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In Memory of a Son
Mary Westra remembers—and pays tribute to—her son Peter '99.

I put off reading Mary Westra’s After the Murder of My Son for as long as I could, and I did so for entirely selfish reasons: as a parent, I couldn’t bear to read about the loss of a child. It was not so much the senseless and brutally violent death of Peter Westra '99 that kept the book unopened on my desk for one, two, three months, as it was the abject fear of a mother’s grief in all its rawness, its horror, its anger; but not just the grief itself as it lay on the page, but its power of transference. I feared that the virtually unspeakable terror that all parents keep hidden in the deepest recesses of their minds would leach to the surface, would pervade my thoughts, haunt my dreams. And I was not two paragraphs into the book’s preface before coming face-to-face with my cowardice: it does not take an ounce of courage to read this book, not when compared to writing it, to living it. And so on I read, and now here I write, encouraging, urging, pleading, really, with you not to make the same mistake I nearly did. Find this book and read it, for it will teach you more about love and hope and the human condition (and, yes, agony and gut-wrenching grief, too) than anything else you might ever read.

If, as a reader, approaching this book is based on confrontation (as my approach was), then know that this memoir is predicated on confrontation—from the crime that was committed outside an Atlantic City strip club in the early morning hours of July 8, 2001, to Mary Westra’s (and her family’s) continuous confrontation with the tragedy, its aftermath, and her own complex and ever-changing feelings.

At the heart of this book is a violent assault—five men kicking and bludgeoning a 24-year-old until he is dead—and there are passages in After the Murder of My Son that are as raw and as blunt and as brutal as the repeated blows that landed on Peter’s body. Beginning with the darkest hours and days that immediately followed her son’s death and continuing through each milestone (month-by-month anniversaries of the date of the killing, holidays, a birthday) that inevitably arose, Mary Westra confronts her grief and anger and confusion with unsparing detail. We bear witness to the awful moment of notification (and the appalling degree of confusion that preceded it by way of a disrupted phone call), to the unanswered questions Mary has for Peter, and, eventually, to the questions she’s afraid to learn the answers to—those of his friends and Middlebury classmates who were with him that evening and morning.

The story reaches its climax with the trials of the accused, the bouncers and employees of the Atlantic City strip club. Again, Mary writes with gripping detail and searing honesty—we are voyeurs as she visits the scene of Peter’s death, we sit in the courtroom as she faces the man accused of taking her son’s life, and we are invited to join her in grappling with the confusion (and rage? more hurt?) that accompanies a denouement that one could reasonably argue was unjust. (Let’s just say that the title of the memoir has even more of an edge once you reach the end of the book.)

However, it is not the conclusion that has stayed with me but a sentence from earlier in the book, a sentiment, a fear that Mary espoused a few months after Peter was killed. She worried that she would forget him, that others would gradually forget who he was, that their memories of her son would fade with time. By writing this book, she has ensured that that will never be the case. —MJ
Where's the Political Will?

I read with interest Emily Peterson's informative article, “Can the Louisiana Coast Be Saved?” (fall 2010). My wife and I visited New Orleans and environs in April 2010, about five years after Hurricanes Katrina and Rita, but before the BP oil spill.

The citizens of New Orleans have shown resilience and are moving forward, but there is still much to be done. And now New Orleans and Louisiana have to deal with the BP oil spill. (I recommend Spike Lee’s four-hour HBO documentary, If God Is Willing and da Creek Don’t Rise, which covers both the hurricanes and the BP oil spill.)

Work on the levees, floodwalls, and drainage systems is continuing. At the time of our visit, it was estimated that providing protection for the Louisiana coast from further hurricane damage would cost between $70 and $136 billion. And what should Louisiana's coastline look like in light of the continuing loss of 24 square miles of wetlands each year and the fact that the Mississippi River carries only half the land-building sediment it did 100 years ago? These are questions Congress and Louisiana were grappling with before the BP oil spill. And right now, I am not sure there is an accurate figure for the oil-spill cleanup.

Unfortunately, the devastation caused by Katrina and Rita quickly dropped from the news outside of the Gulf Coast. And I suspect the BP oil spill will likewise slowly disappear from the public’s mind. Given the country’s and Louisiana’s financial woes and current efforts at deficit reduction, I am not optimistic that there is the political will to do what is necessary to save the Louisiana coast.

Ralph E. Stone ’61
San Francisco, California

A Pound of Cure

I read Emily Peterson’s story “Can the Louisiana Coast Be Saved?” (fall 2010) with great interest, since I live in the town that she used as a reference for another devastating oil spill, from the Exxon Valdez: Cordova, Alaska.

Her and other Louisiana residents’ experiences echo a point we’ve been working to make: that citizen oversight of oil and gas drilling and transport is imperative, particularly in areas where the residents, who have everything to lose, have so little say in the management of those operations. Up here in Alaska, this is a critical issue for the Copper River, home of the world-famous wild Copper River salmon. The aging Trans-Alaska Pipeline System crosses five tributaries to the Copper River, and a breach in the line could send oil into our public waterways.

This is a teachable moment if ever there was one, with the lesson that “an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.” We can only hope that post-spill legislation will implement the incentives needed to encourage oil and gas companies to invest in maintenance of their infrastructure. Isn’t that more logical than paying the price of losing our clean public lands and waters, safe oil and gas infrastructure benefits us all.

Thanks for including Emily’s story.

Kristin Carpenter ’84
Cordova, Alaska

The writer is the executive director of the Copper River Watershed Project, a community organization that seeks to ensure the long-term sustainability of the cultural heritage and wild-salmon-based economy in southeast Alaska.

Thank You, Karl

One of my fondest and most fortunate Middlebury experiences was due to Karl Lindholm (“Being Karl Lindholm,” fall 2010). At the time, I did not really appreciate how much Karl was helping me, but over the years, I have realized it more and more. So, sincere but belated thanks, Karl!

Like most Midd students of the late 20th century, I intended from the start to take junior year abroad. Unlike most,
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I wanted to study some place where I would be less likely to run into Middlebury classmates. I was an English major, so I looked into schools in Britain, excluding any that had established exchange programs with Middlebury. Because of its academic reputation and my Scottish roots, I zeroed in on the University of St. Andrews.

Being clueless about any logistical or business details of studying abroad, I bumbled into Old Chapel and asked the receptionist who might be able to give me some advice on how to take a year at St. Andrews.

Fortunately, I was referred to Karl, who answered all of my questions, made suggestions, and really facilitated my application process. One of the genius moves he came up with was to negotiate in advance that my credits would be transferrable and that they would be equal to or exceed a year’s worth of studies at Middlebury.

I had a wonderful year at St. Andrews, and that contrasting experience made my senior year at Middlebury stand out as especially productive and enjoyable.

Karl, you helped me without my realizing it, and you gave me really good advice.

Peter Christianson ’79
Stow, Massachusetts

ROTC Needs Midd

First, thank you for Middlebury Magazine. It’s always interesting, and it helps me stay in touch with the school, which helps me in my interview work for Alumni Admissions.

A second thank you for “Emily’s List” (fall 2010). What a great American story and what a great American family!

There are teachable moments here. Unfortunately, most of us don’t know anyone who serves in the military. I’ve been lucky. My son is a senior Air Force officer. Through him and his wife, I’ve had the privilege of meeting a group of men and women who represent about 1 percent of America. They are smart, well-educated people, who are interested in the world and live out in it more than most of us.

They are also great leaders. Check out “Which of These People Is Your Future CEO? The Different Ways Military Experience Prepares Managers for Leadership,” in the November 2010 issue of Harvard Business Review. They represent the most respected private or public institution in America, with an 82 percent approval rating, according to Gallup. They defend a society whose other institutions—government, professional sports, media, unions, business, public education, higher education—lag far behind. They carry out their missions, stand by each other, and bring their fallen home. Middlebury College has resources they need.

My daughter-in-law (University of Miami ’96, cum laude, business) followed a path similar to Ms. Núñez: Army ROTC (first in her class), Airborne, Medical Service Corps. At the end of her first tour, she was invited to join the faculty at West Point.

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Several years ago, she was with our family when we spent a long weekend at Middlebury, and she used some of the time to explore the campus, talking with students and faculty (she can start a conversation with complete strangers) and discovered what Middlebury offers. Talks about her day over dinner, she spoke as an Army officer: “Dad, we need this. Why aren’t we here?”

Why not? The culture of Middlebury would be enriched by the presence of these young people, and they would be better prepared for the work they undertake to protect us—the other 99 percent. Imagine: future military officers educated at an elite liberal arts college offering world-class language facilities and a unique undergraduate program in international relations. War is about a lot more than pulling triggers.

It may be counterintuitive, but over time they could bring a more realistic and balanced perspective to the use of military force in foreign policy, reducing the odds of America sliding into open-ended conflicts that bleed lives and resources for vague objectives. Soldiers understand the uses and the limitations of military power. It’s not something you pick up in a think tank or a doctoral program—or out on the campaign trail. A permanent civilian political class largely
untested by war does not produce great generals. Since World War II, the president most successful in keeping America at peace was Dwight Eisenhower.

America's greatest schools need to reach out to America’s men and women who are planning military careers for the sake of the institutions and for the sake of this country. Middlebury is in a great position to lead.

George Logan '61
Macon, Georgia

Serving Our Nation

Congratulations to Cadet Emily Núñez ’12 on winning her silver jump wings. Sixty-two years ago, I won mine, but it took two attempts. I learned of her achievement, as reported in the fall issue of Middlebury Magazine, a few days before Veterans Day, which prompted me to look at the obituaries, where I discovered that most male graduates up to the class year of 1955 had served in our armed forces during their lifetime.

In an attempt discarded by this magazine, I previously tried to accentuate the significance of the service of some of those whose names had appeared in the obituaries. Today’s generation and magazine readers need to know more about the service of departed Midd graduates than is briefly noted in those few pages, because Middlebury’s contribution to the defense of our nation has been—and if Cadet Núñez is any indication, continues to be—formidable.

Raymond Bell, MA German '65
Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York

The writer is a brigadier general, retired, in the United States Army.

Changed for the Better

I entered Middlebury in 1950, a time of “don’t rock the boat,” when women were cast in a traditional role. I was a Jew, one of four or five Jewish women in the College at the time, two of whom were assigned as my roommates. There were about the same number of Jewish men (one of whom was

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painting by Hannah Sessions
my brother, Donald Axinn '51). Many of my new friends had never met anyone Jewish before, and one of my new friends thought that I must somehow be hiding the horns under my hair, while another said that I was of course different (and nicer) than other Jews they either knew or knew about. Although I was not a particularly observant Jew, I did go with a male friend on the Jewish holidays to a synagogue in Burlington during my freshman year. It was a very unusual thing to do. Perhaps we went because I felt so isolated and different in Middlebury, Vermont.

Imagine, then, my surprise when I read the back-page essay “The Plunge” by Leah Koenig '04—a lovely coming-of-age or coming-to-terms vignette—in the fall issue of Middlebury Magazine. I can’t imagine such a sensitive piece being published in 1950.

I left Middlebury in the middle of my junior year to get married. (My fiancé was in the Army, and it was the Korean War.) Dean Kelly told me if
left, I was a fallen woman and would never get a degree. Now after a BA and an MA and 30 years as the founder and director of an alternative high school, I know that her comments were just a product of the times.

I have been back to Middlebury several times since those years, the last being at the dedication of the Axinn Center for Literary and Cultural Studies. Walking around the campus then and reading the magazine now, I get a sense of the extraordinary education offered to students and how inclusive and welcoming the environment is. The world and Middlebury have changed and so much for the better.

Nadine Axinn Heyman ’54
Port Washington, New York

A Case of Respect

A comment on the issue raised by Patrick Henaghan (Letters, fall 2010) regarding the editors’ choice of a lowercase “g” for “God.”

The editors’ reply was feeble. When someone writes the ejaculation “My God,” whether in reverence or in shock, he is clearly and obviously referencing the Divine Being. If you can’t quite accept that, then try this yardstick: capital “G” when the word “God” is singular, lowercase “g” in the plural.

Note how the dictionary employs differing case letters and articles to make these distinctions: “God: the Being, who is worshiped as creator and ruler of the universe” and “god: a being or object, believed to have more than natural attributes and powers.”

While “godforsaken,” “godmother,” and “godhood” take a lowercase “g,” “God-fearing” and “Godspeed” are capitalized, as referencing (and reverencing) Deity more directly. This respect for things divine extends to capitalization, as per boldface entries in Merriam-Webster’s Collegiate Dictionary, of all these terms: Advent, Pentecost, Eucharist, Divine Liturgy, Divine Office, Holy Week, Holy See, Holy Synod, Talmud, and Torah.

Please have respect.

Grace Weber ’77
Weybridge, Vermont

You Bring Me Back

Over the years, I have always read the magazine cover to cover, and I find the articles timely and fascinating. In the most recent issue, I was particularly intrigued with Jessica Riley’s ideas about children participating in the creative process with their designs in fabric

Looking for the quintessential Wild West family vacation? Come to the 7D Ranch in Sunlight Basin, Wyoming where three generations of Dominicks have entertained families for over 50 years. In Yellowstone’s backyard, you can straddle a well-broken quarter horse, fish for the elusive cutthroat trout, dance, play, and relax. Comfy family accommodations, hearty meals, and authentic cowboy boots provided.

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and color ("Child's Play"). I went to her Web site and was enchanted.

My daughter graduated from Middlebury in 1997 (and received her master's degree from the Bread Loaf School of English in 2005). I miss all my magical trips to the College—but the magazine consistently brings me back. Thank you.

Marcia Graff
Basking Ridge, New Jersey

Interesting Number
A very interesting item entitled "Go Figure" appeared in the fall issue of Middlebury Magazine. Apparently, almost 8,000 students applied for admittance to the Class of 2014. Of these, about 1,500 were admitted. What happened to the remaining 6,500? Surely some of this number were offered places, but declined. This number would be significant, and I ask myself why it would be withheld.

Elizabeth Alexander Brierley '56
Dunham, Quebec

Editors' Note
The numbers published in the "Go Figure" item were correct: 7,984 students applied for admission to Middlebury last year, and 1,529 were accepted; nearly 6,500 were not. Of the 1,529 who were accepted, roughly 600 opted to enroll and become members of Middlebury's Class of 2014.

The Beat Goes On
I am sure it was not the Rolling Stones that Ari Fleischer et al. were channeling (Letters caption, fall 2010) as they are, excepting the late Brian Jones, still alive.

Mr. Fleischer was more likely channeling Buddy Holly, who first recorded "Not Fade Away" (later covered by the Stones, of course). Or perhaps he was channeling Bo Diddley, in whose signature idiom—the "Bo Diddley beat"—the song is written.

Frank Betkowski, MA English '00
Mercersburg, Pennsylvania

Editors' Note
Mr. Betkowski is, indeed, correct, as we were in error in referencing the Rolling Stones as both the originators of "Not Fade Away" and the assertion that they were available to be channeled in such a way.

We would also like to note that we have continued to receive letters concerning earlier missives written about Mr. Fleischer. In keeping with our letters policy, we will not be printing these letters, having already published letters concerning the original article ("The Return of Ari Fleischer '82," winter 2010) and letters in response to those letters.

However, we are publishing the letter printed above because it references a caption printed in the last issue and because it cleverly points out an error that needs to be corrected. We are printing the following excerpt from a "Fleischer letter" because it addresses an important topic: that of civility.
Welcome Difference

The angry tone of the letters in Middlebury Magazine lately is no different than the angry tone displayed on the airwaves 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Rather than robust debate, we've become a country that is fixated on watching and listening to talking heads whose sole purpose is attacking and dehumanizing the opposition in order to make the viewer angry (and increase ratings).

I, for one, have decided that I don't need Keith Olbermann, Bill O'Reilly, or anyone else telling me how to think. One thing I learned at Middlebury is that people with different opinions are not automatically the enemy and could be your friend.

Jeffrey Erbsmann '90
Lafayette Hill, Pennsylvania

Kudos for Cover

The cover design for the fall issue of this magazine was the subject of some pleasant creative buzz shortly...
after it hit mailboxes last October.

The editors behind the blog “The Grid”—which is the official digital publication of the Society of Publications Designers—designated our fall cover as their Cover of the Day for October 20.

“The SPD Cover of the Day” is a recent feature added to the Grid line-up, in which the editors select “the best and coolest magazine and newspaper covers.”

To the best of our knowledge, we are the only higher ed magazine to be honored in such a way. (New York magazine was selected the week after us.)

Hearty congratulations are in order for art director Pamela Fogg, photographer Bridget Besaw, and illustrator Hadley Hooper.

An archive of the site can be found at www.spd.org/cover-of-the-day.

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.
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CONTRIBUTORS

Gary Alphonso ("Turned Off," p. 88) is an illustrator in Toronto, Canada.

Paul Barnwell '04 ("Turned Off," p. 88) is a teacher and writer and works in the Jefferson County School System in Kentucky.

Michelle Chang (College Street, p. 19) is an illustrator in New York City. Her work—which has appeared in a number of publications, such as GQ, New York, and Rolling Stone—can be found at michellechang.com.

Sierra Crane-Murdoch '10 ("In the Name of the Father," p. 28) lives in Colorado, where she writes for the award-winning magazine, High Country News.

Elisabeth Crean ("Success Stories," p. 46) is a writer in Grand Isle, Vermont.

Traci Daberko (Northern Exposure, p. 26) is an award-winning illustrator and artist based in Seattle, Washington. Her work can be found at daberkodesign.com.

Angela Evancie '09 ("Stage of Life," p. 24) is a writer, photographer, and radio producer based in Burlington, Vermont. She is a 2010 recipient of a Compton Mentor Fellowship in multimedia journalism.


Amanda Jones ("Five Minutes with Doris Kirchner," p. 21) is a photographer based on the campus of the Massachusetts Museum of Contemporary Art in North Adams, Massachusetts.

Laszlo Kubinyi ("Is Yemen the Next Afghanistan?" p. 34) is an award-winning illustrator based in New York City.


Kevin Redmon '10 ("Is Yemen the Next Afghanistan?" p. 34) is a frequent contributor to Middlebury Magazine. His last story was "The Shadow Government" in the spring 2010 issue.

Jon Roemer ("Coffee Brake," p. 44) is a photographer based in Princeton, New Jersey. His work can be found at jonroemer.com.

Ron Seymour ("In the Name of the Father," p. 28) is a photographer in Chicago, Illinois. His work can be found at ronseymour.com.

Brett Simison (Uphill/Downhill, p. 15) is a photographer in Middlebury and a regular contributor to Middlebury Magazine. His work can be found at www.brettsimison.com.

Middlebury Magazine is pleased to announce the 8th Annual Middlebury Magazine Fiction Contest

Current Middlebury students and all Middlebury alumni (undergraduate or graduate) are invited to submit unpublished manuscripts of 3,000 words or fewer. The first-place selection winner, as chosen by a panel of judges, will receive $300, and the story will be published in the summer magazine.

* Manuscripts must be typed, double-spaced, and include a cover sheet with story title, author’s name, address, and phone number.

* Submissions may be e-mailed to mjennings@middlebury.edu or mailed to Middlebury Magazine, Att: Fiction Contest, 152 College Street, Middlebury, VT 05753

Deadline: April 4, 2011
 SEEING THINGS?
We hope so. Cosmic Geometry is a mural by artist Sabra Harwood Field ’57 that now graces the back wall of Wright Theatre. For more on the project, which was conceived by Kate Lupo ’10, visit middmag.com. Photograph by Brett Simison
A Day in the Life

51 Main at the Bridge is the College-owned restaurant and night spot that has been drawing crowds in town.

8:20 A.M.} A bright-eyed Sarah McGowen Franco '08 steps through the door. As special projects coordinator, she’s responsible for events. First order of business: update the Web site’s events calendar (www.go51main.com).

8:35 A.M.} Lisa Northup, daytime chef, is at work in the kitchen prepping for lunch—her delectable quiches, pies, and cheesecakes. Head chef Starr Ricupero, the man behind the amazing menu, will join her at noon to prep for the evening shift. Manager Carl Roesch is busy on the phone downstairs in his office.

10:30 A.M.} Karen Poppenga arrives. A self-described waitstaff, barista, bartender, and hostess, she’s a one-woman show throughout the lunch hour. Savory smells waft from the kitchen.

10:40 A.M.} Sarah’s expecting someone to come mount tonight’s exhibit called “Dead Technology.” It’s the final assignment for a first-year seminar about outmoded instruments—like typewriters and mimeographs. No sign of anyone yet ...

11:00 A.M.} Lunch is served. The first hungry patrons filter in and take seats by the window. There’s a light snow falling, and the scene on Main Street is wonderfully wintry.

11:45 A.M.} The lunch crowd picks up and Karen is a blur of activity. Today’s bestseller? The Don Quixote crepe, with chorizo and caramelized onions, roasted potatoes, and tomato-basil cheddar.

2:45 P.M.} Things finally slow down, and Karen takes a quick break to scan a paper from the news rack by the door. An old Natalie Merchant song floats from the sound system.

2:50 P.M.} Sarah takes a call about tonight’s band—they’ve canceled at the last minute. Not missing a beat, she calls Carl’s Corner Basement, a rock/funk/jazz band from Poulney, to fill the slot. She also takes calls from three local bands for dates in February—plus a Cornwall artist looking to host an exhibit. She tweets about tonight’s reception for the “Dead Technology” show.

3:20 P.M.} A lone fellow hurries in and shakes off the cold. He sits at the bar and orders crème brûlée and coffee. The crème brûlée is Chef Ricupero’s specialty—he’s famous throughout Vermont for it.

4:00 P.M.} Jonathan White, evening bartender, arrives, along with two students who work as evening waitstaff. “Thursdays can be surprisingly busy,” one of them says, “especially in winter.”

4:30 P.M.} Assistant Professor of Film and Media Culture Hope Tucker arrives to set up the exhibit. Cords are strewn everywhere, and Sarah frantically tapes them all down.

5:05 P.M.} It’s officially the dinner hour, but people still gather at the bar and on couches for drinks. Starr changes the music to match the evening tempo of laughter and conversation.

5:30 P.M.} The “Dead Technology” show is underway, and 20 or so people view the works while enjoying a selection of 51 Main’s best starters—spanakopita, hummus, pan-fried dumplings, and a plate of local cheeses.

6:15 P.M.} The waitstaff is in full swing. Starr deftly navigates the small kitchen. “My favorite thing to make is the Brazilian Shrimp Stew,” he says. “I’ve never been to Brazil, but I hear it’s pretty dead-on.”

8:30 P.M.} The dinner hour slows and the first disjointed sounds of the band setting up fill the space—drum thumps, guitar riffs, stray vocals.

9:06 P.M.} The music begins, and goes on for nearly three hours, with only one break. Sarah and her husband are battling out a game of backgammon at a café table near the back. A group of students makes room near the stage to dance.

11:50 P.M.} The band wraps up with one last song, a slower tune. The crowd begins to gather up coats and hats, settle tabs, and say goodnight.

1:04 A.M.} The last few patrons filter out into the clear dark night. Starr closes up behind them, and the late-night staff turns to the task of getting 51 Main cleared up and ready for another day.
Smarter than Ezra?

In our recent move from one campus building to another, this magazine's staff unearthed an old document that appears to be a comprehensive quiz crafted by Ezra Brainerd. Brainerd graduated from Middlebury in 1864, and in 1885 became president and led the College from near extinction to modest prosperity. Starr Library and Warner Hall were built during his presidency, the first women were admitted under his tenure, and he taught in nearly every department—from physics to rhetoric to math. It goes without saying that he left his mark on the history of the college.

Here are a few of the questions. How well would YOU do in his class? (answers below)
1. Who was Middlebury's first president?
2. Is Middlebury a fresh-water college? Explain the derivation of the term "fresh-water" college.
3. How many students were in the first class admitted to Middlebury?
4. How many times was Gamaliel Painter married?
5. What is the symbol of Middlebury's spirit and prowess?
6. What graduate of Middlebury was a teacher of Calvin Coolidge?
7. How many women were in the first class to enter Middlebury? What was the year?
8. Who had the vision of Bread Loaf being used as an English School?
9. On which College building is inscribed the motto "The Strength of the Hills Is His Also"?

At the center of it all
Campus centers seem to be sprouting up as central to the Middlebury experience.

Parton Health Center • Franklin Environmental Center at Hillcrest • Rikert Ski Touring Center • Fitness Center • McCullough Student Center • Rohatyn Center for International Affairs • Center for Teaching, Learning, and Research • Axinn Center at Starr Library • Center for Counseling and Human Relations • Nelson Recreational Center • Center for the Comparative Study of Race and Ethnicity • Charles P. Scott Center for Spiritual and Religious Life • Women's Resource Center at Chellis House • Student Mail Center • Center for Education in Action • Recycling Center • Freeman International Center • Kirk Alumni Center • Max Kade Center for German Studies • Center for Campus Activities and Leadership • Mahaney Center for the Arts

Observed

- In the giving spirit. The Class of 2011 announced its senior gift—a donation to Middlebury's Solar Decathlon Project to design and build a 21st-century New England farmhouse for the 2011 U.S. Department of Energy Solar Decathlon competition in the fall. The gift is also in memory of classmates Nick Garza, Pavlo Levkiv, and Ben Wieler.
- Middlebury athletics ruled the roost this fall. Women's cross-country retired 36-year head coach Terry Aldrich on a high note, winning its sixth NCAA championship and 11th NESCAC title. Men's soccer won the NESCAC and went on to NCAA quarterfinals—both for a third time. And football quarterback Donald McKillop '11 ended his career with all of the school's passing records, including several NESCAC and New England records.
- Chinese calligraphy? Artisan cheesemaking? Or maybe just self-hypnosis? These are only a few of the creative workshops students took advantage of during last month's winter term. In addition to choosing just one academic course to focus on for all of January, students also try their hands at other opportunities through the noncredit—and just plain fun—workshops. Not everyone sticks around for winter term. More than 100 students packed up and headed out of town to fulfill internships around the globe—from work in AIDS...
Sing Along  People love to sing, and Middlebury’s robust a cappella tradition is thriving. In fact, the Student Government Association now supports eight different groups. Here’s a quick look at the state of song at Middlebury.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Group Name</th>
<th>Year Founded</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dissipated 8 (or D8)</td>
<td>1951</td>
<td>Earned their name when a WRMC announcer noticed the all-male octet had only seven members. Many years, concerts, and albums later, this Middlebury institution still thrives with eight members.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mischords</td>
<td>1962</td>
<td>Middlebury’s oldest all-female group.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Mountain Ayres</td>
<td>1991</td>
<td>“Bringing bawdy back . . . one madrigal at a time.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bobolinks</td>
<td>1994</td>
<td>Coed group with music “as diverse as a college student’s music library—from rock to hip-hop to bizarre British neo-pop and everything in between.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mamajamas</td>
<td>1997</td>
<td>Coed group with a fondness for mash.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stuck in the Middle</td>
<td>2002</td>
<td>Began “in the basement of Battell Hall, when five or six dudes decided not to be lazy anymore.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paradiddles</td>
<td>2005</td>
<td>“A cappella for the adventurous.”</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Biomass Fast Facts

This January, Middlebury’s biomass gasification plant marked its second year of operation. The plant is the College’s most significant step toward its goal of becoming a carbon neutral institution by 2016. The biomass boiler converts regionally grown wood chips into gas, which is then burned to provide steam for heating, cooling, hot water, and cooking throughout the campus. The biomass boiler also helps supply electricity to the campus. Recently, middmag.com reported on the money the College has saved on fuel oil, thanks to the biomass plant—more than $1 million! With two years of operation now behind us, the plant has reached other impressive milestones as well:

1,445,367 Gallons of #6 fuel oil saved  
16,916 Metric tons of CO2 saved  
26,019 Tons of wood chips that have been burned  
15–20% Amount of electricity generated by the plant  
7 Classes that have studied the plant as part of their curriculum  
1 Senior thesis written about the plant  
60 Tours given of the biomass plant
"Teaching is a different challenge, but one I was eager to undertake. And there is at least one advantage that being a professor has over being governor—unlike the legislature, students can’t override their grades."

—Governor Jim Douglas ’72 on his return to the classroom last month to teach the winter term course, Vermont Government and Politics.

Go Figure

Middlebury Snow Bowl

2,471.5
Tons of CO2 offset over last 4 years

19,632
Feet of cable on 3 lifts

163
Average inches of annual snowfall over last 10 years

18,000
Gallons of diesel fuel consumed yearly

438,000
Kilowatt hours of electricity used yearly

3,000,000
Gallons of water stored for snowmaking

500
Average annual hours of snowmaking

4
Miles of snowmaking pipe

156,000
Feet of toilet paper used each season

Almost Famous? The College directory turned out to be a treasure trove of seemingly celebrity monikers. See for yourself who mingle among us.

Tim Allen, Senior Lab Technician
James Brown ’14
Karen Carpenter, Payroll Manager
William Cohen, Resident Coordinator
Gary Cooper ’11
Steve Goodman, Mailing Services and Reprographics Manager
Katherine Harris ’14
William Irwin, Snow Bowl Instructor
Rick James, Senior IT Systems Manager
Norah Jones ’12
Peter Lynch ’13
Dave Matthews, Director of Sports Medicine
James Morrison, Assistant Professor of Political Science
John Roberts ’14
Will Smith ’14
Ed Sullivan, Environmental Health and Safety Coordinator
James Taylor ’14
Charlie Wilson ’13

Close but not quite
Barbara Walter, Spanish School Coordinator
Daniel Steele, Servery/Utility Worker
Alec Cooper ’13

research and venture capitalism to media and education.

Stage right. As part of his winter term course, The American Musical in Performance, Doug Anderson—who teaches in the music department as well as being director of Middlebury’s Town Hall Theater—lays the groundwork each year for a fully mounted production. This year’s performance was Urinetown, a musical satire about corporate corruption, inspired by the works of Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill. Staged at Town Hall Theater, the cast and crew included College faculty, students, local musicians and designers, and community members.

Two new chairs. The College has established two endowed chairs in honor of former faculty members who showed exceptional leadership in their areas of study. The Robert R. Churchill Professorship in Geosciences has been awarded to Professor of Geology Ray Coish, and the James I. Armstrong Professorship in Classical Studies has been awarded to Professor of Classics Jane Chaplin.

More congratulations in order. In December, the College announced that five faculty members received tenure: Febe Armanios (history), Laurie Essig (sociology/anthropology and women’s and gender studies), Matt Kimble (psychology), Hedy Klein (studio art), and Stefano Mula (Italian).
A Life of Rough Seas

When we last wrote of Jay Parini in these pages, the film adaptation of his novel about Leo Tolstoy's final days, The Last Station, had received two Oscar nominations, for actors Helen Mirren and Christopher Plummer.

In The Passages of H. M., another fictional biography, Parini, Middlebury’s Donald E. Axinn Professor of English and Creative Writing, intricately sketches the life of writer Herman Melville.

True to the multiple meanings of the title, Parini provides a detailed and convincing account of Melville’s writings, his ocean voyages, and his life’s many transitions—personal and professional. With a biographer’s research skills and a novelist’s inventiveness, Parini presents H.M., as his family called him, as a man capable of producing the most celebrated novel in American history, but unable or unwilling to provide for his family, financially or emotionally.

The author of Moby-Dick is seen here as a man who neither finds his place in the world nor receives his due. Even when he is most at home—on a ship bound for adventure—Melville never seems entirely comfortable in his skin. Parini describes a man who spends his life torn between the affection he feels for his family, particularly his mother and wife, and his infatuations with a series of young men. He suffers frustration as a writer, and as a man, out of step with his times. At odds with the literary and larger society, he feels superior to—and underappreciated by—his contemporaries.

Perhaps Parini’s most impressive and sympathetic invention is Lizzie, Herman’s long-suffering wife. As he says in the acknowledgements, "Very little is known about Lizzie Melville, so I made her up.” A child of privilege—her father was the chief justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court—Elizabeth Shaw Melville is endowed by Parini with beauty, brains, and a dry, caustic, New England wit.

Throughout her life with Herman, she remains faithful despite her husband’s lengthy absences, profligate ways, and unhealthy doses of emotional and physical abuse. She is dismayed that Herman, a natural storyteller who enthralls shipmates at sea and dinner companions in port cities with tales of adventures, cannot match his early critical and commercial successes—the novels Typee and Omoo— with his later, denser works. Though, as she also notes, “Anyone who actually read his novels... could guess at the truth, that my husband was not balanced. He walked the edges of life, peering into the abyss, taking his readers with him.” But she stays until the end, as a dying Herman is struck by inspiration for his final novel, Billy Budd. “After two or three lost decades, my husband had written a sublime piece of fiction... It’s your best work,” I told him. ‘A masterpiece. I feel quite sure of this’.”

Parini’s latest book is already being judged sublime by reviewers. And the most pressing question seems to be, who will play Herman and Lizzie in the movie version? Stay tuned.

If you don’t have anything nice to say...

Associate Professor of Religion James Calvin Davis reminds us that there’s still a place in our world for plain and simple civility, which he describes in his most recent book as “the exercise of patience, integrity, humility, and mutual respect in civil conversation, even (or especially) with those with whom we disagree.”

In Defense of Civility is a brief and succinct proposal of religion as a reasonable foundation for discussing what he calls “the seven moral issues that divide us.” It’s also a breath of fresh air on the tail of the less-than-civil discourse of this country’s midterm elections. Davis provides historical context for religion in politics, clear examples of how discourse can be improved when tackling moral issues, and a broader perspective of religion’s relevance in issues of war, the environment, and the economy. Overall, he urges people—politicians especially—to recognize that reasoned arguments are still valid, even if we disagree. Sound like common sense? If only it were more

Other recent faculty publications

Social Justice Education (Stylus Press, 2010)
Edited by Kathy Skudlikowski, Catharine Wright, and Roman Graf, with an introduction by Writer in Residence Julia Alvarez.
A collection of essays by faculty from multiple schools about the role of social-justice education in today’s classrooms.

The Art of Loving Krishna (Indiana University Press, 2010)
By Cynthia Packett, professor of history of art and architecture.
A comprehensive exploration of the highly decorative Hindu traditions, in which art, religious action, and devotion are dynamically intertwined.
Around the Globe

“It’s exciting to work with Ukrainian choral students on American choral music, hear them enjoy the sounds and style and create a beautiful performance. How I have survived up to now without Ukrainian borscht is also remarkable.”

— Jeff Buettner (music), on a Fulbright Scholar Program grant this fall at Kharkiv State University of Arts, where he taught American and African American choral music studies and researched contemporary Ukrainian choral literature.

Five Minutes with... Doris Kirchner

Doris Kirchner became director of the German School in 2010. When not in Vermont for the summer, she’s a professor of German at the University of Rhode Island, where she also directs the German International Business Program.

On learning...
It’s a given that our students learn language and culture in the best and most successful way, but we also learn from each other over the very intensive summer experience. Last year, I invited the German hip-hop artists Chefket and Pyranja to Vermont, and I was a little nervous bringing rappers to the German School, which is so well known for the German for Singers program—far more opera than rap! But it was such a joy to see so many of our German for Singers students attend the hip-hop concert and clearly have a great time. It even led to new friendships, and, just a few days ago, I received a Facebook message from one of our German for Singers students, now residing in Berlin, that she had just met with Chefket for coffee!

This summer...
I’m looking forward to getting back to Vermont and seeing so many returning students and faculty—AND having LaForce as our second and much-needed dormitory! Plus we’ll have an award-winning German photographer on site for three weeks so students can learn from her artistic expertise outside of their course work.

Surprises...
My office is located right next to Pearson Lounge, which is equipped with a piano. One afternoon I heard a beautiful piece of music being played. I left my office to find one of our students seated at the piano. She informed me that the music was by a Dutch composer named Yann Tiersen. I have become an absolute Yann Tiersen fan now and am so thankful to my student for widening my musical horizon!

Favorites...
One of my very favorite moments from last summer was when I was able, after just seven weeks, to have a complete conversation with a student who had come to Middlebury with no functional German at all.

My favorite spot on campus is an Adirondack chair that sits just outside my office in Pearson Hall. The view over the campus, the Château, and the always-changing colors of the Green Mountains in the distance is sublime.

Advice?
If you’re considering coming to study at the German School, do your homework! Make sure you understand the mission of the Middlebury Language Schools, what truly sets it apart. If it is a good fit, then apply and you will not regret it. And if you are lucky enough to attend this special place, don’t just be a consumer—be an active participant in everything that is offered!
The Most Valuable Legacy
Paying tribute to retiring faculty members.

By President Ronald D. Liebowitz

Twelve colleagues retired from the faculty this past December as part of the College’s early retirement program offered to employees during the 2008-09 recession. Jessica and I hosted a dinner in honor of the retirees at Kirk Alumni Center on November 30th, and then the entire faculty had the opportunity to do the same at the December faculty meeting one week later. Both events were extraordinary for reasons that reflect so well on our College and, over time, have helped to create an atmosphere that is hard to beat for a student’s undergraduate education.

The dinner, at which each of the retirees had with them a table of invited guests, numbered more than 100, and there was wonderful warmth to the atmosphere in the room. During the reception, colleagues who, over the years, had shared the same facility (Kirk Alumni Center) for countless faculty meetings—many of which included a number of testy and quintessentially “academic” exchanges—reminded in groups that defied departmental affiliations and harked back to a time when the faculty was small enough that everyone on the faculty knew one another, knew what they taught, and was familiar with each other’s area of scholarship or artistic endeavor. Roaming the room, prior to taking our seats, it was difficult to tell which honoree had invited which guests to the dinner, as the familiarity and comfort among all those at Kirk that evening was so genuine and undeniable. It would have indeed been a fun parlor game to see how well one could place those invited by each retiring colleague at the correct table.

As presidents often do on these occasions, I had the honor of “emceeing” the event. But because of my 26 years on the Middlebury faculty, the evening was no regular gig: I was unable to see these retiring colleagues only as employees who deserved to be recognized and thanked by the institution for all their years of service. I was a colleague of theirs for more than a quarter of a century, and I had deep and meaningful experiences with each and every one: the colleague who initiated and developed what is today the premier Chinese department among liberal arts colleges (John Berninghausen); the coach-mentor who won six national titles in women’s cross country, and who was as proud of the prodigious number of phi beta kappa graduates on his teams as he was of their titles (Teny Aldrich); the entrepreneur-faculty member, who, in addition to fixing clocks, raising sheep, and founding an institute that was deeply involved with the democratization of the former Soviet bloc, year after year challenged our students to draw upon their creative and innovative talents both inside and outside the classroom (Michael Claudon); the French professor who taught and administered in meticulous and supreme fashion in three parts of the College—in the undergraduate program (the French department), in our School in France, and in our summer intensive French School (Bethany Ladimer); the political scientist whose
unbounded intellectual curiosity led him to develop and teach a wider range of courses than anyone else over the past four decades (David Rosenberg); the alumnus, Class of ’67, who founded the College’s counseling center and who, behind the scenes, and, because of the nature of his work, without much recognition, helped scores of students overcome personal challenges during their time at Middlebury (Gary Margolis); his classmate, roommate, and teammate (varsity basketball), who taught American literature and served as dean of students, dean of advising, and dean or faculty head of each of our five commons (Karl Lindholm); the artist who, in addition to his remarkably consistent, excellent studio teaching across more than three decades, taught as his final winter term course an innovative outdoor environmental-art class on site at a spectacular ranch near the Four Corners in southern Colorado (Eric Nelson); the gifted physicist who, because he was so committed to conveying the wonders of science to pre-college students, transformed our teacher education program by directing the program for five years in order to ensure better K–12 science teaching (Bob Prigo); the mathematician turned computer scientist who founded our computer science program and was instrumental in developing the annual Middlebury-Williams “green chicken” math competition (Bob Martin); the superb translator of Russian literature and texts and greatly admired teacher of Russian, who also served as dean of the Language Schools and Schools Abroad as dean of the Language Schools (Michael Katz); and the beloved teacher of Spanish language, literature, and culture, who also directed our School in Spain, taught in our Spanish Language School, served as vice president of the Language Schools, and was the intellectual inspiration to so many colleagues and students (Roberto Véquez).

Combined, these 12 colleagues accounted for 404 years of teaching and mentoring Middlebury students, and a good fraction of that time they also mentored faculty who began their careers after them, including me. It was easy to provide sincere words of thanks to each of them during the dinner; it was difficult to keep my comments brief or to avoid injecting them with personal recollections of each colleague as I remembered their contributions in my role as faculty colleague, dean of the faculty, provost, and now president.

The impact of their time at the College was, to put it mildly, enormous, yet a most important part of their legacy leaves me, as it should our alumni and current and future students, extremely grateful for their contributions and confident about the future of our College. In addition to how well these faculty educated generations of Middlebury students during the past 40 years, they also solidified and passed onto their colleagues a strong faculty culture that, without question, places our students and the institution at the center of their professional pursuits. Despite the rising demands and pressures on the professoriate within the academy, and the ramifications of specialization within academic disciplines, Middlebury faculty retain their unwavering commitment to undergraduate education and to educating our students in the tradition of the liberal arts. Such a commitment is not typical today, and I, indeed all of us, owe a great amount of gratitude to the 12 colleagues we recently honored for leaving such an invaluable legacy and gift to the College. We wish them all a long, satisfying, and happy retirement.

“... They also solidified and passed onto their colleagues a strong faculty culture that, without question, places our students and the institution at the center of their professional pursuits.”
Stage of Life

By creating a venue for live storytelling, a pair of students has caused quite a buzz on campus.

O

N A RAINY NIGHT

in September, Bianca Giaever '12 steps onto a small concrete- and-bedrock stage in the basement of Gifford Hall. Members of the audience surround her on all sides, sitting on velour beanbags, the floor, and on one another in various leg-numbing contortions. A few track lights have burned out, but the microphone works fine. Giaever asks how many here are newcomers; when about half of the room raises a hand, she seems pleased. “Well, you should know that there are only two rules,” she says. “Rule number one is, no notes. Rule number two is, all stories must be true.”

What happens every third Thursday in the Gamut Room may be underground, but it isn’t a secret. It’s called a MothUP, and it’s simple enough: Giaever and Will Bellaimey ’10 enlist Middlebury students, faculty, staff, and town residents to tell stories related to a one-word theme—like “summer,” when Michaela Liebennan ’12 spoke of taking things too far in a theater class she taught to female prison inmates; or “family,” who are, for Cody Gohl ’13, relatives who hoot and holler instead of saying amen; or “escape,” which came just in time for John Elder’s wife, when she unstuck their car in a less-than-hospitable part of Uganda.

The original Moth—the not-for-profit organization, based in New York City—hosts live storytelling performances across the country. Storytellers can be famous, familiar, or unknown. The best stories air on National Public Radio and reappear online. George Dawes Green created the Moth in 1997, naming it for the moths that fluttered around the porch in his native Georgia, where he and his friends stayed up on humid summer nights telling stories. Middlebury’s is an autonomous, down-home re-creation of the Moth, complete with an online archive. (It’s one of many, from St. Louis to Toronto to Brussels.)

MothUP’s creators take storytelling seriously. “I love stories so much I decided to major in them,” says Giaever, a Seattle native. “When I first got here, I was choosing my classes, and I noticed they were all very narrative oriented.” Not long after, Giaever became Middlebury’s first independent scholar in narrative studies. (Last year, she was a Middlebury Fellow in Narrative Journalism and then spent the summer teaming with Bellaimey to create a five-part radio documentary they are seeking to air. It’s called “Out of State, Out of Mind,” and it focuses on the outsourcing of Vermont’s prisoners.)

THE SCENE

Bellaimey and Giaever have established a space that crackles with creativity, yet is also comfortably, warmly inclusive.
Bellaimey, who grew up in Minneapolis, began talking at an age when most children are still babbling, and he hasn’t stopped since. (The consequences of being a loquacious youth formed the basis of a story he told at an October MothUP.) At Middlebury, Bellaimey found a home in the Otter Nonsense Players, an improvisational comedy group that thrives on its members’ abilities to weave narratives on the fly. In Giaever he found a kindred narrative spirit, and Middlebury’s MothUP was born.

The Moth’s medium is its message. The whole idea is that stories are meant to be told—and heard—live. And the next best thing is to listen to the podcast. In a twist of digital irony, people who hear a virtual Moth story often feel compelled to seek out the real thing. Events on New York’s Moth Mainstage sell out within 48 hours, but someone in a city near you may very well be organizing a MothUP. The Internet, oft condemned for distracting and introverting us, has been enlisted to help the first event, held last March, Mike Kiernan, a local emergency-room physician, recounted a recent trip to Haiti. The theme was “fiasco.” Kiernan briefly chronicled Haiti’s centuries-long history of occupation and exploitation—but that, he said, was not the fiasco. His story’s fiasco was the earthquake, his scene a 400-bed hospital tent. The audience, which had spent the night laughing at funny stories, was straining to hear a joke. But as Kiernan’s tone shifted from that of a reporter to that of someone who has been transported, the crowd was barely breathing.

“What is this place, this space, this tent? It’s like spending two weeks in the Gamut Room. It’s like you spent two weeks in the airplane you traveled in. It’s like a submarine. It’s like—no, I know what it is: You look out over the beds, the cots. You see the external fixators, the metal things that hold people to the beds. You hear the moans in the night. You hear the voices; you hear the breathing; you feel the closeness and the heat. . . . It’s like the hull of the slave ship that brought their ancestors over, it’s what it’s like.”

“That,” says Bellaimey, “was the graniias we needed.”

Gown-gown relations benefit too: students get a new take on professors, and vice-versa. Giaever appreciates that professors have had “so much more life to tell stories about,” and Bellaimey has noticed that those who speak enjoy new (or elevated) celebrity on campus. “People who haven’t had these professors now know who they are. And they think of Quinn Mecham as, like, the guy who was on the Turkish border, and Dan Brayton as the guy who beat up the mean bully.” Border patrol discovered Mecham’s bag full of Hezbollah propaganda, gathered for his classes; Brayton’s iron fist earned him the high-school nickname “Satan Brayton.” Mecham had prefaced his story with gratitude. “Thanks for inviting me to the party,” he said. “This is exceptionally cool.”

The sky is a warm mauve when Giaever pays a visit to President Ron Liebowitz’s office in Old Chapel. She’s here to recruit a veteran storyteller. After hearing the rules and suggesting a few themes, Liebowitz agrees to make an appearance at the MothUP, though the date has not been scheduled yet. “I’ll have to time myself. I tend to stretch on,” he says. When Giaever tells him the evening begins at 10:00 p.m., he pauses, then laughs. He’ll still do it. For every hundred people who cram into the Gamut Room to hear stories, hundreds more download the recordings that Giaever posts online. But someone is missing from the archive: Giaever herself. She blames, of all things, stage fright. “If we’re ever short for people, especially women, I’ll do it,” she says. “I have some stories up my sleeve.”

For more on Middlebury’s MothUP visit themothmiddlebury.mypodcast.com.

“IT’S not an essay.
It’s not a rant. It’s action, action, action.
Conflict. Resolution.”
WINTER’S WONDERLAND
The end of February brings the 88th annual Winter Carnival, the oldest student-run carnival in the nation. Illustration by Traci Daberko
When Pastor Howard Fauntroy '89 returned to Detroit to fill his father's post, he hardly recognized the place he called home.

The congregation at 17101 West Seven Mile Road in Detroit, the First Baptist Institutional Church, knows two pastors by the same name: the late Howard Fauntroy Jr., the father, and his son, Howard Fauntroy III, whom the congregants call Pastor, or Howard. It was the father who imagined the blueprints, saw the first bricks laid, and preached life into the new church's cavernous walls when it opened in 1975. But when the father died in 1996, the son saw his work through. It was Howard's duty, his father's wish, and an inheritance he could not decline. The congregants would say that God had moved Howard to become their spiritual leader—others, perhaps, that he was bound on a path he did not choose.
On a Sunday evening in September, 14 years after his father’s death, I’ve come to visit Howard in his office. I find him leaning slightly forward over his lectionary, spine straight and upright, as he pencils notes in the book’s margin. His study is dim and cluttered with racks of old choir robes, miniature cars, photos, magazines, and stacks of last Sunday’s programs. A sepia portrait of his father hangs over the folding table he calls his desk. There’s plenty to distract him—a dripping faucet, a ticking clock, his iPhone, set squarely beside the lectionary. But Howard is poised and deliberate. He circles words and summarizes paragraphs; he hums and nods at certain lines. At a break in the scripture, he pauses, folds one arm across his chest and the other toward his chin, resting his forefinger there for a moment before an idea strikes him, and he leans again over the page.

This is his practice: he reads from the lectionary at the start of every week. On Mondays, he begins with coffee and the New York Times, combing troubled headlines for stories to illustrate the lesson. (In hard times, he says, the Golden Rule is the first forgotten.) Fridays, he reviews his notes, and Saturdays, he writes. Sundays, he climbs to the pulpit, and his words pour out as if he’s forgotten.) Fridays, he reviews his notes, and Saturdays, he writes. Sundays, he climbs to the pulpit, and his words pour out as if he’s known them all along.

Even after 14 years, Howard’s duties are anything but routine. Not long ago, First Baptist neared foreclosure when a fraudulent mortgage company, Alanar Inc., snared the church in a Ponzi scheme. Then this year, a utility company overestimated the church’s meter readings and shut off the electricity when Howard refused to pay the bill. Now, between visits to sick parishioners and Bible study, he’s working with an interfaith council to alert Detroiters to the utility bill scam. “People are paying bills they do not owe,” he says. He worries that many will lose their credit—and homes—when they can’t pay utilities this winter.

Howard can list the city’s symptoms of decline like a doctor with a medical chart—a third of its population in poverty, only slightly fewer unemployed. But the story behind these numbers precedes the recent economic collapse. “For such a long period of time, this was the mecca, regardless of race, color, or creed,” says Howard. In Detroit, the working class was once the middle class. A job in manufacturing earned a high wage, a respectable house, a summer retreat, and a new car every three years. By 1950, the city had a robust population near two million. Then, over the next half century, it dropped by half. Racism, crime, and failing schools led to urban flight. Buildings were gutted and whole city blocks razed, as if, in an exhale, the city’s lungs fluttered and deflated within her rib cage.

Though First Baptist fared better, it was not immune to the collapse. In the nineties alone, almost a third of its 1,400 congregants moved south to cities they had called home before the industry beckoned. But there were many, still, who stayed. I once asked a congregant what kept him in Detroit, and he said, “Here at church, I’m around people who understand who I am and what I am.”

The same evening that I visited Howard in his office, we sat in a back pew of the sanctuary to watch the youth group perform a dance. The girls twirled and swayed in long red robes, and the boys, faces painted white, moved their hands and eyes mechanically, like mimics. “Yes, yes,” Howard cooed. Hallelujahs bounced off the walls, and the pianist, Maestro, pounded chords in a new key.

Howard is not the kind of man I expected to find preaching on a Sunday in one of Detroit’s oldest black churches. At 43, he is gregarious, with an expressive, youthful face and a peculiar formality, like that of a children’s television host or a Broadway showman. His grammar, like his dress, is precise. When asked a question, he unrolls his answer slowly, nodding to mark the pace of his thoughts, and when he finishes, he throws back his head to laugh as if nothing he has said is conclusive. If Howard wants to distance himself from accolades, he speaks in the third person. “Believe it or not,” he said when he introduced me to his congregants, “this young lady is writing a story about your Pastor.”

Among Howard’s most important influences are his father, his mother, and Mrs. Felton, his sixth-grade teacher. I spent an afternoon with Howard and Mrs. Felton, a short, strong woman with dark, taffeta-like skin and commanding eyes. We were in a restaurant booth, and she was eying her former student across the table. “You won’t meet anyone like Howard,” she said.

“Well, that’s very nice of you to say, Mrs. Felton,” said Howard. Mrs. Felton had been an unorthodox teacher; she taught her lessons from the back of the textbook, where black history was tucked away in a section most teachers never opened. She always liked Howard for the questions he asked. “Howard was smart, and at that time, everyone could accept a smart, black, young man,” she said. But there was something about him she never quite understood. “The other kids liked you. I liked you. But you were different, and I don’t know what it was.” Mrs. Felton looked at Howard, who cocked his head and narrowed his brow as if to help her think. “I always wanted to see the real Howard, but what you see is what you get. I thought no child could be that good, and you really were that good.”

In the seventh grade, Howard left to attend the University Liggett School, in Grosse Pointe Woods, a wealthy, white suburb east of the city. “Don’t let anybody define you,” Mrs. Felton had warned him. “And be sure they know you’ve got it.” To no one’s surprise, he excelled at Liggett. Though one of only a handful of black students in the school, he doesn’t remember being treated differently. His classmates elected him president three years in a row. His sense of etiquette, instilled in him as a child, was only reinforced. In early yearbook portraits, he wears a black blazer, and in his high school photos, a cropped Afro, wide-rimmed glasses, and tight-fitted jeans. His understanding of the world crept beyond Detroit’s city limits, and there was no question he would attend college. When it came time to apply, his English teacher suggested Middlebury, the school Howard eventually chose.

“I didn’t think at that particular time that ministry was going to be in the cards,” says Howard. At Middlebury, he majored in political science and sang with the a cappella group Dissipated Eight. When he graduated in 1989, a friend encouraged him to return to Detroit to teach English. He took a job at Finney High
School, where the student body had shrunk far below the building’s capacity and those left were struggling. Once, another teacher admonished Howard for using words his students didn’t understand. He replied, “Well that’s because you’re not teaching those words.” He had learned from his father that to uplift people, you had to challenge them. But access to a challenging education was not the only thing his students lacked; few belonged to a supportive community. “There seemed to be a disconnect in the younger people’s relationship with their faith-based traditions,” says Howard. “I wondered why, and I wondered what could be done to bring younger people in—to show them that faith communities have something to share in terms of helping them live the lives they aspire to live, and move where they want to move, and become whatever they want to become.”

It wasn’t until Howard attended Harvard Divinity School, his father’s alma mater, that he seriously considered the ministry. “I began to think, perhaps this is more than just an educational thing,” says Howard. “Perhaps I am being moved by a force higher than self to contemplate a new kind of service.” He graduated in 1993, and that summer he received an invitation from President John McCardell to serve as Middlebury’s chaplain. Howard accepted the offer, and at 27 he became the first African American minister, and youngest, to serve the College. He stayed two years. In August 1996, his father fell sick and Howard returned to Detroit. A week later, Pastor Fauntroy Jr. died of a heart attack.

If Howard grieved, he did not let it show. His father, many months before his death, had asked the congregation to elect Howard to take his place should he ever pass suddenly. First Baptist agreed nearly unanimously. Howard was honored, though certain such a time would never come. But that August, he became the 11th pastor, and his first duty was to move the church forward. Perhaps he had no time to mourn. There were funerals to conduct, four including his father’s, oats to administer, elderly to visit, classes to teach, and sermons to study. Or perhaps he accepted the death in the way his father had taught him: life is cyclical, and everyone makes the transition.

Howard had come to understand death at a young age. There was a funeral home next to the church, and his father would bring him along on visits there, to watch as he administered blessings to the deceased. (At the time, the church was in Hamtramck, on Detroit’s east side.) It never scared Howard to peer over the edge of a casket. When he grew bored, a man named George would take him into the funeral office, give him snacks and soda, and turn on the television to his favorite shows. Howard liked George, but after a while, the old man stopped coming to the funeral home. “Where is George?” Howard would ask, and his father would reply, “George isn’t doing well.” Then one day, there was a funeral at First Baptist, and Howard attended. When it came time, he approached the casket, expecting the cold, calm face of a stranger. But at the sight of his friend, Howard pulled back and ran out of the sanctuary to his father’s study. “It’s George! It’s George!” he screamed. Pastor Fauntroy Jr. told Howard to sit, and then he tried, as best he could, to explain the afterlife.

When his father passed, it wasn’t the death itself that distressed Howard, but the things the pastor left behind: an unfinished church of bricks laid in his father’s name and mortared with his vision; a congregation anchored in a city in crisis; the memory of his father, his power and eloquence, a way with words the congregants would never forget; and Howard himself, who, on that first Sunday after his father’s death, spoke in a manner so similar to his father’s that the congregants saw him to be an incarnation—a channel, perhaps—of their beloved pastor.

It had always pleased Howard to remind others of Pastor Fauntroy Jr., but being the keeper of his father’s memory after his death was something entirely different. “Maybe it would have been better if he didn’t talk like him or sound like him or behave like him in some ways, because it wasn’t him,” Deacon George Francis told me one morning.

Francis moved to Detroit from Atlanta in 1975 to work for General Motors. “We didn’t know a soul in Detroit,” he said. “My family and I would get in the car on Sunday mornings and start driving through the city, and we would just let the spirit, if you will, direct us to which church we would attend that Sunday.” It took only two months for Francis to find First Baptist, and he soon became a close friend of the Fauntroys. When the pastor died, Francis was deeply troubled. “I went through this very personal pain of trying to sort out how this young lad could become..."
my spiritual leader," said Francis. "I think it was complicated by the fact that he was about the same age as my son. How does that work? I don’t go to them for advice or counsel. Those are the kids that come to me."

It took Francis three years to accept Howard as his pastor. In looking back, he realizes he wasn’t the only congregant who struggled. But Howard, he said, was very perceptive, and over time, the young pastor distanced himself from his father’s image in a way that gave the congregants space to mourn and move on. "We realized that this is not the Reverend Fauntroy Junior," said Francis. “This is Howard. And he has to move as God directs him to move, which is maybe different from what his dad did. That was an acceptance we all had to make. And as the acceptance grew, the congregation and young Pastor Fauntroy began to grow closer together, and that bond became tighter."

The Fauntroy family moved from Washington, D.C., to Detroit in 1969, two years after the city’s most violent race riot, and a year after Martin Luther King’s assassination. Howard was five. The Fauntroys had been known in D.C. as a prolific family of Baptist ministers. A cousin in King’s circle had mentored Howard’s father, and faith and civil rights laid the concrete on which they preached. In Detroit, the Fauntroys knew no one, but upon their arrival, First Baptist welcomed them as family, and the city became their home. It was only a matter of time before Howard’s father met the fiery C. L. Franklin, whose eulogy he later delivered and whose daughter, Aretha, Howard still calls "ReRe."

Perhaps Howard was too young to remember why his father chose to move to Detroit, but his mother has a theory of her own, and like most things in the city, it has to do with the car industry. Her husband, she says, came to Detroit to serve and educate a black populace made vulnerable by its dependence on a single trade. “You could get a high paying job in the industry without even a high school degree,” says Mrs. Fauntroy. The black church came to represent those who didn’t have much of a formal education but did have money—a precarious place to be when the industry collapsed.

It began with the Great Migration in 1917, the same year First Baptist was founded. That summer, thousands of African Americans fled the rural South for jobs in Detroit’s new car factories. Ford had offered five dollars a day for unskilled labor—an offer extended, on occasion, to black workers. By 1920, the city’s black population had grown from a few thousand to over forty thousand. When the U.S. joined World War II and Detroit’s car factories transformed into “ arsenals of democracy,” as Franklin Roosevelt called them, the population swelled again, auto plants integrated more than ever before, and racial tensions grew. Riots erupted as blacks moved into white middle-class neighborhoods, and many whites fled north to the suburbs. By the time the Fauntroys arrived, the city’s population had fallen and blacks comprised roughly 45 percent.

The family bought a red-brick house in an interracial, upper-middle-class district in northwest Detroit, and Howard’s father began as pastor at First Baptist. At the time, Hamtramck was largely Polish, and the church’s membership was shrinking. To his congregants that year, Pastor Fauntroy Jr. wrote, “We are challenged as we attempt to move the influence of the church beyond these sacred walls into the communities of our land where people live and work and play, where men are still crying for want of bread. The world will only be moved by the church when it sees something different and extraordinary in our presence in daily life.” Five years later, he moved First Baptist to the new brick structure on West Seven Mile. The church had a red, carpeted sanctuary, fitness center, chapel, courtyard, offices, and classrooms. And over those first few years, the congregation grew.

If Mrs. Fauntroy’s suspicions are correct, her husband knew what would follow. The early signs came at the beginning of his pastorate, in the mid-seventies, when the automotive companies announced the first “reductions in force.” Several congregants lost their jobs. Many families, white and black, left Detroit. Hotels, houses, and offices were abandoned. But First Baptist remained largely intact, and it wasn’t until Howard came home to become pastor that he saw his city had changed.

On a warm afternoon in September, I drove with Mrs. Fauntroy and Howard to Hamtramck to find the old church. It’s near Detroit’s outskirts, where blight has turned to rot, and two-story, single-family homes occupy the space between gutted frames and grassy lots. Hamtramck’s main street was lively that day. One woman in a burqa, another in a sari, pushed strollers along a tilted sidewalk. Mrs. Fauntroy, who hadn’t been back
in 20 years, recognized the hat shop, but Krajenke Buick, the dealership whose television jingles she wouldn’t forget, had been abandoned. “And Clock has closed!” she said. Clock, Howard explained, once served the best Sunday burger.

We pulled onto a side street and parked beside a white clapboard house. “Now that, I believe, is where the church stood,” Howard said. He pointed to a parking lot behind the PNC Bank. White lines had faded, and tall grass flopped over the pavement. We idled there for a minute before pulling back onto the street. “Now that was very interesting,” said Howard. “Yes, very interesting.”

We drove north toward Seven Mile. I could look straight across four gravel blocks, flat and square, through the broken windows of a high-rise to the sky on the other side. Like in a desert, it seemed the wind could cross the whole expanse in one breath. Each hollowed building paid homage to what was—and to what could be. In fact, new life sprouted in the most unlikely places—a farm on a vacant block, an art collective in an old garage, a start-up in a vast warehouse.

I asked Howard why he stayed in Detroit. Like the urban homesteaders, did he see promise in the empty space? Or, like many of his congregants, could he not imagine another home? “My father made it very clear,” he told me. “If you preach in the city, you must live in the city.” Detroit, he knows, is a landmark industrial failure, but there’s still something about it he loves. As for whether or not the city will come back, he’s painfully honest: it will never be what it once was.

“T think it will be a different city,” says Howard. His main concern is Detroit’s illiteracy rate, now over 50 percent. “How can a city recover when its workforce can’t read?” In 2008, Howard sent a letter to First Baptist, in which he wrote, “The inability of so many of our citizens to read and write has contributed to 32 percent of the population being stricken by poverty. My sharing these issues with you is not to frighten or upset you, but rather to ‘keep it real.’ We must make sure our ministry is relevant to the needs of the people for the times in which we now live.” That same year, a member of First Baptist, Doris Moore, suggested to Howard they set up a GED training and testing center at the church. Howard agreed and got the center approved, making First Baptist the third member of First Baptist, Doris Moore, suggested to Howard they

One Sunday morning I went to see Howard preach. I took an empty pew and watched as women in metallic blouses and wide-brimmed hats crowded onto narrow benches. A young mother and her daughter slipped into the row beside me, and across the aisle, Deacon Francis sat with several suited men. Maestro began softly at the piano, and as his notes grew heavier, the chatter subsided and congregants began to hum. The music rose an octave, and an old woman raised her hands and called out, “Play it, Maestro!” Then she lowered her head and danced as she prayed.

When the Pastor stepped to the pulpit, his first words were tame and academic. He dissected a parable like an English teacher, carding and spinning each line until his pupils grasped its meaning. When they began to nod, he took them further. When they began to shout, he, too, raised his voice. And soon, as if his formalities sloughed off his robes, Howard began to speak in a way I had never seen him do before. He dropped the g’s from his gerunds. He slipped into character, like an actor in a one-man play. “Hey, girl,” he said in imitation, “Did you hear the latest?” His congregants hooted and pushed him on. Then he grew serious again. “Was it you who woke yourself up this morning?”

“No,” they cried.

“Was it you who provided that food or those wheels to that automobile that took you through the streets of the city this morning?”

“No, no.”

“We need some lifting up this morning. The city of Detroit needs you, oh God.”

Later, Deacon Francis would tell me that Howard had preached like his father that day, his voice high and strong, rising nearly to a roar before settling across the sanctuary. But at the end of his sermon, he did something his father never would have done. He lowered his voice, softened his shoulders, and began to sing, first by himself, and then with Maestro, who leaned back from the piano, squeezed his eyes shut, and echoed the Pastor’s melody.

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Not long ago, political science professor Quinn Mecham was in Aceh, Sumatra, a once-rebellious Indonesian province and ground zero of the 2004 tsunami that swept more than 230,000 lives out to sea. Hopping a bush flight up and over the mountains to Meulaboh, a remote and deeply conservative city where Sharia law had been recently enacted with some vigor, Mecham and his U.S. State Department colleagues went in search of the governor and his religious police. Public shamings and canings were causing a stir among aid groups, whose projects dotted the post-disaster landscape. The governor told him that the Muslim community was tight-knit, and so the laws were quite popular, Mecham recalled recently. “When I left, he gave me a dagger.”

Later, talking to a British aid worker, Mecham heard a different explanation. “During the war of rebellion, tons of men were killed. Shortly after that, when the tsunami hit, a disproportionate number of women were killed—men tend to work inland, while children, women, and grandmothers live down by the coast. Suddenly there was a rebalancing of the genders, and lots of singles. There was this new dating season, and marriage season—and it’s now adultery season. People are disillusioned with these second marriages.” Sharia law was an effective way to pull the community back together, to tighten social strictures and save patched-together families. “I don’t think the governor would have told me that story. But I found it quite compelling.”
“Compelling” is high praise from a scholar and tarnished idealist whose travels through the darker corners of the world have left him with a lingering mistrust of simple explanations. On a leaden-skied September afternoon, over lunch at the Storm Café, in Middlebury, Mecham was trying to find compelling answers to the question of Yemen. “You could make a laundry list of problems facing Yemen,” he said, between bites of potato garlic soup and a deconstructing sandwich, “some of which are going to matter a lot more than others.” Draining aquifers, oil wells that will soon pump only mud, a violent insurgency in the north and a secessionist movement in the south, endemic corruption, and an agile despot for a president—any of these alone would weaken a country. Together, they may collapse it.

Failed modern states are rare; Somalia is one. And the sudden rise of al-Qaeda in the Arabian Peninsula (AQAP), out in the rugged Yemeni desert, with its series of near-successful terrorist attacks, invites comparison to another: Afghanistan. The U.S. has spent nine years and $336 billion in a spectacular effort to simultaneously right Afghanistan and fight a war there. One wonders if Yemen needs our help, and if it could survive it.

In another life, Mecham might have been a young CIA station chief. At 39, he’s hyperanalytical, pentalingual, and a weekend poet. His self-effacement is real and charming, his easy wit disarming. Slight and smooth of face, he could be mistaken for one of the eager first-years who fight a cultlike following of upperclassmen for a seat in his lectures.

In this life, he grew up in Logan, Utah, on the edge of Wasatch Range, where his father was a professor in the Utah State University business school. Mecham was the oldest of five, with all the accompanying precocity. “Actually, that’s the way I got into Arabic,” he explained. “My high school Spanish teacher was so bad. It felt like he was running a piñata sweatshop.” When Mecham asked Senior Oswald for more work, “he said, ‘Sure, I’ll give you extra tests. Here’s a list of 300 automotive terms.’” Mecham petitioned to take college classes, and Arabic was one of two languages taught during his available afternoons. “A mediocre class, but I completely fell in love with the language.”

Painfully advanced for his age, he felt trapped in an insular college town. “I spent most of my time growing up figuring out how to get out. I needed some adventure. I was reading travel guides for fun, and I remember reading that the entire Creature Cantina scene in Star Wars was filmed in this underground cave system in Tunisia. And I just decided, ‘I’ve got to go there.’” He found a scholarship through the National Council on U.S.-Arab Relations—“I guess there weren’t a lot of Utahns applying for that sort of thing”—and, at 18, he deplaned in Tunis, armed with a high school education and year’s worth of Arabic.

In 1982, Yasser Arafat’s Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO) had been driven from Beirut by the invading Israeli army and had gone into hiding in Tunisia. Nearly a decade later, Arafat still hadn’t left. “The U.S. government wasn’t talking to him,” Mecham explained. “He was a persona non grata, a terrorist.”

While in Tunis, Mecham hooked up with a band of Peace Corps volunteers, who tagged along for “this really late-night, surprise meeting at the PLO headquarters,” orchestrated by the Council. When the call came, Arafat’s men drove in circles through the city before dropping the Americans off and shepherding them into a conference room. “All of a sudden these folding doors parted, and he was sitting there, surrounded by his body guards and translators, in all his hairy glory,” Mecham recalled. “He appeared to be very generous because when offered tea, instead of taking it, he offered it to someone in our group, I actually think it was because he didn’t want to get poisoned. People were trying to assassinate him all the time.” Arafat launched into a series of diatribes against U.S. policy and then took questions. “It was a pretty defining experience for me. He’s the only political celebrity whose autograph I have.”

That autumn, after Mecham left the Maghreb, he enrolled at Brigham Young University, signed up for French and Arabic, and began figuring out how to get back to his studies. At BYU, comparative literature won out over political science. “I remember reading one article by Robert Kaplan, ‘The Coming Anarchy’” (an early nineties Atlantic Monthly piece predicting failed states and bloody resource wars) “in an intro poli-sci class and deciding that the world was coming to an end, and I didn’t have the stomach for it. ‘This is just too painful for me. I’m going to focus on literature.’”

Mecham’s undergraduate track was an obstacle course of distractions. After two years, he left for Nova Scotia on mission, a service-oriented tenet of the Mormon faith in which he was raised and still keeps. “I spent a lot of time working with refugees who were coming from the Soviet Union, which was just falling. I remember playing chess with the Bulgarian national chess champion.” But, mission did little to sate his wanderlust, and he left again, this time on a scholarship to Kuwait University.

The first Gulf War had been over for a year and a half, yet there were still Iraqi tank treads in the volleyball court; Mecham’s dorm room had been a barric for the occupying troops. “I had terrible teachers, but it was a grand adventure,” he said. “Kuwait isn’t that big, and I saw every inch of it, except for the parts that had unexploded ordinance.” One of only a few Americans at the university, he made friends with a U.S. contractor, and together they fell in with members of the Kuwaiti royal family.

At a diwaniyya, a potluck of sorts where men gather and shout about politics (to which the American pair arrived bearing hamburgers and chili), one of the Kuwaiti royals unloaded two vans full of freshly killed sheep. The event was being held on a luxury yacht, and the massive spread covered the floor of the yacht’s garage. “A little food fight developed,” remembered Mecham. “They could tell that I was shy about eating the sheep’s eyeballs, which are a delicacy, and soon they were tossing the heads around. And then things got a little looser. Guys started taking their shirts off and wrestling each other, and one guy climbed up to the top of the yacht, half-naked, and started yodeling. Someone pulled a Mercedes in and cranked open the doors and turned on the stereo. I remember saying to myself, ‘Do you really want me to see all this?’”

Mecham did eventually graduate from BYU, “with probably 80 percent more credits than I needed,” but not before studying abroad twice more, in Quebec City and Cairo, taking an extra
fold. Midterm politicking had begun in earnest, and Yemen was once more a forgotten corner of the Gulf, a swath of desert with an occasional pirate problem. But just days before the anniversary of 9/11, the CIA leaked what Near East analysts in Washington had long suspected: that Yemen-based al-Qaeda in the Arabian Peninsula was now a more immediate risk to American national security than its Pakistan-based parent group. This threat assessment was given real weight when, in late October, the group shipped two mail bombs from Sana’a, Yemen, to Chicago, a plot the group dubbed “Operation Hemorrhage” and staged for just a few thousand dollars. Saudi Arabia’s intelligence chief alerted U.S. officials just before the boxes reached American airspace. Overnight, it seemed, the Obama administration was scrambling to promise military aid to Yemen, and Sana’a faced a deluge of automatic weapons, helicopters, and U.S. Special Forces. “If we’re going to do this, we need to do it right, not dribble aid in and wonder why, if things worsen,” a senior defense official told the New York Times. “It’s like a forest fire. You fight to put it out, not watch it.”

Yemen’s problems—“challenges,” Mecham often corrects himself—seem to give new definition to “inextricable.” Yemen is intractably poor. Slightly less than half of Yemenis live on less than $2 a day; slightly more than half can read. Its growth rate is unmatched in the Arab world: the average woman gives birth to more than five children, and each year more farmers abandon their land and head for the sprawling cities. On the U.N.’s most recent gender inequality index, Yemen was at the very bottom.

The capital is running out of fresh water, draining aquifers and pumping nonrenewable “fossil water.” Khat, a leafy, mild narcotic chewed by most men on a near-daily basis, is a cash crop that provides agricultural jobs to rural Yemenis, but growing it is water-intensive; irrigation is nonexistent, and it’s estimated that the plant sucks up 40 percent of Yemen’s water resources. But khat is also part of the warp and weft of male Yemeni society. “It’s where a lot of Yemeni politics gets done,” Mecham said. “It doesn’t get done in legislature. It gets done in the khat chew.”

Geographically, Yemen has less in common with the Arab Gulf’s petrocracies than with the Horn of Africa, and it has none of the Saudis’ resource wealth. Within the next decade, the country will run out of oil, and when the hydrocarbons dry up, so will Yemen’s cash flow. In a country where unemployment is officially low-balled at 35 percent and the suspension of diesel subsidies recently incited riots, cash flowing into the economy helps keep discontent at a dull roar.

The man most concerned about this dull roar, President Ali Abdullah Saleh, has been in power since 1978, first as a military officer in the north’s Yemen Arab Republic, and later, after reunification with the Marxist south in 1990, as an autocrat. In 1994, he put down a full-blown civil war that threatened to disintegrate the country. From Sana’a, he manipulates a tangle of patronage networks, setting tribal leaders and hungry supporters against one another, alternately creating conflicts and solving them. It’s an expensive game, but he plays a deft hand.

On the ground, Saleh is hemmed in by groups threatening to
as a Shia revivalist movement, has become an insurgency. To become an outspoken secessionist. "Saleh survives not from Afghanistan, defected to the southern movement, where he has little real development. (Since the 2000 al-Qaeda attack on the USS Cole, Aden, a once-booming southern port, has gone quiet.) And in 2009, one of Saleh’s own, a former mujahid in Afghanistan, defected to the southern movement, where he has become an outspoken secessionist. “Saleh survives not from Islamic legitimacy but from an extensive network of patronage,” Mecham said. “And that patronage is tied both to close associates and to families and tribes. So when he wakes up in the morning, he asks himself, ‘Given all the threats that I face, what do I need to do to best survive?’"

With their forbidding geographies, narcotic-strewn fields, fractured tribalism, resource scarcity, internecine civil conflicts, pockets of virulent Islamism, and atrophied economies, it’s seductively simple to compare Afghanistan in the eighties to the Yemen of today, looking for a template or, better, a carbon copy. Caveat emptor.

“What I get most nervous about with people making explicit comparisons between Yemen and Afghanistan.” Mecham told me, “is that we’ve come to the conclusion in Afghanistan that there are parts of Afghanistan that require a military solution. That is not clear in Yemen. Another difference is that in Afghanistan you have a big political movement, Islamist in orientation, which overlaps into Pakistan and has lots of places it can retreat to; it’s a major political force that is very anti-American. Yemen doesn’t have that.”

He continued, “There’s just nothing Taliban-like there. There’s no war to fight. The U.S. could not send an army and know who their enemy was. So when you attack or militarize this conflict, it takes tribal leaders that have, right now, very little sympathy for al-Qaeda, and suddenly projects an enemy on them.”

What it means to be al-Qaeda in Yemen matters, too. “Yeah, their affiliation is with al-Qaeda,” Mecham said, “but they have cross-cutting identities, so they’re also the cousin of some guy in Hadramout. He’s the cousin of some tribal leader, and, you know, this tribal leader may not like al-Qaeda but he’s not going to kick out a cousin because he has the wrong stripe of political activism. You don’t just cut him off.”

**It’s a poorly kept secret in Washington that the Obama administration is deeply rifted over Yemen; as budgets come due, intelligence hawks and veteran commanders are sparring with development-aid workers and career foreign-service officers. The central question is, which Yemen first? Or more desperately: development projects or weapons?**

American military aid to Yemen in 2006 was just over $4 million, all of it targeted at counterterrorism. By last year, that number had increased more than thirtyfold, to $155 million. In September, the U.S. military’s Central Command announced its intention to provide another $1.2 billion in assistance—weapons, equipment, training—to Yemen over the next six years, or about $240 million a year, according to Christopher Boucek, a Yemen expert at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. (To put that figure in perspective, he pointed to the Pakistan Counterinsurgency Fund, a $400-million coffers—filled annually—through which the U.S. buys Pakistani support for coalition operations in Afghanistan. Says Boucek: “Pakistan has been getting billions of dollars a year with no strings attached practically.”)

The Achilles’ heel of military aid is not knowing how it will eventually be used, as the CIA learned in the eighties when it flooded Afghanistan with thousands of Stinger missiles to shoot down Soviet aircraft, and then spent the next decade trying unsuccessfully to buy back the unspent ones from rogue mujahideen commanders. President Saleh has shown a willingness to use brutal violence to repress his detractors—the Houthis in the north, the secessionists in the south. As Gregory Johnsen, a Yemen scholar at Princeton, told the New York Times, “If we’re just pouring money and equipment into the Yemeni military in the hopes that it will be used against al-Qaeda, that hope doesn’t match either with history or current reality.” Saleh claims that Iran is secretly funding the Houthis and regularly blurs the distinction between terrorists and southern political agitators with legitimate grievances. “If he can get things out of the West by talking up the threat of AQAP, he’ll do it,” Mecham said. “And he usually can.”

Compared to military aid, development aid provided by the State Department has lagged. From 2006 to 2010, funding rose from less than $20 million to $67 million, and this year State has promised just $106 million, nearly half of which is military and security assistance. As Richard Fontaine, a senior fellow at the Center for a New American Security, has put it, “The amount of aid going to Yemen is a rounding error.”

Where some in the Pentagon see Yemen as a proving ground for the “new” war on terror—clandestine teams of Special Forces, precision drone strikes, a small footprint on the ground—many at State, like Mecham, hope it will be just the opposite: a proving ground for “smart aid.” The term has become a hallmark of the Clinton State Department and has everything to do with who receives aid. American foreign policy is not aimed specifically at “picking winners,” but development officials have found that by carefully targeting aid, they can boost its efficacy, for the same reason that you tend your flower garden with a watering can and not a fire hose.

Much of Mecham’s work in policy planning involved identifying important, nonstate actors that the U.S. could partner with abroad. As he explained, Yemen needs aid that doesn’t go directly to the government but to actors who are “relatively independent from the political machinations of President Saleh—and they still exist—and to nongovernmental organizations. There’s only so much capacity to absorb what Yemen currently has. You can’t just write a check for a billion dollars and find people to spend it on. But we can do more than we’ve historically done.” He pointed to Yemen’s relatively robust class of technocrats—nonexistent in Afghanistan—as civil servants. “They
like the U.S., which is not particularly close to Yemen, which there’s not a lot of message leakage. It’s also a way for a country messages that get delivered to President Saleh’s regime, so that coordination. For example, it carefully orchestrates “the political long-term survival—and it needs to make them now.”

“provide the necessary tough love to help the Yemeni government coordinate language and goals, to focus on specific projects, and to Americans, Saudis, Europeans, smaller Gulf neighbors—to the same message.” The program brings together key stakeholders—

his office at State, imagine an intervention: “You’re invited into the highest bidder in the room.

for collaboration—the U.S. is neither the loudest voice nor the same kind of support as Saudi Arabia or the United Arab Emirates?”

Saudi Arabia monitors Yemeni discord like a seismograph and is effectively propping up President Saleh’s government with annual cash infusions said to be in the billions. “It kind of drowns and is effectively propping up President Saleh’s government with amounts of the Yemeni workforce, so many young Yemenis go into the Gulf to work and send labor remittances home. There’s an escape valve. Two, these neighbors are all invested in Yemen remaining in its borders, and remaining somewhat stable, and are willing to provide aid. Afghanistan doesn’t have those things. If I’m a young Afghan, where am I going to go next door to work in a way that’s going to provide me with the same kind of support as Saudi Arabia or the United Arab Emirates?”

Yemen has rich neighbors,” Mecham noted. “It is surrounded on the Arabian Peninsula by neighbors that have much higher per capita gross domestic products that do two things for Yemen. One, they absorb massive amounts of the Yemeni workforce, so many young Yemenis go into the Gulf to work and send labor remittances home. There’s an escape valve. Two, these neighbors are all invested in Yemen remaining in its borders, and remaining somewhat stable, and are willing to provide aid. Afghanistan doesn’t have those things. If I’m a young Afghan, where am I going to go next door to work in a way that’s going to provide me with the same kind of support as Saudi Arabia or the United Arab Emirates?”

Saudi Arabia monitors Yemeni discord like a seismograph and is effectively propping up President Saleh’s government with annual cash infusions said to be in the billions. “It kind of drowns out whatever we bring to the table,” said Carnegie’s Christopher Boucek. So when the State Department announced a Friends of Yemen initiative last year, it wasn’t paying lip service to the need for collaboration—the U.S. is neither the loudest voice nor the highest bidder in the room.

To hear Mecham describe Friends of Yemen, a policy-child of his office at State, imagine an intervention: “You’re invited into a room with all your friends looking at you, and they all have the same message.” The program brings together key stakeholders—Americans, Saudis, Europeans, smaller Gulf neighbors—to coordinate language and goals, to focus on specific projects, and to “provide the necessary tough love to help the Yemeni government recognize that it needs to make some changes that are critical to its long-term survival—and it needs to make them now.”

Friends of Yemen, which met for a third time this winter in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, is designed to solve failures of international coordination. For example, it carefully orchestrates “the political messages that get delivered to President Saleh’s regime, so that there’s not a lot of message leakage. It’s also a way for a country like the U.S., which is not particularly close to Yemen, which doesn’t have very good influence, to work with people that have more influence.” Mecham said. Counterterrorism may top the list of American concerns, but U.S. officials know they can’t go it alone. “If we make it all about counterterrorism,” said Boucek, “we risk alienating the Yemeni government and Yemeni people. We risk fueling the grievances that give rise to al-Qaeda in the first place.”

In present-day Yemen, the Obama administration does not face the next Afghanistan. But depending on how deeply the U.S. militarizes its aid packages—and how those weapons are used, and whether they come at the expense of “smart” development dollars—we may midwife it. “The right metaphor for what we’re doing in Yemen,” Mecham told me, is not “saving” or “fixing” it, but “putting airbags in the car rather than actually being able to stop it from crashing.” He continued, “There are some good programs in Yemen, but the problem is whether we can move fast enough and independently enough, with clean actors, to put a little air in those airbags. It’s a long-term commitment.”

For nearly a decade, the U.S. has been living in the long shadow of an elsewhere war. In Yemen, as in Iraq and Afghanistan, the battlefield has a peculiar calculus: body counts are additive, but radicalization is exponential. For every Hellfire missile that reduces to ruin the small home where an al-Qaeda operative is hiding or a tribal leader is sitting down to dinner with his family, the cousins, brothers, and nephews who slip past death are left to pick through the char, a new kind of sorrow and disbelief on their lips. One could be forgiven for asking the same question that Maj. Gen. David Petraeus did of a Washington Post reporter in 2003, six days into the drive to Baghdad, the question that has come to haunt a generation of soldiers, insurgents, and innocents: “Tell me how this ends.”

Kevin Charles Redmon ’10 wrote “The Shadow Government” in the spring 2010 issue of the magazine.

A video interview with Quinn Mecham can be found at middmag.com.
The Greatest

Those who saw them play insist that Mike Karin and Phil Latreille formed the best ice hockey tandem in the history of intercollegiate competition. In the 30 years since they last skated together, no other duo has managed to challenge this claim.

BY ROBERT KEREN

In sports, the adage goes, numbers don’t lie. That’s why there are two record books for men’s ice hockey at Middlebury, not just one. The first runs from 1923 to 1964. The second one marks achievements from 1965 to the present; it’s titled “modern-day” records. Now, 1965 is not an arbitrary date. That was the year when intercollegiate men’s ice hockey was split into divisions. (Previously, all schools, regardless of size, competed in one division.) Dividing the record book in such a way has had another consequence: it has rescued some of the greatest individual performances of recent years from relative obscurity.

Take the 35 goals scored by Kevin Cooper ’04 in 2003-04, for instance. That’s a modern-day Middlebury record. Or the 48 assists tallied by Kent Hughes ’92 in his senior year—that’s another modern-day Middlebury record. Yet neither of these worthy achievements would have approached the top of the Panthers’ record book if the book had not been divided many years ago.

“There were four or five years there in the late 1950s and early 1960s when Middlebury was scoring more goals than any other hockey team in the country,” says Coach Bill Beaney, who has coached the Panthers since 1986. “And it was basically because of two guys: Mike Karin and Phil Latreille.”

Karin ’59 and Latreille ’61 played for legendary coach Walter “Duke” Nelson ’32, and they are linked not just in the College’s all-time record book, but in the NCAA archives as well. Karin, the consummate playmaker, registered the most points in a game (13), most assists in a game (10), and most assists per game in a season (3.1) in the history of college hockey, while the more-compact Latreille, with his booming slap shot and upper-body strength, still holds seven NCAA marks, including most goals in a season (80) and most goals in a career (250), two records that may never be touched.

Last summer, Phil, Mike, and their wives, Eileen Glaseo Latreille ’62 and Lynde Sudduth Karin ’62, got together for a few days in Vermont. And as Mike and Phil always do, they reminisced for hours about their coach, their teammates, and their times together.

Mike Karin came to Middlebury in 1955 via the Northwood School in Lake Placid. His father was a high school principal, and his mother was a teacher, and while growing up in Clinton, New York, he was a stick boy for the Clinton Comets in the rough-and-tumble Eastern Hockey League. Jean Philippe Latreille grew up in Montreal, in a working-class family that spoke French, English, and a little Italian. His high school played its home games at the Montreal Forum, and he quickly became one of the most heralded scholastic hockey players in Quebec.

One winter’s day in 1957, Duke Nelson decided to drive up to Montreal to watch Latreille play. “The real reason I went to Middlebury was because of Duke Nelson,” Latreille says. “I can still see him talking to my mother in our little apartment. Duke had that look in his eye, and he told her he’d take care of me, so my mother said, ‘Middlebury, that’s where you should go to school.’”

By Latreille’s account, he had more than 70 offers to play hockey in the U.S. and Canada. A powerful skater and a strong student, he was coveted by the Ivy League, as well as some Big Ten schools, several colleges out West, and a number of schools and programs in Canada; even the NHL’s Chicago Blackhawks and Detroit Red Wings expressed interest. (He would eventually enjoy a brief career with the New York Rangers post-Middlebury.) But because Duke Nelson hit it off with his mother, Latreille went to Middlebury and etched his name in the Panther record book.

In their first game together, the 1957 season’s opener, Latreille and Karin faced the Bowdoin College Polar Bears at Middlebury’s Memorial Field House. Karin, the first-line center, had a pair of tallies to go with four assists. Latreille debuted with two goals and three assists on an all-freshman line with Dick Morrison ’61 and Frank Coy ’61. The Middlebury Campus called the 15-0 outcome a “massacre.”

After the game, Bowdoin’s rookie coach, Sid Watson, was
steamed. As Latreille recalls, Watson came into the locker room afterwards and told Duke, "As long as those six freshmen are on your team, I am not playing you again." And Watson kept his promise. Bowdoin didn't schedule Middlebury again until 1962, when the aforementioned freshmen had graduated.

Collegiate ice hockey was a different game in the late 1950s. Goalies did not wear masks. The slap shot was not widely used. There were leagues, but no division I, II, or III. Checking in the offensive zone was not permitted. Some teams still played outdoors (Latreille remembers shoveling snow off the Williams College rink before a game), and artificial ice was a novelty. College hockey players wore helmets that were not much more than three slabs of leather stitched together with some elastic. The season was shorter, too. Teams played about 20 games per season, compared with 25 to 30 games today.

It was a much higher-scoring game back then, especially when Middlebury played. There were few 3-1 and 5-2 contests like today's and many more that ended 10-2 or 7-6. During Latreille's senior year, the 1960-61 team went 19-2 and averaged more than nine goals per game, while netminders Frank Costanzo '61 and Chuck Gately '62 yielded fewer than three goals per contest. The Panthers lit up Norwich and Dartmouth for 17 goals, and Amherst and American International College for 16. That winter, Latreille notched an astonishing 80 goals in 21 games. Only one other college hockey player has ever broken 60 goals in a season. To Rick Weegman, a Minnesota sportswriter, Latreille's 80 goals in a season stand alongside "unbreakable" records, such as Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak or UCLA's seven consecutive NCAA basketball titles.

So, the question begs: how did Latreille score so many goals? "I was forechecking for him," quips Karin over lunch at the Woodstock Country Club. "I was always working the corners. Phil just hung out in front of the net, looking for the easy goals."

Everyone at the table laughs because they know that wasn't the case. Even the waitress delivering Karin's hot dog and fries stops in her tracks and waits for the answer. Phil, meanwhile, looks up, smiles, and says, "I must admit that with my slap shot and the curved stick I was using, not many goalies were prepared for the way I could shoot a puck back then. Goalies are a lot better at stopping slap shots now, but at that time intimidation was certainly a factor."

That's when Karin points out that Latreille's slap shot was not only hard and fast, but he also knew where it was going. "Phil was incredibly accurate with his slapper. You'd see other guys slap it, and you'd hear a big boom when it hit the boards, but they'd miss the net by three feet. Phil... he could pick his spot and beat the goalie. That was the big difference."

Hockey sticks were not curved when they came from the manufacturer, so Latreille bent the blade of his stick in an ingenious way. Two Middlebury electricians who worked in the heating plant (Latreille called them "Fitz" and "Fitz") bent Number 16's sticks for him, curving them just enough to impart added lift, spin, and control to his shot. (This was perfectly legal; it's just that not many others thought to do so.) Soon word was out about Latreille. Even Newsweek took notice. Quoting a scouting report that he was "tough enough and big enough to play in the National Hockey League," Newsweek added, "Most of his goals come on quick, right-handed wrist shots from 20 feet." The Dartmouth goalie who gave up four goals to Latreille in seven minutes called him "the most amazing hockey player I have ever seen." Even more ignominious were the NCAA-record 10 goals in a single game that a Colgate netminder gave up to Latreille. Forty years later, Latreille chanced to meet the former goalie on a golf course in Vero Beach and learned that the keeper's friends dubbed him "Red Light" after his 10-goal encounter with Latreille.

Back in Woodstock, the waitress returns and Latreille grabs the check, "If Phil pays for this," Karin says with a chuckle, "it will be the first assist I ever got from him." Because of Latreille's fame and gregarious nature, he has had to absorb a lot of ribbing from friends throughout his adult life. And Karin, who captained the team Latreille's sophomore year and won the Walter Brown Award in 1959 as the best American-born college hockey player in New England, plays it to the hilt.

Bill Beaney was just a boy when Latreille and Karin played, and remembers watching Duke Nelson's teams scrimmage at Olympic Center in his hometown of Lake Placid. (Bill's uncle Don managed the famous arena where the 1980 Winter Olympics "Miracle on Ice" occurred.)

"Mike Karin was an excellent skater, a Gretzky of his time," says Beaney. "His creativity, his ability to improvise, made everyone around him better. He was always such a huge threat because of his acceleration on skates."

"And as for Phil, he was a deadly shooter. He was so far ahead of his time because of the way he shot the puck. No one was even close. He would often take the first shot of the game, a slapper from the blue line, and it either went in the net or whizzed by the goalie's head. Either way, that goalie would be backing up every time Phil touched the puck again."

Beaney, who played at the University of New Hampshire and has devoted his professional life to the game, was not surprised to learn that the Karins and Latreilles were getting together for a mini-reunion of their own last summer.

"What binds people together is a common set of experiences, and there's a bond that develops in sports that's like no other. Teammates have to learn to trust each other. Teammates share joys and struggles together. And at a place like Middlebury, with our balance between athletics and academics, there's a greater opportunity for that bond to develop than at a Division I school. Here athletics is something you do; it's not who you are."

At lunch, that bond among teammates is evident when teammate Tor Hultgreen's name comes up in conversation. "Now I'm gonna get $500 from Tor when his name appears in the story," Latreille says with a big grin.

"No way," counters Karin. "Tor told me he'd give me a thousand!"

For an interview with Phil Latreille and Mike Karin, visit this story at middmag.com.
FAST FOOD
On busy Manhattan streets, Joyride serves up coffee and frozen yogurt from a refurbished FedEx truck. Photograph by Jon Roemer
Coffee Brake

A new era of upscale food vendors hits Manhattan, and David Belanich '05 is on board.

BY DWIGHT GARNER '88

It's 4:30 on a cold November morning in Astoria, Queens, and David Belanich '05 swings his car's headlights across a padlocked urban parking lot. He hops out and opens the lock, shivering, and drives inside. There in front of him is a long row of empty Mister Softee ice cream trucks, parked for the night. These trucks are spooky, in the manner of deserted amusement parks. This is a not-bad place for a Sopranos-style mob hit.

Belanich directs his headlights into a far corner, toward his own food truck, a former FedEx delivery vehicle he's had spotlessly and cheerfully refurbished. From it he dispenses, on Manhattan's streets, a more sophisticated product than Mister Softee ever dreamed of: his own blend of tart, high-end frozen yogurt, as well as coffee from the celebrated indie brand, Stumptown Coffee Roasters. In a few hours he'll flip on his truck's neon sign, which casts a warm and welcoming yellow glow. In loopy cursive script it reads, appropriately enough: Joyride.

But first, there's work to be done. Belanich fires up his truck's generator and checks his supplies, including steel containers of fresh toppings: mangos, kiwis, pomegranates. After making sure everything is stowed tightly—things tend to bounce around during the pothole-filled drive into Manhattan—he hits the road. At 7 A.M., he glides into a favorite spot on Park Avenue between 26th and 27th streets, in front of the landmark 1928 New York Life Building. He brews some coffee, does some prep work, and bingo: Joyride is open for business.

Customers arrive almost immediately. Even though Joyride is parked here only on Tuesdays—it occupies a different location around the city each day—there are regulars who brandish "Buy 10, get one free" cards. Joyride has only been operating since July, but already it's made a name for itself in Manhattan's flowering and increasingly hip food truck scene. The trend-spotting Web site Daily Candy praised Joyride's "buzzed" frozen yogurt—fro-yo that's been spiked with caffeine—and also a honeylike topping called jaggery, often derived from the sap of Sri Lankan palm trees. This isn't your grandmother's frozen treat.

Joyride has won admirers, too, for its inventive and witty coffee specials, including the Jeffrey Paul, a kind of ultimate cafe mocha made from double shots of espresso and delicate MarieBelle hot chocolate, dusted with espresso grinds and chocolate shavings. Then there's the Balzac, essentially the same drink with the addition of gently heated organic milk. The truck also sells pastries and, in the fall, fresh cider doughnuts.

The good press has been a bonus, but Belanich
Once upon a time in America the idea of dropping out of Yale to run a food truck would have seemed absurd.

Belanich, who grew up in Great Neck, Long Island—his Croatian-born father worked in real estate—was a political science major who, after graduation, spent two years pursuing a Ph.D. in political science at Yale. When he took a year off from Yale to spend time with his father, who was ill, he never went back. “I didn’t want to write any more papers for a while,” he says, “I do. But food is taken more seriously every day; it’s its own kind of cultural pursuit, and it is attracting the types of creative and ambitious young people who would have scoffed at the field two decades ago.

The world of street food is also rapidly changing. On Manhattan’s streets, you used to be able to pick up a cup of coffee from a Greek or Afghan vendor or a hot dog from a cart run by Dominicans. There were a lot of pretzel, smoothie, nut, and kabob carts, too. These days, though, you can find sophisticated sandwiches, wood-fired pizza, and almost anything else. And behind the counter, you’re as likely to find an MBA as a struggling recent immigrant.

The first thing Belanich and his partners did, after deciding to start Joyride, was buy a used FedEx truck on eBay. “We spent about $9,000 on it,” he says. They picked it up in Vermont and brought it back to New York to be outfitted. A lot of thought went into the truck’s brushed-steel interior, and to its coloring and logo. Then the three got lucky, winning a coveted New York City mobile food vendor permit in an official lottery. (There are 3,000 such permits in New York. Only a few new ones are issued every year.)

“The great thing about a food truck is that you’re not paying rent,” Belanich says. “But there are a lot of hassles. It’s not like a restaurant where you can just turn the water on. You’ve got to fill your tank in advance.” If he needs to use a bathroom, he jogs up Park Avenue to a nearby McDonald’s.

The hassles don’t end there. “Nobody likes food trucks except your customers,” he says. “Restaurants don’t like them. Neither do small coffee vendors and other food trucks.”

It took Joyride a while to learn where they could park the truck on New York’s streets. “In the first month, we got three tickets,” Belanich says. Sometimes restaurant owners complain when he pulls up, and sometimes neighbors don’t like his truck’s noisy generator. “We’ve taken serious measures to reduce the noise,” he says.

As Joyride becomes better known in Manhattan, different sorts of offers are pouring in. Belanich was asked to bring the truck to the movie set of Premium Rush, and the truck has also served coffee and yogurt on the set of the TV show Gossip Girl. He’s often asked to take the truck to weddings, bar mitzvahs, and private parties.

The long-term plan? Belanich says it’s to purchase more trucks, and perhaps to turn Joyride into a national franchise. “It’s a lot of work,” he says, “and a lot of brutal early mornings. But I am having more fun now than anytime in my life.”

He serves a cup of steaming coffee to a gregarious businesswoman in a bright scarf.

“People always smile when they see our truck, because it’s happy looking,” he says. “To be honest, it always makes me smile when I see it, too.”
A
uthors in the cottage industry of “Get Rich Quick” books offer bullet-pointed plans, secret schemes, and peppy mantras promising to help make you a millionaire. What finance magazine writer Ryan D’Agostino ’97 found far more intriguing, and potentially valuable to readers, were first-person accounts of how real Americans became wealthy.

Mega-success stories—Trump, Gates, Buffett—have already been well documented. D’Agostino wondered about everyday residents in prosperous burgs and ‘burbs. What wisdom could they impart?

To investigate America’s wealthiest ZIP codes and talk to well-heeled homeowners, D’Agostino reinvented himself as a “door-to-door journalist.” He designed a quixotic project: Show up unannounced at houses in America’s 100 wealthiest ZIP codes and talk to well-heeled homeowners. His hypothesis? “If I knocked on enough doors in enough preposterously rich enclaves, I might gather enough insight and guidance to help me . . . understand how to get rich,” he writes. His secret weapon? A pen and $1.79 steno pad always in hand.


Only the more adventurous residents “bothered” to chat with him, D’Agostino asserts, those “operating on the theory that infinite possibility exists in the unknown.” The author admits his “sampling of people was sparse and thoroughly unscientific.”

Nonetheless, the unusual approach yields fascinating and informative results. “Knocking on strangers’ doors reveals a town’s fiber, its small glories, its rust and dents, its quiet spots,” D’Agostino muses. By observing the affluent-American species in its natural habitat, the author focuses on understanding the sociology and psychology of individuals who prosper, rather than merely distilling business or financial tips from them. The people he meets inspire him, and he hopes that “their stories might inspire you to rewrite your own.”

D’Agostino organizes their tales around five themes: connections, luck, obsession, risk, and humility. Copious subheads within each chapter bristle with bold-faced maxims, often straight from the Corporate Cliché-of-the-Month Club. (Connect the People You Meet!) The narrative’s vigor comes from anecdotes that illustrate the traits and truisms. Some interviewees have traveled delightfully unorthodox paths while putting prosperity platitudes into practice.

In Beverly Hills, California, retired character-actor Harvey Jason memorably connects people and passions. His small used-book store became an “inadvertent networking triumph” as former Hollywood colleagues came looking for film-related books, one of Jason’s special interests. They also happily autographed movie literature related to their own careers, and Mystery Pier Books fast became the place to find rare industry-related merchandise.

Frank Heurich, of Lake Forest, Illinois, vividly illustrates Chapter Two’s topic: Luck Doesn’t Exist. For more than 50 years, his company has manufactured equipment to clients month to month, maintaining and upgrading it continually. “By assuming all the risk, we’re announcing that we have confidence in our product,” says Heurich. “And that we can keep the customer happy.”

Jason, Heurich, and most of D’Agostino’s interviewees come across as earnest and unassuming. Becoming “rich like them” seems accessible. They aren’t all that different from you, the author asserts, just “smart people with motivation and a few good ideas.” Especially during tough economic times, it’s a refreshing take on the American Dream.
Island Light (MacAdam/Cage, 2010) is the final novel in the trilogy written by Katherine Towler, MA English ’84, which includes Snow Island and Evening Ferry. Unlike most trilogies, this one plays loisely with a wide range of characters and instead keeps central the small and isolated island off the coast of New England upon which all of the stories take place. (And as this reviewer had the fortune of reading all three, it’s a personal indulgence to review this final story in its sequence—though certainly it can be read and enjoyed on its own.)

In a well-choreographed dance between time and place, Towler has moved her story from the first novel, which takes place in the early 1940s, through the second in the mid-’60s, to the final installment in 1990.

In addition to the now familiar island terrain, the common threads of turbulent war and equally stormy relationships also connect the three tales. World War II was the catalyst in Snow Island, spreading its shadow over a group of young people coming to terms with their isolated life on a remote island amidst a suddenly exposed worldview. The cultural and political disillusionment of Vietnam pervades Evening Ferry, revealing a lackluster and emotionally paralyzed cast of characters. And in Island Light, the strange and somewhat surreal news bulletins of the burgeoning Persian Gulf conflict—in which disembodied voices reported from the bombed and darkened city of Baghdad in a new language of “tracers” and “desert storm”—incongruously connects a comfortably detached community.

This final story focuses alternately on three main characters—Ruth Lambert, Nick McGarrrell, and Nora Venable—each tied to the island in an inextricable way, and each struggling with issues of relationships and identity in a way that ends up being somewhat inconclusive by dock conversations.

In the end, it is a story of unremarkable beauty depicting life as it unfolds in a small place far from everyone and everywhere else. A tidy epilogue goes so far as to capture their lives, one by one, in their utter unchangedness. The most aged of the characters, George Tibbets, who made his first appearance in Snow Island, notes of his leaving the island—perhaps for the last time—“The place would wait for him, as it always had.” And so the island remains.

—Blair Klonian, MA English ’94

Recently Published

- Caveball: The Remarkable Story of Toni Stone, the First Woman to Play Professional Baseball in the Negro League (Lawrence Hill Books, 2010) by Martha Ackmann, MA English ’79
- The Wish Stealers (Aladdin, 2010) by Tracy Trivas, MA English ’04
- Damage Control: How to Tiptoe Away from the Smoking Wreckage of Your Latest Screw-up with a Minimum of Harm to Your Reputation (McClelland and Stewart, 2010) by David Eddle ’84
- Living with Crohn’s and Colitis: A Comprehensive Naturopathic Guide for Complete Digestive Wellness (Hatherleigh Press, 2010) by DeDe Cummings ’79 and Jessica Black, ND
- How Tia Lola Learned to Teach (Alfred A. Knopf, 2010) by Julia Alvarez ’71
- Noah’s Children: One Man’s Response to the Environmental Crises (Xlibris, 2010) by Huck Fairman ’67
- The Art of Dahlov Ipcar (Down East, 2010) by Carl Little, MA French ’86
35 Another classmate has left us. Roberta Wightman passed away on July 2 in Seattle where she lived for 66 years. She was a landscape architect and had her own firm for 41 years. An obituary will appear in a future issue of the magazine.

Class Correspondent: Alna Davis Struble, 147 West State St., Room 208, Kennedy Square, PA 19134.

37 As I write this, the foliage is just beginning to change its colors along the Jersey Shore, but reports from Middlebury say that “the leaves were in their glory” as early as September. How well we remember those autumn days in Vermont! Maybe you could send me some of your favorite Middle memories along with a report on how, and how well, you’ve been doing. We wish you good health and much happiness.


38 I’m sorry to report the deaths of three classmates: Eleanor Carroll Mullins on June 8, Jean Hoadley Dudley on June 24, and Jack Keir on August 30. To their families we extend our deepest sympathy.

Obituaries will appear in a future issue.

Janet Randall Morgan has moved to Cedar Mountain Commons in Newington, Conn. She now lives near her daughter, granddaughter, and great-granddaughters. Newington was where Janet lived with her four children and husband Carlos Cook until his death. After she married Dale Morgan and he retired, they moved to Charlestown, R.I. Janet now attends the same church where she was a member many years ago.

Eleanor Barnum Gardner recently spent a weekend in Montreal. Son Dick drove her there to meet her month-old twins grandchildren, a boy and a girl. The Wake Robin beekeepers were busy in September gathering about 40 gallons of honey and also leaving plenty at the hives for the bees. One could never be bored at Wake Robin with all the activities, movies, and speakers, plus many interesting programs. However, if a resident prefers a quiet lifestyle, one will not be pushed.

Hiking, skiing (both cross country and downhill), and snowshoeing are some of the outdoor activities residents enjoy.

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

39 I had a pleasant chat with Robert Rathbone who sends his best regards to all of his classmates. We recalled a round of golf we played at one of the earlier reunions.

Carol Flascher Stiles now resides in a retirement home in Charleston, W.V., where she enjoys group exercising, lectures, bridge, off-the-premises trips, reading, and writing letters to friends in Nashville, where she resided for 60 years. During her marriage she and her husband traveled extensively in Europe and Asia. She asked me what I was doing. I replied that I wrote volumes of poetry, plays, and memoirs of naval service in WWI, but I could not get anything published. She replied, “But the joy is in the creation.” A good observation.

One of the directors at Brookhaven in Lexington, Mass., wrote a letter on behalf of Betty Letson. She says, “Betty is doing well and is an active part of our Gardenview community. She attends multiple activity programs, including classical music concerts. She enjoys being social with her peers and sitting on the lovely patio here at Brookhaven. Betty is doing fine and was glad to hear from you. Thanks for taking the time to check in.” A Jean Freeman, a friend of Olive Holbrook Nagle, responded to the letter I sent. She says Olive is terrific. “Besides short-term memory issues, she really is doing well. She recently turned 92—a few years older than my own mom. I think she’s amazing. Olive and I met in 1992 when I moved into the apartment building in D.C. where she had lived for decades. We quickly became friends. She was always the most entertaining guest at my dinner parties. She tells great stories! I did not know Austen Nagle, her husband, in 2002 she had a bad fall and I got her to the emergency room. She never came back to her apartment. I helped her find a retirement residence where she receives the care she needs. She transitioned from the hospital to a nursing floor, through rehab, and finally into her own apartment. Because of her memory issues, her mail comes here. I’ll read your letter to her when I see her. Thanks for reaching out to the wonderful Olive Holbrook.”

Frances Barrett Johnson writes, “In July 2008 I sold my little house in Shrewsbury, Mass., to move into an apartment in Briarwood Retirement Community in Worcester, Mass. When people here see my Midd platter hanging on the wall, they are quite impressed that I graduated from Midd. In the same room I am proud of my painting of the chapel on the hill. The words on the chapel, ‘The Strength of the Hills is His Also,’ come to mind when I face challenges. My husband, Jack Johnson ’41, taught physics at WPI in Worcester for the last 25 years of his teaching career. Now his grandson is doing well at WPI. Jack would be as proud as I am. I did have a small stroke two years ago. However I remain healthy and happy in my new home with new friends and activities here. Best wishes to you and all our classmates.”

Roger Thompson writes, “I’m living in an assisted facility in Green Bay, Wis., to be close to my daughter, Cathy, after 44 years in the Chicago area working for two national laboratories.”

I regret to report that Evelyn Wheeler Stagg passed away on June 18 and Thomas Murray on June 29. Our sympathy goes to their families, especially our classmate Gertrude Bittle Murray. Obituaries will appear in a future issue.

Class Correspondent: Dr. Roger Clarke (atogerdakte@ao.com), 7 Randel Park, Rochester, NY 14607.

40 Several classmates responded to R.C. Anderson’s request for a personal memory or reflection to be shared with classmates. Over the next several issues, we will publish them in our column. Here is what R.C. wrote: “We came of age in one of the best periods of places and at the worst of times. Midd in the late 1930s was delightfully pedestrian. We were at an elevation; 44 degrees north. 73 degrees west, where the strength of the hills were His also and the flank of the Green Mountains formed the eastern boundary to our student forays. Seeing the Milky Way was easy and awesome. On the Long Trail one drank from the springs and rivulets without fear. Doc Cook sauntered along the Otter, as did Thoreau along the Assabet a century before. The colors of fall were unique in the world, winter crystalline and deep, the spring, English, and summer full of visitors, starting with the black flies. By stark contrast our century was one of extremes. We were born close to the end of, or during, the ‘war to end all wars,’ our teen years constrained by the Great Depression caused by tender mercies and caprice of free enterprise. Our one academic course taken together as freshmen, held in Old Chapel, taught by Heinrichs, his left arm mangled, a reminder of WWI, was Contemporary Civilization, the title itself an irony. We could get a free copy of the Times or Tribune, only to hear of Ethiopia, Kristallnacht, Munich, Spain, faint reports of Japan in Manchuria, and colonial abuse on the Dark Continent. We were dissed at our graduation by Moody for being isolationists in a nation of isolationists. We came of age still comforted by the Great Depression caused by tender mercies and caprice of free enterprise. Thus, we mark our 70 years past our formal degrees, a span one third of the history of Middlebury itself.”

Hazel Phelps Stannard sent this message, written for her by her son: “At the end of the summer after our graduation, I married George Stannard, a banker in my hometown of Fair Haven, Vt. George died in 1992, but together we raised three boys who gave us nine grandchildren, and I now have five great-grandchildren. My career was as a high school music director, an accompanist, and a piano instructor. (I just quit teaching piano a couple of years ago.) Best wishes to all.” [Ed. note: Sadly we learned at press time that Hazel passed away on January 6. Our sympathy is sent to her family. An obituary will appear in a future issue.]
**41 REUNION CLASS**

Correspondent Margaret Schaub reports: I had the pleasure of attending the Alumni Leadership Conference at Bread Loaf in September, when the fall colors were approaching their peak. It reminded me of my first glimpse of three of my classmates and our freshman orientation. In addition to workshops and informative gatherings, we were treated to talks by financial guru Jane Bryant Quinn '60 and Prof. Jack Parini, who offered understanding insights into his novel, *The Last Station.* As you read these lines, our 70th reunion is only a few short months away! In anticipation, I would ask that you send me or Elizabeth Wotton Hubbard-Ovens some cherished memory of your time in college—a recollection of dorm life, club activities or outings, a favorite professor, you name it. Please think of something to share with your classmates.

* We deeply regret to report the passing of two classmates who will not be joining us: Elizabeth Stratton Loomis died on June 13 and Alan Howes died on July 9. We express our sympathy to both their families. Obituaries will appear in a future issue.

* A memorial service was held for John Hicks '42 on August 18 at the Unitarian Universalist Church in Shelburne, Vt., according to daughter Alison. John Calley Cooper '42 attended and said it was a beautiful ceremony. The magazine received a letter from Jean Szczyzn, MA English '62, that said, "John Hicks was my dissertation director at the Univ. of Mass. in Amherst. We were friends for over three decades and I take the liberty to write to you about an extraordinary and grand person. Prof. Hicks loved Archibald MacLeish, Robert Frost, Joseph Barber Busing Harris '46, who is the president of their alumni association and does a great job making it a caring community.

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**42 Greetings to my fellow 1942 classmates!** Recently Bob Northrop wrote the following story to share with us: "One of the reasons I was drawn to Middlebury College in the late 1910s was that it was in the heart of the Green Mountain State where the Long Trail, a footpath in the wilderness was located. My father had introduced me to hiking in the Berkshires in Massachusetts and in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, but the idea of a footpath in the wilderness intrigued me even more. So I applied only to Middlebury and after hiking the Long Trail in 1938 for the second time, I arrived home in Belmont, Mass., to find a letter of acceptance. I was overjoyed. Those were the days of President Paul Moody and compulsory New Chapel attendedance. These were intense prewar days but wonderful ones for me and my Middlebury friends. As I approach my 90th birthday I often reminisce about my seven Long Trail end-to-end hikes, the last one having taken place at age 80 in 2001 with son Stephen and his son Rob, who was 14 at the time. It was a great family experience. So when Stephen, wife Kathi, Robert (now 23) and granddaughter Sara decided to do the entire trail this past summer, my wife, Julia, and I were absolutely delighted. They hiked the entire 250 miles—from Massachusetts to Canada—in 20 days and averaged 13 miles per day. However, what makes this last hike so special is that our daughter-in-law, Kathi, hiked the entire trail as a survivor of the serious neurological malady called Guillain-Barre Syndrome, which, at one time, had paralyzed her whole body except, for a time, her eyelids. She showed amazing determination and sheer guts! Now they are back home in California after not only hiking the Long Trail but also raising some money to help protect it for future generations. Many thanks are due to the Green Mountain Club for maintaining this trail since 1910. And many thanks to Middlebury for the memories." After reading Bob's story, I had the idea that it might be interesting for each of us to write a memory, maybe about something that happened while we were in college. I remember during freshman year when Ginnie Poole, Mary Eimer, and I went to see a play called *The Brick Store Museum* and exercises three days a week. My schedule includes theater every Tuesday, bingo on Wednesday, and Thursday may include symphony or opera. She has room for her grandchildren to come visit and her two daughters are nearby. Following her major in French at Middlebury, she has been to France several times. She even promised her two sons that if they would take four years of French in college, she would take them to France upon graduation—they did and she did! So she is fortunate to have a cousin in Cannes and another in Brittany! **Anne Willis** is living in Manchester, Mass., in the same house she has lived in for 89 years. She can't drive but is active in the Women's Club and exercises once a week at Jordan College. She also has a niece living nearby who drives her to do errands and helps with cooking. Her brother and his wife will be moving closer this spring, so she's glad she's near the beach, which will be fun for her niece and nephews. **Marty Newton Van Gaasbeck** is getting along just fine in a retirement complex in Longmeadow, Mass. She has many friends because she has lived in Longmeadow for many years. She's involved in painting and drawing and enjoys dinner in the main dining room. Volunteering at the library means she keeps up on the new releases. She drives a short errand. She loves to take the bus for day trips. She is very active and loves to travel. Last summer they drove their travel trailer to Gloucester, Mass., for a celebration of Joe's 90th birthday.

**43 Correspondent Jean Jordan Sheld reports:** Natalie Diane Richdale spends her summers in her beach cottage in Kennebunk, Maine. She volunteers in the Brick Store Museum and exercises three days a week. She's thankful to be in very good health as she had 42 people visiting her through the past summer. Her son lives nearby and as we were talking he was working on the roof. Toward the end of October she left the 100-year-old cottage and moved back to her residence in Shelburne. Vt. **Barbara Higham Winner** has recently moved to a retirement center in Wayne, Pa., and reported that it's very pleasant there. In Hampton Falls, N.H., Alice Landis Tony is very happily running a Christmas tree farm. She exclaimed what fun it is because everyone who comes there is happy to be picking out their own special Christmas tree. With daughter Abby's help, she manages 120 acres of about 50,000 trees of all ages and stages and rides the tractor every day as she has for 20 years. She's only five miles from the ocean and has three sisters living nearby.

**Gertrude "Scotty" Lacey Thornton** is living in Winter Haven, Fla. She and husband Joe live in Sweet Landing, which is close to the ocean. Several years ago she went to Japan and learned sumi-e writing, which is not calligraphy but rather a brush painting. Now she teaches it at the artist colony nearby. She also learned watercolor in southern France and teaches that as well. She is very active and loves to travel. Last summer they drove their travel trailer to Gloucester, Mass., for a celebration of Joe's 90th birthday.

**Yvonne Golding Weinhardt** is very happy at Edgemere in Dallas, Texas. She keeps busy with water exercise twice a week and walking every day. Her schedule includes theater, Pilates, and a spa day every Wednesday, and Thursday may include symphony, opera, or concerts. She has room for her grandchildren to come visit and her two daughters are nearby. Following her major in French at Middlebury, she has been to France several times. She even promised her two sons that if they would take four years of French in college, she would take them to France upon graduation—they did and she did! So she is fortunate to have a cousin in Cannes and another in Brittany! **Anne Willis** is living in Manchester, Mass., in the same house she has lived in for 89 years. She can't drive but is active in the Women's Club and exercises once a week at Jordan College. She also has a niece living nearby who drives her to do errands and helps with cooking. Her brother and his wife will be moving closer this spring, so she's glad she's near the beach, which will be fun for her niece and nephews. **Marty Newton Van Gaasbeck** is getting along just fine in a retirement complex in Longmeadow, Mass. She has many friends because she has lived in Longmeadow for many years. She's involved in painting and drawing and enjoys dinner in the main dining room. Volunteering at the library means she keeps up on the new releases. She drives a short errand. She loves to take the bus for day trips. She is very active and loves to travel. Last summer they drove their travel trailer to Gloucester, Mass., for a celebration of Joe's 90th birthday.

great-grandson in July. We reminisced about our freshman year at Hillside and those great Mountain Club hikes. As Scotty Thornton said, “Those years at Middlebury were some of the happiest years of our lives!”  
**Betty Attenhofer**

Van Valkenburg is still in Southbury, Conn., with the distaff side of the class were especially helpful. Roger Easton, and this writer. Our

We recently learned that Elizabeth Hansche Schuyler died on March 2, 2008. We remember her as a teacher and a published poet. ♦

**Class Correspondents:**

- *John Gale:* reports: Journeying from California to the Bread Loaf Alumni Leadership Conference in late September, Ted Peach, the leader of the class fund-raising group, had the pleasure of announcing the 43 class participation of 93 percent in annual giving by the surviving members, a record even exceeding that of previous nonreunion or reunion classes. Ted was also awarded the 2010 Outstanding Class Agent Award, which was justly deserved for his continued work on behalf of Middlebury. The other members of the fund-raising group were Carolyn Ohlander DePodwin, whose contacts with the distaff side of the class were especially helpful, Roger Easton, and this writer. Our

**Class Correspondents:**

- *Ruth Wheaton Evans (rw@verizon.net), 80 Salisbury St., Unit 603, Worcester, MA 01609; Elizabeth Ring Honefund (eliz.bri@earthlink.net), 397 Old Sherman Hill Rd., Woodbury, CT 06798.

**44**

In Haddonfield, NJ, Richard Kinsey is retired from being self-employed in the security business. By way of illustration of his whole career, Dick recalls opening a branch of the New York Stock Exchange in 1964. His son is an urban planner, and Dick enjoys having him nearby teaching an urban-planning course at Princeton University's Woodrow Wilson School.

**Robert Darrow** and wife Sue endured a long siege of coping! In Bob's case, a successfully repaired hip over time became infected and a new hip replacement required four months of nursing home care. Simultaneously, Sue was coping with cancer. She lived long enough for them to celebrate a 61st wedding anniversary. She died in January 2010. With great resilience in the spring of 2010, Bob enjoyed hunting and fishing trips to the Gaspé Peninsula in Quebec and to Alaska. He reports, "My big dog and I are now fully engaged in cooking 101, laundry 101, and housework 101." Both are happy with the attentions of Bob's son and two daughters who "live locally and keep the cookie jar full." A fourth child and son is a plastic surgeon in Boston, Mass. ♦ *Barbara Young Hulse* is wheelchair bound, but with the aid of helpful family and friends,能做到." Under this title, she addressed such topics as "Reverence for Life and Loving Yourself." ♦ *Charles Proctor* is in Odessa, Fla., which has four nine-hole golf courses, where Charlie (with his three handicap) played golf—until he gave his golf clubs away (his last game being on 80). After 21 years with Honeywell, five years with Singer Business Machines, three years with General Electric Information Services, 16 years with National Data Corporation, and, after retiring from business executive work, more years with his and his wife's Independent Corporation Consulting business (which work took them all over the world), the happy day occurred that Bob could call it quits. ♦ *Ruth Child LaFrance* is very content in her Perryburg, Ohio, home, where she lives by herself in the house where she and her husband brought up their four kids. Up until last year, she spent the winter months in Florida. Not anymore. She likes the cold—naturally (loved the winters). Two of her four children live nearby, which is great, especially since one daughter helps with weekly shopping and getting to appointments. Last spring, the family gathered in Hartford, Conn., for the graduation from Trinity College of the son of Ruth's San Francisco daughter. While from her 34 years of teaching the deaf, she traveled around the world for some time. "When you have Janes from your life, you can go places!" She tells us that a note from Jane Stearns Brown, her Midd roommate, says Jane is in a nursing home that's part of a Martha's Vineyard hospital near Oak Bluffs, Mass. ♦ *Elizabeth Smith Johnson* of her rationally acclaimed garden is still growing at the lovely old Wenham, Mass., home she and Bob shared for so many years. Bob's sudden stroke a year ago was, of course, a tremendous shock. But BJ's family has been a great support to her, and a gardener does all the hard work. She now limits herself to planting seeds and preserving such things as the half dozen quarts of tomato juice she had just finished freezing when we talked. Of the five Johnson children ("It's so funny to think of them in their 60s!" BJ says), one daughter is a teacher, another a doctor, and the third daughter and two sons are lawyers. The most visible family member is grandson Dan Harris. (You've seen him, of course, on ABC's Nightline, America, and The Nightly News.) BJ records the programs and fast-forwards them to watch when Dan's on the screen. And the good news goes on with one great-granddaughter aged two (in September) and a great-grandson who was due in December (no doubt arrived late). ♦

**Ingrid Monk Stevenson** counts 41 members in her current family circle, among them four children, 15 grandchildren, and 11 great-grands. Although the crew is widespread (grandkids in 12 different states), they keep in touch. One daughter calls nearly every day and another lives nearby handy when Inkie needs a ride somewhere. Each summer, most of the family gathers in Virginia Beach, where one daughter lives, to celebrate their togetherness. Even though Bill is no longer part of the company, Inkie enjoys every minute. "Being the oldest," she says, "I get the most attention of course." ♦ *Class Correspondents:* Ruth Wheaton Evans (rw@verizon.net), 80 Salisbury St., Unit 603, Worcester, MA 01609; Elizabeth Ring Honefund (eliz.bri@earthlink.net), 397 Old Sherman Hill Rd., Woodbury, CT 06798.

**45**

We send our condolences to Dottie Laux O'Brien, who is mourning the death of her son, Howard, from cancer on October 24. Dottie stays in touch with me and sends me news clippings each week. Robert Frost events often figure in them and remind us of our own live visits from him, once in a seminar in Forest living room. In September, Peterborough Players presented Gordon Clapp, a one-man show, playing Frost for an hour and 20 minutes, reading and reciting all the old favorites and more. I am now recalling the Kennedy reinauguration, when blinded by the snow and light, he could not read the phrase he had written for the occasion, and recited a different one. ♦ *Bob Brown* writes that he has a new keyboard for his computer with very large letters, which tells us something about his eyes and why he and Carol are staying close to home. ♦ On the other hand, Harlan and Alice Southworth Twible celebrated their 60th anniversary by flying to London in October to spend a week with friends, then on to Rome to join a cruise, visiting several ports in the western Mediterranean, before sailing across the Atlantic to Ft. Lauderdale.

Congratulations! For both your long lives together and the energy to do that trip! ♦ Also in Europe, *Alan Wolf*row was looking for a trip to Oxford in September for the "all Oxford wedding" of their oldest grandson Tim and Lenia Schreiber, held in the chapel of Manchester College under unbelievably agreeable English weather. Except for wife Jo (Higgins), who no longer travels with him, most of their extended family was in attendance. In addition to tending to a few continuing business matters, Al was looking forward to the October 2010 reunion in Chicago of his WWII bomb group. ♦ *Helen Smith Brockway* writes of her pleasure in the 65th reunion and her firm opinion that "there is no substitute for that libation." ♦ *Grandson Ross Brockway* is a senior at Midd and "in seventh heaven" after an experience not as
We were still holding out on our 38-acre mini-farm here in Brattleboro, Vt., but after having had horses on the place for 40 years or so, we’ve given up having a foal every few years to raise, train, and race. As our veterinarian said a few years ago, “You’re too old to be playing with young horses.” So last year we took his advice. However there’s still the old barn and farmhouse to keep up so I’ve needed to get back in shape after having had some major surgery on July 27. I’m happy to say that two months later I was playing golf and feeling great. Not up to Roy Kinsey’s multi-mountain-side treks in Arizona, carrying cement and water, but what other octogenarian at 88 could? Hated to miss our 60th. Looking forward to everyone’s news. * Wife Marion writes of challenges for Ray Walsh in August and September, but he was recovering remarkably well. * Tom Caldonfly stays close to home with spinal stenosis, but he enclosed a flyer promoting Middlebury Professor Richard Wolfson’s DVD or Audio CD course of 12 lectures on “Earth’s Changing Climate.” It brought back happy memories of his days in physics class. * Marian Bailey Allen writes, “We used to work with the students at Semester at Sea and other trips.” Their life at RiverMead, only the view out of their window is a magnificent huge old banyan tree! * Ruth Hanson Cleveland is appreciating family and neighborhood support since the death of her husband from complications following a car accident in November 2009. She flew to Vienna to greet her first great-grandchild in August. * I am sorry to report the death of Wilma “Wink” Bunce Clements in July. We remember her as the president of Student Union and a member of Mortar Board. An obituary will appear in a future issue of this magazine. * Gus and Mary “Tippie” Tipping Coughlin’s daughter, Sue Jones, wrote to inform us of Tippie’s death on June 20. Gus died on March 14, 1989, and is buried in New Hampshire where Tippie was to be buried next to him later in the summer. An obituary written by Lil “O” (Audrey Nunnenmacher Perti) writes, “I still have a long pigtails down my back. Macular degeneration prevents my use of the Internet and I write and read with a lighted magnifying glass. I walk a mile daily in our great Salt Lake City suburb near the mountains. I’ve been partners with a Great Dane. I'm a Midd graduate. When Steve Worcester, for 32 years! Yea Midd! * Our McCullian family of nine gathered at the Hyatt Chesapeake in October to celebrate our daughter’s 60th and our lives together. I am nominated for president of the residents’ council at RiverMead, the CCRC where I have lived for five years. This is a group of seven residents who meet monthly with the executive director and the president of the trustees—a good communication link. Patricia deLearie Hautler held a similar but more demanding position at Wake Robin, her CCRC in Shelburne, Vt. Three cheers for liberal arts at Middlebury! —Class Correspondent: Mary Elizabeth Woszczek McCullian (maryelizabeth124@comcast.net), 124 RiverMead Rd., Pocatello, NH 03458. 46 REUNION CLASS We recently learned that Peg Rowland Post ’45 passed away on November 6. We send our condolences to Avery Post and all his family. Avery had sent in a note for this issue about his and Peg’s daughters. “Oldest daughter Susan is now a retired teacher and librarian. Jennifer, after a teaching career at Middlebury, is now a senior curator at the new Musical Instrument Museum in Phoenix.” Elizabeth, a psychotherapist and social worker, is responsible for the senior care for the Visiting Nurse Association in Western Massachusetts. Anne is head librarian at the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Training Center in West Virginia.” Avery has been spending time focusing on theology, literature, and public policy. * Jean Crawford McKee, Ann Curry Munier, and Barbara Busing Harris had a lovely lunch together in New London, N.H., on a rainy summer day. And Barbara spent four very beautiful late August days at Alumni College at Bread Loaf, studying Shakespeare sonnets. She represented the earliest Middlebury class, although there was a 90-year-old father of a Middlebury graduate there. * Speaking of Barbara, I received a nice note from Ginny Brooks Hutton ’41 that said, “I am writing to let you know how much I admire your classmate, Barbara Harris. We are residents in the same retirement community in Laconia, N.H. Barbara and I have been friends for quite a while and like working on Piecework at repayment association here at Taylor Community. She does a great job and is one of those who make this caring community a very special place to live.” * Louise Aines was in Rockport, Mass., this past summer. She had the joy of celebrating her 60th wedding anniversary where she was married, even in the same church. She had sisters from Rockport as her attendants and Ron had brothers from Middlebury, Vt., as his. The sisters provided the place and a beautiful bouquet for the table. Their daughter and son were there, Marshall having flown in from Dubai. Everyone was so congratulatory and it was very touching. * All of the family of Gloria Antonili Keyser gathered for their family reunion—the first since a family wedding five years ago. It was fabulous! Seventeen in all, from great-grandbaby Bettie (1) to great-grandma Gloria (84). There were some nerve-wracking travel delays, but everyone was present for the Saturday night bang-up banquet. Gloria says she is still floating on cloud nine. * Mary Stuart Nixon lives in Mattituck, N.Y., which is on the North Fork of Long Island. It’s pretty much a farming and wine-producing small-town area. She lives with her daughter and husband, their two teen-age girls, a dog, and three cats. She says she’s quite healthy and active with the usual church activities, running a bridge group, library, keeping up with old friends, and helping with yard work. They have an abundance of maritime activities and lest you think she’s not keeping up with the outside world, the last concert she attended was Arlo Guthrie in the neighboring high school auditorium. “This past summer Betsy Barclay Wales traveled to visit friends in Martha’s Vineyard, Mass., Isle au Haut, Maine, and Jackson, N.H. During August Jean Luckhardt Stratton and husband Bud visited her on Cousin’s Island in Yarmouth. She and Lucky were through their ongoing Scramble contest. They have done this every summer for years and years. The competition is keen and intense. She has started to paint again and hopes to have a show this spring. I do hope she will keep us all informed about that. She’s looking forward to reunion like all of us. * Ed and Alice Thorn Laquer enjoy fine food and wine with their grandchildren. Two grandchildren are in college at UVM, one granddaughter is in an MD/PhD program at the Univ. of Colorado, two granddaughters have finished college, and one is a college undergraduate locally. Ed and Alice are enjoying swimming in pools instead of going on big trips as they did in the past. * Peg Romer Johnstone is delighted to be playing golf again after the last spring at the National Collegiate Rugby finals in Florida, in which Middlebury was playing! Her description of the game (how she got there, what she saw, and what she learned) is absolutely priceless. She doesn’t know much about the game but knows it’s played with a ‘pony-ended ball sort of like a football and the players run back and forth with it, trying to get it over a line at the end of the field.” She also said, “I don’t know what starts the game but suddenly everyone was running around, dropping the ball, picking it up, knocking everyone else down, bumping, dragging, and piling on top.” She did say one pleasant lady, whose son was in the championships the year before, told her she still doesn’t understand the game and the rules keep changing anyway. And another lady, who had sons playing, had read all the rules and still didn’t know. Midd lost 23 to 27, but it was a wonderful, exciting adventure and she was so glad she was there. They played the game well and obviously for the love of the game because ‘there were no brass bands, sexy cheerleaders, TV cameras, or even bleachers.” —Class Correspondent, Janet Shaw Perival (usperival@comcast.net), 9726 SW 195 Circle, Dunellen, FL 34432. 47 Virginia Stowell James and husband Bill had a milestone year. In March she and her younger sister went to Chesapeake, Va., for a five-day visit with their older sister. It was a great trip and they’re glad they went for the older sister died a month later. In May Junny spent five days in New Smyrna Beach, Fla., visiting their daughter and her husband. But the greatest trip was to their Maine cottage in New Harbor for two weeks to celebrate Bill’s 100th birthday. Before that their neighbors gave them a surprise party in honor of their 60th anniversary in late September. In late September they attended a three-day reunion of Bill’s Air Force group at Bradley Field Air Museum. Junny enclosed a copy of Bill’s accomplishments. While too long to include here, it was a real source of inspiration. * Joyce Walsh Heath was thrilled this past summer to have a six-week visit from her daughter and two children, who were returning home from Germany. Joyce is in the process of selling her house in Brandon, Vt., and will move into one of the cottages at the Lodge at Otter Creek in Middlebury. She’s excited about the programs they offer, some at the College. In the meantime she still serves as a luster, treasurer of the Board of the light church library, and is a justice of the peace. This year she performed 14 weddings. She will be sorely missed when she moves from Brandon. * Joanne Buckeridge Booth has been on several Elderhostel trips, the first being to Sedona, Ariz. In September she and her daughter were going to France, the excuse being that it was Joanne’s birthday. She still has friends in Paris and St. Nazaire, where she worked with the American Friends Service Committee. They planned to visit their beloved Chartres Cathedral and Mont St. Michel. And, of course, speak French. * Philip Briggs wrote that he and Jean (Sloan) ’45 took a cruise to the Black Sea. They’ve decided they’re running out of time for trips so are trying to fit in a few more
while they can. They have three more scheduled in the next ten months. This year they have two granddaughter's at Middlebury, a senior and a freshman. Barbara Bates Lauterwasser had a busy summer with a lot of company. The only event that punctuated her stay in St. Petersburg, Fla., was a visit from their daughter and her husband. They had purchased a Prius last year and enjoyed getting 51 miles to the gallon. On their way home they visited friends in Tennessee and family in Maryland. They're still happy with their retirement community, where they can go to the lake when they can go to the lake for four months. Dorothy Domina Willard and husband drove to Quebec to see the villages where their ancestors had settled. They went first to Inverness, where her husband's grandfather had lived, and then to Yamaska where Dorothy's great-great-grandmother was born. They took the straight roads, so unlike the roads in Vermont, and the neat, prosperous farms. Crossing the border back into Vermont, they discovered that the customs officer's daughter had graduated from Middlebury just five years ago. Dorothy Lindeimman Horn wrote that she has seen little news to give. She leads a quiet life and is grateful to enjoy excellent health. I received a sad note from Walter Tilden saying that wife Shirley Ayres Tilden has been a victim of Alzheimer's disease for the past five years. He is the sole caregiver for the moment. He misses the beauty of Vermont and their beloved camp on Lake Champlain, where they spent so many joyful times. We wish him well and send encouragement. Marion Durke Stillman called to say she still has the brain tumor and she's sick of it. She wishes it gone. Her older son is doing well with his esophageal cancer. Her other son suffered a heart attack and had to have a stent inserted. On the bright side, her granddaughter graduated from Northern State Univ. in June. Like so many of us, Marion is weeding out and simplifying her life. Helen Prentice Theimer is working on the second book of what will be a trilogy. It's more of a prequel than a sequel. If you haven't read her book, The Demonstrators, it's available and it's delightful. She is also gardening. They built a fence along the border of their lawn and it inspired her to put in a Japanese garden along it. It's a winter-interest view. I was saddened to receive notice of the death of another of the "Pearson's Gang." Janet Rogers Enzmann died on August 16 after a long and agonizing bout with cancer. Janet was a good and loyal friend and she had carved a special niche for herself in the hearts of the citizens of Coupeville, Wash. They had a special day to celebrate her work in their library. Those of us who were close to her will miss her "Enzmann-Enterprise," her wonderful and joyful attitude toward life. A note from Raymond Clark's son informed me of his death on July 30. While I never met Ray personally, I knew him well. When I wrote to him asking for news, he sent me back an eight-page response. It was the first of his weekly epistles to me. He had been a ghostwriter and loved to write about politics and history, tell me of his war experiences, and send anecdotes about his family. He was one of so many students who interrupted their college education to go into the armed services and returned to graduate with another class.

48 Bess Waldo Jones starts off the column with this salute: "How we laughed with a gaiety that had no sting" at 110 Hepburn Hall. Patricia Simmons Henderson wrote that she and Don are still upperclassmen at Middlebury, a senior and a freshman. The Dean Correspondent this time is The Reluctant Fundamentalist by Mohsin Hamid (very good). Edith 'Pinckey' Williams Johnson reported first from the chicken yard where mayhem had occurred—tail feathers chopped off the Ancona rooster, all beard feathers chopped from the Salmon Favorelo hen. Could it have been the sharp-shinned hawk that visits regularly (but leaves empty taloned)? Egg production good, same with tomatoes. Pinckey and Dick 49 were in Nova Scotia in August and were returning in October, hoping to find their property undamaged by any severe storms. Alice Deininger Kreider continues to enjoy all the amenities at her retirement home in New Jersey. Al wrote that Ricie (Janet Rice Smith who died in October 2009) was her freshman roommate in Hepburn and they were fellow math majors. "I remember many good times—a delightful, smart gal." Roy 45 and Dave 46 both continue being"excellent vacationers" where they can go to the lake or go to the lake for four months. They're still happy with their retirement community, where Dorothy's great-great-great-grandmother was born. They took the straight roads, so unlike the roads in Vermont, and the neat, prosperous farms. Crossing the border back into Vermont, they discovered that the customs officer's daughter had graduated from Middlebury just five years ago. Dorothy Lindeimman Horn wrote that she has seen little news to give. She leads a quiet life and is grateful to enjoy excellent health. I received a sad note from Walter Tilden saying that wife Shirley Ayres Tilden has been a victim of Alzheimer's disease for the past five years. He is the sole caregiver for the moment. He misses the beauty of Vermont and their beloved camp on Lake Champlain, where they spent so many joyful times. We wish him well and send encouragement. Marion Durke Stillman called to say she still has the brain tumor and she's sick of it. She wishes it gone. Her older son is doing well with his esophageal cancer. Her other son suffered a heart attack and had to have a stent inserted. On the bright side, her granddaughter graduated from Northwestern Univ. in June. Like so many of us, Marion is weeding out and simplifying her life. Helen Prentice Theimer is working on the second book of what will be a trilogy. It's more of a prequel than a sequel. If you haven't read her book, The Demonstrators, it's available and it's delightful. She is also gardening. They built a fence along the border of their lawn and it inspired her to put in a Japanese garden along it. It's a winter-interest view. I was saddened to receive notice of the death of another of the "Pearson's Gang." Janet Rogers Enzmann died on August 16 after a long and agonizing bout with cancer. Janet was a good and loyal friend and she had carved a special niche for herself in the hearts of the citizens of Coupeville, Wash. They had a special day to celebrate her work in their library. Those of us who were close to her will miss her "Enzmann-Enterprise," her wonderful and joyful attitude toward life. A note from Raymond Clark's son informed me of his death on July 30. While I never met Ray personally, I knew him well. When I wrote to him asking for news, he sent me back an eight-page response. It was the first of his weekly epistles to me. He had been a ghostwriter and loved to write about politics and history, tell me of his war experiences, and send anecdotes about his family. He was one of so many students who interrupted their college education to go into the armed services and returned to graduate with another class.

49 Correspondent Dixon Hemphill reports: My wife June and I greatly enjoyed our weekend visit to Middlebury September 24–26 when we attended our first Alumni Leadership Conference—also our class correspondence in June. Like in May, I went in to register and find Room #6 in the Maple cottage on the beautiful Bread Loaf campus. We were thrilled to see the fall foliage was almost at its full color. Before dinner we attended a very interesting and informative talk by Jane Bryant Quinn '66, who discussed the highlights of her new personal finance guide, Making the Most of Your Money Now. After a delicious dinner we heard Prof. Jay Parini discuss his novel turned Oscar-nominated movie, The Last Station. We had both seen the movie and were fascinated to hear how the movie evolved after 10 years of on-and-off preparation. Saturday we were welcomed by several college administrators, including President Liebowitz. Next followed a wonderful presentation by the students representing the Solar Decathlon. Their solar-powered house will appear on the Mall in Washington, D.C., next year and rest assured, we will be there to see it. Another wonderful presentation was given by Prof. Michael Kraus, who told a captivated audience about the role of the secret police in Eastern Europe during the Cold War. Workshops followed as well as a wonderful tour of the College Museum of Art on the main campus. Dinner and awards took place Saturday evening, followed by a social time in the Barn. In our mid-eighties chose to call it a night around 9 p.m., but we could hear the singing and laughter coming from the Barn as we dozed off to sleep. Not having heard news from my classmates this past quarter I will tell you briefly about a cruise June and I took in November of last year. We flew from Washington, D.C., to Istanbul, Turkey, arriving on the first of the month. After visiting several of the attractions in this ancient city, including the Blue Mosque, the Chora Museum, and the Grand Bazaar, we boarded the Norwegian Line's Pearl and sailed through the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus before we had been to Athens before we opted for a bus trip down Cape Souqion, following the coastline to the Temple of Poseidon. Next cruise stop was the city of Dubrovnik in Croatia. This is a charming place with an old walled city, which we found fascinating. We cruised to Venice, the city of Rome, on the water. St. Marks Square was flooded with about two feet of water, but we managed to see some of the sites by walking on wooden walkways erected just for rainy days. From Venice our ship cruised around the boot of Italy to Naples, another beautiful city with many churches and squares. One of the highlights of our trip was a bus ride down the Amalfi Coast to Sorrento, Positano, and Amalfi. Our seventh stop of the cruise took us to Rome. There we visited Vatican City with St. Peter's Basilica and the famous Colosseum. The final port of call was the city of Barcelona, Spain. There we took a bus tour, which passed by several of the 1992 Olympic venues and by statues of famous Spaniards. We spent our last night in a very fancy modern hotel and the next day left for home. It was a wonderful trip and, as June says, "It was our last hurrah." Correspondent Rachel Adkins Platt reports: I'm writing this winter so I hope to encourage you all to communicate with me and your class on Facebook (Middlebury Class of 1949). This is a terrific way to keep in touch with
family, friends, and classmates. I have been on it for several years and I keep up with my western families, grandchildren, and friends. Really, give it a try. First you have to join, but then you can go to www.middlebury.edu/middleburycollege and click on Class Groups and look for our class. Another idea: How about if you send some of your memories from our four years at Midd to me or D? For example, how many of you remember the Winter Carnival with Art Mooney's band playing at the dance? I'm sure some of you can come up with who won the downhill skiing, etc. This would be fun for all of us. All for now.

Dwain Woodman Schuler sent in a photo from a mini-reunion she had in Maine this past summer. You can see it on page 69.

—Class Correspondents: Donald Hembell (dowel1925@comcast.net), 10910 Ohm Dr., Fairfax Station, VA 22039; Rachel Adams Plant (platt27@gmail.com), 34 Tobe Brook, Pittsfield, NY 14534.

50 Pete MacDonald sent this tribute: Our classmate "Indian" David Dale died in July from kidney failure. He earned his nickname because of his prominent nose and bright smile that ran on the College cross-country team. A W.W. Navy veteran, he retired in 1980 after 40 years as a pharmaceutical products representative. An active member of the United Church of Christ, he devoted 25 years to assisting HIV positive prisoners, counseling teenagers on AIDS prevention, and serving at a local drop-in center for AIDS sufferers. His and his family's devotion to Middlebury may be record breaking: members of his family who attended the College include his wife, Mary Krum Dale '51, two of their children, Amy '78 and John '80, both parents, (Class of 1911), brother, sister, sisters-in-law, nieces, and many cousins. Dave and Mary built a vacation home, designed by their architect son, in Granville, Vt., to be near the College. A classy skier, Dave made frequent visits to the Snow Bowl. He kept his Middlebury education alive by regular visits to the Boston Athenaeum. He was a political junky; Mary characterized him as a "considerate and considering" liberal. All of us who knew him will miss that special Dale humor and remember him as a rare, unpretentious, and deeply caring man. An obituary for him will appear in a future issue. * Correspondent Sally Peck Nelso...
Correspondent Barbara Cumiskey Villet reports: Catch up time again! I am finding a thread in the calls I make—young voices from old classmates are often associated with a lot of physical exercise. At least that is the case with those whom I reached recently. My freshman year roommate, Marie Cavanaugh Frink, is a case in point. Marie is a passionate gardener and according to her, her garden is responsible for her evident good mental and physical health. She works like a demon and the results are wonderful. I have seen her in springtime on a regular visit to Simsbury, Conn. She is also an ardent tennis player and still active on the courts. This year has had its bumpy parts: husband Dave has weathered cancer but is doing well. For Marie, the garden was the refuge from worry. Exercise also matters for Nancy Cawley Jerome, particularly canoeing. She owns an 1886 lapstrake gem of a canoe that she paddles in watery shows, but her pursuits of the physical go well beyond that with regular lap swimming, walking, and the like. Nancy left Middlebury after two years to pursue her love of music and became a professional florist. She has played with the Boston Pops, Vermont, Boston, and Springfield symphonies, and the Handel and Haydn Society, among others.

She married a fellow flutist, who became a partner in the manufacture of the famous Vernon Q. Powell flutes as well as a performer, and music shaped their lives. She lost her husband only last year after a 12-year battle against cancer but keeps her musical skills up and quite international. Folks from many countries join up and Mary has found them stimulating company. She goes to a gym twice a week but she’s also happily exercising her brain with the Senior U program Atlanta provides with two classes a day, twice a week, taught often by retired professors from the area’s many colleges and universities. Mary was herself a teacher; her master’s in learning disabilities from Georgia State led to a career in special education, from which she only recently retired. Perhaps the Walker I most envy in the group included here is Marian Olds Precht to whom I spoke in late May and I laughed with Middlebury classmates of my year after a 12-year battle against cancer but keeps her pursuits of the physical go well beyond the city—and we walk a lot.” Walking in Paris in the fall, walking in Maine where they spend each summer, walking and taking aerobics in the winter in Bethesda, Md. Marion is another who is engaged in new studies. For her, it’s taking art classes, in watercolors, in plein air work in Maine, in trying as we all do to make hand obey eye in rendering this beautiful world we inhabit. We report with sadness the death of Frances “Frankie” Macrae Bove on May 24. She lived her life at the same high level of creativity that she exhibited during her three years at Middlebury and became variously a musician, librarian, teacher, journalist, poet, gymnast and, most of all, a beloved wife and mother. We send our condolences to her bereaved husband John and all her family. Sally Baldwin Utiger sent this sad news: “I had a long talk with Jean Vaughan Varney in September. She informed me that Jack Varney passed away August 29. This was not unexpected as he had been ill for some time and the children had visited several times in anticipation of his dying.” Sally also sent in from a photo an unexpected meeting she had this summer with a classmate. Check it out on page 69.

Correspondent Ken Nourse reports: It grieves me to report two more deaths of classmates. Dick Wadsworth passed away on June 17 and two days later Donald “Duke” Mayhew died on the 29th. We send our condolences to their families. Dick was a part of the quite large contingent of DUs from Buffalo, including Dick Marlette, Moss Bergwall, Roger “Spider” Gibson ’53, and Chuck Lauer—only Chuck survives. Duke was a good athlete who always had a good word and a smile. I talked with Steve Baker about his current travels. Wife Jane (Murdock) ’50 has gone through a siege of chemo treatments over the past eight years and she has finally decided to take control and cease such activity. Steve has a great collection of recipes that he assembled into large notebooks—and she uses them! John
and Sally Hoover Tullis are still living in their house in Maryland. Sally has been a reference librarian for 40 years in the Baltimore County Public Library System, currently working part time. She loves it and learns new things all the time, using the online catalogue system. She and John are avid square dancers and have attended national conventions with up to 15,000 people! They also enjoy round dancing. Duplicate bridge is another of their activities. Son Andy and his wife live in Charlotte, N.C., and daughter Mary is in Pennsylvania. Sally returned to world for our 50th and stays in touch with Sandy Sheffield Overton and Pat Heath Rockwell. Richard Herring of Key Biscayne, Fla., worked for Armstrong World Industries (previously Armstrong Cork), where he was in sales and his specialty was building products, primarily ceilings. He was located in Atlanta, Ga., which he enjoyed. He met a very special lady at a party and married Ann Decker '54. They have three children and four grandsons. Their families are all in Florida. Richard felt lucky until Ann died two years ago. Now retired, he enjoys getting exercise by walking, although he used to run marathons. He was the grand master for the 4th of July parade in Key Biscayne. He says hi to all our classmates. From the South now, Irene Widien Imbrogno had come to Midd from Massachusetts, later lived in New Jersey, and is currently in Lynchburg, Va. Her children number one daughter and three sons. At present her home is on the market and she is contemplating relocating. She enjoys weekly tennis. She returned to Midd for our 50th and loved it. Her two brothers are also Midd graduates. Currently, Irene volunteers for the blind, where she drives them to crafts and lunch. She also serves 14 folks with Meals on Wheels. Her family, all 17 of them, make an annual trip to the beach for a week together! Barbara Connor McLaughlin moved to Southbury, Conn., 10 years ago from Rhode Island. Interested in local politics, she had held numerous positions in her old community and has served on the board of selectmen in Southbury. Her two sons, John in Colorado who has a teenage son and daughter, and Robin in Brewster, N.Y., with an 11-year-old daughter. Barb lost her husband in 1984 so has been a widow for over 25 years. She enjoys bridge and is good at it, but doesn't take it too seriously. She stays in touch with Abby Kreb Gibson, Marilyn Buist Scott, and Sylvia Davis Robinson '54. She says she's glad she went to Midd for the "academics, environment, and attitudes." Alan Kimbell returned my call to let me know what's going on in his life. He lives in Indiana but he and his wife also have a home in Wisconsin where they keep their boat. Wisconsin is great but they avoid the VERY cold and March there! In winter they cross-country ski or snowshoe. He was back at Midd for the 50th and 55th reunions and on a return trip from France they stopped to see their son in Burlington and enjoyed a Homecoming Weekend as well. Alan was grateful to go to Midd and he says, "Although my father died in my sophomore year, Midd enabled me to stay with a scholarship." I'm sorry to report that Joyce Schwarow Nower died on July 26. Our class sends its condolences to her family. The class also sends its condolences to Betsy Cushman Gumbart, whose husband Bill died in May. I have sent a note to Betsy. Something that has kept me busy here in Maine for the past two years came to fruition this past August 9. On that Saturday, a group of other people named Furber from around the country and I dedicated a small monument at Colonial Pemaquid State Historic Site. It's to commemorate the voyage of an English galleon, The Angel Gabriel. After sailing across the Atlantic from Bristol, England, the ship became the favorite part of Sir Walter Raleigh's fleet, arrived at what is now Pemaquid Harbor, then a tiny settlement of fishermen, on August 14, 1635. That very night, the vessel was wrecked in a fierce hurricane that swept up the East Coast. Among the fortunate passengers who had managed to get ashore before the storm struck was a 21-year-old William Furber, possibly an indentured servant to another family on the ship. We believe he was the first Furber to come to the New World. The four-foot-high, granite Angel Gabriel Memorial Monument has on it a large bronze plaque briefly telling the story of the ship's arrival and almost immediate destruction. Since I am the Furber on the monument committee living closest to the harbor site, I've been spending much time seeking a boulder at a variety of quarries and getting the one I chose moved; writing the text for and helping to get the bronze plaque created at a foundry in southern Maine and getting it installed; getting permission and assistance from the state for the exact location of the monument; successfully pushing for an "Angel Gabriel Day Proclamation" from the governor; arranging for four appropriate speakers to come to the small dedication ceremony; and a host of other things. And now I'm at work trying to produce a video telling the story of the creation of this monument. It has been a lot of work, but most of it was wonderful fun, and seeing that boulder with its beautiful plaque now standing in the field right next to where those immigrants probably came ashore 375 years ago, is extremely satisfying. I hope classmates driving up through Maine will visit Colonial Pemaquid, which is a lovely spot, and while there, take a look at this new memorial to a minor but rather dramatic bit of American history.

Class Correspondent: Janet Bradley Harris (dbharris52@comcast.net), 1 North Ridge, Ballston Lake, NY 12019.

Betsy Heath Gleason '38 sent this sad news about her sister: "Ann Heath Fay died peacefully on August 11, following a two-year battle with ALS, which she admirably managed. She and husband Charles "Chuck" Fay enjoyed 56 years together, while successfully raising five wonderful children. The family had two services, one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.C., where they had moved in retirement, and the other one in Hilton Head, S.
reunion but had a good reason. She was fulfilling a “bucket” list entry and going to the Galápagos. She and Bill took their 12-year-old (going on 18) grandson with them. They did the islands for a week and then spent some time in the jungle on the Amazon. She adds, “We’ve been pretty busy all year. We’re involved in a Longlea Living group, which is a lot of fun but seems to take an inordinate amount of time. We’re all volunteers and we’ve met a lot of nice interesting people but I’m exhausted!” * Congratulations go to Junie Stringer DeCoster whose painting won first place at the Minnesota State Fair. “There were over 2,000 entries to be in the show and 41 got in, so there’s quite a bit of competition. The competitors are from all over the state. The show includes sculpture, watercolors, and a couple of other categories, but most of it is painting (oils and acrylics).” * As we know, many of us are enjoying our retirement years with travels both at home and abroad. I traveled to Azerbaijan, Georgia, and Armenia in September. I really enjoy traveling to places somewhat out-of-the-way to learn about world history and how the pieces of the world’s puzzle fit together. These three countries have been impacted over the centuries by Romans, Ottomans, Turks, Germans, and, most recently, the Russians—a very rich history and interesting part of the world to visit. * Correspondent John Baker reports: Alan Gould has been elected president of the Hearing Loss Association of America, Southern New England Chapter. He has established programs for those with hearing loss, including a fourth grade program that makes children aware of the problems faced by those with hearing loss and emphasizes the importance of conserving their own hearing by lessening the noise in their environment. Alan’s work with the Wilton Playshop, providing Open Captioned performances for those with hearing loss, was featured in the June edition of The American Speech Language and Hearing Association Magazine.

* Jack Fassnacht retired in 1998 and he and wife Abbie live in Lake Forest, Ill., however they spend mid-June to mid-October in Brooksville, Maine, the winter quarters of their 11-year-old twin grandchildren who live in McHenry, Ill. * Connie and Alden Lank took their annual cruise with Princess Cruises from New York-Halifax-Newfoundland-Greenland-Iceland-Shetland Islands-Norway, ending in Dover, England, 18 days later. They sailed above the Arctic Circle where temperatures were in the 60s and the seas calm. It gave Alden an opportunity to indulge in his favorite hobby—wildlife photography, this time of nesting seabirds. The only dangerous moment was in Iceland, where one can be attacked by dive-bombing Arctic terns. Even with their flock with blue tips to fend off the birds! Alden and Connie spent two weeks in mid-December in their chalet located at 1,300 meters (now owned by their UK-based daughter) in the Swiss Alps, which they had constructed in 1979. The Links lived in Switzerland for 30 years and this was their 33rd consecutive Christmas at the chalet. * In Brattleboro, Vt., Dave Corey is a ROMEO (retired-old-men-eating-out), joining other Midd alumni for a weekly luncheon. The group is perpetuating itself since the 1930s. * John Denny and wifeicky live in Princeton, N.J. John says the only thing that was exciting this past summer was the Midd 55th reunion and the Fourth of July fireworks at their Ausable Club in the Adirondacks. * Elizabeth and John Tremaine took a delightful 16-day Cosmos bus tour of nine countries bordering the Baltic Sea. John says it was a real eye-opener and a lot of fun. * Pete and Carolyn Whitmore’s 34 Baldwin are happy on their family farm. Their horses are retiring gradually and have given way to the cows. Their son Pete in semiretirement; Peter as a psychologist with a number of patients, Carolyn in a variety of land use and environmental activities (as an attorney). Pete opened the local New Year’s Eve Blues Concert last year. * Bob Webb hasn’t yet retired from Suffolk University in Boston, but has given up half time. He gave up the chair of the psychology department in 2008 but couldn’t refuse teaching during the fall semester and being totally off in the spring. It has given him time to write, and he is finishing up either a book or a series of articles, but it hasn’t yet decided what it wants to be. Diane and Bob were married in 1994 and between them they have five kids and six grandchildren! The children are fortunately mostly in Massachusetts, but one son is in Hawaii and another in Virginia, so Bob and Diane travel a bit from here to there. They are trying to downsize, but from time to time they’ll go back to the hotel. * Robert Bickford and his wife Cynthia say that Robert was not well. They live in Nashua, N.H., and have two daughters and three grandchildren who live nearby. * I (John) and wife Liddy are happy living in South Kent, Conn. I still sail, hike, ski, and am much involved with folkways. Son Ian ‘79 was recently engaged for the first time! Daughter Jennifer Warren ‘83 is living in Santa Fe and has three children; Hayden ‘98 has two children; and Jamie has two children. I’m not yet retired. Check out www.johnmilnesbaker.com. * A big thank you goes to Tom Lamson for serving as class correspondent over the years.

—Class Correspondents: John M. Baker (jbaker@bestweb.net), 76 Spooner Hill Rd., South Kent, CT 06785; Sally Dickerman Brew (sdbrew@middlebury.org), 629 Benvenue Ave., Los Altos, CA 94024.
In midwinter it's fun to remember summer adventures. Wayne and Pam Clark Reilly write, "We had a wonderful trip to Grand Teton, Yellowstone, and Glacier National parks in August. The highlight of the trip was a float down the Snake River in Jackson Hole. On returning home, we visited son Steve '86 and his family in Boston and had lunch and a good visit with Pat Judah Palmer." * Summer featured a triple-header for Merrill Mack and family—wife Nancy's 50th reunion at Colby, his mother-in-law's 100th birthday celebration, and Nancy and Merrill's 50th anniversary of marriage.*  

* Gail Bliss Allen celebrated the season with a week's Holland America cruise from Juneau south to Seattle. Three jazz bands from the Sacramento Jazz Jubilee performed onboard. * At last, Charlie '56 and Heather Hamilton Robinson are officially Vermont residents. Their new address is 70 Maple St., #107, Middlebury VT 05753. Heather audits a geography course on campus and volunteers with Hospice. Charlie plays in a bridge group with Bob Gleason '54 and Henry Prickitt, professors emeriti. * Rick Raskopf loves retirement living on a golf course in northern Fairfield County (Conn.), where every day seems like Saturday. Rick is proud that the Raskops are an all-Middlebury family. Wife Renee, who is from Cologne, Germany, was offered a job teaching German at Middlebury on a visit to Werner Neuse when she was still a grad student; daughter Christina '92 and son Mark '93 have continued the Middlebury tradition. * From M.E. LaPierre Rhea comes this news: "I'm thrilled with the arrival of our fourth grandchild while many classmates are welcoming GREAT-grandchildren. Is there an award for coming in late?"  

* The vibrant resurgence of downtown Cleveland. Barbara Davey Merwin died on June 10 and Barbara Freeman Irving, who open up this way? About Carol Sippel of Antigone and a history of structural chemistry, recalling fond memories of Greek literature with Beowulf Brown, and Grant Harrell's organic chemistry courses. Betty and Earle also spent "another great week in Alaska at Silver Salmon Creek Lodge in Lake Clark National Park, a fabulous place for bear photography."

Bill Lotquist reports from Oahu that he has become an unnatural caregiver. Every Friday morning finds him on the North Shore's Lanaikea Beach, tending to the needs of Hawaii's large green sea turtles, who come out of the ocean to bask, and of Hawaii's tourists, who come out of Honolulu to gawk. The challenge, he states, is to determine which entity requires protective demarkation by the use of ropes, the turtles or the tourists.  

* Class Correspondents: Joseph E. Mohbat (mohbat@sun.com), 551 Pacific St., Brooklyn, NY 11217; Ann Ommers Evanko (agp@globalnet.com), 2370 Meadowlark Dr., Pleasanton, CA 94566.  

Don and Jan Brouse Taylor recommend the new book by classmate Bill Morris, pen name Maurice Beale, Van Gogh, Aces, Murder. Don and Jan write, "For those who have been to Provence or are going to the South of France, it's worth the read. It's available on Amazon.com, where it received four and a half stars. * Nancy Frame Sweden writes, "My hubby, the guy with the pea in his lung, whom you may have read about: it's all over the media, TV, Internet, papers, and radio. Five TV crews were in our living room in August, with requests for magazine interviews from London and Germany, and many radio phone interviews. Rachel Ray's crew arrived, and we were in NYC for three days to be on her show. It was therapy for a man who was previously pretty sick—funny, and beyond bizarre. We've heard from friends and from people we've never met, worldwide. Ron had been in the hospital just under three weeks before physicians discovered the identity of what they thought was a cancerous tumor. At around that time I had a knee replacement. Then Ron's brother was diagnosed with a large brain tumor; after 15 hours of surgery he, too, is perfect. Our daughter and son-in-law, parents of a four-and-a-half-year-old boy from Kazakhstan, are about to adopt a little one from Ethiopia. Life is good. And Ron's been sober one-and-a-half years! * Bill Hussey and wife Anita took a fall cruise in the Greek Islands from Athens to Istanbul, focusing on ancient architectural and archaeological sites. * Barbara Freeman Irving, who used an electric mobility scooter during our 50th, has undergone two knee "do-over" operations and is back to biking, travel, and all previous activities. She sends classmates" for "making allowances" and for sending get-well wishes. * Earle and Betty Layer Hoyt celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. Earle, continuing his Midd interests, recently reread Antigone and a history of structural chemistry, recalling fond memories of Greek literature with Beowulf Brown, and Grant Harrell's organic chemistry courses. Betty and Earle also spent "another great week in Alaska at Silver Salmon Creek Lodge in Lake Clark National Park, a fabulous place for bear photography."

How would you like to see an income for life—for you or someone you care about? With attractive rates from a Charitable Gift Annuity (CGA), you can see a stronger financial future—and so can Middlebury. When you make a gift now, it'll count toward your 50th reunion.

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school. Anne Goebel Barkman observes, "When my classmates were alone together as a group, it was like a group therapy session and included true confessions by some of the participants about previously confidential information on families and deceased classmates. Is everyone's 55th like that, or is it only women who open up this way?" * About Carol Sippel Monees's 55th reunion at the all-girls' Buffalo Seminary, she writes, "It was an eye-opener to see Buffalo in a positive light! Great architecture, museums, transportation. I had a great trip to Italy with daughter Cherie and my granddaughter, did a couple runs up to Wisconsin fishing for muskies with the whole family, and I still have great waves of affection for friends at Middlebury since the 50th." After writing, she was off to oil painting.
walked around with her original blue cane. Graham Nye had saved his freshman beanie. Nancy Mumford Mulvey provided a photograph album covering many reunions. We listened to Phoebe's Caboose, No Doubt About It, and Dissipated Eight records. All of this was thanks to the work of Judy Tuttle and Deb Wetmore. Thanks for making it a special time. One of your class correspondents is recovering from a bad case of reunion exhaustion and school spirit overload. Your holiday news will appear in the class column in the next magazine.

Word was sent to the College about a special event that happened November 13. Fifty years after winning a pair of Olympic silver medals at the 1960 Winter Games at Squaw Valley, Calif., Penny Pitou was awarded the New England Ski Museum's Spirit of Skiing award at their annual meeting.

—Class Correspondents: Jean Seiler-Gifford (jeanseiler@mindspring.com), 1329 Steeple Ct., Trinity, FL 32695; Evcevy Strekalovshy (vs@architects.com), 47 Fearing Rd., Hingham, MA 02043.

The art, craft, and memorabilia display at our 50th reunion was something special. Cal Schmeichel contributed his wooden toys, including a wonderful full-color Champlain ferryboat complete with water, a gangplank, and a dock. Dave Hopkins showed delicately turned wood bowls with covers. Mike Robinson's wife, Amy, lent us her portfolio of photographs of barns. Bob Hall has found a second career after retiring from dentistry. His photographs are exceptional. We enjoyed Evcevy Strekalovshy's colors. We had not known that Judy Falby Tuttle is also an accomplished painter. George Koenig provided an original signed and dedicated Arthur Healy painting. We enjoyed Vcevy Strekalovshy's photographs and figure drawing for eight years.

Several of us were at Bread Loaf in September to work on various 50th reunion projects. We are very grateful for the many of you who have sent in your autobiographies. With so much information being generated, we're not surprised to receive no short-term news. So some of us generated these Twitter-like news notes.

Janet Reed is pursuing artistic talents that were dormant for years. She's been studying portrait and figure drawing for eight years.

Linda Anderson Dalton was busy this fall, creating portraits and figures. That she's been studying portrait and figure drawing for eight years.

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wanted to do and didn't do anything they'd prefer not to. It was the perfect way to spend a family reunion with the special birthdays as an excuse to do it. Anne 'Thorny' Thornton Bridges and I attended the Alumni Leadership Conference at Bread Loaf in September. There was some lovely fall foliage to enjoy and the night before I had dinner in Vergennes with Nora "Scotti" Wright, Susie Stevens McKibben, Kathy McKinley Harris, and Jane Crittenden Sommers and we talked almost until the restaurant closed. At ALC, the class of 61 had a large contingent and '61 already is planning ahead, so it's about time for us to begin organizing our thoughts for the 50th. Thorny worked on the 50th reunion yearbook and loved doing it so wanted to do that again and will be needing volunteers to help. Reunion gifts can be made now and spaced out over five years to help funding. The committees will meet at Bread Loaf next September and after attending several of these get-togethers, I can assure you they are lots of fun—reconnecting with classmates, being royally wined and dined and entertained by one of the current students, there are campus visits, a walk in the woods, and other activities to regenerate your enthusiasm for the College. I encourage all of you to be part of it.

—Class Correspondents: Judy Bosworth Reiseit (obleireiseit@aol.com), 8809 Mariscal Canyon Dr., Austin, TX 78739; Lisa Dinyphi Fischer (fischl@umn.edu), 11630 Center Rd., Bath, ME 04840.

63 Correspondent Chris White reports: I attended the Alumni Leadership Conference at Bread Loaf in September. Class members present were Noel and Betty Ann Cooper Kane, Al McKibben, and myself. The energy from the reunion classes—'41, '51, '61, etc., was very evident. The time has come to ask not only for ideas for our 50th, but for people power. Please let Jan or me know if you are willing to get involved. If you have thoughts to share in regard to our 50th, we will be able to post them on our website. Our class is known for blazing the trail, and being a little different. Let's continue in that vein. Meanwhile Jan and I will be fishing for news, memories, etc. We encourage you to use e-mail, but also welcome notes and phone chats. Do make an effort to reach out and touch a classmate. We are an interesting group! Reconnect! In other news about classmates, Charles MacCormack was on campus in October to give a talk at the Rohatyn Center for International Affairs entitled "Balancing Relief and Development in Humanitarian Organizations." He recently announced he would be stepping down in 2011 as president and CEO of the Save the Children Federation. With partner Janice Izzi, Lyman Orton created Art of Action, a project where artists create visions of Vermont's future through paintings, sculptures, photographs, and collages. The show opened in September 2009 in Manchester, VT, then toured the state before the pieces were auctioned off. The proceeds helped to fund another round of creative pieces for this year. The pieces were auctioned off last year and the proceeds helped to fund another round of creative pieces for this year.

—Class Correspondents: Janet Bovver Allen-Spencer (jallen@infolinkcommunitycouncil.org), 2 Arizona Pl., Huntingdon Station, NJ 08886; Christopher J. White (cmwhite@aol.com), 347 Duck Cove Rd., Bucksport, ME 04416.

64 David Holmes was recently named the new head of school for the Community School in Sun Valley, Idaho, effective July 1. He has been serving as the executive director of the Lee Pesky Learning Center, based in Boise, since 2006. He and wife Toni live in Hailey, Idaho. Bob Baskin and Pam Nottage Mueller have agreed to be class correspondents, working with Marian Demas Baade. Bob sent this update: "As Yogi said, 'It's déjà vu all over again.' Having served as class correspondent several reunion cycles ago, I was pleased when asked to 're-up.' It's been some time since I last sent in any news, so to get the ball rolling, here goes: I've spent the past four years running a political consulting firm in D.C. that identifies persuadable voters using some high-tech predictive modeling techniques. Prior to that I spent a year returning to something I hadn't done since right after graduation—I taught middle school science at an inner-city public school. I knew I'd eventually be able to utilize my chemistry major experience, which I hadn't drawn upon in over 30 years. Just like getting on a bicycle again. In between chemistry and politics, I helped run the market research company Yankelovich; managed community development programs for an affordable housing developer; and spent 10 years in the federal government as a Congressional chief of staff, staff director of a House committee, and as associate administrator of the Small Business Administration. Aside from work, my real loves are my wife of 23 years, Chris, and my 14-year-old son, Jake. Sure does help keep you young and focused. Anyway, I hope this encourages some of you to bring us up to date on what's been happening in your lives. Looking forward to hearing from you." You can send news to the addresses below.

—Class Correspondents: Marian Demas Baade (mbaade@aol.com), 4 Red Rock Rd., New City, NY 10956; Bob Baskin (robertbaskin@msn.com), 625 Woodside Place, Cherry Chase, MD 20815; Pam Nottage Mueller (p Mueller@nctelecom.com), 74 Storybrook Ln., Contoocook, NH 03229

65 Correspondent ‘T’ Tall reports: Words of tribute have been pouring in to your class correspondents following the death of Heidi Winkler Lawrence on August 4. "Smaug, dazzling, full of energy—a nice lady—a beautiful person—sad to know she no longer will be with us..." were only a few we received. Sarah ‘Lou’ Hart may have summarized our sentiments the best when she wrote, "I guess it brings us all to the realization that some will be leaving sooner, some later, but we're at the age where we can begin to say our good-byes; lives lived fully with a realization that some will be leaving sooner, some later, but we're at the age where we can begin to say our good-byes; lives lived fully with..." It was the perfect way to spend a family reunion with the special birthdays as an excuse to do it. Anne 'Thorny' Thornton Bridges and I attended the Alumni Leadership Conference at Bread Loaf in September. Class members present were Noel and Betty Ann Cooper Kane, Al McKibben, and myself. The energy from the reunion classes—'41, '51, '61, etc., was very evident. The time has come to ask not only for ideas for our 50th, but for people power. Please let Jan or me know if you are willing to get involved. If you have thoughts to share in regard to our 50th, we will be able to post them on our website. Our class is known for blazing the trail, and being a little different. Let's continue in that vein. Meanwhile Jan and I will be fishing for news, memories, etc. We encourage you to use e-mail, but also welcome notes and phone chats. Do make an effort to reach out and touch a classmate. We are an interesting group! Reconnect! In other news about classmates, Charles MacCormack was on campus in October to give a talk at the Rohatyn Center for International Affairs entitled "Balancing Relief and Development in Humanitarian Organizations." He recently announced he would be stepping down in 2011 as president and CEO of the Save the Children Federation. With partner Janice Izzi, Lyman Orton created Art of Action, a project where artists create visions of Vermont's future through paintings, sculptures, photographs, and collages. The show opened in September 2009 in Manchester, VT, then toured the state before the pieces were auctioned off. The proceeds helped to fund another round of creative pieces for this year.

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classes per week. It was a wonderful venture but a—

—Class Correspondents: Diane Watson Carter (cartersage@aol.com), PO Box 239, Harvard, MA 01451; Francine Clark Page (page@psliift.com), 19 Brigham Hill Ln., Essex Junction, VT 05452.

Last spring Paul and Cathy Buck Leary decided to move from their home of 33 years in Foxboro, Mass., to Green Valley, Ariz. “We spent many months getting the house ready to put on the market and then three more months trying to sell it. The closing took place on April 8 and that very day we headed off into the sunset. Three thousand miles and nine days later we arrived in Green Valley.” They rented a home while waiting for their new house to be built, which they moved into this fall. They were looking forward to their first winter in southern Arizona with its lack of snow and abundant sunshine. *Last year Patty Ramsey took a sabbatical from teaching and chairing the Department of Psychology and Education at Mount Holyoke College. “During the year, I worked with an international group studying children, race, and ethnicity. It was a wonderful opportunity to work with colleagues from all over the world and to spend time in Australia, Thailand, and Indonesia. I also continued my research on adoptive families, surveying and interviewing parents and adoptees, and I presented two papers at the International Conference on Adoption Research in Leiden, the Netherlands. Between my travels and skiing at Mount Snow, I wrote several articles and a second edition of one of my earlier books, What If All the Kids Are White? And finally Faith Cohoon Leonard and I celebrated her retirement and my sabbatical by traveling all over the Scottish Highlands by train. Now it is back to work, but retirement beckons.” *— Correspondent Alex Taylor reports: After 30 years at Time Inc., 24 of those spent interviewing parents and adoptees, and I second printing. Jim enjoyed being able to work humor starts to which Jim replies. “I hope I still know!” Jim invites anyone interested to read the book, though he adds “do not read it too late at night—though at our advanced age we have to go to bed early anyway!” Jim also passed away. *—Class Correspondents: Ben Gregg (gregg.bentley@epanel.epa.gov), 418 East St., NE, Vienna, VA 22180; Barbara Ensinger Stebenen (hestoeh@test.com), 6 Timber Flat, Spring House, PA 19477.

Correspondent Anne Harris Onion reports: I’ve had the good fortune to be in touch with several members and friends of our class recently. We seem to be in a period of major transition—children getting married or having babies, parents retiring or looking to retire, others moving on in their careers and families. At the same time, we are all as we are on the cusp of retirement, with some already retired and others still involved in daily jobs. *—Alison Vida has just moved from her home of many years on Salt Spring Island, British Columbia, and is beginning a new career as a personal life coach. *—Myra Martin MacCuaig has an up-close and personal view of the trials and tribulations of life in Baltimore, Md., in her work as a pastoral counselor in a community mental health clinic. She and husband Que are grateful to have two out of their three adult children living nearby and eagerly look forward to an eventual wedding and some grandchildren! *—Although technically retired, it sounds as if Deborah Burgstaller Hunt is working harder than ever on their farm in northern Vermont, growing horses and flowers and remaining deeply involved in local and national political issues. *—Susie Cummings Goodin had the pleasure of her family gathering for her daughter’s wedding this past summer and is keeping her quest for knowledge alive as a graduate student at the Univ. of Calif., Berkeley! *—Jackie Burke and her husband had the good fortune to travel to Israel last winter and embarked on a fascinating trip to China in October. *—Anne still love the
challenging of working with high school students in my job as school counselor and we are anticipating with excitement the arrival of our first grandchildren: twin girls! Our big adventure this past year was a great trip to Spain, and having never been you can then click. I scanned a sufficient amount past the German-French language barrier to get along decently—a most satisfying endeavor! Finally, Middlebury is now offering the option of a Facebook page for our class and we now have one: check it out at http://go.middlebury.edu/facebook. If you click on Class Groups you can then click to access it. It seems to make sense to create more real-time interaction among us, so do join and add your news, thoughts, and questions. * Correspondent Peter Reynolds reports: Our sympathy goes to Lizzie Fryberger Pritchett, who recently lost her husband Pat. Pat was a long-time teacher at U-32 High School in East Montpelier, Vt., and used to work with the late Karen Nicewonger Weiss. Lizzie is a private consultant in historical preservation in Montpelier. * Dale Goddard has passed his restaurant, Fire and Ice, on to son Paris and the longtime chef, Patrick, who are the new managers. On one of our recent visits to Paris, we are most likely to find Dale fishing in the Keys. * Stephen Gray writes that after he left Middlebury, he earned a Master of Divinity degree from Duke Univ. in 1972 and retired from the ministry this past summer after serving 12 years at the Conference Minister (bishop) of the Indiana-Kentucky Conference, United Church of Christ. He says one of his best professors was Rudi Haele. * In Japan Koichi Ishiyama retired last March from his university because of the mandatory retirement age of 63 but he was asked to stay on by the dean of the law dept., so he is still teaching as a visiting professor of translation, interpretation, and journalism at Toin Univ. of Yokohama. He says, "In addition, I have been quoted recently by Monterey Institute blogs as 'a renowned author of very popular Japanese-English dictionaries.' What an accolade! My past 37 years of lexicographical works have never been approved by the Japanese government, so I have a piano recital given by Diana Fanning '71 last May. See the photo on page 69. —Class Correspondents: Anne Harris Onion (onion@metacast.net), PO Box 207, Gilmanton, NH 03237; Peter Reynolds (preyn@uwet.com), 64 Maple St., Bristol, VT 05443. 

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Hannah Rikert Morvan writes, "I'm still teaching first grade in Northfield, Vt., but on the side, husband Ray and I run three businesses—a stone business called Green Mountain Heritage, a maple syrup and guesthouse business called Sweet Maple Syrup and Guesthouse, and a farm called Heritage Ox Farm. At the annual Northfield World's Fair, we won seven ribbons with our two teams of Brown Swiss oxen. Check us out on the Internet! We're busy but in good health. Best to all in the class of '70!" * D.K. Johnston has retired and recently bought a condominium in a historic row in Center City Philadelphia. He's tutoring for the Center for Literacy in their ESL program, singing with the Rainbow Chorale of Delaware, and renewing and enjoying friendships in Philadelphia after several years living in Burlington, Vt. He spent most of the summer at Middlebury as well. His e-mail is djohnston44@comcast.net. * John Fiske writes from California, "After 36 years as a teacher and administrator (the last 31 of them at Chadwick School in Palos Verdes, Calif.), I retired to Santa Barbara in July 2008. At various times I taught science to grades 4-9, but my main teaching focus was eighth grade earth science due to the background and inspiration I received at Middlebury through my study of the environment and from being the middle school director for 10 years. I also coached high school soccer and golf (another Middlebury influence—Duke Nelson!). During one particularly interesting year I was the interim headmaster. A classmate I saw regularly in Palos Verdes was Tom DeRogatis, whose two daughters attended Chadwick! My wife, Patsy, was a professional musician and teacher, and we retired together. Married 35 years, we have a 25-year-old daughter, Jackie, who is trying to make it as a screenwriter and lives in West Hollywood with her dog, Chap. * Gerry Rowland writes, "I retired in 2008 after 20 years of working in public libraries in Iowa. Wife Margaret is employed as a librarian at the city library in Des Moines. The pace of change in the library world is accelerating, with an amazing world of information and access that we would not have even imagined in 1970. I am finding retirement to be busy, so I have to work around the house, do some volunteering, and occasionally get out in my kayak. The water trail movement that I helped to establish has led to a state-funded program and the designation of hundreds of miles of Iowa rivers as official state water trails. I'm pleased to be invited to designation events to speak about my part in the creation of Iowa’s water trail efforts. I'm on Facebook and my e-mail address is gerry.rowland@mchsi.com." * Ginger Ward writes from Falls Church, Va., "In the summer of 2008, husband Tom was diagnosed with kidney disease and was told he would eventually need a transplant. He was accepted to Georgetown University’s kidney transplant list but was told it would be a five- to seven-year wait. As time passed and his kidneys worsened, we started checking out other transplant centers. We found one at the Medical College of Virginia where the wait was two to three years. Although I learned that if I donated a kidney, it would propel Tom to the top of his blood-type list, and that he would receive a kidney within one to 100 days. I donated on August 3 and Tom was transplanted on August 16. I'm happy to report that Tom and his kidney are really working out well, I am doing fine and returning to tennis soon, and I've been told that the recipient of my kidney is doing very well, too." * George Contaratos writes from Vrilissia, Greece, "I have recently retired and I now enjoy spending all my time with my family. However, I have never stopped reminiscing and having vivid memories about my Middlebury College years since they were some of the most formative of my life. Please convey my best regards and wishes to everybody." * Pam Penfold and May Coors got together this past summer in Boulder, Colo., just weeks before a horrible wildfire tore up Four Mile Canyon outside of Boulder and destroyed many houses. Luckily, Pam's house was spared! * Dick and Meg Floyd McCann went back to Hôpital Albert Schweitzer in rural Haiti for a couple of weeks this past year to be near my two grandsons and their challenges of working with high school students in my job as school counselor and we are anticipating with excitement the arrival of our first grandchildren: twin girls! Our big adventure this past year was a great trip to Spain, and having never been you can then click. I scanned a sufficient amount past the German-French language barrier to get along decently—a most satisfying endeavor! Finally, Middlebury is now offering the option of a Facebook page for our class and we now have one: check it out at http://go.middlebury.edu/facebook. If you click on Class Groups you can then click to access it. It seems to make sense to create more real-time interaction among us, so do join and add your news, thoughts, and questions. * Correspondent Peter Reynolds reports: Our sympathy goes to Lizzie Fryberger Pritchett, who recently lost her husband Pat. Pat was a long-time teacher at U-32 High School in East Montpelier, Vt., and used to work with the late Karen Nicewonger Weiss. Lizzie is a private consultant in historical preservation in Montpelier. * Dale Goddard has passed his restaurant, Fire and Ice, on to son Paris and the longtime chef, Patrick, who are the new managers. On one of our recent visits to Paris, we are most likely to find Dale fishing in the Keys. * Stephen Gray writes that after he left Middlebury, he earned a Master of Divinity degree from Duke Univ. in 1972 and retired from the ministry this past summer after serving 12 years at the Conference Minister (bishop) of the Indiana-Kentucky Conference, United Church of Christ. He says one of his best professors was Rudi Haele. * In Japan Koichi Ishiyama retired last March from his university because of the mandatory retirement age of 63 but he was asked to stay on by the dean of the law dept., so he is still teaching as a visiting professor of translation, interpretation, and journalism at Toin Univ. of Yokohama. He says, "In addition, I have been quoted recently by Monterey Institute blogs as 'a renowned author of very popular Japanese-English dictionaries.' What an accolade! My past 37 years of lexicographical works have never been approved by the Japanese government, so I have a piano recital given by Diana Fanning '71 last May. See the photo on page 69. —Class Correspondents: Anne Harris Onion (onion@metacast.net), PO Box 207, Gilmanton, NH 03237; Peter Reynolds (preyn@uwet.com), 64 Maple St., Bristol, VT 05443.
in a place where growing things actually thrive. I have a great job at Western Washington Univ., working for the VP for student affairs. It's a treat to be back on a campus. I'm surrounded by family. My grandchildren are now five and six and busy with soccer and ice hockey. * Also from Washington State, our son-in-law Rob and Alan Wood in Tacoma: "We continue to work, me (Martha) only half time because the on-call nights are killing me at age 61. Alan is doing administrative work half time with Group Health Cooperative, the HMO he has been with for 26 years, and half-time clinical orthopedics. His specialty is total joint replacement, a skill in great demand as we all age. Our last two graduated from Midd in May, and we're having Vermont withdrawal this fall without any visits planned. We'll definitely be there for reunion. I went on a medical humanitarian trip to Vietnam last March. We were in Ho Chi Minh City (Saigon) for nine days. I was responsible for post-op care and teaching—a great experience, but exhausting." * David Leland says, "Wife Ann Howald and I have lived in Sonoma, Calif., for 20 years, during most of which I have been an environmental engineer for the state. My group recently completed a water quality plan for the Klamath River, which, along with the proposed removal of four dams, could lead to restoration of this mighty river. In our spare time we bird-watch, hike and backpack in the Sierra, garden, and seek ways to reduce the carbon footprint and get some action on climate-change issues." * Ed Lord writes, "I married Carol Bell of Atlanta in May 2009 in Ravello, Italy, and we are living in Colebrook, Conn. I'm still involved in real estate. All three kids are out of school and working at real jobs. Christopher '02 is at Investcorp in NYC, Katharine '00 is a PA at Emory (in oncology) in Atlanta, and Charlotte is in San Francisco with Gap stores. Katharine and husband had a baby boy this spring, Henry Fiske Lord Steppe. * From Steve Peach we heard, "I'm still practicing architecture in Manchester, N.H., hoping to reach proficiency by the time I'm 70, but not sure that I can hold out that long. We have found some great clients to allow satisfying projects with sustainable features. I am happily married to Laurie (Fuller) '71. Our three children all attended Midd, with my youngest Molly finishing this year. Laurie and I are enjoying the empty nest, kayaking, bike touring, and cross-country skiing. I have taken up spinning to fight back age and gravity and enjoy some zenful times on our property in New Boston, N.H., working the edge between field and wood. Looking forward to the reunion. * Dave Pierson says, "I'll be there for reunion—and I'd like to see the '71 hockey team there, too." * Mary Rita Candon Maloney writes, "I continue to teach high school math at Burr and Burton Academy in Manchester, Vt., and we live nearby in Dorset. Husband Abe is painting with pastels. Son Luke is a quantitative analyst with Batterymarch in Boston. I play a lot of paddle tennis in winter and we spend time on Lake Champlain in the summer." * Some news from two of your classmates: From New Hampshire Barbara Laudenslager Mosley writes, "A longtime friend and I started a business called Stellalona, which is now a Certified New Hampshire Homestead Bakery and an incredible adventure. We sell at the Wolfeboro Farmers' Market, the Kitchen Store in town, and the local goat farm. We bake for parties and receptions, and for a popular restaurant in town. It has been a surprising and heart-warming experience. To think that until last May, I was finishing 39 years of working with disturbed adolescents. Who knew?" * Rob Waters writes, "I began my post-newspaper career last year with a brief sojourn in an international consulting firm in North Carolina. I have returned safely to Raleigh (didn't sell the house) and am working in nearby Durham in the PR shop at North Carolina Central University, a historically black college that's part of the UNC system—a cool school with a worthy mission. I take daily delight at being back home among family and friends again. I think I'll stay." * In other news about classmates, Bruce Faust was appointed senior VP and business banking manager at Merchants Bank. He lives in Richmond, Va. * Check out a photo on page 69 from a piano recital given by Diana Fanning —Class Correspondents: Barbara Laudenslager Mosley (barb@amolygon.com); Carolyn Unbeg Englier (covier@awye.net); Rob Waters (robwaters7012@msn.com).

Roger Sakolove writes that for eight years he had been working as a consultant, but now he has a creative director at an ad agency in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. Layoffs hit so he decided to "do his own thing." He is delighted about the development of his company, Roger Sakolove // copywriter LLC, which leverages his 30-year advertising and corporate communications writing background. Daughter Julia (28) is a financial analyst in NYC and daughter Carly (24) has been appearing in the off-Broadway show, *Girls Night the Musical*, since graduating from Boston Conservatory. Scott and he just celebrated their 30th anniversary. He invites any of his old buds to contact him at 617.375.8444 or come on down to Boynton Beach. * Having left the gubernatorial office, Jim Douglas spent winter term as executive in residence at Middlebury and taught a class on Vermont government and politics. * Sadly we must report that Robert Davenport passed away on July 1 and Sally Dardis his wife on September 8. Our condolences are sent to their families. Obituaries for them will appear in a future issue. —Class Correspondents: Jennifer Hamlin Church (jchurch@ciennaheights.edu); Envy Zmudsky LaMont (evelynmont@primeministertransition.com).

Mary Farley sent in this news: "Saw Kathryn Winsburg participating in the creation of an exhibit at the Smithsonian National Museum of Natural History promoting the preservation of coral reefs. She is one of 800 people who crocheted sections of the Hyperbolic Crochet Coral Reef, and she helped install it. The exhibit is to call attention to the destruction of fragile coral reefs and demonstrate the hyperbolic geometry of their creation. She took a group of us, her classmates, to see the exhibit and we were very impressed! You can check it out at www.mnh.si.edu/exhibits/hcree/. * The Atlanta Business Chronicle recently listed "Who's Who: 100 Leaders Who Are Shaping Atlanta's Hospitality Industry." Terry McGuirk was named as one of those leaders in the area of arts and entertainment. He is the president and CEO of the Atlanta Braves. —Class Correspondents: Deborah Schneider Greenhut (wecon@csn.com); Andrea Thorne (anorth34488@yahoo.com).
On September 6, 2009, Bradley Michalchuk '06 married Elena Kennedy '06 at her parents’ home in Thetford, Vt. Two generations of Middlebury graduates and Midd friends were there to join in the celebration: (all '06 unless noted) Tom Manley (geology), Pat Manley (geology), Doug Kennedy '75, Linda Skewes Kennedy '77, Barbara Haner (psychology), Elise Burditt, the newlyweds, Grace Kronenberg, (second row) Jeff Smith, Divya Khosla, Yen-I Chen, Mickey Gilchrist '08, Leila Yerxa, Jill Sutherland Hamilton '75, CC Ragran, Rachel Durfee, Katie Glaseott, Dave Cornell, (third row) Jordan Terrell-Wysocki '08, Brett Cluff, Fred McDonald '08, Brett Shirreffs '07, Bob Hamilton '75, Craig Hendric '75, Gerry Eaton '75, Fred Erdman '75, Roger King '75, and Lucy Call King '76.

Michelle LaBbe '01 and Garry Hunter were married in Woodstock, Vt., on September 6, 2009, with many Midd friends in attendance: (all '01 unless noted) Ross Sealfon '99, Laura Matvey Sealfon, Kiki Halfenstein, Faith Peters James, the newlyweds, Chris Vaughan '99, Erin Lechner Belfort, Annie Kloppenberg, Christa McDougall '00, Sarah Carpenter, Jane Mandigo (wife of Coach Mandigo), Sylvia Ryan Gappa '00 with Katy, Coach Bill Mandigo, and John Giannacopoulos '00.

Bob Wannop '04 and Sarah Birmingham were married on August 29, 2009, in Woodstock, Vt. Joining the couple in the festivities were Middlebury friends (all '04 unless noted) Kristin Baker, Amanda Tompkins, the newlyweds, Steff Hodge Chisholm, (second row) Chris Ashley '00, Rob Chisholm '03, Max Lavine, Colin Apple, Ted Adler '99, Jamie Nicholson, Mike Fournie, Annalise Erkkinen, Brian Clark '04, and Tom O'Connor.

Polly Davis married Thomas Hand '06 at the home of his parents in Dorset, Vt., on August 29, 2009. Midd grads and friends attending the wedding included Megan Osterhout '06 (and Burt the dog), Logan Duran '05, Elizabeth Hand '09, Hannah Day '09, Stephen Swank '05, Liz Roberson von Hasseln '03, Emilia Sibley '06, (second row) Marilyn Frison Hand '73, Ann Einsiedler Crumb '71, Hillary Waite Condit '05, Ryan Kelley '05, Brendan Condit '05, Ainsley Close '05, Heidi Erbe '06, the newlyweds, Ellen Whelan-Wuest '05, Lauren Sherman '05, Eliza Cameron Eaton '05, Christina Tutsch '05, Jamie Herrn '07, May Boeve '06, Tracy Isham, Jon Isham, Andy Hale '06, (third row) Jim Hand '70, Dick Crumb '69, Duncan Cooper '06, Dan Stone '08, Jon Overman '06, (third row) Tom Bourdon '03, Sam Stevenson '05, Jamie Hand '08, Conor Stinson '06, Charlie Bettigole '05, Charles Acher '04, Minna Brown '07, Nick Benjamin '05, Brian Reavey '05, Dan Dunning '06, Claire Johnson '05, Dan Hutner '06, and Kyle von Hasseln '05.
After a wedding ceremony at the Old South Church in Boston, Mass., Kayte Spector '04 and Justin Bagdady celebrated their August 22, 2009, marriage with friends at the Science Museum: Brian Hoyer '03, Paloma Hagedorn-Woo '05, Becky Kirkham '04, Deidre Ciliento '05, Dana Yeaton '03, the newlyweds, Amanda Tompkins '04, Colin Apple '04, Justina Ngo '04, and Justin Knox '02.

Nina Cotton '04 and Jesse Weyl were married August 1, 2009, in Crested Butte, Colo., where they live. Midd friends and family joining the celebration included (all '04 unless noted) Geoff Maty, Courtney Campbell, Ali Kraus, the newlyweds, Megan Michelson, Sarah Cotton Rajski '99, and Dave Reisman.

On August 1, 2009, Laura Ford '01 married Joe Tumbarelllo in Plymouth, Mass. In attendance were Midd friends (all '01 unless noted) Celeste Gauthier Tatum with Andrew, Hallie Trotter, Elizabeth Perkins, Brent Boscarrino, Jessica Wisby Boscarrino, Timothy O'Keefe, Brooke Schmerge, the newlyweds, Kendra Slater Venhorst, Meredith Bazzigan '02, Kate Irwin Fiehrer, Sharon Wilson Purdy, Garrett Dodge, Kristen Lyall Dodge, and Julie Russell.

In Virginia Beach, Va., Aaron Blanchette '04 married Jennifer Cutchin on July 19, 2009. Middlebury Class of 2004 friends who celebrated with the couple were Blake Saville, the newlyweds, Craig Parker, and Darshan Shrestha.

Elizabeth Xanthopoulos '99 and Joshua Peck celebrated their August 22, 2009, marriage with friends and family at the Boston Public Library. Middlebury classmates included (all '99 unless noted) Jeanna Lee Sayers, Lisa Cote Boucher, Sandy Kozikowski, the newlyweds, (back row) Adam Dreiblatt, Emily Evans Johnson, Amy Ferenz Hampe, Kate Stirrat, Mike Larsen, Jeff Trail, Sebastien Bilodeau '97, Melissa Stewart Bilodeau, Susan Givens Lally, Mimi Doggett Gehl, Tamsyn Drummond-Hay Trail, Jen Scott, and Andy Atkinson.

Rich Gallup '01 and Rebecca Hicks (Wesleyan '02) were married on August 22, 2009, at St. Paul's School in Concord, N.H., where they met while teaching at the Advanced Studies Program in 2001. Attendees included Emily Dellas '01, the newlyweds, Ben Coelho '01, and the mother of the groom, Karen Burnap Gallup '72. Missing from photo: Peter Morgan '01.
On July 12, 2009, Richard Maass '06 and Etuna Tsintsadze were married in Tbilisi, Georgia, with an echo wedding following on August 2 in New Canaan, Conn., where Midd friends joined them: Benjamin Molberger '09, Christoph Becker '06, Christopher Shubert '05, the newlyweds, Timothy Leavitt '06, Keith Williams '07, and Brian Abend '06.

At her parents' home in Florence, Vt., Hilary Bird Poremski '00 married Christopher Beitzel on July 25, 2009. Middlebury friends in attendance were Rosa Maria Rogers Maloney '00, Kathleen Francis '01, Carmen Pina '99, (second row) Sheramy Pelletier Vandernat '00, Jaime Grechika '99, Prof. David Bain, the newlyweds, Stefanie Ayers Gravedi, MA French '83 and MA English '88, '83 Woodward '06, and Ashlee Bird '13.

In South Carolina, Robert Geckle Jr. '93 and Emily Wilson were married on August 15, 2009, with family and friends present: Ryan Keilty '93, Brian Howie '93, George Geckle '61, Matt Bonner '91, the newlyweds, Paul Testa '91, Robert Geckle '67, Katherine Landry Geckle '67, and Ruth Keilty '95.

Laverne Blackman '07 and Wilson Judd Melón '07 were wed at Mead Chapel on August 15, 2009. Family, friends, and several Middlebury alumni were in attendance: Carol Wilson '07, the newlyweds, Daniella Pagan, (second row) Sienna Nancy Chambers '07, Malik Jenkins, Miguel Fernández '85, Carlos Melón, Eileen Moore, (third row) Steve Lowe '07, Bernard Geox Xavier '07, Carlos Beato '07, and John LoPresto '07.

Many Midd friends joined Eliza Funston '03 and Lee S. Jones '02 to celebrate their wedding on August 15, 2009, in Sudbury, Mass., at the Funston family home: Beth Eisenhowyer '03, Katie Shutte Shogan '03, Dana Gordon Dombrowski '02, Maggie Gcedecker '03, Meg Roach '02, the newlyweds, Molly Barefoot '03, Annie Legg '03, Lauren Cassapaglia '02, (second row) Bill Ames '66, Ashley Hall '05, Sarah Hall Weigel '99, Nick Lesher '02, Shannon Wallace, MA Italian '05, Parkin Kent '02, Stefan Nowicki '02, Lee W. Jones '03, Liv Wilson Thompson '03, Chrisiss Fuld Pckles '03, Kirsten Schler '02, Anne Alfano '02, Lisa Pilkington Brown '03, Leah Cumsky-Whitlock '03, (third row) Ian Bailey '03, Hannah Ritchie Franklin '02, Chip Franklin '02, Ben Weber '02, Wes Hyatt '03, Nick Dutton-Swain '03, Sam Lines '04, Annie Nichols Jones '02, Morgan Jones '02, Brian Lavin '02, and Kristin Hanley '03. Missing from photo: Chris Lord '02, Chris Daniels '03, Seth Colfin '02, Joe Lugosch '01, Andrew Dombrowski '02, Ed Bogart '02, Andrew Shogan '01, Eric Devon '02, and Kip Studer '02.
Alli Williams '05 and Pat Zomer '05 were married August 8, 2009, in Minneapolis, Minn. Many Midd friends made the trip to share in the celebration: (all '05 unless noted) Dan Colonna '02, Eric Axon, the newlyweds, Steve Sclafani, Mark Hannigan, (second row) Rich Decembrele, Christine Bolger '07, Maryanne Porter '04, Melissa Thacker Colonna, Adam Sureau, Carrie Evans, Susanna Prazzoli, Heather Wright Vickery '06, (third row) Eric Shamley, Phil Reiff, Lyon Carter '07, Brian Vickery, Mike Keenan, KG Zomer (sister), and Steve Vento.

Lauren Bowe '04 married Daniel Hover on August 21, 2009, in Milton, Mass. The reception was held at the Omni Parker House in Boston with many friends in attendance: (all '04 unless noted) Amanda Tompkins, the newlyweds, Caroline Jacobson Honorowski, Andrea Russo '03, Kaitlin Strovink, (second row) Margery Glover, Russ McCracken, Colin Apple, Amy Brans Nutt, Collison Sullivan '07, Michaela George, Katie Hurd '06, Katie O'Connor '05, Adam Sinoway '05, and Lindsay Ladd '03.

Peter Nilsson '99 and Crystal Gipe celebrated their marriage on July 12, 2009, in Marblehead, Mass. Midd friends joined them, posing as superheroes: Katie Steele, CRA '99–'01, Neil Bergquist '01, Vince Cunningham '06, Jeff Vallone '98, Matt Grodd '99, Rian Alfiero '97, the groom, Peter Day '01, Clint Berman '97, Dave Touloumitzis '99, Holly Klimczak '00, Justin Elicker '97, and Phoebe Chase '00. Supporting the bride are Kau Kozuma '99 and Tim Marks '03.

Joanna Opot '05 and Freeman White '03 were married on June 27, 2009, at Shelburne Farms, VT. They first fell in love at Middlebury in 2002. Among others, they were joined by friends Erin Seefeld '05, Johanna Riesel '05, Julia Randall '03, Meredith Giersch '04, (second row) Marta Holstrom '05, Kate Nerenberg '03, the newlyweds, Suzie Moses '05, Tim Marks '03, (third row) Bibbs Walske '02, Harry Kahn '05, Kartik Raj '02, and Pete Nilsson '99.

Caitlin Connolly '06 married Matthew Hoffman at The Ponds at Bolton Valley, VT, on July 11, 2009. Midd friends who celebrated with them included Russell Johanson '06, Pascal Losambe '07, Carrie Childs '06, Kylie Taylor '07, Sean Lena '06, the newlyweds, Julia Proctor '06, Julie Rankin Kuipers '05, Laurie Griffin '06, (second row) Claire Anderson '06, Baker Lyon '06, Bryan Connolly '07, Greg Connolly '02, Tim Connolly '04, Dave Barker '06, and Jake Kuipers '06.
Kristen Forsberg '04, MHS '07, married Jacob Rene Garza MHS '08 on August 1, 2009, in Monterey, Calif. They then had a luau reception in Kristen's hometown of Leicester, Mass., on December 19 with friends: Joanna Logue '04, the bride, Christine Lambert '04, Vijay Renganathan '02, Erin King '04, Cory Balint '04, Travers Franckle, and Becky Latka Franckle '04.

Blake Barkin '03 married Daniel Bueckman in Westhampton Beach, N.Y., on August 2, 2009. Celebrating with them were Middlebury friends (all '03 unless noted) Emily Lord, the newlyweds, Erin Ryan Stenson, (second row) Cathy Schieffelin, Jon Hanlon '03, Mary Gerrie, Tina Fleishman (mother of Jason Fleishman), Douglas Parobeck '01, Laura Lindel '04, Christopher Everett '01, Ashley Sullivan Everett '02, Lauren Henry, Kristin Ostrem, and Daniel Stenson.

On August 8, 2009, Tara Sun Vanacore '06 married Joshua Axelrod '05 at Hadley Barn on Middlebury's campus. Surrounded by Middlebury friends and family, the couple (in front) celebrated their marriage: Larry Childs '81, Anna Sun '85, Prof. Hang Du, Prof. Carrie Reed, Christian Petrangelo '06, Sara Granstrom '07, Christina Winkler '07, Samantha Collier '08, Tamara Vatnick '07, Carrie Webster '06, Serenza Spears '06, Kerren Mckeeman '07, Jeff Stauch '05, Ari Joseph '05, Grace Zanichkowsky Weber '77, Michael Sun Vanacore, Italian School '07, Suzanne Germaine, Spanish School '88, French School '03, '09, (second row) Prof. Wei He Xu, Prof. Tom Moran, Prof. John Berninghausen, Dane Johnson '08, David Restrepo '06, Ezra Axelrod '08, Martin Rajcan '06, Andrew Lindblad '05, Colin Penley '05, Cicely Ott Parseghian '05, Michael Liu '05, John Stokvis '05, Kira Ventura Ashby '05, Buck Sleeper '05, Colin Ventura Ashby '05, Edward Francis '05, Matthew Lindblad '07, Kathi Ten Hoopen '84, Amanda Gustin '05, Su White '82, and Thomas Vanacore '83.

David Freedman '06 and Rian Jiran were married on the grounds of the Biltmore Estate in Asheville, N.C., on March 7, 2009. Many friends joined them in the celebration: (all '06 unless noted) Jon Sisto, the newlyweds, Daisuke Yasutake '04, Ali Perencevich, Elizabeth Renehan, (second row) Josh White, Mike Freedman (honorary Midd alum and brother of the groom), Travis Meyer, Celia Cohen, Chris Cadwell, Julia Cardozzo, Tim Sheridan, Tyler Bak, Zach Snyder, Tim Dooley, Remsen Weir (not a Midd alum, but we love her), Alex Nadas, Ryan Armstrong, and Alisha Williams-Armstrong (not a Midd alum, but we love her). Missing from photo: Mike Kagan, Allison Smith, and Andrew Eisen '08.

Lourie Yelton '01 married Paul Usechak on August 22, 2009, with Rev. Sarah Garcia '01 performing the ceremony. Midd friends who celebrated with the couple included (all '01 unless noted) Will Vaughan, Jessica Monroe Vaughan '02, the newlyweds, Beth Downing, Emily Sharkey, James Cog, and Sarah Garcia.
Emily Egan ’06 and Ed Allen ’06 were married on August 15, 2009, at St. Patrick’s Church in Bedford, N.Y. The reception was held at the Westchester Country Club where Midd friends celebrated: (all ’06 unless noted) Christine Bolger ’07, Lynn Prodanjac Garadalo ’02, Laura McMahon, Keilanne Egan ’04, Leah Wildenger, the newlyweds, Lilly Knopman, Shannon Egan Vollmer ’02, (second row) Mike Hannigan ’05, Eric Axon ’05, Rich Decembrele ’05, Kevin Bright, Brittany Potz, Mark Loper, Annie Stamey, Ari Bellin, Georgios Jolink, Ali Golden, Cole Partin, Electra Smith, Virginia Harr, Jeff Vollmer ’01, and Pat Allen ’02. Missing from photo: Lyon Carter III ’05 and P. O’Reilly ’05.

In North Bennington, Vt., Kate Davis ’04 and Stephen Clarke ’04 were married at the Park-McCullough House on August 23, 2009. Friends from the Class of 2004 and spouses who joined them were Tony Fiset, Kira Wozmak Fiset, Sarah Griff, the newlyweds, Erin Sullivan, Deborah Jones, and Sean Schneider.

Alexis Hollinger ’05 and Juan Garcia ’03 were married August 29, 2009, at Kearsage Presbyterian Church in New London, N.H., followed by a beautiful outdoor tent reception at Dexter’s Inn in Sunapee. Midd friends who celebrated with them included (all ’05 unless noted) Kristina Rodriguez, Erin Amico, Karen Lee, Elyse Carlson, the newlyweds, Alexis Garcia, Danny Chavez ’02, (second row) Matt Levy, Marcus Clarke, Chigozie Ogwuegbu-Stephens ’02, and Anthony McKinley ’02. Missing from photo: Christian Ford and John Clough ’63.

On August 7, 2009, Megan McCoaker ’01 married Doug Mandigo ’96 in Middletown, Conn. Middlebury friends and family in attendance included Matt Trail ’96, Martha Shay Trail ’98, Scott Pokrywa ’96, Peter Bevere ’96, Josh Brugual ’96, (second row) Alexis Batten ’04, Megan Olson Koett ’01, Liza Hinman Stewart ’99, Kate McCoaker Conklin ’00, the newlyweds with Emily Pecsok, William Mandigo ’98, Arnold Bailey ’39, Ann Hanson (hidden), Bill Mandigo, Elyesa Burnell ’01, (third row) Ryan Hilley ’01, Andrew Shogan ’01, Kate Shutte Shogan ’03, Brendan Williams ’01, John Kirby, Bob Ritter ’82, Jane Mandigo, Erin Quinn ’86, Pam Lawson Quinn ’88, Jackie Spring ’01, Riann Siciak ’00, Meegan Mozynski ’01, Lissie Fishman ’01, Amy Lowell ’01, Wesley Hyatt ’03, Molly Borsch Ferguson ’96, Jethro Ferguson ’96, Kelly McCarthy Bevere ’99, Alyssa Pappas Zink ’00, Eric Zink ’00, Noreen Pecsok with Drew Shogan, (fourth row) Kevin McCarthy ’91, Jen Porry McCarthy ’93, Paul Dolpe ’93, Carol Heinecken, Mickey Heinecken, James Pecsok, and Steve Pecsok.
Sally Baldwin Utiger ‘52 and Bob Martin ‘52 ran into each other quite by accident at the summer arts camp finale for their grandchildren in Manchester, Vt.

A group of friends from the Class of 1978 got together last May at Betsy Bradley Coughlan’s house in Kennebunk, Maine, for a weekend of gourmet meals, boat cruises, biking, tennis, karaoke and dancing at the Kennebunkport Inn, and lots of shared memories—proving that 54 is the new 30! Pictured are Linda Greene Ortwein, Sue McFarland Magounian, Betsy Bradley Coughlan, Beaze Johnson Handy, Carey Field Guth, Liz Taynott Gowell, and Lucy Newell Hancock.

Eight former roommates from 2008 got together on Martha’s Vineyard last Memorial Day weekend: Lisa Reynolds, Liana Sideli, Brookie Farquhar, Adam Weissman, (second row) Yanik Babakoky, James Kerrigan, Peyton Coles, and Harrison Bane.

Several friends gathered in Cape May, N.J., for a mini-reunion last June. Enjoying each other’s company are Annika Holtan, Brian Holton ’76, Gary Holton ’78, Mary Gilmore Kirkpatrick ’78, Scott Fitz ’76, Bill Schifman ’76, Sally Grimes Barron ’75, Chris Barron ’76, and Tanice Truckses Fitzpatrick ’78.

A group of friends from the Class of 1978 got together last May at Betsy Bradley Coughlan’s house in Kennebunk, Maine, for a weekend of gourmet meals, boat cruises, biking, tennis, karaoke and dancing at the Kennebunkport Inn, and lots of shared memories—proving that 54 is the new 30! Pictured are Linda Greene Ortwein, Sue McFarland Magounian, Betsy Bradley Coughlan, Beaze Johnson Handy, Carey Field Guth, Liz Taynott Gowell, and Lucy Newell Hancock.

Friends from the Class of 1941 gathered in August at Wake Robin Retirement Community to celebrate the 90th birthday of Ruth “Packy” Packard Jones: Packy, Jean Connor, Ruth Hardy Scheidecker, and Margaret Shaub.

Classmates from 1982 traveled to Middlebury for a mini-reunion last spring to reminisce, share stories, and get caught up on each other’s lives: KC Cederholm, Nancy Lemay Renner, Audrey French, Barbara Eyman, Pat Mahoney, and Sarah Gage.

In May Diana Fanning ‘71 gave a piano recital in Bath, Maine, where she met up with several Midd alums and friends: Bob Echols ’69, Diana, Paul Drolet (Bob’s partner), and Laura Ludwig ’88. Other concertgoers included Mary Elizabeth Cummings Nordstrom ’46, Cynthia Baughman (former College Writer), and Ken Wentzel, father of Andy Wentzel ’73 and Marty Wentzel ’77.

Through his job with Cervelo Cycles, Tom Fowler ’86 ran into Cervelo TestTeam cyclist Ted King ’05 in Portugal during a TestTeam training camp.
Your Voice
Make a gift of any size before June 30

Your Choice
You’ll qualify to vote on which of these projects gets $100,000 from the President’s Fund

Calling Young Alums from 2001-2010

VOTE

go.middlebury.edu/giveyourvoice
Internships

Internships unlock career options, but many students can’t afford to intern for free. Give 30 students the keys to life-changing turns at environmental organizations, dance and theater companies, museums, government bureaus, healthcare NGOs, architecture firms, design studios, and schools.

Projects for Peace

At least one Middlebury student each year receives a $10,000 Project for Peace grant from Kathryn Wasserman Davis. But many great Midd proposals go unfunded. Old Chapel will green-light 10 additional projects—grassroots, practical efforts like malaria prevention in Central America’s countryside, reading programs for sprawling African slums, and micro-hydropower for Himalayan villages.

Language Schools scholarships

Give foreign language and cultural fluency to Middlebury undergraduates by funding 20 scholarships to the Language Schools. You can almost hear minds opening as the students prepare for study abroad, aid work, grad school, international arts and business, easing conflict, and spreading understanding.

So what do you say? Make your gift and then make your choice. We’ll keep you updated on the voting. Get your Middlebury friends to vote for your favorite project and get it funded.
To jump-start this new career, I am a student in the Global Master of Arts Program at the Fletcher School for International Law and Diplomacy at Tufts Univ. *Pascal Cheng* posted this note: "I have recently participated in a documentary film project about adults with autism around the world. The film, *Witches and Jabberers*, recently placed second to over 200 other submissions who had been screened in a variety of locations around the country in 2011. The musical score was done by J. Ralph and a CD is being released this month."

—Class Correspondents: Kevin Donahue (donahank@eblanu.us); Nan Rachelle McNicholas (bhimmidd@yahoo.com); Joanie Scott (jooset@cmvet.edu)

76 REUNION CLASS

News came fromKeith Block. "After graduating from Middlebury, I received a J.D. degree from the Emory Univ. School of Law in Atlanta, Ga., and worked as a commercial finance attorney in Portland, Ore., and Denver, Colo., for the past 30 years. It was a very interesting, but in some respects too-consuming, career. Besides working for a variety of law firms and financial institutions (and founding two law firms in Denver), I authored or coauthored on commercial finance and equipment leasing, taught law school at the Univ. of Denver School of Law, represented the Colorado Bar Assoc. in revising the Uniform Commercial Code, and helped pioneer the financing of fractional interests in corporate jets. I retired from the practice of law on March 9. Since then with Connie and I have traveled on a virtually nonstop basis. We try to take at least one trip per month except for the summer months when you can’t ask to live in a nice place than the Rocky Mountains. I also spend a lot of time visiting our friends (including my best friend, Tom Steacy ‘78, who lives in Broomfield, Colo.), reading historical novels, and working in the garden. Connie and I recently celebrated our 30th anniversary. We have two wonderful daughters, Stephanie (24) and Karen (21), who are living in San Francisco and Boston, and one dog, Samantha (10), who is turning white out of emotion. I have two cats. Henry Heyburn has a lot going on. "Alicia and I recently completed a cross-country trip that we’ve done in five segments over eight years; I can’t recommend it enough as a way to see and get to know a country. Last year I began working part time for the Chewonki Foundation; we offer camps and wilderness trips, sailing, hiking, canoeing etc., for 8-17 year olds and do research in sustainable living. I’m enjoying it tremendously. I’m also in a master’s program in public policy and planning at the Muskie School at the Univ. of Maine. Our children are six and nine and keep us busy. We’re fortunate to have grandparents close by. Last April we were in D.C. and had lunch with Rob Rowe who looked just like he did when we graduated with the exception of a few gray hairs." * Dan Jacobs has been appointed as an executive in residence at the Kogod School of Business at American University in Washington, D.C. * Chip Oakes recently joined Endeavour International Corp., an oil and gas exploration and production company, as VP of geosciences. He had been working at Forest Oil Corp., where he was managing director for new ventures. * Bonnier Corp. recently promoted Greg Dittricone to editorial director of its mountain titles, which include its flagship brands of SKI, Snow, and Warren Miller’s Skier magazine. He’ll also continue as brand director for SKI. Greg lives in Boulder, Colo., with his wife and two young children (who are learning to ski).—Class Correspondents: Mary MacKenzie Corbe (mauroke@xenonnet.net); Nancy Limbach Meyer (times79@yahoo.com)

77 Lucia Batchelder Bell writes, "On September 1, after 21 years of putting up with each other, Bob and I got married. We were married in a very small private ceremony that we both decided it was finally the right time. It was a joyful event for both of us. We were very happy about it, our children were astonished, and our grandchildren aren’t old enough to understand that Grandma and Grandpa weren’t married in the first place. After a honeymoon in San Francisco, we plan to work very hard planning our retirement and lots of travel." * Justin McGown, son of Mike and Karen Divalentino ’78 McGown, has earned his Boy Scout Eagle Rank, completing the final requirements this past summer. * In the August ’29 *New York Times* Magazine, the “Points of Entry” recommendations included “Four Score and D’Oh—Jay Heinrichs, the author of *Thank You for Arguing: What Aristotle, Lincoln and Homer Simpson Can Teach Us About the Art of Persuasion*, keeps a blog about rhetoric at figarospeech.com." * LSU recently announced that Jon Stoner is serving as the acting dean of the LSU Honors College. He’s also the 2010 recipient of the Honors College Sternberg Professorship, having taught in the Honors College since 1993. * Janet Swanson Webster writes, “In May I earned my Ed.D. in organization development from the Univ. of St. Thomas in Minneapolis, Minn. My research was on the experience of women leaders who took a career break to be stay-at-home mothers. Among other things, my findings supported linkages between parenting and leading. Next up is using my research to expand my consulting practice, although after six intense years of study and research, I took much of the summer off to take back my life. That included more time to reconnect with friends. In September, Kim Norris ’79 visited when she dropped off her daughter at Hamline Univ. In November I met Denise Schlenger, Betsy Seeley, Anne Van Ingen, and Sheryl Bicknell Kovak in western Colorado."

—Class Correspondent: Bob Lindberg (bob@lindberg.com)

78 With 26 years of experience, Moe Thorpe was recently profiled on officialwire.com with the headline “Santa Fe, N.M., Real Estate Professional Helps Hundreds in the Local Community.” She and husband Marc live in Santa Fe in an authentic adobe house they built together. With their two children, they enjoy skiing, camping, hiking, riding horses, and running in the mountains. As its 95th annual meeting, the Vermont Farms Bureau elected Clark Hinsdale president. He is the managing partner of Nordic Holsteins, New England’s first robotic dairy operation. *Check out the Celebrations section on page 69 for several ‘78 mini-reunion photos!*

—Class Correspondent: David Jaffey (dja@jaffey.com); Phyllis Wendell Mackey (phylmackey@hotmail.com); Anne Ravel Noble (annenoble@alive.com)

79 Mark Nejame reports that he is moving his law practice, Nejame & Kling, from Springfield, Mass., closer to his home in Florence, Mass. The new address will be 90 Conz Street, Suite 208, Northampton, MA. Mark concentrates his practice in business and real estate law. Mark and wife (and law partner) Julie Kling (Smith College grad) have two sons, a senior at Northampton High School and an eighth grader at JFK Middle School. They also have two cats. * Henry Heyburn was on going on. "Alicia and I recently completed a cross-country trip that we’ve done in five segments over eight years; I can’t recommend it enough as a way to see and get to know a country. Last year I began working part time for the Chewonki Foundation; we offer camps and wilderness trips, sailing, hiking, canoeing etc., for 8-17 year olds and do research in sustainable living. I’m enjoying it tremendously. I’m also in a master’s program in public policy and planning at the Muskie School at the Univ. of Maine. Our children are six and nine and keep us busy. We’re fortunate to have grandparents close by. Last April we were in D.C. and had lunch with Rob Rowe who looked just like he did when we graduated with the exception of a few gray hairs."

—Class Correspondents: Mary MacKenzie Corbe (mauroke@xenonnet.net); Nancy Limbach Meyer (times79@yahoo.com)

80 Investors Savings Bank recently appointed Susanne Salzer O’Donohue as VP and director of operations for the bank’s commercial real estate group. Prior to joining the bank, she practiced law with the firm of Davis, Rebdon, and Smith in Woodbridge, N.J. * We’re sorry to report the death of Lee Adams on July 27 while climbing Mount Rainier. Living in Seattle, he was a molecular biologist who worked with DNA as a research scientist for the Institute for Systems Biology. Our sympathy is extended to his family. *—Class Correspondents: Anne Cowherd Kallaher (acowherd@ceng-inc.com); Susanne Rohlandt Strater (scstrater@videotron.ca)

81 Dr. Jim Taylor recently wrote an article for Skiracing.com called “Setting Healthy Expectations.” It was the first one for a new column by Jim called “Inside the Ski Racing Mind.” He writes about topics related to the psychology of ski racing and how to be a great ski-racing parent. For 25 years he has been working with many of America’s leading junior race programs and with World Cup competitors from many countries. He has also authored two parenting books and several books for his Prime Sport book series. * Merry Broadbelt was in the news recently. The Center for Strategic and International Studies announced she had joined them as the William M. Scholl Chair in International Business.
Mitchell Brown sent an update about his Web site, ealnstreet.org. A Florida-based news aggregator covering the financial markets. “We were recently voted first favorite financial Web site by CNBC. It’s been very rewarding building the site and we are growing exponentially.”

Doug Woodsum writes, “I married the artist Donna Assmus under a tree at Maple Hill Farm in Massachusetts. Michael, our son, is a member of Maine. Middlebury VIPs in attendance were my mother, Joan Patterson Woodsum ’55 and class of ’82 heavy hitters, Steve Kiernan and Caleb Rich.”

He also sent news about his book of poetry, The Laments of Lobstermen: Poems from the Maine Coast and Belgrade Lakes. Doug has published his poems in several journals but this is his first book. Down East magazine gave it a glowing review! You can find it at www.moonpiepress.com. Henriette Lazaridis Power writes, “As of September 2010, the Power family score is Children at Home: 0, Children at Middlebury: 2. The kids seem to really like it up there, and we are enjoying not having them here, though we do miss them. We’re finding things to fill that extra time, though I’m still an active part of Boston’s competitive sculling community, and I’ve added a new direction to my writing career, founding a new literary magazine, The Donon, publishing short fiction and essays exclusively in audio form. So now I go around Eastern Massachusetts (and sometimes beyond) with my microphone and my pre-amp, recording authors reading their own work. It’s great fun to combine performance and literature, and to bring new and established voices to people interested in Literature Out Loud. Check us out at www.drumlemag.com. JP John Power is busy, too, traveling to interesting places for work and playing soccer wherever he can.”

Via Facebook Judy Bonzi reports, “My daughter graduated in June from the Univ. of Denver, my son is in a rock band and has a single go to 33 on the charts, and my husband moved to Kenwood in Sonoma County, Calif., and raise olives (for oil). I sit on both the UC Davis and California Olive Oil Council olive oil tasting panels, I am a sculptor, jewelry maker, saddle maker, and if that isn’t enough, I am almost un­married (a really annulable divorce).”

From Andy Sifford we heard, “Work-wise, we had a house of ours, which is set in the Great Marsh in Newbury, Mass., featured on HGTVC’s Bang for Your Buck. In addition, a new, very sustainable house I designed on Plum Island will soon be filmed for NECN’s Dream House in addition to being featured in Design New England magazine in the Fall. Finally, I continue to lecture on sustainable design and will be speaking in the Boston area in a few weeks. As for family news: We visited son Henry, who is a trainee at San Francisco Ballet, and stayed with Jib Martens and wife Muriel and had a great time! In continuing the Middle tour, we visited Brett and Beth Goddard Long in August for a few days in Martha’s Vineyard and Big Moose Lake in the Adirondacks.”

Caryn Underhill Barkins writes, “After 25 years of suburban living Michael and I have moved into the city (Boston). The nest is empty and we are excited for new adventures. We do a lot of traveling and spend lots of time in New Hampshire and Florida. The kids are both at the Univ. of Colorado, which is a wonderful place to visit as well.”

Laura Ten Broek Rumbough reports, “Husband Doug (Denison ’79) and I moved to Cornell, VT, a year ago and are absolutely loving it. It’s fantastic being in a college town (especially Middlebury) where there’s always so much to do. Daughter Anna is a junior at Middlebury University. Son Peter is a freshman at St. Michael’s College in Burlington. I am an adviser with Tips on Trips and Camps, a free service that helps families find camps and teen summer programs in the U.S. and abroad for students ages 8–20. I’m also coaching the varsity tennis team at Middlebury High School. We love having classmates visit, and love catching up with old (and new) friends. (Our house gets pretty busy on Parents’ Weekend and at graduation, and we love it!) We live in the middle of a beautiful apple orchard, and we’re looking for friends to come and pick—so if you’re here in the fall, please look us up. We’ll supply the bags and you can have as many Macs and Red Delicious as you’d like!”

Over the summer, former Olympian Sue Long Wemms helped at the Stratton Mountain School summer camp, working with kids as they trained. DataWark, a data-driven enrollment marketing firm, recently hired Debby Richman as VP of marketing and product management. She’ll be working to expand the different ways, including mobile marketing, that schools can connect to students for recruitment.

Jean Deason Culver recently joined Northern Berkshire Family Medicine and the medical staff of North Adams (Mass.) Regional Hospital. She is board-certified in occupational medicine. As reported in the fall issue, a group of classmates had a mini-reunion in Middlebury last spring. Check out the photo on page 69.

Robert Norberg ’70 sent this note about Axis of Hope: “Axis of Hope is a Boston-based nonprofit organization that seeks to instill in today’s youth the proper tools for conflict resolution, preventive diplomacy, and above all, 21st-century global citizenship. It’s the longtime dream of founder Carl Hobert and is based at Boston Univ, where Carl teaches an undergraduate course called Educating Global Citizens. It has strong Midd connections with Dan Kagan on the board of trustees and others who are in tune with our efforts like Pamela Tanner Boll ’78, Brian Napack, Ted Truscott, Peter Nalen, and my father, Bob Norberg Sr. Check it out at www.axisofhope.org.”

In recent news about Axis of Hope, U.S. Secretary of Education Arne Duncan met with U.S. Bank Wealth Management Group +123 Systems also plans to open a second plant in Ronomucks, Mich., in 2011. More info about Bart’s company and these plant openings can be found at www.123systems.com. Maura Toole Weis responded to our pleas for class notes as well (this month, you, Maura! We’re not even running marathons, although her orthopedic surgeon would prefer that she didn’t). She ran the Boston Marathon in April 2010 in her fastest time yet (3:27!). Although Maura was unable to make reunion, she was at Middlebury in late August, when she dropped son Connor off for his first year as a freshman. She told us that dropping him off was a “very tearful event, but a new life stage for him.” We feel your pain, Maura. Dale Sailer also checked in with us. Dale’s company, DKI Services Corporation, is working with the television show Extreme Makeover: Home Edition. DKI is the exclusive dry down and cleaning vendor and participates in approximately two dozen builds. The company Web site is www.disasterkleenup.com. Dale and his wife also recently celebrated their 20th wedding anniversary and saw their eldest child off to college (Wisconsin–Madison). Steven Saltzman was recently promoted to Managing Director at Axis of Hope ConsumerReports.org at Consumer Reports located in Yonkers, N.Y. Congratulations to Bart, Maura, Dale, and Steven for all these milestones in their lives! Please keep the news coming, classmates. We love to hear from you. Please note that Ruo’s e-mail address is a new one. —Class Correspondents: Ruth Lohmann Davin

Mike Maxwell was recently listed in the “Who’s Who in Law” section of the Buffalo (N.Y.) Law Journal. He’s a partner at the firm Hodgson Russ.

Greetings from the Class of 1985! Our notes are short this month. Please forgive us, for we are all still recovering from the incredible fun of our 25th reunion in June. Bart Riley, our classmate and former editor-in-chief of The Drum, is busy, too, traveling to interesting places for work and playing soccer whenever he can."

—Class Correspondents: Elizabeth Eppes Winston (ewinton@mac.com); Andrew Zehner (andrew.zehner@gfizer.com).
Bank from Central Region president. He lives in Minneapolis with his family. * As president of Magic Mountain ski resort, Jim Sullivan has been working hard since 2006 to rejuvenate the mountain that at one time had a loyal following, but closed down in the 90s. Profiled in Vermont Magazine, he talked about the campaign he initiated to sell co-op shares in the resort to raise capital that could really move the resort forward. Check out the Alpine Updates at the Magic Mountain Web site.

—Class Correspondents: Toetsen Gauer (skyta@verizon.net); Kate Wallace Penotta (pennotta@verizon.net)

87 Congratulations go to Mark Odom who was awarded an Honorary Doctor of Laws at Middlebury's graduation. A colonel in the U.S. Army, he was presented the award at the commencement and brilliant military tactics. * Anne Howland is living with her family in the house "they" bought in 1840 in Southampton, Mass. She just celebrated 10 years of marriage to Dan Antonio. Her primary job is stay-at-home mom and she works for Sage (6) and Timi (4). Her secondary jobs are lead alto in the church choir (Longmeadow), and salesperson of the Sustainable Path Foundation 2009 Seminar Series was Joan Crooks. Joan is the executive director of the Washington Environmental Council and has also worked on several boards, including two terms as board president for ONE/Northwest. She lives in Seattle with her husband and three children. * Westy Caswell Copeland was recently featured in The Minnesota Women's Press in an article called "Paint with Emotion." Her painting/collage of three women was on the cover of the issue. She works as a full-time artist as well as mother to a 12-year-old son and 4-year-old daughter.

—Class Correspondents: Tom Funk (tomfunk1@gmail.com); Elizabeth Ryan O'Brien (obreti@bigwoohoop.com)

88 Tim Archibald writes, “Wife Caroline (Pu) '87 and I have been in the Chicago area for over eight years now and are happily settled in the 'burbs with our two kids. Lots of soccer, baseball, coaching, parent/teacher conferences, and trying to find time to work and see old friends—which we did last spring, visiting Mike Dow and his family where I’m both a full-time student and a teaching assistant, so I get to deal with 100 undergrads on a weekly basis.” * From Gordon Tichell we heard, “After 20 years in entertainment, I have left Hollywood on the campus of Drexel University, and have moved to Luxembourg to take over the management of a private investment company. Finally making use of the semester of German I took. If you find yourself near the Grand Duchy, please say hello (tichell@yahoo.com).” * John and Julie Chapin Bass report that the Schuyler family continue to enjoy life in Concord, N.H., in many ways reminder of their college days! John became the medical director in 2008 in addition to bringing hobbies such as gardening, beekeeping, making maple syrup, and raising chickens to the campus. He also plays drums in the faculty band. Julie works as a school psychologist in Bow, N.H. Their three kids, Chapin, Claire, and Grace have bonded with all the other campus kids. There are several Midd alums also living on campus, including Tim Pratt, who works in the college-counseling department. Tim, wife Kerri, and their three sons finished the 2008–09 housing drive and are looking forward to their sabbatical in France. After a highly successful run as head hockey coach, Tim is now the head coach of the squash team. * Jed Smith enjoyed a trip to Midd this fall and wrote that it's as gorgeous as ever. He took a hike on the trail behind the golf course and checked out the new bridge over the river near Mr. Up's. He says, "I bumped into Alex Draper, now an assistant professor of theatre at Midd and as awesome as ever,” and George Lee, who recently joined the Monroe board. Also spent time with Woody '70 and Ingrid Punderson Jackson. Lots of improvements and changes but same old awesome Midd!” * Check out page 69 for a photo of Laura Ludwig at a Diana Fanning ‘71 piano recital.

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

89 Susan Conley writes that she has published a memoir entitled The Foremost Good Fortune (Knopf, February 2011). Part travelogue, part cultural history, and part parenting guide—equal parts successes and disasters—the book traces three years of Susan living with her husband and two young sons. When she learns she has breast cancer in China, the book also explores how to find humor and connection in the face of disease. * The Medway, Mass., Wicked Local site recently published an article entitled "Whatever Happened to Ivar Henningsen?" * Steve Wimmer, a guidance counselor and girls soccer coach at Curtis Middle School in Sudbury, Mass. Last summer he took a five week trip across the country. * Brian Luneau and wife Lauren Shafman opened Up The Flatbread Factory and Tap Room in Shelburne, Vt., last February. They feature pizzas with local ingredients and, according to one reviewer, their restaurant is a "beer-lover's haven." * Hot Topic, Inc., recently announced that Steven Becker had been named to its board of directors. He's founder and managing partner of Becker Drapkin Mgmt., a Dallas-based small cap investment fund.

—Class Correspondent: John Mutterperl (john@bullyconsulting.com)
Journeys as a destination manager and traveled to her husband welcomed baby Caroline on March two children. ’03) is teaching language arts at the Pioneer Stealers. I İstanbul called “Donations Strongly Suggested” in South Hadley, Mass. He lives in Pelham with career that includes serving as an English teacher and in various administrative posts. He and wife Carolyn and son Willem. was recently hired as the superintendent of the was selected by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching as its Connecticut Professor of the Year for 2010. She is a professor of English at Fairfield Univ. She is pleased her niece will be a student at Midd this fall. Diane Drake (MA ’83) is one of the coauthors of Tales of the Secret Earth River, a story about a young man’s travels from Thief River Falls, Minn., to Hudson Bay. She retired from teaching English at Northland Community College in 2009. Dale Lumley (MA ’85) was recently hired as the superintendent of the South Butler (Pa.) School District after a long career that includes serving as an English teacher and in various administrative posts. He and wife Dreama live in Summit Township, Pa., and have two sons, Nicholas and Calvin. Bobbie Harold (MA ’01) has published her first novel, Called Honn Island, it’s a detective story set in Vermont in 1903 and has its genesis in Jonathan Strong’s fiction writing class in 2001. Michael Stanitski (MA ’01) recently joined the faculty of the Convnet of the Sacred Heart in Greenwich, Conn. He teaches middle school English and is the coordinator of the middle school student publications. After teaching in the English dept. for three years, Tom Sullivan (MA ’02) took on the role of head of the Upper School at Greenwich (Conn.) Academy this year. Previously he taught at Trinity School in Manhattan for 12 years. Lewis Goff (MA ’03) is teaching language arts at the Pioneer Valley Performing Arts Charter Public School in South Hadley, Mass. He lives in Pelham with wife Carolyn and son Willm. Liam Day (MA ’04) recently contributed a piece about Istanbul called “Donations Strongly Suggested” to Anadoluana magazine. He is the director of the Boston Area Health Education Center. Tracy Masonis Trivas (MA ’04) has published her first book for young readers called The Wish Stolen. She is also a coauthor of A Princess Found, a story about an adopted young American woman who discovers she is related to African royalty, a ruling Mende family in Sierra Leone.

French School

Arali Allalademian Prevor (MA ’09) stays active in Lyndville, Vt., where she grows her own vegetables, moves her lawn, shovels snow, goes to an exercise class two times a week, skis, and rides her bike or walks. Alice Kerman Delucia (MA ’69) has retired from teaching high school French in Manchester, N.H., and is looking forward to relaxation, travel, and time with family. Sydney Bosworth McDole (MA ’71) was recently appointed chair of the Alternatives for Dispute Resolution Committee of the American College of Trial Lawyers. She’s a partner in the Dallas office of Jones Day. Dr. Michael Pregot (72) has been appointed the program coordinator of educational leadership at Long Island Univ., Brooklyn Campus. Previously he was a professor of educational leadership at Iona College. Wendy Perkins (MA ’83) is teaching French and Spanish at Littleton (Mass.) High School. Father John Huber (MA ’91) was recently installed as the new principal of the Catholic Central High School in Novi, Mich. He has been the principal of Saint Thomas High School in Houston, Texas, for the past five years. Heather Hartley (MA ’96) presented her first book of poetry, Knock Knock, at her alma mater, West Virginia Univ., as the first stop of a month-long book tour. She has lived 10 years in Paris, where she’s the editor of Tin House magazine. She also curates the Shakespeare and Co. Bookshop weekly reading series and teaches at the American Univ. of Paris. The Vermont Humanities Council recently named Kendra Paupst (MA ’06) as its 10th humanities educator of the year. She is a French teacher at St. Johnsbury Academy.

German School

Don Ullmann (MA ’72) will lead a group of German history students from the Other Lifelong Learning Institute of Coastal Carolina University on a 12-day trip to Germany this spring.

Monterey Institute of International Studies

Congratulations to Matthew Levin (MAIPS ’84), who was appointed Canadian Ambassador to the Republic of Cuba in August. Matthew taught at the Univ. of Milan and worked with Amnesty International before joining the Canadian Foreign Service in 1986. In 2005, he was appointed ambassador to Colombia. He also served as director of operations with the Foreign and Defense Policy Secretariat at the Privy Council Office prior to his current appointment. Matthew joins several other MIIS alumni in the ambassador corps. In 2010, his elderly mother carry water from a well a mile from their home prompted Bishnu Adhikiri (MAIEP ’07) to dedicate himself to improving the quality of life for his, and other, families in Nepal. To achieve this goal, Bishnu first earned a master’s degree in engineering in Russia, and then a master’s degree in international environmental policy from MIIS. Since returning to Nepal, he has been instrumental in completing 21 water projects, building 33 schools, and constructing 900 biogas digesters throughout the country. As the leader of Hydroacrv in Nepal, he is working to secure investments for generating energy with minimal environmental impact and is also building a hydroelectric plant in western Nepal. Bishnu was celebrated as the “2010 CHOICE Humanitarian of the Year” at their annual gala dinner in September. TESOL graduates Jaala Thibault (MATESOL ’02) and Tara Civello (MATESOL ’07) are the only two teachers to be sent to Afghanistan this year, as part of the U.S. Department of State’s English Language Fellows (ELF) program. Monterey Institute professor Dr. Kathi Bailey explains, “Being selected as an English Language Fellow is one of the most prestigious positions a recent TESOL or TFL graduate can achieve. They represent their school, their profession, and their country as they train students.” Jaala and Tara are teaching at two different universities in Kabul.

Spanish School

Carmelita Sentes (MA ’71) was profiled recently in the Lexington (Mass.) Minuteman for her work as a volunteer at the Lexington Senior Center. While doing consulting work and starting her own business, Rocketing Forward, advising job seekers, she became involved at the senior center. On October 1 Dianna Civello (MA ’04) began her new appointment as associate VP for institutional advancement at Canisius College in Buffalo, N.Y., after serving as interim associate VP since last January. Previously she was the director of development for major gifts at Canisius. With a Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins, Regina Galasso (MA ’02) is a professor at the City University of New York. Her translation of Cuban writer Miguel Barnet’s novel, La vida real, was recently published by Jorge Pisto Books.
it was great to see everyone at the reunion.

We recently heard from Mike Ford, who is often in Annapolis, Md., to see friends. He was there at the end of August for the Annapolis Ten Miler, which he’s been doing since 1992. He finished 55th out of 4,500 this year—it’s always a hard race but beer trucks, bands, and watermelon afterward make it fun at the Navy Stadium, where his dad has a plaque on one of the seats. (His dad passed away in 1998 and is buried in Arlington Cemetery.) Mike has a W Plow military thriller book out, The Hyde Nemesia, which is available on the iPad, iPhone, and iPod Touch. He has a follow-up book, part of the same series, due out this winter. For more info, reach out to Mike at mike-gfordjr.com.

—Class Correspondents: Dawn Cagley Drew (andph@hotmail.com); Elizabeth Tozer (etester@gmail.com)

91 REUNION CLASS

Kristina Johnson is in the process of relocating back to Paris, France (6th arrondissement), where she plans to devote herself entirely to the research and writing on 19th-century French painting with an emphasis on Orientalism. She is ecstatic as Paris was the capital of the art world during the 19th century and the works of art she wants to study are right at her fingertips at the Orsay Museum and the Louvre, a 10-minute walk from her domicile. She’s thrilled to be moving near her quasi-European, quasi-Oriental relatives. She plans to be installed in her family apartment by May. Her neighbor is the French heartthrob, Olivier Martinez, who starred with Diane Lane and Richard Gere in the 2002 hit, Unfaithful. Kristina remains single and childless, and she’s the doting aunt to her three-year-old nephew, Theodore (Gift from God in Greek), son of sister Nicole. She welcomes news from Midd and looks forward to attending reunion in June.

Anne Pellett and Colin Toby (Bowlkoin ’92) were married on December 30, 2009. The ceremony took place at the Church of St. Anne in Garden City on Long Island, N.Y., followed by a reception at the Westbury Manor in the town of Westbury, also on Long Island. It was an all-Midd-bridal party, which included maid of honor and sister of the bride, Mary Clare Pellett ’87, Maureen Tamsy Pecknappagh, Monica Panosh Gulickson, and sister of the groom, Penndelea Toby Flood ’96. Anne and Colin are living on the edge of the campus of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute (RPI), the oldest college of engineering in the country, located 15 miles north of Albany, N.Y. Colin is head coach of men’s and women’s cross country, winter track and field, and spring track and field at RPI. Anne is an English teacher and the AP 10th, and 12th grade AP English for the past 17 years. However, she’s on leave from her position at Paul D. Schreiber High School in Port Washington, N.Y., and is serving as the director of the Chapel and Cultural Center at RPI.

Kristin Holmesman- Francoeur is still happily serving as assistant principal at Rutland Middle School. This past fall, Kris and husband Paul also started a new business called Green Mountain Spinning Wheels. Together, they are designing and handcrafting spinning wheels from local Vermont materials, as well as making a variety of spinning accessories and selling sowing from their small herd of alpacas.

Kate Culkin sent word that the University of Massachusetts Press published her book, Harriet Hosmer: A Cultural Biography, in November 2010. The book, which examines the life of one of America’s first female sculptors, was called “lucid and fluid” by Publishers Weekly.

In August, for the fifth time in 10 years, Richard Feldman won the International Cycling Union Masters Time Trial 20-kilometer race for his age class in St. Johann, Austria. In the fall he participated in the U.S. Grand Prix of Cyclocross, a series of eight races in four cities. He lives in Ketchum, Idaho, with wife Kelly (Smith) ’90 and kids Katie (14) and Alex (12). Publishers America recently announced that it had released Poems Past: A Collection of Poems from Years Gone By, written by Chantcleytiea Hill Ouellette. He’s been working over 28 different manuscripts for the past 30 years. She has three children, Torrese, Ondrelisque, and Dauriauna.

James Dow married Amy Vreeland on October 9, 2009, at the Falmouth (Mass.) Yacht Club. He’s the principal owner of Steelkit Building Co. of Boston and Chatham.

—Class Correspondents: Bill Driscoll (william.driscoll@jsh.com); Kate J. Kelley (katejkelley@gmail.com).
H ung was recently featured in D Magazine. He is a partner in the Dallas ENT Group and is certified in otolaryngology and facial plastic and reconstructive surgery.

—Class Correspondents: Tammy Caruso Dalton (dalton.tammy@gmail.com); Sara Garcia McCormick (mg7@gate.net).

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Buckley Country Day School in Roslyn, N.Y., recently announced that Leilani McClellan Brown has been appointed to its board of trustees. Leilani is senior VP and chief marketing officer for CQ Roll Call, the largest political news organization covering Congress. She lives in Westbury, N.Y., with husband Stan and son Max (17). * David Seibel is cofounder and president of Insight Partners Consulting, a conflict management firm, and Insight Collaborative, a nonprofit dedicated to resolving conflict and improving relationships around the world. He also teaches a seminar at Harvard’s Program on Negotiation called Mediation and Conflict Management.

—Class Correspondents: Maria Diaz (latamarr reigning@gmail.com); Lauren LeClair Grace (elgeyga@gmail.com).

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Lori Frolich Cooper writes, “I have a new baby! Isabel Hannah Cooper was born on August 7. We call her Izzy. She is healthy and so far a great eater and good sleeper. Five-year-old Allie is a wonderful big sister, having waited her ‘whole entire life to become one’ * Todd Andersen lived in Stowe, Vt., for a couple of years but has been back in Boston for the past five years working in software sales, currently for a start-up in Waltham. “I spend my summers visiting family on Cape Cod and surfing at Nauset Beach. In the winters I still make my way to Stowe to cover a week to tackle Mt. Mansfield. I live in Fenway with my girlfriend and have been there for two years. Bad knees finally crept up on me from Panther football, so I started spinning. Now I’m indoor cycling instructor at Equinox and BSC on the side.” * Shara Phillips enjoys living in the mountain town of Enumclaw and has been married since February 2002 and now lives in Marin Country (San Francisco) with his wife and his “two crazy girls, Tatum (4) and Mattie (2). I spent the past decade working in venture capital investing in early stage technology companies in and around silicon valley. But when not working in the wacky world of venture capital, you can find me (us) on mountain bikes, in racing triathlons, or skiing and biking in tahoe, windsurfing in the bay, and generally not sitting still.” * Andy Wiemeyer writes, “All is well here in Duxbury, Mass. I had a very busy summer as we moved to an 1854 New England firmhouse here in Duxbury, Mass. I had a very busy summer. But 1 love it nevertheless!” * The house is replete with enough projects to bury me. but I love it nevertheless!”

—Class Correspondents: Emily Aikenhead Hannon (hannon.emily@gmail.com); JP Watson (jpwatson@athensacademy.org).

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We're hearing great things about our classmates from around the globe. Please write in and tell us about your life, too! * Schuyler Coppedge writes, “I’m pleased to report I got married this past summer to Irene Kim (Wellesley ’98) and we recently moved to San Diego, Calif., where I work as a principal at Energy Capital Partners. I’ve enjoyed seeing fellow ’96ers Nick Testa and Paul Krissoff our wedding after our wedding and he home.” * Jenna Ernold had a fantastic time at reunion. She and Erica Templeton Spencer started the reunion weekend with a girls’ road trip from Boston to Vermont and had a blast catching up with our class. Jenna says she’s already looking forward to the next reunion! She adds, “I continue to live in olympia, Wash., with spouse Matt and kids Ada and Ella (twins, age 4) and Paxton (1) so life is very busy but fun. I work part time for the Center for Deployment Psychology where I write e-courses on deployment related mental health topics as well as provide training to soldiers and post deployment stress disorder for service members. I recently saw Harlan and Sarah Carlat Kennedy and their three kids (also twin daughters and a son) on a trip to san francisco.” * Andrew Enright sends this update: “My wife, son, and I caught up with Drew and Ann Amstutz ’96 Hayes in august to let the kids play; Owen Hayes (3) Jimmy Enright (2), and fantastic Brooklyn Hayes (very advanced one-year-old). On November 21 we welcomed Annabel Natalie Enright to our family. As an architect, I was involved in designing and overseeing construction of a new student center for Hamilton College—a great experience.” * Jamey ’91 and Emergent Breener and big brother Christopher welcomed Andrew Miles Brenner to the family on September 8. They relocated back to the Greater Boston area from Vermont in 2009. * With more baby news, on January 14, 2010, Julie Moriarty McDonough and her husband welcomed baby #3, Claire Margaret. She joined Natalie (3) and Peter (2) at home. Needless to say, it’s total chaos in this family, but we’re loving it!”

—Class Correspondents: Mary Strife Castro (mcastro@middlebury.edu); Gene Swift (geneswift@niac.com).

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REUNION CLASS

Jeff Bittner’s twin sister Pam and a committee of some friends from ’96 are planning a number of memorial events in NYC the weekend of September 10-11, 2011, to honor Jeff’s life and legacy, and to recognize the 10th anniversary of 9/11. Please save the date and check the following Web site to follow plans as they develop: www.rememberingJDB.com. * These old roomies are still in sync! Brock and Jenny Fisher Nealon welcomed son Tyler Michael Nealon born August 24, and Jethro and Molly Benschor Ferguson welcomed son Brody Joseph Ferguson on March 26. Tyler is the first child for the Nealons, while Brody joins big sister Kaylin (4) and big brother Garing (6). * The Nealons live in Denver, Colo., and the Fergusons just moved to Westfield, N.J., after several years in London. * To further the roommates—still-in-sync theory, Mike Kreuzer and Andrew Kvaal have both moved to their hometowns after years in the Bay Area together. Mike and Debbie Bailey Kreuzer have moved to buffalo, N.Y.,

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Brandon Doyle moved from NYC to Ojai, Calif., this past summer and has adapted to a different lifestyle that includes horses, an old pick-up truck, a puppy, and hiking shoes. He’s interested in reconnecting with alumni living on the West Coast (especially LA and SF). Parish Capital Advisors recently announced that Tim Weld had been promoted to the director position. He is still based in London. • Andrew Smith has started a company in San Francisco called Advanced Transit Dynamics. His company has devised a tail-like device that fits on the back of tractor-trailers to help make them more aerodynamic and fuel-efficient. They recently announced a multimillion-dollar contract to retrofit the fleet of Mesilla Valley Transportation of Las Cruces, N.M. • In the October 10 New York Times Magazine, which was all about food, there was a photo of Todd Champagne and wife Jordan under the heading of “Krauters and Picklers.” Still running Happy Girl Kitchen Co., they participated in the Eat Real Festival in Oakland, Calif. • Class Correspondents: Katie Whitley Comstock, (katie.comstock@am.jfll.com); Nate Johnson (nate_johnson@mac.com).

98 Deb Sivigny writes, “I spent the fall of 2008 at Midd designing Twelve Night and Uncommon Women as a guest artist for the theatre dept. I’m still designing in the D.C. area and work and teach full time at Georgetown U. I have also joined up with a new company, D.C. called Style for Hire, headed up by Stacy London (of What Not To Wear), as a stylist.” • Brian and Amari Parker Harrison welcomed their second child, Gabriel Elias, on August 10. • Beth Claypool married Tim Flynn New Year’s Eve 2009 in Des Moines, Iowa, where they live. Martika How Jeffery helped them celebrate the chilly but beautiful event. In September they took their honeymoon in Ireland, where Beth studied her junior year of college. Beth works for Youth For Understanding, placing foreign exchange students with host families in the state of Iowa. • Alexander Loth sent an update: “After living and working in Colorado, the Dominican Republic, Massachusetts, upstate New York (no, not in prison), Vermont, and Massachusetts again, I’ve lived in New Hampshire for five years now. Wife Kara Kushmeroth Loth and I (married in Waitsfield in June 2006) are settled in Gilford, N.H., with son Owen Wilder (born May 2008). I’m in marketing and sales for Davis & Towle Insurance, an agency in Concord, and Kara is a Title 1 teacher at Gilford Elementary. We’re hiking, snowshoeing, skiing, playing on the lake, and gardening, and we welcome our visitors to the Belknap’s, the Whites, and the Lakes region, anytime.” • Orson ’30 Deana Becker and husband Paul welcomed June Emily Verghese, who joined brother Rowan. • In September Peter Steinberg read from Mary Westra’s book, After the Murder of My Son, at the Riverside Farm in Pittsfield, Vt., on August 14. Madd alums in attendance included Meghan St. John, Christie LeClair Stachura, Kirstin Greety, John and Kelly Boy O’Couch, Corey Bass, and Ted Ogden. Bryan grew up in Middlebury before heading to Boston College so they decided to move back to Middlebury last December. Jenny now works from home as a corporate sales director for a hospitality software company and Bryan manages their newest business venture—Noonie Deli in the Middlebury Marble Works! • Chris Lindstrom, Brad Maxwell, and Mark Edgerton were all named “Rising Stars” of the Boston legal community. • After serving six years at the Cape Cod Foundation, Kristin Borden O’Malley was named the foundation’s first manager of community investment services. She had been working as the program officer and will continue to manage some of the foundation’s programs and scholarships. • ADT North America recently announced that Michael Creedon had been promoted to VP, retail sales. Previously he was a director of commercial/industrial sales in the Northeast. • Tara Lohan recently wrote a piece on Change.org called “Back to School, Green Edition: Is Your College on the List?” She is a senior editor at AlterNet.org where she heads up the environment, water, and food sections. • Elizabeth Goekke posted a note in the online community saying she accepted a position at Gustavus Adolphus College in St. Peter, Minn., as a visiting assistant professor in geology. She had been at the Univ. of Pittsburgh at Johnstown for two years before her current move. “I’m still searching for a tenure-track position but am happy to be back at a private small liberal arts college this year. My new challenge with this job: learning about PreCambrian Shield geology.”

99 Congratulations go to Laura Wright McCray, UVM’s College of Medicine recently appointed family of medicine, has been named a 2010 Frymoyer Scholar. Her project proposal was entitled “Preventing Burnout: The Development of a Adolescent or Young Adult Child in Treatment.” You can check it out at www.lanterbooks.com. With a background in adolescent wilderness therapy, Krissy now lives in Vermont and coaches parents who have children in treatment programs. In her book, Erika Schubert Bachioci has edited a book called Women, Sex, and the Church: A Case for Catholic Teaching (Pauline Books & Media). With several contributors, the book looks at the Catholic Church’s teachings on sex, contraception, marriage, abortion, and strictly orthodox tradition. Erika lives in East Walpole, Mass., with husband Dan and five children. • Rebecca Rhynhart was recently appointed city budget director by Mayor Lenny Russ. She resides in East Walpole, Mass., with daughters Caroline (3) and Cecilia Amy Atwood Kvaal have moved to Lexington, Mass., with sons Jack (5) and Matty (3) and Andrew and Andrew.”

Class Notes

97 Congratulations go to Laura Wright McCray, UVM’s College of Medicine recently appointed family of medicine, has been named a 2010 Frymoyer Scholar. Her project proposal was entitled “Preventing Burnout: The Development of a Medical Student and Resident Physician Wellness Curriculum,” and was designed with an overall aim of improving patient care. • Vermont Family Network recently announced that Katie Flanagan Mobley had been named to its board of directors. Katie works at the Community College of Vermont as the associate director of secondary education initiatives. She also is a volunteer for the Winooski Coalition for a Safe and Peaceful Community, where she serves as treasurer. • A wine writer in California, Laura Sanchez recently had an article in Palate Press, an online wine magazine. She’s the former managing editor of Destination Wine Country magazine and currently covers the Central Coast wine scene for the Santa Barbara Independent. • Class Correspondents: Maggie Bittinger Liljegren (maggie.liljegren@gmail.com); Catherine Mitchell Wieman (cmmitchellt99@hotmail.com).
Morgan and Annie Nichols Jones have a new offspring—a baby girl named Abigail Penn Jones, who was born on June 24. Morgan says, “Abby has dominated our lives in predominantly good ways and we can’t wait to show off her fluency in several languages during the 10-year reunion.” Annie continues to heal the wounds of New York as a speech therapist and Morgan continues to make sports and entertainment television as a producer/writer.

—Class Correspondents: Leslie Fox Arnould (lfoxarnould@gmail.com); Michael Hart (hartt@alumni.middlebury.edu).
Elizabeth Hammett writes, “I’m working on a master’s of education at the Harvard Graduate School of Education. I’m in the special studies track, and I’m focusing on global competence, as well as the intersections between language, personality, and culture. I’m running into a bunch of Midd Kids here!”  ■  Teal Tigner married Jeff Reamer last May 22 in Houston, Texas. Teal has been attending NYU’s Stern School of Business and Jeff is the director of business development at Evolution Markets in White Plains, N.Y. They live in Connecticut.  ■  Andrew Sureau and Melanie Finn were married September 25 in Kaweah Island, S.C., with Midd friends Steven Scalfani, Mark Hannigan, and Pat and Alli Williams Zomer all in attendance. Adam and Melanie live in Boston, Mass.  —Class Correspondents: Martha Dutton (martha.dutton@gmail.com); Dena Simmons (dena.simmons@gmail.com).

08 Hello Class of 2008! Sarah McGowen Franco recently completed her master’s in education, with a focus on higher education, at Northeastern Univ. She has moved back to Middlebury, where she is now the cultural activities director at 51 Main. Check out the dispatches at www.middmag.com to see what she’s doing.  ■  Emily Molitor is living in D.C. She planned the swim team alumni reunion with Alex Demas ’06, Brenda Bimbert ’99, and Katia Xenakas ’99. Living in NYC with Kevin Croken and Kevin’s cat named Sushi, Scott Kessler attended the U.S. Open with Charlotte Hall, Brittany Burke, Jack Britton, Kate Lennon, Hadley Hatch, and Sarah Carnabuci. He also made a trip to Chicago and stayed with Emi Neiderhurtz and Maggie Higgins.  ■  Neil D’Astolfo started his MFA in acting at Columbia Univ.  ■  Laura Budzyna began her MPA in development practice at Columbia Univ.; this summer she plans to work with the Millennium Villages Project.  ■  Meghan McGrath finished an accredited BSN program at Columbia Univ. She now has her RN and is working in Philadelphia as a nurse in the medical intensive care unit at the hospital at UPenn.  ■  Joey Swenson, Alec Tarberry, Skip Heise, Zeke Davison, Michael Walsh, and Jeff Murphy had a reunion this summer. They sailed out to Block Island for a couple of days. Joey did some ski training at Valle Nevado and Termas de Chillan in Chile for a month.  ■  Chacha Wu is at Case Western Reserve for her second year of medical school. She spent her summer in Geneva, Switzerland, interning at the World Health Organization.  ■  Drew Walker, Mallory Hicks, and Andy Mittelman have moved to Boston.  ■  Nick Montier has moved to New Orleans and started law school at Tulane.  ■  Chip Sherwood started law school at Vanderbilt Univ.  ■  Nate Clancy has moved to Madison, Wis., where he’s working at Epic Software as an electronic health records provider.  ■  Elyssa Bullion has moved to San Francisco, where she is working to start the Bay Area restaurant market for SeamlessWeb.  ■  Casey Forek has joined the faculty of Hebron Academy in Maine where he teaches history and coaches boys’ varsity soccer as an assistant coach and coaches the JV boys’ hockey team.  ■  More.com recently profiled her foundation.  ■  Morganne Richenson. She’s the founder of Refuse the Silence: Women of Color Students Speak Out. She’s gathering thoughts and stories about college experiences from women of color and plans to present them in book form to college administrators.  ■  The Kelly Brush Century Ride drew 675 riders this fall and raised $275,000 for spinal cord research, improving ski racing safety, adaptive sports equipment grants, and support for the U.S. Adaptive Ski Team. Please keep sharing your news! To keep in touch, join our Facebook group, Middlebury College Class of 2008.  —See page 69 for a 2008 mini-reunion photo!  —Class Correspondents: Michelle Cady (michelle.elizabeth.cady@gmail.com); Laura Lee (laurenhinleylee@gmail.com).

09 Chrissy Etienne was featured in the Burlington Free Press last spring in an article about Haitians trying to enter the country illegally to be with relatives after the devastating earthquake in Haiti last January. Living in Burlington, Vt., she helped in the courtroom as an interpreter for those Haitians who had been caught.  ■  Clare Crosby is holding down the fort at Middlebury College as the sustainability communications and outreach coordinator.  ■  Dan Kane has joined the Nourishing the Planet team as a research intern. Writing and researching for the NPI project gives him a chance to delve into the political side of sustainable agriculture.  ■  Simi Hamilton is working in the 2011 U.S. Cross Country Ski Team.  —Class Correspondent: Chandler Kognehier (chandler.kognehier@gmail.com); and Ersa Nixon (ersanixon@gmail.com).

10 Kate Lupo, who organized the Sabra Harwood Field ’57 mural project, saw her project completed this fall when the mural was installed on the back of Wright Theater. To see a fun video about the creation of the project, go to www.middmag.com and check the dispatches for “A Big, Beautiful Idea Comes to Life.” Kate has also been hired by the Westport (Conn.) Arts Center to be the coordinator of the Westport Youth Film Festival.  ■  George Livingston Burgess is diving simultaneously into a Ph.D. program at Oregon State Univ. and into the great outdoors. He’s working his way through a long list of the most prominent peaks in the state, which dwarf the familiar Greens in scale, but which still make him nostalgic for his home state.  ■  Elissa Bullion is back in the States after completing an archaeology dig in Mongolia—that’s right, Mongolia, where it took her six days just to drive to her dig site in a Soviet army van across dirt roads. The site was a 2,000-year-old cemetery and her American-Mongolian team excavated four burials this season. From there, she has made the logical leap to becoming an archaeological technician for an environmental consulting firm, although she’s taking a few months off from that to do an internship in D.C. at the Smithsonian with the Arctic Studies Center. Clearly, Elissa is doing a lot more than the dead bodies she was excavating.  ■  Speaking of logical steps, after chilling in Colorado, Peter Baumann moved to Washington, D.C., to take a full-time job in political communications on Capitol Hill. Outside of work, he’s maintaining his Midd-Kid style by rooming with Frazier Stowers ’08 and continuing to date Nicole Ford.  ■  Alice Ford (alicemarietord@gmail.com), Johanna Jones (jonathanjones@middlebury.edu).
28 M. Louise Thompson, 103, of Saxtons River, Vt., on February 15, 2010. With a master’s in social science from Smith College, she was employed as a psychiatric social worker in the Boston office of the Veterans Administration for several years. She was a member of various other organizations before joining the Vermont Social Welfare Dept. in the Springfield office as a caseworker and district supervisor until her retirement in 1968. An active member of her church, she played the organ for 32 years. Her brother, Walter, predeceased her.

29 Arleen Brownlee Bemis, 101, of Hudson, Mass., on February 23, 2010. With a degree in teaching from Castleton Teachers College, she had a career in education and belonged to the Vermont Retired Teachers Assoc. Predeceased by husband Edwin and son Robert, she is survived by two grandchildren.

30 Helen Putnam Twaddell, 99, of Kilmarnock, Va., on February 19, 2010. After raising her children, she went to work as the director of the Passaic (N.J.) Day Nursery. Returning to Virginia, she volunteered at the local library and enjoyed playing tennis and bridge. Predeceased by first husband Ralph Miller and second husband Elbert Twaddell, she is survived by son William, daughter Joan, and stepchildren, Gordon and JoAnn.

31 Dorothy Wilson Hazlehurst, 97, of Short Hills, N.J., on February 1, 2010. She is survived by husband Robert, daughters Elsie and Jeanne, her stepdaughters, and several grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

32 Paul W. Foster, 93, of Dallas, Texas, on February 13, 2010. With an MS in geology from the Univ. of Oklahoma, he had a long career working for oil companies, mostly at Atlantic Richfield Co. During that time he published A History of Subsurface Geology of Dallas County. In 1970 he left ARCO to become a geological consultant, mapping wells in the Southwest until his retirement in 1988. During that time he also edited and wrote for the Vanguard and served on the board of directors. Predeceased by his wife Anne (Lawson) and son Timothy, he is survived by sons Jonathan, Mark, and James, daughters Naomi, Deborah, Elizabeth, Eunice, and Lois, and seven grandchildren.

33 Winifred Duftield Taylor, 93, of Durham, N.H., on May 11, 2010. After graduation she worked as an executive secretary at the Guarantee Trust Bank in NYC. She then raised five daughters in Hanover, N.H., where her husband was a professor at Dartmouth. After his death, she traveled extensively with her family. Predeceased by husband George, she is survived by daughters Susan, Robin, Loren, Colle, and Diane, and three grandchildren. Deceased Middlebury relatives include father Ralph, Class of 1905, and mother Effie, Class of 1906, brother Samuel Jr., Class of 1931, uncles Ray Stevens, Class of 1909, and George Stevens Abbott, Class of 1906. Surviving Middlebury relatives include granddaughter Sarah Bunnell ’04.

34 Barbara Weaver Street, 94, of New Milford, Conn., on February 7, 2010. After teaching Latin and French in Roscoe, N.Y., she returned to Middletown to pursue her master’s in French. During that time she shared housemother duties in Hepburn with Mary Williams Brackett ’36. She moved to Connecticut and taught French and Latin at the New Milford High School for many years, becoming chair of the foreign languages department in 1961. Retiring in 1972, she was inducted into the school’s Hall of Fame in 1999 and the mayor declared August 22, 1999, as Barbara Weaver Street Day. An active volunteer, she was involved in several community organizations, including the local library and garden club. Predeceased by husband John, she is survived by stepsons Nicholas, Timothy, and Johnny, and one grandchild.

35 Rebecca Abbott Brooks, 94, formerly of Kinderhook, N.Y., on May 14, 2010. Her career covered eight years of foreign language teaching in New York high schools before switching to teaching conversational French in elementary school. She was a lover of language, word games, literature, crossword puzzles, and lyrics, even her own. She played piano and enjoyed singing. Predeceased by husband John, she is survived by sons David, Peter, and Robert, five grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren. Deceased Middlebury relatives include father Samuel Abbott, Class of 1905, mother Inez Stevens Abbott, Class of 1906, brother Samuel Jr., Class of 1931, uncles Ray Stevens, Class of 1909, and George Abbott ’15, and cousin Dwight Smith ’42.

36 Ivan L. Bunnell, 92, of Buffalo, N.Y., on February 20, 2010. After earning a medical degree from the Univ. of Buffalo, he served in the army until 1946 and in the U.S. Public Health Service until 1948. Focusing on cardiology and working at Buffalo General Hospital, he helped establish the first adult cardiac catheterization lab in the Buffalo area, introduced angiography as a way of detecting heart blockages, conceived the world’s first single X-ray view of the coronary arteries, and was one of the first to recognize a similar technique could be used in the study of renal disease, which he wrote a book on. Retiring in 1988, he continued as a Univ. of Buffalo clinical professor emeritus and in 2006, he delivered a presentation about pioneering the field of cardiology in Buffalo. He was a talented musician, who played the piano, and an artist, who painted watercolors. Survivors include wife Alice (DeBissy), daughter Anne Damm, and sons Gene and Mark. Surviving Middlebury relatives include nieces Alice Couperus Cross ’62, Judith Couperus Radasch ’65, and granddaughters Sarah Bunnell ’04, Maya Bunnell ’07, and twins Ruth Couperus ’08. Surviving Middlebury relatives include nieces Alice Couperus Gross ’62, Judith Couperus Radasch ’65, and Karin Radasch Maddox ’85.

37 Barbara Plumer Alden, 91, of New Milford, Conn., on February 6, 2010. During WWII, he served in the Army in the Pacific Theater and attained the rank of captain. With a degree from Syracuse Law School, he worked in New York as an assistant state attorney general and practiced in a law firm before becoming Lewis County District Attorney. In 1962 he was elected County Judge and Family Court Judge, a position he held for 20 years. Following retirement in 1982, he became the town historian for Lowville and wrote numerous articles about local history. He also served on the Lowville cemetery board and the alumni board of Lowville Academy. During the past five years he studied for and passed his amateur radio license. He was the first recipient of the Lewis County Peace Prize. Predeceased by wife Joan (Lynch) and son Timothy, he is survived by daughter Mary Earl, two grandsons, and two great-grandsons.

38 George R. Davis, 91, of Lowville, N.Y., on February 6, 2010. During WWII, he served in the Navy in the Pacific Theater and attained the rank of captain. With a degree from Syracuse Law School, he worked in New York as an assistant state attorney general and practiced in a law firm before becoming Lewis County District Attorney. In 1962 he was elected County Judge and Family Court Judge, a position he held for 20 years. Following retirement in 1982, he became the town historian for Lowville and wrote numerous articles about local history. He also served on the Lowville cemetery board and the alumni board of Lowville Academy. During the past five years he studied for and passed his amateur radio license. He was the first recipient of the Lewis County Peace Prize. Predeceased by wife Joan (Lynch) and son Timothy, he is survived by daughter Mary Earl, two grandsons, and two great-grandsons.

39 Ralph N. Flanders, 91, of Montpelier, Vt., on April 6, 2010. During WWII, he served in the 10th Mountain Division, 8th regiment in Italy. He finished his degree at UVM and earned an MA in philosophy from BU. He taught physics and math at Chelsea (vt), High School and at Vermont Technical College. He also edited and wrote for the Vanguard and served on the board of directors. Predeceased by wife Anne (Lawson) and son Timothy, he is survived by sons Jonathan, Mark, and James, daughters Naomi, Deborah, Elizabeth, Eunice, and Lois, and seven grandchildren.

40 John H. Hicks, 91, of Carmel, Calif., on May 19, 2010. During WWII, he served as a commissioned officer aboard the aircraft carrier Enterprise from the battle of Midway in June 1942 until Leyte Gulf in November 1944. He completed his naval service on the staff of the Navy Radar School in St. Simons Island, Ga. With graduate studies in literature at Harvard and BU, he taught at Tufts Univ. for three years and at Wesleyan Univ. for five years. He then joined the faculty at UM-Amherst, retiring as professor emeritus in 1986. In 2002 he was named the secretary of the New England College English Assoc. and for 24 years he was the chief editor of the Massachusetts Review. In 1984 he received the Editor’s Award from the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines. In 1996 the Middlebury Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa elected him to membership for his decades of intellectual achievement. Predeceased by wife Priscilla (Gibson), he is survived by daughter Alison and one grandchild.

41 Robert L. Johnson, 90, of Wenham, Mass., on February 21, 2010. In 1941 he joined the U.S. Naval Reserve and served during WWII as an officer. He worked for over 30 years at the New England Telephone Co., spending most of his career working on the design, implementation, and operation of large-scale information systems. In retirement, he and his wife enjoyed gardening and their garden was featured on TV and in several periodicals and books. Surviving are daughters Nancy, Emily, and Priscilla, sons Peter and David, six grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Pegram Williams Rhodes, 89, of Taunton, Mass., on January 26, 2010. She was employed in accounting for the Raitt’s McNally Corp. for 15 years and was an assistant in a lab at Wheaton.
College. Early in her career she was a medical phlebotomist. She was very active in community organizations, including serving as president for the local chapter of the American Assoc. of University Women. Predeceased by husband Marcus, she is survived by daughter Elizabeth Jenzen ’70, sons George ’76, Timothy, and Marcus, and four grandchildren. Surviving Middlebury relatives include sisters Jean Schoch ’43 and Druzilla Schoch ’47, niece Sarah Schoch Miller ’69 and husband Edward ’70, and nephew Peter Schoch ’81.

42 Elinor Dickie Rankin, 88, of Chatham, N.J., on May 20, 2010. After graduation, she trained as a physical therapist and served in the U.S. Army Medical Specialist Corps for two years during WWII. Continuing to practice physical therapy, she worked for the Cerebral Palsy Rehabilitation Institute before leaving to raise her children. After they were grown, she worked for the Home Health Care dept. of Overlook Hospital, retiring in 1991. She was an avid gardener and bird-watcher. She is survived by husband James, son Paul ’76, daughters Constance and Janet, and four grandchildren.

43 Louise Wilkin Dimond, 88, of North Branford, Conn., on April 14, 2010. With an MS from Simmons College of Social Work, she worked at Yale-New Haven Hospital, Gaylord Hospital, and for 20 years as a school social worker in North Haven, Conn. Retiring in 1982, she volunteered for several organizations, including serving 30 years as a member and also president of the Long Wharf Theatre Guild. A loyal Middlebury alumna, she served as a class agent, as class secretary, and worked tirelessly for College events and fund-raisers. In 2008 she was awarded the alumni plaque award at her 65th reunion. Predeceased by her first husband Albert and second husband Robert Rude, she is survived by stepsons James and John Rude, stepdaughter Susan Brown, two stepgrandsons, and one step—great-grandson.

44 Richard W. Brock, 86, of East Middlebury, Vt., on February 7, 2010. During WWII he served in the U.S. Army. He was a data processing manager for Village Super Markets in Springfield, N.J., for many years. He is survived by his daughters Susie Martell and Kimberly Brock, sons Christopher and Jason, seven grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

J. Warren Schaller, 88, of Arlington, Mass., on February 10, 2010. With a master’s degree in mathematics from Albany State Teachers College, he worked as a bookkeeper for Maxson Foods before joining New England Frozen Foods where he was eventually a computer operator until retiring in 1991. He is survived by sister Frances, two nieces, and a nephew.

45 Ewald A. vom Orde Jr., 87, of Reno, Nev., on March 26, 2010. During WWII, he joined the U.S. Marine Corps and was commissioned a second lieutenant. He continued in the Marines for 33 years, serving as an engineer at Chosin Reservoir during the Korean War and serving in Vietnam. He received many awards, including the Silver Star, the Navy Commendation Medal, and the Presidential Unit Citation with two stars. Retiring in 1975 as a colonel, he enjoyed restoring Mercedes-Benz cars. Predeceased by wife Haliie (Jones) ’45, he is survived by sons Kurt, daughters Alice and Lisa, and five grandchildren.

46 Edward C. Andrews, 85, of Yarmouth, Maine, on February 19, 2010. A veteran of the Navy V—12 program, he graduated from Johns Hopkins School of Medicine in 1931 and began his career there as chief resident and an instructor in pathology. He continued his work at UVM’s College of Medicine, where he served as professor of pathology, associate dean, and dean. In 1970 he became president of UVM, leaving in 1973 to become president of the Maine Medical Center in Portland where he stayed until his retirement in 1988. Over the years he served on many state, national, and international commissions, committees, and boards, and served as a consultant to the U.S. State Dept., the Agency for International Development, and the Pakistan government on medical education and health-care developments. In 1972 Middlebury awarded him an Honorary Doctor of Laws. Survivors include wife Jean (Lydice), daughters Leslie Freeman, Dawn Andrews, and Dale Wadhams, sons Ted and Scott, 12 grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren. Surviving Middlebury relatives include brother Paul ’31.

John M. Perry, 84, of Blackburg, Va., on March 2, 2010. After serving as a midshipman and ensign in the Navy during WWII, he earned an MA in mathematics from Harvard Univ., and a Ph.D. in mathematics from the Univ. of Rochester. He served on the faculty of Clarkson College of Technology from 1946—1965 and was awarded the Excellent Teaching Award. From 1966—1977 he was a professor of math at Wells College and served as dean of the college. From 1977 until his retirement in 1989 he worked in the provost’s office at Virginia Tech, retiring as Provost Emeritus. He is survived by wife Jane (Laffin), sons John and Thomas, daughters Margaret and Marjory, and four grandchildren. Surviving Middlebury relatives include sister Helen Perry Smith ’30 and great-niece Katherine Merritt ’04.

In Memoriam
Carole de Dobay Rifelj
December 29, 1946—October 26, 2010

Carole de Dobay Rifelj, 63, Jean Thomson Fulton Professor Emerita of French, passed away on October 26, 2010. Having earned her undergraduate degree from the Univ. of Wisconsin at Milwaukee and her Ph.D. from the Univ. of Wisconsin at Madison, she came to Middlebury in 1972 as an assistant professor, serving also as the director of the Château and of the French House. She received tenure in 1979, was promoted to full professor in 1985, and was named Jean Thomson Fulton Professor of French in 1991. She retired from Middlebury in spring 2010, after 38 years on the faculty.

A distinguished scholar, she was the author of numerous articles and essays and published several books during her career, including the conversation manual coauthored with Ed Knox, C’est—à—dire, and her most recent book, Coiffures: Hair in 19th-Century French Literature and Culture, brought out in July by the Univ. of Delaware Press. She received many highly competitive grants and awards, including a postdoctoral fellowship at the School of Criticism and Theory, a National Endowment for the Humanities Fellowship in Residence for College Teachers at Yale, and a fellowship from the American Council of Learned Societies.

She also produced a significant Web site, Le Lexique, which won a prize in 1996 and her most recent book, C’est—à—dire, and her most recent book, Coiffures: Hair in 19th-Century French Literature and Culture, brought out in July by the Univ. of Delaware Press. She received many highly competitive grants and awards, including a postdoctoral fellowship at the School of Criticism and Theory, a National Endowment for the Humanities Fellowship in Residence for College Teachers at Yale, and a fellowship from the American Council of Learned Societies.

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Donald B. Elwell, 80, of Suffern, N.Y., on March 7, 2010. After serving in the Army during the Korean War, he earned a master's in teaching from Harvard Univ. He taught at the high school level and at Columbia Univ. Teachers College before earning his Ed.D. in 1967 from Columbia. For 36 years he taught at Spring Valley (N.Y.) High School, where he was the social studies dept. chair for 30 years. He was a member of the Korean War Veterans and was a Veteran for Peace. Predeceased by first wife Carol (Gould), infant daughter Stephanie, and son Bruce, he is survived by wife Kathy (Watson), daughters Jennifer, Meredith, and Chelsea, step-daughter Jeannie Smith and John Petry, and seven grandchildren. Middlebury relatives include brother Coky ’50 and nephew Peter Bostelmann Elwell ’84.

Earl H. Gale Jr., 80, of Deansboro, N.Y., on April 13, 2010. An engineer, he worked for General Electric for over 20 years. Along the way he earned a Ph.D. in engineering from Syracuse Univ. He is survived by wife Jane (Gordon), daughters Jennifer Smith ’82, Melissa, and Priscilla, and several grandchildren. Deceased Middlebury relatives include father Earl, Class of 1911, and brother-in-law Richard Gordon ’52.

John F. Roy, 79, of Cohasset, Mass., on February 22, 2010. After serving in the Korean War as a sergeant in the Army, he earned his law degree from Georgetown Univ. He worked for Curtis-Wright and General Dynamics before obtaining an MBA from Babson College in 1972. He helped form the New England Group Trust before focusing on his private legal practice. He was an active volunteer with community organizations including the Zoning Board of Appeals, and in retirement, Meals on Wheels and the Cohasset Elder Affairs. He was an avid sailor and sportsman. Survivors include wife Dolores (Searles), sons John and Bill ’83, and daughters Madeline, and five grandchildren.

Carol Cadinus Whitemore, 79, of Anacortes, Wash., on March 27, 2010. Early in her marriage she worked at Brown Univ, then raised her children while working her real estate broker’s license and working in that field for 12 years. She enjoyed sailing, gardening, tennis, duplicate bridge, and travel. She is survived by husband Bill ’41, son Jack, and daughter Lynn.

Donald A. Farnsworth II, 79, of Miami Beach, Fla., on February 26, 2010. After graduation he joined the family business and ultimately succeeded his father as owner of the Massachusetts Van and Storage Co. Upon retiring, he spent many years boating from Camden, Maine, to the Bahamas and around the Gulf of Mexico. In the 1990s he served as captain of a passenger boat out of the Port of Miami. He is survived by wife Myrna, sons C.B. III ’76 and Peter, daughters Holly Hanlon and Ann Duffy, stepson David Burwick ’83, six grandchildren, four step-grandchildren, and one great-grandson. Deceased Middlebury relatives include father Calvin Farnsworth ’26. Surviving Middlebury relatives include cousin Thornton Farnsworth ’55.

Joyce Conway Rooney, 78, of Valley Center, Calif., on May 24, 2010. She was a hospital dietician before her marriage. After raising five children, she and her husband moved to Valley Center where she became the head librarian of the local library, a position she held for many years. In retirement she served as VP on the local cemetery board and as secretary for the Friends of the Library. Survivors include husband Robert, sons John, Robert, and William, daughters Mary and Carol, eight grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Robert S. Masters, 80, of Richfield Springs, N.Y., on March 18, 2010. He spent a graduate year at UVM then earned his master's from Syracuse Univ. For 32 years he taught English in the Syracuse City School system, retiring in 1988. Predeceased by son Peter, he is survived by companion Maxime Armstrong, sons Timothy, Jeffrey, and Kevin, daughter Pertine and six grandchildren.

John R. Young, 76, of Dover, Mass., on April 1, 2010. After receiving a certificate from the National Mortgage School and American Bankers Assoc. he worked 10 years for the National Shawmut Bank in Boston. He then joined ITT Sheraton Corp. where he served as senior VP and treasurer, and as executive VP of the ITT Sheraton Realty Corp. After retiring in 1988, he worked as a consultant and was co-chairman of Horizon Hotels, a hotel management company. He is survived by wife Lois (Ronk), son Mark, daughters Cynthia and Pamela, stepchildren Renzie and Corbin Kinne, and eight grandchildren.

A. Norman Crowder, 75, of Naples, Fla., on March 12, 2010. He served his country for four years as a naval officer. With a master's in actuarial science from the University of Michigan, he had a long career as an actuary and businessman and managed the second largest division of Towers Perrin. Proud of his civic commitments, his service included acting as a Guardian Ad Litem and being involved with the Ronald McDonald Care Mobile. He is survived by his wife of 49 years, Eliza (Miller), son Mark, daughter Kristin ’88, and two grandchildren.

Lois Moulton Hustis, 75, of Cold Spring, N.Y., on March 10, 2010. With a master's in French from Middlebury, she taught French, Latin, and English for many years at St. Lawrence Central School and the Haldane Central School. She also helped with the family business, the Hustis Dairy. Predeceased by husband George, she is survived by son George and daughter Harriet ’89.

Timothy P. Wallace, 79, of Peabody, Mass., on March 10, 2010. He served in the U.S. Army and was a Korean War veteran. His career centered on the sales of steel products and he retired as president of John M. Kirk Co. A loyal Midd Alumn, he served as class agent and class secretary. He is survived by wife Liz (O'Donnell) ’57 with whom he celebrated 50 years of marriage in 2007, daughters Norah Sullivan ’80 and Kate Perrotta ’86, son Timothy, and five grandchildren. Other Middlebury relatives include nieces Joyce Maroney ’78 and Mary O'Donnell ’82. Deceased Middlebury relatives include nephew John O'Donnell ’81.

George A. Devine, 77, of Almonte Springs, Fla., on March 3, 2010. As an automotive aftermarket salesperson, he worked for several different companies before founding George Devine and Assoc. He is survived by wife Harlene (O'Rourke), sons Jeff and Chip, daughter Jane, and seven grandchildren.
John C. Kerestesy Jr., 73, of Silver Spring, Md., on February 24, 2010. With a Ph.D from the Univ. of Maryland and postdoctoral work at the Univ. of Pittsburgh, he worked in several different fields, including as editor for Chemical and Engineering News, senior chemist for Merck, and high school teacher. In 1974 he began work as a freelance scientific writer for various institutions such as the Environmental Protection Agency and the Consumer Products Safety Commission.

John H. Meeson, 73, of Elizabeth, N.J., on March 20, 2010. After serving in the Army Reserve and achieving the rank of second lieutenant, he worked for many years as a computer programmer, most recently at Metro Creative Graphics in NYC. He also did some professional work as a photographer. He is survived by former wife Gail (Spooner) Elker ’59, sons Daniel and John, and two grandchildren.

Paul S. Riegel, 73, of Saint Joseph, Ill., on February 27, 2010. He earned a master’s in 1959 and a doctorate in 1966 in higher education administration from Teachers College, Columbia Univ. His career in education began at Teachers College as a financial aid counselor and then assistant registrar before he became dean of students at Bloomsburg (Pa.) State College. In 1968 he was appointed to the administrative staff and faculty of the Univ. of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, where he taught in the College of Education and held various positions including assistant vice chancellor for administrative affairs and associate chancellor, retiring in 1996. In 1994 he was inducted into the Berwick (Pa.) Senior High School Hall of Fame. In retirement he earned an MFA from the Univ. of Illinois. Survivors include wife Meredith (Bertram), daughters Dorothy and Katherine, sons Paul and John, four grandchildren, two stepdaughters, and five step-grandchildren.

Russell P. Barnum, 68, of Little Egg Harbor, N.J., on April 2, 2010. For many years he lived in Waitsfield, VT., and his career involved working with youth, mainly as a guidance counselor at Williamsstown High School. He also coached in the softball and basketball programs. He loved bluegrass music and sports, as well as cooking and traveling. He is survived by wife Nancy (Livingston), daughters Becca and Suzanne, son Joshia, stepsons Michael and Scott, and three grandchildren.

Bruce T. Lindemann, 63, of Port Washington, N.Y., on May 31, 2010. With an MBA from Hofstra Univ., he was the head of the family textile business, Meler Textiles, for 40 years. Involved with the Boy Scouts nearly all his life, he served as the assistant scout master of Boy Scout Troop 1001 in his community. He is survived by wife Louise (Martin) ’69, son Marc, daughter Danielle, and two grandchildren.

Hardin M. Brewster, 62, of Warwick, R.I., on February 26, 2010. After graduation he attended the London School of Economics and also lived in Cape Town, South Africa. In 1977 he joined the New England Life Insurance Co. in Providence, R.I., to work with his father. In 1994, the R.I. Chapter of Certified Life Underwriters elected him president and, as a member of the Leader’s Assoc., he was the recipient of their Hall of Fame Award. He was a talented musician who sang with the Dissipated Eight at Middlebury. Survivors include two brothers, Howard and Peter.

David L. Frothingham Jr., 61, of Bondville, VT., on April 16, 2010. After retiring from the Vermont Country Store, he worked at Stratton Mountain Sun Bowl Base Lodge as a guest services agent. He was an avid cyclist and antiques enthusiast. Survivors include wife Pamela (Kerr), son David, and daughter Gillian. Middlebury relatives include stepsiblings Pieter Fisher ’76 and Ellen Fisher Stockmayer ’77.

Richard D. Pressnell, 51, of Salt Lake City, Utah, on January 27, 2010. With an MS in structural geology from the Univ. of Michigan, he worked for Solohio Petroleum before joining Kennecott Exploration as an exploration geologist. While there he completed his Ph.D. at the Univ. of Utah. His work searching for world-class base and precious metals deposits took him to Alaska, Mexico, China, the Congo, and all over the world. In 2009 he joined Full Metal Minerals and Underworld Resources as chief geologist. He belonged to several professional societies and published numerous articles. He was an outdoor enthusiast and skier, hiked, and bicycled all over the world. Survivors include wife Caroline Kroko.

Kevin G. Curtin, 44, of Arlington, Va., on March 10, 2010. While doing graduate work at Loyola Univ. in Chicago, he volunteered at a school for the deaf. He became a catechist at the Maryland School for the Deaf and then started his federal career as a sign language interpreter at the FDIC. From there he moved to the Labor Dept. as a disability program manager and finally to a job he loved as director of the U.S. Agriculture Department’s Target Center. He is survived by wife Ellen McNamara and daughter Nell, his parents, two brothers, and two sisters.

Jason C. Ruiz, 36, of Delray Beach, Fla., on April 23, 2010. He worked at Ernst & Young as a compliance officer/registered rep and at Legg Mason Wood Walker in Baltimore, Md., as an operations controller and stockbroker and also as a senior compliance officer. He is survived by wife Linda (Murray) ’96.

Cragin E. Brown, 28, of Glenn Falls, N.Y., on May 17, 2010. After graduation, she worked at the International School of Munich, Germany, and traveled extensively. Returning to the States, she entered public relations with L&Force and Stevens in Manhattan then became an account executive with Strategic Group. At the time of her death she was an MBA candidate at the Univ. of Michigan’s Ross School of Business. She is survived by her parents, James and Beth Brown, brother James, and grandmother Isabel Cragin Brown. Surviving Middlebury relatives include aunt Elizabeth Hauck Thumann ’57.

Gregor G. Hileman, 87, of Groton, Conn., on July 22, 2010. After earning a BA in history from the Univ. of Michigan at Ann Arbor, he studied for a BD at Yale Divinity School and did postgraduate work in the department of philosophy. He worked as public relations director for MIT Press in Cambridge, Mass., and as a manager of advertising and public relations for a computer and data processing manufacturer in Boston before coming to Middlebury as assistant director of development in 1967. In fall of 1968 he became the editor of the Middlebury College News Letter, the precursor of Middlebury Magazine, leaving in spring of 1976. Further employment included serving as director of development at Easter Seals of Connecticut. Predeceased by son Grant, she is survived by wife Nancy and son Rhodes.

Patricia Wynne Hornbeck, 65, of Brandon, Vt., on August 23, 2010. Joining the Middlebury staff in 1984, she worked one year as a secretary in the financial aid office before moving to the Language School to become a film clerk, developing an expertise in the selection, acquisition, and promotion of film at the College. Eventually becoming media services development coordinator, she made significant contributions to digitizing the film and media collection. She was instrumental in the development of the online Robert Frost Special Collection. Joining Brandeis as the Digital Lecture Archive, allowing students easy access to lectures given by faculty members and guest...
speakers. She is also credited with originating the idea of the international film festival. Predeceased by husband George on August 3, 2010, she is survived by daughters Valerie Chicanosky and Tricia Keith and three grandchildren.

Lela E. Ingleston, 66, of Poultney, Vt., on July 28, 2010. Graduating from Poultney High School, she worked at the College as a cashier and loan administrator in the controller's office from 1973 through 1998. While employed by Middlebury, she earned a bachelor's in business administration from Trinity College in Burlington. She belonged to the Professional Business Women group and the Poultney Historical Society. She is survived by sister Elizabeth and brother George.

Alice Hayes Quensel, 90, of Weybridge, Vt., on July 25, 2010. A graduate of Brandon High School, she attended Rutland Business College before going to work for Vermont Drug Inc. at stores both in Brandon and Middlebury. From 1973 until 1993 she worked at the College in the accounting department. Predeceased by husband Nore in 1987, she is survived by son Michael, daughters Denise and Louise, three grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

GRADUATE SCHOOLS

Frederick B. Rolfe, 89, MA French, of Scarborough, Maine, on January 20, 2010. He served in the Army Air Corps in WWII, flying missions in a B-17, and served in the Korean War as a decoder, achieving the rank of first lieutenant. After teaching at Westbrook High School, he joined the faculty of the foreign language dept. at the Univ. of Southern Maine where, for over 30 years, he taught, served as department head, and ran the language lab.

Jerry J. Cocchiola, 88, MA French, of Clinton, Mass., on January 6, 2010. He served as a staff sergeant in the Army Medical Corps during WWII. After the war he remained in Europe and worked for the Stars and Stripes newspaper in France.

David Mallory, 86, MA English, of Chestnut Hill, Pa., on January 16, 2010. After teaching at Germantown Friends School, he began a career as a national advocate of teaching reform and for 50 years ran his educational consulting firm, David Mallory Seminars. He authored 18 books and traveled around the world organizing seminars for teachers, school heads, and administrators.

Robert H. Drummond, 81, MA German, of Oberlin, Ohio, on January 28, 2010. Serving in both WWII and the Korean War, he earned a master's in music and taught at the Oberlin Conservatory of Music for 39 years.

David I. Purser III, 92, MA English, of Spartanburg, S.C., on January 21, 2010. A veteran of WWII and a retired lieutenant commander in the Navy Reserve, he was an English professor at Clemson Univ. and Western Carolina University.

Meta Michaelen Downes, 73, MA French, of Greenville, N.C., on February 24, 2010. A teacher her whole career, she taught high school French and Spanish and college French. After earning a master's in speech pathology and one in audiology, she was an associate professor at East Carolina Univ. for 36 years in the Dept. of Communications Sciences and Disorders.


Jan K. Borgia, 72, MA Spanish, of Nashua, N.H., on February 13, 2010.

John Durkin, 84, MA English, of Peabody, Mass., on January 20, 2010. Born in England, he served in His Majesty's Royal Navy in WWII before moving to Peabody. He taught at Lynnfield (Mass.) High School and served as head of the English dept. for many years.

Rosemary Picone Le Fauci, 66, MA Spanish, of Blue Bell, Pa., on January 28, 2010. She taught in the Ridgewood (N.J.) School District for 23 years and was also the high school grade administrator. She also served as the assistant principal of the Round Valley Middle School in Clinton Twp., N.J.

Thomas M. Thompson, 66, MA Spanish, of St. Louis, Mo., on February 21, 2010. He was a Spanish teacher for over 30 years at Parkway North High School before retiring in 2002. He was also an avid painter.

Marjorie Frye Woodrum, 80, MA French, of Meridian, Idaho, on January 18, 2010. While living in Aiea, Hawaii, she was a high school teacher for 20 years and was chosen Hawaii Teacher of the Year in 1985.


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Turned Off

A teacher and writer finds more in life while making do with less.

By Paul Barnwell '04

The eighth-grade students were stunned.

"Mr. B. how do you live?" they asked, after I mentioned I turned off my Facebook account, don’t have cable TV, have never tweeted, and only send 10 or so text messages a day. For most of my students, this act of cutting back or turning off an otherwise constant flow of information was inconceivable.

Now let me set the record straight—I’m certainly no Luddite. I’ve organized most of my class work around a blog, maintain my own education Web site, and am, in general, pretty addicted to the Internet. As a substitute for cable TV, I subscribe to Netflix and stream some of my favorite shows, including Dexter, 30 Rock, and Damages. I like my BlackBerry. By any logical or sane standard, I’m hardly disconnected. But in today’s intractably tethered world, not really.

Jaron Lanier’s fascinating critique of Internet and digital media use, You Are Not a Gadget, was a catalyst for my scaling back. While there are amazing benefits resulting from the ease of digital information production and sharing, Lanier points out the worst of it. There are the bullying, the anonymous abuses online, and the Twitter feeds that create what he calls a “cultural slum world” online. Think about the amount of spam and chatter online that is simply a mindless response to movies, music, video games, and other media forms. This is not to mention the millions of useless blogs, YouTube clips, and other forms of expression that may or may not have any redeeming value.

If all of my skills and interests exist in a digital sphere, what do I do if I don’t have access to the Internet, my iPod, or other gadgets? If the Internet crashes, what do I do? If all my important skills, documents, and general records of existence survive in some abstract computing cloud somewhere, what if the cloud disappears?

Inspired by Lanier and Middlebury’s own Bill McKibben, who presciently (eerily?) wrote about the fragmentation of “real” experiences in contemporary society in his 1992 book The Age of Missing Information, I’ve attempted to strike a better balance between what I do digitally and what some might call “hard” skills.

Take my new hobby of bow hunting for whitetail deer, for instance. To hunt, I need to experience more than the keyboard or mouse, be aware of my natural surroundings, and draw upon human needs that many of us can get disconnected from if we’re too concerned with digital, “cultural slum” material.

I also brew my own beer, raise chickens in my backyard, enjoy gardening and working on house projects. I like to build fires in the fire pit in my backyard. I like to grow things. Just because we don’t have to do these things doesn’t mean we should write them off in favor of leisure and convenience.

We are all too quick to embrace the latest software development or gadget as if it is unequivocally necessary for human survival, happiness, and productivity. I love many technological applications in my personal and professional life. But I worry that too much technology and an overzealous approach to its mere existence will somehow distract us from hard skills and satisfying aspects of humanity that have persisted for thousands of years.

A teacher and a writer, Paul Barnwell currently works in the Jefferson County School System in Kentucky.
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