks our age do. I also talked to his wife, Pixie, to catch up on news around Vermont. Kathy Brew ’75 sent a copy of the eulogy she read at the mass for her dad (Harry Brew) on February 10. In it she described Harry as truly special and as a healer in the true sense of the word; a rare human being filled with compassion and care, and supportive, kind, and accessible to all he came in contact with. His great sense of humor always lifted everyone’s spirits. Warren “Frosty” and Ginsy Calhoun Frost, living the good life in Cornwall, Vt., are well and reasonably healthy. Frosty is concerned about the Boston Red Sox, and he enjoys reading books we all put off reading until we have time. Ginsy is a hospital volunteer and a member of the Champlain Valley Universalist-Unitarian Society, which she finds very stimulating. She has lunch frequently with Ginsy Moser, Nat Fraioli ’48, and other Midd grads. Both enjoy Netflix. Ken and Carolyn Sackett ’51 and Barb and Mike Glowa ’50 are two close friends of Michie and to all he came in contact with. His great sense of humor always lifted everyone’s spirits. Warren “Frosty” and Ginsy Calhoun Frost, living the good life in Cornwall, Vt., are well and reasonably healthy. Frosty is concerned about the Boston Red Sox, and he enjoys reading books we all put off reading until we have time. Ginsy is a hospital volunteer and a member of the Champlain Valley Universalist-Unitarian Society, which she finds very stimulating. She has lunch frequently with Ginsy Moser, Nat Fraioli ’48, and other Midd grads. Both enjoy Netflix. Ken and Carolyn Sackett ’51 and Barb and Mike Glowa ’50 are two close friends of Michie and to all he came in contact with. His great sense of humor always lifted everyone’s spirits.

2011 Outstanding Class Correspondent Award

We are pleased to announce that the 2011 Outstanding Class Correspondent Award established by Jean Seeler-Gifford ’60 has been awarded to Bill and Phyllis Cole Deming, Class of 1951. From the moment they took on their roles as class correspondents, they fulfilled their duties with creativity and dedication. Knowing how important it is to keep classmates connected with each other and the College, they found various methods to engage the people in their class. They made note cards with photos of the 50th reunion class picture and of other classmate connections on campus and they sent them on people’s birthdays, or they sent cards during the holidays. They also sent e-mails and made phone calls. Classmates responded enthusiastically and the 1951 column was always overflowing with news. Their work over the past five years is very much appreciated.

51 REUNION CLASS

Jack Guketly touched base in January to tell us he was at home recovering from a mild stroke still affecting his right hand. He spoke of rehab therapy, VA nurse visits, having to walk with a cane, and waiting for the doctor to say he can drive. His past medical history includes two hip operations! An 18-year-old grandson plays hockey on the A team at his junior college, a grandson (age 12) also plays hockey, and an 11-year-old granddaughter plays on her school’s girls hockey team and also swims. (Jack says she’ll have to make up her mind pretty soon!) Jack has sold his sports car—didn’t get as much as he wanted for it, but so be it. He also reminisced about getting to talk with actor/car racer Paul Newman when he used to visit where he practiced his racing, and remembered what a warm, kind and friendly man he was before lung cancer ended his life. Giulio Ghiron has lived for 60 years with high blood pressure, a triple bypass, and diabetes, and writes that we should all be surprised at how healthy he is at 81; his doctors have only good things to say about his health. He retired 11 years ago, moving to Southern California where the weather has been absolutely fantastic. He bowls once a week and plays duplicate bridge four times. He plans to touch base again in 10 years. Bill finally caught up with Neil Myers. He was drafted after graduation, ended up in Korea, was discharged back home to New Jersey, and then left for Denver where he took a job with JC Penney. He married Gladys Tanner (1953) and became a store manager, moving around between Denver and Kansas, retiring in Denver in 1988. He and his wife have two sons living in Denver and two
grandchildren. After Gladys’s death, Neil left Denver and moved to Tucson for the winter and Brunswick, Maine, for the summer. Emphymema very much limits his physical activity, but he tries to maintain his sense of humor. He commented that he never heard from his roommate Lou “Jeff” Francisco, so Bill called Jeff’s daughter Deborah “Deb,” who lives in a town next to us, and asked her to see if that Jeff calls Neil! We are sorry to tell of the death of Jo Overlock Hoffmire on January 26. Lee Webster McArthur said they hadn’t seen each other for many years but they talked on the phone several times a year and she was a wonderful dear friend and roommate. Lee and husband Bob had visited Jo and Phil Hoffmire ’49 in California many years ago. “She was truly a wonderful person and I was lucky to have had her and Merf (the late Marilyn Murphy McInerney) for roommates. What great memories!” – Lee and Bob were in Hilton Head, S.C., again this year and met with old friends Beth Huey Newman, and Irv ’53 and Ellie Hight Morris. – Marty O’Brien Fenn missed our reunion because it was her youngest granddaughter’s high school graduation, an event indeed to be celebrated! She wished us all a great time and was thinking of us already asking lunch with Jo and Helen Reid Gilmore in Greenfield, Mass.

Sad another death to report—John Zeiller died on February 16 in Williamsburg, Va. We send our sympathy to his wife, Barbara (Bieber) ’52, their two daughters and husbands, and two grandchildren. Bill contacted lunch with John and Helen Reid Gilmore in Greenfield, Mass. – Sadly another death to report—John Zeiller died on February 16 in Williamsburg, Va. We send our sympathy to his wife, Barbara (Bieber) ’52, their two daughters and husbands, and two grandchildren. Bill contacted lunch with John and Helen Reid Gilmore in Greenfield, Mass.

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In 1950 Alan Kimbell '53 wrote home about the devastating hurricane that roared through Vermont on November 25. He and several fraternity brothers had spent the night at the Bread Loaf cabin so it wasn’t until the next morning, after the hurricane was over, that they drove back toward Middlebury, noting the damage. Below is an excerpt from his letter.

Several houses had lost roofs and chimneys and in places we noticed that a few old shacks had been reduced to piles of lumber. There was no more hangar at the airport, just a pile of cement blocks...We came to a spot where there seemed to be some traffic congestion. The scene was a collapsed barn. There was a crane lifting hay away and we counted eight dead cattle lying on the ground. Swarms of men were desperately trying to get through to more stock that had been crushed beneath tons of hay and timbers inside the barn...We couldn’t believe what we saw on campus. Many of the old big trees were not there anymore. The buildings seemed to be intact, but as we drove around the back of the chapel, we were struck by a horrible sight. The top of the steeple was awry, the glass in the tower was all broken, and there was a gaping hole in the roof. One of the granite ornaments at the base of the steeple, said to weigh 1,000 pounds, had been blown off, and had crashed through the roof and landed in the balcony. The windows on the south side are all broken, with some of the frames entirely torn out...We went over to the field house. The entire top portion of the roof had been taken off from one end to the other, permitting water to soak the once beautiful basketball court. The building is covered with debris. [See photo.] Feeling slightly numb, we drove back to the house [Alpha Sigma Pi], where worst things were yet to come. I stepped inside and saw the chaos. All the living room and dining room furniture had been moved to the back of the house. The floor was stained with water and buckets and pails were catching drippings from upstairs. I was shocked by what I saw as I looked out the kitchen window. The backyard was littered with slate. The front part of the roof had been stripped of its slate. Upstairs the front rooms were soaked. At one point in the night the wind blew one of the front windows completely in and it was flying perpendicularly to the sill, held only by the sash cords. Five of the men pushed it back in. A heavy gust came and threw it back out, landing the men in a heap on the other side of the room. They finally managed to put a mattress across it and nail it up...Don and the house president, said the dean had called for volunteers to assist the ruined farmers in the area save what cattle they could. John Moreau '51, John Nash '53, Don, and I rode up to Monkton in Don’s car. The Monkton area was devastated. We pulled into one desolate-looking farm where the barn was now a pile of hay and wood. There were three men sitting in a car, just staring at a heap of dead cattle. We got out and walked over to the car. The man behind the wheel, obviously the owner, rolled down the window. Nobody said anything for several minutes, then finally the farmer said, “Who are you?” We told him that we were from the College and we wondered if there was anything we could do to help save any cattle in the wrecked barn. He looked at us with all the proud calm of these people who are used to such things and told us that there was nothing we could do here. He had gotten 40 of his 61 dairy cows out and had to shoot all but three. The others inside were surely dead. We couldn’t say anything. He told us that there was a place down the road where we might be needed. As we walked away, he said, “Thanks for your spirit, boys, but you’re too late.” We came to one farm where there were several cars parked and men were working. We found the owner and he gave us a little work to do. He had his dairy cows in one barn and his beef stock in another. The dairy barn had stood but his beef were all buried. All over the countryside it was the same. One farmer had led all his cows out to pasture as soon as it started blowing. Unfortunately the wind blew the barn door open and they all went back in. When the farmer heard the barn go, he laughed to himself, thinking his cows were in the pasture. When he went out the next morning, he didn’t see any of his herd of 71. He realized the awful truth when he saw a rump protruding from the ruins of his barn...The only hope is that it will be declared a national emergency. Most of the farmers had wind insurance but it only covers the buildings. It won’t be an easy time for them. I didn’t eat any meat last night.

Ed Hickcox lives in Canada and has not been back to Middlebury in a long time. Ed studied at Wesleyan and Cornell and has more contact with them than with Midd. Recently he has been in contact with Alan Kimbell of Indianapolis and Wally Miner and Don Peach. Ed has retired and has a younger wife who is still working. In the ‘70s he was at SUNY Albany for a few years and living in Delmar, N.Y. His daughter graduated from McMaster University in Hamilton, Ontario, and is now a professor of English at the Univ. of Alberta in Edmonton. His son studied medicine at the Univ. of Western Ontario and now is a doctor in Halifax, Nova Scotia. • Bob Parker is a retired professor of English from Wittenberg Univ. in Springfield, Ohio. He had hoped his daughter would go to Midd but she chose Oberlin. One son in Chicago attended Ohio State and is employed in the computer business. Another son is head of the history department at Queen’s University in Canada. Bob and Nancy have two grandkids, one already graduated from college, the other soon to start. They enjoy attending concerts, plays, and art museums. A mini-DU reunion is planned for August with Bill and Jan Schongar Wagner, Ed Perrin, Roger May, Link Furber, and Dick and Nana Dean Kennedy! Sounds like fun! Bob has attended just about all of our class reunions. • Ann Coleman Zehner, of Chevy Chase, Md., connects with a number of our classmates in Vermont in the summertime. She sees Tom and Nancy Hamilton Shepherd in Lincol, Vt., Biffy Darling Sherburne on Lake Dunmore, and Jean Overhyster Arneberg who is in Woodstock, May to October. • While going through some old papers left by his mother, Alan Kimbell found a letter he had written home to describe the effects of the devastating hurricane that roared through Middlebury in November 1950. See above.

—Class Correspondent: Janet Bradley Harris (dharris52@comcast.net), 1 North Ridge, Ballston Lake, NY 12019.

Correspondent Nancy Whittemore Nickerson reports: Peter and Julie Howard Parker write, “We spent a snowy month in Vermont this winter cross-country skiing and snowshoeing.”
The snow was so deep it was dangerous to fall over, as poles couldn’t reach bottom. It was lots of fun and Peter used up the cord of wood he had cut and split all summer, determined not to turn on oil heat.” Julie reached out to the Rev. Howard Fautney ’89, who was on the cover of the winter Middlebury Magazine, as a fellow Vermonter to find that two filmmaker friends of hers would be in Detroit in April making a documentary of Detroit, which may be on the verge of a renaissance. She also is trying to get Mild Midrurns interested in training for Teens. We Hear You, a sister program to the nonprofit she founded in Finger Lakes, to do youth development, life skills, and parenthood prevention work with adolescents in Middlebury-area high schools. So luck so far. They returned to Vermont in mid-May for the summer. *Where are all the rest of you ’56ers with your news? Diane and I are only an e-mail away and we’d love to hear from you! * Correspondent Diane Schwoeb Strong reports: I was taking a class on the Italian Renaissance and one week, sitting next to me, was Emily Ryan, the wife of our former class agent and colleague, Tom Ryan! I have not seen Tom in quite a while although we used to see each other at College Night at Memorial High School, where we were children! I was disappointed that none of my children elected to leave Texas for college (three went to the Univ. of Texas), a small number. She acquired the property many years ago and her father helped her to build a typical adobe house in Mexican style. Her siblings live nearby, in a similar adobe house, where they raise their own food. In back of her property are some great mountains where she has enjoyed hiking. Over the years, her house has been a refuge for many kids. She still does ride some, even stallions. What does Blair do these days beside riding horses and hiking? “Basically I try to stay out of trouble.” *Jerry Mapes Edelen also lives in the West, in Palm Springs, Calif. Although she was only at Middlebury for two years, she loved the Vermont mountains and hiking. She has especially fond memories of Chaplain Scott. She left Middlebury because she wanted to major in religion and there were only three classes. She went on to Mount Holyoke where she graduated with a religion major. Jerry and husband Bill have built a symposium that people attend every Sunday to hear lectures. Jerry said they have developed this nonprofit corporation as a move away from organized religions. The lectures, which attract intellectual and community participants, can be about a wide variety of subjects such as religions, history, and anthropology. One purpose for their corporation is to raise the level of religious literacy. Jerry also enjoys the craft of hooking rugs that she designs. She often has assignments from interior decorators. *Sally told me she got in touch with Scotty MacGregor Gillette, who also designs and hooks rugs. When asked about her Middlebury memories, a vivid one was waking up early in the morning and finding her roommate Judy Mitchell, avidly reading her physics book! *Another classmate who left after two years of college (Clara H.) said she also left because Middlebury, at that time, did not offer the major and courses in human development that she wanted. She graduated from Vassar. (She also did not like the seeming disparity between men and women, especially in speaking up in class.) However, being at Middlebury reinforced her love of mountains and the outdoors. Clara now lives in a very nice retirement community in Southbury, Conn. She has four daughters, two of whom are doctors, who keep in close touch with her. One hobby she has started more recently is writing poetry, for which she has received some awards. Included in her fond memories of Middlebury are two classmates, Beth Edmonds, whom she went to high school, and Sylvia Farmer Hultkrans. *One small addition to our class notes: the Middlebury ’55 Vail gatherings seem to have come to an end after five fun gatherings. Classmates are still skiing, but not necessarily in Vail. This year’s gathering consisted of Dave and Sally Dickerman Brew with Ann and George Lindahl, who live in the Rockies. Middlebury week began, George fell on the mountain and broke his collarbone (third time). Maybe that’s a fitting ending to a fun Vail event that George organized for many years.

—Class Correspondents: John M. Baker (jm baker@bonnetweb.net), 76 Spooner Hill Rd., South Kent, CT 06787; Sally Dickerman Brew (sdickerman@att.net), 629 Bonvenue Ave., Los Altos, CA 94024.

56 REUNION CLASS

It was wonderful to see all the ’56 classmates who returned for our 50th reunion, and we missed all those who were not able to come. We will write a short reunion review for the fall issue. * Sadly, we received word of the deaths of Peter Brigham just after Christmas, and Carolyn ‘Mickey’ Brooks Ketzer in February. Mickey was full of energy and enthusiasm in college and her lifetime contribution can be summarized in her 30th reunion writings: “As with each one of you dear classmates, I have less life to live than I have lived. Thus far it is the case that I have never had a literal headache. I have never been bored. I continue to think that life is a precious gift to be opened each day with a sense of wonder.” * Lynne Gilmore was one of Peter Brigham’s closest friends and has written a wonderful tribute to him: “Peter loved to hunt. My first and still most vivid memory of him at Middlebury was early one November morning when he took me deer hunting. I didn’t have a gun, but I went along for the hell of it, and when Peter actually shot a good-sized buck, I got into the game because, having recently dissected a fetal pig in Harold Hitchcock’s biology course, I knew animal anatomy better than he did and was able to gut his deer before we made it to Howard Mumford’s American Lit class, all bloody and proud. Peter loved to fish, too, and after we graduated I never heard him talk about fishing with me—rather than crawling through thick alder brush to reach a tiny creek in some farmer’s Alstead, N.H., field to drop worms in a swirling spring pool and catch small rose-bellied native brook trout. I won’t forget the time we camped one cold spring night on the shore of Nash Bog Pond way up north of Groveton in Coos County, N.H. Waking at freezing dawn, we caught 20 ten-inch rainbows, made a fire, cleaned the fish, rolled them in cornmeal, fried them up crisp and golden, and washed them down with bourbon straight from the bottle. Peter was the only friend I both hunted and fished. When he got home from army duty in Greenland, I hired him to run the Boston office of the post-Sputnik reading and study skills business where I was assistant director. When I had to fire him a year later for lack of business, he thanked me for clearing the way to create his own successful business, Putney Reading, in Putney, Vt., where he hired my daughter as a teacher. He went on to build and run the Putney Inn, which is still operating. Probably nobody else in the class remembers, but in recent years Peter and I would chuckle garrically about the time we satirized the Blue Key Honor Society tapping ceremony in the chapel, when Peter, who was always loud and forceful, pointedly down the central aisle and tapped me—the least likely athlete or leader on campus—loudly

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on the shoulder, and I gathered up an armful of books and we marched up the aisle and out the door into the vestibule where Reverend Scott surprised us with congratulations and a hearty laugh. Peter wanted to be buried close to his grandmother Cleora in Walpole, N.H., and he is. We are so sad to inform you that Elaine Bliss passed away May 7. Her sister, Donna Bliss Jonas '67, sent a note to Memes Parsons Salisbury. Elaine had a variety of vocations from church music to business and she lived in many places. She was fortunate to have a lifetime of interesting experiences and she will be missed as one of our classmates.

—Class Correspondents: Dick Powell (powell55@comcast.net), 13518 Ryton Ridge Ln., Gainesville, VA 20155; Judy Phaneuf Stearns (judyastearns@att.net), 53 Carnage Dr., Glastonbury, CT 06033.

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Although you may not have next year's calendar in hand, put the dates June 8–10, 2012, in your head. That's when we'll return to Middlebury to celebrate our 55th reunion. According to Betty Mathewson Bailey, who met with staff from the College, plans are already underway. This is the time to offer suggestions. Round up classmates from your area for a putting together to get the reunion spirit moving.

—Jack Armstrong and wife Pat (UNH '57) live in Meredith, N.H., and winter in The Villages, Fla. Three children and six grandchildren are all doing well. Darrell and Jane Smith Brekke celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in Maui. "As we approached the islands," Jane writes, "the airline staff offered a prize to the couple who'd been married the longest. Hands down, we won the orchid lei. I overhead a woman remark, 'She's been married to the same man for 50 years.'" While we visited the Haleakula Crater and drove the road to Hana and back, we also found time for snorkeling and sunning by Napili Bay. Ever-onward!"

—From Burlington, Vt., Diana Carlisle reports, "Jim and I have just returned from a small-ship adventure cruise to Costa Rica and Panama. Macaws, monkeys and butterflies—and yes, sloths—we saw these and other wildlife, helped by good eyes and the expert leading us on walks through tropical forests. We also swam and my favorite, snorkeled along lots of colorful fish. We transited the Panama Canal, learning about the engineering feat this was when built almost 100 years ago and still is. It's a great getaway. The bonus—we missed most of the storms and blizzards here. On another note, I'll be back on campus, seeing the College through the eyes of a prospective student. My California granddaughter flies in next week to look at East Coast colleges. Middlebury is high on her list, so I will play parent! I'm looking forward to it (the visiting, not the teenage part again!)."

—Class Correspondents: Gail Bliss Allen (gallen@comcast.net), 1500 4th St., Apt. 15, Sacramento, CA 95814; Kathy Platt Poitras (kpoitras@verizon.net), 1945 Park Plaza, Lancaster, PA 17601.

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Congratulations to Dottie Bigelow Neuberger who was awarded an honorary doctor of humane letters at this year's commencement. She was honored for her many years as a counseling professional and for her tireless volunteer work in the community, especially organizing community Suppers that are free and open to anyone who wants to attend them.

—Class Correspondents: Joseph E. Mohbat (jmohbat@mox.com), 531 Pacific St., Brooklyn, NY 11217; Ann O'Connor Frobos (aspora@skogglobal.net), 2370 Meadowlark Dr., Pleasanton, CA 94566.

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An Illinois Wesleyan Univ. news announcement states, "More than 50 years ago, William Mcgowan’s poetry was honored last week with an afternoon reading of his works titled ‘Poems in Five Decades: A Retrospective.’ Sponsored by the English dept., the event enabled McGowan to choose some of his favorite poems to read. Later that evening, in a special tribute at the New Music Cafe, Pratt Professor of Music M. C. Messerschmidt presented a suite he composed titled Sandpalsi, based on several of McGowan’s poems.” Jim and Anne Weston McGowan comment, “Both events were well attended and enjoyed by folks from as far away as South Carolina, all over the state, and of course us local groups. It was glorious; everything went really well.”

—Sandra Grant Sharples, of Markham, Ontario, writes, "Jim and I spent two weeks in Ecuador, where we hiked at elevations of up to 14,000 feet on both the west and east slopes of the Andes; followed trails through the jungle and got around by means of dugout canoes in the Amazon basin. We climbed 140-foot towers to get above the forest canopy where we could better see the many spectacular birds. It was an experience we’ll never forget.”

—John Rich and wife Marilyn have been assisting several people in getting their books edited and published. John has combined his photography and music interests in some short scenic videos on YouTube (www.youtube.com/user/piano36fan). Well worth viewing.

—Erika Minno Brigham has moved from Miami Beach to Sarasota, "four hours closer to daughter Hillary and grandchildren Emmy Lou and Erik in north Florida. I am renovating a 1925 bungalow downtown in the Laurel Park Historic District using sustainable and green building practices, standards, products and techniques, including the installation of a solar system on the roof.”

—Anne Walker Hayes spent the winter in Santa Cruz, Calif., where one of her daughters lives. "Good choice given the Vertor de los Angeles snow this year so far.”

—Eric Lorenzet reports that daughter Kathryn returned home March 21 from Tokyo, Japan, where she had been teaching English and French to Japanese executives. She spent five days in Seoul, South Korea, after the earthquake and tsunami, but with the uncertainty of the nuclear reactor and water contamination, coming home to Arizona was an easy choice.

—Mary Charles Hubbard Blakeborough planned to visit an American Univ./NTL colleague in Barcelona in August. She was taking Spanish lessons and preparing for a Chapter Leaders’ dinner at the Conference.

—Dick Krasker reports that life in South Portland, Maine, during the winter is much better than that of Fryeburg, Monsees writes, “We were back in lovely Naples, Fl., for four months and escaped the horrendous snow in Chicago.”

—Joy and Andrew Montgomery spent 17 days island hopping in Hawaii with visits to Oahu (Pearl Harbor), Kauai, Maui (in time for the tsunami), and Big Island. Since 2007 Gayla Harper Bucino has been undergoing treatments for ovarian cancer, at MD Anderson Cancer Center in Houston. "It has been something of a roller coaster but I am still here to tell the tale. They say one in three people will develop cancer and I’d like to share a little hope. I started with extensive disease followed by an early stage with some success and then recurrence. The doctor tells me that my condition is getting better. The longer I hang around, the more treatments are changing. Meanwhile, I am very thankful for each day, picking and choosing how I spend my time.”

—Class Correspondents: Lucy Pine Kezar (lucypinekezar@earthlink.net), 134 Main St., Kingston, NY 10848; Andy Montgomery (joyandyni@aol.com), 8910 Hietlaw ay Rd., Eden Prairie, MN 55347.

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a fine winter season as she and son Chris moved into their 23rd cross-country ski season at Bohart Ranch in Montana. The June graduation of her granddaughter prevented Jean from attending reunion last year. In the summer Jeannow bikes more than hikes.iaçãoatt Knox Davies survived eye surgery caused by too many years playing tennis in her senior Class of 1966. Class Correspondents: Linda and Bill French dropped a note saying they will see everyone at our 55th reunion. Last summer Ruth and Jim Barnes attended a business convention in Anaheim, Calif. Along with children and grandchildren, he went to Disneyland for the first time. (What took you so long?) Janet Reed suspended her usual activities—AAUP lobbying, church committees, book club, electioneering, hiking—until she recovered from her hip replacement. In December and January, Nancy and Herb Foster spent seven weeks in China, three in Hong Kong and a month on the mainland visiting 10 provinces and many major cities. Highlights included a Yangtze River cruise, Xian’s terra-cotta warriors, and a month on the mainland visiting 10 provinces. The June graduation of her granddaughter prevented Jean from attending reunion last year. In the summer Jean now bikes more than hikes.

—Class Correspondents: Brad Mintener, and Sally Tingle

Apt. 2305, Chicago, IL 60651.

Dennie Williams wrote this about Paul: "I was so sorry to hear from a Middlebury colleague about Paul’s passing. He was a talented classmate of mine. I didn’t know him well, but all that I have read about him in the newspaper obituary tells me that he was certainly a very accomplished scholar and a thoughtful, friendly person, one that Middlebury College, its graduates and his friends can be proud of." Dennie added, "Our 50th reunion is on the way! I hope to be there and see many of you make it to beautiful Middlebury! As for me, I have written a nature book called The Spirits of Birds, Bears, Butterflies, and All Those Other Wild Creatures. It’s a book of true-to-life nature tales emphasizing animal and bird interactions and communications with humans. The tales start with a short poem about chickadees and end with a poetic tour through the Costa Rican jungle. My prologue relates how I became fascinated with animals and birds through family influences and experiences. It’s an original nature project because few books or even articles I have read deal with such spiritual intercommunication with real-life stories that prove it. One of the critical issues facing the world today is the vital obligation to preserve and protect the environment. Children, teenagers, and adults need to educate themselves as much as possible about the very soul of nature. This book and its short stories are a small and humble prelude to our June big one. Sorry if we missed thanking any of you for your reunion contributions. Let’s keep up the momentum created by seeing each other and catching up on lives well lived. Send us your news! Meanwhile, more stories from reunion will appear in the fall issue.

—Dennie Williams

Judy Starbuck Hannemann and Mary Jo Ageton Aagerstoun tor the panel "Fascinating Careers and Hobbies," as well as many major cities. Highlights included a Yangtze River cruise, Xian’s terra-cotta warriors, a panda park visit, a bullet train ride, and (what else) five hikes.

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Bonnie Boyd Russ writes, “Since everybody knows your age in our class, as part of my 70th celebration we took our family (children, spouses, grandchildren), 12 in all, to Tortola, BVI (a place we have visited for many years), for a vacation this past February. It was great! Another bit of news is that my oldest granddaughter, Olivia Aborn, was accepted at Middlebury! Her mother, our daughter Robin Russ Aborn ’83, and her uncle, our son Craig ’85, celebrated their 25th last year, along with Sherm Russ Aborn ’83, and her uncle, our son Craig ’85, celebrated their 25th last year, along with Sherm ’85 who celebrated his 50th.”

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—Helen Stone Alcala writes, "At age 70 I don’t have too much time to think about retirement. As of September 2011, I will be starting my 25th year at Lasell College in Newton, Mass., but I won’t be there. Rather I will be at 15 rue Bourdonnais (75001) in Paris from July 28 to December 17. My project for the semester is to follow the reactions of the French regarding the April 11 ban on wearing the niqab as well as a more practical project—creating PowerPoint presentations to enhance learning in my basic French classes. I’ve spent the entire spring semester (in my so-called leisure time, though in addition to a full-time position at Lasell, I was teaching a Spanish course at the Framingham Women’s prison) making plans for this extended stay in France: buying an Apple Air computer (I hate laptops, but what is one to do?); searching for an apartment in Paris, making hotel and B & B reservations for a month-long road
trip to Providence with my partner Joseph Auesta; as well as making plans for three Wwoofing (World Wide Organization of Organic Farmers) experiences in Mayenne, Bretignolles-sur-Mer (goat farm), and the Pyrenees (working three weeks with seven or eight other Wwoofers) building a house of straw. Ok, yes, it's true, I do feel a little like someone through the looking glass, but still, it sounds very exciting! Back to my early Vermont roots, which sometimes seem far away, but right now it seems as if my youth took place only yesterday. I was up front with all the Wwoofing hosts that I had two artificial knees and that I'm 70 years old. I didn't get invitations from all the places I applied, but those who did answer me said that age didn't matter, just one's spirit. Yesterday I set up a blog (a totally new thing for me) but so far, it's just a holding place in case I'm able to find the time to make any posts (Helen70@france.blogspot.com). I had hoped to locate classmates or other Middlebury graduates living in France, but it was something I wasn't able to work into my busy schedule. So, if any Midd graduate is currently in France, especially those in or near Paris or Aix-en-Provence, be in touch! My Skype handle is helen_aka1 and my home e-mail is haka1@comcast.net.

—Class Correspondents: Judy Bosworth Reisset (jbozes@aol.com), 8809 Mariscal Canyon Dr., Austin, TX 78759; Lisa Dumphy Fischer (bfisch@msu.edu), 11630 Center Rd., Bath, ME 04848.

63 Former Massachusetts congressman Bill Delahunt recently joined law firm Eckert Seamans Cheninman Bill Delahunt recently joined law firm Eckert Seamans Chenin

64 Correspondent Bob Baskin reports. Mike Caola lives in Cornwall, N.Y. Over the years he has stayed active with Middlebury primarily through his involvement with the Admissions Office. He told me he spent 15 years as chair of the Southern New York region for the Alumni Admissions Program. In that capacity he interviewed many prospective candidates seeking admission to the College and noted that one of his colleagues in that endeavor was class correspondent Marian Demas Baade. For his contributions to Middlebury, Mike was awarded the Fred S. Neuberger '30 Cup. After teaching German and English in public schools, he retired in 2005. Married for 45 years with no children, Mike is enjoying a leisurely retirement with no set schedule besides “puttering around” and doing a little substituting. Also, he stays in touch with friend Bob Seeley. * I had the wonderful experience of talking with my original college roommate, Richard Taylor. After attaining a master’s in chemistry from Harvard, Richard discovered that the preponderance of conducting much of his analyses using computers offered an even greater satisfaction than the actual chemistry. Being as smart as he was, and still is, he changed fields. He became a skilled computer programmer and partayed into assignments involving missile tracking and the like. Where but somewhere out in the middle of the Pacific like the Marshall Islands to do that. Other than the important job responsibilities, Richard described his 17 years there as “Club Med, with a salary”—Aloha shirts, shorts, outdoor activities, fun in the sun, and more. Living in Lincoln, Mass., and married to Alix (Warga) ’65, he has a daughter working on her PhD at the Univ. of Notre Dame. In his spare time, Richard is an avid bicyclist and, despite several falls of his own, he teaches folks how to ride safely.

* Correspondent Marian Demas Baade reports. Leigh Marr Knox checked in with her news. She still spends the summers in her van, one year volunteering taking care of a campground and the next traveling. Several times she's been in the North Country, including a trip to Inuvik on the Mackenzie Delta in the Northwest Territories of Canada a few years ago and taking care of a campground in the Arctic near Coldfoot, Alaska. She loves being out there. She is still involved with presenting the Awakening the Dreamer. Changing the Dream symposium developed by the Pachamama Alliance and she really recommends that everyone attend! She says she has been blessed with being able to do a bit of traveling to faraway places. She sent a write-up of a trip she took to Rapa Nui (Easter Island) and Patagonia with Overseas Adventure Travel. She even made it to Uzbekistan, Argentina, the southernmost city on the planet. It all sounds amazing!

* Correspondent Marian Demas Baade (mdebade@aol.com), 4 Red Rock Rd., New City, NY 10956; Bob Baskin (wbaskinb@aol.com), 6925 Woodside Place, Chevy Chase, MD 20815; Pans Notage Mueller (pansmuller7@yahoo.com), 601 Smithfield Rd., Contoocook, NH 03229.

65 Our two 25th reunion scholars, both juniors, were kind enough to write. Before sharing some of what they're doing, you might be interested to know that our fund stood at $919,170 as of December 31 and that the average financial aid award this year was $32,000. One scholar is an environmental geology major who immersed himself in the sciences his first year, which included a biotechnology seminar entitled What Is Life? They really set the stage for his undergraduate study. He has spent a summer in Malaysia, has worked as a biology TA, and has conducted stream inventories using electrofishing—a common, harmless, scientific study method to determine fish populations. Our other reunion scholar is majoring in environmental science, sociology, and anthropology but that's only the tip of the iceberg. She is spending this academic year in Brazil, is fascinated by the potential benefits of GIS after taking a course in it, loves foreign languages, is an avid tap dancer, and plans to teach English in the public schools.

66 REUNION CLASS We are once again saddened to announce the loss of a classmate, as Hunter Stone passed away in January. Ward Whipple had some colorful and thoughtful memories: "E. Hunter Stone II flew in from the West, larger than life (or at least taller than I), a combination of Errol Flynn and James Dean—a swashbuckling cowboy. Our friendship grew after we both pledged to the College to take our first five 'whatevers,' until he turned the gizmo up to his ‘normal’ speed, i.e., the speed of light. He also gave me my first lesson in scrappy—in my lifetime! (I burned my call on the exhaust pipe each time.) Once, I invited him home for Thanksgiving and he also literally and figuratively swept my mother off her feet. But that's another story—one that leads me to wonder what impact he had on Middlebury coeds! He stood with me at my marriage to Mary Tallafuss '67. But four quick years later, he was gone. We met again at a reunion or two and during the Internet infamy we connected once or twice, and then he was gone. Hunter Stone was my good friend—in DEKE terms, a good brother. He was true, compassionate, and caring. And yet there was always a mystery, a kind of sadness, about him that I never could figure out. And now he's gone.”

* Correspondent Dianne Watson Carter says, “As I think about the loss of dear classmates and watch our too—quick march toward the front of the class notes pages—ouch—I would like to remind everyone how much we need to read and forward reading what others are doing and thinking about these days. Francine Clark Page and I have exchanged e-mails or had phone conversations with classmates who insist their life is too ordinary to warrant submitting anything to the magazine. But, truth be told, most of us are very
happy to see there are others who have not discovered a lost civilization, say, or gone heli-skiing in the Bagaboos (although we love to experience such exploits vicariously through those who have!). I, for example, have to fuss up to my own favorite line: ‘I always wanted to be somebody. I see now I should have been more specific.’ So please reach out to us (contact info below) with your news or your non-news, okay? Thank you! (Yes, you.) * Ren MacAuley writes, ‘I’ve been married, divorced, and happily remarried, and I have three children, whom I enjoy embarrassing, and seven grandchildren, whom I live to delight. Like everyone, I’ve endured my share of bumps along the way, mostly to experience the joy of laughter, great health (except for an ungrateful gall bladder), and a varied career. Thrashing Ward Whipple at golf three or four times a year is a favorite pastime, and I look forward to doing the same to Brooks Heathon when/if I get to Florida. (Be afraid, Brooks, be very afraid.)’

* Speaking of Brooks, we learned that he has lived in the Tampa area for some time now and plans on staying for the duration. He writes, ‘I’m retired, but I will continue working part time in home health as long as I’m able—for the last 10 years I’ve enjoyed being a caregiver for a frailly germophobe who are various stages of dementia or need physical assistance. My other primary activity is my involvement with Alcoholics Anonymous. Having the disease myself, I’m one of the fortunate to have survived thus far, and I’ve been able to utilize my experience, strength, and hope to help others in their struggles.’ * We heard from Fay Hauburg Page at her winter home in the Palm Springs, Calif., area. She and husband Nat have bought a house in Rancho La Quinta, near the famous La Quinta resort. Fay’s news: ‘We have a grandson, Nathaniel Stephen Page, born to son Ben on February 5, 2010, in Dallas, Texas. He’s adorable. We try to see him as often as possible, but also use Skype to visit with him. Our other passion is tennis. We went every day to the PNB Paribas Tournament just 10 minutes from our home. Jim and Sandy Steinglass Townsend joined us for a few days—it was great to see her again! We’ve also been to Washington and the French Open. Next January, we’re going to the Australian Open.’ Fay says that she’s not involved with the children’s art center anymore, but she follows art education issues still. She’s on the board of the Pilchuck Glass School, founded by glass artist Dale Chihuly and Fay’s parents on their farm. Fay writes that if anyone is interested in studying glassblowing, this is the place to go! She would love to hear from Midd friends! * When you get a minute, please visit our Class of 1966 “group page,” available at www.facebook.com/middleburycollege. We’ve put up photos from our 50th and 20th reunions and plan to add some from our 25th soon. Please feel free to post some current photos, even if you haven’t changed a bit since 1991!

* Correspondent: Dianne Watson Carter (cartemag@aol.com), PO Box 239, Harvard, MA 01451; Francine Clark Page (page@hplthf.com), 19 Brigham Hill Ln., Essex Junction, VT 05452.

67 Correspondent Susie Davis Patterson reports: Our 35th reunion planning is already under way. Some of us are meeting at the Alumni Leadership Conference at Bread Loaf the weekend of September 23–25 to plan and divvy up assignments. We welcome any classmates to join us. Let me or the Alumni Office know if you’d like to come. Several newsletters will be sent and a Facebook group named Middlebury has been set up by Dave Tura. (Join it if you’re on Facebook!) There will be information about reunion activities, including a class environmental service project that we’ll kick off at our reunion and build on for five years. * We have a number of published authors in our class and we’ll feature them and have their books available for purchase at reunion. * John Plant is still busy composing and was involved with the centenary celebrations for poet Elizabeth Bishop this year. He composed a duet for soprano Suzie LeBlanc for the closing concert on October 1 in Bishop’s childhood town of Great Village, Nova Scotia. Suzie also commissioned settings for two poems and performed them at the Scotia Festival of Music in June. * At the College scholarship luncheon recently, I was pleased to be seated next to Don Elliman and to get caught up on his current job. He’s the CEO of the Anschutz Medical Campus at the Univ. of Colorado in Aurora, where he’s bringing his business acumen to the region’s scientific mecca. As executive director of the Center for Regenerative Medicine and Stem Cells, he’s involved with research scientists; they’re researching the out of the lab and into practice and raise awareness of the work that’s being done. He continues to serve as a Middlebury trustee and gets back to campus twice a year. * Joe Weber let correspondent Alex Taylor know he’s having fun reading 10–15 segments of his favorite poems and nonfiction works and programming an eclectic mix of music, poetry, comedy, audio clips from films, etc., on his two radio stations in Atlanta, Ga. He does a show every weekday from 2–4:00 if he’s in Atlanta. They stream their audio and even have an app for the iPhone. They can be found at 1690wmb.com. How about a show for our reunion, Joe? Lots of good material from our class and it is indeed a wonderful perspective on life. Perhaps, along with full-tilt school content, this accounts for my dearth of class correspondent news. The Class of 1966 Middlebury page on Facebook is up—JOIN!

69 An article in the Sunday Sentinel in Keene, N.H., announced the marriage of Terry Pindell and Dianne Champion on January 22. The ceremony and reception took place Monday in the Circle of Stowe, VT. Dianne is employed by the state of Vermont as the district public health director and Terry is an author. For their honeymoon they took a trip to Belize. * Louise Martin Lindemann accompanied Leif Magnusson and wife Charlotte “Chickie” Sibley ’68 to Peru for a week-long adventure. They flew to Cusco, the capital of the Inca Empire, and then on to Machu Picchu. They flew over the Nazca Lines in the south, explored Inca sites, and cruised Lake Titicaca. Louise polished her Spanish, and Charlotte learned that jungle is an Inca word. * Kurt Heinzelman reports that his book of poems, The Names They Found There, was recently published by Pecan Grove Press in San Antonio, Texas. Kurt is a professor of English at the Univ. of Texas at Austin as well as editor in chief of the literary journal Texas Studies in Language and Literature and editor at large for Big City Review, the student-run journal. * Correspondent Anne Harris Onion reports: After no prospects of ever being a grandmother, I’m fully into the experience of having the arrival of twins granddaughters last November, and it is indeed a wonderful perspective on life. Perhaps, along with full-tilt school content, this accounts for my dearth of class correspondent news. The Class of 1966 Middlebury page on Facebook is up—JOIN!

70 Nancy Heller is still teaching art history, full time, at the Univ. of the Arts in Philadelphia. (Who can afford to retire?) She’s still married to Bob Regan, and they still live several hours apart (by car, only Nancy doesn’t have a car) because of job-related demands. In conjunction with her continuing interest in Spanish dance, last fall she presented a paper on “Flamenco Outside Spain” at the annual conference of the European Association of Dance Historians in Seville. And her essay explaining why she believes the dance being done by the naked ladies in Henri Matisse’s The Dance (both 1909 and 1910 versions) is definitely NOT the Catalan folk dance called the saranta—no matter what a whole lot of other people say—will be the lead chapter of Imaging Dance, a book of essays by 13 international authors concerning paintings, sculptures, prints, and photographs of people dancing, in various centuries and countries. This volume is scheduled to be published later this year by Georg Olms Verlag (based in Hildesheim, Germany, though the text will be in English). Her main connection with Middlebury these days is through Leif Magnusson ’69 and Charlotte Sibley ’68, but she’s always there on Edson Hill Manor greeting with other alumni. * Andy Wentink writes from Middlebury, “I’m still curator of Special Collections and the College Archives at the College. The 2010–11 academic year has been our busiest to date, having hosted more than 13 classes and subsequent student research in the fall semester alone. I love teaching and will revive
Diaghilev’s Ballets Russes and the Creation of Modern Culture this fall. On a personal note, our annual holiday party at home in Cornwall was smaller than usual this year, focusing on Classes of 1967–71 friends, including Sue Thompson and Stuart Barnes. Tom ’71 and Bird Beck Stasz, Karl Lindholm ’67 and wife Brett Millier, and Bree Bouchard write. Bree also donated an invaluable photo archive on the founding and early years of the Lesbian House in L.A. in the early 1970s, for which she has provided a video guide. Look for this and other highlights of Special Collections on our website. Anders Sjoberg writes, “I taught a video-editing class again for the Midd J-term this year, my seventh time. The students were delightful and they just get better and better at digital editing every year. I stayed at Tom ’71 and Bird Beck Stasz’s house, which was so convenient and cozy and hospitable. In April I launched a beta test of a website at www.snapcuts.com, which was actually inspired by the Midd class. It’s an easy way for anyone to make a short video message and send it to friends as a text or e-mail. I supply the clips and I hope it will be fun for people. So if anyone out there wants to try it out, it would be welcome. The official launch of the website and app is this summer.”

Bill Wallace sends this update: “Time to cross one off the bucket list. The Wallace family made the trek to Super Bowl XLV in Dallas. We experienced (1) canceled flights, (2) two inches of ice covered by four inches of snow in Dallas, (3) a taxi strike, which made getting around impossible, (4) a bus collision on the way to the game, (5) hour-long waits to navigate the security screening at the stadium, and (6) a Pittsburgh Steelers loss. (You’ll remember, I’m from the Burgh.) You can’t make this stuff up!”

Becky Lee Sannacci writes, “I sold my food manufacturing business, Cobb’s Corner, and now I’m studying to be a health coach with Integrative Institute of Nutrition. A health coach counsels people around food and lifestyle choices, something I started to think about when I had my food business. I’m particularly interested in mercury and how to detoxify this issue, coaching people in the Andrew Cutler frequent low-dose chelation protocol.”

Kristie Carlson Wolferman, an academic enrichment program teacher at the O’Neal School in Southern Pines, N.C., published her third book, The Indomitable Mary Easton Sibley: Pioneer of Women’s Education in Missouri. Kristie is author of The Osage in Missouri and The Nelson-Akins Museum of Art: Culture Comes to Kansas City, both published by the Univ. of Missouri Press. She lives in Kansas City, Mo., and Pinehurst, N.C.

Woody Jackson writes, “Dave Hodgson and I had a great trip to Panama in January, hiking the Torres del Paine National Park and sea kayaking down the Rio Serrano. Kind of a 60th birthday celebration.”

Gregg House began his work at Middlebury, “I just wanted you and any of our wonderful classmates to know that I’m still actively enjoying my position here at Middlebury as director of elementary education and this year I’m serving as the chair of the education studies program. Note that we changed our name from teacher education. Overall it’s been a truly wonderful experience and I feel truly blessed to have been afforded the opportunity to be a part of the Middlebury Grads and to see how they continue to evolve and change throughout the years.”

The O’Neal in Missouri

History and Legend, a gorgeously illustrated volume. (I don’t take credit for the images—that was the publisher.) Unlike most coffee-table books, it actually has a good text, with contributions from about a dozen medievalists from several different countries. We were all gratified when it became a History Book Club best seller.”

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The O’Neal in Missouri

History and Legend, a gorgeously illustrated volume. (I don’t take credit for the images—that was the publisher.) Unlike most coffee-table books, it actually has a good text, with contributions from about a dozen medievalists from several different countries. We were all gratified when it became a History Book Club best seller.”

Bill Wallace sends this update: “Time to cross one off the bucket list. The Wallace family made the trek to Super Bowl XLV in Dallas. We experienced (1) canceled flights, (2) two inches of ice covered by four inches of snow in Dallas, (3) a taxi strike, which made getting around impossible, (4) a bus collision on the way to the game, (5) hour-long waits to navigate the security screening at the stadium, and (6) a Pittsburgh Steelers loss. (You’ll remember, I’m from the Burgh.) You can’t make this stuff up!”

Becky Lee Sannacci writes, “I sold my food manufacturing business, Cobb’s Corner, and now I’m studying to be a health coach with Integrative Institute of Nutrition. A health coach counsels people around food and lifestyle choices, something I started to think about when I had my food business. I’m particularly interested in mercury and how to detoxify this issue, coaching people in the Andrew Cutler frequent low-dose chelation protocol.”

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also been an adjunct lecturer in English at St. Peter's College in Jersey City. He's currently also been an adjunct lecturer in English at action

"Last June \(^{12}\) the College is certainly doing well thanks to the strong and creative leadership and I'm certain this will continue. I look forward to coming to campus in 2016." \(^{13}\)

\(^{12}\) Dick Schroth writes, "The big news this year for Linda (Hendran) '74 and me included becoming grandparents for the first time and taking a month off to visit New Zealand (not related). Being a grandparent is awesome, although they are much harder to keep up the pretense that we're young. Son Jon's wife Elisa gave birth to Clayton Ryan Schroth on the first day of spring, and he is a joy. New Zealand is a country of incredible beauty, and I would suggest a visit there for anyone who enjoys hiking and the outdoors. I've never seen so many dramatic waterfalls, and each hike seemed more beautiful than the last. Business is good, but the concept of retirement, or at least working a lot less, is starting to have more and more appeal. I am still keeping pretty active, with a lot of biking and tennis." \(^{13}\)

See page 77 for a photo of a '71 mini-reunion. \(^{14}\)

\(^{14}\) Class Correspondents: Jennifer Hamlin Church (fchurch@isualights.org); Evsey Zundzsky LaMott (evelaannott@primetimetransition.com).

Justice Carole J. Brown on March 10. Mid-pals Gini Milkey, Cliff Lewison, and Marshall Webb were scheduled to attend the swearing-in ceremony. Carole is very excited about her new responsibilities. Congratulations, Carole! \(^{74}\) From Michigan Becky Paterson Bruns writes, "We live across the street from the Saugatuck State Park on Lake Michigan. The trails there are great, 200 feet high, undulating along seven miles of coastline between breakwaters in Holland and Saugatuck—so lots of up and down hikes and cross-country skiing in winter. My two hound-mix dogs love it as much or more than I in the woods. Son Nick is in Chicago as an independent web-programming consultant and is a joy to have around, coming to Michigan for peace and renewal. Gordon is happy in his work as the director of music ministries at Second Reformed Church in Zeeland, Mich., a community next door to us. We've made good friends there and I sing in the choir. I figure I'll retire in four more years and will make a transition during that time to an encore career in graphic facilitation and recording." \(^{75}\)

\(^{74}\) Martha Harris Dolben lives with husband Don in Concord, Mass., where she has stayed in touch with Churchhill '71 and Janet Halstead Franklin. Martha writes, "Thanks to Juno and my room, Barbara Busing Harris '66, I am finally sending warm greetings to you, all my dear Middlebury friends. I have been making two trips a year to Uganda as executive director of the African Food and Peace Foundation, in support of our Ugandan partner organization, Uganda Rural Development and Training (www.urdt.net). Over the past 24 years, URDT has developed a successful model of integrated rural development that it is now spreading through hands-on, tertiary education at its African Rural University (ARU) for women. Leading up to the recent launch of ARU, in 2000 URDT founded their award-winning Girls School and Community Radio, and before that their Demonstration Organic Farm, Vocational Institute, and partnerships in development throughout Kibale District. It is a privilege to be working in education and women's empowerment with my wonderful colleagues here and in Uganda."

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Deborah Greenhut writes, "I am now vice chairman of the board of Justice Jennifer Muller | The Works, a Chelsea Dance Company.鸿鸿 Howards Frog Productions is producing a documentary of Across the Ages Dance in Cambridge. The dancers range in age from 4 to 70. In August, I plan to visit Slovenia and Austria, where Victor has a conference on innovation. I'm blogging now at www.valueaseducation.blogspot.com and www.howardsfrog.org." \(^{76}\)

\(^{75}\) Wireless Age Communications recently announced that William Packer had joined the company's advisory board as its vice chairman and will also serve in a part-time executive capacity. He is the chairman and CEO of Newview Retrinity Holdings and U.S. Lubes. He also has great interest in and supports renewable energy, the recycling of oil products, and waste to energy initiatives.

\(^{76}\) Class Correspondents: Deborah Schneider Greenhut (writergDSG@comcast.net); Andrea Thorne (andreathorne8@yahoo.com).

Catherine Kiley writes, "In February I moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, with my husband, Donald Schoch, who has taken a position on the faculty of the Univ. of Cincinnati College of Medicine. I got us settled before I began exploring professional opportunities for myself. Daughter Gwen was a freshman at Trinity College this past year, and was a cowxian for Trinity this spring. Son Karl graduated from the United States Military Academy in May." \(^{77}\) Congratulations to Bill Hoyt who was named the winner of the 2011 M. Lucile Harrison Award, the top faculty honor at the Univ. of Northern Colorado. With a doctorate in geology from Colorado State, he is a professor of oceanography.

Sugar River Bank, based in Newport, N.H., recently announced that David Lantz had joined its board of trustees. He is the president and CEO of M.J. Harrington & Co. Jewelers, and he is the first Certified Gemologist Appraiser in the U.S. to earn the title of Certified Bench Jeweler. He was also awarded the title of Certified Jewelry Arts Professional, one of only three in the country. He and wife LuAnne live in Sunapee and have two daughters, Katie and Megan. \(^{78}\)

Karen Ulrich Kirsch sent the sad news that John Kirsch passed away last August from heart problems. He worked for many years in the insurance field but more recently he had been involved with Goodwill Manhattan in Sarasota County, Fla., as a store manager. He had a heart for all those with disabilities, especially autism, which is their daughter’s diagnosis. He especially loved to coach, whether it was part of his job as when he was a teacher at Milton (Vt.) High School from 1974–79 or part of a volunteer effort. Our sympathy goes out to Karen and her family.

Class Correspondents: Greg Dennis (gregdennoots@yahoo.com); Barry Schulz: King (kingsl@together.net).

Meredith Montgomery Charreyron writes, "Yet another move—grrrrr!—this time from Grenoble, a cary that we LOVED, to Compiegne, France (a town 75 kilometers northeast of Paris). Husband Pierre is president of the engineering school in Compiegne. I have opened another chapter of the national association VSArt, which organizes cultural events for the needy, living in institutions. Still lots of music (flute) in my life. Come visit us in Paris or Compiegne." \(^{79}\) Rabbi David Ellenson, president of the Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion, recently announced that Rick Hodes was awarded the 2011 Dr. Bernard Heller Prize in Arts, Letters, the Humanities, and Religion. The award is presented to an organization or individual whose work, writing, or research reflects significant contributions in these areas. Rick continues as the medical director of Ethiopia for the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee and continues to provide care in his clinic in Addis Ababa.

Class Correspondents: Kevin Donahue (donahook@ehria.org); Nan Rochelle M. Nicholas (bnichard@yahoo.com); Jeanne Scott (jeanne@smith.edu).

From Canada comes exciting news from Carole Brown. "After 26 years of law practice as a civil litigator with the law firm of Borden Ladner Gervais, in the Ottawa (Ontario, Canada) offices, I have now been appointed as a judge of the Ontario Superior Court of Justice and will be sitting in Toronto. The Ontario Superior Court is the highest level of trial court in Ontario." Carole was to be sworn in as the Honourable Madam
librarian. They are the parents of two children, one married and in Boston and the other at grad school in Chicago. She is the president of their bird-watching hobby—shared with Midd math professor Dr. Peterson—and attempted to make me jealous of their just having spotted a trumpeter swan and three-toed woodpecker on their last trek to Montana.

* Jon "Gunner" Gunnison wrote from wide-open spaces in Riverton, Wyo. He says Joanie run a horse warmed in part with the grateful hearts of erstwhile abandoned and abused animals from a local shelter there. Outside, the two are pioneer folk, having survived the shutdown of dealerships during the recent auto industry consolidation. They had been the face of the Chrysler dealer there. They continue to run an independent automotive sales and repair facility but express some bitterness about the loss of their enterprise and capital spent in developing their dream. They are nevertheless in good health and are fit and were going to try to return to the Green Mountains for our reunion. * In other 1996 news, the Daily Record of Rochester, N.Y., recently profiled James Kerman, who took over as head of the Wayne County Public Defender's Office in January. He originally joined the office in the late 1980s and worked part time while maintaining a part-time private practice. More recently he has been full-time first assistant for several years.

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Takes a small dose of courage to come back for Reunion. Will anyone remember me? Who will I see? Will any of my old professors be there? How do I look? Should I really go back this time?

Such trepidation is predictable, but it evaporated quickly for the 1,201 alumni (and their 500 guests) who returned to Middlebury for Reunion 2011. The weather was glorious—about the best Vermont has to offer—with warmth and sunshine and cool, clear nights. And, as always, the Office of Alumni and Parent Programs scheduled scores of meaningful activities to fill the days and evenings of June 2–5 with memories old and new.

From visits with old friends to the celebration of new offspring, from a host of alumni five years removed from Middlebury to a dynamic duo from the Class of 1936, alumni returned for what one alum from the Class of 1961 termed a “rite of passage.”

With these photographs, we offer a glimpse of the weekend that was and encourage you to visit go.middlebury.edu/Reunion2011 for further coverage. In addition, your class correspondents will be writing about Reunion Weekend in your columns in the fall issue.

1. The weekend is filled with opportunities to reminisce and catch up.
2. Class of 2006 members Sully Díaz, Michael Cooper, Matt Angoff, and Charzetta Nixon are delighted to see each other.
3. The Love sculpture, by Robert Indiana.
4. Saturday night’s festivities include dinner under the big tent.
5. The family of James Thompson ’86—wife Taisha and children Camille, Lina, and Maxwell—enjoys a moment between activities.
6. Margaret Shaub ’41 at the 1800 Society Volunteers Reception.
7. Sumit Choudhury ’01 and friends visit in the late afternoon.
8. Mona Meyers Wheatley ’56 gets a warm hello from Reginald Spooner and Carol Hentz Spooner ’50 at the Cane Society lunch.
9. Even dogs appreciate having the change of pace at reunion.
10. Happy reuners leave Mead Chapel after Convocation.
Photography by Todd Balfour, Caroline Monninger, and Pamela Lawson Quinn ’88

Illustrations by Harry Bliss
1. The Class of 1941 reunites: (front row) Margaret Shaub, Joan Connor, Barbara Wells, Gordie Brooks, (back row) Dan Martin and his wife, Mary Martin, Merritt Garland, and Dave Hammond. 2. Resting in the sun on Voter quad. 3. On no, a terrible beast in face paint! 4. Reuners check out the College’s organic farm. 5. President Ronald Liebowitz greets Lois Behrman Watson ’51 and her husband, J. Harvey Watson. 6. Maggie Sullivan Levy ’01 and Christopher Cheang ’01 get together. 7. Elizabeth Needham ’86 and Heather Pierce ’86 look at photos from their college years during the 25th reunion lunch hosted by President Liebowitz. 8. All classes process to Mead Chapel for Convocation. 9. Members of the Class of 1951 sit together at Convocation. 10. Future Midd alums practice processing.
Reunion by the Numbers

1,756
Total number of attendees

1961, 41%
Class with the highest percentage of alums returning

41
Number of states represented at reunion

11
Number of countries represented
Nagengast, a professor of politics, with the Beacley Award for Distinguished Teaching. Originally joining the faculty in 1996 as a specialist in Eastern European politics, he has added African politics to his research and teaching interests. He took a sabbatical to do field research in Ethiopia at the headquarters of the African Union and in the Gambia at the headquarters of the African Commission for Peoples and Human Rights.

—Class Correspondents: Elizabeth Eppes Winton (ewinton@mac.com); Andrew Zehner (andrew.zehner@fzter.com).

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For this issue, we heard from our classmates in faraway places who have continued to stay close friends with other Middlebury grads. From Colombia, South America, Beatriz Esguerra Escallon filled us in on some Middlebury adventures and sent a photo you can see on page 77. "In March 2011, Elizabeth Hawkey, Kelly Petrinon Knowles, Fiona Coleman-Richardson and I got together in Colombia to go on our fourth annual exotic trip to a region of this beautiful country. This time our meeting place was in the Tayrona Natural Reserve on the Colombian Caribbean Coast. The Tayrona Reserve is a park located in the jungle, where the very high and massive Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta drops down to the ocean. Monkeys, crocodiles, exotic birds, and fruit, waterfalls, rivers, and the best Colombian coffee can be found in this region of Colombia. Long stretches of white beaches, a blue and sometimes aggressive ocean and very green and wild nature embraced us for four days. We were in communion with nature and met many people that live in an ecologic sustainable manner. Our next stop will hopefully be the Colombian Amazon, a trip we have been trying to go on for several years. We finally found our guide for that trip and hopefully will try to carry it out next year." We wonder, Beatriz, is there room in your luggage for a few more of us?! From the beautiful western part of the U.S., we heard from Jamie Preston. He writes, "After 25 years of teaching, Sooze (Johnson) took a leave of absence to fully enjoy the benefits of our home in Park City, Utah, and to spend more time with our late arrival, Sonja, who is now three and skiing up a storm already. While classmates send kids to college we are fully immersed in the wonderful world of a three-year-old girl. We also nestled a few extended trips to Hawaii and plan to spend the summer in Vermont on Lake Champlain. Although we missed reunion, we have had some good adventures with Sarah Ramsay Klein, Regan Remillard, and Paul Oyer. Jim Clapp is our summer neighbor in Vermont. I made an annual trip to British Columbia with Jim West and I cannot swing a cat on the ski hills or golf courses of Utah without hitting a Midd grad, particularly '84s, so the contacts remain strong. Sooze will head back to work next fall, and I continue to lawyer between snowstorms, focusing particularly '84s, so the contacts remain strong. Pearl Izumi recently hired Scott Tucker as director of Run, a new business unit at the Louisville, Colorado-based company. Formerly he was president of Montrail in Seattle and most recently, he was the director of running for Scott Sports. Tony Mallowy has been appointed the head of New York Life Investments' newly named General Account Investment Management line of business. With an MBA in finance from NYU, he first joined New York Life in 1999.

—Class Correspondents: Tosten Garber (sktag@verizon.net); Kate Wallace Perrotta (gperrotta@verizon.net).

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We'd love to hear news about classmates, especially since our 25th reunion is less than a year away!

—Class Correspondents: Tom Fuok (thhk@timberlinenativeactive.com); Elizabeth Ryan O'Brien (obiens@highchool.com).

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Brad Ring was recently profiled in Stonut Magazine. Living in Manchester Center, Vt., he is the owner of Battenkill Communications and produces Brew Your Own and WiseMaker magazines, popular with the make-your-own beer and wine community. In 2002 he initiated the first international amateur wine competition, which is held every year in Manchester, and the first year they had about 800 bottles of homemade wine to judge. This year they received over 4,000 bottles of wine for the competition. Julie Liliën is still playing squash and she is ranked nationally at no. 1 in the 35- and 40-age women's groups. Of all the women in the country she is currently no. 2, or so who tells her. He keeps close track of the rankings.

—Class Correspondents: Claire Gawith Jones (gawith@yahoo.com); Beth Zogby (zogby@alumni.middlebury.edu).

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Heather Bohr Unterseher writes, "I continue to split my time between summers in South Dakota and winters in Pasadena, Calif. Occasionally I do a call-in show on a Chinese radio station in L.A. The show acts as a cultural and linguistic liaison between the English-speaking and Chinese-speaking communities." Heather also reports that "Chris Marseilles and Dave Camp recently enjoyed a reunion weekend together in Antigua." Sounds like trouble to me!

—Class Correspondents: Ruth Lohmann Davis (dnlavi@comcast.net); Donal Lohmann Tuypin (denaht@comcast.net).

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Welcome to the warmth of summer! Our classmates are busy with their families and giving time to nonprofit pursuits. Patrick Dorton resides in Washington, D.C., with his family and cofounded Rational 360, a strategic communications consulting company. Whitney Todd Zimmerman is married with two kids living in Denver, Colo. She is a stay-at-home mom and volunteers in the school and community. Occasionally, she sees Matt Burnham. Amos Beason lives in Charlotte, N.C., with his wife and two girls, managing a real estate fund. On the side, he fund-raises for the North Carolina Outward Bound School and helped to create the RiverBound Race Series, a trail race at the National Whitewater Center, with races in March, May, July, and September. A second event, which may be of interest to Midd grads, is the Extreme Hike for a Cure to raise money for the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation, by hiking 50 miles and 10,000 vertical feet on the Appalachian Trail in one day. "This year we had 60 hikers signed up and we have a hard cap at 75 (hike in April, right as the Southern Appalachians are starting to bloom, but before the canoy has returned)." Videos of prior year hikes are available on YouTube (search: Extreme Hike for a Cure).

—Class Correspondents: John Mutterperl (@john@baldysconsulting.com).

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A new business, Virtu Online Solutions, opened in February in Middlebury and is directed and managed by Krista Conley Lincoln. It markets a weight management program developed by UVM to large corporations and institutions and the entire program is online. As CEO and managing director, Krista will be working to expand the market for Virtin beyond Vermont. * Indystar.com recently reported that Scott Davison has a new position as executive VP at OneAmerica Financial Partners, where previously he was the chief financial officer. He's certified as a chartered life underwriter and chartered financial consultant. * Pearl Izumi recently hired Scott Tucker as director of Run, a new business unit at the Louisville, Colorado-based company. Formerly he was president of Montrail in Seattle and most recently, he was the director of running for Scott Sports. * Tony Mallowy has been appointed the head of New York Life Investments' newly named General Account Investment Management line of business. With an MBA in finance from NYU, he first joined New York Life in 1999.

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For this issue, we heard from our classmates in faraway places who have continued to stay close friends with other Middlebury grads. From Colombia, South America, Beatriz Esguerra Escallon filled us in on some Middlebury adventures and sent a photo you can see on page 77. "In March 2011, Elizabeth Hawkey, Kelly Petrinon Knowles, Fiona Coleman-Richardson and I got together in Colombia to go on our fourth annual exotic trip to a region of this beautiful country. This time our meeting place was in the Tayrona Natural Reserve on the Colombian Caribbean Coast. The Tayrona Reserve is a park located in the jungle, where the very high and massive Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta drops down to the ocean. Monkeys, crocodiles, exotic birds, and fruit, waterfalls, rivers, and the best Colombian coffee can be found in this region of Colombia. Long stretches of white beaches, a blue and sometimes aggressive ocean and very green and wild nature embraced us for four days. We were in communion with nature and met many people that live in an ecologic sustainable manner. Our next stop will hopefully be the Colombian Amazon, a trip we have been trying to go on for several years. We finally found our guide for that trip and hopefully will try to carry it out next year." We wonder, Beatriz, is there room in your luggage for a few more of us?! From the beautiful western part of the U.S., we heard from Jamie Preston. He writes, "After 25 years of teaching, Sooze (Johnson) took a leave of absence to fully enjoy the benefits of our home in Park City, Utah, and to spend more time with our late arrival, Sonja, who is now three and skiing up a storm already. While classmates send kids to college we are fully immersed in the wonderful world of a three-year-old girl. We also nestled a few extended trips to Hawaii and plan to spend the summer in Vermont on Lake Champlain. Although we missed reunion, we have had some good adventures with Sarah Ramsay Klein, Regan Remillard, and Paul Oyer. Jim Clapp is our summer neighbor in Vermont. I made an annual trip to British Columbia with Jim West and I cannot swing a cat on the ski hills or golf courses of Utah without hitting a Midd grad, particularly '84s, so the contacts remain strong. Sooze will head back to work next fall, and I continue to lawyer between snowstorms, focusing my practice on the representation of www.backcountry.com." "That's all for this issue, Class of '85!" Touch with us! —Class Correspondents: Ruth Lohmann Davis (dnlavi@comcast.net); Donal Lohmann Tuypin (denaht@comcast.net).

86

A new business, Virtu Online Solutions, opened in February in
She writes, “A highlight of 2010 was going to Yosemite National Park to attend the wedding of Sarah Aslany ‘89 and Kevin Granger. Lynsi Barbieri, and Julia Rhode were also there for the happy occasion. Lynsi and I then went to Portland, Ore., to visit Lis Grinspoon Spiro and son Oliver.” Lis works for the U.S. Forest Service. * Lyssandra Barbieri is on sabbatical from her job in real estate development in Washington, D.C., working in finance operations for Doctors Without Borders (Médecins sans Frontières) in the Democratic Republic of Congo. She is based in Lubumbashi and invites any visitors to the Congo to look her up. She was looking forward to climbing Mt. Kilimanjaro in June. * An unexpected Middletown rendezvous took place in March between Elizabeth Toder, John Mutterperl ‘89, and Rob Nichols ’79 at Advisor Award, given by Midd’s Student Life. Elizabeth spent four months skiing, speaking French, and waiting tables at the Edelweiss, where John has been coming to ski for six years. * In other 1990s news, Ashar Nelson had been appointed senior VP, investor relations, of Susan Curry in September. Kim Granger, Edelweiss, where John has been coming to ski for six years. * In other 1990s news, Ashar Nelson had been appointed senior VP, investor relations, of Susan Curry in September. Kim Granger, Edelweiss, where John has been coming to ski for six years. * In other 1990s news, Ashar Nelson had been appointed senior VP, investor relations, of Susan Curry in September. Kim Granger, Edelweiss, where John has been coming to ski for six years. * In other 1990s news, Ashar Nelson had been appointed senior VP, investor relations, of Susan Curry in September. 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I also caught up with Alexander “Sasha” Schiemann during the few free minutes he had while here for a few days running a conference for the Program on New Approaches to Research and Security in Eurasia, where he is managing editor. Moscow is still a happening place, especially with oil prices up, but I’ve seen other classmate who dare to join the fun over here.” * Chris Whiteley sends this report: “I am a director of research for Comcast/NBC Universal in NYC, focusing on the sports networks Versus and Golf Channel. Daughter Anna is now three years old and she’s keeping us quite busy!” Chris planned to run in two marathon (his second one) Memorial Day weekend, and Whiteley was thinking about running one in July in Waitsfield, Vt. * Sarah Martin is pleased to announce that she gave birth to twin boys, Aidan and Owen, on October 28, 2010! They join 25-year-old sister Eric. * Becky Wendling (becky.wendling@gmail.com) and husband Arin Sookram are happy to be back in Seattle after two years in Park City, Ut. Before she moved back to Seattle, Becky was able to catch up with Nicole Greco, who lives in Salt Lake City. * Congratulations to Rob Nation and wife Patricia. Ali MacArthur was born on March 31. Ali joined big brother Asher at the Nathan home in Vancouver, British Columbia. * Congratulations also to Tamsyn Stewart who was named Teacher of the Year for Henrico County Public Schools (near Richmond, Va.) for the 2010—2011 school year. She teaches
English as a Second Language at an elementary level and would love to help out at any time! I’ve been teaching at Salem Academy since 1993, which has been wonderful. I’ve made many friends and have enjoyed being a part of the school community. If you have any questions or would like to schedule a lesson, please feel free to contact me at SalemAcademy@gmail.com.

—Class Correspondents: Emily Alkherout Hannon (emily.alkherout@gmail.com), JP Watson (jpwatson@athensacademy.org)

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REUNION CLASS

Kirsten Rogers received her Doctor of Medicine degree from Creighton Univ. School of Medicine on May 14. She will pursue her residency training in emergency medicine at the Univ. of New Mexico School of Medicine in Albuquerque. Corrie Pierce was profiled in the Burlington (VT.) Free Press recently. She and a business partner run the Bread and Butter Farm, where they sell bread, pork, beef, and raw Jersey milk. They also plan to grow a year-round rotation of crops. Corrie originally returned to Vermont to work at Sterling College in Craftsbury, teaching courses in sustainable agriculture, but left that job to work full time on the farm. She and her husband, singer-songwriter Chris Dorman, have two children, Henry (3) and Samantha, born this spring.

—Just a reminder that Jeff Bittner’s twin sister, Pari, and a committee of friends from ’96 are planning a memorial event in NYC the weekend of September 10–11 to honor Jeff’s life and legacy and recognize the 10th anniversary of 9/11. Please save the date and check the website for more info: www.rememberingJBJ.com.

—Class Correspondents: Amanda Gordon Fletcher (afletcher@yahoo.com), Megan Shattuck (meganshattuck@gmail.com)

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Sara Hagenbuch writes, “Over the past number of years, I got my MA (BU ’06) and Margaret (Rieley) and I both went to the Memorial University of Newfoundland for our MDs (’04) after we were married in New Hampshire in September of 2000. We have been board-certified pediatricians since 2008, and we did fellowships at Cincinnati Children’s Hospital (myself in pediatrics since 2008, and we did fellowships at Johns Hopkins. You can also find us on the reviewing team for the Journal of the American College of Cardiology.”

—Class Correspondents: Sara Hagenbuch (shagenbuch@gmail.com), Ann Marie King (amking@gmail.com)

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Isabel Domeyko Taylor writes, “My husband and I attended Stefanie Koperniak’s wedding in Massachusetts last October—we also visited Mike and Libby Erwin Lanez in Portland, Maine. I’ve been living in the Sacramento, Calif, area for the last seven years, working at local restaurants and working for an urban economics consulting firm. My husband and I are about to celebrate our four-year anniversary; we have a one-year-old daughter, Camilla, and our second daughter, Amelia Olive, was born on April 8.”

—From Chuck Taylors to a female robot, Scott Nelson has left his global marketing post at Converse to become the director of marketing for SVEKRA Vodka. * Katie Merritt Cuddy and husband Scott proudly announce that Finnegan Drexler was born April 11, 2010. He was welcomed home by big brothers Freddy (3) and Miles (2). * Holly and Brad Soroca are proud parents of three boys as well, as Tyler Harrison Soroca arrived on April 11 and joined his older brothers, Aden (6) and Ethan (3). * In other 1997 news, since losing his barn in a fire in January, Pete Johnson has received an enormous amount of support from friends and benefactors to get his business, Pete’s Greens, up and running again.

—Class Correspondents: Maggie Bittinger Liljegren (maggie.liljegren@gmail.com), Catherine Mitchell Moynihan (cmoynihan99@hotmail.com)

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Christina O.S. Winters reports, “I’m excited to share that I’m starting a big summer surf and ski trip after spending a few months in San Francisco with my husband. We recently completed a five-week surfing and golfing trip in Scotland, and next month we’ll be heading to the East Coast for a family vacation. I’m looking forward to spending some quality time with my kids and enjoying the beautiful weather.”

—Christina O.S. Winters (christinao.s.winters@gmail.com)
**GRADUATE SCHOOLS**

**Bread Loaf School of English**

Last year Dr. Herbert W. Martin (MA '72) came into the possession of a rare unpublished poem, written by poet Paul Laurence Dunbar on the inside of the front cover of one of his book of poems. He was also given a copy of another unpublished Dunbar poem, which came from the archives of the Dunbar Library at Wright State Univ., where Herbert received an honorary doctor of humane letters in June 2010. *Marie Malvosa Hughes (MA '75)* wrote, "In June I retired after spending 51 years in education, most of which have been teaching various English courses at the high school and college level. I plan to continue on a part-time basis, since I enjoy being a teacher. Traveling in the U.S. will be another goal in retirement as well." *Frank Bass (MA '84) recently left his position as superintendent for the towns of Windham and Pelham, N.H., to take on the job of superintendent of the school administrative unit that encompasses an interstate concept and includes Norwich, Vt., and Hanover, N.H.*

* Brett Pierce (MA '83) is the co-executive producer of Salam Shabib, a TV series for Iraqi youth that showcases youth's stories with the aim of empowering Iraqi youth to be confident, responsible, and participatory citizens. The series premiered in Iraq in April.*

* Castleton State College in Vermont recognized English professor Bill Williams (MA '96) with the endowed Outstanding Part-time Faculty Award at its graduation in May.*

* Poet Anna Catone (MA '97) led a workshop at the Southborough (Mass.) Library's Spring Poetry Festival. The library's poet in residence, she is the poetry editor at the *Gordian Review* and her poetry has appeared in several journals.*

* Doug Wood (MA '97) has a new position as Program Officer, Advancing Higher Education Access and Success in the Educational Opportunity and Scholarship Unit of the Ford Foundation.*

* Gary Montana (MA '98, MLitt '04) defended his doctoral dissertation, "My Child and My Life: REMedical Obligation and Chaucer," and was awarded a PhD from the Univ. of Texas at Arlington in May.*

* Alex (90) and Tracy Masonis Trivas (MA '94) have started a social networking site for teen poets all over the world to share and discuss their poems. You can find it at www.onelombospoets.com.*

* Botum Bou (MA '97) and Andrew Bennett (MA '99) were married June 6, 2010, on Easton's Beach in Newport, R.I.*

* Kendra Larson (MA '09), a social studies teacher at Burr and Burton Academy in Manchester, Vt., has been awarded a Rowland Foundation fellowship for the coming school year to study how the academic achievement of students are affected by their living in poverty.*

**French School**

David Abusamra (MA '70) has retired from the Governor's Academy (formerly Governor Dunbar Academy) after 39 years of teaching French and Spanish there and two years prior to Malden (Mass.) High School. Wife Laurel (Rutkauskas) (MA '70) retired in 2007.

* VirtuOz, a provider of intelligent virtual agents for online customer service, recently announced that Karen Camp (MA '71) has been appointed CFO. She has 25 years of experience as a finance and operations executive.*

* Writer Patricia Albers (MA '72) has a new book out entitled *Joan Mitchell: Lady Painter* about the abstract expressionist painter who came of age in the 1930s through the 1970s.*

* Harriet P. Higgins (MA '73) was recently hired as a financial adviser in the Syracuse, N.Y., office of James Proietti, an Ameriprise Platinum Financial Services practice.*

* This spring the Musical Moments recital series at the Geneva (N.Y.) Public Library featured flutist Cornelia Delaney Johnson (MA '76). She recently retired as a teacher of French and Spanish in the Seneca Falls (N.Y.) Middle School. Playing the flute has been a lifelong avocation.*

* The Language Learning Institute, founded by Nancy Scarselletta (MA '78), received the 2010 All Star Award from Constant Contact for their quality monthly e-newsletter. In addition to its Albany, N.Y., location, the institute has also opened a new educational center in Saratoga, N.Y.*

* Carl Little (MA '86) has published another beautiful art book, *Edward Hopper's New England* (Pomegranate). With over 45 color reproductions, the book explores Hopper's relationship with New England and the crucial role the region played in his development.*

**German School**

C. Richard Beam (MA '57) created the Center for Pennsylvania German Studies at Millersville Univ. and serves as its director. He and wife Dorothy (Poznko) recently established a scholarship at Salem (Ohio) High School called the John Michael Poznko Engineering Scholarship, in honor of Dorothy's brother.*

**Italian School**

Elizabeth Harris ('98, '01) teaches creative writing at the Univ. of North Dakota and also does literary translations. Her translation of Giulio Mozzi's "Carlo Doesn't Know How to Read" appeared in Dalkey Archive Press's *Best European Fiction* 2010, and an excerpt from her translation of Marco Candida's *Dream Diary* appears in *Best European Fiction 2011.*

**Monterey Institute of International Studies**

A member of the Danish Ministry of Foreign Affairs for almost 20 years, Erik Laursen (MAIPS '87) relocated to New York in 2010 to serve as the ambassador and deputy permanent representative of Denmark to the United Nations. Prior to this appointment, Erik served as director, head of the department for human resources, finance, and also as head of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs' globalization unit, in which capacity he facilitated a major reshuffling of the Ministry. He has also held postings in Rome as the deputy head of mission, in Bangkok to implement the Denmark development cooperation in Southeast Asia, and has worked on international security issues and EU policy. Erik is joined in New York by wife Mette (a certified psychologist) and children Cecile, Christoffer, and Sara.

* Belinda Braunstein (MATESOL '93) has been at the Univ. of Calif. Merced campus since 2008, shortly after it was established as the 10th campus in the UC system. She is the coordinator of the English Language Institute. Prior to this position, Belinda was the academic coordinator for English Language Programs at UC-Santa Barbara and has taught English at Tec de Monterrey. In addition to her "day job," Belinda takes an active role in professional associations. She recently served as president of California Teachers of English to Speakers of Other Languages, a group that represents teachers of English language learners through California and Nevada. *Gregory Dwyer (MAIPS '01) recently participated in the signing of the new Nuclear Arms Treaty with the Russians in Washington, D.C. Greg has been part of a four-man team working on the treaty for the past 14 months in Geneva, Switzerland. He is employed by the National Nuclear Security Administration on the Nuclear Noncompliance and Verification Team at the U.S. Dept. of State in Washington, D.C. Prior to attending the Monterey Institute, Greg was a Peace Corps volunteer in Rohtauyn, Ukraine, studied at Leeds Univ. in England, and completed his undergraduate studies at Penn State in 1995.*

**Russian School**

STG, Inc., recently appointed Leah Fendley Tarbell ('80) VP, intelligence group, in the civil agencies sector. Previously she spent more than 27 years at the CIA, retiring in 2010. She holds a Distinguished Career Intelligence Medal, an Intelligence Commendation Medal, and a Balkans Service Medal. *Author Lisa Paul ('83) has published a memoir, *Swimming in the Daylight: An American Student, a Soviet Jewish Dissident, and the Gift of Hope* (Skyhorse Publishing). It chronicles her fight to help her Soviet friend gain the freedom to leave the Soviet Union in the 1980s to get life-saving treatment for cancer.*

**Spanish School**

St. Ermelinda Cordasco (MA '55) recently celebrated her 97th birthday and her 80th year as a nun. Having taught every decade it's been open at St. John Villa Academy on Staten Island, she is officially retired but remains active in education, tutoring Spanish and Italian to students on a one-to-one basis.*

* Maria Cravanzola (MA '65) recently retired after 48 years of teaching at Torrington (Conn.) High School. Also an adjunct professor at UConn, she taught a college-level Spanish course at the high school.*

* Longtime professor of Spanish at Elmir Univ., Ernie Lunsford (MA '69) has published a Spanish textbook for high schools with the growing number of Spanish-speaking patients in the U.S., there's a need for Spanish-speaking doctors and nurses so *SALUD! Introductory Spanish for Health Professionals* serves that need. Ernie recently retired from Elon.*

* Elizabeth Barry (MA '07) and Timothy Shatas were married on June 26, 2010, celebrating their reception at Indian Pond Country Club in Kingston, Mass. They live in Canton, Mass.*
On August 1, 2009, Ted Flanagan '04 and Kelly Feeney '04 were married at her family’s property, Top of the World, in Lake George, N.Y. Middlebury friends who were there to help celebrate included (all '04 unless noted) Kati Madouros, Alexis Osterman Emich '05, Abigail Lamb, Michaela Dietz, Alli Liki '05, Kristin Reid, Molly Turco, Katie Bristow Bohlin, Jessica Peterson, Emilie Trice, the newlyweds, Jason Griffiths, Jacob Whitted '06, Jake Armstrong, Jacob Carney, Andy Bohlin '05, Colin Lantry, Paul Barnwell, JB Gerber (hidden), Nick Colacchio '05, Mike Bolger, Fred Emich, Dylan Cutler (hidden), and Jeff Kauflin.

Jenna Sigman '99 and Dove Nemeskal (Williams '99) were married on September 6, 2009, at the Willowdale Estate in Topsfield, Mass. Middlebury friends who joined them in celebration included (all '99 unless noted) Devon Sigman Dvorak '02, Shannon Shaper, Amari Parker Harrison, Amy Olson Belanger, Brian Harrison, (second row) Jessica Blake Scola, Angenie McCleary Webb, Jackie Brit-Friedman, the newlyweds, Shayla Schneider O’Neil, Tania Kozikowski-Nicholas, (third row) Jason Hui, Susie Witt, and Colin O’Neil '98.

Jameson Tweedie '01 married Meredith Stewart on August 6, 2010, in St. John, U.S. Virgin Islands. Middlebury friends who joined them included (all '01 unless noted) BJ Otten with Bear Otten, Kristin Behr Otten with Makerson Fortune Jr., Jeannett Estivo Jacoby '99, Chris Cheang, the newlyweds, Francisco Peschiera, Brian Arcese, Erin Sussman Peschiera, and Pete Jacoby with Hannah Jacoby.

Amy Brais '04 married Aaron Nutt on July 11, 2009, in Avon, Conn. They were fortunate to have many Middlebury alums from the class of 2004 at the celebration: Becca Selgrade, Victoria Craig Selden, the newlyweds, Emily Furlong, Peter Simon, (second row) Jennifer LaRosa, Maggie Farquhar, Annalise Erkkinen, Molly Dinamore, Thomas McMennamin, (third row) Jason Parkas, Colin Lewis-Beck, Andy O’Reilly, Michael Fournie, Ben Kraines, (fourth row) Russell Zager, Betsy Sullivan Zager, Chris Small, Chris Jennette, Cragin Brown, Greg Duggan, and Philippe Danielides.

Surrounded by Middlebury alumni of several generations, Carrie LeFeber '04 married Elliott Schneider on July 10, 2010, at St. John’s Presbyterian Church in Berkeley, Calif. Celebrating together were John Taylor ’52, the newlyweds, Bill LeFeber ’76, Sue Lewellen LeFeber ’76, Sarah LeFeber ’02, Barbara Becker Taylor ’52, and Liz Perman ’04 (graduated from Dartmouth).
On July 4, 2010, Elizabeth Lokey ’00 and Ryan Aldrich were married in Vail, Colo. Many friends and family members traveled to celebrate with them: Barbara Wood, the newlyweds, (second row) Kay Morton, Lauren Rachal ’00, Helen Gemmill ’00, Katherine Keen ’97, Travis Aldrich ’98, Susie Strife Leach ’01, Scott Leach ’00, (third row) Beth Ann Aldrich (mother of groom), John Morton ’68, Terry Aldrich (father of groom, Midd cross-country coach, assistant director of athletics), and Matt Lee. Missing from photo: Tim ’00 and Erin Burns Sullivan ’00 and John ’99 and Kelly Box Couch ’00.

Rose Nash ’01, MA English ’07 and Jay Modry ’90 were married on July 24, 2010, at Sugarledge in South Woodbury, Vt. Friends and family celebrated with a fantastic localvore potluck and danced in the barn to Girls! Girls! Girls!, a fabulous 10-person band of Rose and Jay’s former students. Supporting the bride are Eli Enman ’00, Kasie Wallace Enman ’01, Lindsay Simpson ’00, Kirsten Pike, MA English ’08, Kaitlin Gregg ’03, groom Jay Modry, Kim Walker, MA English ’06, and Eliza Wimberding, MA English ’06.

In Napa Valley, Calif., Bill Perkins ’02 and Dana Rasmussen were married on July 10, 2010. Middlebury alumni who were in attendance included (all ’02 unless noted) Lee Rowland, the newlyweds, Emily Wasserman, (second row) Peter Park, Jen Driscoll, Greg Wiener, Zach Heffron, (third row) Justin Cambray, Curtis Swope, Jesse Hooker, Taylor Davis ’05, Hallie Nicoll ’05, John Geisler ’03, and Drew Bennett.

Meg McFadden ’06 and Tyler Smith were married on July 25, 2009, in Adams, N.Y. Midd friends who helped the couple (in front) celebrate included Beth Chatelain ’07, Karina Arrie ’07, (second row) Eric Vos ’05, Jamie Zug Oyugi ’08, Jono Newton ’06, Karlye Rodriguez-Wisdon ’04, Alexbea Gross ’09, Joo-Wang John Lee ’06, Donnie Stuart ’08, (third row) Molly Nora ’05, Lizzie Zane ’06, Laura Barnett ’06, April Pet Vos ’05, Maria Dickinson ’07, Laura Seidel ’06, and Devon Parish ’05.

On August 7, 2010, at the Sleepy Hollow Inn in Huntington, Vt., Devon Sigman ’02 and Michael Dvorak were married. They were joined in celebration by (all ’02 unless noted) Celia Meyer ’03, Jenna Sigman ’99, the newlyweds, North Waringa, Matt Sommerville, (second row) Greg Combly, Jeff Vallone ’98, Peter Dey ’01, Clint Bierman 97, Leda Smith Sommerville, Zoe Owers, Heather Beal, Brie Jenkins, Sarah Roseow, Eleanor Tutweiler Macken, Marion Min-Barron, Kelly Jewell, Julie Baroody ’03, and Matt LaRocca.
Meaghan McCormick '03 married Thomas Martin Jr. on New Year's Eve 2009 in Longmeadow, Mass. The wedding ceremony was at St. Mary's Church and the reception, which went well into 2010, was held at the Longmeadow Country Club. Middlebury friends who attended included (all '03 unless noted) Heather Tory Dougherty, Meagan Dodge, Kevin Dougherty, (second row) Lauren Brierley, Katherine Milgram, Katie Ziemba, Lindsay McPherson, the newlyweds, Monica Dealy, Michelle Higginson, (third row) Jeff McCormick '06, brother of the bride, Matt Batastini, Robin Reilly Wagner '74, Len Wagner '72, and Bob Clarke '63.

Anne Bruder '98 and Josh Guthman (Northwestern) were married in Traverse City, Mich., on July 17, 2010. Joining them were (all '98 unless noted) Liza Hinman '99, Cori Messinger Kahn '99, the newlyweds, Katie Hsu-Hoberman, Grace Culley, Ashley Palmer '99, (second row) Ben Kahn, Michael Stout, Matthew Fischer '99, Kate McGovern, Sandeep Oberoi, Rite Miosio Bouchner '99, and Clayton Hoberman.

Andrew McCormick '07 and Alice Flanders '07 were married in a small outdoor country wedding in Guilford, Maine, on July 31, 2010. A good time was had by all: (all '07 unless noted) Sahir Iqbal, Chris Rodgers '06, the newlyweds, Caitlin Matthews, Mateo Fisher, Meg Young, (second row) Pascal Losambe, Matt Volz, Chris Pelliccia, Kristin Fraser, and Claire Ojima. Missing from photo: Conor and Erin O'Rourke O'Neill.

On August 1, 2009, Justin Lindenmayer '05 married Ellie Parker '05 in Northeast Harbor, Maine, at the Asticou Inn. Many friends and family members joined them: (all '05 unless noted) Sam Gogolak (English '07, '08, '09), Story Parker Schildge '03, Julia Cuthbertson, Erika Gold '08, Kate Horvitz '06, Julia Rankin Kuipers, Allyson Burks, the newlyweds, Katie Hansberger, Holly Haertel, Andrea Schwartz, Lauren Almquist, Laurie Smith Parker '76, Lucia Stoller, Lisa Madeira Loring '76, (second row) Jake Kuipers '06, Emily Donnan, Joseph Brito '06, Eric Fraser, Nick Digani, Matt Meyer, Tom Stults, Nat Langer, Katy Hicks, Heather Wright Vickery '06, Brian Vickery, Caitlin Toombs, Jay Wolfgam, Ashley Pullen, Michael Parker '79, Elizabeth Parker '07, Richard Parker '76, (third row) Ned Gouletanche, Ron Schildge '03, John Kirby '68, Jon Peterson, Scott Palmer, and Russell Budnick.
Nicholas Dutton-Swain '02 and Sarah Knoebel '02 were married in a small family wedding in Truro, Mass., then the following weekend on July 17, 2010, they invited friends to enjoy a second celebration on Cape Cod on Ballston Beach: (all '02 unless noted) Ben Weber, Shannon Wallace, MA Italian '05, Chip Franklin, Chris Fanning, Michelle Mejia; the newlyweds, Stephen Messinger, Derek Chiarillli, Kevin Immonje, and Mason Smith.


Friends from the Class of 1985 met in Colombia, South America, for an exotic trip to the Tayrona Natural Reserve: Kelly Petriison Knowles, Fiona Coleman-Richardson, Beatriz Esguerra Escallon, and Elizabeth Hawkey.

Members of the bands Ghost Ghost and HIJK played the Li-Po Lounge in San Francisco in February. They got together for a photo after the show: Kevin Peckham '99, Mike DeBlois '99, Mike Mahony '02, Karl Ward, Mark Christensen (Midd staff), Dave Tsui '02, Karl Tupper, and Trevor Wenci.

Middlebury friends stand on the summit of Mt. Abraham on their 41st annual New Year's Mt. Abe climb: John Baker '71, Carolyn Ungberg Olivier '71, Martha Murray '71, Francie Marbury '71, Jim Olivier '72, (second row) Bill Sessions '69, Abi Procter Sessions '71, and Brent Seabrook '71.

Midd senior development officer Dina Wolkoff '88 met with young alumni in Hong Kong last November: Rob Palladino '09, Pooja Shahani '09, Charlene Lam '07, Andrew Goodwin '06, Chris Lam '07, Dina, Kaiming Chiang '06, Teddy Wang '10, and Matt Doyle '08.
Quinn Raymond is celebrating his first year in Brooklyn Heights and his fifth year with wife Namrata. Lots of punk rock, music production, DJ-ing, and a day job helping NYC companies and nonprofits with their IT networks. He hopes the others from WRMC are being sufficiently occupied wherever they may have landed. Melanie Curtis writes that she is shifting her professional life away from skydiving and more fully to her life and communication coaching business. As part of that switch, she says, “I’ve started a new blog (highcomm.com) to help people authentically engage in the highest communication they can in whatever situations or relationships they face, and among whatever emotions come along with both.” On the personal front, Mel is also excited that she and her boyfriend have recently moved to Arizona and bought their first house together. “Life is truly outstanding.” Mike and Erica Hill Cordaro and Holly recently said farewell to the Pacific Northwest and moved to Maryland for Mike’s new job with Discovery Communications. Mike spends his day helping to bring cool nonfic- tion shows to TV channels around the world while Erica chases after Holly. Anna Tiven Sachs welcomed Alaina Marie and husband Jason (3). Kevin and Brooke Henry Manfredi welcomed Benicia Marie and work on a small family farm that specializes in pasture-raised, organic meat—a couple days a week. In January 2011, Tom 98 and Lucy Roberts Henry welcomed daughter Susana Kathy to their family, much to the delight of big brother Ellis. Maria Bonni Bouchard and husband Tyler moved to Minnesota last summer for her residency in family medicine. On an additional joyful note, she writes that now “joining big sis Avery (2) is little bro Huxley Colburn, born on December 1, 2010, at our home in Duhlthul!” Heather Crofts Holet says, “It’s hard to believe over a year has gone by since the birth of my son, Benjamin Blake, on April 2, 2010. It’s amazing how happy and full of smiles of children enter your heart. We recently celebrated the baptism of AJ Giannacopoulos (son of John Giannacopoulos) at the Dolphin Restaurant in Natick, Mass. The GS sure know how to throw a party—Greek-style of course!” Kirill Savino and wife Munsun Jon are proud to announce the birth of their son, Joy Jun Savino, born on January 26. John and Kate Harrington Dickie recently welcomed their third child into the world. John Thomas was born on March 13. Johnny and big sisters Nola and Kearyn are enjoying having their parents totally in their lives once again to live in Boston. Jennifer Crystal will be starting her MFA in creative writing at Emerson College in the fall and says, “I’m so excited to move to Boston, and I’m looking forward to seeing Midd Kids in the area.” Kristen Loring Chiem had an exciting start to 2011—she earned her PhD in art history from UC LA with a dissertation on 18th-century Chinese painting, and two weeks later she and husband Phat welcomed their son, Jude Tru Chiem, into the world. Eric Goldwarg wrote that he graduated from Vermont Law School in 2009. “After 13 years living and working in a wild hair and moved to Anchorage, Alaska, to clerk for two years. My pig is up in August and I’m (somewhat reluctantly) moving back to Vermont. This place is amazing—the skiing, hunting, fishing, and just about anything else outdoors is unsurpassed.” Stephen Kelly and wife Pia welcomed Nyla Tahkdar Kelly on November 7, 2010. Nyla has already met many of Stephen’s classmates as she made her first road trip to the wedding of Dave Lis and Lyndsey Erickson in December. Stephen, Pia, and Nyla were very excited to move from New York to Boston this spring. Katharine Lord and Daniel Steppe welcomed son Henry Fiske Lord Steppe on May 11, 2010. Katharine and family are living in Atlanta, Ga., where Katharine works as a physician assistant in hematology/oncology at Emory Hospital. Chris and Anna Heitkamp Sullivan are proud to announce that their first baby, Caleb James Sullivan, was now almost 10 months old and is doing great! James ’01 and Jessica Grill Rudolf and son JD (20 mos.) recently relocated from NYC to Seattle. After spending 10 LONG years in the Big Apple, they decided to go west to start a new life adventure (more rain, less people). If you’re ever in Seattle, let her know—she needs more Middlebury friends there! Ryan and Elizabeth Aldrich are pleased to announce that Avery Helen Aldrich was born on May 20. Last August Brooke Beaney and Andrew Sharp were married by Hannah Plotke Harlow who officiated at the ceremony on the grounds of Hadley House at the College. They’re living in Brooklyn where she is an assistant designer for Inhabit and he is manager of corporate development for Canon USA. —Class Correspondents: David Babington (davidbabington@gmail.com); Lindsay Simpson (lindsaylindsay@yahoo.com).
first race since having her baby last August, she was trying to get the Olympic Trials standard, which she did. She’ll run her fifth marathon at the U.S. Olympic Trials in Houston in January.


—Class Correspondents: Leslie Fox Arnold (lelearnold@gmail.com); Michael Hart (hart@alumni.middlebury.edu).

02 In June Andrew Hafttori rode his bike 345 miles from San Francisco to L.A. to raise funds and awareness for HIV/AIDS testing and support services. This is his third year participating in the AIDS/LifeCycle, and he insists that there’s no better way to see California. When he’s not training for this event, Andrew does communications work at the nonprofit Public Policy Institute of California in San Francisco and works on his MBA part time at UC-Berkeley.

Josh Howe writes, “I completed my PhD in environmental history at Stanford. Last July and I now live in Bozeman, Mont., where I am a postdoctoral fellow with the John Tyndall Correspondence Project at Montana State Univ.”

Woo-Joong Kim is an assistant physics professor at Seattle University College of Science and Engineering, where he has been since 2009. Formerly he was a visiting scientist at Institut Laue-Langevin in France and a teaching and research assistant in the physics and astronomy department at Dartmouth, where he earned his PhD. In the spring Colby College magazine there was an announcement that Greg Wiener married Shannon Creel in Winstead, Va., at the Round Barn Farm. He works as a senior VP at Campbell Lutyns & Co., a London financial advisory firm and she is a project editor at publishing house John Wiley & Sons.

In Utica, N.Y., Elizabeth Beaton Cooley recently joined Faxton St. Luke’s Healthcare as a family-practice physician with the Adirondack Community Physicians North Utica Medical Office. In May Michael Silberman was a presenter for a webinar entitled “Engagement Organizing: Moving from Click Activism to Real-World Action.” He’s a founding partner of EchoDitto, a digital agency that helps organizations have a greater impact through the digital and technology ecosystem.

—Class Correspondents: Anne Alfano (anne.alfano@gmail.com); Stephen Messinger (s.messinger@gmail.com).

03 Sophie Esser received a master’s in food culture and communications at the Univ. of Gastronomic Sciences in Italy. She and Benjamin Calvi ’02 were married at the Aquarium in Southfield, Mass., on August 7, 2010, at their parents’ home in the Napa Valley. Son Arthur was born on November 17! Ben received a master’s in winemaking from Univ. of Calif.-Davis and they moved back to Vermont to pursue wine. Meagan Dodge graduated from the Univ. of Washington School of Medicine and started her residency in pediatrics at Seattle Children’s Hospital in June. One day after announcing her reelection bid, President Obama began to hire staff, including Ben LaDue, his national press secretary. Ben is working out of the Chicago campaign headquarters.

After defeating Middlebury 10–9, Kate Perine Livesay’s lacrosse team at Trinity College went on to play in the NCAA Division III quarterfinals for the second straight year. Although they lost to Bowdoin, many players were named to All-American teams and Kate was named the NESCAC Coach of the Year for the third time. The team achieved the best regular season in the history of the program with 14 wins without a loss. CB Richard Ellis recently announced that Jose Antonio Lobon had joined its Miami office as a financial analyst with the capital markets group. Previously he had worked as a senior analyst for the Situs Companies in the real services department.

—Class Correspondent: Meagan Dodge (mdodge@alumni.middlebury.edu).

04 Cory Lowe and Sara Mercanti were married on October 2, 2010, in Aspen, Colo., where they live. Cory continues his work as a marketing manager at Rocky Mountain Institute and Sara is a first grade teacher at Aspen Elementary School.

Cassidy Freeman was recently interviewed on hobotrashcan.com. Playing Tess Mercer on Smallville, her final episode aired in May. She shot a pilot for a new show called “Black Market” that will air next month. Cory hopes to have some fun and “hang out with people I love and spend some time and see what comes up next.” Eastern Propane & Oil recently announced that Chuck Clement had been appointed assistant vice president of finance. He’s a fourth-generation member of the company’s founding family and joined the company in 2004.

Leah Koenig has published The Hadassah Everyday Cookbook, Daily Meals for the Contemporary Jewish Kitchen (Universe Publishing), in conjunction with Hadassah Magazine. With a focus on eating more grains and fresh vegetables and staying away from processed foods, the cookbook reflects how she and husband Yoshie Fruchter eat. Leah also contributes a monthly column on food to the Jewish Daily Forward and a biweekly column to Saveur.com.

—Class Correspondents: Julia Hrwood Breeden (julia.breeden@gmail.com); Athena (Tina) Fischer-Robyn (princess1328@yahoo.com).

05 Matthew Meyer graduated in May with a medical degree from UVM’s College of Medicine. He recently completed a two-month Centers for Disease Control-Hubei Medical Fellowship for tuberculosis surveillance in Kenya and East Africa. He will serve a surgical residency at Brown University. In Vancouver, Wash., Regents Bank recently announced that Joseph Young had been promoted to assistant VP/credit risk manager.

Sheila Seles graduated with a master of science in comparative media studies from MIT in 2010 and recently her white paper, “Turn On, Tune In, Cash Out—Maximizing the Value of Television Audiences,” was made publicly available.

—Class Correspondents: Martha Dutton (martha.dutton@gmail.com); Dena Simmons (dena.simmons@gmail.com).

06 REUNION CLASS Frankie Powell and Bil Davison ’08 were married at the Aquarium in Boston on April 9 (with penguins and sea turtles joining in the celebration). Several friends from Middlebury were in attendance, including best men Tris Arsott and Ashwin Gargeya ’08. Be on the lookout for their wedding photo in an upcoming issue! New York-based theater company, Colt Coeur, recently presented the world premiere of Fish Eye, written by Lucas Kavner.

Besides writing plays, he works as a staff writer at the Huffington Post.

—Class Correspondents: Triston Arsott (warscott@alumni.middlebury.edu); Jon Van Wagener (jovanwagener@gmail.com).

07 Kerren McKeeman was back in her home state of New Hampshire in March with Cirque Mechanics’ “Boom Town,” an acrobatic and theatrical show that toured around the nation for seven months. A trapeze artist, she previously worked with Cirque du Soleil in Las Vegas. Ben Wiechman is working as a Peace Corps recruiter at the Univ. of Kansas at Lawrence and was recently profiled in the student newspaper, the University Daily Kansan. He also works part time in a hospital.

Working on her MFA in creative writing at Hollins College in Roanoke, Va., Lauren Smith was presented with two awards at the Honors Convocation in May: honorable mention in the Academy of American Poets’ Gertrude Claytor Poetry Prize competition and runner-up in the Andrew James Purely Prize for short fiction contest. Scott Coriell was recently promoted to the position of communications director on the staff of Rep. Peter Welch, D-Vt.

—Class Correspondents: Andrew Everett (andrewereverett@gmail.com); Brett Swenson (bretfswenson@gmail.com).

08 Hello Class of 2008, we hope this note finds you well. Here is an update from some of your classmates:

Kelsey Eichhorn has moved to London, England. She is working for a digital design and tile installation company. Andrew Everett will begin her first year of business school this fall at Duke’s Fuqua School of Business, pursuing an MBA.

Janet Schroeder will also begin business school in the fall. She’ll be pursuing her MBA at Univ. of Virginia’s Darden School of Business.

Kayla Race moved from Boston to San Diego in August of 2010 and is living with Dekker Deacon ‘07. She’s working in market research for an environmental services company.

Sean Walton was recently in San Francisco visiting Joe McDonald. Sean graduated from law school this May, is taking the bar this summer, and will join CO-OP Credit Union in the fall. Anna Deaver completed her first year of teaching at Greenwich Academy in Connecticut. Since graduation, Melissa has worked as an associate director of admissions at the Dexter & Southfield Schools in Brookline, Mass., and this past year she taught computer technology and digital design in the middle school at CA, where she also advised a wonderful group of eighth graders. She’s thrilled to announce that next year she’ll be responsible for working with prospective middle school students and their families, as a new member of the admissions team at Greenwich Academy. She absolutely loves teaching, which she will continue to do next year, and looks forward with great enthusiasm to resuming her role as an admissions coordinator!

Shane Spinell, Rowan Morris, and Jeff Boyd all work at Goldman Sachs in NYC. The three report that they enjoy working together and exploring the city together in their free time.

Jen Foth is a summer graduate fellow at the University Darden Center. Her research centers on the role of public-private partnerships in disaster risk reduction.

In January Ezra Axellord previewed tracks from his album, American Motel, at the Mahaney Center
Antoinette Rangel is working as the White House press assistant. She appeared on West Wing Week the first week in January and said her New Year’s resolution was to find time to volunteer (even though she has a “crazy, busy job”). * Jessamy Klapper is a freelance journalist pursuing a joint master’s in journalism and Near Eastern studies at NYU. She wrote a piece called “Tunisian Immigrants in New York Demonstrate in Support of their Nation’s Revolution,” which appeared in Feet in 2 Worlds: Telling the Stories of Today’s Immigrants on January 20. * Benjamin de Leiris has moved to the town of Paonia in western Colorado to work at the Clean Energy International, an organization providing training and education in renewable energy. * Also in Paonia, Sierra Crane-Murdoch has taken an internship at High Country News for what they call “six months of journalism boot camp.” * This spring Jamie Wheeler was in Oster, Ukraine, an hour north of Kiev, for his preservice training for the Peace Corps. He was then sworn in by the ambassador on June 16, the day marking the service’s 50th anniversary. * Dave Dolgino was hired by Vermont Refrigerated Storage (whose owners include Mridal alum Barney Hedges ’91) to carry out a feasibility study as the company explores operating a 35,000-square-foot cold storage facility in Shoreham, Vt. * Last July 18, Karley Wisdom married Paulo Rodriguez in an outdoor ceremony at Lakeswoods Resort in Cable, Wis. She’s in med school at the Medical College of Wisconsin and he is a bilingual nutrition educator for the Unv. of Wisconsin. * In skiing news, after moving back to northern Michigan this past winter, Cassidy Edwards won for women in the 40-kilometer event of the White Pine Stampede Cross-Country Ski Race and the next weekend won the Vasa women’s 27K freestyle with a time that tied her with one of the fastest female racers. * Tarsi Dunlop wrote an article for Spark Action.org called “Millennials Go Beyond Steve’s Stress on the Brain.” She has become extremely proficient at eating raw brains, slicing them, and staining them, as well as providing delightful and engaging conversations based on her experiences at work (rat brains—yum). * Anthony Manyuru continues my (Alice Ford) pattern of connecting with the names in my Facebook directory. Anthony is livin’ it up, East-Coast style, in Greenwich, Conn., which is near his brother Jimmy Manyuru ’07. He commutes into NYC to work at an environmental consulting firm, helping to make the concrete jungle a little greener. * Sarah Ashby has spent the last year traveling to places like San Francisco (for a translator position), Brazil (to study Azorean immigration to Brazil), Albania (to spend time with her family), and Portugal (to train at a bullfighting stable). She’s enrolled in a PhD program at Brown Unv. in Portuguese and Brazilian studies. Kudos to being really good at life, Sarah! * In other 2010 news, Leah McLaughry has joined the Hanover, N.H., office of real estate firm Lang McLaughry Spera as an associate. She’s also a coach for the Ford S粤re Ski Club and is an assistant coach for Hanover High School’s girls lacrosse. The Big Action Performance Ensemble presented two performances this spring at the Town Hall Theater in Middlebury and Philippe Bronchtein provided original music for the show. * Danny Seymour was on a college athlete discussion panel at his alma mater, Western (Conn.) High School, this past May talking about how his high school experience impacted his college career. * Ashley Cheung and Carly Lynch have agreed to be your class correspondents. Send them your news at the e-mail addresses below! —Class Correspondents: Ashley Cheung (acheung@middlebury.edu); Carly Lynch (clynch@middlebury.edu).
Northwestern Univ. and taught French or English as a Second Language for 23 years. While living in Peoria, Ill., she was the chair of the refugee committee and helped 40 Vietnamese refugees resettle in the U.S. She is survived by her husband of 69 years, Charles ’41, daughters Constance, Christine, Sarah, Ellen, and Judith, Vietnamese foster sons Vinh and grandchildren and foster grandchildren, and 12 great-grandchildren. Spending Middlebury relatives include sister Lenore Wolff Eakeley ’43, brother Richard ’48, nieces Linda Eakeley Duncan ’69, and great-niece Jennifer Davies ’97.

Margaret Montgomery Higgins, 89, of Northbrook, Ill., on March 7, 2009. With a master’s in French from SUNY-Albany, she taught French in the Albany (N.Y.) schools from the fourth grade level through high school fourth-year level from 1964–1982. She was a volunteer for the Red Cross for 20 years. Predeceased by husband Conwell, she is survived by sons William and Andrew, one grandchild, and four great-grandchildren.

Raymond R. Unsworth, 91, of Ft. Myers, Fla., on December 10, 2010. While at Middlebury, he was on the ski team, in the Mountain Club, in Theta Chi, and took flight training with the Civilian Air Patrol. In 1942 he graduated from the accelerated wartime program at the U.S. Coast Guard Academy and served during WWII as a lieutenant commanding an antisubmarine cutter off the coast of Florida and as crew on a Navy troop ship. He worked for the family company, the Whiting Co., in Burlington, Vt., for many years and after it was sold, was a real-estate developer. An avid skier, he was on the original board of Smugglers Notch Ski Area and, as an avid tennis player, was one of the founders of Twin Oaks Indoor Tennis Club. A longtime member of the Vermont Automobile Enthusiasts, he collected antique cars. Spending a part of almost every summer on Lake Champlain, he loved boating and donated his extensive collection of antique outboard motors to the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum. Survivors include wife Normie (Winberg) ’41, daughters Karen ’67 and Kristina, sons Eric and Stephen, and 13 grandchildren, including Joel Martinez ’08.

44 William H. Carr Jr., 87, of Lake Worth, Fla., on November 27, 2010. During WWII he served in the Army Air Corps as a radioman, sustaining a serious injury that left him with a lifetime disability. For many years he worked as a loan officer at Atlantic National Bank and taught business and finance at Palm Beach Junior College. He retired as a senior probation officer from Pride, Inc. Active in his community, he was involved in many civic organizations. He is survived by wife Glenn (Proctor), daughter Diane Harrigan, sons Daniel and Steve, and 10 grandchildren.

Anthony S. DeNigris, 88, of Bristol, Conn., on September 20, 2010. For his service in the Army during WWII, he was awarded the Purple Heart. Graduating from Columbia Univ., he ran Carol’s Gift Shop in Bristol with his wife for over 50 years. Survivors include wife Carol (Paradis), daughters Carolyn Bellantuono and Donna Robida, and six grandchildren.

Horace J. DePodwin, 87, of Pompton Plains, N.J., on October 3, 2010. During WWII he served as sergeant major in the Army, in the 8th Mountain Infantry Regiment, 2nd Battalion, 10th Mountain Division, and received a Bronze Star. After earning a PhD in economics from Columbia Univ., he worked as manager of economic research at General Electric and also was a consultant to Pres. Kennedy’s administration on the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. He then began his own economic consulting firm in 1963, which he ran until 2005, and also taught and was a dean at Rutgers Univ. Graduate School of Management. He promoted vocational education for the inmates of New Jersey’s prisons and chaired the Probation Advisory Board of the Supreme Court of New Jersey for many years. Survivors include his wife of 62 years, Carolyn (O’Hlender) ’43, sons Andrew and David ’81, daughter Margaret, and six grandchildren.
Harold W. Melvin Jr., 87, of Scarborough, Maine, on May 25, 2009. During WWII he served in the 16th Bomb Group of the 315th Bomb Wing and was based on Guam. Ordained as an Episcopal priest after the war, he was rector at two parishes in Massachusetts, served as a missionary in Brazil, and was active in the civil rights movement. After receiving a doctorate from BU School of Theology, he was a professor of sociology at Fitchburg State College for 30 years. Survivors include wife Joan (Barker), sons John and Randall, daughter Virginia, and four grandchildren.

Dorothy Burton Skardal, 87, of Oslo, Norway, on June 10, 2010. After earning a master's in English literature from Radcliffe, she earned a PhD in the history of American civilization at Harvard. Moving to Norway with her husband, she taught American civilization at the American Institute of the Univ. of Oslo. For her research into Norwegian-language immigrant culture in the U.S., the King of Norway awarded her the Knight's Cross of the First Class, Order of St. Olav in 1983 and Middlebury bestowed an honorary doctor of letters on her in 1984. She also published The Drunken Heart: Scandinavian Immigrant Experience through Literary Sources.

Herbert W. Taylor, 87, of Fairfax, Va., on October 20, 2010. During WWII, he worked in postal affairs for the Army in North Africa and the Middle East. After earning a master's in international relations in 1949 from USC, he spent his career in Army Intelligence. In the 1950s he was detached to the CIA as a senior Soviet military analyst and was involved in a plan to intercept telephonic and telegraphic communications of Soviet and East German military and security forces. Most of his career was spent working for the chief of staff for Intelligence, retiring in 1980. In 1963 he was inducted into the Military Intelligence Corps Hall of Fame. Predeceased by wife Carolyn (Nash) '44, he is survived by daughters Ann and Susan, one granddaughter, and two great-grandchildren.

Frank D. Bosworth, 85, of Wayne, Pa., on December 6, 2010. After graduating, he taught math for several years and did graduate work at Columbia Univ. before joining General Electric where he worked as a scientific programmer until his retirement in 1989. Music was a major part of his life and he took voice lessons and sang in many choirs over the years as well as learning piano and organ. Surviving Middlebury relatives include brother John '53. Predeceased Middlebury relatives include father Wayne, Class of 1911, mother Marguerite (Dyer) '39, uncle Carroll Dyer '25, aunt Helen Bosworth '36, brother Frederic '43, and cousin Eleanor Caldwell '39.

Jean Hickman Fernow, 87, of Bixby, Okla., on December 27, 2010. With a degree in library science from the Univ. of Toronto, she had a library career that spanned 51 years, six states, and two countries, often starting small libraries herself where none existed. She was also involved in many volunteer activities. Predeceased by two grandsons, she is survived by sons Bruce and Gordon, daughter Paige Tallent, nine grandchildren, and 15 great-grandchildren.

Paula Knight Jeffries, 86, of Peterborough, N.H., on December 30, 2010. For nine years she worked in the personal office of MIT before moving to Washington, D.C., with her husband. In D.C. she was very active in volunteer activities, including serving as president of the YWCA; as VP then president of The Hospitality and Information Service, promoting friendships and fostering stronger ties with nations around the world; working with the Meridian International Center, which promotes international understanding through the exchange of people, ideas, and arts; serving as a member of the Smithsonian Woman's Committee; and becoming involved with the Washington Opera Women's Committee. A loyal alumn, she was the first president of the MCAA, after the alumnae associations were consolidated, served as an alumna trustee, as a class secretary, as a class agent, and often volunteered as a reunion gift chair or social chair. She was also president of the D.C. alumni club. Predeceased by husband Donald and brother Walter '42, she is survived by several nieces, nephews, and cousins, including Martha Turner '77 and Ruth Turner McLaughlin '81.

Grace Kelly Milmer, 85, of Portland, Ore., on February 19, 2010. After graduation she worked as a time and motion analyst for Western Electric in New Jersey, a teacher's assistant at Graceland College, and at the Boulder, Colo., medical center. After raising two daughters, she worked at the Artwood Larson Co. Deceased Middlebury relatives include sister Ruth Kelly '43.

Margaret Rowland Post, 85, of Hanover, N.H., on November 6, 2010. With her husband, the Rev. Avery Post, she served many Congregational Churches and participated in United Church of Christ leadership for many years. She wrote and edited many UCC and ecumenical publications, wrote a history of the UCC, served on various boards and committees, and participated in social justice issues. She served on the board of the Japan International Christian Univ. Foundation. With a master's in education from NYU and postgraduate work at Lesley College, she taught and developed curriculum for special students at Boston's Kingsley School. Survivors include husband Avery '46, daughters Susan, Jennifer, Elizabeth, and Anne, and 11 grandchildren.

Helen Riggs Rice, 85, of Omaha, Neb., on November 10, 2010. With a major in dietetics, she did a program internship in Omaha and worked in three different hospitals, retiring in 1987 after 20 years at Nebraska Methodist Hospital. She enjoyed genealogy and loved traveling, having a lifelong wish to return to Lebanon, where she was born and raised. She is survived by husband George, daughters Kathy and Barbara, sons David and Steve, and six grandchildren.

Sue Carr Pauli, 85, formerly of Weathersfield, Vt., on November 2, 2010. After raising her three daughters, she worked as the director of field services for the Girl Scout Council in Wisconsin. Moving to Alabama, she became the director of a four-county Retired Senior Volunteer Program, taking the same job in New Hampshire after moving to Vermont. An active volunteer in Vermont, she served as president of the Ascuncity Audubon Society and was a member of the Springfield Garden Club and Weathersfield Historical Society. Predeceased by husband Richard, she is survived by daughters Karen, Margo, and Dayle, and three grandchildren. Surviving Middlebury relatives include niece Pamela Taft-Dick '73, great-nephew Jonathan Taft-Dick '04, and great-niece Joya Taft-Dick '06.

Helen Hicks Coulter, 84, of Chester, Conn., on October 18, 2010. Before marrying, she worked for a newspaper food columnist in NYC. While raising four children, she was very involved in volunteer activities. An avid gardener and accomplished seamstress, she enjoyed braiding rugs and sailing. Predeceased by husband Charles, she is survived by sons Keith and Scott, daughters Leslie McKearney and Barbara Polley, and six grandchildren. Deceased Middlebury relatives include brother Everett Hicks '45. Surviving Middlebury relatives include cousin David Foster '57.

Jane Miller Brouwers, 83, of Southern Pines, N.C., on December 16, 2010. After graduation she and husband J. Edmund Sullivan '49 raised two daughters while making their home in many different states. While in the Philadelphia area she became teacher certified and taught in the Wayne, Pa., schools before working in market research. In North Carolina, she was involved with the Girl Scout Council. Predeceased by second husband William, she is survived by daughters Beverlee Drury and Rebecca Sullivan, and two grandsons. Deceased Middlebury relatives include cousin Helen Miller Schenck '42.

Sidney G. Kay Jr., 85, of Hendersonville, N.C., on November 7, 2010. During WWII, he served in the Army Corps of Engineers as a member of the 498 Engineer Light Pontoon Co. He was awarded the American Service Medal, the European-African-Middle Eastern Service Medal, and the WWII Victory Medal. He then went to work for a food manufacturing company for a 30-year career, retiring as president. A loyal alum, he served for over 30 years as a class agent. Survivors include wife Sondra (Arenz), sons Steven, Ronald, and Brian, daughters Betsy and Bonnie, and several grandchildren.

Thomas W. Leavitt, 86, of Saugus, Mass., on October 14, 2010. With a master's in art history of the 19th and 20th centuries from BU and a PhD in the history of American painting and sculpture from Harvard Univ., he served in California as director of the Pasadena Art Museum from 1957–1961 and of the Santa Barbara Museum of Art from 1963–1968. In 1968 he became director of the A.D. White Museum of Art at Cornell Univ. and then was the founding director of the Herbert F. Johnson Museum of Art, serving for 18 years as well as teaching as a professor of art history. During his career, he organized more than 100 exhibitions and wrote numerous articles and catalog essays. He was the first director appointed to lead the museum program of the National Endowment for the Arts. In retirement, he was an interim director for RISD's Museum of Art and director of the Newport Art Museum and Museum of our National Heritage. Survivors include wife Michele, five children, and five grandchildren.
Richard H. Perry Jr., 81, of St. George, Utah, on December 12, 2010. After graduating from dental school at UPenn, he joined the Navy and served from 1956–58 as a lieutenant and dentist on board the USS De Mornex. He then attended orthodontic school at the Univ. of Montreal. Establishing his practice in Greenfield, Mass., he became very involved in the community serving as Kiwanis Club president, a school committee member, and chairman of the United Way fund drive. After retiring in 2003, he and his wife moved to Utah where he joined the Sun River Class Act Theater Club and acted in three plays. He is survived by wife Jean (Barnes), daughter Daphne ’85 and Betsy, son Frank, and five grandchildren.

52 Elizabeth Dillingham Kress, 80, of Old Forge, N.Y., on December 24, 2010. With a master’s in library science from Syracuse Univ., she worked as a reference librarian at Cayuga County Community College in Auburn, N.Y., for 13 years. Retiring to Old Forge, she served on the Old Forge Library board of trustees and on the board of the home health agency. She is survived by husband Don, daughter Linda, son David, and five grandchildren. Surviving Middlebury relatives include sister Carol Dillingham Rivet ’63 and niece Nicole Rivet ’86.

A. Marilyn McMillen, 80, formerly of Shrewsbury, Mass., on December 11, 2010. With a master’s from Columbia’s Teachers College, she edited English textbooks for various book publishers. After earning a master’s in social work from Fordham Univ., she worked for nonprofit developmental disability agencies, eventually becoming the director of social work departments in hospitals. In 1985 she earned a third master’s, in health services administration. She retired from hospital social work in 1994. She is survived by brother James and four nieces and nephews.

53 Carol Jennings Clemens, 79, of Hallowell, Pa., on October 19, 2010. After graduating as valedictorian of the women at Middlebury, for several years she taught business at the high school level. With a lifelong love of music, she sang in her church choir. She was active in the League of Women Voters, where she served as treasurer for 13 years. A loyal alumna, she served as class secretary. In Voters, where she served as treasurer for 13 years. After graduating as valedictorian of the women and Karen Dennis ’83, and six grandchildren, including sister Leila Hall, and Karen Dennis ’83, and six grandchildren, including Melanie Dennis ’74.

54 R. Kenneth Webster, 78, of Highlands, Colo., on November 9, 2010. After earning his BS in business administration from Northwestern Univ., he enlisted in the Navy and served as a lieutenant on the USS Jupiter in Yokosuka, Japan. He earned an MBA in finance from the Univ. of Denver and worked for several securities firms from 1961 to 1985. He then started his own securities firm and was a member of the NASD Board of Arbitration. He retired in 2003. Survivors include wife Edith (Harper), sons Bruce and Brian, daughter Julie, six grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

55 Peter B. Brigham, 78, of Tallahassee, Fla., on December 28, 2010. After army service in Thule, Greenland, he worked at Waldrige Reading Services, becoming supervisor for New England and in charge of a reading center and office in Boston. He then founded Putney Reading Services in Putney, VT, and also created the Putney Inn and Motel.

56 Susan R. Bromnan, 73, of Christiansburg, Va., on December 16, 2010. She had a successful career in the automotive industry including as CFO for a multi-dealership corp. in Texas. She also possessed a commercial driver’s license and drove commercial tractor trailers for several years as an owner-operator. Surviving are her sons Robert Harrington and Kenneth Bromnan.

57 Burton Baker, 71, of Lynnfield, Mass., on November 22, 2010. With an MA in English from Columbia Univ. and a PhD in English from the Univ. of Wisconsin at Madison, he taught English for many years at Briarcliff College in Briarcliff Manor, N.Y. He then went into sales and marketing and was the president of Burton Baker Sales. He is survived by partner Alex Brezzani, one brother, and several nieces and nephews.

Anne Horton Ridley, 72, of Acton, Mass., on November 18, 2010. With a master’s in education from Harvard Univ., she taught Latin at Coventry (Conn.) High School, Concord–Carlisle (Mass.) High School and then at the Fenn School in Concord, retiring in 2003. While at Fenn, she was also the director of secondary school placement. An active volunteer, she served as a member and president of the League of Women Voters and of the Acton School Committee. She and her husband also ran Countryside Antiques. A music lover, she played piano and played in the bell choir in her church. Predeceased by husband John, she is survived by son David, daughter Jennifer Mabardy, and three grandchildren.

Christopher R. Rosser, 72, of Wyndmoor, Pa., on November 20, 2010. Having earned his law degree from UPenn Law School, he was a partner in the firm Morgan, Rosser & Tall in Philadelphia. He enjoyed painting watercolors and collecting paintings and was a jazz connoisseur. He is survived by wife Jane (Davis), son Mark, daughter Pam Thistle ’90, and four grandchildren. Deceased Middlebury relatives include cousins Payson Webber ’24 and Christopher Webber ’29. Surviving Middlebury relatives include cousins John Webber ’36 and Christopher Webber Jr.’67.

58 Katherine Leary Ziegenhagen, 69, of Canton, Mich., on December 16, 2010. After graduating she taught music for K–12 in Chateaugay, N.Y., before moving to St. Clair Shores, Mich., where she taught junior high music and English for 37 years. Predeceased by husband Gordon, she is survived by sons Gordon and Sean, daughters Kelly and Bridget, and three grandchildren.

59 Eric D. Tunis, 66, of Carmel Valley, Calif., on October 20, 2010. Joining the Peace Corps in 1967, he served two years in eastern Iran. As a career as a Foreign Service officer with the State Dept. followed and he had posts in Kabul, Djakarta, Cyprus, Katmandu, Western Samoa, and New Delhi and he was consul general in Lahore, Pakistan. After retiring in 1999, he continued to do contract work for the State Dept., mostly in Pakistan. With a longtime interest in geography, he collected old maps of Afghanistan and Asia and donated many of them to the College library in memory of Prof. Rowland Rllick. He is survived by sister Leila Hall, two nephews, and a niece.

60 Jeffrey W. Russell, 64, of Little River, S.C., on November 29, 2010. After graduation, he was a graduate student in biology at Middlebury and taught labs for three years. He earned a master’s in education from Elmira College and one from the Univ. of South Carolina and was a graduate of the Army War College. On active duty in the Army he held leadership positions in the Ordnance Branch with assignments in places such as Japan, South Korea, and Saudi Arabia. He was also the commander of Longhorn Army Munitions Plant in Texas. After a 24-year career in the Army, attaining the rank of colonel, he worked as senior ROTC instructor and assistant principal in South Columbus High School in Tabor City, N.C., and principal at Nakina (N.C.) Alternative School. He is survived by wife Nancy (Robinson) ’59, son Robert, daughter Rebecca, and five grandchildren.

61 Trennie E. Snyder, 63, of Brooklyn, N.Y., on October 30, 2010. After attending Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School, she worked for several companies in NYC, including the nonprofit Development Council and the accounting firm of Mitchell and Titus.

62 John L. Rowland Jr., 61, of Orwell, Vt., on December 22, 2010. An accomplished cabinetmaker and woodworker, he worked in many homes and businesses in Vermont, installing kitchens, built-ins, and making furniture. He also made many displays at historical sites such as Mount Independence, Chimney Point, and the Justin Morrill homestead. He was an avid baseball fan. Survivors include wife Karen and son Nick.

63 Mary J. Harrington, 58, of Sleepy Hollow, Maine, on October 26, 2010. With a master’s of divinity from Starr King School for the Ministry, she served as a Unitarian Universalist minister in churches in California, Texas, and Massachusetts. In 2005, in response to hurricanes Katrina and Rita, she cofounded and served as president of Gulf Coast Volunteers for the Long Haul. After decades of work in philanthropy, social change, and community health, Starr King awarded her an honorary doctor of sacred theology in 2009. She is survived by husband Martin Tettel, daughter Julia, son Samuel, and stepson Jason Tettel.

64 John E. Kirsch, 59, of Venice, Fla., on August 18, 2010. He earned a master’s in athletic administration and social psychology of sport at Vermont College and for the first five years after college, he taught high school in Milton, Vt., and coached the varsity boys basketball team. For many years he was an administrator for Athlon Sports and Casualty in Connecticut and also worked five years at Mass Mutual Life Insurance Co. More recently he was a manager for Goodwill Manasota in Venice. Survivors include wife Karen (Ulbrich) ’74, daughter Kristin, and son Timothy.
Michael C. Miles, 53, of Highlands, N.J., on November 22, 2010. At Middlebury he played football and captained the lacrosse team. He worked for many years as a telecommunications software salesman. More recently, he coached youth sports. Predeceased by mother Kathleen and stepmother Etie, he is survived by sons Michael and Samuel, father George, two brothers, four sisters, and two stepisters.

John R. Ferguson, 51, of Stowe, Vt., on November 8, 2010. For most of the 1980s, he worked at Mr. Up's in Middlebury. Most recently he was a lounge manager at Trapp Family Lodge. He loved to travel and had an interest in photography, the arts, and writing. He is survived by his parents, Robert and Diane, brother Mark, sister Linda, and four nieces.

Jeffrey A. Klein, 23, of Chappaqua, N.Y., on November 9, 2010. While at Middlebury he wrote a sports column called J.K. Rolling for the Campus and after graduating, he created a sports blog called Talkin' Sports. An avid basketball fan, he followed the NBA closely. At one point, he worked as a paralegal in NYC. Survivors include his parents, Richard Klein and Carey Vames, and brothers Drew and Brett.

James G. Chapman, 83, of Underhill, Vt., on February 8, 2011. After earning his BA and MA in music from the Univ. of Michigan, he served in the Army from 1941-1945 as an organist and assistant choir director for the Far East Command Chapel Center in Tokyo. From 1943-1950 he worked as the organist and choir director at St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Forest Hills, N.Y., before joining the faculty at Middlebury to teach music. While at Middlebury he was selected for a Danforth Teacher Grant and he finished his PhD in musicology at NYU. In 1968 he became the founder and director of the UVM Choral Union and a music professor at UVM. He was chair of the music dept. for many years and was also a soloist at St. Paul’s Cathedral in Burlington. He and a fellow professor released several record albums of pieces by Vermont composers of the 18th and 19th centuries. He was also in charge of music at St. Paul's Cathedral in Burlington. He followed the NBA closely. Survivors include his husband of 60 years, Paul, son Paul, daughter Paula, four grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.

Beatrice Sweedler Andron, 89, of Roehly Heights, N.Y., on January 18, 2009.

Josephine M. Antonacci, 90, of Auburn, N.Y., on October 28, 2009.

Robert D. Bissell, 86, of Tomhill, Texas, on September 11, 2010. During WWII he served in the Pacific with the 12th Defense Battalion, 1st Marine Division. He was a life insurance underwriter in Houston and Austin for nearly 40 years.

Frederick G. Bedford, 91, of Dayton, Tenn., on August 5, 2010. During WWII he served in the Pacific with the 12th Defense Battalion, 1st Marine Division. He was a lifetime teacher of French at Glenelg and Japan. He also taught English as a second language.

Beatie and Michael were high school students in the Lindcove School in Peoria, Ill., then joined the faculty of Sauk Valley College in Sterling in 1967, attaining the position of professor of academic skills. She retired in 2006.

Karen A. Pinter, 71, MA English, of Sterling, Ill., on October 18, 2010. She began her teaching career in 1960 at Richwoods Community High School in Peoria, Ill., then joined the faculty of Sauk Valley College in Sterling in 1967, attaining the position of professor of academic skills. She retired in 2006.

Aldo Finco, 89, MA, DML Italian, of Lubbock, Texas, on August 7, 2010. Emigrating to the U.S. from Italy in the 1950s, he earned his degrees and taught in prep schools and colleges in the Northeast before joining the faculty at Texas Tech Univ. in 1968. He spent 37 years teaching Italian and Italian literature in the Dept. of Classical and Romance Languages, retiring in 2005 as professor emeritus. In 2001 Texas Tech established the Dr. Aldo Finco Endowed Chair in Italian. In 1977 he received the Knight of the Order of Merit from the Republic of Italy for his efforts as a goodwill ambassador for his homeland.

Sr. Mary Angela Baniani, 96, MA Russian, of Albany, N.Y., on October 11, 2010. A Sister of Mercy for 79 years, she taught at various schools in the Albany diocece.

Verna M. Britton, 95, MA German, of Lansford, Pa., on October 18, 2010. For 35 years she taught German at Tamaqua Area (Pa.) High School, where she served as the first adviser for the school newspaper and as adviser for the German Club.

George A.J. Fortin, 68, MA French, of Naples, Maine, on August 14, 2010. A veteran of the Air Force, he had a lifelong love of aviation. For 35 years he taught French and Spanish at Colhasset (Mass.) High School and coached soccer and tennis.

Ellen Kinzie Hughes, 66, MA German, of Plano, Texas, on October 16, 2010. She was involved in numerous volunteer activities and enjoyed tennis, skiing, and hiking.

Janet A. Lindenmayer, 60, MA French, of Columbus, Md., on August 25, 2010. She was a longtime teacher of French at Glenelg (Md.) High School.


Harriet L. Halcomb, 61, MA Italian, of Miami, N.C., on September 24, 2010. With a career spanning 35 years, she taught Spanish and Italian at levels from junior high through college in several states and also in Spain and Japan. She also taught English as a second language.

Stella Parberry Phillips, 40, MA French, of Welch, Minn., on September 12, 2010. She taught French in public schools and after a move to New Hampshire, taught piano, French, and puppet-making to home-schooled children.
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Einstein on the Porch

Unexpected encounters in the Adirondacks.

By Angela Jane Evancie ’09

I wanted to leave as soon as I got there. Maybe it was the darkness in every room, where shellacked pine comprised floor, walls, and ceiling. Maybe it was the balding stuffed deer. Or maybe it was because this wasn’t part of the plan, and I had really liked the plan.

It was a simple one: drive to Lower Saranac Lake in New York, get a friend’s motorboat from its slip, and settle into an island campsite in time to enjoy sunset.

But we didn’t have a reservation, and the warden was deaf to our sweet-talking. One in our group knew a family staying over in Shingle Bay, so we motored over. Twenty minutes later, we were official (albeit accidental) houseguests in Cottage 4 at the Knollwood Camp, friends of a friend of a son who wasn’t even there.

Knollwood is one of the Adirondack Great Camps, built at the turn of the century by wealthy New York Jews who were excluded from the resort communities springing up in Saratoga Springs and Lake Placid. The architect William L. Coulter conceived of the compound in 1899 for a group of six friends and their families, among them Louis Marshall and Daniel Guggenheim. He put a massive, two-story boathouse on the water and set six Victorian-gone-rustic homes into the wooded slope overlooking the bay. The cottages are identical except for the design of their twig-work facades; the one on Cottage 4 is made of concentric diamonds.

We entered at the back of the house, into a small kitchen that had once been the domain of a few servants. There we met our hosts and fellow guests—doctors, their wives, a lone physicist—all friends from way back.

During hors d’oeuvres on the porch, someone mentioned that Albert Einstein had been a frequent guest here at Knollwood. A good sailor, apparently, but he couldn’t swim. In the summer of ’41, the scientist capsize his boat and was saved from drowning by a 10-year-old.

Einstein was here, in fact, on August 6, 1945, the day that the U.S. dropped the bomb on Hiroshima. I realized that it was August 7, 2010. Sixty-five years ago yesterday, Einstein might have been sitting on this porch, smoking his pipe, trying to comprehend the magnitude of the event and weigh his own complicity in it. He had not been directly involved with the Manhattan Project, but he had spurred its creation when, in 1939, he helped persuade President Roosevelt to enter into an arms race with Germany. And he had given the world that beautiful and terrible equation, \( E = mc^2 \).

The great physicist gave his first interview following Hiroshima here at Knollwood. “Atomic power is no more unnatural,” he told Richard Lewis from the Albany Times Union, “than when I sail my boat on Saranac Lake.” By the time the article ran on August 12, the second bomb had been dropped on Nagasaki.

Much later that night, as I was trying to fall asleep in the old servants’ quarters on the top floor, the door swung open and banged against the wall. No one was there. A buzzing sound crackled out of the outlets in the room, and in the bathroom down the hall something creaked, or fell over. Terrified, I took my sleeping bag down to the second-floor porch.

There, beneath a luminous Milky Way, I thought about Einstein again. Years after the end of the war, he would say that convincing FDR to develop the Bomb was the “one great mistake” in his life. Perhaps he decided this right away. Or maybe he just lay on the second-floor porch, looking up at the stars, knowing that something had happened that wasn’t part of the plan.
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