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A Mother’s Story
by Anne Harris '93
UPHILL/DOWNHILL

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LIFE, INTERRUPTED
Anne Harris ’93 thought she understood stress and anguish—until her two-year-old was diagnosed with leukemia.
The Heroes Among Us

What is a hero if not an ordinary person called to extraordinary action?

When it comes to choosing content for this magazine, the editorial staff is blessed with an embarrassment of riches. Middlebury folks live fascinating lives—be it a young Afghan woman who survived the reign of the Taliban and found her way to Middlebury, the psychology professor who teamed with students to publish groundbreaking work on parent-child relationships, or the novelist who delved deep into her family history to craft a gripping tale about an infamous killing spree. The stories that are printed on these pages can be so intriguing, in fact, that if there’s a common complaint about our story selection it’s that our subjects are, well, too extraordinary.

People will often tell me that they love the magazine, but, they add, “I feel like there isn’t enough coverage of regular people like me.” So I’m left wondering: do we allow room for the student or alum who didn’t move hell and high water to attend college; who didn’t receive an Emmy for his hit TV show; who didn’t issue earth-shifting judicial rulings from a federal bench? (All of these examples, by the way, were recent Middlebury Magazine stories, stories that I am immensely proud of publishing.)

Flipping through past issues, I discovered that there is certainly a kernel of truth to this notion. As an editor, I love the feeling of showing someone something that they didn’t know, of delivering the you-are-not-going-to-believe-this moment. And yes, many of those tales lie in the realm of extraordinary achievement. But sometimes—no, not sometimes, often—the human condition is just as compelling, just as complex. You just have to look a little harder to find that story and to convince that person that yes, you have the power of touching a lot of people.

I found such a story on page 68 of the summer 2007 issue. It was a class note about a woman, someone my age, who was a teacher and college counselor in the San Francisco Bay area. Anne Harris ’93 had left her job, though, to do something any one of us would do: fight for the life of her two-year-old son.

Anne and I subsequently spoke—many times over a period of weeks—about sharing her story with her classmates and other Middlebury graduates. Not too long ago, she was just like so many of them—an English major who loved Shakespeare, a Middkid who developed lifelong friendships, a mother and educator who nurtured both a child and a legion of adolescents. “I pray that no one else has to go through what we’ve been through,” she told me. “But I also know that some will. If this story can help them in any way…”

“Life, Interrupted” is a Middlebury story, one that touches both the mind and the heart. What Anne took from Middlebury—the ability to turn a phrase, the skill to translate life’s rhythms into poetry, the courage to face the unimaginable—she gives back selflessly so that maybe, hopefully, others will learn something. And who among us wouldn’t do the same thing?

—Mf
Of Kido and Values

When I first read the story about Kido Kidolezi ’05 (“The Education of Yohanne Kidolezi,” summer 2007), I was so deeply touched that I couldn’t help writing an e-mail to my host parents to tell them how inspired I was. And when I read it again, it felt just as stimulating; it was beyond the power of words to describe what the feeling was about.

Having the opportunity of first attending a UWC and then coming to Middlebury, many of us have stories way beyond what a résumé can possibly show, yet sometimes when we immerse ourselves in the endless fight with assignments and papers, somehow the long journey we took to come to this place fades away in our heart. However, occasions like reading Kido’s story would totally bring back every detail—major or minor—back to our lives. We have achieved a lot in this process, but at the same time, we owe so much to so many people that we will never be able to repay fully. We owe support from our families and help from our friends. Moreover, without the outstanding education we received at UWC and the generous financial support from Shelby Davis, we wouldn’t be able to breathe the fresh air in the Green Mountain State.

And receiving itself is not the end. The UWC values and the philanthropic spirit of Shelby Davis encourage us to give back to society and to people who may need our help. Kido courageously went back to Tanzania to interview 300 child laborers, an action that broke cultural barriers in his home country. And he wants to return to Tanzania to help reform the educational system. I firmly believe this will happen. That is also why I devoted most of the summer volunteering in various parts of China, my homeland, to do what I can for the people in need, whether they are underprivileged high school students or poverty-stricken villagers. The overall experience was positive and productive, although some parts of it were filled with frustration and dissatisfaction. Nevertheless, I don’t feel regretful since I did all I could to help and to make a difference.

When I returned to the States and read Kido’s story, the strong sense of resonance touched the bottom of my heart. We may not know each other, but we share the same values. And whenever we have a chance, we will give back to society, to which we owe so much, just as Shelby Davis kindly gives the full scholarship to each of us.

I would recommend here for those who haven’t had a chance to read Kido’s story, please take five minutes to do so. Middlebury has so many amazing alumni and current students whose stories are enough to influence us a lifetime. I can guarantee that Kido, along with his story, is among this category of excellence.

Mi Sun ’10
Middlebury, Vermont

Revisiting Skeptics’ Corner

It was wonderful to read all the touching remembrances of Pardon Tillinghast (“Remembering Pardon Tillinghast,” summer 2007). I have my own: Professor Tillinghast used to host the “Skeptics’ Corner,” where those few of us who questioned religion were encouraged to meet and discuss our reasons for disbelief. The believer who wished to change our mind would occasionally join us. Once, an atheist showed up with two anxious women in tow. He had shocked them with the suggestion that it was the devil who was really in charge of everything. This fellow passionately argued that there was no rational basis for believing in the existence of God. Tillinghast listened patiently, his attention fixed on the ceiling.

When the young man had finished, Tillinghast continued to stare at the ceiling before asking, “So if God does not exist, then nothing exists? If so, what is the rational basis for believing nothing exists?”

While he was speaking, he began to shift his gaze from the middle of the ceiling to a corner of the room, where two walls and the ceiling all met. It struck me that he saw that corner as a metaphor for the Trinity—three flat surfaces uniting to form a whole different shape. The young women looked relieved, and the atheist sputtered something about everything being a play on words. I became an agnostic.

Dave Corkran ’57
Portland, Oregon

LASTING INFLUENCE
The story of Yohanne Kidolezi sparked an outpouring of touching, personal comments—and a fond letter from a fellow UWC alum.
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Pardon’s Deep Influence

PARDON TILLINGHAST exemplified—as well as any teacher I ever had—Henry Adams’s words: “A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops.”

Pardon E. Tillinghast (we affectionately would, in private, say “Pardon Me, Pardon E.” but always with reverence) was a student’s ideal teacher: thorough, reliable, clear, committed, available, and, most of all, imaginative. He made history come alive, even in large-group lectures. Always the teacher, he instituted “small-group” classes to “digest” lecture material. In these sessions, popes, kings, and queens took a human form. One would think that Pardon knew them intimately.

I was privileged to enroll in History 12, a yearlong course; there, I was one of 15 or so chosen for his now famous “Intellectual History of Europe,” where we read original texts (e.g., Magna Carta), analyzed them, and discussed the readings weekly—always refreshing!

Not a history major or teacher of history, I nevertheless have been greatly influenced by Pardon. His Anglo-Catholic background and my Roman Catholicism became a common basis for discussion of such saints as St. Anthony of Padua.

In short, I was touched by his greatness. May he rest in peace.

Anthony Roy Mangione
Flushing, New York

A Precious Gift

LET ME ADD a note of even older Middlebury history to the letters honoring our dearly remembered Pardon Tillinghast.

For those of us who arrived at Middlebury or returned there as World War II veterans in the fall of 1947 when Pardon was beginning his Middlebury teaching career, we found him to be a sparkplug for intellectual life, unlike any other I can remember on the campus. While we respected our older teachers, they were like all the teachers we had been learning from since we had been in kindergarten. They were older, perhaps wiser, and more like our parents than like ourselves. Yet some of us had seen
Country Elegance
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Far away, in the far corners of the world, some had faced ultimate challenges of life and death. All of us had been part of the awesome mobilization of raw American power that had won the war. The senior faculty at Middlebury, however, learned and admirable, was not of our cohort. Pardon was.

He had been an enlisted man and had served just as ignominiously as most of us. What claims of glory could there be for a vet who had ridden patrols as a coast watcher in the Navy, mounted on a donkey, guarding the placid shores of the Panama Canal Zone? Yet he had lived the military life we had lived, and that made an initial bond that gave him a tremendous advantage in impressing us with the depth and the value of his learning. We could see parts of ourselves in him and parts of him in us.

When Pardon cracked slightly bawdy jokes about Eleanor of Aquitaine and England’s King Henry II, we were getting messages about the rich rewards and the deep entertainment value of the educated mind and the intellectual life. These were lessons we had never received before from a guy like ourselves—who just happened to know a whole lot more than we did. We admired his head, so packed full of things worth knowing. We respected what he could teach us. And perhaps most important of all, we cherished his way of showing us that the life of the mind was a precious gift to have and to share, and it wasn’t the exclusive property of our elders. We could get there too.

Bernard Friedlander ’50
Madison, Wisconsin

A Lasting Influence

Mr. Tillinghast—and then, for so many years, Pardon—had been the person I considered the main influence on my life and way of thinking, an opinion I arrived at while I was still at Middlebury and, indeed, during my freshman year.

The College was so different then, but somehow my faculty adviser, Doc Cook, knew that Pardon’s history courses were important to me and encouraged this American literature major to take every course Pardon taught.

Of course, there were also meals with Ellen and the girls at Adirondack View; trips to the Trapp family house; discussions on the use of the organ in the Gregorian chant; and winter snowshoe hikes, when Pardon joined Mountain Club members in climbing Camel’s Hump. This followed after graduation by letters, his visits when my husband and I lived in Europe, my visits when we were in the U.S., then sitting next to him at his retirement dinner, then letters and more letters. I remember when, years ago, he was voted the best college teacher in New England, and I knew he deserved the accolade unreservedly.

To know and learn from this brilliant man has been a major pleasure to me and who knows how many other students were influenced by him. He leaves a gap that can be filled by no one.

Barbara Blafia Farnsworth ’35
West Cornwall, Connecticut
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The Value of Discomfort, Indeed
I'd like to respond to President Liebowitz's excellent baccalaureate address to the Class of 2007 ("Diversity: The Value of Discomfort," summer 2007). While praising Middlebury's success in becoming truly more diverse and the benefits realized by its students, he was forthright in discussing some of the discomfort and challenges facing a more diverse group. I was encouraged by his thoughtful discussion and the effort to face up to the problems, difficult and "messy" as they might be. I am particularly disturbed by reports of homophobic incidents on campus and am glad that bigotry is exposed and that those accused of contributing to homophobia did indeed feel some "discomfort" while it was being discussed.

Jessie Woodwell Bush '45
Sun City Center, Florida
Service Is an Honor

My sincere thanks go to George Logan '61, for his thoughtful and compassionate remarks in the letters section of the last Middlebury Magazine ("The Next Great Generation," summer 2007). Not only did he address the present, regarding the 3,500 flags, but also addressed obvious past attitudes that have been expressed/manifested in this magazine and by the College. The majority of us who have served in the military, whether briefly or for a career, consider that service to be an honor and privilege.

William F. Geenty Jr, '58
Puyallup, Washington

What's Wrong with Simple and Quiet?

I concur with Jerry Gross's take on the decision of the College to feature former United States president Bill Clinton as a commencement speaker.
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and compound it by awarding him an honorary (?) degree ("Shocked and Shamed," summer 2007). The College administration and whoever else had a hand in making the choice to include Clinton certainly earned my reproach for what smacks of pandering, audacity, and bad taste.

Yet this is but one more example of the questionable administrative behavior at Middlebury that has kept me estranged from the College since the tenure of Timothy Light and the subsequent era of McCardellism. Apparently, the present hierarchy is bent on continuing this trend, as it has further aroused my doubts about its judgment with its seemingly exaggerated focus on diversity. Why a new and specific office of such and the additional bureaucracy? Why all the recent citing of percentages and numbers? Is the College now flirting with quotas? Can't Middlebury undertake a simple, quiet, effective pursuit of top collegiate prospects whatever their color, nationality, or background and do so with no fanfare and foreboding? Or is this but another exercise in currying

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favor with those of a particular political persuasion?

Admittedly, my view of the game is from afar. I can only draw inferences concerning the College from what I read. Perhaps a lot of people would be better served, however, if Middlebury spent less time fretting about what’s purportedly to be most liberal and correct and placed greater public emphasis on both its ethical standards and its liberal arts.

Richard D. Attwill '52
West Hills, California

Community of Support

Editors’ Note: We received a number of e-mails and telephone calls relating to Dirk Nakazawa’s courageous class note entry and letter (“Community of Support”) in the summer issue. The response was overwhelmingly in support of creating a forum in the magazine for alumni to share news of hard times, struggles, and affliction. Our magazine staff is still brainstorming ways to do this, and we are open to suggestion.

In addition, we received a letter to the editor in which the writer requested anonymity.

It is our policy to only print signed letters, but we felt that this was a special case. In submitting a letter, the writer was expressing himself/herself in the magazine in a way that he/she had never felt comfortable before. Because of Dirk’s words, this person felt empowered to join the conversation. We certainly were not going to stand in the way of that.

Thank you for printing Dirk Nakazawa’s letter in Middlebury Magazine (“Community of Support,” summer 2007). I always enjoy reading about the accomplishments of my fellow classmates, but I often feel despondent afterward, as I have not achieved success in certain areas of my life that I had hoped to attain upon graduation. When I can read about the obstacles various alumni have had to face in their journeys after Middlebury, it helps me put in perspective that many of us are going through similar experiences in our lives.

I was diagnosed about 11 years ago with depression and anxiety, which have been a constant struggle for me to deal with in my daily life. I feel like I have
an invisible disability that some people
can’t understand, and I become frustrated
when I cannot always reach the potential
I know I'm capable of achieving.

Whenever I run into classmates from
Middlebury, there is always an instant
connection to a special time and place in
our lives. With Dirk's initiation, I hope
that bond among us can grow stronger as
alumni begin to make the effort to come
together as a community to help each
other through our good times and bad.

Speaking Out

I was disappointed that your magazine chose to publish the letter "Gender Correction" penned by T. Louise Wiebe (summer 2007). From the mean spirited, glib tone of the correction, it seems as though the intent of the author was less about correcting an error in German grammar, and more about humiliating a student of Dr. Sparks, one who had chosen to honor a professor whom she clearly cherished.

Hannah B. Benz
Middlebury, Vermont

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
letters. After that, we will move on to
new subjects. Send letters to: Middlebury
Magazine, 5 Court Street, Middlebury
College, Middlebury, VT 05753.
E-mail: middmag@middlebury.edu.
Donald Everett Axinn ’51
(“Electrons and Beaver Ponds,” p. 22) is the author of two novels and eight volumes of poetry.

Philippe Béha (“Flight of Fancy,” p. 88) is an illustrator in Montréal.

Bridget Besaw (Northern Exposure, p. 28) is a photographer and frequent contributor to Middlebury Magazine.

Chris Buzelli (“The Secret Life of Bees,” p. 36) is an illustrator in New York City.

Fred Cray ’79 (“A Wrinkle in Time,” p. 46) is an artist in New York City.

Elisabeth Crean (“The Little Princess,” p. 48) regularly contributes book reviews to the magazine. She is a freelance writer in Grand Isle, Vermont.


Anne Harris ’93 (“Life, Interrupted,” p. 40) lives with her husband Charles; son, Noah; and newborn twins, Ella and Zack in Belmont, California.

Sally West Johnson ’72 (“The Secret Life of Bees,” p. 36) is a writer in Middlebury.

Catherine Karnow (“Life, Interrupted,” p. 40) is a photojournalist in San Francisco.

Jeffrey Lott ’73 (“A Wrinkle in Time,” p. 46) is the editor of the alumni magazine of Swarthmore College.

Alexander Manshel ’09 (“Flight of Fancy,” p. 88) hails from Boxborough, Massachusetts.

H. Kay Merriman ’10 (“That Wooden Bench,” p. 21) is a sophomore from Canton, Ohio.

Devon O’Neil ’01 (“Mr. Unconventional,” p. 24) is a freelance writer in Breckenridge, Colorado.

Phil (“Electrons and Beaver Ponds,” p. 22) is an illustrator in Saskatchewan.

Brett Simison (“Mr. Unconventional,” p. 24; “Tour of Duty,” p. 26) is a photographer in Middlebury. His work can be found at www.brettsimison.com

Sarah Tuff ’95 (“Tour of Duty,” p. 26) is a writer in Burlington, Vermont.

Marlena Zuber (“It was a Dark and Stormy Night,” p. 19) is an illustrator in Toronto. Her work can be found at www.marlenazuber.com
FIELD OF DREAMS
The men’s soccer team has taken nicely to their new turf field. Through early October, they were undefeated at home. Photograph by Brett Stenson.
A Global Initiative

Middlebury College is poised to become the first truly global liberal arts college, President Ronald Liebowitz told some 400 guests at a festive reception and dinner at the Peterson Athletic Complex last month. The event marked the official beginning of the Middlebury Initiative, an ambitious effort to implement the recommendations contained in the College’s new strategic plan. At the conclusion of this five-year effort, the president said, “We will see a College that is stronger academically and financially, more accessible to a wider range of exceptional students, and considerably more visible and influential in this country and abroad.”

Liebowitz explained that the initiative will build on the College’s established strengths, including its human-intensive approach to education; its leadership in environmental studies, languages, and international studies; and its worldwide network of connections with other colleges and universities through the Middlebury-C.V. Starr Schools Abroad, the Language Schools, the Bread Loaf School of English, The Bread Loaf Writers’ Conference, and the Monterey Institute of International Studies.

“When you look at how all of these pieces fit together—when you connect the dots—you realize that there is a whole here that is much greater than the sum of its parts,” he observed. “Our task is now to take full advantage of these programs in order to enhance the opportunities we can offer our students to best prepare them for the challenges of the 21st century.”

Liebowitz announced that fundraising for Middlebury would seek to:

- supplement the College’s financial aid program in order to attract and support talented students who represent a diversity of backgrounds and perspectives;
- enhance Middlebury’s human-intensive learning environment by adding 25 new faculty positions;
- provide new funds to support curriculum development, student research, student involvement in the scholarly pursuits of their professors, and infrastructure;
- create new opportunities for student creativity, innovation and entrepreneurialism outside the classroom; and
- ensure institutional flexibility by increasing unrestricted support for the College through annual giving.

Achieving these goals will require significant financial support, Frederick M. Fritz ’68, chairman of the Board of Trustees, told the guests at the dinner. That’s why the College is undertaking a five-year, $500 million fund-raising effort to implement the strategic plan. This is the largest fund-raising goal ever attempted by a liberal arts college; Fritz reported that $234 million has already been secured during the campaign’s planning stage.

For more on The Middlebury Initiative, see www.middleburyinitiative.org

And Hebrew Makes 10  Middlebury will inaugurate its 10th summer language program next year when the School of Hebrew opens its doors. Established in collaboration with Brandeis University, the School will feature a seven-week session, with a focus on Modern Hebrew. Hebrew is the newest summer program since the Portuguese School was established in 2003.

The Language Schools have been around for nearly a century—ever since Lilian Stroebe, then a German professor at Vassar College, took a summer train ride through the Champlain Valley and thought that the remote locale would be the perfect place to establish an intensive program of language study. The German School opened in 1915. A lot has happened since then.
It Was a Dark and Stormy Night

No doubt there were students thinking that the Middlebury Language Schools were taking the notion of “total immersion” a bit far.

On the night of July 4th—the first official day of the Schools’ six-week session—Addison County sat in total darkness, while the area’s main power substation underwent emergency repairs. While faculty and staff scrambled to find flashlights, the skies opened up with drenching rains, adding yet another fairytale, dreamlike element to the affair.

And yet for the students “living the language,” well, they carried on. Even though it was all so new to them—the Language Pledge, Vermont, everyone thrown together in one, big uncertain situation—this happened: Echoes of por aquí, por aquí (“This way, this way,” in Spanish) bounced off corridor walls as students crept to a dormitory lounge, the way lighted by the ghostly blue glow of one person’s laptop; a shouted warning, in French—n’utilisez pas l’ascenseur (“Do not use the elevator”)—in the Château; and singing, in Arabic, filled one dorm room, so spirited that the voices carried out an open window and into the heart of the storm.

And then just after midnight, with a sudden burst of energy, the lights blasted back on. But the carriage, well, it didn’t turn into a pumpkin. With the lights blazing, people kept on singing.
That Wooden Bench

For what we hope will become a regular feature of College Street, we sent a query to all Middlebury students, asking them to weigh in on a particular aspect of life at the College. The winning entry would be based on originality, dear and concise writing, and the ability to make a persuasive case. What follows is H. Kay Merriman’s choice for a favorite study spot on campus.

ONE SOLITARY PIECE OF RUSTIC WOODEN FURNITURE remains on the Middlebury campus after the removal of the summer’s inviting Adirondack chairs. Overwhelmed by the imposing freshman dorm to its right and underwhelmed by the slight tree sprouting at its side, that wooden bench between Chateau and Battell maintains the delicate balance of pleasing aesthetics and relative discomfort that makes for the ideal study spot.

At first glance, the bench seems to be a piece of art intended to rival the Frisbee dog in front of Munroe, rather than a place to curl up and crack open *The Merchant of Venice*. There is no path leading to it, and the patch of grass that it occupies often quickly loses its inhabitants to the larger and arguably more exciting Battell Beach. With its back to the panoramic mountain view that a student seeking inspiration desires, this stoic settee conveys to its occupant that there is work to be done; the outdoor adventure can wait. Its relative removal from the traffic patterns of College life separates its visitor from tempting distractions and yet facilitates people watching when a momentary break is necessary. Napping, though, is nearly impossible while perched on those utilitarian wooden rungs.

I would not recommend cramming for a final or writing a term paper in this study spot. Yet, for reading profound works or for seeking to be profound in one's own right, that wooden bench, as a microcosm of Middlebury and a postcard of Vermont, provides the ideal atmosphere.

Blog Rolling

This fall saw two new entries to the Middlebury blog scene: *Ron on Middlebury* and *One Dean’s View*, authored by the president and the dean of the College, respectively. More and more Midd folks—students and professors—and organizations, such as clubs, are launching blogs. Here are a few of them:

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<td><em>Just TV</em></td>
<td>justtv.wordpress.com/</td>
<td>Media musings by an assistant professor of American studies and film &amp; media culture</td>
<td>Teaching animation in the YouTube era; reality TV</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jason Mittell</td>
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*Photograph by H. Kay Merriman '10*
Go Figure

1,479  Number of students admitted for September

645  Number of first-years who arrived on campus this fall

44  Percentage “yield”—the ratio of matriculated students to admitted students for fall

47  Number of states represented among fall first-years

40  Number of countries represented among fall first-years

63  Number of international students among fall first-years

8  Percentage of fall first-years who are first-generation college attendees

42  Number of school or class presidents among fall first-years

45  Number of publication editors among fall first-years

3  Number of oboe players among fall first-years

[SYLLABUS]

Course  The Black Death

Department  History, First Year Seminar

Instructor  Louisa Burnham, Assistant Professor

Course Description  This seminar examines the great plague of 1348, the Black Death, as an epidemiological, cultural, and historical event. What was the plague? How did it affect European society in the short term, and what were its repercussions? Was the Black Death truly a turning point in European history, or have its effects been overrated? Finally, the course examines the role the plague has played as a metaphor in society and discussions will address modern plagues like the hemorrhagic viruses and AIDS using fiction and film as well as the works of modern scholars.

Reading List
Albert Camus, The Plague
Robert Gottfried, The Black Death
Rosemary Horrox, Ed., The Black Death
Nancy Siraisi, Medieval & Early Renaissance Medicine
Lester Faigley, The Brief Penguin Handbook
Ann Benson, The Plague Tales
John Aberth, The Black Death: The Great Mortality of 1348–1350

Burnham Says  The primary purpose of first year seminars is to teach writing, and there are so many fascinating paper topics on the Black Death. One of my favorites allows students to work with unpublished archival sources that I have transcribed (and translated) showing the arrival of the plague in the city of Montpellier in southern France. I ask my students to assess the plague’s impact on the city, and in order to do that, they analyze the official register of a medieval notary, the chronicle of the city’s consulate (where a large number of the consuls died and had to be replaced), and a list of religious endowments established throughout the fourteenth century in the city. They have access to virtually every document that exists for the year 1348 from Montpellier, and every time I assign this paper, a student notices something new and makes a connection I had never thought of.

Current Affairs  Burnham has set up a Google news alert for the phrase “bubonic plague” and says it is fascinating both to see how often the disease itself pops up in the news and how the phrase is simply used as a metaphor. “Plague as metaphor comes up again and again in the course,” she says “especially when we watch Ingmar Bergman’s The Seventh Seal and read Albert Camus’ The Plague… . . . We also consider a variety of the “coming plagues,” like Ebola, bird flu, SARS, AIDS, and multi-drug-resistant tuberculosis. Richard Preston’s writings on Ebola serve in part to scare us all witness—and I use a historical-science fiction novel by Ann Benson (The Plague Tales) to explore the similarities between then and now.”

In September, Middlebury announced that it would begin applying its renowned Language Schools model to the pre-college set. Collaborating with its West Coast affiliate, the Monterey Institute for International Studies, the College will open the Middlebury-Monterey Language Academy at three sites next summer. The residential camps will run for four weeks, and students will be required to speak their target language (Arabic, Chinese, French, or Spanish) for the duration. Zipcars have come to campus.

This fall, the College entered into an agreement with the world’s largest car-sharing service to offer transportation alternatives to students, faculty, and staff. Two Toyota Hybrid Priuses are available for rent 24 hours a day, seven days a week. The visual is Tim Burton-esque: just outside the Mahaney Center for the Arts, an encampment of 15-foot-tall conical structures that appear as if they are writhing in the wind. The work of artist Patrick Dougherty and more than 230 community volunteers, the environmental sculpture titled “So Inclined” was built on site over the course of three weeks. Locally harvested saplings were used to construct the lean-tos, which will be on exhibit until early December.

Jazz great Cyrus Chestnut played a packed Mead Chapel in September. Chestnut tickled the ivory, Dezron Douglas played the bass, and Neal Smith manned the drums on a rocking night. There wasn’t a disappointed soul in the house.

continued
Electrons and Beaver Ponds

It seems bizarre that electrons can travel backward in time. The physicist Richard Feynman concluded that watching his lawn sprinkler. Electrons are an enigma: their mass is measured by inertia but not by gravity.

But solutions do exist. I look for some today as I fly toe-stepping along the Green Mountains in my Piper Super Cub. I trace the Long Trail, that brown-black serpentine footpath grafted to the ridge in the message of fresh October snow. My favorite lean-to stands among thick cedars and hides the small stream that has taught my morning face to listen better to the woods.

South of Lincoln, I catch a sight of a series of beaver ponds, each professionally engineered with a dam and tidy beaver-house in the middle. On a sun-brushed stream I spot a moose standing knee deep, looking farcical, chomping away at succulent lilies and not at all interested in the fading red, yellow, and brown leaves.

Eggs know how and when to become animals, some Animals convert grasses and greens into protein. How does time curve, gravity work, and what about the twelve dimensions in the universe?

Night can conceal knowledge and dawn extricates it, but tell me exactly what light is.

My plane is balanced by power and gravity to remain in the air above the earth. In space there is no up or down.

In fifty years third-graders will explain this in elementary terms.

The afternoon fades and is flushed with certain shades of colors difficult to duplicate or fingerprint. I need to see as far as I can but speculate about a simple, indifferent life.

Rainbow trout flash and stretch for sunlight, summer clouds bulge and swell, and rain spills out from a pregnant sky fat with time and purpose.

—Donald Everett Axinn ’51

Quote/Unquote

“Professor Dry was as pumped up about Plato as local football fans are about the Patriots.”

—Mark Patisken ’74, writer for the Providence Journal, in a column about the best teachers he has ever encountered.
Seven Signs of Fall at Middlebury

1. Wonnacott Commons teaming up with dining services for cider pressing
2. Ski bladers gliding down Cider Mill Road
3. Campus Adirondack chairs going into an eight-month hibernation
4. Library study carrels accumulating towering stacks of books
5. Leaf peepers photographing “Moo Crossing” signs near Bread Loaf
6. Long, angular shadows blending into peach-plum sunsets over the Adirondacks
7. The first frost glazing Battell Beach in a silvery sheen

Tracking Eastward
This fall, the College opened the C.V. Starr-Middlebury School Abroad in the Middle East, the first of the Middlebury Schools Abroad in the region.

The school, located in Alexandria, Egypt, becomes the eighth in the College’s prestigious study abroad program, which now has sites in 30 cities and 12 countries.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Alexandria, Egypt</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Population</td>
<td>4 million</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Founded</td>
<td>332 B.C. by Alexander the Great</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>City moniker</td>
<td>Pearl of the Mediterranean</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fall 2007 enrollment</td>
<td>20 students</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who is attending</td>
<td>Intermediate and advanced Arabic language students</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Language spoken in classes</td>
<td>Arabic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rank of Arabic in most common languages spoken globally</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Language Pledge in effect</td>
<td>Yes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Academic site</td>
<td>Alexandria University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Housing</td>
<td>In apartments with Egyptian students</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walking time from the Bibliotheca Alexandria</td>
<td>5 minutes</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

What began as a Middlebury tradition has become a national effort: people all across the country are now picking up Butch. The Butch in question being Butch Varno, the Middlebury resident with cerebral palsy who has been escorted to Panther football and basketball games by Midd students for nearly half a century. Last spring, Varno and his mother lost their home after a catastrophic flood, and since then the College has initiated a community response fund to help the Varnos renovate a new home and secure financial support to meet their needs into the future. After Sports Illustrated re-ran a 2003 Rick Reilly column about Varno, support from across the nation has poured into the fund. To learn more, please visit: go.middlebury.edu/middmag?varno

The Faculty Council is working on a policy that would prohibit amorous relationships between professors and students. In a Campus poll, a majority of students said they would support such a ban. Shortly before this magazine went to press, a group of students participated in a campus rally to demonstrate support for the citizens of Burma. Organized by Burmese students Yan Oak ’09 and Htar Htar Yu ’08 the event included a candlelight vigil and featured students wearing red t-shirts bearing the slogan “Free Burma.” The Middlebury Campus reported that the red shirts were chosen to match the color of the robes worn by Burmese monks in a symbol of unity and solidarity.
Mr. Unconventional

A lack of conventional experience has never kept Erin Quinn ’86 from succeeding.

Why should now be any different?

By Devon O’Neil ’01

On the last Monday in August, coaches, trainers, equipment workers, and support staff—essentially the entire Middlebury athletic department—spilled into a conference room overlooking the Chip Kenyon ’85 Arena. Tanned and appearing relaxed, they arrived wearing Middlebury gear—shorts and T-shirts, mostly, with the occasional polo shirt thrown in—and for the next several minutes, while sipping coffee and chewing bagels, they exchanged greetings and hugs, backslaps and wide grins; for some, it was a chance to catch up after being away all summer.

Sitting at the front of the room, quietly jotting down notes on a pad of paper, was Erin Quinn ’86. He was wearing khakis, a starched white button-down shirt, and blue tie, and he sat alone in a long row of cushioned chairs. Though early in the morning, it was already hot and steamy outside, and it wasn’t much more comfortable in the normally air-conditioned meeting space. The air was warm and somewhat stale, and as more people arrived, the mercury crept upward. A few more minutes passed and then Quinn, 43, began the meeting with a quick apology.

“I was out of town when they told us there was going to be a power outage,” Middlebury’s second-year athletic director explained. “I’m told that the AC should be back on later today.”

Around the room, heads nodded. Quinn then started checking off items on his agenda as efficiently as he once ran his Middlebury lacrosse program. He introduced new coaches, gave details on a new lightning-prediction system for the athletic fields, and explained an NCAA rule change on player physi­cals. Things were going so smoothly, in fact, that it was surprising when a contentious issue arose. It happened when a guest, a representative from the Career Services Office, asked the coaches to channel all networking between current players and alums through the CSO.

Immediately, some coaches expressed silent disapproval, shaking their heads and averting their eyes from the front of the room. Quinn, sensing the potential for unrest, jumped in.

“No need to get protective of your turf,” the former coach calmly said. “We can make this a win-win. Send your kids to CSO on their own so that they’ll get the professional training they need. Then they’ll have a better profile when your former players contact you.”

Later, Bob Ritter ’82, Middlebury’s head football coach and one of Quinn’s longtime friends, said, “Erin has a way of getting you to better profile when your former players contact you.”

Trading Places

Now a fixture at every Middlebury athletic event, it’s no longer unusual to see Quinn with sporting equipment other than a lacrosse stick.
people, now visibly sweating. And the sudden pressure of the meeting, Quinn had not broken a sweat.

From the time the Middlebury athletic director job was posted in January 2006 until Quinn was named AD five months later, a search committee made up of two coaches, two professors, two deans, and a student, pored over more than 60 applications from across America. The stack of résumés was whistled down to a group of eight finalists, including an assistant athletic director at a Division I school and three current ADs at well-regarded D-III institutions.

And then there was Quinn, the coaching wizard labeled by committee chair Tim Spears as "something of a Renaissance guy," who had exactly zero years of administrative experience.

Yet for all he lacked in prerequisites, Quinn had pedigree and persona. The pedigree began early, when an 18-year-old Quinn arrived at Middlebury in the fall of 1982. Mickey Heineken, the Panthers' legendary football coach from 1973–2000—and Quinn's future mentor—recalls Quinn as being "special" from day one. "And it wasn't just me," Heineken says. "Everyone saw his leadership abilities."

By his own admission, Quinn was nothing exceptional on the field, but he captained the team as a senior and, despite missing all but three games that fall due to injury, won the squad's leadership award.

The year after he graduated, he remained at Middlebury and became "Coach Quinn," a label that even now greets him in his e-mail inbox on a regular basis.

In fact, until he took the AD job, Quinn had never done anything but coach. At 25, he was the head lacrosse coach and football defensive coordinator at Lake Forest College in Illinois, where he used to walk across his office parking lot to the Chicago Bears' practice facility and talk defense for hours with Mike Ditka's staff. It's a legitimate question to ask where he'd be if he'd dedicated himself to the gridiron. "They don't get any brighter in the world of football coaching," Heineken allows, but Quinn decided early on that lacrosse was the sport he wanted to run.

In 1997, after serving as Jim Grube's apprentice for a year back at Middlebury, Quinn, then 27, was named the head men's lacrosse coach by athletic director Tom Lawson. This was significant, because not only had Quinn never played the game, but he'd also married Lawson's daughter, Pam '88, the previous summer. Eyebrows were raised.

"I took a lot of shots for that," Lawson acknowledges. "[Some cried] nepotism, people from outside who were saying he wasn't qualified. But that was falling on deaf ears because I had fairly decent success in soccer (Lawson was once named New England coach of the year at Middlebury), and I never played soccer. He's a teacher first, and an excellent teacher at that."

And then Quinn's teams won. A lot of games. His career record of 202–38 equates to him winning 84.2 percent of his games, second in the history of Division-III lacrosse. His teams won all six NESCAC titles (the conference began holding postseason tournaments in 2001) and, from 2000–2002, captured three straight national championships.

Not surprisingly, athletic directors at larger schools noticed. Quinn took calls from no fewer than five nationally ranked D-I lacrosse programs about their head coaching vacancies, although the end result was always the same. "It never really got past the phone call stage," he explains, "because I would say, 'Well, let me think about it, let me talk to my wife.'" And then I'd call them back and say, "No, thanks. I'm not leaving Middlebury."

Many also thought he'd never leave coaching, either, but if you listen to those who have known Quinn the longest, you start to believe he was destined for this job. Middlebury baseball coach Bob Smith, who recruited Quinn to play football for the Panthers in 1981, recalls Lawson asking him in 1995 if there was anyone in the

"No need to get protective of your turf," the former coach calmly said. "We can make this a win-win."
Tour of Duty

Thinking quickly and stepping lightly with an admissions tour guide

By Sarah Tuff '95

It's an uncomfortably muggy September morning outside the red brick Emma Willard House, Middlebury's longtime admissions office. A gauzy haze drapes the distant hills. Wearing a blue and white sundress, a ponytailed Hannah Burnett '10 corrals a mass of high school students and their parents and efficiently sorts them into smaller groups for a 90-minute tour of the College. Her cobalt blue Nalgene bottle, filled with cold water, sweats.

"Campus is a little crazy today," Burnett tells the dozen moms, dads, and potential Midd grads as she leads them toward the Mahaney Center for the Arts. "Upperclassmen are moving in, so there will be people everywhere. But that's a good thing. It got to be kind of quiet the last couple of weeks."

Like legions of tour guides across the country, Burnett walks backwards; her stride is a carefully practiced, coltish slap-slap on the pavement. "Flip-flops aren't the best shoes," she admits to the group, swinging her water bottle and raising her voice over the whizzing cars on Route 30. "But I've decided, it's summer, I can't wear sneakers."

In the winter, Burnett pulls on sturdier L.L. Bean boots for the backwards walk. "When I first called my mom and told her I was going to be a tour guide," Burnett has confided privately to a reporter earlier, "she was like, 'They're going to let you walk forwards, right?' Because I am probably the clumsiest person alive."

Burnett grew up in Granby, Connecticut, and visited 17 schools before choosing Middlebury after a spring visit. "It was a beautiful day, everyone was outside and seemed so happy to be here and would say 'Come to Middlebury!' as we were walking around," she says. After being gently turned away as a guide her first semester ("they kind of giggled at me"), Burnett began giving tours last spring and logs up to 20 hours a week of walking backwards. "I lose a flip-flop every once in a while, but it's actually a really good workout for your calves," she says.

A student topples over on her bike outside the CFA, momentarily distracting the herds. Burnett lassos them back in with a story about a mummified child from 300 B.C. who is buried in the graveyard across the street. Then it's time to go inside the CFA and see the concert hall, meant to be one of the tour's highlights. But Burnett tugs on the door only to find it's locked. She shrugs and talks about the space's capacity and the performers who visit Middlebury during the year before leading the group back outside.

Crossing back over Route 30, Make Way for Ducklings-style, she reels off statistics and the performers who visit Middlebury during the year before leading the group back outside.

Q & A

Armed with a bevy of facts, undergraduate tour guides also bring a sine qua non to their job: candor that comes from experience.
about the College’s sports facilities.

“Does the skiing start up in two weeks?” asks a woman, half-jokingly. “How cold does it get?”

“That’s a good question,” says Burnett. “We do live in Vermont. It’s cold. It snows. I’m gonna be honest. But for those of you who may not be huge winter people, the spring and the fall make it all worthwhile. The first day of spring, everyone’s outside, reading, throwing Frisbees. You’ve never seen so many happy people in one place.”

Middlebury’s tour guides (there are usually between 60 to 80 who volunteer their time during the school year) have a manual that coaches them on how to handle tough questions. But so far, the group is lobbing only softballs: “What’s the square mileage of campus?” asks a woman with curly auburn hair. (350 acres.) “Are freshmen allowed to have vehicles?” asks another mom. (Yes.)

Every so often, Burnett glances over her shoulder to check her position and, perhaps, conduct discreet surveillance on approach-ing students. Earlier, she has revealed one of the most awkward moments of shepherding prospective students around campus: a male friend sneaked up, dropped his books, kissed Burnett, and then walked away like nothing happened. “I just stuttered a little bit,” she recalls.

Pausing in the foyer of first-year dorm Stewart, Burnett explains the commons system. “It’s like Harry Potter without the personality stereo-types,” she says over the sound of KT Tunstall before pulling the group down a hall for a peek in at a polka-dot bedspreads and a nearby bathroom. “Fab-u-lous!” says the auburn-haired mom in falsetto.

The sight of flags fluttering from Mead Chapel triggers a story from Burnett’s evening last March with Rwandan humanitarian Paul Rusesabinga. “I heard he was coming and e-mailed the dean of students, who said, ‘Sure, come [for dinner] at six,’” she says. “So I got to sit over chocolate cheesecake and talk to [Rusesabinga] about the U.N. and international peace and then sit in the front row for his talk. It’s probably the coolest thing I’ve gotten to do so far, but opportunities like that pop up all the time. Bill Clinton was our graduation speaker.”

Volvos and Explorers are parked haphazardly across campus as students unload through the arch of Milliken Hall.

“On Valentine’s Day we got three feet of snow in 24 hours; they canceled classes for the first time in 33 years,” she says. “I was jumping out of the second story of Battell into the snow. We went to dinner in our snow pants and ski goggles.”

By the time the tour has reached Bicentennial Hall, everyone has wilted from the unseasonable heat. Burnett ushers them into a cool seminar room and plops on the counter to discuss academics and her own aspirations. She’s planning to be an independent scholar in medical anthropology and public health and hopes to work with an international nonprofit, or maybe the Centers for Disease Control.

Then it’s on to point out Bi Hall’s enormous window, rumored to be the largest in Vermont. “When you’re in there in winter, it feels like you’re in a snow globe,” says Burnett. She gestures toward the large grassy area known as Battell Beach, site of regular Quidditch games. “I wish I was kidding sometimes, but they do run around with broomsticks and capes, hurling dodgeballs at one another,” she says.

As fat raindrops finally begin to splatter on the sidewalks, Burnett picks up the pace toward the new library. Somebody yells, “Come to Middlebury!” from a window.

Burnett finally ushers everyone back to Emma Willard. “Middlebury has unique students,” she tells the group, trying to sum things up. “And their knowledge and enthusiasm are so great, you just want to soak it all in.”

Sarah Tuff ’95 toured Middlebury in the pouring rain during the summer of 1990 and immediately decided to apply early decision.
AUTUMN GLOW
All is quiet in Middlebury on a cool fall morning.
Photograph by Bridget Besaw
As our small plane banked sharply left and dived toward the center of one of Africa's most infamous conflicts, I gripped the worn arms of my seat and looked around nervously at my fellow passengers, most of whom were sleeping comfortably. It was November 2004, and we were descending into Uganda.

 Barely 23 years old, I had joined the U.S. Department of State just a few months prior and was on the first of nine excursions to areas of Africa consumed by conflict and humanitarian disaster. On this particular trip, I was headed to the village of Kalongo, an island of relative security in the middle of a 19-year war between the government of Uganda and the rebel Lord's Resistance Army. The conflict killed thousands and displaced more than 1.5 million people, thousands of whom live in a camp in Kalongo. Having learned to photograph before I learned to read, I carried my camera with me that day and have tried to do so in Africa ever since.

In 2004, I transitioned from the American embassy in Kampala to the Washington-based Sudan Programs Group and have since found only a handful of opportunities to safely photograph my work. Consumed with providing more than $400 million in accommodations, logistics, training, and equipment for the 7,000 African peacekeepers in Darfur, photography has appropriately taken a back seat. The images from Darfur in this photo essay represent one of the rare times during the past two and half years working in Sudan that I have been able to overcome risk, censorship by the Sudanese government, and the demands of my job to photograph some of the actors at the heart of the Darfur conflict.

Such a large gathering is a rarity in Darfur, where meetings like this are attacked by Sudanese government aircraft. We spent hours under an ancient acacia with members of the rebel Sudanese Liberation Army discussing the controversial Darfur Peace Agreement. To sit with rebel "commanders" barely in their 20s reminded me that though I was still wet behind the ears by the State Department's standards, in Africa, I was an old man.
Left: To photograph these Ugandan children, many of whom had lost their families to war, I sat in the dirt and waited for them to come to me. Pictures of children in conflict usually depict them as helpless. What I like about this photograph is that it shows them as what they are, survivors.

Right: A summer rainstorm can be a beautiful sight, but in this instance the looming clouds appeared ominous. On take-off, our cabin depressurized, which forced us to fly at a low altitude—right into the heart of the storm.

Below, right: Chased from their homes and fields by violence in their native southern Sudan, these young refugees found shelter and education in Uganda. As students in one of this camp’s two primary schools, they were not interested in the fact that I was a representative of the U.S. government, only that I was young and a college graduate.

Below: From 3,000 feet, this camp for Ugandans displaced by civil war looks orderly, even peaceful. But when you are close enough to touch, taste, and smell it, the costs of civil war and counterinsurgency are painfully apparent. In northern Uganda, as in Darfur, the great majority of deaths from conflict are not from direct violence, but from the malnutrition and disease that accompany it.
Unafraid—even eager—to stare me down, this young commander talked little of peace. In the year since this photograph was taken, this location in the Sudan has been repeatedly attacked, abandoned, recaptured, and attacked again by a shifting myriad of rival rebel groups, Arab militia, and government bombing raids. I have no idea if he is alive or dead.
Above: Making friends fast in the back of a bullet-riddled pickup, I shared an uncharacteristic cigarette, some macho posturing, and a few boyish fears with my rebel co-passengers before making this image. Wearing more protective annulets than ammunition, many fighters believe their lives are as much in God's hands as they are in their own.

Left: Separated from her husband during a nighttime attack by the Lord's Resistance Army that brought her to this camp, this young Ugandan mother and her child were welcomed without question by the Catholic priest and nuns who run this facility. Before leaving, I went back to the hospital to find a smiling mother and a crying, but alert and much improved, baby girl.

Below: Though millions die annually in Africa from diseases we have all but eradicated in the United States, success stories continue to stand out. The empty vials in this photograph contained vaccines (typhoid, yellow fever, hepatitis, meningitis, tetanus) and antibiotics. Where funding exists, organizations like Doctors Without Borders find ways to provide basic health services in even the most untenable locations.
Its fuzzy, yellow-and-black-banded appearance is unmistakable.

Its slow, gentle trundle is mesmerizing.

And its industrious work ethic is a vital cog in nature’s grand scheme.

Yet so much about the genus *Bombus* remains a mystery.

Which is why some are trying to decode the Secret Life of Bees.

*By Sally West Johnson ’72
Illustrations by Chris Buzelli*
By the time of the early September cold snaps, bumblebee season is winding down around Addison County. The orange, trumpet-shaped flowers of jewelweed have all but disappeared from the fields, and the tiny, purple flowers of knapweed that once blanketed meadows are mostly gone. Only the lush yellow of goldenrod remains.

At the moment, we're in Wright Park, the swath of public land at the north end of Middlebury. For reasons no one quite understands, Wright Park has turned out to have that magic combination of flowers and bee-friendly nesting places that researchers look for when they set out to study a bee population. By the side of the field, Patrick Sedney '08 and I huddle against the chilly breeze, he with his odd-looking assortment of bee-research paraphernalia (nets, microdots, and small jars set into ice packs). In the middle of the field, Luke Yoquinto '08 flails the air gently with a bee net, incongruously, like some child in a fairy tale. When he finds a likely suspect, Patrick will glue a numbered microdot to its back, then release it back to the wild. By following its meanderings through the field, Patrick wants to find out where it goes, what it does and, most important, which flowers it will choose to light on in its never-ending search for nectar.

Yoquinto and Sedney are seniors, biology majors both, who designed their projects under the supervision of Dr. Helen Young, the department chair and resident pollinator expert.

It's worth saying at the outset that Young et al. are not studying honeybees, those famously disappearing insects that are responsible for most of the world's plant pollination. Honeybee hives are models of efficiency, holding up to 10,000 honeybees who communicate through what's called a waggle dance to show others where to find the best nectar. On the other hand, bumblebees, in their many incarnations, are more poorly understood. They live in small, underground nests of up to 50 individuals. And unlike the honeybee, they do not communicate the best nectar-gathering spots with a waggle dance. This is more of an every-bee-for-herself ethic. (Almost all bees in a nest are female.)

While the honeybee hitched a ride with Europeans to North America—the Europeans brought them over to serve as a source of sugar after discovering that the New World lacked a sugar source—bees of the genus Bombus are native to this continent. Unlike honeybees, bumblebees produce just enough honey to feed the small nest (hive connotes a man-made structure; nests are dug by the insects)—hence there is no market for bumblebee honey.

What the researchers want to know is why bees make the choices they do: why they prefer certain color flowers to other colors, why they limit their nectar gathering to one plant exclusively, then jump ship and find another flower to exploit, why they forage from bottom to top on a flowering stalk and never from top to bottom.

This is all within the realm of what is called basic or pure science (as opposed to applied science). Basic science can be defined as science that leads to development of theories or tests existing theories. In asking and answering a series of questions about bumblebee habits, Young and her crew hope to take these individual answers—each of which may seem small in itself—and add them to a larger whole. She describes it as "chipping away at the block until a shape begins to emerge." In this case, Young, Sedney, and Yoquinto are chipping away at the block of information that is the biology of the bumblebee. "Bees are incredibly important pollinators of both crops and wildflowers," Young explains. "But without fully understanding the biology, it's dangerous to make predictions. How will global warming affect the bumblebee population, for instance? We really don't know."

J. J. Thomson, the discoverer of the electron, described pure science as research made "solely with the view of extending our knowledge of the Laws of Nature." Once this knowledge is learned and understood, it can then be applied in any number of ways.

The summer of 2007 began as a study of bumblebees and jewelweed, but Young couldn't find a field with enough bees and plants to get meaningful results, so she cut her students loose to pursue their own ideas.

Yoquinto, for instance, wanted to know why bees forage from bottom to top on a vertical flowering stalk such as purple loosestrife. In this field of evolutionary ecology, it’s assumed that bees, like other pollinators, will practice “optimal foraging,” so it must also be assumed that these bees are foraging in a manner that most benefits them, even if it's not immediately obvious to humans. He can control certain variables—increasing or decreasing the amount of nectar in a flower, for instance, by using an insulin syringe to add or subtract nectar—to see whether he can change the outcome.

Yoquinto plans to raise a bee colony in an indoor cage this winter, allowing him even more control of the variables. He'll feed them sugar water and bee pollen, which is essentially the
same thing as the nectar that they drink from plants in the
wild. (Bees lap nectar with their tongues the way a dog
laps water. Bumblebees have a long tongue, which gives them exclusive access to the nectar of certain flowers.)

Sedney’s project is also of his own devising. What is well known about bees is that they will focus on one type of plant, ignoring all others, until one day they simply switch plants. What nobody quite understands is why this happens or what triggers the decision—if one can call it that—to change plants.

“One thesis is that they have to learn the process of extracting nectar, and to learn it for more than one plant at a time would be inefficient,” says Sedney, noting that the extraction process for each plant is different.

He has tried to influence their choices by putting a “choice stick” in their flight paths—a long pole with room at the end for two flowers—to see whether he can induce them to switch by enhancing the nectar content of a flower or making that flower somehow more desirable. So far, his data, painstakingly collected over weeks and months, have been inconclusive—which is why patience is an essential trait for a scientist.

Sedney is testing his own theory, which is that bees retain a visual picture of their flower of choice in their brain and that they are, in effect, programmed to go find that flower. “The choice of one flower over another is important to the pollination process,” he explains. Plant reproduction is enhanced if pollen arriving at a flower is from the same species of plant as the recipient of the pollen. If bees move indiscriminately between plant species, seed production (and hence the production of the next generation) will be severely reduced. Sedney also points out another key area. “People are discovering the importance of native habitat. Is it important to leave wild fields around crop plantations to draw more bees and improve pollination?” Numerou studies, he says, indicate that, yes, smaller farms that adjoin native habitats have greater crop yield of insect-pollinated plants than farms located farther away from such areas. “It seems harsh to say this,” adds Young, “but humans generally have a very negative impact on pollinators,” more from ignorance than intention. Mowing fields too early in the spring, for instance can ruin a population of bumblebee nests from which the site may never fully recover. In addition, monocultural farming practices—growing acre after acre of wheat or corn—can have a negative impact on pollinators. Monocultures, by nature, leave little native habitat between rows of crops, Young explains. Bees require “edges” for nesting, the edge between meadow and forest, for instance. Monocultures provide little “edge.” Yet the economic incentive for farmers—“the Maine blueberry crop,” Young acknowledges, “is worth about $56 million a year”—is hard to contest.

Yet that doesn’t stop Young from being discouraged. With bumblebees, she sees humans responding (or not responding) the way they usually do in these situations—standing by as a system breaks down, then scrambling to fix it once it is truly broken. She advocates agricultural practices that would help promote native habitat and increase species diversity; in other words a return to the way farming used to be before the advent of giant machines and genetically engineered crops. Family farms raised a little of everything, ate what they needed, and sold the rest. “Agricultural practices have devastated pollinator populations,” she says sadly, searching for even one example of how human interaction has been beneficial. “I can’t think of one case where the outcome has been improved by contact with humans.”

Her own project—involving jewelweed and bumblebees—is likely to take at least a few more years to complete, given that she can do fieldwork only in the summer months. (In fact, because each experiment often leads to more questions, it is easy to imagine spending decades working on this system.) Her question right now is: how does a bumblebee assess the amount of nectar in a given flower? She’s observed that bumblebees will approach a flower, such as jewelweed, and within seconds will decide whether or not they will pollinate that flower. Young’s hypothesis is that the bees are determining both the nectar quality and quantity of that flower. But how are they doing this? An intriguing idea is that the bees are using a logical thought process. Because bees leave odors on the petals of flowers they visit, perhaps bumblebees are detecting that other bees have visited a particular flower and deducing that there must not be much nectar left. “My suspicion,” Young says, “is that they’re going through a checklist.” As to what that checklist might be . . . well, she doesn’t know. Yet.

Once Young has results, they can be applied to agricultural systems—improving crop yield by learning what flower features enhance pollinator visits, for instance. But she insists that her passion in this discipline is driven purely by curiosity.

“Putting everything in terms of how it will benefit humans is short-sighted and uncreative,” she says. “We have to figure out how to live in ways that benefit all populations, not just the human ones.”

Sally West Johnson ’72 is a writer in Middlebury and a frequent contributor to the magazine.

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FEW MINUTES BEFORE 1:00 P.M., I dashed across the sun-dappled quad of a Bay Area independent school, racing to get to class on time, just like I always did. I remember one of my English students, a junior, speeding past me and teasing—"Hey Ms. Harris, if I get here before you do, I'm not late!" It was a warm May afternoon in northern California, one of those days that offered a sneak preview of the summer months lying just out of reach, and as I entered the classroom, I thought quickly about my two-year-old son, Noah, who was playing just a few hundred yards away at the school's day care.

No doubt he was enjoying the afternoon, too, but unlike my students—who were consumed by AP exams, looming SATs, and that day's focus, King Lear—Noah's biggest concern at the time was the biting caterpillars that dropped from the campus' oak trees and found their way into the folds of his clothing.

He didn't cruise by the classroom's window that day, which he often did with his day-care cohort, offering a quick wave and a smile that would melt your heart. And to tell you the truth, it didn't faze me that he hadn't. Perhaps I was so focused on Lear or my husband and I took our shivering, whimpering child to a local doctor. Exhausted, I began to weep. Noah and Charles would go home with my parents; I'd wait for the tow truck.

When I got home an hour or so later, no one was there. Before the strangeness of an empty house could sink in, the phone rang. It was Noah's pediatrician, saying something about needing to get to Stanford, immediately, to see an oncologist, and to . . . what? She said other things, but after hearing the "O" word, nothing registered. I don't remember driving to the emergency room—it was one of those drives where, upon arriving at your destination, you question what superhuman force steered the wheel, turned corners, or stopped at lights. Noah, Charles, and my mother were there—the adults were sobbing—and all I could hear was a word that was miles away from my Middlebury and graduate school lit-crit vocabulary, a word that made me feel violently ill.

Leukemia.

Our crying continued nonstop for a week. One evening, my husband and I were sitting on the floor in Noah's room, when Charles whispered through tears: "We might lose our little boy." I remember looking at him as if he had just uttered the most unspeakable, most heinously criminal falsehood in all history. It was.
not okay to say such things. It was not okay to think them. I looked at my husband in horror. I felt as if he had been abducted and replaced by someone who actually believed the words certain people referred to my son with, words like bone marrow aspiration, 24 percent blast cells, acute lymphocytic leukemia, chemotherapeutic agents, cognitive long-term effects. Clearly, we were on another planet. We were not in Noah’s nursery—Noah, whom we named it okay for our son. Adaptation is a form of survival; every effort became devoted to that cause. The hospital had to be fun. We forced it to be fun. It was a sad, desperate kind of enjoyment at the beginning, but we did it. All the oncology families do it, supermen and superwomen protecting the one aspect of their children they can: their spirits. We ran Noah around the halls with his IV, taught him to wrap his baby fingers around the pole so he could surf by the nursing station, started a Thomas the Train collection that ran extremely well along the pediatric oncology windowsills, and started making this life the norm. It kept our own hysteria in check, for the most part, anyway. Even with streams of poisons entering Noah’s veins, and a 4th of July celebrated on the hospital rooftop, Noah smiled and talked about the famous honey-loving bear he called Nee-poop, and about the rescue “Helicocks” he saw landing outside the windows. We got real smiles amid the nausea, the mouth sores, the intestinal pain, the side effects, the steroid rage fits, and the inevitable hair loss.

Then suddenly, in the middle of feeling a new but tenuous kind of balance, Noah’s diagnosis changed. Having been called into the clinic, I’d been pacing the hallway with Noah for six hours when two doctors we’d never seen before came by and said—way too quickly, too factually—that Noah’s original diag-

for his gentle, sweet, loving soul—holding his toys, looking at his beautiful picture, crying our hearts out.

But gradually, the words started to stick. They began to erupt from my own mouth, rooting themselves in my very thoughts. And so we made that transition, a transition too many families have to make, and we did what one does to survive on a new planet. We climbed out of ourselves with the mission of making
nosis, which we’d actually started feeling optimistic about, was wrong. Wrong? How much chemotherapy had Noah had in the last two weeks? How many bone marrow aspirations and lumbar punctures had he done under general anesthesia? What was going on?! I was sure that I had just cracked my head open in a bathroom and was hallucinating. But the doctors threw more terrible, incomprehensible words at us, and bound us like sorcerers using evil magic to freeze our motion: extreme high-risk status, new pH+ diagnosis, chromosomal anomaly, bone marrow transplant, low survival rates, have a good night. We staggered out and made calls that were only choking sounds over the receiver.

That night, my husband and I turned to the Internet and subjected ourselves to the tyranny of information: the most recent reputable studies placed our son in a 5 to 15 percent survival category on even the most potent chemotherapies available, given his revised diagnosis of Philadelphia-Positive ALL, an extremely rare and treatment-resistant leukemia.

Despair is painful. We stared at each other. My husband’s devastation was complete, at least as far as I could see. I thought about our two-year-old confronting excruciating pain for the next three years, only to face odds worse than competitive undergraduate admission in terms of his chances of living. Over the next dark weeks, I actually started to feel cursed, half expecting to see Zeus, or some primeval deity of revenge, perched on our roof. Goddamned caterpillars, I even thought one day. Someone had mentioned that strange illnesses could come from insect and critter bites. What the hell. Let paranoia reign.

We launched a search for compatible bone marrow. A courtesy bone marrow transplant consult aimed at teaching us about the potential benefits of BMT wound up being a searing torture session. The constant references to siblings Noah didn’t yet have, and how much more promising a sibling match would have been, left us sick and furious. Even if the doctor had known that I had recently lost a baby who would have been born days from then, not to mention a previous one who would have been born the prior April, her mood and tone would still have been heartless. With this added agony in recent memory, it was simply intolerable for us. We were beside ourselves, and our son still had no donor.

Yet during that period, hope emerged. One evening, a stranger called to tell us about her young son, who shared Noah’s diagnosis and was thriving after an umbilical cord blood transplant. Until then, not one local caregiver had so much as intimated that there was potential for our son in cord blood transplant—yet here was a family calling us to swear by it, with a living, healthy, happy, young boy. We were advised by Noah’s physicians not to use anecdotal evidence to sway our decision-making; nobody in the medical field seemed to agree on what held most promise for him. So we took a leap of faith and traveled across the country to try and find answers. Our
search took us to the Duke University Medical Center, a leader in experimental and high-risk, but highly promising, cord blood transplant. To be treated there would mean tearing our family apart, struggling to convince insurance companies to help cover up to $1,000,000 in expenses, leaving work, familiarity, friends and relatives, and most significantly, taking Noah to transplant, which has extreme up front fatality risks and no guarantees. Moving to North Carolina would also mean months—possibly years—away from home. But knowing that cord blood had donor flexibility that bone marrow did not, and that there was actually a good match available for Noah, we couldn’t discount it.

For weeks, we agonized over the decision—some of Noah’s practitioners let us know that they considered cord blood transplant tantamount to signing a death warrant. But again, we leapt. In late October 2006, we prepared to decamp to North Carolina to initiate Noah’s new treatment. As we were boarding the jet in California, I recall praying that when we returned, all of us would be coming home.

Since it was close to Halloween, Noah wanted to wear his lion costume for his pre transplant workout. He was a huge hit, little face popping out of a furry head with a lollipop dangling from his mouth. He already had very little hair left from the recent chemotherapy, but sitting contentedly in his stroller, with his lion hood pulled over his balding head, he looked like any other kid, too eager to wait for Halloween day to dress up and eat candy.

But then we returned to reality. There were reams of paper to sign—papers that spoke of chilling side effects, about the “point of no return.” I particularly recall reading about the “conditioning regimen,” an aspect of transplant that strikes the most terror in recent memory, the regimen that prepares a child for transplant. It is the ablation, the complete destruction, of all indwelling immunity in your child. I have always seen the pen as a tool for inscribing cards, for writing old-fashioned letters, for commenting on papers and signing letters of recommendation. But never, ever, for signing away my child’s immune system.

But I did. I remember the nurses’ faces on our last clinic day before going into the transplant unit, and seeing kindness, pity, concern, and muffled hope in their eyes. They knew, way more than we did, what we were doing. We were going to a place where half the children wouldn’t make it—would either not leave the transplant unit alive or would lose their fights within days or months of discharge. This was in the nurses’ eyes. I saw it, and I smiled back, ignorant, defiant. And then I looked away.

I had always viewed transplants as invasive procedures with anesthesia, major incisions, and a complex ballet involving the shifting of organs from one person to another. But cord blood transplants are shockingly simple, though medically the most intense of all such procedures. The transplant itself is like a blood transfusion, with a very small bag of cord blood cells infusing into the patient over about 30 minutes. On transplant day, which parents and practitioners call DAY 0, the cells drip in and begin to find their way into the child’s empty immune system. Quite literally, the cells know what to do, and where to go. And everyone watches and waits.

The side effects are dire and acute. Fevers, shakes, chills, raw mouth, throat and intestinal sores, dizziness, blurred vision, puffiness, loss of appetite, all-body rashes, complete hair loss, mood shifts. Every day, weight checks on fluid retention alert parents as to whether life-threatening problems, like veno-occlusive disease, are an immediate risk. Even .4 kg weight changes on the scale led me to heart-pounding scares, where I wondered if Noah would be in the intensive care unit before I knew what was happening. On the hardest nights, when I didn’t know how either of us was going to survive, I would just rock Noah, for hours, both of us sobbing. I remember begging him, Please stop crying. Just—please—please—stop—crying. I begged out loud. I wept. Both of us did. All night long, on many, many nights. Noah was barely two years old, and I knew, no matter how many times I asked him to stop, that this gut-wrenching, ceaseless wailing was his only way of saying how he felt. Even if his mouth had been well enough for speaking, words could never have conveyed what he was feeling. One morning, a nurse said that our neighbor in the next room had stayed up all night crying also, praying for us. Her own sweet little boy was three years old, struggling with unexplained bone marrow failure.

But there were good days to challenge the harrowing ones, days when Noah cruised down the halls in elation, and we had to chase after him with his IV; days when he played Bingo in the lounge; and the day of his confetti discharge party, an event where all the parents and nurses throw confetti over a child who is leaving the unit to continue outpatient care. I remember the hours right after transplant, wondering: will Noah make it to his discharge day? I remember watching with joy and deep longing as other children had their discharge parties. Nothing, no wedding, no celebration, can capture the spirit of that day—the day you take your child back home, even if home is just a temporary apartment, even to return for clinic follow-ups seven hours a day for the next three months. It didn’t matter; it just meant you were out, one step closer to a chance at survival.

Noah is back home in California now. He’s almost three years old, and while he continues to have some scary moments—dangerously low blood pressure, rapid heart rates, excruciating gastrointestinal episodes—the days are filled with a love and joy that is profound. Noah is, in his fundamental nature, a fun, happy, energetic, creative little man.

Sometimes I marvel at how we’ve kept it together. Support from family, friends—even perfect strangers—has been invaluable. We’ve experienced acts of compassion that would challenge the most hardened cynic, and we owe a debt of gratitude that we’ll never be able to repay. My mother, in particular, has been indispensable; she’s done nothing less than keep us functioning.

We don’t know what’s ahead. I think about my paused career, considering the thousands of details I recently managed and suffered over on a daily basis. Now, I just look at Noah and see my darling child. Instead of thinking about SAT registrations or East of Eden or competitive admissions and activities résumés, I think about my son building with magnets, or walking around the living room saying, “I love my mom and dad.”
CONTROLLED CHANCE

By juxtaposing seemingly ordinary images, the artist Fred Cray '79 constructs evocative narratives—both fleeting and far-reaching.

Detail of photograph by Fred Cray
If you think a photograph captures a moment in time—the "decisive moment," as Henri Cartier-Bresson so famously described it—you could miss the point of Fred Cray's work.

By deftly juxtaposing and combining visual components, Cray lends the element of time to his carefully crafted pictures. And by using features of poetry—simile, symbol, and metaphor—he leaps into the realms of memory and emotion.

"My work transcends the capture of a single moment," Cray says in his Brooklyn studio, where the walls are jammed with pictures, arranged singly or in groups. Among them are images of great and not-so-great art, street scenes, glimpsed happenings, everyday encounters, and screen shots of TV shows. These are the raw materials with which Cray builds from the serendipitous to the fateful—as if he’s taking pictures of chance itself. Or of time, the constant companion of chance, which is delightfully defined as "the assumed impersonal purposeless determinant of unaccountable happenings." [Webster’s 10th]

Cray’s best-known photographs are his “two-minute self-portraits,” which he created by standing before an open lens for that period of time, combining natural-motion blur with intentional movement to haunting effect. Often, he shaves his head or puts on makeup for these pictures. In them, he stops being Fred Cray and becomes an almost featureless cipher, an everyman.

In his collage-like “Travel Diaries,” Cray’s juxtaposition of seemingly ordinary images becomes narrative and evocative, witty and humorous, both fleeting and far-reaching. "They approximate the cacophony that you experience when you travel—a lot like the noise that goes on in your head," says Janet Borden, who shows Cray’s work at her Greenwich Village gallery.

"He’s an astonishing chooser of images," says John Hunisak, a professor of history of art and architecture. He’s kept in constant contact with Cray since his graduation and says that “for all of the ‘newness’ of his art, it is fundamentally grounded in art history and an intense understanding of what has come before.”

Others describe Cray as both inventive and smart. "He’s brilliant—period," says David Bumbeck, professor emeritus of studio art. "I learned more from him than he did from me." Borden adds, "I like artists to be smart. It has to be within their brain, not just in the product. Fred’s work is really, really smart.”

At Middlebury, Cray took as many English courses as art courses. Known both for his poetry and his large abstract paintings, Cray “was also always taking photographs,” says Hunisak. After college,
Fred Cray makes images that look like one thing and mean another.

that are layered multiple exposures, Cray retains some control over the input but still leaves much to chance, to what happens in the camera. The words are added later—phrases like “this is exactly how it happened”; “there’s no problem, you’re the problem;” and, in a work that includes his late father photographed shortly after his death, “So where do we start?” Cray emphasizes that these are not titles, which he eschews entirely, because “they can preclude other things.”

Especially in his self-portraits, Cray also manipulates what’s in front of the camera to create images that range from the theatrical to the ethereal. Since about 1991, he has variously photographed himself in black makeup against a black background, buried himself alive, covered himself with worms, painted his nude body silver, and (with the help of a magic performer) set himself on fire. When he began doing self-portraits, he says it became clear almost immediately that “I wasn’t trying to show what I looked like. I was trying to transcend what I looked like—to create a kind of ‘dark figure’ that references historical and literal things outside itself.”

One of Cray’s current projects is photograph—of Cray’s previous work. Yet he says that objectivity in photography, if it ever existed, “isn’t a given anymore. Not many people claim that photography has to represent the world. Photography has become whatever you want to use it for.”

Photography, like painting and literature, has always carried meaning and metaphor, perhaps the reason that a picture is said to be worth 1,000 words (about the length of this magazine story). Fred Cray makes images that look like one thing and mean another. They are neither objective nor definitive, but rather subjective and, in a syntactic sense, infinitive. They become aide-mémoire or, as Hunisak suggests, memento mori for both the artist and his audience.

As an artist, Cray asks about his work: “Is it my thinking? Or is it prompting others to think? Who is the ‘I’ or ‘we’? Sometimes the ‘I’ is not the artist but the viewer.”

“I’m trying to remind people that we have our own inner monologues,” he says. “Sometimes we understand each other, but other times we make assumptions about other people. Sometimes our relationships are often more projected than actual.”

Jeffrey Lott ’75 majored in studio art at Middlebury. He is editor of the alumni magazine of Swarthmore College.

To view more of Fred Cray’s work online, visit http://www.janethordeninc.com/current/
The Little Princess
Julia Alvarez '71 offers a new take on the coming-of-age story

By Elisabeth Crean

The trappings are familiar: the extravagant gown, lavish cake, well-dressed attendants and guests, professional photographer, catered food, spirited dancing, proud parents, ceremonial doll. Wait... a doll? The tiara-wearing princess at the center of this big day is not a bride, but a birthday girl, a Latina marking her transition from child to woman at age 15.

"Quinceañera" is the term for both the celebration and girl celebrating it. Middlebury writer in residence Julia Alvarez '71 spent a year traveling around the United States, attending "quinces" from California to Massachusetts and examining the industry that plans and produces the fiestas for the 400,000 American Latinas turning 15 each year. In Once Upon a Quinceañera: Coming of Age in the USA (Viking, 2007), Alvarez uncovers an intriguing mix of cultural paradoxes.

As Alvarez peels back the layers of the seemingly anachronistic quince tradition, she also meditates on her own difficult coming-of-age as a girl from the Dominican Republic who grew up in New York City during the 1960s; blending reportage and reflection leads her down some unexpected paths. The journey causes her to wonder if seeds of feminist empowerment—so hard won for her—could possibly lie within the "quasi beauty pageant cum mini wedding" of the modern quinceañera.

Alvarez starts out "torn between optimism... and a sense of dread" for Monica, the Queens, New York, quince whose story she follows throughout the book. This ambivalence mirrors how the author feels about the state of young Latinas in America. She wants to hope, but falls prey to fear when confronting the grim sociological statistics. With more than 40 percent of Hispanic children in the U.S. living below the poverty line, Hispanic girls lead other ethnic groups in rates of teen pregnancy, school dropouts, substance abuse, and suicide attempts. Adolescent health researchers have found, however, that "protective cultural beliefs and practices... provide an important buffer against depression and risky behaviors."

On its surface, the quinceañera seems more like a retro "princess-in-the-patriarchy fantasy" than a cultural practice that could protect a teen from 21st-century dangers. The quince wears a flouncy, floor-length, pink gown and a tiara. She cradles a "last doll," which symbolizes both a final childhood toy and her readiness to bear children. Preceded by a court of 14 couples (one for each previous year of her life), she enters and sits on a flower-bedecked swing, where her father changes her shoes from flats to heels. Dad takes the first dance and then passes her among male relatives for subsequent turns around the floor. "The quinceañera is like a rehearsal wedding without a groom," Alvarez admits.

Another similarity to weddings is the wallet-busting budgets, which the
But $50,000 fiestas are not uncommon. Alvarez hears a Spanish expression—"throwing the house out the window"—commonly used to describe the extravagance. She wonders if, in some families, potential college money pays for the extravagance. She ultimately becomes convinced that the quinceañera can play a positive role on a girl's path to adulthood.

The challenge is to continue investing the old tradition with new meaning. American cultures. Even their "supersizing"—influenced by everything from Disney movies to MTV's My Super Sweet Sixteen—shows an immigrant group asserting its strength is surrounding a girl with family at a vulnerable time in her life. She feels this keenly because when she was a young teen, the gap with her parents grew so wide that she left home. Boarding school became her refuge.

Rites have the power to connect self to community. In the quinceañera, Alvarez sees an opportunity for transforming the narrative of Latina girls into an American story. This was a much more painful and extended process for Alvarez and women of her generation. In the turbulent '60s and '70s, they had a much greater emotional distance to travel in defining themselves apart from their parents' native cultures and finding their own place within American society. Alvarez expresses cautious optimism that, with the guidance of "fairy godmothers" who have successfully navigated the tricky journey, young Latinas can be more than pretty princesses for one night. They can become queens of their own lives.

**Isabel Raven's Los Angeles is teetering on the edge of chaos. Aftershocks from a major earthquake continue to jolt the city. Wildfires sweep through the Hollywood Hills, endangering her parents' home. A giant tar sinkhole is swallowing up her entire apartment building.**

And these are the least of the 27-year-old artist's problems in Jonathan Selwood's ('93) wildly satiric debut novel, *The Pinball Theory of the Apocalypse* (Harper Perennial, 2007). Two supposed allies turn into the horsemen of Isabel's impending personal apocalypse. The grotesque gallery owner Dahlman, who helped turn her into L.A.'s new "It Girl" painter, now crazily tries to capitalize on her success. Meanwhile, Isabel's longtime boyfriend Javier betrays her for a shallow, underage faux Christina Aguilera. Isabel's "Subbing Celebrities" series of paintings has become hot in Hollywood: a tectonic *Mona Lisa*, with Leonardo's leading lady replaced by endorsement deal for cosmetic gynecological surgery. The ick factor appalls her, but Dahlman eagerly anticipates his cut of a quarter million dollars.

Another sellout is Isabel's soon-to-be ex-boyfriend, Javier. When they first met, the militant environmentalist from Vermont was a vegan chef. Within six months of landing in L.A., he was "serving up endangered beluga caviar and slabs of medium rare veal." His latest client, 16-year-old pop singer Mirabel Matamoros, is a caucasian Utah teen who has adopted an aggressively sexy Latina persona to climb the charts. A semi-scallandous tabloid photo clues Isabel in that chef and client have become a little too personal. The faint ray of hope that finally appears on the smog-laden horizon is Alex, a Dutch-Eskimo billionaire art collector who has fallen for Isabel's paintings, and possibly for the artist herself. His prodigiously delinquent 13-year-old daughter Cordelia, adopted when a colleague perished in the World Trade Center collapse, takes Isabel on a wild ride—literally. Missed connections and near catastrophes abound. But amid all the harbingers of Armageddon, there's just a hint that a post-nuclear family might emerge when the dust settles.

Selwood's fast-paced fabula of a life—and a city—on the brink is populated by an astounding array of outlandish characters. Some are quirky; others are modern-day Hollywood circus freaks. Oddities range from modestly appealing (Isabel's parents use cell phones to communicate inside their large house) to downright repellent (Dahlman's vast repertoire of misogynistic behavior and language). The author has conjured a world full of uproariously amusing people, however, whether you're laughing sympathetically with them or in horror at them. Best to park the plausibility meter and go along for the rollercoaster ride.

**Recently Published**

- *Democracy and Autocracy in Eurasia: Georgia in Transition* (Michigan State University Press, 2007) by *Irakli Abeshidze* '00
- *Bix's Trumpet and Other Stories* (NeWest Press, 2007) by *Dave Margoshes* '63
- *Robert Frost: The Poet as Philosopher* (Intercollege Studies Institute, 2007) by *Peter Stanlis* '42
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Elinor Lente Clements and Georgiana Hueltt Taylor returned to campus for their 75th reunion. Cheers from fellow alumni and the rapping of canes greeted them at convocation as they walked down the aisle with President Liebowitz. They also attended a brunch hosted by the president and his wife and received embroidered Mead Chapel throw pillows as gifts.

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The Class of 1935 mourns the loss of another of its members, Mildred Aubrey Monagan died on June 5. She served as our class secretary from 1975 through 1980 and was an editor of our 50th reunion yearbook. She had been living at Wake Robin in Shelburne, Vt., since 1991. We send our sympathy to husband Walter. —Class Secretary: Aline Davis Smulik, 147 West State St., Room 208, Kenneth Square, PA 19348.

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When three of our classmates marched up the aisle beneath the 1937 banner on reunion weekend, Mead Chapel rocked with the cheers and applause of hundreds of fellow alumni. "It brought tears to my eyes," said Doris Downing Daley as she reflected on her experiences at our 75th reunion. Doris was especially impressed with the kind treatment the ’37ers received from their student assistants. "One of them took my daughter-in-law and me on a tour of the campus in a golf cart." Barbara Weaver Street’s guide, a student from Africa, escorted her and her guest through the new library. "It was a wonderful weekend," Barbara said, an opinion shared by Doris Cutting, who drove down from Shelburne with her brother to attend the convocation. Doris is happy because brother Buzz has moved to her retirement community. She says he “sees to it that I walk a mile a day and do this and that to keep more or less alert.” * Yours truly, Marshall Sewell, was unable to attend because of a lingering backache, but was surprised and honored to be named “Outstanding Class Secretary” for 2007. I accepted on behalf of all of you, because it was your continuing contributions of news items that made it possible for me to thank you. * Among those sending regrets they couldn’t attend the reunion were Hans Roepke, Eileen Whitney Wilson, and Barbara Gregory Hopkins. Hans e-mailed from Germany, reminiscing about his most recent visit to the States three years ago. His legal consulting has slowed down a bit except for one case involving an American soldier that continues in the courts. * Eileen had been planning a trip to reunion, but fell and spent considerable time recuperating. She’s now driving again. * Barbara recently sold her longtime home and moved into an assisted living facility. “It broke my heart to leave my little house where I lived for 32 years. I miss my dogs, my garden, and my birds, but I’ve settled nearby and the place is very pleasant and well run.” * On the road again, Elizabeth Beebe Bliss is back touring the country with her daughter in their RV. She wrote from Cape Hatteras, N.C., notifying us of a change of address to Palo Cedro, Calif. During the summer they were planning to reach Vermont, too late for Elizabeth’s Midd reunion but in time for her high school reunion. * Betty Fleury Greene derives much pleasure from music CDs and talking books she borrows from the public library in Denver. * Carol Bloom Chalmers is still in Manhattan, Kan., but in a different apartment. * We are saddened to report the passing of more members of our class, and we extend the class sympathy to their families and friends. Philip G. Brown died on April 14 in Williamsport, Md. Born in Orleans, Vt., Philip was a tennis standout in college, serving as captain in his senior year. He was on the Dean’s List and in the Glee Club and was our class treasurer. Philip and wife Helen retired to Florida after her death, he moved to Maryland near daughter Virginia. Only a few months, Philip moved to a nursing home after a foot amputation and died soon after with his family around him. * Marjorie Bulkeley Garwood died on March 6 in Anchorage, Alaska, where she had been living for the past three years with her sister, Arne Bulkeley Beltz ’38. At Midd, Marjorie excelled in sports, playing basketball for four years and becoming captain. She was also the manager of the women’s tennis team. She was active in debating and dramatics and was class treasurer. Arne wrote that their three years together in Alaska were busy and enjoyable. Despite depending on an oxygen container, Marjorie went everywhere with Arne’s family, sightseeing at glaciers, going to the movies, and attending state fairs. Marjorie was buried at Arlington National Cemetery next to husband Jack. * Word has been received of the death of Bob Duffield on December 25, 2005. Bob was in our class during his freshman and sophomore years, then took a working break before graduating in 1939. * Beulah Shepard Towne died on June 13 in Springerfield, Mass. Steppie, as she was known to many of us, earned both her bachelor’s and master’s at Midd before embarking on a remarkable career in research and education. In 2000 part of her story was told in our class notes after she expressed her personal pride in having worked for Squire during World War II on the development of penicillin. She was a true pioneer in pharmaceutical research at a time when few opportunities were available in that field for women. Steppie was one of only six women later invited in 1949 to a dinner in New York in honor of Sir Alexander Fleming, discoverer of penicillin. Daughter Elizabeth writes, “Later my mother became a dedicated high school chemistry teacher and raised three daughters, including a physician and a college professor.” Steppie used to keep us informed of her travels with husband Bruce in their motor home, spending winters in Florida and driving as far afield as Alaska and Mexico. At Midd, Steppie was on the 2007 List of the Campus news staff, played volleyball, and was active in the Mountain Club. Her daughter also writes, “On the day she died, she talked with her doctor about her wonderful years at Middlebury College and its incredible impact on the course of her long and successful life.” —Class Secretary: Marshall Sewell (marshland7@verizon.net), 20 Morning Glory Ln., Whiting, NJ 08759.

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How many of you have your 50th Reunion coming up? I am thankful I have mine. It’s so interesting to read about our classmates as we approach our 70th reunion. I hope that thoughts of college days will inspire you to return to Middlebury in 2008 as we renew friendships and acquaintances. I’m sure the College will treat us like royalty! * Thank you Betty MacCulloch Mattson for the letter you wrote with this news: “A lovely event I attended on August 2, 2006, was a celebration to honor Winnie Duffield Taylor on her 90th birthday. It was hosted by one of her daughters in West Newburyport, Mass. One of my daughters drove three and we had a glorious time. It was a beautiful day and there was a tent for shelter from the sun. Ruthie Duffield Couperus’s three children were there and I had a wonderful chat with them. (Ruthie and I roomed together all four years at Middlebury.) Of course I loved meeting Winnie’s five daughters! It was a day I will always remember.” Betty, I hope your daughter and Winnie’s daughter will bring each of you to our reunion. * Betty Osborne Peelor spent two of the winter months with son Jim in North Carolina. Daughter Linda, who lives in New Jersey, met Jim halfway where they “exchanged” Bob. Betty and Linda spent a few days in July in Cooperstown, N.Y. Betty no longer plays golf but she rides in the cart when Linda plays. They were also planning to meet Polly Overton Camp for lunch. Betty is very pleased that she decided to invest in hearing aids. She can at last hear the minister’s sermons! * Bob Matteson is still out breaking records. At the 2007 National Masters Indoor Track and Field Championships in Boston, he broke a world record running the 800, and broke national records running the 400 and the 200. He says he was fairly healthy over the winter so he was able to train hard. * During the last week of June, I had a phone conversation with Arne Bulkeley Beltz. Arne has lived in Alaska for 60 years, 40 of them in Anchorage. Her 14-year-old grandson lives with her as does her granddaughter with her two-year-old son. The household is also home to two dogs and two cats. Arne’s sister Marjore’ 37 also lived with her for three years until her death in March. Arne flew to Washington, D.C., for her sister’s burial in Arlington National Cemetery. Arne enjoys a writing group to which she has belonged for 20
years. During the school year they meet once a week to share essays, prose, or verses they have written, and they enjoy much laughter. She is also active in the Covenant Church, an interesting congregation of Indians, Eskimos, and many others. Arne hopes very much to be with us for our 70th reunion. I discovered in the College's General Catalog bicentennial Edition that Arne worked in the field of public health for many years. After moving to Anchorage, she obtained a position of public health nurse and eventually became a supervisor and division manager of public health. When the municipality of Anchorage built a new health department, it was named the Arne Belz Building.

—Class Secretary: Mrs. Charles M. Hall (Margaret Leete), 510 Wake Robin Dr., Shelburne, VT 05482.

Little else is more fun these days than a phone conversation with Roger Chestnut about the opera he is writing. The libretto is completed and the story has more twists and turns than a quarterback on a 90-yard run. Roger has an appointment at the Rochester Eastman School of Music to discuss the possibility of producing I Go Where My Heart Leads Me. * Roger Thompson considered assisted living, but an interview convinced him that it was too controlling and invasive, so he is doing just fine in his home in Woodbridge, Ill. He especially enjoys watching tennis on TV. He asked about Thor Gustafson's freshman roommate, and Tom Murray. Give him a call at 630-960-7974. * Tom Murray has a new address: Elkton Adult Home #2019, 46 Harriman Dr., Goshen, NY 10924. The nursing facility where her husband, Gertrude Bittle Murray, is living is part of the same community. They enjoy daily visits. Their LaVallee grandchildren are Andy, assistant director of the New York State Child Development Association, and Nick, a Boy Scout executive in Philadelphia, who just hired brother Steve to help him run an 800-bed Cub Scout camp. Tom wrote this information on a note that reproduced a one of his delightful watercolors. Now that he is settled, he is thinking of picking up his brushes again. * We regret to report the death of James Walls on March 22. Our sympathy is extended to his family and friends. * We are also sorry to report the death of Kenneth Kinsey on June 13. At Middlebury he was in Sig Ep fraternity and played varsity football and hockey until family and job responsibilities made it too difficult. We send condolences to wife Doris Kefler Kinsey, 40, the rest of his family, and to his friends.

—Class Secretary: Mrs. Charles M. Hall (Margaret Leete), 510 Wake Robin Dr., Shelburne, VT 05482.

It is my sad duty to report the passing of Jim Cornwall on May 24. At Middlebury, he was active in intramural athletics, worked on the Campus business staff, played in the band, sang in the glee club, and was active in the Mountain Club, among other things. We shall miss him from our midst. Our sympathy is extended to his family. * I also learned that Lois Gillette Thorkildsen died on April 26. Lois was one of the lively ladies of our class whose enthusiasm and dedication helped things go well for us. She served as our vice president sophomore year, was a member of the Pan-Hellenic council, and was active in the Mountain Club, the skyline, and drama. She coordinated one of the Carnival Ball, served on the Frosh Frolic committee, on the Soph Hop committee, and was a freshman prom attendant. Senior year she was elected queen of the Winter Carnival. She was one of the people in our class who made things happen and we are indebted to her for her many contributions to the life and activities of our class at Midd. Our condolences go to her family. * Beverly Barton Hall writes, "I'm still enjoying retirement, eight months in Florida, four months in Connecticut, with stops each way via Kansas to see son Bart '71, grandson Ian '94, and two great-granddaughters. Daughter Tricia '71 lives nearby me in Connecticut." * Look for a report of our mini-reunion on Homecoming Weekend in the next issue!

—Class Secretary: Dr. Loring W. Pratt (lupatt@comcast.net), 37 Lawrence Ave., Fairfield, ME 04947.

After many years of faithful service as class secretary, Ruth (Packy) Packard Jones has decided to retire. In her words, she "thought it was time." Those who attended our 65th reunion may remember that she received the Outstanding Class Secretary award for 1966 from the College. She has earned heartfelt thanks for a job superbly done and the best wishes of all her classmates. Now Elizabeth Wollington Hubbard-Ovens and Margaret (Shaube) Shaub have agreed to share the responsibility for this position and look forward to hearing from all of you.

* New secretaries report: Jean Connor—like Packy, a resident of Wake Robin in Shelburne, VT.—had just returned four days after flying to New York to visit several art museums and gardens, including Winterthur. * Ruth Hardy Scheidecker, another Wake Robin resident, visited the Billings Museum in Woodstock, Vt. * Westie (Helen West Burbank) and husband Jack have for years spent winters in Middlebury and summers south of town at Lake Dunmore, while looking to regularly in touch with classmates. Westie went to her granddaughter's graduation from Brown Univ. last May. While at their daughter's house in Boston, Jack fell and fractured his hip, which entailed hospitalization and extensive rehab.

—Barbara Wells follows a regimen of earl bed, early to rise, and still enjoys cultivating her garden and pursuing a variety of interests. Chief among these is the Sheldon Museum in Middlebury, where she volunteers every Friday in the research center. She is in touch by phone with Barbara Wood Verlilk as Peg Wiley Tom Keffer, both residents in the same Williston community.

Though Peg has now curtailed her activities to some extent, she was awarded a certificate of recognition by the Arts Council of West Springfield "for many years of commitment to the arts as music teacher, chorus leader, and community volunteer." Congratulations, Peg!

Ray and Normie Winberg Unsworth continue to divide their time between Florida and So. Burlington, Vt. In 2006 they attended the commemorative service for Midd professor David K. Smith '42, where Ray was called on to recount some fondly remembered experiences. With two children living close by and regular visits from two more, accompanied by numerous grandchildren, their summers are busy. Ray continues to enjoy his antique car hobby and never misses entering two or three of his prized models in the Fourth of July parade in Williston.

A new letter from John Hickson Carmel, Calif, relates that in early summer he was invited to attend a dinner of Middlebury alumni to hear former Midd professor Clara Yu, now the impressive new president of the Monterey Institute of International Studies, an affiliate of the College. While moving a bit more slowly, Jack remains active in local affairs, as well as being trustee and president emeritus of the Robinson Jeffers Tor House Foundation. In April he traveled east to visit friends in Virginia and to see his daughter and five-year-old grandson in Philadelphia. He was also honored by the 50th reunion class at Wesleyan Univ., where he received in their yearbook as among those professors especially appreciated 50 years later. He maintains contact with Bill Bursaw, Bill Ferguson, and George Berry. In concluding, Jack states, "Middlebury College and town, despite all its many changes, remains for me a luminous time and place." I, Shaube, believe many of us could echo those sentiments. * Roger Griffith still plays golf and in quieter moments, he continues his long-standing interest in writing in various forms.

—Class Secretaries: Roger Griffith, 35 Skylane Dr., Essex Junction, VT 05452; Elizabeth Wollington Hubbard-Ovens, 14 Hamilton Pl., Clinton, NY 13323; and Margaret Shaube, 159 Village Green Dr., Apt. 2, South Burlington, VT 05403.
Early June found us in Middlebury for the 65th reunion of the Class of 1942. The College treated us royally with delicious food; golf cart and van shuttle transportation to and from events; dorm housing, more, discussion, and recreation opportunities; and plenty of time for quiet talks or naps. We were somewhat disappointed that only 11 members plus three spouses showed up but we had a good time reminiscing and getting caught up on the last 65 years.

Mary Eimer Leinbach and Nina Carmutti Danielsen were not able to attend. Joan Calley Cooper came over from her summer digs in New Hampshire with fellow Californian Margi Fell Council. Joan had also persuaded Bob Northrop and his charming spouse, Julia, to join us. Bob was forced to drop out after two years at Middlebury so it was good to get reacquainted. They live in Underhill, Vt., under the shadow of Mount Mansfield. Peggy Woods Eriksson and husband Paul (Troy) 40 came all the way from Forest Dale (at the south end of Lake Dunmore).

Myrtle Bestick Silverstein had flown from her home in Arizona to Portland, Maine, to drive to reunion with Nancy Hall Whitehouse; and Helen Hooley Young of Venice, Fla., drove up with her sons’ help from her summer home in Norwich, N.Y. Peter Stanlis and wife Joan Clark came from Rockford, Ill., and were at every event, although they stayed at the Waybury Inn in East Middlebury (in the Robert Frost room, of course). Peter’s new book, Robert Frost: The Poet as Philosopher came out in July. We, Phil and Betty Blanchard Robinson, drove up from Syracuse with son David ’67, who was attending his 40th reunion. He had flown from his home in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, to Syracuse to help with the driving. We missed several classmates who had hoped to attend but could not make it. One such person was Ira Townsend, whose wife Sally (Martenis) ’41 reported that he had written to us. Each had comments or the notes our classmates who could not attend done a wonderful job. I’d like to share some of what all “Framed My Life.” Thanks to all who wrote. If any others of you would care to send along a note or e-mail noting some of your favorite memories and thoughts, please do so. You can contact me at joannc@earthlink.net or 3400 Laguna St., Apt. 121, San Francisco, CA 94123.

Class Secretaries: Phil and Betty Blanchard Robinson (see42mdd@aol.com), 410 Buffington Rd., Syracuse, NY 13224.

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Joan and Elinor Dickie Rankin were also unable to be present. The letters were read aloud at the class dinner on Friday evening.

Visits, but prefers not to drive long distances now.

• I talked with Peggy Rush in June and learned that Dumont Rush had just returned from a week of sailing on the schooner Mary Day out of Camden, Maine, and hoped to repeat the experience in September. At home he’s active and very happy with his riding mower, he keeps five other lawns neatly cut. In June, he and Peggy went to a well-attended memorial service for the late David K. Smith ’42 at Kirk Alumni Center. Peggy reports that she is fine. George Ritchie gave up his four-bedroom house in Mass., in August 2006 and moved to a retirement community in nearby Hingham where he has a small apartment, the usual one meal a day in the dining hall, and good company, and he’s content with the change. With his oldest daughter he still keeps the house in Tunbridge, Vt., and expects to continue to be able to drive there himself. His cataracts limit his reading, and he has arthritis of one shoulder joint that may need surgical attention in the future. His new address is 204 Linden Ponds Way WC607, Hingham, MA 02343, and his phone number is 781-749-1182. Secretary Bington reports that Clive Lecko just retired after 20 years of volunteering in the library. Still living in her own home, she participates in discussion groups of history and fiction. She’s also a new great-grandmother!

Donna Rogers Brackett is doing well physically. She has five daughters around the country who come to visit her as she stays home most of the time. She sends her best wishes to all her classmates. We were sorry to hear from Betty Attenhofer Van Valkenberg that her husband Howard died suddenly January 6. Our class sent her its sympathy. Her address is 307 Cherrywood, Southbury, CT 06488. She’s in a retirement home where she will continue to live. She sends best wishes to the Class of 1943.

Donalda (Skip) Wilkin Dimond lost a companion Bob Rude on September 8. He died at the Cape Cod Hospital in Hyannis after a long illness. Our sympathy goes out to Skip. Living in a retirement home, Dorothy (Teddy) Hood Bittmann depends on her children for trips to stores, etc., as poor eyesight keeps her from driving. She hopes to attend reunion next year.

• Ginny Carpenter Halstead reports she recently attended the wedding of granddaughter Chip Franklin ’02. He’s the son of daughter Janet Halstead Franklin ’72 and husband Churchill ’71—three generations of Middlebury graduates! Ginny has slowed down on her travels due to poor eyesight but she hopes to be at our reunion. Lois Groben Doe has been staying active in bridge and book clubs. Still living in their own home, she and her husband help out in the apple orchard business of Chick (Charlotte Johnson Doe), which has just added “pick your own” raspberries and blueberries. How I wish they lived nearer us! After talking with her husband, Win, I found out Peggy Bowles Amyott still enjoys being active with her neighbors since she sees Ginny Halstead and Skip Dimond each month. She and Win are still working Christmas trees and they added white pines to the farm. Win is looking for someone to assume their care after having turned 90 recently! Bobbie Highman Stuttgrew still lives in her retirement home in Henderson Presbyterian Village, playing bridge daily, and enjoys all the many activities. My daughter, grandchild, and great-grandchild are close by. I’m still in pretty good health.”
—Class Secretaries: Mrs. Ann Cole Byington, 290 Kingston Way, Unit 275, Duxbury, MA 02332; and Dr. John S. Cale (jigale22@comcast.net), 24 Beach Rd., Gloucester, MA 01930.

The only communication we received during the past three months was this note from Bob Darrow in response to our usual plea for news. “Well, you pinched me! Life here continues but at a slower pace. Our old folks downhill ski group raced in their 70s and skied in their 80s, but it was shrinking and all quit in their 90s. Shame! Joe Jones—Midd women’s ski coach in the 40s—and but returned in 2005 due to New York on the Queen Mary 2 with 3,000 passengers. As usual, the meals on the Queen Mary were outstanding. It was reliably reported that the Queen showed in a pronounced list to starboard as it entered the New York harbor. “I did not overeat,” Tam insisted stoutly. * Mary Nasmith Means took a riverboat cruise to several countries formerly behind the Iron Curtain. She visited the Czech Republic, Slovakia, Hungary, and also Austria. In particular, she loved the city of Prague with its red-tiled roofs, curving streets, castles, and cathedrals. (Your secretaries have a slightly different memory of Prague and its curving streets. Ours involved wandering those streets seemingly for hours looking desperately for a green subway sign—any green subway sign—that would return us to our hotel). * Phyllis Hewson Evans reports that daughter Shelley has recently moved from Hawaii to Maryland. She’s a significantly shorter distance from Phyl’s home in Larchmont, N.Y., to Maryland than to Hawaii, family reunions are much easier. Her middle son got married on Friday, April 13. A lucky day indeed. * Ross and Vava Stafford Brown made a trip to Phoenix, Ariz., and to San Diego, Calif. While in San Diego, they attended their oldest granddaughter’s graduation from San Diego Univ. with a total of 20 family members, including three grandparents. The Browns reside in a retirement community in Quietman near Valdosta, Ga. Ross still cavorts around the tennis courts and courses most days, having made a trip to Phoenix, Ariz., and to San Diego, Calif. While in San Diego, they attended their oldest granddaughter’s graduation from San Diego Univ. with a total of 20 family members, including three grandparents. The Browns reside in a retirement community in Quietman near Valdosta, Ga. Ross still cavorts around the tennis courts and courses most days, having surfed with a total of 20 family members, including three grandparents. The Browns reside in a retirement community in Quietman near Valdosta, Ga. Ross still cavorts around the tennis courts and courses most days, having surfed with a total of 20 family members, including three grandparents. The Browns reside in a retirement community in Quietman near Valdosta, Ga. Ross still cavorts around the tennis courts and courses most days, having surfed with a total of 20 family members, including three grandparents. The Browns reside in a retirement community in Quietman near Valdosta, Ga. Ross still cavorts around the tennis courts and courses most days, having...
Surtees McKenna telling us of the death of her son. It’s hard to imagine a greater sorrow for a parent than the death of a loved child. Our thoughts are with her and her family as they deal with their grief.

Tiffany Clark Nourse and husband Bart ’49 attended their grandson’s graduation from Tabor Academy in Marion, Mass., and the three cats were coincident with that of our reunion. They enjoy life as permanent Middlebury residents and take advantage of lectures and other College affairs open to the public.

Martha (Pat) Harvey Oehler reports, “I was in China on a tour at reunion time, seeing Beijing and visiting friends. I saw the Forbidden City, the Yangtze River, the Gezhouba Dam, and the Three Gorges; then to Wanzan to see new housing for the relocated people from the river, to Chunking of World War II fame, where Americans under General Stillwell helped the Chinese fight off the Japanese invasion. Chunking also has a beautiful zoo where we saw the pandas. Then, on to Canton and torrential rain—this is monsoon season! We also saw the memorial to Dr. Sun Yat Sen. From there we took a train to Hong Kong—very nice and right on time. Hong Kong is another adventure, beautiful sightseeing and shopping. I indeed held up my end on this—bought a beautiful silk quilt which I’ve been enjoying life on Wilson Pond with husband Bill, a dog, and three cats. Had an 80th birthday party recently.” Secretary Nourse reports.

Dick Wolff and his wife were in Barton, Vt., in June for her high school reunion. Barton, about 20 miles from the Canadian border, is a long trip from San Antonio, Texas. I hope they flew! From there they visited friends in the Denver area and followed by a visit to Dick’s sister in New Jersey (her husband is Midd ’47, same as my brother Jim). All this travel despite neck problems that required surgery and treatment in ‘66 and ‘05. Texas has good people but hot weather in the summer. Thus Barb and Stew Washburn were back in their summer place in Ludlow, Vt., for their 70th (or 50) year. They drove all the way from their new home in Georgetown, Texas—a long ride!”

John Webb has a new address at 2135 Windward Way, Apt. 310, Vero Beach, FL 32961-4093. He and Dolly live in a condo overlooking the harbor in Vero Beach. While a student at Middlebury, he raised chickens and sold eggs for a while, but found farming unproductive so he became a bartender at the Pine Room in the Middlebury Inn. After graduation he began selling life insurance and moved into his father’s insurance agency. He succeeded his dad and spent 41 years in that work, helping the agency to grow. John retired in 1989 and the agency is now run by his son. He and Dolly have a son and daughter, five grandchildren, and one great-grandchild. Bob Dustin left his winter residence in Randolph, Vt., in May for his summer place on Nantucket. Tough life—skis in the winter, sails in the summer! Good for him! He worked hard as a dentist in Greenwich, Conn., before he retired. Professor Emeritus Jim Van Wart, one of Hofstra University’s most popular, I’m sure, writes that he is comfortably settled in an apartment in a “senior” establishment in Orlando, Fla. “The mean age—maybe not mean indeed—is about 87. One old dowager turns 110 this month.” Jim’s eyesight is a problem so he is engrossed in listening to Talking Books for the Blind and courses on CD from the Teaching Company. And he is grateful for the “godchildren and god-grandchildren” who give him lots of affection. (Hang in there, Jim—you too will one day celebrate your 110th at the same establishment.) We’ve added four more class agents who will work on our 60th reunion gift to the College: Bev Boynton Kinsey, Larry Washington, Bob Kellogg, and Jack Kofoid.

Secretaries are planning now for attending our 60th, June 6–8, 2008.

Class Secretaries: Elizabeth Bedenrigh Noss (elizabeth.noss@verizon.net), 412 N. Wayne Ave., #109, Wayne, PA 19087; and Barbee Nourse (bnourse@gmail.com), 16 Nettle Lane, Middlebury, VT 05753.

Secretary Whitier reports: Cliff Forbush checked in after a few years’ hiatus. “Still residing in University Park, Fl., where I keep busy volunteering, singing bass in a 70-person mixed chorus, playing golf and tennis, and volunteering manually on the croquet circuit (six wicket English version) with a three handicap. Planned to spend the
summer with family in Washington State and California to avoid the fury of a hurricane or two. Have recently been in touch with Scott Pike ’48, Howie Boone, Bob Parker, Wally Faber ’50, and Don Hamnerberg ’50. I ’m sorry to report the death on November 2 of John Larson known as John Selvovich when he was at Middlebury in the past few years. “Our latest adventure, on my 80th birthday, was shopping for gifts for family members when I was at the Beach in the past few years.” “Recently I was in touch with John Neuberger writes, “Roger ’48 and I do not live together any more.” “I belong to several art galleries and art groups.”

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Irv Suresky ’49.

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John Selvovich writes, “Roger ’48 and I do not live together any more.” “I belong to several art galleries and art groups.”

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Irv Suresky ’49.
also spend time in West Palm Beach, Fla., and at least a week at Lake Bomoseen in Vermont. They have six children and 10 grandchildren. Ralph and Jim Luke ’50 are still in the real estate business, but Ralph says all they do is complain and criticize and wait for a golf or gun game while Ralph Jr. ’80, Jimmy ’82, and Jim Luke’s son-in-law run the business. Ralph writes, “I haven’t written any poems in the last 15 years but will inform you when I do. My good friend Zigmund Wilf (also a partner in some real estate ventures) recently purchased the Minnesota Vikings pro football team. I’m thinking of trying out for a defensive position next year!”

Giulio Ghiron and wife Arlene retired five years ago and enjoy living in a 35-and-over gated community five miles from the Pacific. Giulio had triple by-pass surgery nearly two years ago and won the “most improved” prize from the hospital’s cardiac wellness department last year. Diana Carroll Tollner has lived in Greensboro, N.C., since 1965 and has four children, eight “grands,” and one great-grandchild. Her husband died three years ago but she lives in the same house “with all the same yard work.” She recently visited son Tony and family in Carmel, Calif., and her daughters and families live within driving distance so visits are more frequent. Diana works at Lowes in the home décor department, a big change from the local hospital where she worked for the past eight years. “Keeps me busy and in good shape.”

Philip Clarke retired in 1999 from serving as senior minister of the Park Avenue United Methodist Church and moved with wife Bettye to a house overlooking Casco Bay in Portland, Maine. They recently took a three-week trip to Scotland and England, driving 997 miles in a Skoda Octavia on the wrong side of the road, visiting Edinburgh (where Phil studied theology in 1947–48), St. Andrews, Aberdeen, Inverness, Dumfries, Harrogate, York, and London. “Lost luggage and a cancelled flight in Newark on our return, otherwise a great time. It’s good to be back in Portland, which has a big hold on our affection.” Phil says it’s tough to be a Yankees fan in Red Sox nation. In 2004, Ken Nourse ’52 sent him a tear-laden message when the Sox won the World Series, saying it was the greatest day of his life.

Edward and Liz Loesener ’42 Farber retired 16 years ago and have “pretty near died and gone to heaven” living on the coast of Maine on a bridge-accessible island that just three miles into the ocean. After Ed’s four-way heart by-pass, they gave up the 23-foot sailboat they’d had for 30 years and purchased a 27-foot powerboat they use regularly, occasionally cruising the coast for a week or so. Tennis twice a week and walking the dog for three miles on the off days keeps them in good health. Ed’s memories of Middlebury include selling milk and donuts in the dorms with Phil Axinn, chauffeuring donuts in the DU House oven after the evening meal, packing the bottles so they’d rattle, and having Dick Troy accuse him of being so cheap he’d take the jelly out of the jelly donuts and sell it as a preserve. “Still, not bad for clearing $60 a week, good money back then.” Ed regrets not studying more at Middlebury, as all Middlebury offered. After graduation he enlisted in the Army, received a commission to Officer Candidates School at Fort Benning, Ga., and in 1953 took part in an atomic bomb experiment in Nevada. Exposed to radiation, he was discharged later that year. He worked for GMAC in Boston and Syracuse, and for two banks in New Hampshire as director of marketing and investor relations for 37 years. They have three children, eight grandchildren and serve on boards of the local hospital, YMCA, and other charitable organizations.

Nancy Young spent nine months with a Cross pencil and yellow pads of lined paper writing her book, The Dream of Althusan, published in November 2006. “It’s a very special story—find it at your favorite bookstore.” Nancy says her royalties have come from former roommate Bobbie Glenn Pempel. Nancy majored in the Arts at Middlebury and remembers the nightmare of our class being chosen to renew the wartime-abandoned comprehensive. Fellow Arts majors Don Axinn and Gretchen Deckelnian also were under the spotlight for the orals, and Gretchen was stressed enough that Nancy took her for many rides in the car to help her relax. After graduation Nancy and Meg Curry Gregg were both employed in Washington, D.C., and roomed together. “In his 80th year, David White is ‘feeling pretty good, but that doesn’t rule out turning over as much money as we can each month to our doctors, dentists and hospitals.’ Retired after 30 years in book publishing, he and wife Mona live on Willbore Mountain in the Adirondacks in an 1830 farmstead. Not only have they kept a vegetable garden, but have learned about sustainable forestry practices in their 200 wooded acres, and live the simple life with solar power, a few wood and gas stoves, and no beasts. Mona works with Hospice and literacy and heads the Democrats. Women of Essex County. Dave served for years as a director of the Willbore Development Corporation. Their four children have supplied them with “an abundance of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.” Oldest son David, an attorney, was elected president of the Massachusetts Bar Association. Recent visitors were Cliff Forbush ’49 and Don Hammerberg ’50, and they often see publishing friends from New York, like Paul Eriksson ’40 and wife Peggy (Woods) ’42 who now live year-round on Vermont’s Lake Danmore. Dave says hello to all his classmates. “We were sorry to hear of the death in June of Julia Ellis Weeks. Meg Curry Gregg remembers as sophomores taking a bus to Williamstown with her and laughing uproariously and smoking the whole way. Neither of them had a very good time there, so the ride home was much more subdued.”

Norma Horsford Whittinghill says she and other friends gave Julie a lovely sea green sweater for her birthday because they thought she needed some color with her mostly dark clothes and Julie graciously wore it. 1. Phyllis, remember her managing to make a comic dramatic tale of accidentally sticking herself with the sharp trident of her Delta Delta Delta pin while on a train headed back to college. No matter the stories, many of us remember her incredible wardrobe, her stunning dark hair, her great beauty, and her kindness. We send condolences to all members of Julie’s family.

We, Phyllis and Bill, thank each of you who responded to our request for news. It’s such fun for us to receive the calls and letters and e-mails and then to share them.

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53 REUNION CLASS
In May, the Burlington Free Press ran an article about Tineke Peach, wife of Don Peach and sister of Jan Luytjes. After moving to Vermont in 2004, Tineke made the acquaintance of another Dutch woman who lives on her street in South Hero. They discovered they had both been in Indonesia when the Japanese occupied it during WWII. Although they never knew each other, their lives followed parallel lines. They even visited the same ancient ruins as children and shopped in the same stores.

Their connection has given them both someone to share stories of Indonesia and the family of a cult. Not making it to the 2004 reunion, they are now "doing more of what we want to do and close by. We had a great 55th; let's look forward to the 60th in five more years!"

—Class Secretaries: Jeanne Parker Cahill, 10 Old Planters Rd, Beverly, MA 01915; and Joe Davis (josed@valley.net), P.O. Box 3, The Ridge, Oxford, NH 03777.

54 REUNION CLASS

Secretary Ryan reports: And now, the news from sunny (and occasionally rainy) Texas! I had a really nice conversation with Bruce Ladeau who, with wife Jeanie, lives in Charlotte, Vt. Bruce retired in 1995 after serving as principal of South Burlington High School for 26 years. They are now "doing more of what we want to do and less of what we have to do." They've recently completed the renovation of a six-unit apartment house that they'd inherited. "A lot of time, money, and effort!" Bruce is working on a V encyclopedia ready for eight-dollar-a-gallon gasoline. And because he recently took up flying and soloed in 2002, he's considering buying and restoring a 1966 Ecourpoa, a low-wing, fixed-gear, all-metal, twin-tailed aircraft. It's sort of like flying a Harley-Davidson; owners are almost part of a cult. Not making it to the 2004 reunion, they did make it to their grandson's very impressive 2007 Middlebury graduation at which Bill Clinton spoke. They have another grandson who will be a Middlebury freshman next year. They split their time between Vermont and a second home in Boca Raton, Fla. All in all, they're enjoying life! 18 Hazel Hilde Greaves lives close by in Walden, Vt., on 125 acres in a farm house built in 1814. She and her husband bought the farm house in 1958 and she's been there ever since. In the past she's had "chickens, cows, pigs, and dogs," but is now down to 13-year-old dog "who gets along well with animals, but, unfortunately, bites people." Hazel has two daughters and four grandsons, two nearby in Vermont, and two in Aspen, Colo. She really enjoys her "creative invention house kicking and screaming!"

—Class Secretaries: Mrs. William P. Montgomery, 1400 Colburn Dr., Vail, CO 81777; Mrs. Robert B. Nickerson (Nancy Whittemore), (forger@prodigy.net), 4 Osprey Ln., Mystic, CT 06355; and Thomas C. Ryan (tn@aal.com), 3 Knipp Rd., Houston, TX 77024.

55 REUNION CLASS

Once again we sent out e-mails to some of our classmates for reports of their activities and interests. * George Limbach reports the fourth annual Mids' 5 Vail Ski Week is progressing with a lot of snow. The week is Feb. 23 March 1, 2008. As of now Dave and Sally Dickerman Brew, Bruce and Sue Heyer Byers, Judy Zecher Colton, Caleb and Sidney Brock Gates, Scotty MacGregor Gillette, Sylvia and Gordie Brown, George and Ann Limbach, Linda and Frankunderson are tentatively signed up. Tom and Lynnae Smith '58 Lamson may not be doing a Western trip this coming winter, and Pat Hinnman Makin is coming off massive rotator cuff surgery. Pat's doctor has limited her from anything physical (a first for her) and says eight months is a reasonable time for recovery. George hopes to hear from others who will attend (george.limbach@jllpiper.com). It's been a spectacular group experience each year, both on and off the slopes. Everyone is encouraged to join the group. * One milestone which many '58ers are approaching is the big 50th wedding anniversary. George and Ann Limbach plan to take their entire immediate family on a trip to the Galapagos Islands in July. The group included their own four kids and spouses, and seven grandchildren, ages eight to 19. * Marne Giesecke Boone celebrated her 50th wedding anniversary in March with husband Bob. Their three children surprised them by flying to Florida (where the Boones spend February and March each year) and staying for several days. It was hard to get all their family together because of different schedules, especially with six grandchildren and all their activities, so the visit made the celebration even more special. Marne and Bob keep busy at home with gardening, tennis, golf, and church work. The Boones were planning a trip to Nova Scotia this fall with friends. * Ann Towlie Dolbashian is proud of the "Organist's Assistant" program she runs at her church every summer. "This year I had two 5th-grade girls who sat on the organ bench with me during two worship services and helped turn music pages, pull and push organ stops, and occasionally played a note or two. I gave each one a short rehearsal on the tasks she needed to do and also a brief overview of the organ and all its bells and whistles. During the rehearsal each assistant had a few minutes to try out the keys and sounds for herself. They were also listed in the service bulletin. A total of 32 boys and girls have
participated in this program since I began it in 1997. I'm hopeful someday one of these young people will be inspired to become a church organist! * Nancy Walker Faulkner still works 20 hours a week at Park School (archives and alumni support). She traveled to Morocco last winter (as did I, Sally, in the spring), skied a bit at Alta, was a contractor for two, and has turned into a minor bridge nut. She loves playing weekly duplicate. Nancy's advice to classmates: "Carpe diem, everyone!" * Jackie Rudolph Kessler sent a very inspiring note. After her husband died suddenly two years ago, she found she had to keep busy. She had started to build a house on the watermen's harbor in Tilghman, Md. After he died, she became the general contractor and found she loved the design work, working with contractors, ordering everything, and in fact, doing the physical work of putting in cable railings for the huge decks. It was good therapy for her. She also gardens on her farm and grows special things like devil's claw for Brandywine River Museum's critter program and food for Philabundance. * Alan Frese writes, "I spent the first week in February sailing between Tortola and Virgin Gorda in the British Virgin Islands and then went to Malta in March. I spent most of the summer sailing around the Mystic, Conn., area on my 41-foot Hunter sailboat." * In May at the spring conference, Alan Gould received the Honors of the Association, the highest award given by the Connecticut Speech Language and Hearing Association. In June he was featured in an article in *Ethos*, a publication of the Children's Hearing Institute of New York, announcing his nomination for the Hearing Hear-O Award for his work as a pioneer in providing special programs in theater and education of deaf/hearing impaired children and adults. Alan is the professional advisor for the Hearing Loss Association of America, Southwestern Connecticut Chapter. * Jan Beem Frost writes, "Last October Brant and I went with our son and his wife to Latty Lodge, a beautiful interdimensional retreat center in west Texas, for a weekend-long time of study, prayer, and fellowship. It was our fourth retreat there with our son and daughter-in-law. This summer our youngest son and his wife flew in from Alexandria, Va., to have their first child (our 11th grandchild) baptized at our church where son Chris grew up. Then they were off to South Africa for two years where Chris is working on our government's HIV/AIDS program as a foreign service officer for USAID. Chris tells us there is a direct flight from Atlanta to Johannesburg so if we make the trip, I'll write some more news. My volunteer activity centers on our church's ministries to the elderly, homeless, and schoolchildren in Tronui, Haiti. * Dave and Jojo Kittel Corey took a cruise on the Baltic Sea in early summer. "We spent two days in Copenhagen before and after the cruise, and while on the ship, we visited Stockholm, Sweden; Helsinki, Finland; St. Petersburg, Russia; Tallinn, Estonia; and Warnemünde, Germany, where we got on a train and visited Berlin. We were supposed to visit Gdymia, Poland, but the sea was too rough and the captain thought it was too dangerous to go into port there. It was a great trip, and one of the many highlights was visiting Jean Sibelius's home outside of Helsinki and going to hear his music!" * -Class Secretaries: Sally Dickeman Brow (sdbowei@midmspring.com), 629 Benvenue Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90402; and Thomas J. Larson (tlarson1@msn.com), 92 Heath Rd., North Andover, MA 01845.

In the category of "moving on up", Al Entine writes, "I have recently been elected president of the student association at the Fromm Institute for Lifelong Learning at the Univ. of San Francisco. Fromm is 30 years old, has more than 1,000 students, and offers more than 75 college-level noncredit courses in three eight-week terms each year. We also sponsor luncheons, cultural activities, trips and special travel opportunities for our members. It's an opportunity to be involved again in a university community and I look forward to the two-year term ahead. In addition I purchased a condominium in a new high-rise development in San Francisco under construction just off the Embarcadero, two blocks from the renovated Ferry Building and the Farmers' Market. It's one block to a Muni light-rail station so I can access public transportation easily. It's four stops on Muni to the symphony and opera, and six stops to my grandchildren (eight and six). It doesn't get much better than that." * With many of us celebrating a 50th wedding anniversary, we heard recently from Alma Goetheus Peacock: "Norman and I celebrated our 50th anniversary on Aug. 1 with a small dinner for family and close friends. Since he's had Parkinson's for 18 years, we consider it a small miracle that we're still together and he's in good enough condition to enjoy the festivities." * Secretary Judy Phinney Stearns and husband John celebrated their 50th in Venice, Italy, in October. Write to us and let us know about your celebration, whatever it might be. It's fun to share. * This note came from Ted Schwerdtle: "Since the 50th reunion, wife Martha and I have been biding our time here in Roxbury, Conn., with our house on the market, waiting for someone to buy it so we can move to Idaho to get acquainted with the grandchildren. In the meantime we are very busy with town activities and lots of camping, canoeing, hiking." * For the past three years, Susan Glover Gracey has been singing with the Raging Grannies, a group of women who protest war, nuclear power, bio hazards, degradation of the environment, and other causes. Wearing outlandish hats and singing self-composed ditties, they congregate in public places around Boston or outside bio research labs or nuclear plants to sing their songs of protest. Sue says, "I know for a fact I was born with a gene for justice." Sometimes the nonviolent gatherings end in the arrest of some of the grannies, but Sue has yet to be incarcerated. * We hope that you are all doing well. Please keep in touch. We're happy when we hear from you and can pass your news on to all your classmates. * -Class Secretaries: Dick Powell (repowell55@comcast.net), 13381 Ryton Ridge Lane, Gainesville, VA 20155; and Judy Phinney Stearns (jsdahill@vermont.net), 33 Cambridge Dr., Glastonbury, CT 06033.

Save the Dates

Upcoming Alumni and Parent Events

**December 5**

New York Holiday Party

**December 12**

Boston Holiday Party

**February 1-2**

February Celebration

**March 8**

Ski Patrol 60th Anniversary Celebration

Information about all these events and more at www.middlebury.edu/alumni/events/
invited to sleep in Forest East. That anticipated thrill was long gone. The ever-changing price of postage is being eradicated by e-mail thanks to the continued computer world and thus, affordably, we can renew friendships from our various corners of the world acquaintances without delving into our Social Security savings for yet another 41-cent stamp. What happened to those purple three-centers we used for so long? Focusing on the good and leaving our difficulties on the back porch at home provided a 'real good clambake' for us to talk the talk and walk the wastewater wobble back to the lush shaving lawns of our college afternoons. We delighted in reminding the right to treat that bygone era of innocence when we were let go, encouraged and excited to walk the world without the fear of unknown reprisals. Those who chose not to make it back were missed at this academic celebration, but each of us can now take comfort in knowing there are still many leaves hanging on for more days of joy, so let's stay in touch."  

Jack Armstrong writes, "Sorry not to make it to reunion. Pat and I are retired to Lake Winnipesaukee in the summer and Florida in the winter. We keep very busy with antiques, quilting, music, and six grandchildren." We'd like to hear from others who couldn't make reunion. Sadly, we report the deaths of Richard Owens on February 18, E. Lomon Koos on May 4, and Theodore Lehner on June 24. Our sympathy is extended to their families and friends.  

Class Secretaries: Mary Ellen Bushnell (bushnell@mit.edu), P.O. Box 504, Peterborough, NH 03458; and S. Wyman Ralph (swarelph@alum.berkeley.com), 786 Wenon Hill Rd., Winthe, VT 03089.

**58 REUNION CLASS**

How did you spend your summer vacation? Russ Christensen (70-something) was set out in mid-June for a 700-mile march from Chicago to Washington with a posse of Univ. of Chicago grad students (20-somethings) to urge the impeachment of the genius who is President and vice-president. Russ, a war vet himself, warmed up for the two-month trek with 135 miles of antivar march in '05. Watch for Mary Roemmele Crowley's upcoming children's book. She has written and beautifully illustrated a book called Love to Fish My Gymnmy. It's a simple story of love and peace; available in bookstores and at www.revolutionbookstt.com. If you saw a silver-haired classmate with no known athletic experience pounding down the streets of ChicagoLand this summer, it was our own Gerald Patrick Noonan, who was training for the Chicago Marathon on October 7. Gerry was running for the Leukemia/Lymphoma Society in honor of his and Suzanne's grandson, Keegan, who died last September. "Thanks to many of you, the donations piled in, which made it all so much easier for me to face those morning runs— boring, yes, and trying too—but all for a good cause!"  

Ken Milner checked in from Madrid, Spain. "Learning that fraternity brother and classmate Clyde (Sonny) Wilder was swinging through Madrid Easter week, we spent two evenings together along with his attractive and very personable wife, Pat. I hadn't seen Sonny for 40 years but he looked terrific. All tall, slim, with a full head of slightly gray hair, and no wrinkles! The chemistry was great and I thoroughly enjoyed being with them. We, of course, agreed to meet again next year in Middlebury for the big 50th reunion. I gave Sonny a dedicated copy of my book, Appointment in Madrid, recently published in London. Sonny read it the next day and nice man that he is, ordered three copies of it from Amazon for Middlebury friends when he got back. He was also looking for a U.S. publisher for my second book, Tim Mores!"  

Speaking of our 50th, be sure to mark your calendars for reunion weekend, June 6-8, 2008! —Class Secretaries: Joseph E. Mihalik (jehoehal@msn.com), 551 Pacific St., Brooklyn, NY 11217; and Ann Oromek Farrow (apfarrow@esri.com), 2570 Meadowlark Dr., Pleasanton, CA 94566.

In Copenhagen Bob and Jan Martin Fenwick saw Paul Wachiell while they were vacationing there in June. Jan writes, "Even though I gave Paul absolutely no notice and he was 'on call' all weekend at the hotel, he was able to make time to have lunch with us. We had a delightful two-and-a-half-hour visit, trying to catch up on too many years! Paul loves his medical career there, both in surgery and also as a psychiatrist. We were impressed with Denmark's total medical care as well as its free schooling, including the graduate levels. Of course there is the 45 percent tax they pay, and we paid 25 percent VAT on everything we purchased! But it's a lively and energetic place with one of the world's highest standards of living. Paul would probably be delighted to see any of you, with a little more notice!" That vacation of Jan and Bob's also included a Baltic cruise.  

Andy Montgomery and wife Joy took a retirement trip with the Sierra Club, spending nine days in the Central American Highlands. They saw Costa Rica 'step by step.' For his 70th, Andy arranged to have 16 friends play golf and enjoy a BBQ at their summer place in Ontario. They celebrated 100 years of birthdays in the family, his 70th and his daughter's 30th. Regarding their individual landmark birthdays, Andy reports that his daughter was more concerned than he! We talk frequently to celebrate their birthdays with a trip to the theater. I don't get to be 70 yet. I talk frequently with Anne Martin Hartmann and have lunch with Phyllis Leach Morris every so often. I hear from Nancy McKnight Smith and had dinner with Pam Payne Lewis and her husband last year when I was in Pittsburgh. I'm still doing my production business and enjoying semiretirement and good health."  

In June Sue Work Kirsch moved from Old Lyme to Old Saybrook, Conn. After teaching in the program for many years, Nancy Smoller LeFloch has retired from her position at the Ecole Superieure de Commerce, Graduate School of Management, in Clermont-Ferrand, France. She reports that in 2005 the school was accredited by a ACSB International (Association to Advance Collegiate Schools of Business), "which is quite a feather in its cap for it puts our ESC in the same league as other business schools around the world. We have foreign students from the world over, as well as businessmen and -women who attend refresher courses." She adds, "I am now busy doing all those things I couldn't take care of while managing our business Yanikem and teaching my MBA students." Nancy's husband, Jean Pierre, passed away in October 2005. Bill Hussey's 70th was marked by a family weekend in Las Vegas where son Kendall '89 lives. Fourteen family members, including four grandchildren, enjoyed a great weekend that included a hike and picnic in Red Rock Canyon, and a dinner/roast where they had the opportunity to comment upon the semi-decade day of the family patriarch.  

Lucy Paine Kezar, for whom family members gave a celebration of her 70th in June, continues to teach, train, and coach in public speaking and in writing. She also does occasional performance-style public speaking, sometimes incorporating humor and 'magic' routines. Please note Lucy's new e-mail address below. Visit the Class of '59 ongoing Web site: http://www.middlebury.edu/alumni/class_pages/1959/default.htm.  

—Class Secretaries: Bill Hussey (billhusseyMiddle99 @aol.com), 203 E. 72nd St., #6B, New York, NY 10021; and Lucy Paine Kezar (lucypainekezar @verizon.net), 134 Main St., Kingston, NY 12453.
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Lars Carlson sent a report in early summer. “Mary and I just returned from a three-week trip to Europe. We took our family with us—daughter, son, spouses, and three grandchildren. Our trip consisted of three days in Venice, 12 days on a small luxury ship in the Adriatic, three days in Split, Croatia; Kotor, Montenegro; and Corfu; then up the other side of Italy to Malta, Sicily, Corsica, Portofino, etc. It was truly grand and beautiful.” Last fall they took a trip through wine country in California on their way to spend Thanksgiving with their son. “We stopped in San Francisco and spent a delightful evening with Victoria and Jim Irwin who live in that area.”

Anne McKenzie Jourlait writes, “I retired as academic dean of the Institute for American Universities in Aix-en-Provence, France, at the beginning of the year. I’m working on my second translation project. The first was a book on Cézanne and Aix; the second is on a French realist painter, Hubert Gaillard.”

Sally Porter Hoedemaker had a wonderful three months visiting Turkey and Spain, birding in both places. She then went sightseeing in Andalusia, Spain, with Germany to France with Carolyn Ladd Maurer and new husband Dave DeVilbis. Sally and husband Pieter visited Holland before returning home to Perth, Australia, and to the light of their lives, grandchild Joseph Pieter. “It’s a proud moment of their son’s success with their brewery, Gage Roads. Now they plan to renovate their house before they’re too old to enjoy it!” Sally was sorry to miss our 45th and hoped to catch up with who was around in Vermont in the fall of 2008.

Judy Neese Woods is still trying to publish her second novel, Sicilian Enigma, a suspense/romance mainstream story. Her third novel, Pearl of Nauset Bay, set in 17th-century England, is about Emma, twice queen, mother to Edward the Confessor and great-aunt to William the Conqueror. Judy hasn’t worked on it lately as she has been writing her fourth novel, set in 17th-century England and built around a famous poison case involving nobles in the court of James I, as much as the writing and both occupy several hours each day. She added, “Thank heavens for good health and two hip replacements.”

Rob and Gail (Pug) Smith Bieger enjoy retirement, spending time in their second home in the Dordogne, France; babysitting their five grandchildren; and visiting her 93-year-old mother three or four times a year in Philadelphia, although Pug says it’s sad to see someone who was a dynamic few years ago in decline. Both retired, Rob’s still highly involved in teaching young medical students and Pug has a fairly large supply of manuscripts for correction/translation. Their oldest granddaughter (11) is into theater, dancing, and singing and reminds Pug of herself at Middletown (but without the dancing and singing!).

Caroline Vinciguerra Cassels retired as the manager of finance for Chester County, Pa. Her Westie, Tina, who used to rest all day, is exhausted now trying to keep track of Caroline. In retirement, Caroline enjoys golf, a wonderful neighborhood, and her grandchildren. She looks forward to part-time consulting for local governments and was getting most excited about hosting a long weekend with guests Polly Phillbrick Ray, Nancy Mumford Mulford, and Danielle Grassi. “We spent two of what they hope is an annual fling!”

Cal Schmeichel spent a week at Bristol Bay Lodge, Dillingham, Alaska, with Ike Krasts, fishing for salmon. The fishing was excellent and on the last day, Ike caught two huge salmon on a fly rod, setting new records for that stream. Both fish were in excess of 50 pounds and took about 30 minutes to land. Back home in Saranac Lake Cal’s Branch Farm B & B business is booming due to the price of the dollar.

We MISSED those of you who didn’t attend our 45th reunion in early June! Much reminiscing took place—we have to give the attending spouses lots of browne points for patience and endurance! It was quite a good turnout actually and already great enthusiasm has been generated for making our 50th a big affair. Jeremy Dworkin was there with wife Barbara and lovely daughter Leah, who just graduated from Sarah Lawrence College (two years early). Leah attended our 25th as a six-week old. Jeremy agreed to write more stress-free private practice. Conditions Rogers! I know your family and friends must be as proud of you as we, your classmates, are.

—Class Secretary: Steve Stannum (suestannum@soi.com), 259 Hines Point, Vineyard Haven, MA 02568.
a history major and has now gotten interested in genealogy so she's the family historian (also a temporarily lapsed stamp collector). Three kids and several grandchildren also contribute to making life full and busy. As for other good reading, I'm a big fan of John and Hope Brown Pribram moved to Virginia on reunion weekend after 37 years in Maine and Betsy Barkentin Gardner wrote, "Since last August son Josh has been with the Afghanistan Reconstruction Group in Kabul (a one-year State Dept. job) and on our reunion weekend he was coming to the U.S. for his first visit since Christmas. I will see you at the third, God willing, Insallah." Bonnie Bonnivat who is living in England said that there's too big a puddle between her and us. Bill Dalzheimer just returned from Nicaragua where he worked on an NGO Planting Hope project with his son and grandson.

I (Liza) almost met up with Isabeth Bakke Hardy at the Burlington airport but we missed each other. Izzo owns a gallery in Johnson, Vt. Gorgeous paintings! Google her under her name and see for yourself. We know we have left out even more news. We should have had a tape reader. Forgive us and keep sending us news!

Class Secretaries: Judy Bonzorth Roesser (jbroesser@aol.com), 8809 Mariscal Canyon Dr., Austin, TX 78739; Lisa Douthy Fisher (lfish@msu.edu), 11630 Center Rd., Bath, MI 48808, and Jeremy Dowerkin (jdc14@verizon.net), 3998 Route 100, South Londonderry, VT 05155.

63 REUNION CLASS

Anne Beiser Allen writes, "After seven years in Minnesota, we're moving to Wisconsin where we'll be closer to some of our grandchildren. In October my latest book, And the Wilderness Shall Blossom, a biography of Minnesota Bishop Henry B. Whipple, is being published by Ation Press."

Dan Phillips reports, "I retired in June 2006 and am enjoying having time to travel, be with family, and coach soccer for one of my grandchildren." From David Taylor we heard, "My wife and I are moving from Huntington, N.Y. (our home for 40 years) to Plainfield, N.H., where we plan to build a house. Our new place is near daughter Sarah '93 and husband Matt Dunne and first grandchild Judd. We are looking forward to lots of outdoor activity and being considerably closer to Middlebury for its alumni offerings." Speaking of alumni events, please keep June 6-8, 2008, open for our 45th reunion!

Larry Ring and Jane Ann Bachelder Johnson may be calling for volunteers. The more people involved, the easier for all. Hard to believe this was the class that started the 300-member Vermont Common School. It is still the librarian at the St. Albans School in D.C. She was elected to the Newberry Committee for 2007, a committee that chooses the best children's book written by an author living in the U.S. for the previous year. For Edie it was an honor to serve—she loved the choices and had lots of fun. Last summer Edie and her husband traveled to Angkor Wat, Cambodia, and then on to Japan where she teaches every summer.

—Class Secretaries: Marian Demus Baade (mmbaade@aol.com), 4 Red Rock Rd., New City, NY 10956, and John Vichiella (vichiella@juno.com), 193 Byars Rd., Greenwich, CT 06830.

65 Our sympathies to Ann Fowler LaBerge whose husband Marshall Fishwick died in May 2006. Still an associate professor in science and technology studies at Virginia Tech, she says, "I'm creating a new life for myself and my animals (one large golden retriever and two Maine Coon-mix cats). To that end, I bought a summer bungalow in Madison, Wis., right around the corner from my younger daughter, son-in-law, and baby Jack (10 mos.). Contact me at alaberge@vt.edu." From Liz Pink Farnsworth we heard, "I'm still in the Bay Area, working abroad occasionally for The NewsHour with Jim Lehrer, and also producing a documentary for PBS about the legal pursuit of Augusto Pinochet called Join the Judge and the General." Thanks, Liz, for that moving tribute to Pardon Tillinghast in the summer issue.

Burke Walker attended a year of teaching theater at Whitman College, directing A Midsummer Night's Dream and Tartuffe, before taking a fabulous trip to China. His next pro assignment: Doubt at the Syracuse Stage. Bill Mueller is one of the many classmates who sent along tributes to Jerry Thayer who died August 23 of heart failure. (Jerry's obituary will appear in the next issue of Middlebury Magazine.) Bill wrote: "Jerry was a nice guy, and we had Dan Phillips and Jerry to share a few Buds (what else!). I regret that those moments were all too rare. Jerry had tremendous energy and was a very giving person. There was a lovely tribute given to Jerry at the Great Waters Concert (another of Jerry's passions). The power went out in the middle of the speech causing the speaker to shout. I have to believe that Jerry was embarrassed by the attention and tried to 'pull the plug' but what was needed to be (and should have been) said, prevailed."

—Class Secretaries: R. W. "T" Tall Jr. (tallm@shenkm.net), 204 Clark Rd., Cornwall, VT 05753; and Polly Moon Walters (Mtn. Kempsley) (polly@em.com), 100 Grandview Ave., Fort Collins, CO 80521.

66 It's been a very quiet season for our class. We look forward to hearing from you soon for the next issue.

Francine Clark Page and husband Richard spend a delightful weekend attending the wedding of Bob and Cathy Zawistoski Sampson's son, Burke. Francine especially enjoyed getting reacquainted with Cathy's cousin John Zawistoski '85 after more than 40 years. Judy Engle Hishikawa still teaches high school ESL, U.S. history, and language arts in Paramus, N.J. As a licensed learning disabled teacher consultant, she also tests children with disabilities affecting their learning. She has four grandchildren, two boys and two girls.

In January Prue Frey Heikkinen took a one-month sabbatical from work, and she and husband Dale spent the entire time touring the South Island of New Zealand. "It was divine—we were not rushed and could drive and hike wherever and whenever we wanted. The scenery was memorable—four 1 GB digital camera chips filled to the brim! January is the chick-hatching month down there. We visited a number of Department of Conservation bird sites and saw baby penguins, albatrosses, royal spoonbills, and white heron colonies. It made me think often of Ginny Backus Wilcox as she is such a fine birder. And, I had to chuckle when we arrived back home, because there was a postcard from Nancy McMullin Fischer from South America where they too had been seeing penguins." Back in the land of reality, Prue is still selling enterprise level security and encryption software for e-mail and file transfer. The company she works for is located in California and she can work from a home office.

In Florida, Rev. Robert Palin is serving as an interim pastor at the Spring Hill United Church of Christ, helping that church redefine itself as it looks for a full-time minister. Robert has served in regular and interim church pastorate for 37 years and enjoys the special rewards and challenges of interim positions. He and wife Carol live in Dunedin.

67 Our 45th reunion was a blessed gathering of classmates, with beautiful warm, sunny weather for
our outdoor events, most notably the banquet in Gary Margolis’s apple orchard, our hike through the Otter Creek Gorge, and the Sunday play day and brunch out at Lake Dunmore. Even more importantly, we were blessed in the many classes (close to 90 students and spouses who came back to our dorm on the hill and contributed their intelligence and openness to our three discussions, their friendliness to all, old friends and new, their rich life experiences, and their noticeable optimism and appreciation for where we now stand.)  * Freddie Mahlmann writes, “Not even the weather or the alleged and now infamous ‘two-mile hike’ could dampen the enthusiasm of returning friends for some hours of laughter, thoughtful consideration of important issues, somber reminunces of those who have died, and wonderful music from a variety of sources.” * Linda Morse says, “I was struck by the new connections that I made with classmates that I barely knew way back then and the very interesting life experiences that we folks in our 60s bring. Quite wonderful.” * From Dave Tura we heard, “Hillery and I really enjoyed the specially the game of the hike, and the Saturday living room get-together.” * “The discussion groups were extremely relevant and interesting. The death hike (during which I must have lost at least five pounds) was fun,” says Susan Freier Geisenheimer. * David Gordon writes, “Sunday’s brunch at Dunmore in Susie Davis Patterson’s cabin (with the tour of Tom’s cabin) was great fun. Good relaxed time with a scenic boat tour of the lake and an invigorating hike up to the falls. Looking forward to the 45th!” * Beverly Fead Leys thinks “the experience was a special moment in so many of our lives.” * Barb McEvoy Bentley says, “Wow! Reunion this year was even better than the last one. From the minute I arrived until I headed out for Brandon Gap, I enjoyed talking with classmates. I am amazed and delighted to find how at home I feel with folks in our class.” * Rick Hogan comments, “I had a super duper time and I got the sense that everyone else did too. The only frustration for me was in reflecting how sad it was that it’s taken me 40 years to connect with some really impressive and interesting people whom I should have been enjoying all this time.” * Marion Boulbee writes, “Each event you organized was meaningful for us. The three days and brought us closer together.” * Fred Came my way inPerth, Australia, Will Prescott rode his very impressive BMW motorcycle from Boulder, Colo., and Jim Adams cruised up in his little MG sports roadster, but however classmates arrived, we were thrilled to see each other and reconnect and enjoy good times together for three days. * Be sure to sign up for PantherNet at www.middleburyalumni.org. (You can also get there from the College Web site.) You will need your ID number, which can be found above your name on your magazine address label. Then you can subscribe to the Class of 1967 discussion group. Guy Oliver challenged all of us at reunion to combine our talents and brains to tackle a class project to address global warming. We will be sharing ideas and continuing many chats begun over reunion weekend at this site. * Also, on a picture-taking note, the Class of 1967 reunion on our Class of 1967 Web site. You’ll find it at www.middlebury.edu/alumni. We look good! * Best to all, keep in touch; and put Reunion 2012 into your BlackBerry now.

—Class Secretaries: Susan Davis Patterson (sdp@alumni.middlebury.edu), 67 Robinson Plkwy., Burlington, VT 05401, and Alex Taylor (alex.taylor@fortunemail.com), 325 W. 86th St., #8B, New York, NY 10024.

68 REUNION CLASS

On May 12 and 13, several members of the Class of ’68 gathered at the home of Susan Caughman and Gerry Goodrich in Norfolk, Conn. The weather was perfect for golf, walks, good, old-fashioned sharing and catching up with each other’s lives. Classmates attending included Susan Blume White with husband Chris ’63, Nancy Cahill Mercer with husband John, Marilyn Simon Margon with husband Arthur, Margaret Dale, Susan Hastings Chandler and husband Webb, and Kathy Bugni. A photo of the group was taken with Susan White holding a banner that once belonged to Ann Draper Brown. Ann’s father gave it to Susan when Ann died, and Susan has passed it along to Nancy Mercer’s daughters Lyndley Mercer Mettler and Rebecca McGuire of Evanston, 111. * CJ Wikstrand writes, “We have left St. Maarten. The building boom, traffic jams, and disenchantment with American Univ. of the Caribbean drove us in a more remote direction. We were extremely fortunate to have the specialties that Saba Univ. of Medicine needed (Jim—pathology, me—immunology) at a time that they have eclipsed AUC in the offshore med school rankings, so we began teaching on May 8. The students here are extremely pleasant bunch, less stressed than their AUC peers, and they joke that the lack of beaches, casinos, strip clubs, and other distractions leads to a productive studious life (although they seem to party quite heartily on weekends). The island of Saba is beautifully quiet, vertical, and very much attuned to the winds and the sea. With the population as small as it is, everyone knows everyone else by car and by sight. The biggest hazard to driving on these Swiss-like mountain roads (narrow, cliff-clinging, with sharp cutbacks) is having to wave and honk at everyone you pass. No beaches here, as it is a dead volcano, but the rainforest is awesome. We are very much enjoying our fellow faculty and the students, and have some interesting new friends. I apprenticed myself to a glass artist and am learning the ancient craft of blowing glass. As this requires lit torches and combustible materials, Jim is very happy we do this at Jo’s studio, not our house, and constantly worries that I will return sans hair. We had a glorious week last April with Don ’66 and Frannie Fredericks Ferriss, who came to stay with us before our departure from St. Maarten. Within three minutes of their arrival at the airport, Frannie and I were back in Midd- ese. Decades slipped away, and it was hard for us to realize we’re grown kids are such fun that I spend every possible minute of their arrival at the airport, Frannie and I were back in Midd- ese. Decades slipped away, and it was hard for us to realize we’re grown.

—Class Secretaries: Bentley Greer (greg@bentley@epamall.epa.gov), 418 East St. NE, Vienna, VA 22180; and Barbara Ensminger Stoebeau (kisbohi@aol.com), 6 Timber Fare, Spring House, PA 19477.

69 In May, the Cleveland, Ohio, law firm of Walter & Haverfield LLP announced that Douglas Barr had joined them as a partner in its business litigation practice group. With a J.D. degree from Case Western Reserve Univ, School of Law, he has extensive experience defending clients in federal and state courts throughout the country. He’s a member of the Cleveland and Ohio State Bar Associations, as well as the Defense Research Institute and the William K. Thomas Chapter of the American Inns of Court. Active in community activities, he serves as a trustee of the Cleveland Orchestra, is a past board president of the Western Reserve Historical Society and the Children’s Aid Society in Cleveland, and serves as a member of the College’s Arts Council.

Living in South Burlington, Vt., Sandra Sapp Dooley is a senior policy advisor at the Vermont Department of Health. Recently relocated to the South Burlington city council where she serves as the council clerk. * Wayne Swift writes, “My lucky granddaughter, Emerson Elle Swift, was born on 07/07/07 with me in attendance. It was a great joy to see son Dylan so happy. Also, my second book, The Kennedy Assassination Storm, will be published in spring 2008 by HarperCollins/Simon & Schuster. Under my name Will Swift. It tells the story of the years 1938 to 1940 when the Kennedy family was in London. I now live in a Federal house south of Albany in Columbia County, N.Y., and spend a couple days a week in Manhattan with my psychotherapy practice.” * Ginny Hopper Hoverman writes, “I am the proud grandmother of two darling children, Elizabeth (5) and Alex (2), children of my daughter Heather Mead Jack ’93 and son-in-law Phil of Ashland, Mass. These two kids are such fun that I speak every possible second with them! What an honor and a joy to be their grandmother.” * I (Anne Onion) have been doing some work to welcome the idea of turning 60. The sad news of the death of our classmate, Theda (Teddy) Politi on July 17, made me realize how fortunate it is to be alive, no matter the age. I am still climbing mountains (am down to just 10 left in the 80s), walking with my dog in the woods, gardening, and further sorting out my spiritual path with the recent influences of a UU Living By Heart practice and the wonderful creation spirituality perspective of theologian Matthew Fox. How are all of you hexagenarians doing with this transition? Write us!

—Class Secretaries: Anne Harris Onion (onions@metracast.net), P.O. Box 207, Gilmanton, NH 03237; and Peter Reynolds (preyn@wcvt.com), P.O. Box 61, Walden, VT 05353.

We have two new secretaries for the Class of 1970—Beth Prasse Seeley and Nancy Crawford Sutcliffe. You can send news to any one of us. Beth reports, “Pam Penfold and I met for lunch in Boulder, Colo., on May 24 and had a great time catching up on our lives since Midd. We discovered we had both been at the 25th reunion, but otherwise hadn’t seen each other since our student days. Pam is currently editor of the Colanodon, the Univ. of Colorado alumni
Those of us who enjoyed Tom Tobin's friendship in college were enriched by it. To those who didn't benefit, a brief intro: Tom (who authorizes this disclosure) arrived with most of us in '67 and graduated with most of us in '71—but he got there by a secret route rather than one departure from the premises. Tom now lives in Pawcatuck, Conn., with wife Kathy and two daughters. He writes: "The last time we had contact, I had just returned from reunion 2006. (You may recall that my family had decided that I was too fat, too bald, and too old to get into trouble; so I was permitted to attend solo.) Since then I have continued to plod away at practicing law, and I continue to look for alternatives. Teaching remains attractive. Older daughter Amy (20) has completed her sophomore year at Providence College, has excelled academically and is pursuing her passions of crew, drama, and elementary language arts. Beth Prasse Seeley (beth@seeley.com) and Nancy Crawford Sutcliffe (nursuteff@optonline.net)."

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Notes from the reunion front: We do get older as the years pass, but it is fun to find out how you got older. Judy McCormack and George Siewright were among many people snapping a few last photos. No one wanted to leave. To everyone who came, thanks for making the reunion a weekend to remember; and to the rest of us, please come next time. * On behalf of our whole class, I'd like to express appreciation to Judy Wingham, my intrepid courier of this column for the past who-knows-how-many years. Judy's real estate career in Toronto has taken off in a big way, and she has decided to step down as class secretary. Thanks for all your outreach efforts, Judy—you've done a wonderful job. Stepping in to take Judy's place is Evvy Zorger, a former Michigan class secretary, Jennifer Hamlin Church, that we've only gotten better. No doubt I sound like Pollyanna, but I think most who attended our 35th celebration in June would agree that, as a group, we enjoyed more fun, more great conversations and more dancing—together—than we ever could have predicted when we were in school. No matter how we categorized and divided ourselves back in the day, we are evolving into a seamless group of friends. Kathy Mulligan Lord spoke for a lot of us when she said, "We were struck by the number of people we now call friends that we didn't really know in college." Kudos to Kathy and Dave Furney for organizing another great get-together. * I hadn't seen Meg Beattie Page since graduation so it was fun to find Meg and Charli Fulton greeting new arrivals at the Château, our class headquar­ters. I headed upstairs to find out who was next door to whom in our weekend dorm. Moore Newell (who I learned is certified to hang glide up to 12,000 feet above the ground) and Cindy Wright Berlack (who did a fine job combining teaching and flying) were some of my Château pals, along with Kathy and Dave. * Missildine. * Our man in the statehouse, Gov. Jim Douglas, gave us a warm welcome back to Vermont Friday night as we reconnected in the environmentally friendly Atwater Commons. The food was fabulous but most people were too busy talking to take much notice. I enjoyed catching up with Martha Harris Dolben, Morgan Hollis, and Eric Samp among others. * Waiting to pose for our class picture on Saturday, I caught up with classmate Erhard Mahnke. Inside the chapel at convoca­tion, George Kuckel was surprised to receive the Alumni Plaque Award honoring his years of loyalty and volunteer service to Middlebury; we cheered him loudly, rapping and tapping with Gentle Bill's printed paper. Through the window, I saw Bill Wells kept me and Penny Mellwaite and several others laughing throughout the thunder­storm delay, when we crowded into Forest Hall to await the "all clear" before returning to our tent banquet. Sally Davidson Foster and I took the opportunity to revisit our senior year suite in Forest, chatting with the 50th reunion occupants of the room, we were startled to realize that now closer to our own 50th reunion than to our Millgrad—groan. * Over Sunday morning coffee in Proctor, I touched base with Larry Haydu, another person I'd not seen in 35 years; a psychotherapist in Boston, Larry said he expected to know exactly when I was here on duty— and was happily mistaken. * Finally we all headed to Cider Mill Road where Churchill and Jan Halstead Franklin graciously welcomed us into their spectacular home for Sunday brunch. By that time we were all best of friends. Judy McCormack and George Siewright were among many people snapping a few last photos. 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On June 11, 2005, Jen Cupani ’01 married Reid Porter ’01 in Maryland. Many Middlebury friends joined the couple to celebrate: (all ’01 unless noted) Steve Bertolino ’00, Macressa Perreault ’03, Angela Smith-Dieng ’00, Charlotte Stiles Howard ’00, Amari Parker Harrison ’99, Steve Liu ’03, Yuriy Nevmyvaka, (second row) Hitoshi Yamaguchi ’02, Dorothy Resig ’04, Elizabeth Padgett, Abi Butler Marks ’00, Marijah McKechnie-Fazdiewicz, the newlyweds, Jessica Monroe Vaughan ’02, Brian Harrison ’99, Jessica Panko, (third row) Dauvin Peterson, John Kuykendall ’02, Tom Marks, Brian Northrop, Chris Mitchell, Ben Howe ’03, Luke Dyras, Mike Alonzo, Dave Binnig, Will Vaughan, Nick Kuckel, Ethan Feuer, and Amanda Hellenthal ’99.

In Portland, Ore., Ingrid Carpenter and Warren Fish ’97 celebrated their marriage on September 3, 2006. Midd friends who attended included (all ’97 unless noted) Dave Bass, the newlyweds, Annie Feidt, Jon Fish ’66, Dorothy Sheet ’67, (second row) Hillary Hoffman, Ethan Suter, Joe Birbiglia, David Weinstein ’68, (third row) Austin Ramzy, Owen Randall, Dan Vernazza, and Aram Patterson.

After a more intimate wedding ceremony in Iceland on April 29, 2006, Tetyana Biisky ’98 and Tom Denford were married on May 13, 2006, at the Chapel Royal in London where Queen Victoria got married. Married by Queen Elizabeth’s priest, the newlyweds are pictured here with the Queen’s Choir in full formal dress.

Peggy Daniel Murphy ’78 and Gregg Delhan were married June 24, 2006, in Montclair, N.J. They were joined by fellow Middlebury alums Curt Viebranz ’75, the newlyweds, Jennifer Hunt Nicasio ’78, Laurie Galbreath ’78, and Judy Jacob ’78.
Erin Dempsey ’98 and Ian Berger ’98 were married on a beautiful summer afternoon at Mead Chapel on July 29, 2006. A reception at the Waybury Inn followed where Midd friends helped to celebrate; (all ’98 unless noted) Brad Martin, Matt Burwell, Erin Grace Gordon, Kim Flores Aurasian, the newlyweds, Kay Masselam Hatch ’98, Martin Beatty ’84, Brent Sonnek-Schmelz, Stephen Monninger, and Tadhg Campbell.

Jon-Erik Borgen ’99 and Brooke Morrill were married in beautiful Grand Lake, Colo., on August 13, 2005. Midd friends attending included (all ’99 unless noted) Ian Wolfe ’96, Brad Corrigan ’96, Dave Watts, Todd Fryatt, (second row) Sarah Hall ’00, the newlyweds, Randi Borgen Jaerbyn ’98, Aimee Sanders Freund, Suzy Strife Leach ’02, Kulin Hagerman Reardon, (third row) Adam Pascal, Forrest Westin, Lindsay Ritter Westin, Peter Ericson, Tom Winston, Evan Freund, Mike Hussey, Scott Leach ’00, John Malfitis, and John Piess. Missing from photo is Mike Faucher.

Hallie Parker ’03 and John Prescott ’03 were married on December 16, 2006, in Washington, D.C. Midd friends who helped the newlyweds (first row) celebrate included (second row) Caitie Parker (C.V. Starr-Paris ’04), Laura Beerits ’06, (third row) Pat Harris ’03, Emily Swan ’03, Laura Woodward ’03, Caitlin Peirce ’03, Jake Durling ’03, Marc Weinstein ’03, Heather Wright ’08, Abe Streep ’04, Mater Messing ’06, Jocelyn Florence ’06, Jay Harnor ’03, Jon Cormier ’01, Denny Smith ’04, (fourth row) Brad Tufts ’03, Brian Vickery ’03, Ryan Petersen ’03, and Kel Vasileff ’03.

On September 23, 2006, Tory Jennings ’01 was married to Robert Diamond in New York City. Midd friends celebrating with them were (all ’01 unless noted) Carrie Thompson, Francisco Peschiera, Erin Sussman, Chris Herbert, Serena Peck, Andrew du Pont, Greta Simmons Herbert, the newlyweds, Anne Elkins, Dana Kugelman ’02, and Megan Byrne ’96.

The wedding of Claire Horsley ’01 and Jesse Oak Taylor (Ide) ’02 took place along the shores of Lake Champlain at Shelburne Farms on August 26, 2006. Midd alums in attendance were (all ’01 unless noted) Mike Thwaite, Rafael Morales, Sueño LeBlond ’99, (second row) Courtney Painbuah ’00, Alessandra Jain-Jordan, Tara Taylor-Ide ’05, the newlyweds, Lissa Mose, Brianna Rolerson ’03, Katie Tsuji ’00, Anais Mitchell ’04, (third row) Joe Langerfeld, Seth Kennedy, Noah Hahn, Ryan Case ’00, Jake Feldman, and Mike Sullivan.
On October 21, 2006, Emily Sharkey ’01 married James Ong ’01 at Mead Chapel. A wedding reception at the Inn at Baldwin Creek in Bristol followed with Midd friends joining in the celebration: (all ’01 unless noted) Kristen Lyall, the newlyweds, Sarah Garcia, Miranda Hillyard, (second row) Garrett Dodge, Dan McNamara, Tom Keon, Louie Yelton, Tom Santoro, (third row) Paul Usschak (WPI ’00), and Arun Revana ’02.

The marriage of Anais Mitchell ’04 and Noah Hahn ’01 took place on June 24, 2006, at Treleven Farm in New Haven, Ct. The following alums posed for the Middlebury photo with Gamaliel Painter’s Cane: Alana Sagin ’04, Jesse Oak Taylor ’02, Ben Calvi ’02, Sophie Esser ’03, David Nogueiras ’00, Jesse Cooper ’00, Tori Sikes ’03, Charlotte Carlson ’05, Alina Bain ’03, Caleb Elder ’04, the newlyweds, Ryan Case ’00, Lisa Maser ’01, Lisa Rautiainen ’03, Jean Hamilton ’04, Catherine Tsui ’00, Andy Urban ’01, Michael Sullivan ’01, (second row) Rafael Morales ’01, Claire Horsley Taylor ’01, Jake Feldman ’01, Ian Greenfield ’02, Zoe Lasden-Lyman ’02, Valerie Blevins ’04, and Sueo LeBlond ’99.

Midd friends gathered in Houston, Texas, on November 11, 2006, to celebrate the wedding of Elizabeth Kennedy ’97 and Marcelo Zamorano: Dan Drake ’97, Andress Beck Pettibone ’98, Stephen Pettibone ’94, Harlan Kennedy ’95, Kathy Cooper Lake ’77, the newlyweds, Anna Foster ’97, Emily Hainen Smith ’97, Elisabeth Wynn ’97, Benjamin Rosin ’62, Katie Rosin-Green ’97, Randy Lake ’74, and Sarah Carl Kennedy ’95.

The wedding of Frances Madsen ’99 and John Maletis ’99 took place on June 10, 2006, in Bay Head, N.J. A fun group of friends from Middlebury joined in the celebration: (all ’99 unless noted) Liz D’Agostino, Jason Vintiis, the newlyweds, Heidi Howard, Kully Hagerman Reardon, Amity Wall, Andrea Calleja Lee, (second row) Rob Patterson, Martha Alexander LeVeek, Dana Chapin ’02, Sarah Hall Weigel, Jen Clark, Betsy Wheeler ’01, Randy Wilson Hall ’01, (third row) Mike Faucher, Ethan Mark, Adam Pascal, Pete Ericson, Jon-Erik Borgen, Pete Dittmar, Pete Austin, Eric Larsen, Jordan Krugman, Matt Mithun, Tom Winston, John Pless, and Mike Hussey.

On June 11, 2006, Dana Dunleavy ’00 married Sarah Cooley ’00 at Shelburne Farms in Shelburne, Ct. Many Midd friends joined them in the celebration: (all ’00 unless noted) Liz Beaton ’02, Caroline Bevelander, the newlyweds, Lauren, Wilkes Bedford, Ben Bedford, Andy Katz, Mindy Olson, (second row) Mike Cooley ’01, Adam Popkin, Mike Baumgarten, David Ferreira, Than Bryan, David Paul, Sharra Helmski ’02, Laura Greer ’01, Erich Osterberg ’99, (third row) Stacy Bresandro ’05, Rick Cooley ’04, Roy Cooley ’72, Chris Nasveschuk ’01, and Brian Bethke ’01.
Kristofor Decker '00 married Erin Becker at the Molly Pitcher Inn, Red Bank, N.J., on October 8, 2006. Celebrating with the couple were Rodney Lopez '99, Kiril Savino '00, Garth Corriveau '99, Terry Wetterman Jr. '00, the newlyweds, Joseph Piretti '00, Nicholas Olson '02, Meredith Reeves '00, and David Gaddis '02.

The wedding of Ashley Sullivan '02 and Christopher Everett '01 took place on September 16, 2006, at the Oyster Harbors Club in Osterville, Mass. Midd family and friends who helped celebrate were James Munro '02, the newlyweds, Molly McGlynn '02, Agnes Benedict James '52, William Everett '72, (second row) Meredith Livott Minkowski '01, Emily Greenstein '02, Blaise Barkin '03, Susan Scher '86, Rick Everett '78, (third row) Brad Pryba '01, Lissie Fishman '01, Abbey Haber '01, Kelsey Dub '01, Jen Bahnson '01, Doug Parobeck '01, (fourth row) Chris Lindstrom '99, Hannah Ritchie '02, Ethan Feuer '01, Chris Nasvsechuk '01, Bart Plank '96, Torrey Hinman Plank '96, (fifth row) Andrew Everett '07, Bryan Lodigiani '03, Annie Williams '07, Whitney Bogoch '06, C. Ryan Miller '01, Drew Nichols '01, Maria Stern '02, and Chip Franklin '02.

Jay Staunton '93 and Jessica St. John '01 celebrated a Cape Cod wedding on September 23, 2006, at the Wequassett Inn in Chatham, Mass. Family and friends joined the couple by the water's edge, followed by dinner and dancing overlooking Pleasant Bay: Zubin Misri '04, Emily Vandal '02, the newlyweds, Kate Sabatini '01, Melanie Rausch '01, Abi Butler Marks '00, (second row) Nick Branchina '93, Grady Woodring '93, Jordan Sullivan '93, Susie Dalrymple Sullivan '91, Jeff David '94, Phoebe Folger '94, Justin Ellicker '97, Ryan Palcok '01, Jessi Burgess '00, Ethan Feuer '01, and Chae Chung Yi '93. Missing from photo are Peter Rubin '93 and Tom Marks '01.

Kristin Arends '98 and Andrew Hayward were married in Rockford, Ill., on September 16, 2006. Though they forgot to take a Middlebury picture, they were very happy to have Middlebury friends Liz Dublin '98, Eric Nadzo '97, Jessica St. Clair '98, Dan O'Brien '96, Eva Blank '98, Addie Humbert '98, Dan Schechter '96, and Emily McCord Fourre '99 with them to celebrate.

Zach Bourque '01 and Megan Moynihan were married on September 23, 2006, at St. Cecilia Church, Back Bay, in Boston, Mass. Celebrating with the couple at the reception at the Harvard Club were (all '01 unless noted) Chad Malone, Paul Krezmaroski, Brendan Williams, Ryan Hilley, Larry Currion, Robb Daher, Karina Becerra '02, the newlyweds, Drew Nichols, Ethan Barron, and Marion Min '02, (second row) Brandon Klein, Amie Fernandez, Kate Collins-Manetti, Kateri Shutte Shogan '03, (third row) Tejas Parikh, Ben Johns, Melissa Mahoney Wirth, Phil Wood-Smith, Laura Smith '94, (fourth row) Steve Dubzinski '92, Jennifer Hunt Nessano '78, Luciano Nessano '78, John Batalis, Derek O'Riorden '00, Craig Breen '00, and Andrew Shogan.
High School. Roger Sakolove writes that he and wife Scotti are enjoying life at their "active adult" community in Florida. Let us know how you're doing. Stay in touch.

- Class Secretaries: Jennifer Hamlin Church (jhchurch@siennaheights.edu); and Evey Zmudzky LaMent (evelamont@primetimetransition.com).

73 REUNION CLASS

I begin this column with the sad news of the passing of Maggie Murray on June 4. I am reminded of countless evenings of sherry and Irish literature to counter the cold snows of Vermont, punctuated by Maggie's thoughtful perceptions. Our condolences are sent to husband and daughter, Steve and Hannah Botkin. A memorial appears elsewhere in the magazine. In a Rutland Herald article last spring addressing antigay messages found on campus, Guy Kettelholt was quoted as saying the College may need to address sexuality issues in general as a way to combat homophobia. "The bewilderments that I think particularly bedevil men and women in the 18- to 22-year-old realm are, I believe, largely at the root of homophobic reaction and expression." He adds, "Don't forget that homophobia is a fear." Tom Shea reports, "Over the past two years wearing traditional monk's robes, cutting his hair (writedDSG@comcast.net)."

As a member of the multinational corps in Iraq and serving as a liaison sergeant to the British Division, Army Reserve Sgt. 1st Class Eugene P.J. Pomeroy was decorated with the Bronze Star Medal. His outstanding dedication to duty and actions during combat operations contributed to the overwhelming success of the command's mission. The medal is awarded to an individual who, while serving in the U.S. armed forces, has performed a heroic act, meritorious achievement, or distinguished service during armed conflict or ground combat while engaged against an armed enemy of the United States.

- Class Secretaries: Greg Dennis (gregyrdennis@verizon.net); and Barry Schultz King (kinglet@together.net).

74

Gail Buyske recently had a book published by Cornell University Press entitled Banking on Small Business: Microfinance in Contemporary Russia. Gail is a development banking consultant who advises organizations such as the World Bank, the European Bank for Reconstruction and Development, and USAID. She is a nonexecutive director of several banks with operations in countries of the former Soviet Union. Featured in the Boston Business Journal, Peter Straley says he definitely wasn't a business person in his 20s, but as a software developer at Amherst Associates, a company founded by business professors at UMass, prompted him to take some classes at the school's Isenberg School of Management. "The school had just started its MBA program so he took classes at night while working full-time. Still active in the school, he's now chairman of the Isenberg School's business advisory council. He's currently president and CEO of Health New England Inc., a health insurance company that provides coverage to more than 95,000 Western Massachusetts residents.

- Class Secretaries: Gene O'Neill (otis3024@optonline.net); and Nancy Clark Hetter (nclarkhetter@umass.edu).

75

Stephen Walker, a.k.a. Lama Jinpa, has been learning how to reconcile his two careers—one as a licensed psychotherapist with an office in midtown Sacramento, Calif., and the other as a Buddhist teacher who oversees the Universal Compassion Center in Florida. After traveling to India and taking the vows to become a Tibetan Buddhist monk, Steve tried the lifestyle of wearing traditional monk's robes, cutting his hair close to the scalp, and living an ascetic existence. But he began to lose patients at his counseling practice and felt lost. So he gave up his monk status and continues to teach students and lead services as a lama while still serving his patients at his therapy business. Nancy Wentsch Witte writes, "We have moved from Shaker Heights to Pittsburgh. Fortunately we're not sports fans (the Browns-Steelers rivalry is a bit intense) but I'll miss the Cleveland Orchestra (the Best Band in the Land)."

76

A good time was had as 97 classmates returned for our 30th reunion in June. Special kudos went to our class when we won the Parton Family Award for the reunion class other than the 25th or 50th with the greatest increase in participation. Bobo Sideli, as the chair of the annual fundraising committee, did the honors of handing out class giving and participation awards at the volunteer recognition luncheon.

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77

Wendy and Peter Macic hosted a reception at their home for alumni, parents, and current and incoming students in the Seattle area on July 17. In North Carolina, Joan Siefert Rose gave a talk recently about the challenges facing National Public Radio (NPR) in "this increasingly crowded media environment." With satellite radio streaming and podcasting available, she said programs from NPR "need to be timely, compelling, and entertaining. Public radio needs to be available not just on the FM dial, but also on all the new platforms where people are accessing content. I am the general manager of WUNC in Chapel Hill (which operates five stations) where she has been since 2001. She and husband Jim Rose, a middle school science teacher, live in Chapel Hill with sons Andy (15) and Ian (12). Linda Dozier-Jones writes, "Recently I was appointed VP at Reliance Trust Co. in Atlanta, Ga. I've been married almost 13 years to husband Tom."

- Class Secretaries: Claire Cross (ccliff@crossfm.com); and Rick Greene (green@middlebury.edu).

80 REUNION CLASS

Laura E. Green was born in 1950 and is an active member in Civic Association of Mauritania. She is a development banking consultant who advises organizations such as the World Bank, the European Bank for Reconstruction and Development, and USAID. She is a nonexecutive director of several banks with operations in countries of the former Soviet Union. Featured in the Boston Business Journal, Peter Straley says he definitely wasn't a business person in his 20s, but as a software developer at Amherst Associates, a company founded by business professors at UMass, prompted him to take some classes at the school's Isenberg School of Management. The school had just started its MBA program so he took classes at night while working full-time. Still active in the school, he's now chairman of the Isenberg School's business advisory council. He's currently president and CEO of Health New England Inc., a health insurance company that provides coverage to more than 95,000 Western Massachusetts residents.

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- Class Secretaries: Caroline Cioffi (cioffi@csaunet.com); and Rick Greene (green@middlebury.edu).
As the bereavement services supervisor at Androscoggin Home Care and Hospice, in June Jim Douglas spoke at a mini-seminar on bereavement in Naples, Maine. With a master's in community agency counseling education from the Univ. of Maine at Orono, he has more than 15 years experience as a licensed substance abuse counselor and licensed professional counselor. Jim also is a recorded minister in the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) and was the pastor at Durham (Maine) Friends Meeting for eight years. * On June 15 John MacKen-na was married to Sarah Mraz in the Arlington (Mass.) Town Garden. He works as the editor of Oil & Energy magazine in Peabody. Sarah is the director of Adoption Programs at Wide Horizons for Children in Waltham.

—Class Secretaries: Miriam Flynn (miriam_flynn@um.com); and Beth Moneyt Longoibe (longoibe@earthlink.net).

After plenty of training, Robin and Mike Harris ran in the Keybank Vermont City Marathon in Burlington, Vt. Although they train together, Robin says they don’t run together in the marathon. Mike waits at the end to cheer her on. Mike finished the marathon in 3:38:19. Robin finished in 3:50:35. * Holly Troxell Ruhlin hosted an alumni and parents reception in June where Prof. Michael Clandon gave a presentation entitled “Business Education at Middlebury College? Yes!” * Lori Woodworth Ford writes, “Things are great with the Ford family. Mattie is 21 and a junior at Middlebury. Willie is at UNH. Julia is still at Holderness School. They are focusing on academic goals and our little girl, Lily, is 1!” * Hello to everyone!” From Melisa Stern we hear, “I am busy with my decorating and project management business, Melissa Stern Interiors, helping homeowners and builders with all the preconstruction interior finishes (plumbing, electrical, tile, cabinetry, etc.). I had a get-together with Kelley Sheba who recently moved to Dover, Mass. Our daughters, Natalie (mine) and Lissie (hers), started kindergarten together this fall at the Chickering School.” * In May, Timothy Soule began a new job as the executive director of the Lamoille Economic Development Corp. in Vermont. He had previously been president of Franklin County (Vt.) Industrial Development Corp. and most recently was involved with two New Jersey startup pharmaceutical ventures.

—Class Secretaries: Anne Cowherd Killian (acowherd@eng-iucn.com); and Susanne Roham Slater (srohan@sis.deotton.ca).
85 For this issue, we heard from several of our ’85 classmates! From Wilton, Conn., Amanda Vaughan Walter wrote that she reads Middlebury Magazine religiously. She’s been living in Wilton for the past six years with husband Ryan and daughters Lauren (12) and Allison (8). She works part-time in marketing for Pepperidge Farm in Norwalk, Conn., and spends the rest of her time driving around to soccer fields and a ballet studio with the girls. Amanda says she finds both her jobs fun and engaging! * Don Ryder still works at Fidelity Investments, which was his first job out of Middlebury. He’s currently the CFO of Fidelity’s enterprise services division. Living in Carlisle, Mass., Don and wife Dale have two children, Peter (15) and Lindsay (16), both of whom went away to summer camp for seven weeks this summer. He and Dale were “empty nesters” for the first time! * Josh Klein is Don’s next-door neighbor, so they see a lot of each other, especially since they’re both in a cover band called the Hip Replacements that meets every Sunday night for band practice. Don also sees Sarah Dunlap Sampson, another resident of Carlisle, at the school band concerts since they both have children playing in the band. * Not having submitted any news to the magazine since winter 1987, Mark (Nitter) Nitschynski figured an update was a bit overdue! Living in Denver, he works as a litigator in a field office for the environment division of the U.S. Department of Justice. He started with the DOJ in Washington, D.C., in 1991, expecting to stay for about three years. But the practice is fairly high end and the atmosphere is low-key, which suits him well. In addition, living in Denver enables him and his family to spend a fair amount of time in the mountains. Speaking of family, Mark and wife Nancy Watzman (Swarthmore ’86) welcomed daughter Anya Rose on April 2. She joined brother Leo, born in November 2004, and their parents— a supervised visitation, properly chaperoned. In November of that year I tried to propose to Ellen in Newport, R.I., but she got the drop on me (that’s another Ellen story). We were married on St. Patrick’s Day of 2000. We were blessed with just over seven years of togetherness; too short, but the most truly wonderful moments of my life.

I am tragically and profoundly heartbroken at her passing and have struggled to make some sense of the incomprehensible. In that search, I have thought back on our brief years together as husband and wife, and I have both laughed and cried, sometimes simultaneously. I have also studied pictures that date back to Ellen’s birth and photos of our first date in August 1999 in Springfield, Vt., with her brother, Eddie, and his mutual friends. I would summon up the courage to ask her for a dance. And because of my excellent dancing skills, honored by years in preparation for the opportunity to woo Ellie on the dance floor, she would occasionally relent and allow me a dance. But only a dance.

86 Hi everyone! Thanks to all who wrote in. * Peter Watt is happily working in NYC as VP of consumer marketing at InterMedia Outdoors, a magazine publishing company specializing in the outdoor enthusiast market. Peter and his partner, Gerald Cattie, and their beagle Dove spend their weekends in Lyme, Conn., where they are renovating a somewhat dilapidated 1786 Federal-style house, which came with the requisite ghost! * Thor Tyson is keeping busy in Seattle with wife Paige and children Zoe (9) and Henry (6). * Carolyn Highley reported that all was well. * Lisa Eccleston Erdmann and husband Peter ’84 are enjoying life in West Palm Beach, Fla., with sons Christopher (11) and Blake (8). Lisa is the president of Lisa Erdmann & Associates, a premier design firm in South Florida. Her designs were recently featured in the 2007 Veranda/Red Cross Designer Show House in Palm Beach. Check out www.lisaerdmann.com for a look at Lisa’s work. Lisa, Peter, and kids pack up their warm clothes and make the trek to Middlebury every year to ski and snowboard and meet up with old friends. * In July Bessie Cromwell Spence took over as the head of the Ethel Walker School in Simsbury, Conn. Previously she had been the assistant head of school and dean of faculty at Episcopal Academy in Merion, Pa. With an MLA from Johns
President of the American College of Sofia, the best secondary school in Bulgaria. For the past nine years he has been at the Law学院e School in New Jersey as a history master and housemaster. Previous to that he was the history department head at Trevor Day School in NYC, and taught history and English at the American International School of Budapest, Hungary. Tom, wife Linda, and children George (7), Grace (5), and Celia (3) moved to Bulgaria this summer. Many of you may have heard that Mark Odom was injured while on duty in Iraq this past summer, but received this good news after visiting Mark in August: "Mark is doing really well. During our visit, he was up for a long evening of conversation and a half-day of sightseeing around Anchorage. His left arm is in a cast for the next four to five weeks at which point he should begin rehab. After spending time with Mark, wife Beth, and daughter Kate there is no doubt that everything will turn out fine. We met a number of fellow officers and their families on base and they're all really good people. The level of support and genuine concern was very evident and hats off to each of these families in the face of having kids." 

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Class Secretaries: Torsten Gåker (skytog@verizon.net); and Kate Wallace Perrotta (gperrotta@verizon.net).
Injured in Iraq

In Hawr Rajab, Iraq, on August 4, Lt. Col. Mark Odom ’87, commander of the First Squadron, 40th Cavalry Regiment, was injured when the Humvee he was riding in passed over a homemade improvised explosive device (I.E.D.) in the road. In support of an alliance with local Sunni sheiks, Mark and his soldiers were attempting to help out the Al Qaeda group who controls Hawr Rajab, a strategic town on the southern outskirts of Baghdad. New York Times reporter Michael Gordon was embedded with Mark’s squadron at that time and wrote a comprehensive and fascinating article about the situation in Iraq that appeared in the September 2 issue in the magazine section, complete with a photo of Mark’s destroyed Humvee. Fortunately, Mark is recovering nicely at his home in Alaska.

MIT, and Cornell. She lives in Old Lyme, Conn., with her husband and daughter. * Once again Marybeth Dingledy climbed a mountain this summer as a part of the Climb to Fight Breast Cancer. This time it was 14,411-foot Mt. Rainier, a four-day event. She describes approaching the summit: “We rose at 11:15 p.m. and started climbing at 1:00 a.m. It took my rope team of three six-and-a-half hours to climb the 5,000 feet to the summit. The route was so steep that for the most part, we had to sidestep up the mountain. Sunrise was amazing, at least when I looked up from my feet. We spent two hours on the summit, then headed back down to Camp Shurman. The descent took 4 hours. That night, we watched the fireworks from the tent (on July 4).” After the climb, going up stairs was pretty much impossible, “I learned to share the limelight.” * Jennifer Kaufmann brought her boyfriend, Leif Nielsen, back to Midd for reunion since he hadn’t been there yet. She couldn’t believe all of the new buildings—even the tremendous size of some of them—so a fun reliving college days—made even funnier by the fact that they stayed in Allen. Freshman year all over again—dungeon and all. Jennifer reported that although the turnout for our 15th was a bit sparse, it made it easier to catch up and to spend time with everyone and their families. She spent a lot of time with Chuck Buck and some of the other Allen guys. She also got to catch up with Brett Hanscom, whom she hadn’t seen in a long time. She and Leif played in the All Class golf tournament, which was a nine-hole scramble on Saturday morning. The Four seasons were mixed, so they ended up playing with a couple of guys from the Class of 1977 and had a blast. Jen is still in Denver working as a VP of commercial banking at U.S. Bank. She has a four-year-old black lab named Glory. In winter she skis a lot and in summer she enjoys a lot of warm weather adventures. She is getting her private pilot’s license for a single engine airplane, which has been a fun challenge. * Mila Pavek also attended reunion and saw some old rugby pals, freshman hall mates, and junior-year-abroad friends. On Saturday afternoon, she attended the Class of 1971 Reunion hosted by Mrs. Baker. Mila recently moved back to the East Coast (to Boston) from LA where she lived for five-and-a-half years. In LA, she worked as the security manager for a company called Sea Launch, which launches rockets from a converted oil platform on the equator. In Boston, she’s doing project management work for a translation company. She enjoys being closer to family in New York State and friends in Boston—as well as experiencing the change of seasons again. * We also heard about the torrential downpour on Saturday night during the banquet under the tent on Battell field. Apparantly it flooded everyone to vacate the tents and make a mad dash for Battell to get out of the rain and lightning. The bars on Battell field remained open however—for some braved the weather when their drinks got low and then dashed back to Battell for shelter. It’s been reported that the drinks are better at the bars closer to the older classes file that away for future reference. * Our 15th reunion brought a whole group of classmates back to campus in June. Since neither of us was able to attend reunion, we are grateful to those who sent in reports. * Heather Pedersen Peck and Lori Racha Silverman both wrote in about the fantastic gathering they had at Lori and Damon Silverman’s new home in Charlotte. The group included John and Darise White ‘94, Swanson with daughters Lucy and Amelia, Heather Peck and husband Chris with kids Justin and Anna, Matt Benjamin and oldest child Isaac, Greg Hanson and oldest child Marshall, and Eric Mendelson and Andy Aube who came solo. Lori and Damon now have four children—Andrew and Matthew (7), Chloe (3), and Kate (1 mos.). All 17 of our classmates and 10 children in the house making for lots of fun and laughs. Luckily, Damon had completed a deluxe outdoor playset just in the nick of time. With such a large group, they mostly stayed in Charlotte, but did make it to campus Saturday afternoon and evening for the class banquet on Battell field. * Jennifer Racha wrote, “It was simply great to be at reunion and catch up with old friends. It was ironic that I stayed at my roommate’s house, as Bill McDavitt just moved to Vermont a couple weeks before reunion. Melinda and I are happy to announce the birth of our second baby, Natalie Ai-Ling Ou. Her three-year-old brother is still learning to share the limelight.”

In other news, in May Duke Beardsley held an open house at his studio in Denver. Check out his work at www.dukebeardsleystudio.com. * Gavin Ma married Vivian Lee on Boston on May 5 with a big group of Midd alums in attendance. After a great honeymoon in Italy, Gavin and Viviana recently moved to New York. * Joli Rodgers recently moved to Austin, Texas and David Whitling moved to Oakwood Friends School in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., where Dave is the dean of students. Son JD is 21 months old. * Serving as an advisor and agent, Kent Hughes helped UVM hockey star Torrey Mitchell gain a spot with the San Jose Sharks organization. * Joli Rodgers recently took a double take at the “cover boy” of the June 2007 issue of Fortune Small Business—it was a great picture of Peter Harris holding a rather large blade. Peter’s the current CEO of Speciality Blades, a manufacturer of custom industrial blades in Staunton, Va. He’s quoted extensively in the feature article, which is about how small manufacturers like Specialty Blades are thriving as large manufacturers struggle to compete. * Finally, we need two new class secretaries to keep up our class notes column until our 20th reunion. Please e-mail Fred or Sara if you are interested in learning more. We’ve had a lot of fun, but need to pass on the baton.

—Class Secretaries: Fred Lawrence (flawrence@ipaa.org); and Sara Weale (sweale@mindspring.com).

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In August, Jonathan Selwood’s debut novel, The Pinball Theory of Apocalypse, was published by Harper Perennial. Labelled a “gripping, dark comedy about life in LA,” the novel’s main character is a struggling artist named Isabel Raven. (See Book Marks.)

Jennifer Gould Gipпоletti writes, “We are happy to announce the birth of our second child, daughter Brooke, on November 3, 2006. I am still living and working in Darien, Conn., and get together with Ben and Kelly Rivers Small and new West Hartford residents Donna ’92 and Nancy Zagami June as often as possible.”

Melissa Buck Arneson recently joined the LifeFlight Foundation as the marketing and educational outreach manager. The LifeFlight Foundation is a small, nonprofit organization that provides fund-raising and public relations support to LifeFlight of Maine, the state’s only medical helicopter service.

—Class Secretaries: Maria Dzic (latinawriting@gmail.com); and Dan Suratt, 60 Pineapple St., #71, Brooklyn, NY 11201.

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As part of the Step It Up 2007 campaign, Franz Ingelfinger ‘97 teamed up with fellow alum Greg Horner ’97 and wife Caroline, to plan an event in Ipswich, Mass., called “Take a Stand in the Sand.” About 600 people gathered at Crane Beach to call for Congress to enact immediate legislation to cut carbon emissions by 80 percent by the year 2050. The event was featured in the Boston Globe. North. Franz is an ecologist with the Trustees of Reservations in Ipswich. * In Atlanta, Ga., Stacey Gannon and Jason Wright were married on April 21. Stacey works for the Michael C. Carlos Museum at Emory Univ. Jason graduated from Georgia Tech and is a senior engineer at Centurylink. * Johann Chapin and husband Steve Heckler welcomed daughter Bridget Elizabeth Chapin on June 14. Bridget joined older sister Catherine (22 mos.).
Anne Schulz Dicker writes, “I’m in Philadelphia, running for the state senate. I’ve been active in Democratic politics since 2003, when I worked on the Howard Dean campaign and founded Philly for Dean. In April of 2008 I’ll be facing incumbent state senator Vincent Fumo, who was indicted last spring on 139 federal corruption charges.” *Vanessa Branch has now been in all three of the Pirates of the Caribbean movies. Buried beneath layers of makeup and wigs, that’s her starring as Giselle.*

—Class Secretaries: Gene Stift (gene@alumni.utah.edu), and M. Helene Roberson (mhroborste@alumni.middlebury.edu).

95

As we match closer to our 15-year reunion, it’s not surprising that more and more babies are arriving on the scene and we continue to establish ourselves in positions of leadership in the fields of our passions. *Janey ’93 and Erin Eggert Brenner welcomed son Christopher Charles on February 16.*

On March 24, Sarah Martin gave birth to her first child, daughter Jaime Norris Patton-Martin. Motherhood is treating her well, and she plans on appointment as associate head coach of Dartmouth women’s lacrosse in September.

On May 29, Nik and Megan Hathaway-Hallberg welcomed their first child, son Alexander Hathaway Hallberg. He and his parents are doing well. *Michael and Ellen Anderson Holt welcomed William Anderson Holt on June 12.*

They live two blocks from UC-Davis and hear several Midd alums are pursuing graduate degrees on campus. They’d love to hear from you at elh@andersonholt.com. *Ken and Nikki Wood Lazer welcomed daughter Sienna Deneen Lazer on June 30.*

Nikki writes, “She’s such an angel and seems to be growing too fast already! She sleeps through the night and smiles and laughs all day long. I was blessed with a wonderful pregnancy and now a healthy and happy baby.” They spent the summer in Newport, R.I., where Ken worked out of the house and Nikki enjoyed her maternity leave.

*Jana Hanlon* writes, “Baby boy number three has arrived! We were very happy to welcome Gavin Peter Hetherington to our family on April 30. Luckily, the little guy came two weeks early—I say luckily because I was SOOOO ready to be done being pregnant! He’s beautiful—looks very much like James did at birth only with straight hair. We are happy and healthy in Boston. Krissy Pozatek gives birth of son Alistair on June 5. He was awarded the first ever Rising Star award from the UN War Crimes Tribunal for Rwanda in Arusha, Tanzania. He planned to return to university this fall to finish his legal studies.*

*Gloria Ehrenberg still lives in NYC and works in advertising. She spends time with Leslie Tucker, Liz Siris Winchester, and Kara Sweeney, who are all doing well and raising beautiful families.* Gloria and Kim Smith are enjoying helping each other plan their weddings.

*Katharine Berry Swartz continues to enjoy suburban mom life in Hartford, Conn., with her husband and three children (8, 5, and 3). This year has been a productive one as author of her novels were accepted for publication. Far Horizons is available through Amazon. She enjoys connecting with other alums at Becky Wendling’s wedding in Spokane this past summer.*

*Matt and Jennifer Kahn ‘96 Hamilton and Boden continue to love the mountain life that is Carbondale, Colo. Using the training he received spending so many days on the mountains near Midd, Matt is working for Aspen Skiing Company, managing their environmental impact, consulting on green design, and directing the company’s philanthropic initiatives. Jen teaches, and Boden enjoys being three! In their free time, they enjoy their surroundings by biking, camping, hiking, and doing other green and white pursuits.*

*Ryan and Marnie Virden McNany write that kids Mary (5), Jack (3), and Finn (1) are doing great. They like to hang out and play with their cousins, Molly and Katherine (4), Logan, born in NYC on January—the first Vermonter in the family. Sister Jasmine Bella (3) was born in Salt Lake City. We love Vermont!* As executive director of Waterville Main Street and director of the Maine International Film Festival, *Shannon Haines was awarded the first ever Rising Star award from the Mid-Maine Chamber of Commerce last April. The award is given to a young professional in the region who is distinguishing herself as an up-and-coming professional.*

*Andrea Kan writes, “We welcomed son Alistair on June 5. He is eating lots and growing very fast.” Hugh Bolon and Leslie St. Lawrence announce the birth of son Lucian Castle Bolton on July 18.*

From Meghan Duff Maurer we heard, “In the past two years I have gotten married, finally turned 50, graduated with my Ph.D. from the molecular and cellular biology program at the Univ. of Vermont, and had a beautiful baby boy. James Maurer (8 mos.). It has been a busy but very happy time out here in Seattle!” Do keep sending us your updates—we love hearing from you. Amanda and Megan —Class Secretaries: Amanda Gordon Fletcher (angfletcher@yahoo.com); and Megan Shattuck (meganshattuck@gmail.com).

97

The new secretaries report: The Class of ’97 celebrated our 10th reunion in style, with a great turnout on campus to take over Hadley and North for the weekend. In addition to our retiring class secretaries, Jackie Pelton Hoglund and Jocelyn Nill Beni, for coordinating a spectacular weekend of great activities, and for their years of hard work! *Speaking of Jocelyn, she and husband Craig Beni ’96 welcomed their first child, Sophia Gale,* at Northern Cottage Hospital on May 21. The very same day in Brunswick, Maine, Nick and Becky Cowgill Wilkoff welcomed their second child, son Peter William. Peter’s parents and sister
Chinese
Paul Ryan ('94) was in Burlington, Vt., this summer teaching continuing education courses at UVM, one on Chinese medicine and its philosophical underpinnings, and the other on Yi Quan, a refined form of traditional Chinese martial arts. Paul received a master’s degree in Chinese medicine and acupuncture from Beijing Univ. and has lived in China for most of the past 12 years.

English
Retired from the investment business, Jim Robertson ('38, '59, '60) lives in South Yarmouth, Mass., where he stays active on various local boards. * An award-winning landscape painter, Michael Chesley Johnson (M.A. '82) has published his second book, Through a Painter's Brush: A Year on Campobello Island, which includes a collection of landscapes, and meditations on the process of painting. Michael lives on Campobello Island, N.B., where he paints and teaches at Friar's Bay Studio Gallery. * Recent published pieces for Daniel Picker (M.A. '02) include a travel piece on Penshurst Place in Kent, England in The Philadelphia Inquirer; poems in The Dudley Review at Harvard (where he has read his work three times); poems in Rune, the MIT literary magazine, Folio, Bridges, and Elysian Fields Quarterly, a national baseball journal. His first book, Poet's Cabin Door, is still in process. *

Douglas Wood (M.A. '97) returned to his alma mater, Wofford College in Spartanburg, S.C., this past spring to be inducted intoPhi Beta Kappa and give the keynote address at the ceremony. For years he has been involved in governmental education policy, and as Congress prepares to discuss the renewal of the No Child Left Behind Act and the Higher Education Act, he has been serving as a consultant for several members of Congress. *

David (M.A. '01) and Amy Bookout Christie (M.A. '02) write, "We are delighted to announce the birth of first child Nicholas Philip on March 25 in Ascot, England. We're both still at TASIS, the American School." David is the head of English and Amy is a college counselor. They were thrilled to welcome fellow Bread Loaf graduate Anne Hutchinson (M.A. '02) to the faculty in fall 2006.

French
Audrey Bowyer (M.A. '40) wrote to say she enjoys living at retirement center Piedmont Gardens in Oakland, Calif. Memories of her time at Middlebury include eating at Hepburn Hall where the boys annually showered Mr. Hepburn's hunting trophies. * Laurel Rutkauaus Abusamara (M.A. '70) recently retired after teaching French and Spanish for 35 years at the Governor's Academy (formerly Governor Dummer Academy) in Byfield, Mass. Husband David Abusamara (M.A. '70) continues to teach at the Governor's Academy. *

Diane Aramony (M.A. '78), executive VP at Mutual of America, was honored by the Girl Scout Council of Greater New York at its 52nd annual tribute dinner May 8 at the Grand Hyatt Hotel in NYC. The Council honors women whose "values, dedication and perseverance" serve as a role model for girls.* With poems in a wide range of publications, Carl Little (M.A. '86) has produced a collection of his poems entitled Ocean Drinker. Working at the Maine Community Foundation, he lives on Mt. Desert Island where he received the Acadia Arts Achievement Award in 2000. * An MBA candidate at the Univ. of Michigan, Jennifer Nash Webb (M.A. '99) is the founder and CEO of webSmarts, LLC, an entrepreneurial business specializing in multilingual business research and information services to global organizations (www.webSmarts.com). She and her husband of five years, Michael, reside in Dearborn, Mich., and when not working, enjoy traveling around the world, letterboxing, and snowboarding. *

Margaret Brawsell (M.A. '01) sadly reports the loss of daughter Dana to cancer in January. Margaret has relocated to France to work as an English instructor at the Univ. of Nice while preparing a doctoral thesis on contemporary French poetry.

German
An adjunct professor at Hiram College in Ohio, Herbert Hochhauser (M.A. '53) is part of a group that includes nine physicians who have made it their cause to trace what happened to the perpetrators of the crimes committed by the Nazis. According to the group, some pharmaceutical companies and individual doctors have never been called to account for their actions and the group is in the process of taking legal action against them. * The Univ. of Wisconsin-Oshkosh recently announced that Alan Lareau (M.A. '82), professor of foreign languages and literatures, had been promoted from associate to full professor in the College of Letters and Science. * In Jamestown, N.D., Kate Stevenson (M.A. '84) was recently one of the presenters of "Peggy Lee Voices: from Norma Egestrom to Peggy Lee, the Making of a Legend." Kate is associate professor of German and French at Jamestown College and is chair of the foreign language department. * We regret to report the death on July 18 of Dr. Herbert Lederer who taught at the German School.

Spanish
The U.S. Agency for International Development officially swore in Susan Kucinski Brem's (M.A. '71) as its new mission director for Angola, a country still recovering and rebuilding after its 27-year civil war. *

Eric Jimenez (M.A. '06) writes, "I met Carrie Spring (M.A. '05) and Corbin Treacy (French School '06) at the Klingenfamn Summer Institute, a renowned program to promote leadership in independent schools. Carrie teaches Spanish at the Julia Morgan School for Girls in Oakland, Calif. Corbin teaches French at Abington Friends School in Jenkintown, Pa. I teach Spanish at the William Penn Charter School in Philadelphia. The three of us reflected fondly about our times in the Spanish and French schools in the summertime—of being attacked by giant mosquitoes, of dining in Proctor, and of guessing who in our respective schools was working for the government."

Zicatela Beach, which is referred to in the surfing community as the Mexican Pipeline. "We have 12 lovely apartments for rent in paradise—please come for a visit!" You can e-mail Laine at casmar apti@gmail.com for more information.* Nellie Fox Savage writes, "I graduated from Tufis Vet School in May. My husband and I have moved to Portland, Maine, and we hope to start a family soon!" Nell began her practice in small animal medicine in June at the Brackett Street Veterinary Clinic in Portland. * In wedding news, Celena Kingston and Jamie Knox were married October 8, 2006, in NYC. *

Amy Smith Johnson, Leslie Graham, Kate Pinto Smith '98, Helen Froelich Plummer, and Alison Penzine O'Donnell helped Celena and Jamie celebrate. The newlyweds live in NYC, where Celena works nights to pay the mortgage. Jamie is an attorney with DLA Piper Rudnick. * Speaking of Helen Plummer, she and husband Ray are enjoying life in Beijing. Helen is working at Ogilvy PR in the investor relations area, and
Ray is working in construction. Son John Raymond celebrated his first birthday on July 1. Anyone passing through Beijing should e-mail Helen at helen.plummer@ogilvy.com. * Alison O'Donnell and husband Jim welcomed their first child, Chelea Rose, on July 28, 2006. The O'Donnells reside in Gifted Park, Columbus, Ohio, where Jim and Ali both work for the Kingswood-Oxford School. * Over spring break from her graduate program in city and regional planning at Cornell Univ., Crystal Lackey married Steve Launder in a small ceremony on the island of Cedar Key, Fla. In attendance were Crystal's best friends who traveled from both Publishers Weekly and Booklist. Set during WWII, the story follows the life of photographer Edward Steichen, as he deals with the tragedies of war and the heartbreak of a disastrous marriage. * Scott and Meredith Dubarry Huston and big sister Shaw welcomed baby girl Gardner McCalla Huston on April 24. The Huston family is doing well. * Jed '99 and Amy Flanders Harris announce the birth of Skylar Hartwell Harris on April 27 in St. Paul, Minn. Ben is the regional political director for the Midwest for Sen. John McCain's 2008 presidential campaign. Allison is a specialist, since my great-grandfather founded it in Cologne, Germany, in 1850 and moved it to the U.S. in 1891. * On June 2, Shruthi Mahalingaiah and Henning Willers were married at the Hyatt Regency hotel in Cambridge, Mass. The wedding had two parts—the first ceremony was done at the Arnold Arboretum in Boston and was officiated by Prof. Andrea Olsen of the College. The second was a traditional Hindu ceremony conducted by Rev. Ani Balodkar. Shruthi is currently the chief resident in obstetrics and gynecology at Brigham and Women's Hospital. She's planning to specialize in maternal-fetal medicine. Her husband is a radiation oncologist at the Boston Univ. Medical Center. They live in Brookline, Mass. * Kimberly Finnigan was recently named an associate at Whiteman, Osterman & Hanna LLP, the largest law firm in the Albany, N.Y., area. She's working primarily in the firm's health care and immigration practices. With a J.D. from William & Mary Law School, she also worked for Baker & McKenzie's securities regulation practice in Madrid, Spain, and interned with the Clinton County (N.Y.) Office of the District Attorney and the New York State Supreme Court. * Although she lives in South Portland, Maine, Erin Cinelli's work is actually in Italy. She's the executive director of the Spannocchia Foundation, an organization that supports the idea of sustaining cultural landscapes through work on a Tuscan agricultural estate. * Matt is a resident in obstetrics and gynecology at Brigham and Women's Hospital. He specializes in reproductive endocrinology. Her work for Pepsico, Inc., when he finishes his residency at the Univ. of Rochester. Scott Becker, Sam Webb Kading, and Sarah Verghese on May 2. Mom, Dad (Paul) and baby are all doing well in San Francisco, and everyone out East is eager to meet the little guy! * Heather Budd has taken a new job as a health care IT consultant in Burlington, Mass.; she has been at Dana Farber Cancer Center for the past five years. She recently welcomed baby Ben Fachner, who was born to E. Reichard and husband Dan. * Sarah Waybright in the Bay Area. * Ian Malin has been spotted traveling all over the world recently—Kazakhstan, Dubai, and other exciting locales in between. * Minni Doggett and John Maletis recently graduated from the Tuck School of Business. John is now heading to San Francisco to work for Google. * Wife Frances (Madsen) has been a frequent flier in the Hanover, N.H., area for the past two years as well. * Adam Burns continues to prosecute juvenile offenders for the city of New York. He was planning to take a "European Vacation" this summer. * Robby Levy continues to work for an investment bank in New York and reportedly has been "seen" around town, but nobody can confirm this. * Anne Richter just finished an M.D. residency at the University of Arizona, and she and husband Matt were planning to stay out West. * Joe Kraft has come into the possession of another dog since he sold his fatherhood has its charms. He continues to spend his days in the trenches as a lawyer in Washington, D.C. * Still a photographer in Boston and NYC, Ana Cardenas was especially busy with the summer wedding season. * Charles Macintosh has graduated from Harvard Business School and is now touring the world. He was spotted most recently in Egypt and Turkey, and is on his way to Vietnam. Now that he is out of the Army, he claims there will be no secret operations involved in this trip. He is off to work for PepsiCo, Inc., where he plans to travel. * Mike DiMaria is a pediatric resident at the Univ. of Colorado. He’s been seen in Vermont fly-fishing with some friends from Albany Med School. * Andy Dixon continues to enjoy life in Brooklyn. He recently hosted a barbecue that attracted the attention of the local fire department. * Jeanne Restivo Jacoby is running the inpatient diabetes care at Dartmouth Hitchcock Medical Center. Dubbed the “Sugar Queen” by her co-workers, she has been quite busy, but thrilled, with her new job. She spends her off time watching husband Peter Jacoby '01 play soccer in Hanover, N.H. * Peter Steinberg is starting his fifth year of residency in urology at Dartmouth. He has two years left to go and continues to enjoy life in New Hampshire. * Brendan O'Donohoe has graduated from Harvard Business School and is now touring the world. He was spotted most recently in Egypt and Turkey, and on his way to Vietnam. Now that he is out of the Army, he claims there will be no secret operations involved in this trip. He is off to work for PepsiCo, Inc., where he plans to travel.
Simpson’s movie, an article in the Rutland Herald touting Springfield’s other claims to fame mentioned all-time career reception leader A.J. Homburg. • Andrea Busby is also in the Columbus region and is finishing up her Ph.D. in psychology. She was spotted at Silas Marshall’s wedding this past May. Also in attendance were Mike DiMaria and Brendan O’Donoohoe.

—Class Secretaries: Melissa Pruessing (mpruessing@yahoo.com); and Peter Steinberg (capfun99@yahoo.com).

Melanie Curtis writes, “I visited Meghan Field in London last January for vacation—so much fun! I’m working full-time now at Skydive Elvismore in California—competing in multiple disciplines. Living the dream!” • Michaela Betty recently moved into a family home in Newport, R.I. Between home renovations, she’s starting up a catering and personal chef business.

* Than Bryan writes, “I live in NYC and am currently a senior producer for The Opie and Anthony Show, which can be heard on both XM and commercial radio. I also have my own weekend show called The Than and Sam Show, and I do stand-up every week.” • Katinka LoCascio lives in Brooklyn near most of her family. She’s developing her bodywork practice again by taking classes at the Swedish Institute, a massage college in Manhattan, and seeing private clients from home. Her latest adventure was training for and participating in the NYC triathlon. Katinka finished in three hours, 34 minutes, and 31 seconds.

* Rachel Davis is starting her fourth year in medical school and will be applying for family medicine residencies in Denver, Colo., for next year. Last August she completed her first full triathlon in Chicago.

* Jess Szubart and Chris Orchard have recently relocated to Lucerne, Switzerland. The couple planned to visit Middlebury in October. • Isaac Ro writes, “I just moved to NYC and am still working as an analyst at Leerink Swann while working as an analyst at Leerink Swann while

• action

**CLASSNOTES**

Corps and headed to the Southwest for new adventures! She spent three months in Germany this summer, where she saw her grandmother turn 90 in June and her youngest cousin get married. • On a 15–18 month stint in Jalalabad, Afghanistan, in the Office of the Brigade Judge Advocate Office, Marc sent a photo of himself with a colleague and a Univ. alum. Each of them held a banner from their school only the Tufts one was much bigger. Marc asks, “What’s the largest flag the College has? Because I want to have one made just as big. The bottom line is that Tufts cannot, and should not, win the deployed NESCAC war of one-upmanship.” • Josh Nothwang writes, “I haven’t been back to Vermont for a few years because I’m two years into a three year MBA/M.S. in environmental policy at the Univ. of Michigan. Somehow along the way I’ve become a Midwesterner. Ann Arbor is a fun town, but I’m looking forward to moving on to other years. To where? Who knows? Probably back to Boston, or San Francisco. This summer I interned with Deloitte Consulting. I was helping them develop an environmental sustainability consulting practice.” Speaking of San Francisco, Josh planned to meet up with Tim Dewey-Matia McLean, Pete Walsworth, and Jess Christian in July for a spontaneous reunion.

* Irakly Areshidze lives in Washington, D.C., and is on leave from the Boston Consulting Group while helping launch a software start-up in northern Virginia. His new book, Democracy and Antiquity in Eurasia: Georgia in Transition, was published in July by Michigan State Univ. Press and is available on Amazon.com and BN.com. Toby Dougherty hosted a launch party for the book in July. Middlebury students in attendance included Irakly, Toby, David Paul, Anne McDonough, Thomas Flynn, and Jay 31s Jess Christian. The book is dedicated to Murray Dry, Paul Nelson, Eve Adler, and Irakly’s other Middlebury professors. • In May, Lindsay Simpson competed in the Keybank Vermont City Marathon coming in 49th out of 1000 women and finishing in 3 hours, 28 minutes, and seven seconds.

* Jennifer DeLeonardo and Adam Frey were married on June 30 at her parents’ home in Milford, Conn. Jenn is an associate in the Washington office of Sullivan & Cromwell, the New York law firm. Her husband is an associate at Patton Boggs, the Washington law firm. They met at the Univ. of Virginia where they both received their law degrees. • Abigail Smith married Steven Violin on July 14. They honeymooned in the British Virgin Islands and are still living outside of Boston.

—Class Secretaries: David Babington (davidababington@yahoo.com); and Lindsay Simpson (lindsayavis@yahoo.com).

Bryn Kenny checked in: “All is going well for Midd ’01 grads in NYC. Last October I left IT for a year to check out all the cute boys in their suits! Emily continues to build an amazing portfolio of artwork, and her paintings were displayed at an art show in Bridgehampton, N.Y. Katrin is still at Real Simple magazine in the marketing department and just celebrated another promotion. Every once in a while the NYC crew gets a visit from our favorite redhead, Steve O’Neill, who recently became a Washington, D.C., resident. As a result, Steve has put his work with inner-city lacrosse players on hold temporarily to refocus his efforts on a more D.C.-centric cause—Hillary Clinton’s campaign for presidency. He’s been a Hillary fan since her days as a ‘curious young student in the hallowed halls of the Boys Latin School’ in Baltimore. He has spent countless afternoons patrolling the streets of Washington, handing out informational fliers on Ms. Clinton’s campaign. Ever the creative force, Steve has even made a “For All Hillary” T-shirt featuring the captured and exiled Saddam Hussein. ‘If you’d like one, you can e-mail Steve directly at sbonelli@yahoo.com. Steve wanted me to mention that 75 percent of the profits will go to Hillary’s campaign while the percentage left over will be allocated towards his weekly bar tab at several local Georgetown watering holes.”

Laura Marlow reunited with fellow Midd alums and friends last February at El Pomar Foundation’s reunion in Colorado Springs, Colo. Along with Laura, Kent Newmann ’02, Jeanne Lee ’99, Sarah Hall ’00, and Jon-Erik Borgen ’99 were all there to celebrate the 15th reunion of the El Pomar Fellowship, a two-year postgrad leadership development training program that encompasses work directing the Foundation’s operational programs and provides classes to Fellows to hone their professional and leadership skills. • Leaving her position as communications director for Congressman Gingrey’s office, Becky Ruby ’99 moved home to Louisville, Ky., where she accepted a job in the public affairs office of Greater Louisville, Inc., the Louisville Chamber of Commerce. She’s excited to be near her family again, but will miss everything about D.C. except the time zone. • Josh Broder ’02 was just joined in Portland, Maine, by Sean Hoskins’02, Janiem Richardson’00, and Greg Connolly’02. • Brian Betike reports, “I have been dividing my time between New Jersey, Yonkers, N.Y., and China for the past few months. Dave Koltai and I are continuing to expand our business with Pigmtronix and have three new guitar pedals on the board for 2008. I started the international MBA program at Monterey Institute in California this past August, and am happy to be located back in the U.S. again after five years in China.” • The College has a new employee in Jon Cormier. This past July he was named the assistant director for alumni relations, responsible for programming, executing, and analyzing Midd’s chapter events across the country. Jon came to Midd from Namad Communications & Press where he was an associate editor. • Jason Toh also has a new title. He has been promoted to full curator at the National Museum of Singapore! Congratulations Jon and Jason! • Sarah Carpenter writes, “I had a great year
teaching at Kimball Union Academy in New Hampshire. Met Laurie Koh for dinner in San Francisco while I was playing in the women's ice hockey national championships this past March. I also saw Ali Connolly '02 who was playing in the C-division for Rhode Island, and I played twice against her whose team is from Minnesota. They beat my team in triple overtime! This past May I reconnected with Mark and Jennie Mandeville Harrington at our 10th high school reunion. I'm now at Pingree School teaching and coaching (ice hockey and outdoor education)."

Jason Lemierre '99 and Cherie Copp '99 enjoyed their third year of teaching math at Northfield School in Chelsea, Vt., with Erik Anderson '96. Molly Holmberg still loves to draw maps and has been creating one of Bangor, Maine, for the Bangor Land Trust. Featuring public open spaces and the great green areas outside the downtown, the map is an effort to help guide the city in planning development. Molly began the project last spring as she worked on her doctorate in geography at the Univ. of Colorado in Boulder. She then spent a month in Maine this past summer to gather the final details. * In a Virginia-Pilot article discussing the difficulties of transition from college to the work life, Jason Lemierre '99 was quoted: "No one teaches you how to network. I've made my best contacts from meeting people in bars or by playing soccer." Jason's working on three screenplays—one of the jobs came directly from a Hollywood powerbroker he met on the soccer field.* On Patriot's Day, Kasie Wallace ran in the Boston Marathon, finishing in two hours, 47 minutes, and 26 seconds.

—Class Secretaries: Leslie Fox Arnold (lfox03@alumni.middlebury.edu); and Michael Hatt (hatt@alumni.middlebury.edu).

02 Middlebury's Class of 2002 kicked off their five-year reunion on June 1-3. Folks traveled from all over with spouses, significant others, and children to attend the event. Vinny Idone '02 brought the newest member of his and Tauna Saunders Idone's family, daughter Rose Idone, who was only a few weeks old. * The Class of '02 had a significant turnout for a splendid weekend, which included a delicious dinner under a bright white tent, along with a torrential rainstorm for dessert. We've received many notes of appreciation for Joe Fernandez who sacrificed his dorm room on the first night of reunion for the greater good. Many of us were impressed that he actually slept in the room after the party. * During the festivities, Stella Harman paid an unexpected visit to Porter House to get 18 stitches in her leg after rocking to the beat in Johnson Hall with Nick (Biggy) Dutton-Swain—the pair triumphantly and continue dancing in her dorm room. Other appearances included Dana Chapin and Luke Coppedge, who were voted "best-looking" at the reunion. * As for class news, David and Katie Rabin '00 seeley have moved to London where Dave will continue working for Ambridge Partners LLC. * Seth Coiffin is still kicking it out in Portland, working for Nike and taunting the ladies. * Sasha Gentling and Kyle Wheale MacDougall are attending Columbus Business School this fall, Stella Harman is at London Business School, and Kirsten Schlehr started at Darden Business School at the Univ. of Virginia. * Matt O'Hara is leading bike tours around Southeast Asia. * Sebba Astara recently graduated from American Unv. Law School, just in case you need a good lawyer. * Trent Rubin was awarded the prestigious 2007 Connecticut's Wallace Stevens Poetry Prize for his writing. Trent is a student at the Univ. of Connecticut law school. * Ian Brown writes, "I've been working the last four years at the Salzburg Global Seminar in Salzburg, Austria. Married Inge Herrgardthöfer this past June in a beautiful ceremony south of town in an old stone quarry next to one of our favorite stretches of whitewater." * Emily Vandal and Zuhim Musti '04 decided to spice things up a little and were married in Pune, India, on December 30, 2006. * Nearly 20 friends and family members from the West made it there to celebrate with Zuhim's family who lives in India. They were especially lucky to have Craig Thompson '04 make their chocolate wedding cake! * In May, Holly Carlson received a master of studies in environmental law degree from Vermont Law School, winning an Academic Excellence Award for the highest grade in environmental writing, land use regulation, and moral philosophy for professionals. She was the first recipient of the Norman Williams Land Use Essay Prize at the school. * On June 30 Stephanie Farnham married Joseph Puchalski (Norwich Univ. '93) at Kingsland Bay State Park in Ferrisburgh, Vt. Steph is now teaching math at the Morristown-Beard School in New Jersey. * It was great to get caught up at reunion. Let's keep it going! Please continue to send us your updates. They are very much appreciated!

—Class Secretaries: Anne Alfano (aalfano2000@ yahoo.com); and Stephen Messinger (s.messinger@gmail.com).

03 REUNION CLASS

In May, the New York Mercantile Exchange and John Wiley & Sons hosted a book launch for Cherie Copp '99's book, Bouchentout's book, Commodities for Dummies. James E. Newcombe, president and CEO of the Mercantile Exchange, was the keynote speaker. * Liz Rolerson and Kyle von Hasseln '05 were married June 11, 2006, at the Ridge Hall in Bridgton, Maine. They are both Ph.D. students at the Univ. of Wisconsin in Madison, and workers he met in rural Africa. Asia, and Europe while doing research for his Watson Fellowship. * Geoff Martin and Laurel Houghton tied the knot on August 4 in Seattle, Wash. Their wedding was well attended by other Middlebury alums, to whom they credit their wedding expenses and will participate in the effects of Andean glacial melting on downstream users. She'll receive $10,000 for research expenses and will participate in weekly residencies at the College and at Monterey Institute for International Studies.

Mike Velez reports, "I finished up my third year at Choate Rosemary Hall where I teach world history and U.S. history while living in a senior dorm with 15 boys. I also serve as an assistant varsity coach with the boys water polo, ice hockey, and lacrosse teams at the school. This summer I continued to work towards my master's degree in social sciences at Wesleyan Univ." * From Jen Nightingale, "I'm thrilled to be at the Cornell College of Veterinary Medicine this fall. * Kea Anstey has moved to the Village in N.Y.C. * Kat Herring reports she broke her foot and sprained her ankle while dancing on the tables at Marquee. * Katie Wright reports, "I left the neuropsychology lab at NIMH last summer and have been coordinating clinical research between the Maryland Psychiatric Research Center and the National Institute on Drug Abuse. I live in Bethesda, Md., and am addicted to running, having done my first marathon and several half-marathons and 10-milers this year." * Over Memorial Day weekend, Cherine Anderson participated in the BVI Music Festival in Cane Garden Bay on Tortola. She treated audiences to dancehall soul—a mixture of reggae, dancehall, soul, and R&B. In August she was a part of the Hollywood Bowl's world music festival's sixth reggae night. A reviewer for Variety reported, "Cherine Anderson nearly stole the show. The Jamaican beauty is another in the long line of fine vocalists who have recorded for the Taxi label; her sweet and authoritative voice lends a maternal comfort to Marley's "Redemption Song," her recently recorded "Kingston State of Mind" and the gospel standard "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." * Bennett Konesni has another band. The trio, called Free Seedlings, plays a mix of bluesgrass, old-time, and original music. Their repertoire includes songs by Bennett, inspired by the farmer's work songs he collected and the singers and workers he met in rural Africa, Asia, and Europe while doing research for his Watson Fellowship. * Erin Fraize lives in Washington, D.C., where she teaches seventh grade English at Paul Public School.

04 Recipients of Middlebury's Fellowships in Environmental Journalism were announced and Carolyn Kornmam received one for reporting on the University of Pennsylvania Law School, and Kirsten Schlehr started at Darden Business School at the Univ. of Virginia. * Matt O'Hara is leading bike tours around Southeast Asia. * Sebba Astara recently graduated from American Unv. Law School, just in case you need a good lawyer. * Trent Rubin was awarded the prestigious 2007 Connecticut's Wallace Stevens Poetry Prize for his writing. Trent is a student at the Univ. of Connecticut law school. * Ian Brown writes, "I've been working the last four years at the Salzburg Global Seminar in Salzburg, Austria. Married Inge Herrgardthöfer this past June in a beautiful ceremony south of town in an old stone quarry next to one of our favorite stretches of whitewater." * Emily Vandal and Zuhim Musti '04 decided to spice things up a little and were married in Pune, India, on December 30, 2006. * Nearly 20 friends and family members from the West made it there to celebrate with Zuhim's family who lives in India. They were especially lucky to have Craig Thompson '04 make their chocolate wedding cake! * In May, Holly Carlson received a master of studies in environmental law degree from Vermont Law School, winning an Academic Excellence Award for the highest grade in environmental writing, land use regulation, and moral philosophy for professionals. She was the first recipient of the Norman Williams Land Use Essay Prize at the school. * On June 30 Stephanie Farnham married Joseph Puchalski (Norwich Univ. '93) at Kingsland Bay State Park in Ferrisburgh, Vt. Steph is now teaching math at the Morristown-Beard School in New Jersey. * It was great to get caught up at reunion. Let's keep it going! Please continue to send us your updates. They are very much appreciated!

—Class Secretaries: Anne Alfano (aalfano2000@ yahoo.com); and Stephen Messinger (s.messinger@gmail.com).

05 Erin Fraize lives in Washington, D.C., where she teaches seventh grade English at Paul Public School.
Charter School and loves her job! Fiancé Chris Gilbert, her high school sweetheart, moved down to D.C. in May, and they were excited to teach summer school together and go rock climbing on the weekends. Nearby, David Wright still works at ERG, an environmental consulting firm and still lives with Asher Burns-Burg and Chris Morgana. Helen Hurkos of D.C. David is playing soccer and has recently joined a community chorus. He saw Thorin Schirber ’04 for a weekend when he was visiting. Pierce Graham-Jones has moved to Dubai for a year. Buck Sleeper has entered a three-and-a-half-year architectural program at MIT. Also heading to Massachusetts for graduate school is Kira Ventura Ashby, who will be pursuing a master’s degree at Harvard School of Public Health. Alicia Hernandez and Dena Simmons still live in the Bronx. Ali still works at the South Bronx Job Corps and just started a mentoring program for the students there. Dena enjoyed her first year of teaching sixth grade at the Urban Science Academy as part of Teach For America and is teaching her same students again this year. Last January she had Midd Kids come to her class to do a college work shop. The students dream of going to Middlebury as the class of 2017! Julia Randall completed her first year of medical school at UMass and spent her summer in the Dominican Republic to serve the many people in need of help there. She has taken several trips to DR before and was happy to be returning. Chris Gross works as an associate at an equity research firm called Soleil Securities, Hudson Square Research, in New York. His work focuses on digital media and technology companies. Max Jones had a good first year at Hebrew Academy in Maine, teaching Latin and coaching soccer, skiing, and tennis. Five of his students won awards based on their performance on the 2007 National Latin Exam. "I don’t teach to the test so students inevitably have to make educated guesses based on what they know. I’m very proud of them. " Mike Crowley, Richelle Lawless, Brian Vito, and Erick Mandell met up in Moreno Valley, Calif. Erick’s date, Rich’s Cafe, lived the high life in Marrakech, and received a good scuffling at a local hammam. Continuing their journey, Mike and Erick turned south towards the Algerian border and spent time camping in the Sahara with the Berbers. After their travels, Mike returned to Washington, D.C., where he has been consulting and writing about the federal budget for the past year. Erick returned to Maryland where he has been working as a teacher and a naturalist at an outdoor school for kids. He spent the summer guiding in Ecuador. Brian is still at Harvard Law and spent the summer in Chicago working for Sabrina. Richie is busy in Boston with a new apartment in Jamaica Plain and a public relations job. Nicolas Emery is living in Verona, Italy, where he is teaching English in several middle schools. This summer he worked for Travel for Teens with Jake Nicholson, leading groups of 15 American teenagers around Italy for five weeks. Carmen Granda is pursuing her master’s degree in Spanish at Middlebury in Madrid. Julie Lonoﬀ has started graduate school at Miami of Ohio for her Ph.D. in clinical psychology. When she visited Miami for her interview, she stayed with current and Middlebury alumna, Gillian Finocan ’01. Eric Shanley graduated from the U.S. Army Ranger School. Before attending Ranger School, he went to flight school and has since become an Apache helicopter pilot. Rachel Austin teaches ballroom dance. She hopes to be back in school soon for a Ph.D. in French literature. Eric Vos ﬁnished up his second year as a CRA at Middlebury and planned to move to Chicago this summer and focus on his M.B.A. in Marketing. When he hasn’t been studying, he’s been traveling around the South (Atlanta, Wilmington Beach, Savannah, etc.). Elvis Van Woert was one of the recipients of a Middlebury College Fellowship in Environmental Journalism. Given annually to 10 journalists at the start of their careers to report about environmental issues, the fellowship pays $10,000 in research funds. Els will be reporting on the Arctic, grayling fish and watershed management in the northern Rockies. Tina Dimitriova happily moved to NYC to work for Midd alum Rory Rigg ’75 at his small private equity ﬁrm (near Central Park—a bonus!) that invests in biotechnology and healthcare. She works as a biotech business analyst and since the ﬁrm is small, she does a lot of things that are outside her comfort zone. She still loves science but has also had to familiarize herself with some aspects of ﬁnance to help make investment decisions. At the end of the day, she loves a good challenge and it’s a great way to grow professionally! She has a spacious apartment in Staten Island and takes the ferry to work, which is a treat and so relaxing at the end of a long day! Jo Opot works as the executive director of StartingBloc, an organization dedicated to educating and empowering emerging young leaders to drive positive social change across sectors. Jo was in London this summer for StartingBloc’s Global Institute for Social Innovation. Over 100 emerging leaders from 25 countries gathered to discuss how they can address social and environmental issues at the heart of human progress, which ranged from architecture to aeronautics, from ﬁnance to fashion. Check it out at www.startingblock.org. Last fall Aaron de Vos completed Marine basic training at Parris Island, S.C., ﬁnishing ﬁrst in his class of 606. He then went on to infantry school at Camp Lejeune, N.C., where he was one of the top seven in a class of 87 recruits. —Class Secretaries: Martha Dutton (martha. dutton@gmail.com); and Dena Simmons (dena. simmons@gmail.com).
OBITUARIES

24 Marion Jane McIntosh, 106, of Worcester, Mass., on July 24, 2007. The oldest living Middlebury alumnus before her death, she graduated with a B.S. in home economics from the Women's College of Middlebury. With an M.S. from the Teachers College at Columbia University in 1935 she taught home economics at Worcester Girls Trade School. Living in Worcester all her life, she was an active supporter and member of many of the city's civic and cultural organizations. For over 60 years, she and her family summered on Pratts Island in Maine. Preceded by husband Harry in 1961, and by children Duncan and Martha, she is survived by daughter Jeanette Ingersoll '59 and her husband, Thomas.

30 Orpha Brown Hunsberger, 96, of Broken Bow, Neb., on December 20, 2006. After six years teaching in high schools in New London, Conn., and Cleveland, Ohio, she spent 17 years teaching elementary school in Wadsworth, Ohio. She was active in the work sponsored by the American Friends Service and the Mennonites. Preceded in death by husband Willard, she is survived by daughters Deborah Hunsberger, Grace Gehret, and Gretchen Gallentine, and son Frank. Deceased Middlebury relatives include mother Grace James Brown (1901), father Lemuel Brown (1901), and uncle Samuel James '13.

32 Elsa Smith Beardsley, 96, of Colorado Springs, Colo., on December 10, 2006. After her husband was ordained as a minister in 1937, she moved several times around the country as he worked at different churches. Finally settling in Pawtucket, R.I., they stayed there until retirement. Loving her job as minister's wife, she worked with the children of the church, sang in the choir, worked in the missions program, and enjoyed the Women's Association at each church they were involved in. Predeceased by husband Whitmore, she is survived by son John.

33 Ruth Redman Southworth, 93, of Madison, Wis., on April 11, 2005. After studying with Carl Rogers at the Univ. of Wisconsin, she later taught psychology at U.W. and at Madison Area Technical College. In the late 1960s she began teaching local children about Wisconsin geology, developing a program she eventually became a Master Craftsman and certified teacher through the Historical Society of Early American Decoration. She also enjoyed dogs, clothes, jewelry, a good game of bridge, and entertaining. Preceded in death by husband Bob in 1977, she is survived by daughters Diane Curran '60 and Connie Humphreys, son Peter, seven grandchildren including Rebecca Goldman Plant '89, and eight great-grandchildren.

Virginia Phillips Whitney, 92, of Blue Hill, Maine, on June 9, 2007. While raising three children, she worked as a library assistant at the East Orange (N.J.) Public Library. After earning a master's of library science at Rutgers Univ., she was hired as the librarian for the Urban Studies Center at Rutgers. In 1967 she became college librarian at Douglass College, then associate university librarian of Rutgers, and finally university librarian, becoming the first woman administrator of a university-wide library system in the country. One of her first initiatives was the computerization of the network of 18 libraries. Some professional highlights included serving on the American Library Association Council, the Princeton Univ. and Massachusetts Institute of Technology advisory councils, and being elected the first president of the Association of Research Libraries. After retiring from Rutgers, she spent a year as interim librarian for Dartmouth College. In 1976 she received an honorary doctorate from Middlebury in recognition of her achievements. Retiring to Blue Hill, she volunteered in community activities, enjoyed her bridge and reading groups, and traveled. Predeceased by husband Dan '35 in 1971, son Larry in 1996, and daughter Michele '63 in 2006, she is survived by daughter Pat Whitney Messier '69, grandson Tim Messier, and daughter-in-law Irene Whitney. Deceased Middlebury relatives include brothers-in-law F. Carl '18, Percy '25, Willard '27, Royal '31, and Julius Whitney '35, sister-in-law Pauline Cross Whitney '27, and niece Barbara Whitney Wilson '51. Surviving Middlebury relatives include nieces Shirley Whitney June '58.

37 Robert S. Jewett, 90, of Troy, N.Y., on October 25, 2005. A veteran of WWII, he served in the Air Force as a weatherman and librarian over a 20-year military career. In 1962 he earned a master's degree in library science from Syracuse Univ. and worked in the New York State Library in Albany until his retirement. He enjoyed traveling, theater, cultural events, and gardening. Preceded in death by sister Margery (Hanson), daughters Susan Bayler Kotila '83, and by sons David and Martin Kinsey, two grandsons. Deceased Middlebury relatives include sister-in-law Audrey Keffer Schletzer '36 and brother-in-law Norman Keffer '39. Surviving Middlebury relatives include brother-in-law Edward Grosenbeck '39 and cousins Eleanor Hubbell Coffey '70.

40 James A. Cornwall, 89, of Eastampton, Mass., on May 24, 2007. After working in the ballistics-testing laboratory of Remington Arms Co., he enlisted in the Navy and served as a flight instructor and transport pilot during WWII. After the war he began his career as a purchasing agent, working for various companies before becoming purchasing director at Mt. Holyoke College, a job he retired from in 1984. A loyal Middlebury alumnus, he served as class secretary for 25 years and enjoyed returning to campus when he could. He is survived by his wife of 59 years, Margery (Hanson), daughters Rebecca Galkiewicz and Sara Cornwall, and two grandchildren.

Lois Gillette Thorkilsen, 89, of Wakefield, R.I., on April 26, 2007, her birthday. For ten years she assisted in influenza virus research at the Rockefeller Institute in New York before marrying and raising a family. She enjoyed gardening, sailing, and especially ocean swimming. Outings with the Middlebury Mountain Club were among her fondest memories. Predeceased by husband Harold in 1990, she is survived by son Eric, daughters Karen '74 and Amy, and three grandchildren.

41 Ed. Note: In the summer issue, in the obituary for William A. "T. C. Casady III, we mistakenly reported that he and wife Magot had been married for 57 years. They were married for 64 years.

45 Janet Townsend Roberts, 83, of Princeton, N.J., on June 22, 2007. She taught high school and middle school French for three decades in New Jersey. In 1972 she earned a master's in French from Middlebury after studying in Paris. Engaged in her community, she was active in the League of Women Voters, serving as president, the Unitarian Universalist Church, the Alliance Francaise, the Montclair Ski Club, and the Cosmopolitan Club. She enjoyed gardening, painting pastels and watercolors, swimming, skiing, golf, and traveling. Preceded in death by husband John Roberts, she is survived by sons David and Martin Kinsey, two grandsons, stepdaughter Jane Borrelli, stepson Jack Roberts, five step-grandchildren, first husband Richard Hunsberger '40, and three great-grandchildren. Surviving Middlebury relatives include cousins Susan Baylor Kotila '83.

48 John R. Roberts, 95, of Wakefield, R.I., on May 9, 2007. A well-respected educational administrator and professor of French, he served as chairman of the department at Brown this year. After retiring as department chairman at Brown, he joined the faculty at Middlebury in 1973. He was active as a member of the Oriental United Methodist Church and president of the Rotary Club. Preceded by his wife Margaret, survivors include sons Christopher and Robert, stepdaughters Susan and Bruce, and five grandchildren.

49 Kenneth M. Kinsey, 89, formerly of Oriental, N.C., on June 13, 2007. Taking a job after graduation with the Anaconda American Brass Company in Buffalo, N.Y., he worked there over 30 years, mostly in employee relations. In 1970 he became VP of employee relations, handling all people-oriented activities. After retirement in 1978, he and his wife moved aboard their 46-foot sailboat and cruised for eight years. They eventually settled in Oriental where he was active as a member of the Oriental United Methodist Church and president of the Rotary Club. Predeceased by son Francis, survivors include wife Dorothy 'Keffe'40, sons Christopher and H. Merritt, daughters Betsy Sims and Kathy Wilcox, eight grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren. Deceased Middlebury relatives include sister-in-law Audrey Keffer Schlitzter '36 and brother-in-law Norman Keffer '39. Surviving Middlebury relatives include brother-in-law Edward Grosenbeck '39 and cousin Eleanor Hubbell Coffey '70.

50 Pauline Cross Whitney '27, and niece Barbara Whitney Wilson '51.
OBITUARIES

46 Carol A. Jacobs, 82, of Eugene, Ore., on May 23, 2007. She worked as a materials engineer at Bell Foundry in Connecticut, as a ballistics engineer at Air Research in L.A., and as a thin-film optical design engineer for Optical Coating Labs in Santa Rosa, Calif., acquiring three patents for thin-film designs. She was an interprofessional consultant and trainer, and as owner of Timeless Enterprises, she invented and trademarked the Burden Cloth. Survivors include daughters Deborah Snavely and Rebecca Ambrose, three grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

49 Alice C. Hardie, 79, of Monroe Township, N.J., on March 23, 2007. In the 1950s she worked for Gov. Sherman Adams, who was advisor to President Eisenhower, and also organized and handled the personal gifts and donations given to the Eisenhowers. She held various jobs over the years and earned a master’s degree from Columbia Teachers College, before becoming the public relations and program coordinator for Bloomingdale’s. A stint working at the 1958 World’s Fair in Brussels, Belgium, was just one of many adventures she enjoyed in Europe. She was active in the Republican Party, the Montclair (N.J.) Ski Club, and many choruses. Survivors include sister-in-law Mrs. Joie Hardie and many nieces and nephews.

51 Victor S. Luke Jr., 79, of Amelia Island, Fla., on June 27, 2007. During WWII he served in the U.S. Navy aboard the USS Oregon City. After earning an MBA from Wharton Business School of Finance and Commerce, he began a 40-year career at Westvaco Corp. When he retired in 1992, he was a senior VP and board member, as well as manager of the bleached board division. Survivors include wife June (Chambers), son Victor, daughters Margarett King and Persis Luke, stepchildren Charles Yarbrough, David Yarbrough, and Gillian Baulieu, nine grandchildren, and brother Robert Luke. He was predeceased by stepson Kenneth Yarbrough. Survivors include daughters Deborah Snavely and Rebecca Ambrose, three grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

46 Robert E. Ray, 71, of Ipswich, Mass., on June 11, 2007. With an MBA from Tuck School of Business at Dartmouth College, he began a 25-year career at Gillette Company. Prior to retiring, he served as VP of new business development, contributing to major acquisitions and sales. His second career was as angel investor, director, and advisor to start-up/early stage companies. He also consulted in planning, fund-raising, and marketing for local nonprofit organizations, especially those that advocated for the

58 Thomas S. Burr, 70, of Hanover, Mass., on May 8, 2007. For many years he worked as a teacher and sales manager for Progressive Packaging and Printing in South Weymouth, Mass. Preceded in death by first wife Barbara (Spencer) and son Thomas, survivors include wife Diane (Schneider), sons Gregory and Jeffrey, stepsons James, Brian, Stephen, David, and William, and 15 grandchildren.

Bruce S. Herlitz, 71, of Mamaroneck, N.Y., on June 12, 2007. After serving two years in the U.S. Army in Germany during the Berlin Wall crisis, in 1961 he joined his father’s firm Steven K. Herlitz, Inc., an advertising and convention management firm specializing in the medical field. In 1979 he founded the company’s publishing arm, launching three groundbreaking medical newspapers, and later he founded the highly successful company division, Audio Visual Medical Marketing. He became president of the company in 1989. He enjoyed skiing and boating, and was a member of the Metropolitan Club, the Nantucket Yacht Club and the Larchmont Yacht Club. He is survived by wife Geraldine (Rochford), daughter Brittia Lerner ’87, son Kristofer ‘89, and five grandchildren.

In Memoriam

John V. Craven
January 23, 1921-August 11, 2007

Professor Emeritus of Economics John V. Craven, 86, passed away on August 11, 2007. After graduating from Bowdoin College in 1943 and serving in the Army Air Corps during World War II, he earned his master’s in economics from the Univ. of Colorado and doctorate from the Maxwell School at Syracuse Univ. Joining the Middlebury faculty in 1956, he began a 27-year career in the economics department, teaching courses in macroeconomics, labor, industrial organization, and radical economics. He served as chair of the department from 1971 to 1978 and was elected to several governing committees. Jack made lasting friendships among students, peers, and younger faculty with his low-key manner, sense of humor, and ping-pong skills.

In 2004, he was awarded the Middlebury College Citizen’s Medal for his extensive and generous community leadership. One of the early members of the board of Addison County Community Action Group (ACCG), he served as treasurer and continued as board member for more than 40 years. He was also president of Middlebury Community Television, a school board representative, and a board member of the Vermont Civil Liberties Union, the Addison County Health Council, the Ilsley Library, and the United Way of Addison County. Involved with politics throughout his life, he ran for statewide office three times.

From childhood, he loved to play golf and could often be found at the Ralph Myhre Golf Course at the College, hitting four holes-in-one during his retirement. He was a serious reader, avid letter writer, and longtime editor of the 305th Bomb Group newsletter. In 1990 he edited The 305th Bomb Group in Action: An Anthology. Among his other publications was the edited volume Industrial Organization, Antitrust, and Public Policy.

Survivors include his wife of 58 years, Harriett (Stine); daughters Marianne and Carolyn, visiting assistant professor of economics at Middlebury; son-in-law Peter Matthews, associate professor of economics at Middlebury; and two granddaughters.
homeless. He served on various nonprofit boards and launched two agencies: HomeStart, Inc., an organization that assists individuals in obtaining permanent housing, and Impact Employment Services that helps the homeless, recovering alcoholics, drug addicts, battered women, and ex-offenders re-enter the work force. In leisure time he enjoyed tennis, mountain biking, skiing, traveling, and attending cultural events with his family. He is survived by his wife of 48 years, Sandra (Skvorn), daughters Vicki Ann, Jennifer, and Stephanie, and two grandchildren.

61 Anne Fisher Ellwood, 67, of Pleasant Grove, Utah, on May 10, 2007. With a nursing degree from Umqua Community College, she worked as an emergency room nurse, a nursing instructor, and at a state mental hospital. An active member of the Latter Day Saints Church, she served faithfully in many callings, and particularly enjoyed genealogy and family research. She is survived by daughter Sarah Ruth Moyes, sons Alexander and Sean, foster daughters Pershie Ami and Dorcas Tewawina-Pino, 19 grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.


63 Margaret A. Murray, 55, of New York, N.Y., on June 4, 2007. With graduate work in English at UNC-Chapel Hill, her love of reading and writing led to a 20-year career in academic publishing. She helped create many best-selling college level social science textbooks in the role of development editor, working for Random House, McGraw-Hill, Wadsworth, and Prentice Hall, among other publishers. Devoted to Marymount School where she had been a student, her lifelong dream was fulfilled when her daughter entered Marymount in fifth grade. She is survived by husband Steve Botkin and daughter Hannah.

64 James G. Glazebrook, 51, of Winter Park, Fla., on May 3, 2007. With a law degree from Case Western Reserve Univ, he worked as an associate at two law firms in NYC. Returning to his home state of Florida in 1990, he worked as a federal prosecutor for six years before being appointed a U.S. magistrate judge in the Orlando division of the district court. In 1999, he helped band 'N Sync and its former manager reach a settlement in a civil case and the band recognized him in the liner notes of its album No Strings Attached. He is survived by wife Joni (Dobson) and daughters Daisy and Becky.

65 Ellen O'Toole D'Arcy, 45, of Stowe, Vt., on July 8, 2007. After working at various sales and financial jobs in NYC, she earned a law degree from Georgetown Univ. in 1991. She practiced law in NYC for several years before moving to Stowe and joining the law offices of Elaine Nichols and Associates. An avid athlete, she enjoyed tennis and skiing and was a member of the Vermont Country Club, Topsham Tennis Center, Stowe Tennis Club, and a lifetime member of the Swansony Country Club in Bronxville, N.Y., where she grew up. Predeceased by parents Edward and Susan O'Toole, and infant brother Joseph, survivors include husband Kevin D'Arcy '84, brother Edmund, and all her extended family.

66 Scott E. McElroy, 42, of New Vernon, N.J., and Piscataway, P.E., Canada, on May 26, 2007. With an MBA from the Univ. of Chicago, he was employed as a research analyst at Alliance Capital Management. Most recently his title at AllianceBernstein was senior VP of global growth research. In 2006 he took over management of the Global Growth Trends portfolio. He was an avid golfer, skier, horseman, and world traveler. Survivors include wife Liz and their beloved pets, parents Edmund and Marcy, sister Beth '89, brothers Todd and Peter, and grandparents Cyril and Margaret Ham.

67 Charles K. Warner, 88, formerly of Lincoln, Mass., on December 30, 2006. With a doctorate in French history from Columbia Univ., he taught at Middlebury in the early 1960s. Leaving the College to research and write a textbook, he completed his career at Brandeis Univ. Interests included astronomy, fly-fishing, and Iceland. He is survived by wife Patricia (Cutler), sons Christopher, Nicholas, and Joshua, daughters Cecily Noble and Rosalind Schreiber, stepson Robert Fowler, and eight grandchildren.

68 Patricia McCarthy Whitney, 81, of Weybridge, Vt., on March 25, 2007. With a B.S. in home economics from Boston Univ. and a master's in educational administration from Harvard, she taught English as a foreign language in Vina del Mar, Chile.

69 Roseee Lee Browne, 81, French, of Los Angeles, Calif., on April 11, 2007. A stage, film, and television actor, he was a familiar face on television sitcoms including Soap (as the butler Saunders), The Cosby Show, and All In The Family. His distinctive, rich voice narrated the movie Babe and several documentaries.

70 Anne Daukas Wolff, 83, M.A. French, of Greenwich, Conn., on March 30, 2007. An accomplished linguist, fluent in French, Spanish, Greek, and Romanian, she worked for the United Nations Secretariat. Later she was research coordinator for 19 years at a Stanford, Conn., provider of publishing and advertising analysis.

71 Leah M. Kresse, 75, M.A. French, of Lancaster, Pa., on April 1, 2007. For many years she was in the field of education as a teacher and head of the foreign language department in the school district of Lancaster.

72 Ted Heine, 73, M.A. German, of Waverly, Iowa, on April 22, 2007. Awarded the Legion of Merit, he served 22 years in the U.S. Air Force, retiring as a lieutenant colonel. In his last four years of service, he was a professor of German and deputy head in the department of foreign languages at the Air Force Academy. He then taught accounting at Wartburg College in Waverly.

73 Maureen Roddam Soucy, 68, M.A. Spanish, of Pittsburgh, Pa., on March 28, 2007. As an educator, she taught Spanish and French at Wisconsin State Univ. in Superior, Wis., then at Marquette Senior High School for many years.

74 Marilynn Groffman Lowenstein, 62, M.A. French, of Los Angeles, Calif., on March 30, 2007. Survivors include her husband Steven, two children, and several grandchildren.

**LANGUAGE SCHOOLS**

37 Pauline F. Baxa, 96, M.A. French, formerly of Franklin, Mass., on April 28, 2007. At Dean College in Franklin, she worked more than 50 years teaching French and Spanish, and serving for 20 years as dean of women. Dean awarded her the Distinguished Service Award in 1966 and the Thompson Award for service in 1989.

38 Beatrice Whitney Creese, 95, M.A. French, of Belfast, Maine, on March 18, 2007. She taught French and Spanish, and also taught English as a foreign language in Viña del Mar, Chile.

46 Roscoe Lee Browne, 81, French, of Los Angeles, Calif., on April 11, 2007. A stage, film, and television actor, he was a familiar face on television sitcoms including Soap (as the butler Saunders), The Cosby Show, and All In The Family. His distinctive, rich voice narrated the movie Babe and several documentaries.

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department he could see running it someday.

“Erin Quinn,” Smith answered.

“Me too,” Lawson replied.

Heineken, also recognized the potential, pulling Quinn aside about six years ago and urging him to consider the greater impact he’d have as an administrator.

When Quinn did decide to pursue the job after Russ Reilly announced his intention to retire, the lacrosse coach did something odd. He asked his father-in-law two favors: to sit down once and answer his questions about the position, and then to stay completely out of whatever process might follow—no references, no input, nothing.

“Obviously I was impressed with what his wishes were, and obviously I honored them,” Lawson says, making it clear that it was nonetheless difficult, considering he still maintained close ties to the College (he hired a number of the coaches Quinn now oversees) and that he knew Quinn made the ideal candidate.

Many things about Quinn—notorious for both his tireless work ethic and even-keel demeanor—haven’t changed since he took the reins of the department. Most days, he still gets to work at 6 A.M. and stays until well after most people have gone home. And despite the added pressure of his new position, few things overwhelmed him. “The one trait he has that unfortunately I never had,” Lawson says, “is he’s probably the calmest, most under control person I’ve ever seen.”

And he still finds time to listen—really listen—to anyone about anything, a quality that has always amazed Heineken.

A conversation with Quinn can be an experience. He’s an expressive talker—he talks with his hands a lot—but he’s an even more active listener. Each problem is met with a well-conceived solution grounded in sharp, rational thought. But it’s his ability to zero in on whatever anyone is saying that impresses people the most. (It can also catch you off-guard, especially if you’ve just met Quinn. Think about it: In your everyday life, how many people really listen to everything you say?)

In his first year overseeing the 65-person, $4 million department, Quinn installed a collaborative system in which he invites criticism of himself if there is a better way to do things. Even little things: this summer he moderated a discussion among coaches on how to best handle the box-lunch plan for road games.

Quinn also smiles a lot, and his coaches tend to smile, too. Smith, who has coached at Middlebury for nearly 30 years, calls it “a breath of fresh air” to have a conversation with Quinn, 14 years his junior. “It’s funny,” Smith says. “I’m 57, so I’ve got to at least be thinking about retirement and how much longer I’m going to work at Middlebury. The ages of 60 and 65 make you think about that stuff.”

He pauses. “Working for him makes me feel like I could work here 10 more years if I need to—or 15 if I need to.” Understandably, when Panthers subsequently launched a dramatic run to win the NESCAC title and keep Middlebury’s seven-year streak of NESCAC championships alive. The postseason success took a little heat off Campbell, who played goalie for Quinn and later coached under him. Campbell was chosen to succeed Quinn at age 27 despite a 17-28 career record in three years at Connecticut College. Some call Campbell “a clone” of Quinn, thanks to his 70-hour work week, and almost on cue the apprentice admits unabashedly: “With everything I do, I’d be lying if I said I didn’t look at it as, ‘How would Erin do this?’”

On a dazzling summer morning in Vail, Colorado, last July, Quinn, in town for the annual Shootout lacrosse tournament, sat by the hotel pool sipping coffee. It had been a year and a day since he started his job, and a couple of months since Middlebury finished second in the Sears Directors’ Cup standings, which measure a school’s overall athletic power. Quinn was dressed in an untucked button-down shirt, khaki shorts, and flip-flops. He was tan and fit, and, well, typical Quinn—doing four things at once, pleasing everyone.

In the course of an hour, he answered a reporter’s questions, needled alumni who walked by, and toyed with his Blackberry as his kids played nearby.

He then explained the newest implementation of his big-picture, “don’t look at the scoreboard” rule, which he imposed so effectively during his coaching career.

“We won national championships,” he said, “and the players who played for me know that we never really talked about it.” As for running the department, he employs the same philosophy: “We’re gonna do what we do, do it as well as we can, and at the end of the year whether the Sears Cup says we’re No. 1, No. 2, or No. 10, that’s okay.”

He took a sip of coffee, then added, almost in passing, “Not everyone feels that way.” It seems like that would be his biggest challenge, but then you realize that you’ve heard all you needed to hear.

It’s the secret to Erin Quinn: he’s the master of making the obvious so mysteriously difficult to duplicate. Be it as a coach, an athlete, or an athletic director, he has always cultivated the ultimate winning mentality with the same sublime approach: by focusing on everything except winning itself.
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Though I was only 10 at the time, I imagine that J.K. Rowling and I felt quite similar during the summer of 1997. Me, on the cusp of shedding my cumbersome youth, the quick expansion to double-digits, my first zero. She, on the verge of publishing her first novel, an unlikely tale of witchcraft and wizardry, and the first of many royalty checks with, well, many, many zeros. We were both nervous, excited, straining to accommodate such saltatory changes in our lives.

It was some months later when I picked up a copy of *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer’s Stone*. Here I discovered a world of fantasy and enchantment, magic wands and flying brooms; a world without parents, a world without school, a world of 11-year-old wizards. Also, I wondered when I too would receive my letter of admission, my phoenix-feathered wand, and Nimbus 2000. It seemed to me—and, I suspect, the thousands of other 11-year-olds who comprised the first generation of readers—that Harry and I were two of a kind.

Unfortunately, this period of joyful concomitance did not last long. As Rowling’s pen began to slow and my awkward pubescence only accelerated, the disparity between Harry and me—both in age and, to my surprise, magical skill—only widened. Before I knew it, I was packing for college, deciding whether Harry or Holden would be the last boy in the box of books.

Once at Middlebury, it became rather difficult to leave Harry behind. Perhaps it was the pastoral campus nestled in the rolling hills or the various Commons—Wonnacott, Slytherin, Brainerd, and Cook. (One could only wonder where the deans kept the sorting hat.)

Struggling with conflicting messages, told to grow but left in the dream world, there seemed only one reasonable solution for us, the first generation of readers.

Stripping our beds for capes, raiding custodial closets for brooms, a group of us began a weekly game of, yes, Quidditch. And this is where people usually stop me. “But how can you play Quidditch,” they ask, in that tone that conflates maturity and condescension, “if you cannot fly?” And they were right. We could not fly. There was no magic here—at least not the kind that turns beetles into buttons and kid brothers into rodents.

And it was this position, caught precariously between youth and adulthood, fantastic flight and grounded realism, that became the game’s centerpiece: the awkward image of a young man tumbling full speed down a field, with a broom between his legs.

The inaugural season culminated in the first annual Middlebury Quidditch Cup, a campus-wide tournament with 75 participants and more than 150 spectators. In the end, the Falmouth Falcons came away victorious. The prize? A golden trophy forged together from juvenile figurines and a plastic bottle of—shall we say—firewhiskey.

And while I have since retired as the first Collegiate Quidditch Commissioner, Middlebury’s team carries on magnificently. From what I hear, intercollegiate matches are currently being scheduled. NCAA regulations concerning broom weight and cape length can’t be far behind.

Three thousand four hundred pages and more than a decade later, the series, along with Harry’s long and arduous adolescence, came to an end. As I set down the final book, I felt my feet twitch a little, apprehensive, as they floated gently back to the ground. Harry and I were once again in the same position, asking the same question. In a world without house rivalries and transfiguration, Quidditch capes and custodial closets, professors of art, liberal and magical, what comes next? I suppose there is really only one reasonable solution. Put down the broom and start running.
...and the foliage is great, too.

Did you know that you can brighten your future—and Middlebury’s—with a Charitable Gift Annuity? As shown in this illustration, when you establish a CGA you can earn an income for life, reduce your taxes, and support the College with a significant gift. You’ll benefit and so will the students engaged in a Middlebury education. That’s nothing short of—brilliant!

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