Home, Under Siege

The BP oil spill is only the latest wave in an ongoing assault on the country’s most endangered terraqueous region. A Louisiana native attempts to make sense of it all.

by Emily Peterson ’08
UPHILL/DOWNHILL

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Our Sense of Place
When one’s surroundings become part of the story.

One of the most consistent comments we receive from judges when we submit the magazine for award consideration is that we do an admirable job of conveying a sense of place. Readers, too, frequently mention that the quarterly arrival of the magazine is almost always accompanied with a jolt of nostalgia for Middlebury, both town and College.

Of course, capturing the scenic beauty of our campus blanketed in snow or Bread Loaf on an autumn afternoon is a little bit like shooting fish in a barrel—if we’re not adequately conveying a sense of place in these pages, then we’re doing something wrong. But as I was reminded when we were putting this issue together, the very concept of a “sense of place” is more than the physical characteristics that define a landscape, but also one’s relationship—past or present—with those surroundings.

The writer Susan Orlean has published a collection of stories under the title My Kind of Place: Travel Stories from a Woman Who’s Been Everywhere, and in these pieces, she says that where the stories unfolded was “almost as important as the story itself.” In some instances, she adds, “the place was the story.”

This can be said about Emily Peterson’s feature in this issue, “Can the Louisiana Coast Be Saved?” And it’s exactly what we talk about when we discuss a story with a “strong sense of place,” precisely because her exhaustively reported narrative of a region in peril is told in a voice steeped in experience—in this case, her family’s intimate relationship with the Louisiana coast and its waterways.

In Leah Koenig’s back-page essay, “The Plunge,” Thoreau’s Walden Pond is as much a character as it is a location. And while our profile of Conor Shapiro ’03 is firmly rooted in rural, post-earthquake Haiti, writer Deborah Sontag includes an observation that other writers might not have made—the effect, the lure, that the country and its people had on Conor as a teenager when he first visited Haiti while a sophomore at Middlebury.

So this got me thinking (a dangerous thing, some will tell you)—does Middlebury attract students who are naturally drawn to and appreciative of a “sense of place,” or is this behavior learned, acquired by spending four years in a, well, place like Middlebury?

I recently put this question to Christopher Shaw, a visiting lecturer in English and American literatures and himself a fair chronicler of place (for years he edited Adirondack Life magazine, and he’s the author of the acclaimed Sacred Monkey River: A Canoe Trip with the Gods). Each spring, Shaw teaches a course called Writing the Journey, and he says that while place, “being one of the basic elements of literature,” is a constant in his classes, he can almost always point to particular students who carry a “regional stamp [with them] and find the way to embody it in writing by being here at Middlebury, immersed in a place that is a little bit off to the side; with a perspective, but still of it.”

“With a perspective, but still of it.” Couldn’t have said it better myself. —Mf
Not the Midd Way

Pete MacDonald ’50 writes (Letters, summer 2010) that because I was the White House press secretary to President George W. Bush, my “connection with Middlebury [should] be allowed to slip into oblivion.”

Sorry Mr. MacDonald, that won’t happen.

I may—or may not—be one of the few George W. Bush Republicans to be a Middlebury graduate, but so what?

Aren’t colleges supposed to be about rigorous debate, diversity of opinion, and respect for other people’s ideas? I suppose for Mr. MacDonald those who disagree with him should be banned—at least from Middlebury. So much for tolerance, open-mindedness, and respect.

I don’t take what he wrote seriously, but it’s worth wondering what Middlebury, or any academic institution, would be like if the only people allowed were those who conform to one set of political views.

Fortunately for all of us, Mr. MacDonald included, that’s not the tradition of either the United States or Middlebury College.

Ari Fleischer ’82
Pound Ridge, New York

Viewpoints Welcome

Although I haven’t communicated with anyone at Middlebury for many years, I am motivated to respond to Pete MacDonald’s quite violent condemnation of Ari Fleischer ’82 in the summer 2010 issue of Middlebury Magazine. Let me say first that I do not know Mr. Fleischer personally, although I have seen him many times on television. Further, I consider George Bush to have been mostly a disaster as president, and if I had been living in the U.S., I doubt that I would have voted for him, especially for the second term.

I do recall, though, that years back when I heard that a Middlebury graduate was press secretary, I was quite proud that the College was represented at such a high level. Several years ago, in the magazine, there were some strong condemnations of Fleischer because of his connections to President Bush, but I passed this off as part of the natural bent of youthful college students to protest. But this comment from Mr. MacDonald, who is essentially from my generation, although I don’t really remember him, seems to be totally uncalled for, and if he really does represent the Middlebury view on this sort of issue, then I am really concerned. I certainly hope that “most” Middlebury people can’t be so narrow-minded.

First, Mr. Fleischer, I assume, was hired to reflect and articulate whatever policies the administration might have. That was his job. Press secretaries are not expected to express personal points of view. I assume that he probably didn’t agree with everything, but it was his job to report what the president and the policy-makers wanted disseminated. Mr. MacDonald makes it look as if Mr. Fleischer actually formulated the policies. I assume that Mr. Fleischer is a Republican, but I am not aware that such an affiliation is a sin.

Second, and more important from my point of view, the Middlebury of my generation, I thought, stood for the tolerance of various points of view, for intelligent discussion, for the notion that a liberal education was one that encouraged a variety of viewpoints even when such views clashed with one’s own beliefs. This is what I learned from our professors like Doc Cook, Pardon Tillinghast, and Tom Reynolds. What I see in Mr. MacDonald’s point of view, and to those who support his position, is a narrow notion of what a liberal education is. I really hope this is not the position of the College.

Edward Hickcox ’53
Victoria, British Columbia

Learning from Fleischer

With all due respect to Pete MacDonald ’50 and his wish that Ari Fleischer “Fade Away, Please,” Mr. MacDonald may want to reread Middlebury’s mission statement:

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or disciplinary boundaries, students who come to Middlebury learn to engage the world."

I fail to see how denying Midd students access to a man who was in the inner circle at the White House builds the "capacity for rigorous analysis and independent thought" and helps them "learn to engage the world." Mr. MacDonald also laments Mr. Fleischer's return to campus in 2002 to receive the Alumni Achievement Award. I remember that well because my son, a junior at the time, called home to complain that he could not hear Mr. Fleischer's acceptance speech because the sound—piped outside because Mead Chapel was filled to capacity—was drowned out by protesters.

Isn't it the duty of a world-class liberal arts college like Middlebury to provide opportunities for students to engage in dialogue with people of all persuasions and views? Isn't that how learning takes place? Despite his politics, Ari Fleischer was a heartbeat away from the president of the United States for more than four years and probably the most visible Middlebury alum, ever. There is much to learn from someone with his experience.

Again, I respect Mr. MacDonald's political view, but I sent my son to Middlebury so that he would have the opportunity to come face to face with leaders of all kinds, not just the ones I agree with.

Jim Kaag '03
Morris Plains, New Jersey

A Venomous Fixation
Pete MacDonald's rancid attack on Ari Fleischer struck the one sour note in an otherwise delightful summer issue.

Middlebury has hosted several highly objectionable speakers over the past few years (Bill Clinton comes to mind), but Fleischer was not one of them.

Fleischer, in contrast to other questionable guests, served honorably and honestly in an administration that was forced to grapple as best it could with some of the most difficult and dangerous challenges any president has confronted since World War II.

This in the face of a savagely partisan political opposition that fought him every inch of the way on every issue, to the cheers of a "mainstream" media that abandoned even the pretense of objectivity in its obsession with humiliating and destroying President Bush from day one. And yet no president in living memory has responded with more gracious restraint to such a firestorm of toxic slanders—including, outrageously, calls for his assassination—not to mention the unprecedented attacks on him by two former presidents, and the current one, which, incredibly, still continue.

My request to Mr. MacDonald and his fellow Bush-haters is to concentrate on correcting the catastrophic blunders of the present administration and let their venomous fixation on the past one (and evidently every member of its team) "fade away, please."

Jack Rymsza '74
Lynn, Massachusetts

A short walk to the college and downtown shops...
Applause for Ari
Contrary to the opinions and suggestions set forth by Pete MacDonald, we applaud and support the College’s invitation last fall to Ari Fleischer, George W. Bush’s former press spokesman, to speak at the College and to grant him an Alumni Achievement Award in 2002.

Likewise, although we disagree with the radical direction the Obama administration is trying to take the country, we would encourage and support the College to recognize, as appropriate, the achievements of Middlebury alumni serving in the present administration.

The significant achievements of Middlebury alumni in the political world should be recognized although one may disagree politically. We should strive to be “fair and balanced.”

John F. Hornbostel Jr. ’62
Elizabeth (Betty) J. Hornbostel ’62
Palm Coast, Florida

Inseparable
I just read the summer issue cover to cover and could not put it down. Richard Hawley’s sentimental piece (“Held In Place”) describes the draw of the hills with emotion, and Matt Jennings’s Viewfinder (“Survey Says”) is a reminder of how many of us remain truly dedicated to our alma mater and the wonderful sharing of it that this magazine provides.

I would only opine that Mr. Hawley’s opinion, “It is said that you cannot love places the way you love people, but I believe you can,” seems to miss the fundamental lesson that I learned from my closest faculty-friends and mentors, Janine Clookey and John Elder: people and place are inseparable. Why one would choose to make such an unnecessary distinction puzzles me, but all truths are half-truths. Certainly being in a packed McCullough gymnasium on the occasion of Professor Elder’s retirement speech was a wholly physical experience, no less enriched by the tears in Stephen Trombulak’s eyes or the generations of students who come to Middlebury and return for splendid walks with the bard.
of Bristol. Though they may not belong to us as they do to Him, the strength of the hills is in each one of us. I think Whitehead and Pittenger might agree.

Alexander Lee ’97
Concord, New Hampshire

Kudos to Midd Mag
Middlebury Magazine is head and shoulders above any other alumni magazine that I get in the mail, and gets devoured from cover to cover (even the class notes).

And while Matt Jennings is probably right in concluding that “nothing screams I READ AND I CARE more than an angry letter” (“Survey Says” summer 2010), it is better to be inundated with angry letters than none at all. Readability is not about printing glowing paens of praise for one’s alma mater, it’s about keeping the coals of intellectual discourse alive, and Midd Mag does an enviable job of that. Now, imagine all this from someone who only attended Middlebury for one year, and your head will surely swell, but try not to be too obvious about it.

Jim Close ’74
Mechanicville, New York

Tap-Tap Tribute
On August 9, 2010, there was a lovely reception here at Piper Shores to honor the memory of Mary Williams Brackett ’36.

Inspired by Sarah Franco’s essay “Raising Canes,” in the summer issue, Joanne Buckridge Booth ’47 and I offered to sing a few rousing verses of the ballad “Gamaliel Painter’s Cane” in tribute to Mary.

Of course, we put real energy into the “rap, rap, rap” and the “tap, tap, tap,” with our Middlebury canes—and I swear I heard a distant echo—“tap, tap, tap”—after our rendition.

Gloria Antolini Keyser ’46
Scarborough, Maine

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LETTERS

Recommended Reading

Sierra Crane-Murdoch’s article about West Virginia and Massey Energy (“Hollowed Ground,” summer 2010) was a great piece of writing, packed with imagery, details, human interest, ideas, and the reality of coal-mining communities. She should take a look at The Long Tunnel: A Coal Miner’s Journey, by Meade Arble, written in the late 1970s, in the days she cited when the industry was doing better. A doctor’s son, Arble worked as a miner and wrote about the work, the miners, the community, and the life there—similar to what Sierra observed. It was one of those rare books I couldn’t put down. At that time, I was editor of Ingersoll-Rand’s Compressed Air magazine, which focused strongly on mining and mining equipment.

Bob seeley ’64
Flemington, New Jersey

The writer was the editor of the former Compressed Air magazine, which focused on mining.

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Mistake or Mischief?
At the risk of sounding petty, I noticed that in "The Journey of Roberto Véguez" (summer 2010), Véguez talks about meeting his former French teacher in his apartment building.

“My god, it’s you.”

Any reason why “God” wasn’t capitalized?

I noticed, for example, that Super Bowl was capitalized, and throughout the magazine, Middlebury is referenced as the “College,” with a capital C. Surely, God is far more important than either one of these.

I trust this was just an oversight on an editor’s part (or on Véguez’s part), and not yet another attempt to minimize God and religion.

Patrick Henaghan, MA Spanish '80 Medford, Massachusetts

Editors’ Note: The decision to lowercase the G in “god” was based solely on its usage in the sentence and our interpretation of its intended meaning. God is always capitalized when referring to the Supreme Being; however, we did not interpret “my god,” as such a reference, but instead as a common expression like “godforsaken,” which is also lowercased.

Counting Blessings
Most of us leave Middlebury imbued with idealistic visions and dreams of grandeur, of possibly achieving grand fame, or in the absence of that, at least some good material fortune with which to enhance our prosperity or perhaps endow a chair at Middlebury in the name of the professor who most inspired us.

Seven years removed from graduation from Middlebury, I am fortunate to find myself finally on the path to “having it all,” and I wished to submit this letter to inspire hope and guard the spirit of optimism and active effort that defines the journey of adulthood we all embraced together, as part of the Middlebury community, when coming of age and beginning to launch the rest of our lives.

I begin with my thanks. Professor...
Carol Bakhos, who taught my freshman seminar Job, Faith, and Suffering, taught me that there’s much more to life than good grades and challenged me to be open to meaningful life experiences that would enhance my learning and holistic growth. Professor Allison Stanger is to me the model of all that is possible for a modern woman who refuses to uphold herself to anything but the highest of standards. I continue to tell myself that I will consider my life well lived if I master only a portion of the character and principles that guide her professional and personal life. Professor David Rosenberg is the symbol of caring, who supports all of his students’ hopes and dreams tirelessly. Professor Robert Pekkanen taught me the most from an intellectual standpoint, but what I will never forget about him are the values, including humor, that shape the way he chooses to live. Last, but certainly not least, Sarah Gage ’82, longtime Pasadena resident, invested in my success by consistently believing in my competence so that I was psychologically tricked into persistently expending my effort despite challenging external circumstances—a depressed economy and a lot of change at once.

In the past, letters to the editor indicated that many in the community experience feelings of personal inadequacy after reading the stories in *Middlebury* Magazine about lives dedicated to noble causes and the achievement of feats. Indeed, it is in our social nature to compare our progress in the attainment of goals with others. But psychology studies indicate that optimists, those who believe in the feasibility of a highly positive outcome for themselves, can glean from upward comparison vital information useful to their own personal advancement.

Evaluation and commitment to course correction have been my twin pillars, guiding me to my current destination. My marriage into a wonderful family exponentially increased my social resources, confidence, and resolve to continue to pursue my dreams each day. My decision to pursue a lifelong career in long-term care reform and caregiver policy, to promote the highest quality of life for senior citizens in the context of limited resources and demographic aging, provides me with an emotionally and financially meaningful source of intellectual engagement. Had I not proactively sought out routes to personal and professional success with great tenacity, I would not be writing this letter today. However, our lives must be much more than the sum of elation at success and disappointment with failure.

I believe that a liberal arts education equips us to lead lives of high moral character, personal meaning, and purposeful fulfillment. Middlebury taught me what the questions worth asking are as well as the methods and processes of gaining and applying knowledge. Since we must all cope with the great uncertainty of what the future holds, we must...
continue to have faith in our acquired preparation to effectively and efficiently adapt to our environments and always identify new ways to align our personal missions to remain relevant and engaged in the larger society. To those who still experience some feelings of personal inadequacy from reading in the magazine about the grand, monumental triumphs of just a select few, I would remark that I am honored and pleased to have the good fortune of being even the weakest link in such a strong and powerful chain, the Middlebury community.

Sara Yim Jordan ’03
Pasadena, California

Kudos to Jean
First of all, I love the magazine—what a superb publication. I would like to submit a letter concerning the 2010 reunion of the class of 1960.

Last spring, the staff of the College did an incredible job of making sure our
50th reunion was an exceptional experience. Enough cannot be said about the diligence and great care Deb Wales and Sue Levine did in the months preceding June in preparation for this great event.

Something also needs to be said about the tremendous undertaking of Jean Seeler '60 in organizing all the social events. She was indefatigable when it came to being sure that every kind of activity was available for our diverse tastes. She carefully wrote and planned—with the help of a few others—the memorial service; she arranged—with the generosity of Vcevy and Jane—the Friday night dinner under the tent; she helped find rooms for those people who arrived a bit late; and, most important, Jean was our “Guardian Angel” throughout the four day event, being sure we knew the schedule, reminding us of the times and places of the class picture, the golf tournament, the walk with the Battelles.

Jean’s unflagging dedication to us and to the College ensured that this 50th reunion will long be remembered. From the hearts of a very grateful class, many, many thanks, Jean.

Mike Robinson ’60
Sudbury, Massachusetts

Editors’ Note

In addition to the opinions shared in our letters department here in the printed magazine, robust conversations are occurring over at our sibling digital magazine, middmag.com.

While encouraging you to check us out online, we thought it’d also be nice to share some of those thoughts in our printed pages, especially since many comments pertain to material that first appeared in print.

Roberto Véquez (“The Journey of Roberto Véquez,” summer 2010) was the object of much admiration. “Professor Véquez is one of the best—an amazing teacher and a fantastic, warm, good-willed person. I loved every class with him!!!” wrote one person. “Great men-

Great alumni think alike.

Bet you didn’t know that alumni of Middlebury College and Emory University’s Goizueta Business School had so much in common. But some of your best graduates, like ’05 Middlebury graduate Adam King, came to Atlanta to get their MBAs at Goizueta. Adam received his MBA in 2009 and now works as a marketing representative for Reebok International.

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What happens to a Middlebury computer when its “life” is up? This animated feature explains.

Noted journalist John Hockenberry came to campus this fall. We tell you what he had to say.

Chime Dolma’s journey to Middlebury was anything but conventional. It started by stowing away in a wooden box.

What’s this guy doing in a speedo? Welcoming first-year students. Our video takes you to this orientation event.
	or, great professor, great friend,” added another. And Terry Martin-Boladeres offered this personal connection:

Roberto does not know this, but as a little girl I had wished to have a cousin like him: his cousin Maria Elena was away on vacation with her parents, and we went to their house for some reason, and he addressed his cousin’s bedroom with such reverence: he would not allow anyone to touch anything.

That impacted me and I never forgot it. I always knew him to be such a serious-minded person and always looked up to him.

So when my brother Jorge told me he was in Middlebury I cried with emotion for finding my long lost childhood friend. My husband joins me in wishing Roberto and his lovely wife Susan a very happy and enjoyable future.

“Who Am I?” Kevin Redmon’s profile of Janet Mondlane Rodrigues ’12 (winter 2010) continues to generate discussion online; this summer, Alden Anderson ’68 took a critical view of the very definition of diversity:

I guess you could say I come from a “privileged” white family. Though I can remember a Christmas when there would have been no presents under the tree but for the largess of my mother’s college classmate. Nonetheless I come from that “white privilege” side.

I have never been one to mince words so let me start with this. I resent the label “white privilege.” In Rudolph Harle’s sociology class about prejudice, I learned stereotypes or labels were...well, I forget what we learned but let me tell you what I know them to be: stupid, meaningless, empty, sometime hurtful pejoratives that add nothing to any conversation.

I come from Maine and grew up in the Massachusetts suburbs. I and none of my friends ever cast ourselves as being “white.” So in a very large way, race is not a burning issue. Should it be?

My answer is no, and I’ll tell you why. Do you want me to tell you, Janet, who you are? The fact is—only you can. So don’t put the onus on me. If you must use race as your frame of reference, how can it be otherwise that your race—and, wrongly, my race—will always be an issue for you?

Diversity is just another lousy label for classifying people by race, color, gender, sexual
preference, or creed. It is invidious terminology that too many people hide behind. I really would like someone to tell me just what it means. Is it a means to an end? What end? An end in itself? Does it mean one group is supposed to move over and make room for another group?

I had the experience of living in Brooklyn this past year. Diversity in action. Fifteen nationalities or more talking different languages often living together in certain neighborhoods; none talking to each other as nobody could understand another. Diversity in action instead of some insipid meaningless term.

Now, if sometime you want to talk about giving people—or perhaps even groups of people—the dignity and respect that every human being deserves, I would then know what you’re talking about. In the meantime, treat everyone you meet the way you would like to be treated. No “diversity” needed.

Other comments of note have pertained to content created exclusively for the digital magazine. Jack Byrne, Middlebury’s Director of Sustainability Integration, had this to say about a story that explored the College’s composting operation:

This is a great story about one of our most successful efforts to close the loop in our use of natural resources. It’s great to see that we are using our compost to keep our athletic fields in good shape organically. I want to mention, too, that the Organic Garden uses the food waste compost to grow produce that is served in the dining halls, which is a really short closed loop!

And next time I need a read on the ripeness of a compost pile I’m going to ask John Gosselin for his olfactory opinion.

And, finally, a story about Middlebury grads looking back on their first year in Teach for America generated this comment from Beth Schmidt ’06, an alum of both the College and TFA:

It was great to read about the current Middlebury alumni tackling TFA. I am both a Midd grad and a Los Angeles corps member and am now working on launching Wishbone.org, a nonprofit organization which strives to bring opportunity to “at risk” high school students through direct sponsorship of after school and summer programs via online donors.

I would encourage my fellow alums to make sure they prioritize their health and happiness throughout their experience. Longevity in giving back will extend past their corps member commitment if they have compassion for themselves.

It is wonderful to see that other alums are taking on the huge and urgent challenge of educational inequity!

Letters Policy
Letters addressing topics discussed in the magazine are given priority, though they may be edited for brevity or clarity. On any given subject we will print letters that address that subject, and then in the next issue, letters that respond to the first. After that, we will move on to new subjects. Send letters to: Middlebury Magazine, 152 College Street, Middlebury, VT 05753 or middmag@middlebury.edu.
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8:00 p.m. each evening, Mahaney Center for the Arts, Skidmore Studio Theatre
Tickets: $10/8/6

Director Claudio Medeiros ’90 tackles Euripides’ epic tale of war, love, and revenge, proving that Greek tragedy remains compelling 2,500 years later. Behind-the-Scenes Lunch and Discussion, November 16, 2010.

Silkscreen Prints

December 2–14, 2010
Johnson Memorial Building, Pit Space, Free

This exhibition is a culmination of in-depth studio practice. Students address various technical and conceptual challenges, resulting in an array of imagery, both observed from life and their own imaginations.

Broken Embraces

January 8, 2011
3:00 and 8:00 p.m., Dana Auditorium, Free

The Hirschfield International Film Series presents Pedro Almodóvar’s latest film, starring Luis Homar and Penélope Cruz. “A voluptuary of a film, drunk on primary colors.”—Roger Ebert, Chicago Sun-Times

Ezra Axelrod ’08

January 8, 2011
8:00 p.m., Mahaney Center for the Arts, Concert Hall, Free

With vivid narratives, gritty soulfulness, and the stylings of a cowboy-turned-classical-pianist, Music Department alumnus Axelrod returns to Middlebury to launch his “American Motel” International Tour.

The Dance Company of Middlebury:
Culture, Cash, and Community: To Have or To Have Not

January 21–22, 2011
8:00 p.m. each evening, Mahaney Center for the Arts, Dance Theatre, Tickets: $10/8/6

Artistic Director Christal Brown and DCM perform at Middlebury before traveling to New Orleans’s Seventh Ward for a week of community engagement through dance and music. Postperformance discussion and reception following Friday’s performance.

See the full schedule of events at www.middlebury.edu/arts
Box Office: 802.443.MIDD (6433)
Kevin P. Mahaney ’84 Center for the Arts
How many times did you walk past Old Stone Row on your way to adulthood?
You spent some of the most important years of your life at Middlebury, making lasting friends and discovering possibilities for your future.

Middlebury can help you discover new possibilities for your future, like a guaranteed income for life. With a Charitable Gift Annuity you can support the College while benefiting from its historic strength. A Gift Annuity is backed by the full assets of the College; it’s also flexible, reliable, and immediately tax deductible.

Here’s how a Charitable Gift Annuity with a flexible start date could work for you. Say you’re 55, plan to retire at age 65, and you give as little as $10,000 today. You choose to begin receiving lifetime annuity payments between ages 65 and 75—the later your payments begin, the higher your rate, as shown below. And your rate won’t change—you can consider it written in stone.

We’ll be here—for all the important years of your life. Let’s talk about creating an individualized plan for you. Call or e-mail us with no obligation.

Flexible Deferred Gift Annuity Rates (for donor age 55) These are sample rates illustrating one variation of a Middlebury Gift Annuity. For a personalized illustration, please contact us.

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<td>12.5%</td>
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Middlebury
Office of Gift Planning
Calculate your benefits: www.middlebury.edu/giving/ways/planning
CONTRIBUTORS

Bridget Besaw ("Can the Louisiana Coast Be Saved?" p. 34) is an award-winning environmental photojournalist based in northern Maine. Her work can be found at www.bridgetbesaw.com.

Elisabeth Crean ("House of Blues," p. 48) is a writer in Grand Isle, Vermont.

Gianni De Conno ("The Plunge," p. 88) is an illustrator based in Italy.

Thomas England ("Emily’s List," p. 26) is a photographer based in Atlanta.

Emma Dodge Hanson ("Child’s Play," p. 46) is a photographer based in Saratoga Springs, New York.

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Miguel Santamarina ("Cue McEwan," p. 20) is an illustrator based in Madrid.

Terry Sebastian ("When the Earth Shook," p. 40) is a photojournalist. His work can be found at www.terrysebastian.com.

Brett Simison ("Being Karl Lindholm," p. 32) is a photographer in Middlebury and a regular contributor to Middlebury Magazine. His work can be found at www.brettsimison.com.

Deborah Sontag ("When the Earth Shook," p. 40) is a writer with the New York Times.

Sarah Tuff ’95 ("Child’s Play," p. 46) is a freelance writer in Burlington, Vermont.

Nate Williams ("Graveyard+Shift," p. 21) is an illustrator based in Argentina.

Green Living

At Wake Robin, residents designed and built 3 miles of walking trails. Each Spring they produce maple syrup in the community sugar house. And they compost, plant gardens, and work with staff to follow earth-friendly practices, conserve energy and use locally grown foods.

Live the life you choose—in a vibrant community that shares your "green" ideals. We're happy to tell you more. Visit our website or give us a call today to schedule a tour.

802.264.5100 / wakerobin.com
Earning Her Wings

After completing a three-week Jump School at Fort Benning, Georgia—the Army’s basic airborne course—Emily Nance ’12 took her final parachute jump to earn her silver wings.
EVEN THE GREATEST WRITERS aren’t always the best speakers—many prefer soundless solitude to adoring crowds—so it was a welcome surprise when Ian McEwan smoothly strode to the podium in Mead Chapel on a beautiful September evening and began his talk by thanking everyone for coming when they’d “surely rather be lounging outside in that delicious dusk.”

Woing words.

From that moment, the filled-to-capacity crowd was cued up to relax and savor an ensuing hour of the award-winning Englishman’s graceful wit, rolling metaphors, and evocative turns of phrase.

McEwan is often referred to as one of the finest living writers, and he has indeed won nearly every prize an English author can win. Nearly half of his novels have been made into films—most recently the Oscar-nominated and critically acclaimed *Atonement*—and many remain on college and high school reading lists worldwide. He is well known for his fictional forays into the seamier side of human nature, with novels that reach uncomfortably into lost childhood, deviant sexuality, and disjointed family life. From orphans who hide their mother in a grave of concrete to the deeply perceptive horror of Nazi camps to innocent mishaps with malevolent consequences, McEwan’s characters look nothing yet everything like ourselves.

Speaking to a crowd of mostly students with a fair showing of faculty, staff, and community members, McEwan read from his latest novel, *Solar*. The scene he chose focused on the main character in a way that was both intensely humorous and sadly tragic. The audience laughed uproariously one minute and sat as still as stones the next. The younger faces, especially, were a mixture of awe, tension, relief, and hilarity. McEwan’s voice boomed with narrative force and then suddenly shrank to a whisper; he enlivened the space between his words on the page and true human nature unfolding, and no one wanted to miss a moment.

When finished, McEwan smiled and reached for his water, then quickly stepped down from the podium to take questions. After the typically slow start, with a few questions called out from the crowd, students soon hurried from their seats to line up behind the microphone halfway up the center aisle.

Questions ranged from the expected—“How did you first know you were a writer?”—to the more random—“Do you like salt and vinegar potato chips?”—to the technically fundamental—“How do you do your research?”—and McEwan answered each with sincerity. He discussed his diligent approach to detail, his broad experience writing for television and the stage as well as novels, and his obsession with research: he followed a neurosurgeon for an entire year before writing one word of *Saturday*. Overall he advised young writers to read anything and everything they could get their hands on to learn the art of using detail to make a story. Referring to the passage he had just read in *Solar*, he said, “You can write that he took a train home after a long day at work, or you can take 23 pages and describe every single important moment of that commute.”

Earlier in the evening, as students were filtering in from dining halls and late athletic practices—one young man rushed in still carrying a soccer ball—a brief poll revealed a range of familiarity with the author. Some had read a book or two for a class, nearly all had seen *Atonement*, and others didn’t have any idea at all who the speaker was. “I could tell he was someone important from the way people were talking about this,” said one wide-eyed first-year. “I knew I’d be crazy to miss it.” From behind, a prudent upperclassman chimed in to say, “We get some pretty interesting speakers here, but this is big, really big.”

*Later in the fall, author John Irving also spoke to a capacity crowd in Mead Chapel. For a related article, see middmag.com.*
Graveyard + Shift  Take a look at your computer. You’re probably going to use it for about four or five years. And then you’ll get a new one, and your old machine goes... where, exactly? Middlebury College owns about 3,000 computers, and we wondered where they go when their days are done.

1. A computer destined for retirement arrives at the Davis Family Library Helpdesk where it is logged in and sent to the sub-basement. (That’s a restricted area that few people outside of Library and Information Services even know exists.)

2. There, the computer is locked in a room called Cage 2 for at least 30 days (just in case the former user needs to recover some data from the machine).

3. Then the computer’s hard drive is either wiped clean, using a program called D-BAN. (That’s short for Darik’s Boot and Nuke.) Or it’s removed and destroyed.

4. Finally, the retired computers are sorted into three categories:

   I. Parts Machines are used to give new life to existing equipment on campus.

   II. Campus Replacements are reloaded with software and assigned as needed.

   III. And Donation Equipment provides computers to schools, fire departments, libraries, and nonprofit organizations, as a way for the College to help out the community. Since 2005, the College has donated 670 machines.

For a related video story, see middmag.com.

Observed

- Middlebury students can now choose from two new minors—linguistics and global health. According to Stefano Mula, linguistics program director, “This is a natural if not necessary complement to our curriculum.” Bob Cluss, director of the global health program, says the new minor offers an overview of contemporary global public health and creates a host of interdisciplinary opportunities. ■ Also on the academic front, Middlebury and the Monterey Institute have established integrated degree programs for students wanting to earn a BA from Middlebury and an MA from Monterey in just five years, in international environmental policy, international policy studies, nonproliferation and terrorism studies, teaching foreign language, and teaching English to speakers of other languages. ■ Roman Polanski’s latest thriller, The Ghost Writer, kicked off the Hirschfield International Film Series on September 11 in Dana Auditorium. The free movie series, which happens to be a great excuse for a cheap date, also includes Bright Star by Jane Campion, the 2010 International Human Rights winner Tibet in Song by Ngawang Choephel Hon. D. ’02, and Capitalism: A Love Story by Michael Moore. ■ The Museum of Art rustled around in the attic and pulled together a stunning exhibition called “Friends Bearing Gifts: 40 Years of Acquisitions from
### Sign Me Up

Each fall we look forward—often with envy—to seeing the new list of course offerings and how they’re adapting to our changing world. Here are a few that caught our attention.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Course Name</th>
<th>Instructor</th>
<th>What’s It About?</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Millennial Media: Youth Audiences and Commercial Culture</td>
<td>Louisa Stein</td>
<td>How coming-of-age “millennials” are depicted in film, TV and digital media—from <em>Harry Potter</em> to <em>Glee</em>.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From George Washington to John Travolta: Social Dance in Popular Culture</td>
<td>Andrew Wentink</td>
<td>Long before “Dancing with the Stars,” social dance was the perfect meeting ground for religion, gender, morality, etiquette, and politics.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Economics of Happiness</td>
<td>Carolyn Craven</td>
<td>If we all just want to have more money, why doesn’t a growing GDP make us happy?</td>
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<td>Magic and the Occult in Western Europe</td>
<td>Paul Monod</td>
<td>No rabbits in hats, but a deep look into an ancient fascination with magic and the occult.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alfred Stieglitz and the Camera Work Era</td>
<td>Kristen Hoving</td>
<td>Alfred Stieglitz helped define photography as fine art, and this class will bring his work to life in an exhibition next spring.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Solar Decathlon 2011: Discipline, Coordination, &amp; Professional Practice</td>
<td>Andrea Murray</td>
<td>Students prep for a trip to Washington, D.C., to exhibit their fully functioning state-of-the-art solar home on the Mall in fall 2011.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jihad vs. McWorld: The Political Economy of Globalization</td>
<td>David Rosenberg and Jeffrey Lunstead</td>
<td>Seniors just back from studying abroad compare notes on two major forces shaping the world today.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Literary Feasts: Representations of Food in Modern Narrative</td>
<td>Sandra Carletti</td>
<td>The power of the palate—for good, for greed, for prayer, politics, and seduction.</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Politics of International Humanitarian Action</td>
<td>Sarah Stroup</td>
<td>Students explore the multibillion dollar humanitarianism industry as an approach to global politics.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Politics of Virtual Realities</td>
<td>Allison Stanger</td>
<td>Has the U.S. Constitution met its match with the Internet? Upholding ideals of liberty and equality in the age of lawless cyberspace.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Since launching our digital magazine, middmag.com, last spring, we've received more than 25,000 unique visitors. A vast majority—75 percent—come to us from referral sites (the “mother ship,” middlebury.edu, being the most common). Nearly 10 percent, or 3,674 visitors as of this writing, found us via a search engine. The most common search term was “middlebury magazine,” followed distantly by “middlebury college magazine.” Both to be expected. The fun has been discovering the unexpected, the unusual, the just plain weird search terms that ultimately directed folks to our digital pub.

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<th>Search terms</th>
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<td>Need to know basis</td>
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<td>White yak</td>
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<td>How did man get here</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Did Stephanie Saldana marry Frederic?</td>
<td>2</td>
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<td>Glyn Trevillion</td>
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<td>How long can a yak live?</td>
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<td>Whatever happened to Blair Kloman?</td>
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<td>Arachnophobics</td>
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<td>Can yaks be white?</td>
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<td>Fear of yaks</td>
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<td>Hot granola women</td>
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<tr>
<td>How to fix a garage when you crashed it</td>
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<td>Matt Jennings sad gumdrop addiction</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tap, tap, tap Middlebury</td>
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<tr>
<td>Things that occurred in 2010</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>What is the most improbable thing ever?</td>
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FYI New Faculty: Get the FAQs ASAP

Twenty-six new faculty joined Middlebury this year, and with that comes the inevitable barrage of “How do I...” questions, not to mention the accompanying task of deciphering institutional acronyms. Test your own alacrity with abbreviations and see how well you’d fare on campusi (answers below)

1. BOC
2. CAOS
3. CSO
4. CTLR
5. IACUC
6. LIS
7. SRC
8. FRAF
9. DoF
10. FAR
11. AA
12. MiiIs

Meeting of the Minds

The annual Alumni College, held at Middlebury’s Bread Loaf campus, is a weekend-long late-August gathering for alums interested in reliving the undergraduate classroom experience. This August, courses ranged in topic from campus sustainability and movie culture to the current recession and medieval Chinese literature. Associate Professor of English and American Literatures Timothy Billings taught a course on Shakespeare’s sonnets—including the more risqué ones—and here’s what he had to say about his warm-up to the fall semester:

How long have you been teaching Shakespeare?
Seventeen years total, 12 at Middlebury.

How did you decide on the subject for this year’s Alumni College course?
Shakespeare’s sonnets are perfect for a four-day course because the sequence as published in 1609 is an integral work, and yet each of its 154 parts is also a work unto itself. I’ve been trying out various ways of teaching the sonnets for years—in surveys, alongside the plays—and I wanted to extend that experiment with more “mature” students. Think of a verse like: “In me thou see’st the glowing of such fire that on the ashes of his youth doth lie as the deathbed whereon it must expire consumed with that which it was nourished by.” That has a very different feel when read by a 91-year-old than by a 19-year-old.

And what was that difference?
Well, in some ways it was like any other Middlebury course: I supplied historical backgrounds and an interpretative framework, and then we read and discussed individual poems. But there was a depth of engagement with the material among the alumni that I had never seen, even in my most sophisticated students. It was extremely moving. And yet also wildly hilarious. I don’t think I’ve ever laughed so hard in a classroom. That humor seemed to come from somewhere, perhaps a sense of confidence despite the challenges of the poetry.

Do you think your experience will change how you teach your regular classes?
Almost certainly, but I’m not sure exactly how yet. One’s teaching is always evolving, of course, as much in response to the students in front of you as to the ones behind.

Your course description refers to “controversial” sonnets. Which are they and why?
Oh, dear. How about this one: “A woman’s face with nature’s own hand painted hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion”? I probably shouldn’t quote much more unless I can be assured of an NC-17 rating for this interview! Of course, the real controversies arise from the reception of the poetry, how readers react to what they find there. But there IS a persona that emerges from the sequence that is much more agonized, self-abasing, proud, moody, passionate, and downright mean-spirited than most readers would ever realize from sonnets like “Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?” That complexity—whether it corresponds to Shakespeare’s true nature or not—is fascinating.

What in particular about the experience will stick with you?
The age range of our class was from about 30 to 95—a nonagenarian, by the way, who could recite a sonnet with as much gusto as I have ever heard. One of my “students” was the grandmother of seven Midd alums. Now, that’s lifelong learning!
On the Air

"Well, Bill, thank you for just scaring the crap out of me . . . Goodnight everybody!"

—David Letterman on finishing his interview with Middlebury Scholar in Residence Bill McKibben, who was there to discuss the climate crisis, during the August 31 airing of the CBS Late Show.

[SYLLABUS]

Course Title Global Health

Instructor Svea Closser

Description
This course provides an introductory survey of the basic issues and initiatives in contemporary global public health, including case studies of public health projects in locales such as Nepal, Haiti, and Pakistan. We will explore the political, socioeconomic, and cultural complexity of health problems and critically examine the structure and methods of global public health institutions. We will focus on social and cultural aspects of global health issues, and will also draw heavily on other disciplines like epidemiology and biology.

Reading
Anne-Emmanuelle Birn et al., Textbook of International Health
Paul Farmer, Partner to the Poor
Catherine Campbell, Letting Them Die

Closser Says
“I enjoy teaching this course—and am excited about the minor—because it really allows exploration of important topics using a number of different disciplines, from anthropology to biology to economics. This allows us fresh, nuanced perspectives on important questions, such as: Why do almost 10 million children under five die from preventable and treatable causes? And what can be done about it? A liberal arts college is a perfect place for critical, interdisciplinary reflection on these issues.”

Q&A


BH: So much changed just a few years ago . . . What I started observing was that kids were walking out of class flipping open their cell phones and rather than calling their friends, they were calling mom and dad to say, “I got a C on my calculus test” or “Wait ’til you hear what happened with my roommate last night.”

EH: Isn’t that a good thing, though? We hear so much that kids don’t talk to their parents anymore.

BH: I think there are good and bad points about this, and that’s what I was really interested in, both what’s good in terms of this new relationship kids have with their parents, but also some of the negative consequences, when kids are so connected that they’re not autonomous, independent, and growing into adults as they should.

EH: So what are the negatives that you found?

BH: We found that the kids who talk with their parents the most are the ones who are the least autonomous, the least likely to be able to regulate their own behavior. They’re not . . . growing into adults as they should.

EH: So then when do they become adults?

BH: Well, this is what worries us. But they do become adults if the parents can learn to back off a little bit. And it’s not just about letting go—which is what parents have been told to do when their kids go to college—it’s about letting go while staying connected, and how to stay connected in really healthy ways.
Emily’s List

ROTC. Check. Jump School. Check. WHINSEC. Check. What’s next for Cadet Emily Núñez ’12?

By Robert Keren

With the temperature on its way up to 105 degrees, Army Cadet Emily Núñez ’12 is sprinting down the road in combat boots with 60 pounds of parachute gear strapped to her back.

It’s four in the morning at Fort Benning, Georgia. Soon Núñez will board a C-130 transport plane for her first jump. The sergeant running alongside her spits out a few choice expletives, barking that his dead grandmother could run faster than she does.

“So that was motivational,” Núñez says later, laughing about it back at Middlebury. “I just kept telling myself that I’ve made it this far. You can’t give up now.”

Núñez is fluent in Spanish and French, and she just started her third foreign language, Portuguese, this fall. Though slight of frame—she stands just five foot three—Núñez can do 85 push-ups in two minutes and shouts commands like a drill sergeant.

Each week, during the academic year, the international studies major changes into an Army combat uniform and drives to Burlington for a 300-level military science class, Leading and Training Small Organizations, part of her commitment to the Green Mountain Battalion, the Army ROTC unit based at the University of Vermont.

It’s a short walk from her room in Munford to her car parked behind the Mahaney Center for the Arts, but last year she lived in Pearsons Hall and started her ROTC commute by trekking across campus before driving up to Burlington. In uniform with her hair in a bun and an Army patrol cap on her head, she got some unusual looks from her fellow students. “I was usually in a hurry,” Núñez recalls, “so most people wouldn’t stop to ask what’s this woman in an Army uniform doing here, but I am sure that some of them thought I was going to the CFA to audition for a play.”

It was hardly acting this summer when Núñez reported to Jump School at Fort Benning. She was one of only 30 women among the original cadre of 600 soldiers in Bravo Company, which consisted of cadets, enlisted

Obstacle Course

Whether enrolling in ROTC, attending Jump School, or commanding a multinational platoon of cadets, Emily Núñez has deftly handled whatever has come her way.

Photograph by Thomas England
personnel, and officers from all four branches of the military. Their common goal: to complete the Army’s basic airborne course, earn their silver wings, and become “airborne qualified.” Only 480 soldiers in Núñez’s company got their wings. Some were sent home for failing to keep up with the physical demands. Others were eliminated for seemingly minor infractions, such as having Skittles in their pockets. As Núñez wrote in an e-mail after the first week, “The environment here is very structured, and it is easy to get kicked out. Out of the 600 students that started, only 520 remain.”

During the first week, students are taught how to wear the parachute harness and how to use training apparatus, such as the mock door (for learning how to exit an aircraft), the parachute-landing-fall platform, and the 34-foot tower that helps simulate the physical sensation of an actual jump. The second week reinforces the safety measures learned during the first week (feet and knees together; tuck your chin) and culminates in parachute jumps from Fort Benning’s famed 250-foot tower.

During the first week of the three-week school, a male Dominican cadet served as platoon sergeant for the unit of 25 Dominican and 15 American cadets. Núñez was placed in charge the second week. Immediately there was a change in behavior.

“We had to be at formation every morning at 6 a.m., and no one had been late up to this point,” Núñez relates. “Everyone had been doing what they were supposed to do. But on my first morning in charge, it was 6 a.m., and we were missing 10 male Dominicans. Finally, at 6:10 they started arriving, and so I asked them in Spanish, ‘Where were you?’ and they gave me some excuses.”

When Núñez gets to this part of the story, her shoulders square and her voice stiffens. “I told them, ‘Just because I am a female doesn’t mean that you can disrespect me and disrespect the rest of the platoon by showing up late.’ But they didn’t really seem to care, especially this one Dominican whose father was pretty high up in the military, so I told them all to get down and give me 30 push-ups. They looked at me like I was crazy because in their culture no woman has ever given them an order like that before.

“After that, I could see a bit of a change among the Dominicans. But I saw that dynamic more than once. . . . I was called la mujer, the woman, instead of Cadet Núñez. That was really offensive to me as a woman in the United States Army. You just don’t do that to your fellow soldier. So I pulled him aside and explained it to him. I really think he got the point.”

Núñez originally thought she might pursue a career in military intelligence, but now she’s looking into law school and the Army’s Judge Advocate Generals Corps.

“Lots of people have the wrong perception of the Army. They think it’s all about the infantry . . . But to me, the Army is a group of really smart people committed to working together to achieve a goal.”

To illustrate her point, the 20-year-old tells this story: Last spring she was nominated for a Public Service Leadership Award at Middlebury. Her commanding officer, Lt. Col. Michael Palaza, came down from Burlington to attend the reception with her. They were sitting together, both in dress uniform, as the achievements of some of the other students were read aloud. One was helping refugees in Africa. Another was rebuilding homes in New Orleans. Some were raising awareness about global health. That’s when Palaza turned to Núñez and whispered, “That’s what we do in the Army, too.”
You’ve walked past it many times ... on your way to a football game, perhaps, or to a performance at the Mahaney Center for the Arts.

It sits right on Route 30 adjacent to campus. And it’s the final resting place for some of the College’s most familiar names—Painter, Battell, Monroe, Stewart.

So come along. West Cemetery beckons. Jim Ralph ’82, Rehnquist Professor of American History and Culture, will be your guide.

Photographs by Mario Morgado
The Middlebury Cemetery, also known as West Cemetery, was arguably the town's first history museum. Its gravestones and monuments are more than markers of the deceased—they tell much about the significance of the lives that they commemorate.
John W. Stewart, Class of 1846, was governor from 1870 to 1872 and a longtime member of Congress, as well as a dedicated trustee of the College. William Slade, Class of 1807 (left), was a leading antislavery Congressman and governor of Vermont from 1844 to 1846.
Being Karl Lindholm

A son reflects on his father's legacy. By David Lindholm '05

When I was about 10 years old, my dad, my sister, and I were walking our dog Bodie through the woods behind the golf course. Bodie picked up a scent and started to search, snout to the ground, stopping only when he spotted a rabbit about 10 yards away. As the two animals tore off through the woods, I marveled at Bodie's ability to track down the rabbit using only his nose.

I turned to my dad and said, "Sometimes I wish I could smell like a dog."

My dad's eyes lit up. I stormed off, furious, before he could even deliver a punch line.

Recently, I wrote to my dad asking for some guidance. I'd been thinking a lot about my career, wondering if it was time for me to make a change and follow in the footsteps of my dad and grandfather.

"I don't really have any advice for you," my dad responded, at the start of a long e-mail.

Karl Lindholm '67 started working at Middlebury in 1976, the same year that his father, my grandfather Milt, retired as the dean of admissions at Bates. (Milt started working at Bates, his alma mater, at the age of 33 and stayed for 32 years; my dad's tenure at Middlebury began at the age of 31 and has lasted 34 years.) Hired in the student affairs office, Dad ended up working just about everywhere—teaching in the American literature and American civilization departments; serving at various times as dean of students, advising, off-campus study, and just about every Commons; and even helping out with the baseball team. Earlier this year, he decided to retire from Middlebury at the end of 2010.

Over the years, thousands of Middlebury students have come to my dad for advice of one sort or another. I know this from experience. As a kid, walking around with my dad was a painfully slow experience; we couldn't get from Old Chapel to McCullough without 10 students stopping him with a question about study abroad or the drop/add deadline.

When we left campus, getting from Ben Franklin to Forth 'N Goal could take 20 minutes; alums, parents, and friends would stop him for a friendly chat. Even in California, at the kid's paradise that is Disneyland (I was seven), I heard the familiar call of "Dean Lindholm!" from yet another former student, wanting to catch up with Dad, to thank him for something from years before.

The e-mail that my dad wrote to me actually did, of course, contain plenty of advice. Some of his recommendations were what I expected: "Don't be narrow, enjoy many facets of life, develop your whole self," and yet at the same time, "Don't sell yourself short. Go for the gold, if that's what you want. Don't be afraid to."

But he also surprised me when he talked about his own career.

"I have had a hard time specializing, devoting myself to one thing," he wrote. "There's a side of me I don't frequently expose that wonders if I might have accomplished more with my life."

With experience in so many roles, Dad has made a career out of being a "Master Jack-of-all-Trades," as he describes it. This made him indispensable at Middlebury; when a dean for a new department was needed, Karl was always there, and he could bring his perspective and experience to get the job done. But it also made him wonder if he lacked ambition, which kept him from rising to the very top of his field.

I was shocked. I couldn't believe that it wasn't as easy for my dad to see what he had achieved as it was for me. For all of my 28 years, he's been helping me with every crisis I've had, from small and practical ("this English paper sucks and I need help with it") to the large and existential ("what the hell am I doing with my life?"). Not only that, but I've seen him do the same for countless Middlebury students.

He signed off the e-mail with his best advice.


My dad has a story for every occasion, and there's often a lesson behind it. I don't think he always knows exactly what he's teaching, but there's always something to learn.

Since that day almost 20 years ago, the story of how I wished that I could smell like a dog has become a Lindholm family favorite. Somewhere along the line, after hearing my dad tell the tale a few thousand times, I learned to ease up and laugh along.

I've grown up a lot since that day in the woods. I no longer spend much time wishing that I could smell like a dog.

Now all I want to be able to do is teach like my dad.

David Lindholm writes from Los Angeles, California.
Can the Louisiana Coast Be Saved?

When her ancestral homeland becomes endangered, an alumnus grapples with the meaning of it all.
ON A HUMID EVENING LAST JUNE, a crowd of nearly 100 gathered inside a chapel of the Holy Angels Convent in the Upper Ninth Ward of New Orleans, equidistant from the bustling restaurant and music scene of the French Quarter and the Industrial Canal levee breach that devastated the Lower Ninth during Hurricane Katrina. People took their seats quietly, and the bereft tone of the congregation made one wonder if a coffin rather than a digital projector should have been placed at the foot of the altar. Kerry St. Pé, a local marine biologist who has headed Louisiana’s oil spill response team for 23 years, stooped over a laptop and attempted to break down how the largest offshore oil disaster might alter the place he has devoted his whole life to trying to protect.

Gray haired and slender, St. Pé is accustomed to dealing with disaster. In 2005, his hometown of Port Sulphur in Plaquemines Parish was nearly wiped off the map by Hurricanes Katrina and Rita. After surveying Katrina’s damage, he called his brother, “The good news first: remember how we used to have a house on our lot? Now we have three. The bad news is none of them are ours.” Floodwaters had carried his home a quarter mile down the road. As director of the Barataria-Terrebonne National Estuary Program, St. Pé now spearheads efforts to restore the imperiled wetlands system directly south of New Orleans, which is experiencing one of the fastest rates of land loss in the world. His genteel Southern demeanor downplays the gravity of his work, but his slow, measured voice hints at his underlying weariness.

As soon as St. Pé finished showing his last slide, the audience at Holy Angels started peppering him with questions about the massive quantities of chemical dispersants that BP was heaping at Holy Angels started peppering him with questions about the massive quantities of chemical dispersants that BP was heaping into the Gulf of Mexico. “Why should we entrust our waters to them?” a mother with two kids sitting in the pew beside her asked rhetorically. “Sure the EPA says it’s safe, but what if BP’s dispersants are still wrecking our fisheries 10, 20 years from now?”

Heads nodded in agreement. From activists in paint-stained clothes spending their post-college years rebuilding the city’s housing stock to professionals in their 50s and 60s dressed in crisp work attire, the group challenged and prodded St. Pé into the Gulf’s tree-lined avenues and blackened pelicans were washing up in neighborhood alleyways. It was not just the fact that staples of the local diet—oysters, shrimp, crabs, trout, and redfish—were in short supply or unavailable that unnerved so many. It was the fresh reminder that the people who call this terraqueous landscape home live on a narrow edge between beauty and tragedy, recovery and ruin. A toxic cocktail of corporate greed, lax government oversight, and fossil-fuel addiction had sent this delicate balance careening to a new disequilibrium.

Framed by a state of permanent catastrophe—between ongoing systemic land loss, destruction from storms such as Katrina, and the recent Deepwater Horizon oil spill—some suggest that Louisiana is the place where the hardest lessons are being manifested on the stewardship of natural resources and the resilience of local communities to fight for their survival. For the past five years, I watched my hometown of New Orleans stitch itself back together after Hurricane Katrina, in the darkest times of which it was not entirely clear whether the city could mend the wounds on its physical landscape and human geography. The deeper I dug into the city’s recovery efforts—from gutting flooded homes with fellow Middlebury students and attending vigorous community rebuilding meetings in Katrina’s wake to spending a year after graduation to help restore homes in the most storm-ravaged neighborhoods—the more it became apparent that the city’s fate would be determined not just by local residents and volunteers from across the country, but by a delta rapidly succumbing to the sea.

The story, geologically, begins with the Mississippi River, which over a period of 7,500 years created the entire southern half of Louisiana by depositing enormous amounts of land-building sediments from its vast watershed. It’s easy to forget that south Louisiana rests not upon bedrock but upon layers of rich organic matter funneled to the river’s terminus from nearly half the country—the region is literally built on dirt on permanent loan from Indiana, Illinois, South Dakota,
and even Canada. The process formed a rich wetlands system of 7,000 square miles that gave birth to one of the most abundant fisheries in the world, the nation’s second-largest flyway for migratory birds, and the city of New Orleans, settled for its strategic proximity to the Gulf of Mexico.

Long before the Deepwater Horizon blowout threatened the intricate network of coastal communities and fisheries of south Louisiana, the knife of human influence had already severed much of the Mississippi River Delta. In the span of only 75 years, human actions managed to wash away one-third of the state’s coast—an area the size of Delaware, about 2,300 miles—since the 1930s. The causes are well known. To facilitate national flood control and navigation, the Army Corps of Engineers constructed the longest system of levees ever conceived, essentially confining the river to a straitjacket and starving the marshes of regular sediment replenishment. The oil and gas industry deepened the cut by carving 10,000 miles of canals to lay pipelines throughout the mineral-rich delta.

The impacts are easy to see from the air. In 2008, I flew in a four-passenger Cessna 177 over the tattered lacework, which, up until 50 years ago, was a thriving system of cypress hardwood forests, marshland, natural ridges, and barrier islands that provided about 80 miles of reliable storm defense between New Orleans and the wrath of the Gulf of Mexico. The waterscape is dominated by nearly 4,000 active oil and gas platforms, a complex sometimes referred to as a constellation for the way it lights up the night sky and provides a navigational aid for supply-boat captains servicing the rigs. Under the plane’s wings, man-made canals for the oil and gas industry dart in every direction. Other channels have since eroded into lakes, enveloping holding tanks and various oil industry structures once built on solid land and now slipping into the sea. Thousands of dead cypress trees, killed by saltwater intrusion, protrude from the water’s surface like toothpicks.

First sliced by humans, then diminished by the natural forces of hurricanes and subsidence, and recently tarnished by oil, the formerly bright green marshland now bears closer resemblance to a watery skeleton.

Most urban New Orleanians have always viewed themselves as disconnected from the rural coastal populations beyond their backyard, even going so far as to perceive the wetlands as a sacrificial wasteland, thanks to the outlook perpetuated by industry. Yet few factors unify like shared trauma, and in the aftermath of Katrina, city residents awakened to the fact that their survival hinged on the vitality of a shrinking coast. As I watched the Army Corps of Engineers hastily work to fortify New Orleans behind a system of colossal floodgates and levee walls up to 26 feet high, a project on the scale of $15 billion, I tried to imagine the natural defenses of the delta before its precipitous collapse. There was no better place to start than with my grandfather, who piloted perhaps more ships—bulk freighters, container ships, tankers, and passenger liners from all over the world—than any other captain into and out of the mouth of the Mississippi River. Holding a front-row seat watching the wetlands’ slow-motion demise, he provided perspective on what could be lost.

At only six years old, my grandfather took his first solo voyage aboard a United Fruit Company ship to the village of Pilottown, an island outpost before the river empties into the Gulf of Mexico, where the carrier reversed course and returned to the city loaded with crates of bananas from Latin American plantations. The maze of shifting sandbars and powerful currents that define the lower river, among the most treacherous stretch in the whole 2,340-mile course of the waterway, immediately captured him. He stayed at a West Indies-style cypress stationhouse with his father and other bar pilots who served as gatekeepers to the Mississippi, safely guiding oceangoing vessels in the river channel. As he remembers it, the surrounding natural ridges and wetlands provided nearly everything they needed. There were crabs, shrimp, oysters, and speckled trout, as well as fruit trees that he planted at the stationhouse with his father: figs, plums, oranges, grapevines. “You could live off the marsh,” he told me. “All you needed was a little flour to make bread—everything else came from the water.”

Originally settled around 1860, Pilottown served as a base for hardy families of fishers, farmers, and trappers, as well as two pilot associations guiding ships up and down the Mississippi River. Due to high river tides, houses on the bustling outpost were built on piers and connected by a wooden plank road. At its peak in the 1950s, the island included about 200 residents, a small schoolhouse, post office, two saloons, and a general store. This relatively obscure place became a nexus for domestic and international trade, as pilots ferried commodities—including more than 50 percent of the national grain exports—to and from the country’s heartland via the port system between New Orleans and Baton Rouge, which handles more tonnage than any other port complex in the world.

Like the other pilots, my grandfather knew the landscape surrounding Pilottown like the back of his hand—every tangle in the marshland, curve in the river, and blinking light along the channel. His job depended on it: the pilots navigate massive deep-draft ships all hours of the day, 365 days of the year, in even the worst of conditions—heavy fog, high seas, and hurricane-force winds.

When the marsh started to disappear, the pilots took notice. “If you saw the land around Pilottown when I started in the ’30s, and what it is now—it’s absolutely scary,” my grandfather told me. The same areas where he used to pick blackberries, my brother Henry, who became a river pilot this summer, now knows as fishing holes. As soon as the oil companies developed technology to drill in water starting in the late 1930s, they started excavating access canals, laying pipelines, and hauling their barges, submersible drilling rigs, and workboats through the wetlands. My grandfather outlined the ensuing process.

“After the companies cut the canals, the saltwater from the Gulf intruded inland and killed the marsh grass. Once you kill the grass, there’s nothing to hold the mud. Next thing you know, there’s no land—it’s gone.”

On a winter day in 2008, I visited Pilottown with Henry...
as a curtain of thick fog blanketed the river channel. Unable to even detect the bow of our 55-foot boat, I developed a quick appreciation for Henry’s steep local knowledge and our on-board radar system, which kept us from colliding with ships as long as three football fields and weighing as much as 150,000 tons. Despite their vast size, the vessels remained out of physical sight as the fog shrouded our windshield with an impenetrable white sheet. When we approached the dock at Pilottown, the place was unrecognizable from the scene my grandfather had described. Twisted wooden pilings that once supported homes now lay bare. The vegetable gardens and fruit trees had long been consumed by salt marsh. Made vulnerable to erosion and hurricanes over the years, the village had been reduced to a sliver of soggy ground, and nearly all residents had since moved away. Hurricane Katrina dealt the final blow. The storm’s eye passed nearby, wrecking the pilot’s stationhouse, and with it, a century and a half of history for the pilots. In 2006, the association decided to establish a sturdier headquarters about 10 miles upriver in Venice, transitioning into a structure raised 28 feet in the air on concrete pilings and designed to withstand hurricane winds of 198 mph.

The fact that idyllic villages like Pilottown have all but disappeared is hardly an issue of lost memories and an extinct way of life. Prior to the April 20 Deepwater Horizon oil disaster, a team of ecological economists and coastal scientists completed the first-ever study that endeavored to place a price tag on the Mississippi River Delta as a capital asset. Their work revealed that the delta provides up to $1.3 trillion in natural system goods and services, from hurricane protection to fisheries, recreation, clean water, and a host of other benefits.

These huge numbers show that the BP oil spill, hurricanes, and continued wetland degradation threaten not only the Gulf regional economy, but the national economy,” said report co-author David Batker, one of the world’s foremost ecological economists and executive director of Earth Economics, which issued the paper.

In spite of its unknown long-term damages, some argue that the BP spill has paved the way for a sweeping national commitment to restore the ravaged Louisiana coast. “The spill has reset the benchmark on what needs to be done,” Dr. Joseph Suhayda, a civil engineer who has worked on coastal restoration issues for three decades, told me from his home in Baton Rouge.
Between oil-stained marshes, poisoned pelicans, thousands of out-of-work fishermen, and ruined coastal economies, there was graphic context for action. "We've been going to meetings and making plans locally for over 20 years to shore up the coast, but the issue is finally on the agenda of someone in the White House," Suhayda said. "Let's hope they act on it."

Even with the region's entrenched environmental troubles, engineering solutions have long existed to rebuild the landscape of southern Louisiana—though scientists emphasize that the state's future map cannot be anchored to the past. "The notion of restoring the coast to its former state is not feasible," Dr. Suhayda explained to me. "We won't recreate the wetlands of the 1930s—there's not enough mud, money, or time."

Most restoration plans call for saving geographically targeted areas through a variety of structural and nonstructural measures to rebuild wetlands, including reengineering the lower Mississippi River to increase the use of beneficial land-building sediments—a project that many coastal scientists point out would be the largest public works project in the country's history.

Financing and engineering technicalities aside, all experts with whom I spoke agreed on the same point: time is running out. "People think we have 20, 30, 40 years left to save the coast. They're not even close," Kerry St. Pé told me. "We have about 5-10 years to start creating more land than we're losing, otherwise we'll be moving communities."

Nearly three hours have passed, and the crowd at Holy Angels Convent is still firing questions about the long-term impacts of the oil spill. A mental health worker stands up and explains that after spending five years reconstructing storm-damaged physical infrastructure, local residents need to brace for "psychological rebuilding" in the BP era. Those directly on the coast, of course, will be hit the hardest: more than 6,000 commercial fishermen, 4,300 vessel owners, 1,200 oyster leaseholders, 420 charter captains.

Working groups are already forming between grassroots groups in Louisiana and Cordova, Alaska, to share lessons learned from the Exxon Valdez spill 21 years ago. The Alaskans do not bury the despondent details. Don't be surprised, they tell their southern counterparts, if nice families are broken apart and businesses are lost. Even after BP's claim that the well has been capped and the oil cleaned up, rates of alcoholism, depression, and domestic abuse may continue to rise. The herring industry has never recovered in Prince William Sound, and oyster beds in the Gulf may follow suit.

Kerry St. Pé, who traces his ancestors in the south Louisiana bayous back to 1760, shakes his head. "Our culture is grounded in our love of the place, but the problem is, this place is disappearing."

A native of south Louisiana, Emily Peterson '08 was a Middlebury Fellow in Environmental Journalism in 2007-08 and graduated from Middlebury magna cum laude with a BA in environmental studies and nonfiction writing. She currently works for Oceana, an organization that advocates for the stewardship of marine resources.
When the Earth Shook

Conor Shapiro’s life as a community organizer and hospital administrator in rural Haiti had always been a challenge. And then the earthquake struck.

By Deborah Sontag
Photography by Terry Sebastian

Late on the afternoon of January 12, 2010, Conor Shapiro ’03, the 28-year-old director general of the St. Boniface Haiti Foundation, sat in his office on the second floor of a 60-bed hospital in a remote Haitian town with one streetlamp. He was speaking by telephone to his mother in Massachusetts when the earth quaked.

The phone went dead, oxygen tanks toppled, medical records flew. Conor Shapiro, a compact man with an athletic solidity, braced himself as his world rocked violently and then eerily, deceptively, steadied.

Nothing would be the same again—for Haiti, for St. Boniface, or for Shapiro. But at that moment, in the southwestern mountain town of Fond des Blancs, the upheaval did not feel lasting. Soon after the shaking stopped, Ellen Boldon, a nutritionist, was able to access the Internet. “It’s unbelievable!” she cried. “There has been a 7.0 earthquake in Port-au-Prince.”

Shapiro’s Haitian wife had been staying in the country’s capital city with their six-year-old adopted daughter. His heart in his throat, Shapiro gathered three men whose families also lived in Port-au-Prince, and they drove toward the epicenter of the disaster. Along the rutted dirt road leading to the highway, people were sprinting down hills, waving their arms, terrified of what would come next.

Thirty-six hours later, after the rockslides had stopped and the highway was finally navigable, Shapiro arrived at the nightmarish scene whose images were flashing around the world. He saw a familiar landscape turned hellish, with roads buckled, neighborhoods flattened, and corpses strewn in the streets.

Thankfully, Shapiro’s wife and daughter were safe, huddled in a backyard with relatives. Within days, he had secured seats for them on a medical charter plane returning to the United States. They fled to his country; he stayed in theirs, his work—providing health care to Haiti’s poor—was suddenly more urgent than ever.

“I’m divided,” Shapiro said early one Sunday morning in March, sitting on a terrace at the St. Boniface Hospital, with badly injured earthquake victims filling a ward beneath him. “My wife, daughter, mother-in-law, brother-in-law, and nephew have set up our own little refugee camp in the Boston area. And I’m here.”

Shapiro described his personal mobilization after the earthquake as a kind of humanitarian call to arms. “You feel like you’re at war almost,” he said. “All I know is that I feel very attached to this place, and I’m not going to leave it.”

Eventually he would reconsider.

Conor Shapiro fell in love with Haiti during his sophomore year at Middlebury College. He was enrolled in a January term class about issues in sports, but the professor allowed him the detour that turned into his life path.
Shapiro traveled with his father Eric and a group from Our Lady Help of Christians Parish, in West Concord, Massachusetts. The itinerary began at Mother Teresa’s home for children, where, Shapiro said, “If you didn’t cry your eyes out there, there was no hope for you,” and it continued on to Fond des Blancs, where the Massachusetts-based St. Boniface Foundation provides health care to the rural area.

As the teenage son of an investment analyst and a lawyer, Shapiro was stunned to discover that he could relate to the Haitians he met in the hardscrabble backcountry. They were eking out a living from harvest to harvest, risking death during childbirth, losing parents and children to AIDS because the world had not yet seen fit to provide them with lifesaving medications. He was a jock—soccer and lacrosse—whose biggest worry was which courses to take in the spring.

But as Shapiro recalled on that terrace in Fond des Blancs, his first visit to Haiti allowed him to discover what the Haitians already knew—citing a Creole proverb that struck him as the distillation of an essential truth; *Tout moun se moun* (All people are people).

Nannette M. Canniff, president of St. Boniface, recalled that she had a feeling then she would hear from young Conor again. “But I had no idea that it would be to the extent that it has been,” she said.

Nine years after that first trip, Shapiro was so deeply settled into Fond des Blancs that many there no longer considered him a blan, a foreigner. Recently married to a local woman and newly named director general of St. Boniface in Haiti, he spoke Creole fluidly, instinctively, and lived, like almost everybody else, in a house without electricity; although, at night, he read his Kindle by kerosene lamp. Then the earthquake shook everything up.

A couple of months after the quake, Shapiro stopped at a field hospital near the Port-au-Prince airport to pick up a neurosurgeon who had volunteered to make the arduous 150-mile round trip between the Haitian capital and Fond des Blancs in one day.

In Fond des Blancs, Maxo Provance was waiting for help that the rural hospital could not provide. His earthquake-related injuries had left him with paraplegia; he was experiencing what appeared to be a leakage of spinal fluid, and the hospital had no surgeon.

Dr. John Grant, a tall, broad-shouldered visiting doctor from the University of Kansas, climbed into Shapiro’s four-wheel-drive
vehicle; he was wearing scrubs. Shapiro himself was dressed like a missionary, in a short-sleeved, button-down shirt, neat jeans and sturdy shoes. (Back in Massachusetts, his teenage brother Guy had recently eyeballed him, sighing, and said, “You know, Conor, you really need to get some style.”)

On the slow, bumpy ride into the countryside, Shapiro spoke about how thousands of refugees from the disaster zone had flooded into Fond des Blancs, overwhelming an area where people already lived hand-to-mouth. By devastating the nerve center of Haiti, the earthquake had forced an exodus to the countryside that reversed decades of migration to the Port-au-Prince area. But the rural areas had been neglected for so long that they had little capacity to absorb the newcomers.

“The misery of the countryside is compounding the effects of the earthquake,” Shapiro said that day, although the relative tranquility of rural Haiti offered a welcome contrast to Port-au-Prince, where the stench of death still pervaded the rubble-filled streets.

In Fond des Blancs, St. Boniface has long been providing services that the Haitian government does not. It is impressive to contemplate. Started by a parish in a public housing project in Quincy, Massachusetts, the organization has been run for 24 years from the home of its cofounder, Nannette Canniff, mother of 10. And yet St. Boniface, in developing a hospital, satellite clinics, and a roving outreach program, has become the only source of health care for some 250,000 rural Haitians.

St. Boniface also keeps the largest school in Fond des Blancs afloat, supports hundreds of students with scholarships, and cosponsors economic-development initiatives with peasant cooperatives. (One such initiative involves the purchase of “expensive Dominican studs,” in Shapiro’s words, with which to crossbreed the local goat population.)

Having emerged from the earthquake intact, St. Boniface found itself thrust into an additional role, as did other provincial health centers. Almost overnight, it became a rehabilitation hospital, although it did not have specialists or specialized equipment. Before the disaster, it did not even have an X-ray machine.

Still, the most seriously injured survivors of the earthquake, those with traumatic brain or spinal cord injuries, needed a place to recover. The USNS Comfort, a hospital ship that had helped to save their lives, was pulling up anchor and needed somewhere to transfer these patients.

“No one really wanted to take them,” Shapiro said. “Most of the other hospitals said no because these people will need care for their whole lives. I wrote to our board. I said, ‘It seems only right that we take them in. That’s why we’re here.’”

Provance, 39, was the first such patient to arrive, lowered from a helicopter to a field in Fond des Blancs. He would be joined by 14 other spinal-cord patients and their families, who set up camp in the hospital’s open-air waiting room and received a stipend and three meals a day from St. Boniface.
St. Boniface itself could not have been more different from the sweltering, fly-swarmed hospital tents in the congested, chaotic capital. St. Boniface had peach-colored walls, gleaming tiled floors, and louvered windows that circulated mountain breezes. It had a large-screen television, recently donated, and movie nights.

“If you have to live in a hospital, it’s a nice home,” Mylvoix Duteste said. The police officer had been making a court appearance in a child-kidnapping case when the earthquake demolished the capital’s Palace of Justice. Duteste was trapped for hours under concrete. His initial prognosis was dismal: a 90 percent chance of total paralysis. But by March, he was wiggling his toes.

“See, I’m going to walk again; I have to walk,” he said, as his wife massaged his legs. “All things considered, I’m doing great.”

But on that March day, his ward mate, Provance, was suffering. Dr. Cîrant finally arrived at St. Boniface, after nearly a four-hour car ride that included fording a river that often swells with rainwater and becomes impassable. He went straight into surgery to tend to Provance.

Shapiro, meanwhile, walked through the hospital, warmly bantering with the staff and patients. He exchanged riddles, part of a running game called Knk Krak, with Ismerline Rene, a 12-year-old earthquake survivor. Ismerline had suffered bad fractures of the leg and eye socket, and wore a metal scaffolding called an external fixator on her leg.

Shapiro leaned over her walker to talk with her. “Are you starting to get up on this thing?” he asked. “Wi,” she whispered in Creole. “Yes.” He asked if he could see. “Wi,” she said, pulling herself up and taking a few hesitant steps, her oversized lavender blazer flapping around her thin frame. “Your jacket is pretty,” Shapiro said, and Ismerline smiled down at her feet. She placed her hand self-consciously over the large white bandage on her face.

In a small nursery, twin girls, born prematurely, were being warmed by a heat lamp because the hospital had no incubator. Shapiro would later persuade UNICEF to give him one.) The babies’ mother had left three days earlier to take care of her other children. “Are you afraid she won’t come back?” Shapiro asked the nurse. He suggested sending an outreach worker to check; some patients live so far away that it takes them days by foot or donkey to reach the hospital.

“So we’re still doing what we used to do, deliveries and so on, as we move into this new dimension that the earthquake has brought us,” Shapiro said, entering the ward with the spinal-cord and brain-injury patients. At that moment, Provance was transported out of surgery and placed back on his bed, with the aid of a newly donated hoist.

Dr. Grant reported that the area surrounding Provance’s spine had become infected. “It was low-grade, but we don’t want the CSF to get infected,” he said, referring to the cerebrospinal fluid. “Then he could get meningitis, and that could kill him.” Dr. Grant said he had “opened him up and cleaned out” the infected tissue, and now he was ready to return to Port-au-Prince.

“Kid runs a hell of a facility,” the doctor said of Shapiro as he climbed back into the SUV.

During Shapiro’s senior year at Middlebury, Dr. Paul Farmer, a founder of Partners in Health, the international health-care organization that began in Haiti, came to Middlebury as a guest lecturer. That was shortly before Tracy Kidder’s book, Mountains Beyond Mountains, made Farmer “a rock star,” in Shapiro’s words. The lecture was sparsely attended, affording Shapiro the opportunity to meet with Farmer afterward. The physician, whose devotion to the rural poor in Haiti has clearly informed and inspired Shapiro, encouraged him that day to follow his heart back to Haiti.
After graduating from Middlebury with a degree in history, Shapiro moved to Fond des Blancs to live in the church rectory and teach English under a blazingly hot tin roof at the parish school. Although Shapiro had avoided studying languages because he did not feel he had an ear for them, his immersion in town life and his strong desire to connect gave him fluency in Haitian Creole. Shapiro learned the local language “faster than anybody I know,” Canniff said. “A month after he arrived, I was shocked to hear him laughing and joking with the young men of the town.”

Shapiro worked as a translator for visiting doctors and started to meet people wasting away from AIDS. Inevitably, Shapiro grew close to several patients who lost their lives. At that point, Haitians referred to HIV/AIDS as a “green light to the graveyard” because the antiretroviral therapies that allowed people in the developed world to live with the virus were still considered too expensive to provide extensively in impoverished countries.

A couple of years into his life in Haiti, Shapiro hiked into an isolated area to find one man, Jean Marc, who had missed several medical appointments. Shapiro found him near death. Along with the man’s neighbors, Shapiro fashioned a makeshift stretcher and carried Jean Marc over the mountains to the hospital. He died the next day, leaving behind a young daughter, already motherless. According to Shapiro, she was one of too many children to lose their parents—not only to AIDS but to other treatable illnesses as well.

Sometimes, as they lay dying, parents would ask Shapiro to make sure their children had a future. Once, this difficult request involved a boy named Guillo who had especially impressed Shapiro with his devotion to his ailing mother. “He was nine years old and always coming to the hospital to get help for her,” Shapiro said, declining to identify her illness out of respect for the boy’s privacy. “Before she passed, she asked if I would take him in. I said, ‘You know, I’m not old enough to do this.’ I was 22 at the time, and I mentioned the story to my mother. She said, ‘Well, we’ll take him.’ I said, ‘Mom, he’s from Haiti. He doesn’t speak the language. He hasn’t been to school. Are you sure?’” She was sure.

Guillo spent two years living with Shapiro in Fond des Blancs as the adoption process ran its bureaucratic course. Now, using the Americanized name Guy, he attends Shapiro’s old high school in Concord and has officially become his little brother—and style critic. (Shapiro’s adopted daughter, Lisa, became part of his life in a similar way.)

It was a logical step for Shapiro to take over St. Boniface’s AIDS program after teaching at the parish school. Like many in the international public-health field, he saw Partners In Health’s flagship project in Haiti as a model—it had been supplying antiretroviral drugs to poor Haitians, with community-health workers supervising home-based therapy. Dr. Farmer invited him to visit, and then he, Farmer, and representatives of Catholic Relief Services “fought to get those drugs out here in the middle of nowhere.” St. Boniface began dispensing lifesaving medications to hundreds in its area.

“People at death’s door bounced back,” Shapiro said.

In the summer of 2006, he met his wife, Elisabeth Lorthé, a university student who was spending her vacation with her family in Fond des Blancs. “I knew she was the one from early on,” he said. When she returned to school in Port-au-Prince, Shapiro would hike up a hill outside town every couple of days in order to get a cell-phone signal to talk with her.

Shapiro believed he needed professional training to continue his work with St. Boniface. He enrolled in Boston University’s master program in public health, with a focus on international health. On school breaks, he returned to Haiti, and his relationship with Lorthé grew. When Shapiro decided to propose, he was en route to Haiti from an AIDS conference in Africa. His sister bought the ring for him in Washington, D.C., and sent it to Boston, where his brother picked it up on his way to a baseball game at Yankee Stadium and met Shapiro at JFK Airport during a change of planes.

The wedding celebration, at the newest hotel in the hills above Port-au-Prince, was a fusion of Fond des Blancs, Middlebury, and points in between.

Shapiro’s wife settled in Port-au-Prince so that their newly adopted daughter could attend an American school. Taking the reins of St. Boniface in Haiti, in December, Shapiro planned to commute to see them on weekends—until the earthquake disrupted everything.

Over the eight months that followed, Shapiro did end up traveling back and forth to Port-au-Prince, but it was to meet with the many international organizations that had expanded their operations there. “He was not the least bit afraid of speaking up for the rural poor and their needs to anybody—and I mean anybody—the World Food Program, the papal nuncio, Bill Clinton,” Canniff said.

By focusing attention on Haiti, the earthquake became an opportunity for nonprofit organizations like St. Boniface to raise a substantial amount of money and improve their services. St. Boniface is now slated to host Haiti’s first national spinal cord rehabilitation center, a $1.3 million project to be built over the next few years.

Shapiro said that he found it gratifying to feel that the world cared about Haiti, at least for a while. Over the last seven years, he said, he has often thought that people considered him “nuts” to live and work there. After the disaster, his personal commitment was briefly aligned with a sentiment felt far more broadly.

It is ironic, then, that the earthquake has forced a personal change that Shapiro would not have anticipated. After a difficult period of separation, he was leaving Haiti in September to join his wife and children, a second daughter was born in July, in the United States. “I owe it to my kids to make sure they’re safe and able to go to good schools,” he said, and Port-au-Prince is not the best place right now for children who have other options.

Shapiro will continue to oversee St. Boniface, transitioning into Canniff’s Massachusetts-based executive position when she retires. But for the foreseeable future, even if his head and his heart do not make the move, he will straddle his two worlds with his feet planted, mostly, in America.
Class Action

DREAM WEAVER
With her company, Kiba Kiba Books, Jessica Riley turns children's dreams and visions into colorful art books. Photograph by Emma Dodge Hanson.
Child’s Play

Jessica Riley ’98 binds together children, art, and a good cause with Kiba Kiba Books.

By Sarah Tuff ’95

With all due respect to the artists exhibiting work at Middlebury’s Mahaney Center for the Arts, the most electrifying stuff here on a recent afternoon isn’t hung on the walls, tinkling from the pianos, or even gleaming from Robert Indiana’s LOVE sculpture outside. It’s a collection of paperback books strewn across a coffee table in the lounge.

But these are no ordinary paperbacks. Slim and popping with color, they beg to be picked up and opened—to worlds where perfectly imperfect sea dragons slither through oceans, cosmic creatures spin in circles, and impish spirits slide down mountains on blocks of ice. Small enough for small hands and with such titles as Fearless Fifi and Silly Jack, the books are for children, yes. But what makes them extraordinary is the fact that these volumes are also illustrated by children.

“It’s a new business model that I really think the world could use,” says Jessica Riley ’98, the founder and owner of Kiba Kiba Books LLC, as she glances across her collection of publications. “I’m hopeful that it’s connected and how the pieces fit together.”

Riley never intended to be a book publisher. As a kid growing up in Saratoga, New York, she wanted to be on a TV show; later, she wanted to be a screenwriter. But from an early age, Riley had a knack for art. “I think I was four or five, and somebody bought me a paint set that was intended for an older kid, with really small brushes and really small tubes of paint,” she recalls. “When my parents were in another room, I opened it up and painted in a picture that came with the set. I remember my mom coming back into my room in shock because all the little spaces were filled in perfectly with different colors. I remember thinking to myself, ‘Why am I getting so praised for something that was so easy for me to do?’”

Riley found that she was also pretty good at making life more joyful for other kids. On a youth speed-skating team, she was appointed “games coordinator,” whose job it was to get everyone else to play and have fun. Flash forward several years to Riley’s time at Middlebury, where, as an English and film major, she took a “body and earth” dance class with Professor Andrea Olsen. “She taught me the creative process,” says Riley. “After I graduated, I said to Andrea, ‘Whatever it is you taught in the class, that’s what I want to do, but I don’t know how to get there.’”

It would be a colorful journey. Riley spent two years designing handbags in Park City, Utah, and four more working for PBS. “But people...”
my whole life always told me, children’s books, children’s books,” says Riley, who had, in fact, been compiling a list of children’s books she wanted to do eventually.

Then, in 2005, while Riley was volunteering back in Saratoga, she held a workshop for local kids, reading them a story she’d written about the endangered Karner blue butterfly. The kids illustrated it and the result was Blue Bleu (now out of print). After searching for a publisher, Riley decided to start her own publishing company. She called it Kiba Kiba, which, in the language of the Rapa Nui people of Easter Island, means peace. The word was one of several Kiley had stumbled across and written down over the years, along with the number 72—for how many books she’d like to publish. Why 72? The number just came to her, says Riley.

The pieces started coming together—literally. At another workshop, Riley showed up with snippets of fabric she had cut into various shapes, and she read aloud such phrases as “I dream trees grow tall paste, paint, or draw their own creations. The exception is Kiba Kiba’s newest book, OMG! One Million Giraffes, which features drawings from all ages and from all over the world.

But that’s not all. Because every Kiba Kiba book has its own special vision of cleaner water, a healthier Earth, etc.—Riley has dedicated a “pod” to each project, detailed on the Kiba Kiba Web site, whereby children can send in artwork or as a donation. Five of the Kiba Kiba books may be purchased with their original artwork or as a “companion art book,” with space for young readers to color, they beg to be picked up and opened—to worlds where perfectly imperfect sea dragons slither through oceans.

result was Blue Bleu (now out of print). After searching for a publisher, Riley decided to start her own publishing company. She called it Kiba Kiba, which, in the language of the Rapa Nui people of Easter Island, means peace. The word was one of several Riley's words with the fabric, and the result was The Dream of the New Earth. “It’s amazing,” says Riley. “When you give children abstract ways to paste and beautiful fabric or beautiful materials, then it’s really easy to come up with a beautiful thing and art.”

The Dream of the New Earth has now been translated into six languages and has been followed by five more stories. All but one are illustrated by kids, ages four to 13, who’ve enrolled in one of Riley’s weeklong workshops. “It’s so cool,” says Riley of witnessing the children at work. “You have no control over what the kids are going to do, and it always works out. By the end of the week, we’re all like, ‘Wow!’”

Five of the Kiba Kiba books may be purchased with their original artwork or as a “companion art book,” with space for young readers to Kiba Kiba Web site, whereby children can send in artwork and songs; teachers can create lesson plans; and artists, musicians, and community organizers can help build grassroots campaigns.

Kiba Kiba is preserving the magic of the printed page, but is also embracing the connectivity of the digital age. In the process, this small company is making books fluid. Soon, The London Frogs will be re-published with a foreword by Chad Urmston ’98 of the band State Radio; Riley hopes this will help inspire new songs for the pod.

“Together we can change the world,” she promises readers on the Web site. And she may be right. The nonprofit Water.org, cofounded by Gary White and Matt Damon, has agreed to partner with Kiba Kiba to share its Global Water Supply Curriculum as part of The London Frogs pod. “Everyone benefits,” explains Riley of her pod concept. “My books are being utilized, non-profits are getting a campaign, and the schools and the children involved feel good about what they’re doing.”

This is the new business model of which Riley speaks. And while it may not be the most lucrative one—she is hardly the first to admit that there’s not a lot of money in children’s books (Harry Potter excluded)—the fluidity of Kiba Kiba books and the flexibility of Riley’s life point to the power of possibility.

Take, for example, The Play Spirits’ Playground, one of Kiba Kiba’s latest projects, whose vision is free play and movement in nature. Co-written by Hedda Bernsten ’99, Riley calls the book her “great work” and “meant to be.” The pair wrote the story just days before Bernsten won an Olympic silver medal in Vancouver, where children from the St. George’s School illustrated the book. Now they are focusing on creating the Play Spirits concept into a TV show and are pitching it to various children’s television networks.

Riley says she gets goose bumps when she thinks about how The Play Spirits’ Playground came to be and how she came to be not a book publisher but a “creative project facilitator.” Looking around the Middlebury arts facility, Riley says she wishes Olsen would appear. “I’d be like, ‘I did it!’” says Riley. “I came full circle, and I’m doing exactly what I wanted to do 10 years ago. It’s just being in the moment, and whatever comes next is what I do next. In the process you can see the greater work.”

Sarah Tiff ’95 is a freelance writer in Burlington, Vermont.

Jessica Riley’s Web site can be found at www.kibakiba.com.
What makes a story memorable? Vivid characters stay with us long after plot details fade. Every writer must fashion flesh, bone, and spirit from words. But author truly becomes alchemist when he breathes life into characters and creates people we connect with, ones we can’t seem to forget.

Model Home (Scribner, 2010), the confidently crafted first novel from Eric Puchner ’93, is an absorbing tale about a troubled suburban family. Puchner populates his fictional universe with an extraordinary array of eccentric yet believable individuals. The distinctly drawn characters have quirks and foibles aplenty. But their strangeness engages, rather than alienates, the reader. The author uses humor and a keen insight into human behavior to help us understand them from the inside.

The five members of the Ziller family often behave strangely. Since their move from Wisconsin to tony Palos Verdes, California, they seem to orbit their home more than inhabit it. The separate paths of two parents and three kids rarely intersect.

In moving, dad Warren is pursuing a classic version of the American dream: go West, and make a fortune in real estate. By the summer of 1985, however, his dream has become a nightmare. A toxic waste dump is opening next to the community of affordable homes he has just built. He has invested everything in the now worthless development.

Warren’s immediate goal is to keep his family in the dark about their impending bankruptcy. It is surprisingly easy, with wife Camille and the kids distracted by their own pursuits and problems.

Camille, an earnest public school health educator, struggles to avoid controversy while making a sex-ed film, Earth to My Body: What’s Happening? Son Dustin, 17, keeps busy with surfing, girl trouble, and his garage band, Toxic Shock Syndrome.

Daughter Lyle, 16, makes lists of things she hates—CALIFORNIA merits all caps—and secretly dates the neighborhood’s security guard. Warren borrows Lyle’s old Renault when he pretends his Chrysler, repossessed by the bank, is stolen. Its decor reflects her caustic worldview: “A half-naked Barbie dangled from the mirror, twirling from a shoelace noosed around her neck.”

Baby brother Jonas, 11, seems “macabre and friendless,” even to his own father. He dresses head to toe in orange and obsesses over news of a local girl who has disappeared. “I was thinking whether it was worse to be eaten by sharks or to get picked apart by vultures,” he announces one afternoon at the beach.

The kids do vaguely notice that “something weird’s going on with Dad.” By the time the Zillers go on their annual camping trip to Joshua Tree, they’ve all had such a stressful summer that the
need to confess erupts around
the campfire. Warren begins
to unburden himself, and
“he couldn’t stop. It was like
sledding down a hill.” The
truth, however dire, brings
them closer than they’ve been
in years. But when the Zillers
return home, a terrible acci-
dent proves far more devastat-
ing than financial ruin.

Model Home doesn’t have
a magic happy ending. The
bad things that have befallen
the family can’t be undone.
Because Puchner’s characters
see the absurdity and irony
around them, however, their
wry observations keep trag­
ing and forgiveness—for each
return home, a terrible acci-
dent proves far more devastat-
ing than financial ruin.

The story springs to life,
however, with Charlotte’s
shocking death. Clay’s writ-
ing gains pace and poignancy
as his characters reveal them-
selves through action—or
inaction. Knox and Robbie
numb themselves watching
mindless reality TV programs
emissary from the VIP sec-
tion of the obstetrics wing,
closed off to the plebes with
a velvet rope fashioned out of
everybody’s worst nightmare.”
He gains an unexpected
ally in Knox. She has firmly
deployed herself “not a baby
person,” yet arrives to help
him care for the twins when
they are released from the
NICU.

Bruce and Knox hardly
know each other—the sisters
were virtually estranged
before Charlotte’s death—but
they become a surprising,
seamless team as they spend
unfathomably grueling,
iccidentally intimate time
tending to the motherless
preemies. Taking care of
the babies’ relentless needs
becomes Bruce’s anesthetic,
Knox’s penance, and their
unspoken joint process of
grieving for Charlotte.

The second half of the
tale is beautifully told and
leaves the reader wanting
more. The process of grief is
unique, solitary, painful, and
rarely discussed. And it is dif-
ficult to understand, let alone
describe. In Losing Charlotte,
Clay eloquently illuminates
the darkness.

Recently Published
- Reviewing the Skull
  (WordTech Editions, 2010) by
  Judy Rowe Michaels ’66
- Artist Against All Odds: The
  Story of Robert Strong Woodward
  (Paideia Publishers, 2009) by
  Janet Gerry ’77
- To Join the Lost (Antrim
  House, 2010) by Seth
  Steinzor ’74
- The Lawns of Lobstermen:
  Poems from the Maine Coast and
  Belgrade Lakes (Moon Pie
  Press, 2010) by Douglas
  Woodsum ’82
- 1894 Thunder on the Danube
  (Frontline/Ben & Sword,
  2008–10) by John Gill ’77
Make for Yourself a Teacher

At Middlebury, how a subject is taught is just as important as the subject itself.

text by Maria Theresa Stadtmueller

Charting Progress toward $500 Million
(as of 8/31/10)

$180 million Access and Opportunity

$150 million Teaching and Mentoring

$90 million Programs and Infrastructure

$80 million Increasing Institutional Flexibility

www.middleburyinitiative.org
JOHN BERNINGHAUSEN on Life, Teaching, and Middlebury

He had to be cajoled into making his first trip to the Far East, but John Berninghausen went on to found what is arguably the nation's finest undergraduate Chinese language program. Teacher, scholar, raconteur, and serious collector of contemporary Chinese art, the Truscott Professor of Chinese Studies retires in December after 34 years at Middlebury.

My introduction to Chinese was entirely accidental. In 1962, I was a happy Spanish major at the University of Minnesota when my father, who was dean of library science there, was recruited by the U.S. State Department to survey the Taiwanese library system and teach, with interpreters, at National Taiwan University. I was perturbed my parents were going to Asia and wanted me to visit, because I wanted to go to Europe. They tempted me with a return trip through Asia and Europe and a plane ticket to Spain.

My father's Taiwanese colleagues, who spoke English, introduced me to the rudiments of Chinese philosophy, history, literature, theatre, folk arts, and religion. It was fascinating—outside of what I'd ever imagined. But I couldn't stand not being able to talk with people! I enjoy what random conversations can teach you about the variety of human experience, and I couldn't chat with people there. I'd taken a semester of Chinese at Minnesota before going over, and during my Taiwan visit I started learning oral Chinese just to speak with people.

My first teaching experience was in Taiwan. I was invited to take over a conversational English class for physics students. They studied science in English, but their spoken English needed work. I had no idea what to do. I remember walking through this packed classroom—my heart was pounding, my knees were shaking. I took a piece of chalk and wrote my name and it was an epiphany, and I felt, "This is who I am."

I came home through Asia and Europe, finished my required Spanish courses, and added a Chinese major. I was the only Chinese major out of 36,000 students, and the department had just expanded to two professors. After college, I spent a year of intensive study at Taiwan University, really getting on top of the language, and went on to Stanford.

My first job was at the University of Vermont; they hired me to build their Chinese program and I discovered I had the skills for it. Then Middlebury hired me to build a Chinese department: This was the college that shone on the hill because it had high-powered summer language immersion programs. We started with 1.5 teachers. Gregory Chiang, who died 10 years ago, was an extremely erudite Chinese scholar without whom the department wouldn't have succeeded in the early years.

Until well into the 1990s, I would get phone calls from parents saying we'd seduced their students into studying something useless. I'd tell them, "This is growing. It has a future."

We consciously make our classes intensive. We let students know, "This doesn't come easily to anyone. You can learn it, but you'll have to work hard." In the first two weeks, they're taking a test using Chinese characters. We want to get them as close as possible to internalizing Chinese in reading, writing, speaking, listening, and cultural competency. Historically, about 80 percent of students who take Chinese 101 continue for a second year.

Teaching is not reducible to communicating your knowledge to your class. You have to convey a genuine enthusiasm for the material, and you have to know your subject matter, particularly at a place with such smart students.

A class holds people with differing attributes, and you have to adjust your strategies to find a mid-range. If you only teach to the 20 percent with the highest aptitude, that's not success, unless your goal is to drive out the others. If you only teach to the lowest 20 percent, you'll lose the top part of the class. Everybody matters—unless they're not trying.
Can you teach someone to write? The question's not only an old one, it's probably the wrong one. A young writer's growth is less dependent on technique than on permission to write, encouragement to read, contagious faith from mentors, and living examples of the writing life. Julia Alvarez '71, a writer in residence at Middlebury, and Vendela Vida '93 are two of the noted writers who learned their craft at the College and its Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. The symmetry of their experiences, related in separate interviews, speaks to the fertile ground storytellers continue to find here.

JA: I came to this country at age ten, from the Dominican Republic. I was struggling with language and homesickness. I realized kids were making fun of my accent, and the bully boys were chasing me on the playground. I had a wonderful nun who asked me about my home and listened to my stories. She said, "Write that down." When I wrote down my stories it was as if everything I had lost came back. When the nun had me read my stories to the class, the bullies saw me as real. That's power.

VV: I was always interested in writing. It's one of the reasons I chose Middlebury—I'd heard about the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. But I'm the first person in my family to graduate from college, so I was hesitant to declare I was an English major. My family was (justly) concerned about how I would support myself with a degree in literature. My freshman seminar was with Cheryl Faraone, about the intersections in various art forms—we went to the theatre in New York and art exhibits, and wrote a lot. She was my adviser, and when I told her I planned to major in international politics and economics, she asked, "Do you like politics?" I told her, no. "Well, do you like economics?" and I said, "Oh, God, I'm so afraid to take economics!" So she asked, "What is it that appeals to you?" I explained that I liked languages. I liked to write. I liked to read. She said that's what I should do—I should take writing and literature classes. It was very freeing to hear someone say that to me.

JA: I started out at Connecticut College where I studied with William Meredith and won the poetry contest two years in a row. He told me, "There's a place you need to go"—the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. I went there and fell in love! I was surrounded by people talking about what mattered most to me. One afternoon I took the main campus tour. I went right into admissions and said to Fred Neuberger '50, the director, "I need to go here." He told me, "Young lady, there's an application procedure," and I said, "But I need to go here now. I'll just move to town and work and wait things out." I even read him one of my poems.
I think the most important thing they gave me was their faith: faith that I could write.

Someone from Bread Loaf called him on my behalf. Finally, he said, “Young lady, how soon can you get the deposit?”

Bob Pack was such a generous teacher. I’d give him a big stack of my poems, and he’d read them and comment on them. I asked him once, “How am I ever going to pay you back?” and he told me, “Don’t you know, Julia? You don’t pay these things back, you pass them on.” Every time a student gives me a package of writing, I remember that: I’m not giving anything, but passing on what’s been given to me.

VV: Both David Bain (in nonfiction) and Julia Alvarez (in fiction) were mentors to me. I think the most important thing they gave me was their faith: faith that I could write. I was working on a short story in Julia’s workshop my junior year, and she said, “I think what you’re working on here is a novel.” It was eye-opening to me—this kindness, this faith that I could write a novel, which sounded like the most grandiose idea to me.

David encouraged me to read John McPhee, and to read the anthology of “best essays” every year. He also helped me with technique. I did my nonfiction thesis on an aging rodeo cowgirl in Arizona, and I knew something about her she hadn’t told me herself, but had told someone else. I asked David how to relay this information without putting words in her mouth. He suggested I frame it like this: “If you were to sit down with so-and-so, she might tell you…” Since then, whenever I see writers do that, I think, “I’m on to you—David Bain taught me that!”

JA: Storytelling is about community and belonging. Writing was taken seriously at Middlebury; it wasn’t just a little decorative course here and there. There was David Price, there was Bob Hill’s seminar on Yeats, which was in the evenings. We got out at 10 at night, and I’d be soaring.

VV: Professor Hill was really great—I remember him saying you should keep a jar on your desk and put in a quarter for every word you took out of your prose. People often try to make endings too neat and overexplain themselves with penultimate paragraphs that read: “And then I realized…” I’ve definitely paraphrased that lesson from Julia when offering guidance to my students.

It’s exciting to see students’ progress, to see what they’ve learned by the third or fourth draft. Teaching also makes you feel less selfish. As a novelist, it’s too easy to spend all day with your own thoughts. Teaching reminds you that everyone has something to say.

JA: As in that saying, “It takes a village to raise a child,” it takes a community to raise a writer. I went to a poetry reading at Bread Loaf recently, and the talent up there was jaw dropping. I thought I’d feel competitive, but I felt such gratifying relief. I can stop storytelling someday because these kids will carry it into the future.

Julia Álvarez’s novels include How the Garcia Girls Lost Their Accents and In the Time of the Butterflies. She’s also a prize-winning poet, children’s author, and essayist. Her numerous awards include the 2009 F. Scott Fitzgerald Award for Excellence in American Literature and the Hispanic Heritage Award in 2002. She is a writer in residence at Middlebury.

Vendela Vida is the author of And Now You Can Go and Let the Northern Lights Erase Your Name, both of which were New York Times Books of the Year. Her newest novel, The Lovers, was published this past summer. She is a cofounder and editor of The Believer magazine, and teaches at 826 Valencia, a nonprofit center for students 6–18, in her native San Francisco.
When the town of Middlebury set out to plan for the future, it turned to Midd's geography department for help.

How did Abe Bendheim '10.5 spend his summer vacation? Working with his geography professors to help Middlebury residents visualize the town's future.

Recent visitors to Middlebury will have noticed the new Cross Street Bridge, designed to lighten the burden on the old Battell Bridge and create an additional entryway to the town and College. The bridge's western end lands near Bakery Lane and Main Street, where restaurants, the back of the Ilsley Library, and parking lots edge the creek. "It's kind of a neglected sliver of town," says Professor of Geography Jeff Howarth. "The bridge is transforming the town by bringing people into town through the back."

How should that transformation look—and feel—to pedestrians, cyclists, and drivers? The College's GIS specialist and teaching fellow Bill Hegman, who's been working with town planners and committees on this project for four years, answers with more questions: "We asked ourselves, 'What could make this area inviting? What does the town need?' Space affects us as humans; we had to look at traffic flow, parks, architecture, and how all of it fits in with the rest of the town."

Luckily, geography is just the discipline for the job, and the Churchill Memorial Fund, which honors the late and beloved geography professor Bob Churchill, allowed Hegman and Howarth to hire a student to help. (Also a plus was the in-town location of the Orton Family Foundation, for whom preserving small towns in New England is a priority. The foundation matched the Churchill Fund money and also made available its powerful CommunityViz software program.) Intern Abe Bendheim, an environmental studies/architecture major who's studied with Hegman and Howarth, brought his interest in design and his facility with GIS to the project.

The town requested three scenarios for the space in question, combining housing, retail and office space, parking, and park land. As Bendheim describes his role, "I wasn't designing it, but trying to create a series of visuals of what could go there. Once the town knows what's possible, they can contact a developer to design and build it." Bendheim used his architecture background and worked with his mentors in using GIS layers, smart maps, CommunityViz, and Google's SketchUp to create options for possible sizes, groupings, and uses of buildings, including the traffic flows around them.

But for all the technology, this was a very human process. "I had to give two presentations to really varied stakeholders: the town planner, the Orton Foundation, the Economic Development Initiative Committee, who are mostly local businesspeople," Bendheim recalls. "I had to explain the plan to people with varied backgrounds. We didn't want this to be a top-down process, but something people could react to."

"Space affects us as humans; we had to look at traffic flow, parks, architecture, and how all of it fits in with the rest of the town."

Bendheim also had to respond to feedback from his clients, and adjust to new directions they desired. "It was a great lesson—it's a really interesting challenge responding to a committee," he says—a skill he'll need in pursuing design consulting after graduation. Of course, his teachers had his back: "Bill and Jeff are awesome guys," says Bendheim. "They're really smart and they gave me a lot of time this summer. They were very invested in this being a learning opportunity for me as well as a service to the town." Both teachers see tremendous value in students applying what they've learned in class to the real world. "Abe was great, and his work definitely helped move things forward," says Hegman. As Bill Roper, president and CEO of the Orton Family Foundation noted, "We've worked with nine Middlebury interns in the last three years on various local planning projects. We're able to offer state-of-the-art tools and these facile, smart kids do such a great job—and I say that as a Williams grad!"
HE U.S. AGENCY FOR INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT spends about $200 million a year on food aid for mothers and young children in developing countries. But does it actually improve their lives? And if so, under what conditions? A rigorously proven answer has eluded researchers, given the ethical problems in selecting a randomized control group of children who need food and won’t get it. Add the social, economic, and environmental conditions that color the success rate of food aid, and measuring cause-and-effect becomes a murky business.

Shannon Donegan ’08 has helped to clarify the answer. When planning her senior honors thesis, the economics major paired with two favorite professors: John Maluccio, who has spent years in the field studying developing countries’ economies, and Caitlin Knowles Myers, a labor economist and expert on empirical methods. Knowing Donegan’s interest in developing countries, Maluccio suggested she expand a project whose initial phase he’d completed in 2005—evaluating the effectiveness of food aid in Haiti. He and Myers knew that Donegan could notch up to the graduate-level analytical skills she’d need—a challenge that excited her. “We used a pioneering statistical technique that has promise in providing empirical support to aid projects,” Donegan says.

With her mentors, Donegan identified a statistical “control group” in the young subjects of a 2005 Haitian government survey of child health conducted independently of any food programs. She compared those children surveyed to young recipients of food aid from an NGO, matching them along dimensions such as family structure, mother’s height and education, access to sanitation, type of roof and floor in the family home, and distance walked to collect water.

The numbers told a story both sad and surprising. In the control group created by the survey, 49 percent of the children were stunted in their growth by two standard deviations below the mean. (In a healthy population only 2.5 percent are this far below the mean.) The surprise came after months of data runs and reruns that Donegan made and the regular huddles she and her professors held to evaluate them. “I was so focused on the variables and the data,” says Donegan, “and then at the end when we got the results, I thought, ‘oh, thank goodness—it confirms that the food aid works!’” The food, combined with vaccinations and mother education to encourage breast feeding and home hygiene, achieved a dramatic 16 percentage point difference in stunting. “It was cool to step back and reflect that this project gave aid workers some essential evidence for the effectiveness of their work,” Donegan reflects.

Donegan’s graduation didn’t stop the study. Her thesis next morphed into a paper that involved Maluccio’s collaborators in the initial study—all Ph.D. nutritionists. Donegan eagerly signed on. “I was already working in Seattle, but I was excited about joining a broader team with a bigger concept, although I couldn’t devote as much time. John choreographed the new paper,” she says. After almost two years of scrutiny, the paper appeared this past June in the highly regarded Journal of Nutrition. Maluccio is sanguine about the paper’s impact. “Our co-author based in India says the paper can be used to show this type of aid program has a large effect,” he says.

Since her graduation, Donegan has been using her quantitative talents at Cascadia Consulting, where she builds calculators and other analytical tools that client businesses can use to measure their carbon footprints and resource use. Graduate school is in her future; meanwhile she’s proud to have offered an answer to a persistent development aid question. “I can’t take credit for it, though,” she says. “John and Caitlin were always there to guide me.” As they continue guiding their students in research, Maluccio and Myers can cite Donegan as a model for carrying out undergraduate research. “I’m excited about having a student experience how much thought and energy the research process entails,” says Myers. “It’s an important lesson about inquiry in general.”

Selected Funding Opportunities
A sampling of funding opportunities that support faculty-student collaboration and mentoring at Middlebury.

**Annual Support**
- Faculty Professional Development Fund .................. $10,000
- Summer Research Fellowship ............................ $5,000
- Senior Research Project Fund ............................. OPEN FUND
- Bread Loaf School of English
- Teacher’s Network ............................................. OPEN FUND

**Endowment**
- Professorship ................................................. $2,500,000
- Language Schools Directorship ............................ $750,000
- Bread Loaf School of English
- Teaching Fellowship ........................................... $250,000
- Collaborative Student-Faculty Research Fund .......... $100,000

The Middlebury Initiative
35 How many in our class are now great-grandparents? Tell us about your great-grandchildren.
—Class Correspondent: Alma Davis Struble, 147 West State St., Room 208, Kennett Square, PA 19348

37 My wife, Joyce, died in June after a long battle with Alzheimer’s disease. I have been recuperating from pneumonia so I don’t have any news this time around. I hope to have more news for the next issue if classmates would send me information.

38 Appreciation goes to Ivan Bonnell’s widow, Alice; and also to David Brooks, son of Beechi Abbott Brooks, who died May 14. Each of them wrote special letters. Alice’s told about Ivan’s many talents and hobbies. I learned that he was very artistic. Some of his paintings had been hung in the corridors of the continuing care facility where Alice still lives in Williamsville, N.Y. David Brooks wrote about visiting his mother every day in the nursing home where she had lived for several years. The College also heard from Susan Taylor, who wrote about her mother Winifred Duffield Taylor, who passed away on May 11.

39 Bert MacFadden sent the following note: “After 56 years of pediatric and adolescent practice, I’ve removed my shingle! As a consequence, I’m pretty bored and much over TVed. My many cruises in various areas were concluded a few years ago. Now our annual venture is in September on the Maine coastline, which is very reviving! The Lake Dunmore cottage is leased in summer since my wife doesn’t appreciate ‘all the trees.’ I’m still mobile and able to drive. As class agent, I send my gratitude to all who contribute and also create poetry on the spot using words the other diners would give me. I agreed to it. It should be fun. I might offer a bottle of wine to anyone who could stump me. Professor Cook would, I hope, be proud of me. A late bloomer at age 91, I am starting a new section of our class notes entitled “Little Known Facts.” For instance, during one period of my life I bought and sold 100 horses. I rode them all and was only dumped twice. If you have something in your life that was unusual or out of character, send it to me and we will use it in the column. For instance, if you were swimming off Martha’s Vineyard and were bitten by a shark, a la Jaws, we would use it.
—Class Correspondent: A. Roger Clarke (angclark@alcom), 7 Rundle Park, Rochester, NY 14607.

40 Here are some notes on the reunion, written on behalf of Loring Pratt, who could not attend.

Betsy Barber Barney, Beverly Barton Hall, Betty Cooke Hedrick, Frankie Cornwall Hutner, Ed Morse, RC Anderson, and Ed Reichert, of whom there were several sightings. We enjoyed sharing meals and reminiscing, and enjoyed the varied concerts and programs offered. At one public appearance, that of parading into Mead Chapel behind the 1940 banner, four of us marched up the hill. We were greeted with awe, lengthy jubilant applause, merriment, and maybe a hint of astonishment, as we were led by a distant and preoccupied president. It was worth the effort. Woody Allen has said that “90 percent of life is showing up.” On behalf of 1940, we did.
—Class Correspondent: Dr. Loring W. Pratt (maclonpo@aol.com), 37 Laurence Ave., Fairfield, ME 04937.

41 REUNION CLASS Correspondent Elizabeth Wolflington Hubbard-Owens reports that 90th birthdays are bringing many celebrations for members of the Class of 1941. Ruth “Packy” Packard Jones celebrated her 90th in May, and Ralph Flanders on April 6. John was a scholar and had a career as a teacher, writer, and community leader. His enthusiasm for Middlebury and Prof. Cook never waned. “Bud” Berry, a generous and loyal supporter of the College, was always a presence on campus and at reunions as well. Ralph left Middlebury in 1940 and later finished at UVM. His very busy life included a wife and nine children. All three men were in the armed services during WWII and were actively involved in the European and Pacific theaters. Our sympathy is extended to the families. Obituaries will appear in a future issue.

42 Peter Stanlis, author of Robert Frost, the Poet as Philosopher, now out in paperback, has published another book called Conversations with Robert Frost: The Bread Leaf Period. With a new introduction by Peter, the book contains conversations he had with Frost from 1939—1941, which provide a window into understanding Frost’s philosophical visions. I’m sorry to report that Elinor Dickie Rankin passed away on May 20. We had an e-mail from her son Paul “76 and our sympathy goes to him and all her family. An obituary will appear in a future issue. My incoming mailbox has been very empty—and so too my incoming e-mail. Please, fellow classmates, I’m ready to hear from you.
—Class Correspondent: Joan Calley Cooper (jcalleycoop@gmail.com), 3400 Laguna St., Apt. 331, San Francisco, CA 94123.

43 Correspondent Jean Jordan Shield reports: Peg Bullock Marti writes that she and Don are “hanging in” although they both have some cardiac health problems. They still live in their own home, which Don built himself in 1950. They have three great-grandchildren with a fourth on the way. One of their grandsons is an aerospace engineer
working on weapons development and a granddaughter is attending graduate school to become a librarian. * We were saddened to receive word of the death of Elva Tarbell Procopio. Son Sanford wrote that she died at home in Southbridge, Mass., on January 18 at the age of almost 89. He added that she was always fond of Middlebury (among other organizations). “I’ve had life subscription for 25 bucks when he was in the stock-market hobby (prepared for in a night training at Boston College in the special field of equipment, then worked in this field for the Quincy, Mass., school system for 50 years. Bob continues to play golf, and Ann attends a daily fitness class that emphasizes stretching exercises. * George Nichtie resides at the Linden Pond retirement community in Hingham, Mass., where he sings with a choral group presenting a diversified repertoire. His long-standing eye problems now limit his reading, which he enjoyed so much. * Ted Peach can usually be relied upon to contribute a newsworthy item and the past months were no exception. In June while driving his truck on a little-used unpaved road in a river valley some distance from his California home, a recent gravel repair gave way beneath the truck, which went over the embankment, rolled over and landed on its side. Ted was able to crawl out a window, unharmed, and started walking. Luckily he was soon given a ride home by a fellow traveler, only to be admonished by his son to be more careful in his driving. * In late June I had a delightful visit from my co-correspondent, Jean Jordan Sheild, who stopped by on the way to Cape Elizabeth, Maine, with husband John and daughter Carolyn. They were on a geological search for information about Robert Jordan, an ancestor who at one time owned all of Cape Elizabeth and whose progeny formed the Jordan Society, which is still active. From there they planned a tour of Nova Scotia. Carolyn teaches in Waltham, Mass., not far from Gloucester. * A personal note about the loss of Skip Wilkin Dimond, who died unexpectedly in April. After becoming involved in the inner workings of the college alumni association, Skip continued to work on the college, whose progeny formed the Jordan Society, which is still active. From there they planned a tour of Nova Scotia. Carolyn teaches in Waltham, Mass., not far from Gloucester. * A personal note about the loss of Skip Wilkin Dimond, who died unexpectedly in April. After becoming involved in the inner workings of the college alumni association, Skip continued to work on the college, whose progeny formed the Jordan Society, which is still active. From there they planned a tour of Nova Scotia. Carolyn teaches in Waltham, Mass., not far from Gloucester.

Jane Nielsen writes from Hawaii that she never thought she’d be staying on her island so long. “But it sure beats winter in Vermont and Long Island!” My parents finally moved here in ’76 and after they died, I kept their house. Also, I have my apartment right under Diamond Head. I go back and forth across the Island, especially to the three cats, garden, etc., and swim in both places.” Jane returned to Hawaii in March from a trip to Belize, having cruised there on a ship that has shallow-draft ships that can go right up to the beach and to all the small islands. She enjoyed seeing all the birds and iguanas. She hopes to get back to Mill for reunion in 2014. Meanwhile, “Aloha to all!” * In June, when we talked with him, John Urban was in his old family homestead in Hanover, N.H., there from his home in Naples, Fla. Sportman that he was at Mt. Hermon prep school (voted best athlete one year) and at Mill (football, baseball, hockey), these days he’s content with a bit of golf. He worked for years in the wood industry, operating from Boston, once the biggest wool center in the world. His career in the wool industry plus his stock-market hobby (prepared for in a night course on finance at BU) have enabled him to live gracefully as well as to support scholarship trusts for both Mt. Hermon and Middlebury (among other organizations). “I’ve had so much done for me in the years that I’ve lived all over the place, that I want to do the same for others.” John has had three convictions, he says. But recently his doc told him he’d never seen someone your age in such good condition. Besides the golf, John is enjoying occasional visits with good friends. He has always liked classical music and often has it playing in the background while he reads a good book or magazine (a favorite being Reader’s Digest, to which he got a life subscription for 25 bucks when he was in the Pacific in the Navy). John really loves Mill and all his connections to it—the place, the people, and his warm memories. * Betty Broadbent Brown can’t help a big grin as she relates her latest adventure: “I fell on my face in the lower falls of Westmoreland, VT, and it turned out to be far better than I thought I’d had. I had gotten two teeth on a permanent bridge. I also fractured my right arm! The cost is frightful, but the result is a nice smile! With eight new teeth!” Plus, we trust, Betty, you have an arm refurbished for good use! * Bob and Louise ‘Cosy’ Cozenza Aldrich lead very active lives as they engage in programs and activities provided by their condominium. They spoke of a recent trip to Worcester, Mass., for a concert. Branching out further, an investment in timeshares allows them a wide range of travel opportunities. Recently, they enjoyed a week at Foxhollow in Lenox, Mass. This setting is a scenic place and also provides a launch for visits to such neighbors as Williamstown (home to Williams College and the town’s fine museum) and Saratoga, N.Y. When February comes in, they are off to Myrtle Beach, S.C., and admit they have, reluctantly, allowed family members to drive them to this farther destination. We look forward to checking in on new adventures. * We’re sorry to have to relay the news of the passing of Lois McElroy on June 25. Our sympathies are with their families. Obituaries will appear in a future issue. *
San Francisco. The setting was chosen by the bride and groom, who are New Yorkers with backpacks on the ready for any day—chance or planned—of hiking. This three-day event was blessed with picture-perfect weather and our east-facing windows brought breathtaking sunrises lifting over the bay and the city. The outdoor wedding was a celebration of love, joy, and commitment, graced by a beautiful bride and a handsome groom. The extended days allowed the hikers to seek trails and, for those of us beyond trekking, to tour the hills and walk the beautiful beaches. On our last evening, dinner in downtown San Francisco brought us back to reality. Next day, in Cinderella style, we were back to reality. On my way home to Worcester I was given a reality check while visiting with friends not far from Detroit, Mich. To increase my understanding of the city’s plight, they took me on a tour. We drove through literally miles of blowing dust and past empty houses and on into the city, with its empty streets and towering empty buildings. It was an eerie and profoundly sad contrast to my idyllic stay in California!

Dwight Davis, son of the late Paul Davis, contacted the College to say he had launched a blog online to publish excerpts from his father’s personal journals, which he began while at Middlebury. He writes, “My father died two years ago, and I inherited his collection of 19 bound journals, which contain hundreds of thousands of words of handwritten entries. On my new blog I am posting transcriptions that deal with societal, religious, political, and other world affairs-type topics. These writings, I believe, provide a fascinating window into the evolving mindset of an intelligent and engaged 20th-century American.” If you’d like to read the blog, go to http://pauldavissjournals.wordpress.com.

Class Correspondents: Ruth Wheaton Evans (mue@verizon.net), 80 Salisbury St., Unit 603, Woonsocket, RI 02895; Elizabeth Ring Hennenfeld (eliz.ring@earthlink.net), 397 Old Sherman Hill Rd., Woodbury, CT 06798.

REUNION CLASS

In the last column I told you that Elaine Gavagan Eichorn had moved to a new retirement home. Here is her new address: Regency Retirement Village, #227, 9120 Willow Ridge Road, Charlotte, NC 28210. Her daughter says she would love to connect with Midd friends. *Mardie Palfrey Davies* does not have great news, but she is in a nice retirement home in Ontario, Canada. It can be boring at times, and she is concerned about health challenges for son Howie. *Ray Walch* is continuing to improve.

Dave and Jane Robertson Palmstrom had hoped to come to reunion, but Jane is the primary caregiver for her sister and could not leave.

—Class Correspondent: Mary Elizabeth Witzskay McClellan (mary124@comcast.net), 124 RiverMead Rd., Peterborough, NH 03458.

45

I hope you all received the letter I sent with the reunion report. We had a good time and missed you if you weren’t there. Sixteen percent of our 94 members signed up and 13 of the expected actually came. They were Helen Smith Brockway, Denise Van Hemsent, Jean Williams Schoch, Robert Brown, Janet Kemp Doell, Donald Gilmore, Margaret Rowland Post, Robin Willis, Marjorie Harwood Greer, Alan Wolley, Elizabeth Allen Suttman, John McGarry, and myself.

Thanks to many of you our class won two awards: the Gold Key Award for the most participation in a post-45 class with 71 percent, and the Parton Family Award for the greatest increase in participation from a class other than the 25th or 50th. Thank you again for your “showing up,” either on paper or in person. Participation matters! *News* came from classmates who couldn’t make reunion. Roy Kinsey sent an update on what he and wife Bev (Boynton) ’48 have been up to: “Perhaps due to the Arizona environment, we are both active and enjoy good health. Possibly due to participation in Middlebury Mountain Club activities years ago, I have been very active in helping to acquire and now enjoy our backpacks on the ready for any day—chance or planned—of hiking.”

San Francisco, my weekly workout with a group of volunteers entails carving out hiking trails within our preserve. Bev has focused her interest on working in our nonprofit library bookstore, where she enjoys the public contacts and joy of discussing the popular books.” In answer to a question from me, Roy says, “Yes, Frank Lloyd Wright was the first to rule away on the western side of these same mountains. It’s open to public tours daily!” *Bob Clement* wrote a note: “Thanks for sending me your reunion report. You really must have had a grand time. I wish I could have joined you. I enjoyed seeing the photos of the hillside where I have seen the most great looking people! We’ve had a busy year here with what family events and some health problems (nothing dire, though). Our family is a pretty big one. Phyllis (Vasar ’44) and I have been married 63 years. We have three children, eight grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. Add spouses and partners and it’s quite a bunch! We are lucky that they all live here in northern California and we see them often. If you hear of any 45ers who might be coming our way, please tell them we would very much like them to visit us.” *Dottie Laux O’Brien* has moved to Equinox Terrace in Manchester Center, VT, and offered this update on health challenges for sonHowie. *Ray Walch* is continuing to improve.

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47

In answer to my request for news, I received a brief but poignant note from Beth Reinhardt. She wrote that her mother, Shoshaker Reinhardt, passed away in April 2009. She went on to express her great admiration for what her mother represented and how much she had meant to her.

In Martinsville, Va., Jean Gunther is as busy as ever doing what she calls "much, much more of the same." She continues to work on the Remembrance Garden, one of the four left from the original 10 workers. One of the original directors died and left an endowment fund so they use some of the money to hire a gardener designer who, in addition to having good ideas, uses her skill and his staff to do the heavy work. This leaves Jean to do one of the things she enjoys most—growing flowers from seeds. She also continues to work at the Food Bank. It's a sign of the economic times that what she once could accomplish in 10 hours per month now takes her just short of 36. Her work includes procurement of USDA foods, purchasing canned or boxed foods, making sure there's a variety of foods available, and never-ending paperwork. She feels that the work is worth it whenever she receives a thank you from her recipients. In her spare time she uses her counted-cross-stitch skills to make items as a fund-raiser for the SPCA. Last year she hit a high with just under $1,000 and says the nice thing is that she loves doing it.

Mary Gray Rosenfeld followed a circuitous route to reach her present place of residence. She moved first to New Jersey, then to Florida, and then ended up in Arizona to be nearer her son and daughter. She lives in a retirement home but it's a small building. However, she has both a front and a backyard. Her address is 3560 N. Fountains Avenue, #1103, Tucson, AZ 85704. She's a New Englander at heart and found it difficult at first to be away from the sea and the greenery but is slowing adjusting to the dryness and finding a special beauty in her new state. When June Brookman Kinney wrote, she had just returned from a long vacation in the north. Though she still lives in Lake Placid, Fla., all her children reside in the north and the only way she gets to see them is by visiting. She has five grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. While there she fruit and vegetables grown there, plus a house in the mountains. They celebrated their sixth anniversary last year with a cruise to Alaska with their next-door neighbors (their daughter and son-in-law). All the grandchildren are grown up and working. We have another member of the Joint Club: Janet Edwards reports that her hip replacements are at 100 percent. However, somewhere along the way, Janet tripped over a box of Christmas cards and broke her pelvis. "Very painful ordeal but finally after five months, I'm back to normal stamina and strength." Keep up the good work.

48

Respondent Elizabeth Bredenberg Ness reports: A note from Cynthia Strout Fischer indicates that Cynthia is publishing a book on history and culture. She is chairman, board of directors, AAWU of Chester County, Pa.; third VP, West Chester Lions Club; and 2010 EDF Hero—Environmental Defense Fund, Washington, D.C. (This is a big honor.)

Shirley Davidson Fowler and husband Don '39 live in the mountains. They celebrated their 60th anniversary last year with a cruise to Alaska with their next-door neighbors (their daughter and son-in-law). All the grandchildren are grown up and working. We have another member of the Joint Club: Janet Edwards reports that her hip replacements are at 100 percent. However, somewhere along the way, Janet tripped over a box of Christmas cards and broke her pelvis. "Very painful ordeal but finally after five months, I'm back to normal stamina and strength." Keep up the good work.

49

Respondent Rachel Adkins Platt reports: Thanks to those who responded to my urgent plea for news; I have a lot to report on my classmates. Betty "Deanie" Dean Custer says, "I'm easing into retirement, but still doing some real estate. I attend board functions, serve on a committee, sell a little, etc. I also volunteer at Senior Center activities and in the schools. My fairly new hobby (three years) is growing roses in a terraced rose garden. They were doing beautifully the first two weeks in June, until deer invaded from the woods behind and ate all the blossoms. Dan is doing quite well in spite of his bout with lung cancer. He really misses his sailboat that he had for many years in Nantucket Harbor. He talks about going to few meetings, and does the grocery shopping." Glad to hear that both of you are doing well. Priscilla "Keetsie" Noyes Crosson, our skydiving classmate (at age 80) says she had visits and calls from two of her grandsons going to and from college interviews. It's always great to hear from them, and in the last part of her life. She adds, "I had a great trip in April to Atlanta, Asheville, N.C., and the far western North Carolina mountains. In Atlanta I had a short visit with grandson Charley, a sophomore at Georgia Tech. I'd never been on the campus, which is in the city, so it was interesting. I have friends in Asheville and I 'did' the Biltmore resident member of the prestigious Colonial Society of Maryland, and is proud to be one of the resident members of the prestigious Colonial Society of Maryland, and is proud to be one of the resident members of the prestigious Colonial Society of Maryland, and is proud to be one of the resident members of the prestigious Colonial Society of Maryland, and is proud to be one of the resident members of the prestigious Colonial Society of Maryland, and is proud to be one of the resident members of the prestigious Colonial Society of Maryland, and is proud to be one of the resident members of the prestigious Colonial Society of Maryland, and is proud to be one of the resident members of the prestigious Colonial Society of Maryland, and is proud to be one of the resident members of the prestigious Colonial Society of Maryland, and is proud to be one of the resident members of the prestigious Colonial Society of Maryland, and is proud to be one of the resident members of the prestigious Colonial Society of Maryland, and is proud to be one of the resident members of the prestigious Colonial Society of Maryland, and is proud to be one of the resident members of the prestigious Colonial Society of Maryland, and is proud to be one of the resident members of the prestigious Colonial Society of Maryland, and is proud to be one of the resident members of the prestigious Colonial Society of Maryland, and is proud to be one of the resident members of the prestigious Colonial Society of Maryland, and is proud to be one of the resident members of the prestigious Colonial Society of Maryland, and is proud to be one of the resident members of the prestigious Colonial Society of Maryland, and is proud to be one of the resident members of the prestigious Colonial Society of Maryland, and is proud to be one of the resident members of the prestigious Colonial Society of Maryland, and is proud to be one of the resident members of the prestigious Colonial Society of Maryland, and is proud to be one of the resident members of the prestigious Colonial Society of Maryland, and is proud to be one of the resident members of the prestigious Colonial Society of Marylan...
Estate, which somehow I had missed on earlier trips. Then I had three days at Snowbird Mountain Lodge, which I really recommend! It’s a beautiful, remote, quiet place on top of a mountain by itself—gourmet dinners, trails, and a neat lodge experience. This was the first time I took off on my own, not on tour or with anyone, and I really enjoyed myself. Other than typical aches and pains of an 85-year-old, I’m in good health. No more skydiving—maybe when I’m 90.

I’ll try to make it that long.” She also tells us that Frank ‘48 and Mary Cole Williamson have moved back to St. Louis where they had lived for years. Her son and family live there so they are close enough for a weekend visit from time to time. She moved back to her cabin in Texas and the Pacific Northwest. From the Boston area comes news from Jane ‘Janey’ Baker. She says while she was in the Albany area visiting her brother-in-law she had the opportunity to have a short visit with Rachel (not "Reggie" anymore) Stryker Smith. "Rachel and Dwight live in their new home in Slingerlands, N.Y., and love it. It was a short visit but so good to catch up. She looked great.” She also said that she and Janet Correll Shahan keep in touch regularly. “She does not seem to slow down very much, still doing canoe trips or hikes in the Adirondacks with her sister, kids, great-grandkids, and the like. I have to rest after reading her letters.”

Your truly, your female class correspondent, keeps busy with volunteer work at the Red Cross, Planned Parenthood, and the George Eastman House council, and also of course writing these notes. The best part of my life is keeping up with my large family, children and grandchildren, and new (four years) husband and family. We had a family reunion in Lake Placid, N.Y., at the end of July. We rented a huge house in the village and had them all coming from the West Coast (Seattle and Sacramento), Pennsylvania, Florida, and New York State. There were 29 of us, including a one-year-old grandson and a three-month-old great-grandson. Lots of chaos and fun.

A nice note from Barbara Knapp Bull arrived bringing us up to date on her latest travels and family news. All her family visited from the Midwest for a long weekend to celebrate her birthday, with good hiking, music and good food—and another high school graduation. She has one granddaughter in graduate school (after MIT), and another nearly graduating. Tom’s oldest daughter, Zach, also lives in Rhode Island, youngest son, Zach, also lives in Rhode Island, and in a few phone calls since, it’s been fun to talk to old friends and get caught up. It’s reassuring to see that people look the same as always—recognizably still nifty—and even, oddly, more reassuring to find out that we share some health imperfections: knee replacements, for example, are a hot topic. (Titanium is good.)

We also heard from a few people who couldn’t make it to reunion. Horst Boog says, “I still think with pleasure of the 50th reunion in 2000 with the picturesque tents on the green meadows, and I’d like to see old fellow students again, especially Bruce Burdett.” However, he was recovering from a traumatic accident. And Louise Laverie Bresky sent a note to the Class of 1950, saying she would be thinking of everyone at reunion and wishing she could be there. Sadly we must report that David Dale McCombs’ marriage in the winter 2010 class (four years) husband and family. We had a family reunion in Lake Placid, N.Y., at the end of July. We rented a huge house in the village and had them all coming from the West Coast (Seattle and Sacramento), Pennsylvania, Florida, and New York State. There were 29 of us, including a one-year-old grandson and a three-month-old great-grandson. Lots of chaos and fun.

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We also heard from a few people who couldn’t make it to reunion. Horst Boog says, “I still think with pleasure of the 50th reunion in 2000 with the picturesque tents on the green meadows, and I’d like to see old fellow students again, especially Bruce Burdett.” However, he was recovering from a traumatic accident. And Louise Laverie Bresky sent a note to the Class of 1950, saying she would be thinking of everyone at reunion and wishing she could be there. Sadly we must report that David Dale McCombs’ marriage in the winter 2010 class (four years) husband and family. We had a family reunion in Lake Placid, N.Y., at the end of July. We rented a huge house in the village and had them all coming from the West Coast (Seattle and Sacramento), Pennsylvania, Florida, and New York State. There were 29 of us, including a one-year-old grandson and a three-month-old great-grandson. Lots of chaos and fun.

A nice note from Barbara Knapp Bull arrived bringing us up to date on her latest travels and family news. All her family visited from the Midwest for a long weekend to celebrate her birthday, with good hiking, music and good food—and another high school graduation. She has one granddaughter in graduate school (after MIT), and another nearly graduating. Tom’s oldest daughter, Zach, also lives in Rhode Island, youngest son, Zach, also lives in Rhode Island, and in a few phone calls since, it’s been fun to talk to old friends and get caught up. It’s reassuring to see that people look the same as always—recognizably still nifty—and even, oddly, more reassuring to find out that we share some health imperfections: knee replacements, for example, are a hot topic. (Titanium is good.)
There are few of us without a memory of those Armour moved west a year ago to the Santa book we received at arrival. Our class sends poems and short stories, and recently completed four true tales for the online magazine, American municipal field in New Jersey and Massachusetts, then went back overseas to work in Egypt, Poland, Hungary, Indonesia, and Bosnia. During that time he and wife Joan raised six children! He’s also done a lot of writing, publishing books of poetry and prose, and has recently completed four true tales for the online magazine, American Diplomacy. He and Joan are still working on their monograph about Prof. Arthur Healy. * Sadly we report the death of Alan Lewis on March 19. He went to Kimball Union Academy, played freshman football at Middlebury, and lived at 84 North Pleasant Street, also the street address of Giff Eager, Archie Corrigan, Neil Myers, and Karl Rannenberg, according to the little blue book we received at arrival. Our class sends sympathy and our remembrances to his family. An obituary will appear in a future issue. * Again our thanks to all classmates who have written, called, e-mailed, and to everyone who plans to as we work in our finalcorrespondent year! Don’t forget our 60th reunion is in June! —Class Correspondents: William And Phyllis Cole Deming (biding2357@comcast.net), 143 Maret Rd., Shelburne, VT 05482

Brother Corky Elwell ’50 also sent a copy of the bulletin for Don’s memorial service, which took place on March 27 at Middlebury Chapel. * Correspondent Ken Nourse reports: I have been wondering about Dick Thayer because his name did not appear on my updated list of addresses. I found a Richard Thayer in the Burlington, VT., directory with a Williston address. Sure enough his wife Mary answered and we had a nice chat. She and Dick down-sized about four years ago and bought a condo in Williston after living in Charlotte, VT., for a number of years. Unfortunately, I found that Dick has Alzheimer’s and, for the last year, has been at Birchwood Terrace in Burlington. In case any of you would like to contact Marie, her address is: 325 Ridge Road, Williston, VT 05495. * I also talked briefly with Paul Bock who reports that his condition is about the same after a fairly serious stroke. He and Judy (Kirby) ’55 were planning to attend the 2010 Alumni College. Glad to hear that he’s well enough for such cerebral activity. * I had a spirited conversation with George Sperry, who still lives in Dayton, Ohio. He lost his wife some 20 years ago and has chosen not to remarry. He had many questions about Midd friends, one of whom was Dan Scott. I had to tell George that Dan is a mystery to us. The Alumni Office has a last mailing address but it is not known whether any of us has disappeared. * In closing, I am happy to report that fellow correspondent Bill Huey finally turned 80. I cannot imagine being that old! * Correspondent Barbara Cumminskes Villett reports: Bill Whittemore ’51 wrote of the loss of wife Carol Cadmus Whittemore on March 27. She was another gallant one who fought lung cancer for two-and-a-half years. Bill noted that hospice was of great support to the family and that Carol died peacefully at home with Bill, son Jack, and daughter Lynn present. I, for one, cannot think of Carol without remembering her smile. An obituary will appear in a future issue. * This summer I heard from Joyce Rohr, who was back in Copenhagen with husband Olvert Voss, and she had some good news: daughter Debbie and her partner Brian, who have made a career of teaching tango, were married in a ceremony and newlyweds took a tour north into Sweden by boat and train—fjord by fjord from the sound of it. While we sweltered in July in 90-degree heat, Joyce claimed that it was so cold there that the plants were hesitating to grow. She and Olvert are well, and Debbie, a cancer survivor, had gone north to Sweden to teach tango. Hot blood in a cold country, I guess. * —Class Correspondents: William Huey (judgel'll@huganay.com), 6 Banny Lane, Hilton Head, SC 29928; Ken Nourse (gumpie@comcast.net), 22 Little Pond Rd., Middlebury, VT 05753; Barbara Cumminskes Villett (villett@bistinguish.net), 208 Eagleville Rd., Shushan, NY 12873.

Theo Slater Oppermann ’73 sent the class a copy of the obituary for Donald Elwell, who passed away on March 7 from complications of ALS. She wrote at the bottom, “He was my high school teacher, mentor, and inspiration for attending Middlebury. He made the world a better place.”
the Cornwall Orchards Bed and Breakfast. He attended the 50th reunion and stays in touch with Bob Parker, Ed Perrin, and Line Furber.

**Doug Langdon** was at Midd until 1952 and he says he “mostly bonded with the chemistry labs in Voter Hall.” He then went on to medical school. He and Arlene live in Boonton, N.J., in “retirement mode,” although a lo-year stint as a...
career of 50 years and all that goes along with that. Finally, the relationships that started on campus 50 years ago have been kept alive because of the College's great alumni efforts, such as Homecoming, reunions, and Alumni College, and they form many of the most dear relationships that Sue and I continue to nurture and enjoy. **Sidney Brock Gates** says, "My Middlebury experience had the foundation that I have been building life filled with lasting friendships and an education that contributed to my usefulness in the community.

My major in fine arts gave me a good enough background so that I was able to obtain a job at the Denver Art Museum for two years, followed by a family, and over 50 years of volunteer work. Today my art interests are still my foremost priorities as I paint, am a volunteer art teacher, and enjoy art exhibitions as well as the theater. And did I learn to have fun at Middlebury? You betcha!"  **Kathy Hughes von Hartz** says, "Pardon Tillinghast gave me a lifelong interest in European history and Prof Marti taught me enough French in two years to give me a solid grounding in that language. Thanks to the two of them I spent almost four years in Europe and much later became interested in the history of India, Asia, and South America and I have pursued my curiosities. I have had a career in Midd and traveled there to quench my curiosity. Midd enriched my life."

**John von Hartz** remembers, "When I think back on our Middlebury days, certain sentences from professors and certain reflections often emerge. The sentences are seemingly simple, but somehow memorable: In our first class Prof. Hitchcock announced, 'This class is zo-o-logy, not zoo-ology. Anyone who says zoo-o-logy doesn't know what they're talking about.' In economics, Prof. Smith led off by saying, 'Everything on this earth is owned by someone.' Of course, there was Doc Cook telling you how a great American novel would 'take the top of your head off.' And our all-time favorite, Tilly (Pardon Tillinghast) bouncing around in the Munroe Hall auditorium exhorting his class in classroom, but had meaning in all facets of my life—scuba diving, flower arranging, being a Middlebury alum."  **From Ed Janeway** it gave me a greater appreciation of the values of higher education applied to real life and real world experiences. This did not stop with the classroom, but had meaning in all facets of my life impacting the individual, family, and community.** Kathy Hughes von Hartz** adds a final note: My good co-correspondent, Sally Dickennon Brew (sdhrewl@ininl springleaf.com), 629 Benvenue Ave., Los Altos, CA 94024.

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**56 REUNION CLASS FRIENDSHIP NEWS: Flash our 55th reunion will be replaced by Kathy Hughes von Hartz.**

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67 55TH REUNION CLASS Headliner of the 55th reunion will be Tom Lamson.

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68 55TH REUNION CLASS Headliner of the 55th reunion will be Tom Lamson.

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75 55TH REUNION CLASS Headliner of the 55th reunion will be Tom Lamson.

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76 55TH REUNION CLASS Headliner of the 55th reunion will be Tom Lamson.
appear in a future issue. * Andrew '85 and Flora Fisher Sigourney note a saying they were both retired and living on the Massachusetts shore. Their daughter and family, including two grandchildren, live a half-mile away and their son and family, with two grandchildren, live 30 miles south of them. * Sadly we report the death of Charlie Palmer Jr., who celebrates Charlie's life—his contagious enthusiasm, his memorable nicknames for friends, his passion for the Sox and the College. We send condolences to his beloved wife Pat Judah Palmer and daughters Susan '89 and Sandy '92. An obituary will appear in a future issue. —Class Correspondents: Cait Bliss Allen (cballen@comcast.net), 1500 4th St., Apt. 15, Sacramento, CA 95814; Kathy Platt Potter (kpotter@verizon.net), 1945 Park Plaza, Lancaster, PA 17601.

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Janet Miller McKee writes, "After 42 years of living in Dublin, Ireland, husband Ian and I have moved to Seattle, Wash. We have three sons and now nine grandchildren." * We recently learned that John Keresztesy passed away on February 24. Our sympathy is sent to his family and an obituary will appear in a future issue. * Check out a photo of Mary Sonja Dominick at the Downhill Divas Week on page 74. —Class Correspondents: Joseph E. Mohbat (jmohbat@msn.com), 551 Pacific St., Brooklyn, NY 11217; Ann Osmund Froboste (asofig@globalnet), 23566 Meadow Dr., Pleasanton, CA 94566.

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Jean Bybee Vlahos writes, "John and I directed and appeared in the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta Trial by Jury. Never having directed, we were asked to do so because of our experience singing with the Lamplighters, San Francisco's 57-year-old G&S company. The sponsoring organization was for a women's club I belong to, Town and Gown, founded in Berkeley in 1898. John played the judge and I was a 71-year-old bridesmaid! It turned out well in three full-house performances. Recently we rented a house on the Russian River near Healdsburg, Calif., where we (and family) celebrated our 40th wedding anniversary. With us were our two sons, their wives, their nine-month-old baby boys born nine days apart, and our daughter with Emma (10) and Theo (6). We cooked together, played in the river, enjoyed reading and talking on the decks, and sang accompanied by Jamie on the ukulele and Jonathan on the guitar. It was simply too much happiness! We spent most of the summer at Lake Almanor in Northern California; we also went to Yosemite's High Camps with one son and daughter and her boyfriend in July. Altogether a wonderful life." * Don Freeman and wife Margaret, who both retired and living on the Massachusetts shore. Their daughter and family, including two grandchildren, live a half-mile away and their son and family, with two grandchildren, live 30 miles south of them. * Sadly we report the death of Charlie Palmer Jr., who celebrates Charlie's life—his contagious enthusiasm, his memorable nicknames for friends, his passion for the Sox and the College. We send condolences to his beloved wife Pat Judah Palmer and daughters Susan '89 and Sandy '92. An obituary will appear in a future issue. —Class Correspondents: Joseph E. Mohbat (jmohbat@msn.com), 551 Pacific St., Brooklyn, NY 11217; Ann Osmund Froboste (asofig@globalnet), 23566 Meadow Dr., Pleasanton, CA 94566.

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Your classmates came from near and far to celebrate the 50th reunion of the Class of 1960. The near folks included Pat Knox Davies (Waybridge), who organized an afternoon of tennis; Ed Hammers (Middlebury), who used his local knowledge of the Ralph Myhre Golf Course to run an outstanding tournament; and Pete and Jean Enrlich Battelle (Williston), who led a hike on the Trail Around Middlebury. * The far folks we connected with included Laurie and Dave Barenburg (Seattle), and Koenig and Jane Collins Garcia, and Dud '39 and Nona Lyons Livingston (all from Montana). Denny Frasche (North Carolina) and Bob Cain (Florida) hadn't been back since our 25th. Heike and George Koenig (New York) promised not to wait another 25 years before visiting with Helmut and Sandy Ferry Ammon (Wisconsin). John Howard, Ken Haupt, and Mike Closson (all California). Jan Fisher Barstad (Arizona), Lee Vancini (South Carolina), and Phil Caruso and Lars Carlson (both Florida). * John Rogers (Georgia) conducted our moving class memorial service on Friday morning with Linde Hill Reed (Colorado). Carolyn Ladd Devibis (Virginia), Mike Robinson and Pieter Schiller (both Massachusetts), and Dave Klock (Vermont) participating. We want to applaud Dave's clarinet performance of "Amazing Grace." Sadly, our latest loss is Frank Sanel in Plymouth, Mass., on April 15. Ike Krasits (Texas) traded fishing stories with Bruce Richards (Colorado). Bruce led an excellent panel discussion concerning "Advanced Directives." * Also among the long-distance travelers were Russ Heaton (Colorado). Libby Kelley and Josie Vogel Walk (both Michigan). James and Louisa 'Potts' Potts Salmon (Pennsylvania), Bette and John Giliew (Ohio), and Bruce and Genie Cannon Burnham (Georgia). Charlie Rand (Virginia) and Lee Farnham (New Jersey) played tennis like pros. Judy Neece Woods (New Mexico) had a book signing in the College bookstore. * As for our class gift, our thanks go to Pete and Jean Enrlich Battelle and to Breck and Sue Hibbert Lardner and to all of you who contributed. Our class won three awards: the Governor McCullough Reunion Cup for the highest percentage of active alumni at reunion; the Raymond A. Ablondi '52 Cup for the largest class gift; and the Armand N. LaFlamme '37 Cup for the highest participation of contributors in a class other than post-'50s class. * Congratulations go to Jane Bryant Quinn who received the Alumni Achievement Award and discussed her new book, Making the Most of Your Money, NOW; and to Mike Robinson and Jean Seeler-Gifford, who were awarded Alumni Plaques for their service to the College. * Most importantly, our great thanks go to Veee and Jane Cram '61 Streakalovsky, who once again hosted a class dinner and had a huge tent at their home away from home in Waybridge. If you were not there, talk to your classmates and come back in 2015. * More on reunion will be in the next Middlebury Magazine. We had a great time reconnecting.

—Class Correspondents: Jean Seeler-Gifford (jseeder@gifforddesign.com), 1529 Steeple Ct., Trinity, FL 34655; Veeey Streakalovsky (vs@shannahcotts.com), 47 Fearing Rd., Hingham, MA 02043.
Cindy Cooper Bracken sent news about celebrating her 70th birthday with a family reunion: "Our Wyoming celebration in June was great fun, 'tho one physically demanding. Lauren and I enjoyed our Elderhostel week, but the weather was iffy with rain or snow each day, at least part of the day. We wore our warmest things and were very happy to have winter hats and gloves! I called the rest of the family and suggested they bring only their warmest clothes. Good thing they didn't pay close attention as the week they were there was lovely and warm! Plus Lauren and I were about 2,000 feet higher, which had some effect. We even had to scrape snow off a car one morning so that we could drive to a ranch where we had an 8 a.m. horseback ride. We rode high up and all the trees and the ground were snow covered—very strange sensation for our activities were repeated with the family, but they were such fun that we didn't mind. We rode, white-water rafted, had a scenic raft trip in the evening, attended a rodeo, climbed Mt. Rendezvous, hiked, and spent a day in Yellowstone. The house I'd rented was excellent for our group of 10 and we enjoyed watching moose munch on our neighbors' greenery! My flower gardening has kept me very busy. I also manage some kayaking, sailing, exercising, and reading, and of course, keeping house."

—Class Correspondents: Judy Bosworth Roeter (jroeter@alum.mit.edu), 886 Lowell St., Austin, TX 78759, Liza Duplany Fischer (lfischer@msu.edu), 11630 Center Rd., Bath, MI 48808.

Correspondent Chris White reports: At this writing, summer is upon us. Folks are out and about so it's been difficult to contact. Ted Crockett has retired from being controller of Greenrock Corp. of Tarrytown, N.Y., and he enjoys skiing at Belleayre Mountain and sailing on the Hudson River, where he keeps his boat in Croton-on-Hudson. He maintains contact with Courtney Bird via Facebook. !Ed Hand continues to practice as an attorney in Rancho Santa Fe, Calif., where he enjoys "rural life."

Carollyn Smith Miller retired as a realtor and as a Vermont state representative, but still does volunteer work for the Vermont Student Assistance Corporation. In the winter she enjoys cross-country skiing around Pomfret. In addition she is an active paddle tennis player and enjoys attempting to keep up with four grandchildren. !Sally McPherson Myers and husband Mark have been on a world tour over the years via house swaps in such places as Scotland, Paris, Switzerland, New Zealand, Thailand, and Italy. Anyone looking to gain a new world perspective should give her a call. She, too, is being a busy grandma both at home in Snow, Mass., and on Peaks Island, Maine. !Larry Silvester retired from commercial mortgage work, but keeps busy working with a halfway house in Miami, Fla., helping former federal prison inmates reenter society, while doing consulting work part-time for a start-up commercial realty corporation. From time to time he has had contact with Dan Donaldson who still lives and works in Buffalo, N.Y. !Sabin Streeter retired from the investment world in 1997. He does considerable volunteer work and continues to be in touch with John Angier, Mark Cangiano, Bill Delahunt, and Jack Kytle. !Hope Tillman has retired as director of libraries for Babson College and now keeps busy managing several Web sites. She winters on Sanibel Island, Fla., and summers on Star Island, Maine. She also strives as a grandma. !Mike and Carol Hood Henderson have both retired from the linguistics dept. of the Univ. of Kansas and are in the throes of remodeling their home in Lawrence, Kan., to make it more accessible. !Dates Fryberger continues his one-man show as an architect in Sun Valley, Idaho. Like others, he also works at grandparenting and keeping his energy levels up. He keeps sane by hunting, hiking, fishing, and skiing and reports he has taken up the new sport of skimboarding in Florida. Wow, he has not lost the thrill of performing in Carnegie Hall and at Lincoln Center. I have enjoyed summer chorus tours as far-ranging as Scandinavia, Israel, Greece, and China. On this summer's tour I revisited several places I saw over 40 years ago—including Oaxaca and Mexico City." !We hope all is well with you. Please pass along ideas to Chuck and Sue Hendrick for our 50th reunion.

—Class Correspondents: Janet Bevoort Allen-Spencer (tallie@surfcom.com/860.org), 2 Arizona Pl., Huntington Station, NY 11746; Christopher J. White (lwhite@netzero.com), 347 Duck Cove Rd., Backport, ME 04416.

Sadly, two members of our class have passed away. Helen Gordon Rolfe died on July 6 and Gus Fowler died on July 10. Guy Fowler, Gus's brother, sent word that Gus passed away at Guy's home in Williamsburg, Va., from complications of lung cancer. At Midd, Gus was a member of Chi Psi fraternity. After graduation he lived in Idaho. Like others, he also works at grandparenting and keeping his energy levels up. He keeps sane by hunting, hiking, fishing, and skiing and reports he has taken up the new sport of skimboarding in Florida. Wow, he has not lost the thrill of performing in Carnegie Hall and at Lincoln Center. I have enjoyed summer chorus tours as far-ranging as Scandinavia, Israel, Greece, and China. On this summer's tour I revisited several places I saw over 40 years ago—including Oaxaca and Mexico City." !We hope all is well with you. Please pass along ideas to Chuck and Sue Hendrick for our 50th reunion.

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Farsighted.
Our 45th reunion was terrific. We missed those of you who were not there, and we had a wonderful time with those who were! During Convocation, President Liebowitz reflected on the experiences our class had during our four years at Middlebury: Bay of Pigs, Beatlemania, JFK’s assassination, Martin Luther King Jr.’s “I Have a Dream” speech, escalation in Vietnam, new ski trails at the Snow Bowl—from the ridiculous to the sublime, the frightening to the inspirational, our four years were indeed memorable.

Co-chairs Peter Holcombe and Andy Johnson Perham put together quite a weekend, which about 75 people attended, and the class gift committee worked hard to get us to an admirable 61 percent participation. Our own Randy Brock was the honored recipient of the Alumni Achievement Award; Randy earned a master’s from Yale, served in Vietnam, started up a security business, which he sold, became an executive VP of Fidelity Investments, now serves on the board of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, and is a Vermont state senator. He regaled us about life as an elected official: he has eaten tons of barbecued chicken, milked cows, tossed cow chips, marched in parades (doesn’t like walking behind the livestock!), made speeches, shaken hands, worked tirelessly in Montpelier to effect progress, campaigned hard, and listened, listened, listened to his constituents. He sports an American flag lapel pin. We also were educated, informed, and entertained during a well-attended panel discussion on geriatric life led by our own Dr. Jed Maker (ob/gyn). Nancy Sherman Walker (social work), and Dr. Pete DelFausse (psychiatrist). No, there is no cure for aging; it’s inevitable. But there are “Things We Can Do.” Jed stressed exercise for endurance, strength, flexibility, and power; the combination helps to decrease fatigue, pain, and arthritis while increasing metabolism and memory. Nancy talked about cognitive functioning enhancers: exercise body and mind—learn a language, dance, play an instrument, keep up a good social network, and practice patience, pacing, and perspective. Pete told us about the four A’s of stress: Avoid stress. Alter the stress. Adapt to stress. Stress: Avoid stress. Alter the stress. Adapt to stress. Mechanics! Pete told us about the four A’s of stress: Avoid stress. Alter the stress. Adapt to stress. Mechanics! Pete told us about the four A’s of stress: Avoid stress. Alter the stress. Adapt to stress. Mechanics!

Perhaps there truly was a contest between fraternities at our reunion to see which house could claim the most attendees, but whatever the reason, there were a lot of men. From all over the country they came representing DU, Chi Psi, Sig Ep, Alpha Delta, as well as the independents. There was a preponderance of Sigma Kappas among the women as well as a number of independents. Our focus and directions change as we trundle along on our journey; perhaps one could mark the milestones by our reunion years. As young alums we picked Ep, ATO, DKE, and Slug, as well as the directions change as we trundle along on our independents. There was a preponderance of Walker (social work), and Dr. Pete Delfausse (psychiatrist) who lives with wife Debby: writes both succinctly and eloquently (and may relive “T” of his secretarial duties), and Bob Parent sings in the Orthodox Church in San Francisco and laments the change in tone of the newly adjusted (screened) worship and chapel bells.

Albie Reilly, Jim Hunt, John Kingman, Bob Royer, Joe McLaughlin, Phil Nelson, Mike McCanna… We were there! If you weren’t, please, please join us in 2015 for our 50th!

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Reunion Class

Marilyn Keyes Barstow writes that her husband Rich are loving life in the charming, historic town of Leeburg, Va. Part of Marilyn’s daily commute is a ride across the Potomac River on White’s Ferry. Then, after a drive on mostly country roads, she arrives at her publications management job at the Boulderidge National Quality Program (part of the National Institute of Standards and Technology) in Gaithersburg, Md. She and Rich also love visiting fun places—the Galapagos Islands and New Zealand are their favorites so far—and family. “Son Bill ’88 is an artist in Talkeetna, Alaska, (think Northern Exposure), and his brother, Craig, is a navy doctor stationed at Fort Bragg, N.C. Craig and his wife have two adorable little boys. My youngest child, Meghan ’94, after many years in Japan (parents, beware the influence of the Middlebury Schools Abroad program!), recently relocated to Washington, D.C.—woohoo!”

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Steve Cornwell writes, “We moved from Boulder to Frisco, Colo., when we retired in 2006. We enjoy summers and winters here and fall and spring on our sailboat, which is currently in the Bahamas.” Dave Tura writes, “Drew Otoka and I have been playing home and home member-guest golf tournaments this summer, and Paul Ford and I are in regular contact. Bill Mueller ’65 and I are involved in golf and business partnerships. Overall, things are good—for a newly enrolled Medicare guy.” A faithful group of women ventured over to Carol Collin Little’s Verandock Camp on Rainbow Lake Narrows in New York for our annual Women of ’67 gathering near the end of August. This time we bonded over a gourmet dinner, picking blackberries, sitting around stoves and campfires, and paddling on Adirondack lakes. It was all beautiful with the warmth of ever strengthening friendships. Our group included our hostess Carol, our Julia Child chef Marion Boulbee. Helen Martin Whyte. Kathie
Danny Brown reports that he has been an independent art adviser since 1988 and has built corporate and private art collections all across America, specializing in contemporary art from America's regions, more than from its two coasts. He's also the editor of an online art journal at www.aceaj.com, which friends might find interesting. Danny has also been curator of almost 300 exhibitions, mostly in Greater Cincinnati, Columbus, and Kansas City. He's probably best known as an art critic, having started publishing in the mid-1970s, and he has now published around 1,000 reviews, essays, memoirs, and cultural criticisms, as well as numerous catalogs for their museum exhibitions. He says he's had the great privilege of writing two catalogs for Middlebury College Professor Emeritus David Bumbeck, whose most recent exhibition closed in Cincinnati on June 25 and for which Danny served as the guest curator. Danny added that he has a serious illness, which began in 1987—a degenerating condition in the spine and muscles—and thus, he's no longer able to travel. He used to spend his summers in Vermont and he dearly misses that and regrets that distance has not allowed him to keep up with many Middlebury friends and acquaintances. However, he does see Tobi Gray Watson, Rob Orchard '69, and John Van Lear '69 from time to time. Danny says that he believes the education he got at Middlebury was as good as any he might have gotten anywhere, and it has sustained him in his writing, art curating, teaching, and thinking. Tobi Gray Watson, Rob Orchard '69, and John Van Lear '69 from time to time. Danny says that he believes the education he got at Middlebury was as good as any he might have gotten anywhere, and it has sustained him in his writing, art curating, teaching, and thinking.

As reported in the Harvard Business School Bulletin, David and Magna Leffler '68 Dodge were looking for property in Middlebury. * Ginny Hopper Hoveyman writes, "I'm still dancing up a storm in Zumba class as well as taking Bodypump and yoga classes at Vermont Sun Fitness, where Jim works as a personal trainer and director of the fitness for life outreach program. I'm so lucky to have three grandchildren: Elizabeth (7) and Alex (4), children of daughter Heather '95 and husband Phil, and Molly (1), daughter of son Chris and wife Katie. They are all adorable, engaging, and so much fun! I take advantage of every opportunity to stay with them and give the 'trents a chance to get out without their kids. I work as a business coach, enabling corporate employees to upgrade their communication skills, effectiveness, and interpersonal savvy. It's a good fit for me; it's great to see people become motivated, reengaged, and productive for their organizations. My Web site is www.stepupcoaching.com." * Gov. Patrick of Massachusetts recently nominated Peter Montori as Clerk-Magistrate of the Housing Court, Western Division. He has been an employee of the Housing Court since 2004 and has served as First Assistant since 2007. He lives in Westfield, Mass.

John Stevenson writes, "I'm living in Castle Pines, Colo., with wife Beata and 17-year-old son Jordan. Still plugging away at the lapel pin production business that I started at the 1980 Lake Placid Winter Olympics. We moved to Colorado a year ago after 10 years in Sanibel Island, Fla. The main reason for the move was that the summer and early fall humidity in southwest Florida was not good for Jordan's bronchial asthma. The dry air here is much better for him. We enjoy it here (lots of sun and mild temps). I'm still playing some tennis and mostly golf, and Beata and Jordan are avid skiers. I need a new left knee (this fall). I still go to Midd every September (since 1985) with Doug Monroe for the Alumni Golf Tournament, which we co-founded. Several of my friends are retiring (including Bill "Stilt" Collins in Vero Beach, Fla.), but I'm holding out. It's tough when you're self-employed and have a son about to enter college." * From Anne Keiser we heard, "At this stage of life my time is consumed with volunteer work, meaning identifying my passions and putting them to work whether for my home community or in a more global sense. I serve on several boards that I find meaningful and fulfilling, such as World Wildlife Fund US, The Middle East Institute, and The Choral Arts Society of Washington, to name a few. I continue work as a freelance photographer, contributing to the National Geographic Image Collection, and am involved with several book projects. My book, Sir Edmund Hillary & the People of Everest, was published back in 2002 but I continue to have opportunities to speak to groups about this remarkable man and maintain a close connection to the Everest region of Nepal and the Sherpa people. We plan a return trip next year to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the first school that Hillary built. It has also been great getting others inspired to go to Nepal and it looks like...
classmates Al Perry and maybe Rob Apple are gearing up to go. My husband, Doug Lapp, and I share a wonderful blended family with four special children/stepchildren and seven pretty amazing grandchildren. We continue our love of choral singing, traveling, and time at our log cabin in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia outside of Waynesville.

Wendy Paul Batiza says, "I'm still working in my beloved New Orleans, beautiful heart of 'the who dat nation.' Go Saints!" He was looking forward to seeing people at reunion.

Pam Penfold writes, "Life is good all around, especially not having to go to work after 38 years at the same place. I paid off my mortgage by nearly 24 years editing the alumni magazine at the University of Colorado on March 31, 2008. People often ask what I do with myself and I respond, 'Whatever I want!' This includes golf from here to Arizona and California. I installed a wee greenhouse so I can finally grow veggies at my 6,000-foot elevation, which has been great and yummy entertainment. When winter sets in I spend more time moving firewood than swinging clubs, although the local indoor virtual golf course lets me play Pebble Beach and other famous places. The stack of books I aim to read keeps growing, and friends and family keep visiting. And I keep trying to remember the adage that 'old' describes people who have been around to 10 years more than I have, but it's hard when the golf ball doesn't travel as far as it once did and the aches, pains, and arthritis slow me down. I hope life is good for my old Midd classmates. A recent study showed that happiness is contagious, so pass it on!"*

For Judith Lechook the first half of this year was challenging: "I completed my comprehensive to advance towards the Ph.D. in public policy. This time around, I'm less blissful than I was in journalism school; although I wasn't very assured then either. I got my first letter printed in the New York Times—of course, it was in the online edition of the additional letters to the public editor. I was excited, but seeing it in the print edition would have been a bit more special. My niece, Ariel, will probably beat me to a Ph.D. She's on her way to a Ph.D. in philosophy, as it once did and the aches, pains, and arthritis slow me down. I hope life is good for my old Midd classmates. A recent study showed that happiness is contagious, so pass it on!"*

* Pam Penfold

REUNION CLASS

Anne Yerpe Kavicz checks in from Obereinsried, Switzerland: "My part-time job went the way of all such things in a downturn, so Boris and I have time to enjoy all the little things in life. We have taken up archery and continue to love our choir, which sings old music (Gregorian through Renaissance), as well as the Carol Choir, which meets for two months before Christmas. And yes, we will most likely be at reunion next year, although perhaps from Delaware! Plans are in the works to live there part of the year."*

Drew Knowland writes, "I'm not getting younger or losing weight, but other than that, life is great! My wife, Marjane Tuohy '77 (sister of John Tuohy), and I have two children, Andrew (17) and Dorothy Anna (12). No empty nest here for a while, and no retirement, for that matter. College bills loom. This year was my eighth at Foster Dykema Cabot, Boulter and the firm won a 2006 Chambers and Partners management firm owned by classmate Brinck Loew. We were joined in 2008 by a much younger Midd grad, Geoff Kuli '93, who has reduced the gray-hair count in the firm by at least a third. Despite the stomach—churning conditions in the stock market, we've done pretty well and I enjoy the work and our clients."*

* Drew Knowland

We regret to share the news that we have lost another classmate: Dave Frothingham passed away on April 16, after a three-year battle with cancer. An obituary will appear in a future issue.

* Al Perry

Your correspondent Nancy Crawford Sutcliffe and Beth Prasse Seeley enjoyed seeing so many classmates at our reunion in June! Nancy shared, "It was a terrific reunion weekend with a great combination of old and new friends, mostly a special time out-of-time moment. The high point for me was seeing my former housemate and good friend Rebecca Dale Post and husband Ken '69. We hadn't seen each other for 40 years. Time melted away and it seemed like only yesterday when we were such good friends through the intensity of the late '60s. It was a wonderful reconnection." If you would like to see a video of our class being recognized at Convocation, go to YouTube.com and search Middletown 1970 Reunion. * We'd like to thank Dave Desrochers for all his years as a correspondent. He stepped down after reunion.

* Nancy Crawford Sutcliffe

We're adding more staff and space science. With husband Chris '70. Linda Manning Morris writes that having the kids play with the Hondurans, Canadians, Italians, and Germans; in the sunsets, endless beaches, and a margarita or two made it all worthwhile. In June, we sold the houses and moved back to Connecticut. Time to go back to real jobs and the U.S. school system. To read more about our island adventure check out the blog, expositionland.com. Here's a personal special break: More evidence that Middletown reunions are good for you comes from impartial observers.

Francie Marbury and Brent Seaacko.

Francie walked into our 35th reunion in 2006 and Brent greeted her with 'Lookin' good!' Now you can find them there most likely be at reunion next year, although perhaps from Delaware! Plans are in the works to live there part of the year."*

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boarding school for grades 7–12 located in Dedham, Mass. Previously, Catherine was employed part time at the Cummings School of Veterinary Medicine at Tufts Univ, as editor of its magazine and ran her own editorial consulting business. She reports, “Thinking about retirement? Not me. I’m thrilled with my new job at Noble and Greenough. It’s incredibly energizing to be in a school every day. I’ll still be doing editorial and writing work of my own, but in my changing business it’s great to have a full-time gig.” * The Maine Coast Heritage Trust awarded Lucy McCarthy with the 2009 Espy Land Heritage Award, which is given each year to an individual or organization for exemplary conservation efforts. The executive director of the Vinalhaven Land Trust, Lucy has been building the trust into a community force for the past 15 years. She also chairs the Maine Land Trust Network Steering Committee. * Belmont Savings Bank, Mass., recently appointed Christopher Downs as executive VP for consumer lending. Previously he was at Citizens Financial Group. * From May to July Fred Danforth had some of his pewter artwork exhibited at a College alumni show at the Edgewater Gallery in Middlebury. Daughter Bay is the gallery manager. —Class Correspondents: Jennifer Hanlin Church (jchurch5@sinaloghts.edu); Ewey Zmudzsky LaMont (eyvw@primetimevacation.com).

Peter Lewis writes, “After nine years as the head of school at The Kew-Forest School in Forest Hills, N.Y., I moved on to become the head of school as of July 2009 at The WInsion School in Short Hills, N.J. Winston works with students in grades 3–8 who have language-based learning disabilities. My family moved from Queens (where we had moved from Santa Cruz, Calif., in 2006) to Summit, N.J., which is very close to my new work. My five children range in age from 13 to 34; and only the 13-year-old is at home. Our 20-year-old daughter is a junior at Bard College and is studying at Oxford this fall.” * Marlboro College in Vermont recently announced that Ariane Krumholz had been named the director of its Master of Science in Management—Health Care Administration program. She was previously serving as the director of quality improvement for Clinical and Support Options, a behavioral health organization in western Massachusetts. —Anne Cad and Carol Crawford were two of several alumni who exhibited art at the College alumni art show called “Into Their Own” at the Edgewater Gallery in Middlebury. Anne showed her oil paintings, and Carol, her weaving. —Class Correspondents: Schneider Greenhut (writterDSG@onpoint.net); Andrea Thorne (andreathorne8@yahoo.com).

Barbara Good Matthews and husband Robert were recently profiled in the Concord (N.H.) Monitor in an article about their handmade custom footwear business. For 35 years they have been handcutting shoes for customers looking for a product made specifically for their feet. Robert’s grandfather and father were shoemakers and passed the skills on to Robert. He, in turn, taught Barbara and their three children how to work the leather. The Matthews live in a barn attached to their home in Deerfield, N.H. * From May to July, Alex Hall exhibited her paintings as part of a College alumni art show at the Edgewater Gallery in Middlebury. —Class Correspondents: Greg Dennis (gjedennis@ yahoo.com); Barry Shultz: King (king(t)oger.net).

Here are some notes from our 35th reunion, which was impeccably orchestrated by Gordon Jamieson, Bob Bourque, and Caroline Sneath McBride. About 75 of our classmates made it back to reunion for a wonderful weekend. If you weren’t able to come, we missed you! For those of you who have already returned, there are lots of changes; our 40th (gulp!) is just around the corner. Gordon offers the following Ode to Our 35th. “Arriving on campus/Food/Conversation/Laughter/Beer on the Ross Commons terrace/Conversation/Laughter/Dancing/Conversation/Laughter/Rain/Food/Conversation/Laughter/Jane Bryant Quinlan/Bill McKibben/Food/Conversation/Laughter/Walking campus and town with classmates/Conversation/Laughter/Rain/Class pictures/Reunion parade/Conversation/Laughter/Saturday night dinner/Food/Conversation/Laughter/Dancing/Conversation/Laughter/Rain/Food/Conversation/Laughter/Departure from campus.” There’s lots of reunion news, commentary, and photos on Facebook. Look for Middlebury Class of 1975. * With this issue Cris Gioff and Rick Greene are stepping down as class correspondents. We thank them for their years of service. The new correspondents are Kevin Donahue (donahuek@vibram.Lis), Nan Rochelle McNicholas (bhhnnd@ib@yahoo.com), and Joanne Scott (jscott@smcvt.edu). Send them some news! —Class Correspondents: Cris Gioff (wff@ cowlaunfun.com); Rich Greene (greene(middlebury.edu).

Ellen Bedichek reported in: “I got my winter magazine and was pleasantly surprised to see news of Barbara Krichevsky, who wrote, ‘I’m a mom for the first time, a postdoc, and a new graduate student, and just realized my dream of a postdoc at the University of Chicago. I’m happy to report the graduate student phase is now behind me, but I’m still managing to do some writing and to network.” * Jack Gill, who’s on the faculty of the Near-East South Asia Center for Strategic Studies in Washington, D.C., also taught a course on Indian defense and security issues as an adjunct at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies last semester; on the avocational side, the third volume of his work Thunder on the Danube, a military-political history of Napoleon’s 1809 war with Austria, was published in the spring. * Ellen Fairchild Martyn writes, “Many of you know that in 2008, I rode my bike across the country on the Southern Tier route. This summer I began my next adventure across the Northern Tier. On June 20, I started riding in Anacortes, Wash., and finished in Fargo, N.D. In 2011, I will complete the journey from Fargo to Bar Harbor, Maine. As before, I’m riding with a group of women over age 50, supported by WomanTours. Two years ago, I used my trip to raise $13,000 to support the National Breast Cancer Coalition Fund and the Brattleboro (Vt.) Music Center. Ironically, less than a year after I returned home in 2008, my mother was diagnosed with breast cancer. I cared for her for six months until she died on my birthday on October 9, 2009. Mom was my major supporter and behind-the-scenes champion of my first ride. For this ride I’m continuing to raise funds for the Music Center but I’m also fund-raising to support specific research being done at the Dana Farber Cancer Institute in Boston. With my daughter’s help (she works with women’s oncology grants at DFCI), I learned of the research of Dr. Jennifer Ligibel, who is studying the effects of exercise on breast cancer. I’ve been learning about how exercise can help prevent breast cancer as well as its recurrence in breast cancer patients. I hope that by my efforts on the bike, other women (and maybe even myself) can spare the disease that took my mother’s life, my grandmother’s, my aunt’s, and those of many friends and acquaintances. You can read about more about her research and about my ride on my blog (http://efmartyn.edublogs.org).” * Michael
Carrie Thompson '01 married Andre Shoumatof in Park City, Utah, on October 4, 2008. In attendance were (all '01 unless noted) Chris Herbert, Tory Jennings Diamond, Greta Simmons Herbert, the bride, Joan Weinberg Thompson '72, (second row) Rob Diamond (Midd spouse), the groom, Francisco Peschiera, and Erin Sussman Peschiera.

On October 11, 2008, Laurie Koh '01 and Tabitha Lundsberg were married at Tilden Regional Park in Berkeley, Calif. Middlebury friends who joined in the celebration included Jennifer Marder '01, Olivia Bradbury '01, the newlyweds, Rebecca Kaufman '01, and Allison Quady '02. Missing from the photo are Andrew '98 and Sarah Nichols Mowry '98 and son Will.

Many Midd friends gathered in Short Hills, N.J., on April 18, 2009, for the wedding of Siobhan Redmond '06 and Michael Murphy '04. Celebrating at the Baltusrol Golf Club were Eric Smith '04, Hillary Brooks '06, the newlyweds, Jordan MacClary '05, Maggie Smith '04, I.D. Schaub '04, (second row) Anne Hambleton '04, Elizabeth Renihan '06, Alison Perencevich '06, Schuyler Winstead '06, Ashley Lyddane '06, Daisuke Yamaoka '04, Courtney Campbell '04, Ben Tobey '04, (third row) Ryan Birtwell '04, Andrew Armstrong '04, Michele Bergofsky '06, Channing Weymouth '06, Damien Chaviano '04, Michael Kennedy '04, Dan Skoglund '05, (fourth row) Chip Campbell '06, Tyler Bak '06, Dave Coratti '04, Dave Nikkel '04, John West '04, Chris Matthiesen '04, Tim Collard '04, and John Dawson '04.

Mary Tucker '01 and Stephen Arbuthnot were married in an English country wedding in Hertfordshire, England, on May 25, 2009. Midd friends who attended were Raegan Randolph Apostolatos '01 and Leslie Thompson '05.

The marriage of Justina Ngo '04 and Justin Knox '02 was officiated by Dean David Edleson at the Lilac Inn in Brandon, Vt., on October 18, 2008. Those who attended included Joe Golting '02, the newlyweds, Amanda Tompkins '04, Meg Starkes '04, (second row) Zoe Owens '02, Megan Sands '02, Dana Drummond '02, Prof Elizabeth Napier, Prof. David Stoll, Dean David Edleson, Justin Drechsler '02, Caitlin Corey Drechsler '02, Colin Apple '04, Kayte Specter-Bagdady '04, and Becky Kirkham '04.
Sara Smith '04 and H. Dean Hosgood III were married on October 11, 2008, at the Asticou Inn in Northeast Harbor, Maine. Friends who helped the couple celebrate included Kristy Laramee Kerin '01, Ali White '04, the newlyweds, Christopher Richards '04, Andrew Kimball '04, and Edwin Van Bibber-Orr '03. Missing from the photo is Peter Holm '96.

On June 13, 2009, Marion Min '02 and Ethan Barron '01 were married at the Alerin Barn in St. Johnsbury, Vt. Many Midd friends joined them for the celebration: John Batalis '01, Laura Smith Batalis '04, Katie Mae Simpson '02, the newlyweds, Matt LaRocca '02, Heather Beal LaRocca '02, Jared Coffin '02, Coach Nicole Wilkerson, track and cross country, Keith Wilkerson, college advancement, (second row) Drew Nichols '01, Kelly Jewell '02, Mindy Olson '00, Pete Park '02, Matt Noble '02, and Courtney Brooks '01.

At Los Poblanos in Albuquerque, N.M., Sam Goedecke '01 married Lisa Duncan on June 13, 2009. Middlebury guests included (all '01 unless noted) Andrew Dutterer, Adam Taylor, Rafael Morales, Ben Jersey, Lane Davis, (second row) Dave Arnold, Sashi Weiss, Pedro Zevallos, Matt Waxman, the newlyweds, Jake Mnookin, Carlos Lopez-Holts, Maggie Goedecke '03, Jared Miller '02, Conor Darby, and Holcomb Johnston.

Anthony Civale '96 married Amy Martin on June 13, 2009, at Emmanuel Church in Newport, R.I. Midd friends who helped them celebrate later at the Rosecliff Mansion included (all '96 unless noted) Justin Bennett, Owen Brainard, the newlyweds, (second row) David Janke, Greg Guido, A.J. Poor Murphy '98, Jeff Wesson, Walter Delph '97, Rich Lim, Kim Barnet Stokes, and Mike Stokes.

Amy Roche '07 was married to John Sales '07 on June 27, 2009, at St. Patrick's Church with a reception following at Meadow Brook Club on Long Island, New York, with many Midd friends attending: Jess Cosmus '07, Elizabeth Emery '09, Elizabeth Stone '09, Elspeth Pearson Hay '07, Claire Smyser '07, Casey Harwood '07, Chandra Kunien '09, Claire Burke '08, (second row) Jacko DeCarolli '07, Bob Gay '01, Darwin Hunt '07, Brett Shireiffs '07, Doug Raderer '09, Travis Meyer '06, the newlyweds, Richie Fuld '07, Jed McDonald '08, Jonathan Sisto '06, Charlie Townsend '10, Marc Scheuer '04, Gabe Wood '06, and John Sullivan '10.
Robyn Cook '02 married Mike Mazzotta '03 at the Oregon Garden on May 30, 2009. Joining them were Midd friends Mark Roche '02, Emily Greenstein '02, Katharine North '05, Leah Nickelsberg Shoaff '02, (second row) Kara Arsenault Deese '02, James Munro '02, Polly Lynn '05, the newlyweds, Claire Anderson '06, Melissa Cohen Mazor '03 with Ian, Liz McColloch, MA French '09, (third row) Mike Romankiewicz '03, Mike Kirkland '04, David Molk '04, Mike Cooley '01, Jason Simmons '03, Baker Lyon '06, Marty Wesolowski '03, Josh Howe '02, Nathaniel Shoaff '02, and Matt Noble '02. Missing from the photo is Walt Burt '82.

In Portland, Maine, Kristen Watson '03 married Daniel Hourihan (Holy Cross '03) on June 20, 2009. Midd grads in attendance were Barbara Totten Perkins '54, Robert Perkins '54, Eric Bundonis '03, Joylene Orange Bundonis '03, the newlyweds, Carrie MacDonald Dougherty '03, Michela Adrian '03, and John Watson '79.

On June 20, 2009, Alice Martin '98 married Nate Allen at the Columns Hotel in New Orleans, La. Midd friends who traveled south to celebrate with the couple included (all '98 unless noted) Jennifer Cleary, Anna Martin '02, Sarah Nunamaker Bailey, Anne Holloway, Nick Owseley '97, the newlyweds, Tim Weld, Suwha Hong, and Rebecca Sama Owseley.

Stacy Brendtro '05 and Rick Cooley '04 were married at the Inn at Essex in Essex, Vt., on June 13, 2009. Friends and family who helped the couple celebrate included David Molk '04, Adam Paschi '04, the newlyweds, (second row) Hillary Waite Condit '05, Kathleen Fleury '05, Hannah Waite '11, (third row) Alden Bird '04, Tony Garofano '04, Lauren Singer Waite '74, Brendan Condit '05, Emily Hruby '05, Abbi Sanders '05, Chris Waite '08, (fourth row) Mike Cooley '01 and Roy Cooley '72.

The wedding of Amanda Dickson '96 and Peter Dougherty '96 was held on June 6, 2009, at the Shelburne Museum in Shelburne, Vt. Celebrating with them were (all '96 unless noted) Joel Grippando, Ned Greene, Josh Walker, (second row) Diana West Tebbe '98, Sarah Kramer, Eliza Burke Greene, the newlyweds, Suzanne Daley, Cameron Dickson '98, (third row) Crazy Jonny Levy, Sasha Quijano Grippando, Claudia Schnupper Hochberg, Rob Lawrence, Josh Sobek, John Maycock, Chad Stern, Molly Shuttleworth Evans, Ian Groblewski '98, and Megan Byrne.
Larissa Robtoy '04 married James Hewitt on March 7, 2009. Midd alums present at the ceremony and reception at the Great Escape Lodge in Lake George, N.Y., were (all '04 unless noted) Laura Rockefeller, Erin Sullivan, (second row) Eliza Adler, Erika Mercer, Claire Bourne, the newlyweds, Nate Marcus, Nichole Nawfel '06, Caroline Orsi, and Devin Zatorski.

After a proposal in Stockholm, Sweden, a year earlier, Megan Maloney '98 and Kurt Graham were married at Migis Lodge in South Casco, Maine, on May 23, 2009. In attendance were Ron Allen '99, Wendy Peterson Todd '97, the newlyweds, Carl Robinson '96, and Bob Coe '61.

Laurie Manus '99 married Gabriel Tompkins in Cape May, N.J., on November 2, 2008. Midd friends from the Class of 1999 who attended included Amy Dong, Allison Peel Bragan, the newlyweds, and Kerri Noto.

In Newport, R.I., Caroline Jacobson '04 married Mark Honorowski '04 on December 20, 2008. Friends who celebrated with the couple included (all '04 unless noted) Michael Gillim, Tabby Connor '05, Russ McCracken, Margery Glover, Lauren Bowe Hover, the newlyweds, Alex Watson, Nina Popel, Karl Strovink, and Ethan Pond.


Julia Herwood '04 and Simon Breedon (Emory '01) were married in Wailea, Maui, on May 14, 2009.
After their wedding in Oregon (see page 72), Robyn Cook ‘02 and Mike Mazzotta ‘03 headed east for a reception with Midd folks who missed the wedding: Hugh Marlow ’57, Barbara Marlow, Mary Houde Skovsted ’03, Eric Skovsted ’02, Robyn and Mike, Mike Unger ’03, Sandy Carbolova Unger ’03, and Bill Boykin-Morris ’02.

Friends gathered at the home of Eli ’76 and Jill Robinson Haizlip ’76 in San Francisco on February 3 to celebrate the visit of honorary 1976 class member Sue Small, who came from Bristol, Vt., where she has been busy running her B&B, Dreamhouse Inn: (all ’76 unless noted) Chris Mead, Chandler Lee, Eli Robinson Mead, Debbie Jacobs, Joanne Green ’77, Sue, Eli, Jill, and Rich Hodges. Also present and lurking in the background were Halsted Wheeler and Molly Miottel ’77.

Ten beautiful women from the Class of 1978 traveled for a long weekend to Iceland in February, just for fun. Here they are outside a coffee shop in the wilds after they took a bracing outdoor swim: Corinne Josias, Blythe Hamer, Nancy Rome, (second row) Joyce Nolan Harrison, Dyanne DelVecchio, Nancy Greenwald, Diana Munger Hechler, Adele MacDonald Kristianson, Jennifer Brown, Gunnar (the intrepid guide), and Clare Pierson.

Friends from the Class of 2001 and the future Class of 2031 took a girls' trip to Manzanita Beach, Ore., last February: Amie Fernandez Lucas with Lucy, Kate Collins-Manetti with Viola, and Ann Russell Felton with Emily.

Katie Lange Dolan ’77 and Mary Stein Dominick ’58 attended the Downhill Divas Week last winter in Keystone, Colo., at the home of Wendy Paulson. As part of a group of nine women, they did both downhill skiing and cross-country, discussed books, children, grandchildren, and recipes, knitted, watched birds, and cooked together.

After ringing in the New Year in Cornwall, Vt., at the Franklin home, friends had a great day of sledding on Lincoln Gap: Sierra Crane-Murdoch ’09, Kelly Blynn ’07, Caitlin Littlefield ’07, Carolyn Barnwell ’06, (second row) Austen Levihn-Coon ’07, Corinne Aimquist ’09, Lauren Miller ’07, Morgan Goodwin, Lindsey Franklin ’07, Jeremy Osborn ’06, (third row) Josh Deane ’09, Adam Wells, Jason Kowalski ’07, Emile McDonald ’07, Ian Hough ’07, Carol Guest ’07, Heidi Erbe ’06, Jon Wawer ’06, and Emily Wheeler ’07.
March recently accepted a position at QVC Japan as senior VP. “After five years working on my own with consulting and investment projects, the last three years in Bangkok, I serendipitously find myself again (after 20 years) living and working in a corporate environment in Tokyo. My legal and television experience was only partial training for my new role in what is essentially the most complex retail business imaginable, where the learning curve is exceedingly steep.” * Last winter Katie Lange Dolan attended Downhill Divas Week. Check out her photo on page 74. * Bob Lindberg noted this summer that his youngest had graduated from high school but returning college students (and grad school) “emply nest” look far away. He also requests more classmates submit their news (weddings, graduations, World Cup trophies, whatever) as a regular flow of news helps to avoid missing submission deadlines. Best to all.

—Class Correspondent: Bob Lindberg (dolgan@lurig.com).

78 The Weekly Sun recently profiled artist Gregory Kammerer, who lives in Perryville, R.I., and exhibits his work at galleries on Martha’s Vineyard, in Wellfleet, Mass., and Nantucket Island, R.I. Painting with oils, he has been experimenting with surface and texture and he paints on window frames, board, glass, found objects, and old books. He also exhibited his work from May to July in a College alumni show at the Edgewater Gallery in Middlebury. * Dan Franczek recently resigned after 15 years as the varsity boys basketball coach of a 1978 mini-reunion in Iceland! * Check out page 74 for a photo of a 1978 mini-reunion in Iceland!

—Class Correspondents: David Jaffray (djaffray@netsut.com); Phyllis Wendell Macey (phyllismacey@hotmail.com); Anne Rowell Noble (annenoblewell@aoi.com).

79 Lenny Saltz, who left us for other pastures but graduated with us in spirit, writes, “Everything is great on this island. I’m really quite beautiful here on ‘The Point’ with views of Mount Cardigan in the distance and the lake adjacent to campus. I’m in New Hampshire weekdays and in Boston on weekends, which is a bit of a strange existence but I’m becoming better adjusted to it. I’m temporarily renting a room in a local farmhouse. It’s incredibly rustic and there’s a veritable menagerie with virtually all of the animal groups represented, including a rooster that crows every morning at 4:30. Yes, 4:30 a.m. —gawd. And no TV or Internet. But they’re a wonderful couple and very accommodating. One of my coworkers is Andrew Helming, ’93, and Chip Audet ’82 runs our Admissions Office. Small world.” * Katherine Brown Tegen has a new picture book out called Nine Wives. * Dan Elish has been working to turn his novel, Nine Wives, into a musical and he has another.

80 A good time was had by classmates who attended reunion in June. We missed those of you who couldn’t make it! * Loretto, a network of agencies providing eldercare services in Central New York, appointed Dr. Jennifer Weinraub to the medical staff of PACE CNY. With 20 years of medical expertise, she also serves as the associate director of Beechtree Care Center in Ithaca, N.Y. * Dan Schulman recently left Sprint Nextel to join American Express as group president for enterprise growth. He’s responsible for the company’s global strategy to expand alternative mobile and online payment services. * In Burlington, Vt., Betsy Keller Forrester has joined Coldwell Banker Hickok & Boardman Realty as a realtor. She’s been working in hospitality management and marketing for two decades.

—Class Correspondents: Anne Cowhend Kallaher (acowhend@og-inc.com); Susanne Robard Stratier (sstratier@edctova.com).

81 REUNION CLASS Barbara Boyd sent word that all was well in Pompano Beach, Fl. She’s had a busy year with her marriage to Daniel Pintos, her youngest son’s graduation from college, and her oldest son’s marriage this fall. * A note came from our class agent (an unsung hero) Vincent —All is well in Vermont—I work at the UVM medical school and the hospital, and I’m married with two teenage kids. Some of my highlights include recent medical missions to Guatemala and Mozambique, and a fun few tries at tall mountains (Kilimanjaro and Aconcagua successful; Denali unsuccessful). I’ve stayed in touch with Frazier Caner, whose daughter entered Midd in September. Also, I’m in touch with Tom Shively, who’s a professor and chair of the business statistics dept. at the Univ. of Texas, and Rhodemann Li, who recently married and is raising a wonderful family. I also keep in touch with Greg MacKay, Peter Gourley, and Jim Rilk. * A mini-reunion was organized by Pat Marsh and Paul Scharfnagle with classmates coming from over the U.S. to enjoy a beautiful weekend in Middlebury. Besides Sarah (Pasadena, Calif.) and Pat (Cranford, N.J.), the others attending were KC Cederholm (Carlisle, Mass.), Barbara Eyman (Silver Spring, Md.), Andrea French (Evanston, Ill.), Nancy Lemay Remmer (Alexandria, Va.), and Tim Cook ’81 (Rutland, Vt.). Visits to Bread Loaf, Battell North and South, and Mr. Up’s were all a part of the sentimental journey. The group was joined at Mr. Up’s for dinner by Henriette Lazaridis Power and Wendy Behringer Nelson, who happened to be in town as well. It was a wonderful chance to catch up with friends, share stories, and enjoy spring in Vermont. * John Stahl ’s daughter, Holli, who recently graduated from Gettysburg College, was named NCAA Division III Midfielder of the Year in lacrosse and capped her career as second on Gettysburg’s all-time list for goals with 192. * Brett Hulsey has been actively campaigning to join the Wisconsin State Assembly. Brett serves as a Dane County Supervisor and runs an environmental consulting company. You can learn more about Brett’s campaign at www.brettgus.blogspot.com. * GR-NEAM recently announced that Chip Clark would be assuming responsibility for the client strategy group. He joined the company in 1992 and has worked in a variety of roles in the investment and client strategy groups.

—Class Correspondents: Wendy Behringer Nelson (wwnongy@bellalulwul.com); Caleb Risk (crik@nothtonmon.com).

82 Greg Clancy writes, “I’m up here in God’s country as the newest member of the development staff at Cardigan Mountain School in Canaan, N.H. It’s really quite beautiful here on ‘The Point’ with views of Mount Cardigan in the distance and the lake adjacent to campus. I’m in New Hampshire weekdays and in Boston on weekends, which is a bit of a strange existence but I’m becoming better adjusted to it. I’m temporary, renting a room in a local farmhouse. It’s incredibly rustic and there’s a veritable menagerie with virtually all of the animal groups represented, including a rooster that crows every morning at 4:30. Yes, 4:30 a.m. —gawd. And no TV or Internet. But they’re a wonderful couple and very accommodating. One of my coworkers is Andrew Helming, ’93, and Chip Audet ’82 runs our Admissions Office. Small world.”
Pete Wlodkowski reports, "I celebrated two 10-year anniversaries this year—the first (and most important) with wife Lee Ann. The other is my company's, amateurgolf.com. We launched at the 2000 U.S. Open at Pebble Beach, and we had a great time at this year's Open. My friends say it's just as difficult as much as possible..."
Class Correspondents:}

YOUR reunion experience, and we’ll be sure to

July and she joined Bill in a local mixed-doubles

Weldon with wife Jeanette and their children. Will (7),

Those in attendance can attest that Sarah looks

various spouses who were attending to children).

Other hardworking committee members include

Mike left Microsoft last

Advisors.

Kate Wallace Perrotta (kperrottawhoop.com).

Ruth Lolimanii Dauis

I was thrilled to return to

Middlebury this summer as a professor of French

for the French School. I taught a graduate course

in stylistics. * Bram Kleppner and Genie

Henry’s daughter Gabrielle was born this summer

at their home in Burlington, Vt. Gabrielle joins

two sisters and a brother. Between them, the four

children speak three

languages, and carry passports from the U.S.,

Canada, New Zealand, and Russia. The fun

ever ends! * Britt Raubenheimer recently spoke

at the second annual Women in Science and

Engineering speaker series in New Bedford, Mass.

She works at the Woods Hole Oceanographic

Institution along with husband Steve Elgar.

Having lost her sight seven years ago, she uses a

computer that talks to her and a guide dog, but

she still scuba dives and does measurements. *

Jill Madden was one of several alumni who

exhibited their art works at Edgewater Gallery in

Middlebury as part of an alumni show.

*Class Correspondents: Tom Funk (tfunk@tumberlinetreeactive.com); Elizabeth Ryan O’Brien

(obraheh@bihjwhoop.com).

Beth Zogby (zogby@alumni.middlebury.edu).

Definitely looking forward to our 25th reunion—

I just attended my high school 25th and it was a

lot of fun.” And, from yours truly, I’m excited

to be serving our class by gathering and writing

our news, to help us stay informed and connected.

Please don’t be shy—feel free to drop a note or

call anytime! I’m living in Old Greenwich,

Conn., where I’ve been the past 11 years. I have

one son, Jake, who keeps me busy on the sidelines

of his football and hockey games. Otherwise, I

stay active with my local cycling club and I’m still

skiing in the winter as much as I can, mainly

in Utah. There I run into many Midd Kids—of

recent and older vintages—continuing in the

international drinks industry and recently started a new position with Pernod

Richard as head of consumer insights for the

Absolut vodka brand. Skol!

—Class Correspondent: John Mutterperl (john@baldyconsulting.com).

Rain was an outstanding presence of

our 20th reunion, but so were the

148 members of our class who

returned, making us one person shy of breaking

the attendance record for a 20th-year class

reunion! * During Reunion Weekend the Class of

1990 celebrated five of our cherished classmates

who are no longer with us today: Elizabeth

Cleary. Linda Coulombe, Emily Dunn. Phil

Mahoney, and Mike McGinn. The memorial

service was held outside, and classmates and

friends of Mike McGinn organized the planting

of a sugar maple and the dedication of a plaque

in honor of his memory. Mike’s family joined the

celebration that over 60 people attended. Pat

Mancuso presided over the ceremony and Ron

Willert. John Amster. Teddy Smith. and Pat

Berry ’91 played music and did a special song that

Mike wrote the lyrics for in 1991 shortly before he

died. In an effort to preserve his memory,
friends raised money for the Michael E. McGinn Endowment Fund and were delighted to learn that an anonymous donor pledged $100,000 to friends raised money for the Michael E. McGinn Endowment Fund and were delighted to learn that an anonymous donor pledged $100,000 to

John Houlit is a board member in Connecticut. Willy and Eliot Higby Patty live in Wilton, Conn. Andy Krugman lives in West Hartford, Conn., with his three children and "one very patient wife." Andy is a middle school history teacher and soccer coach at the same school he attended as a kid. Special props to John McCulloch, Lead Class Agent extraordinary, and his merry team of class agents. John deserves special recognition, as he has worked tirelessly as our LCA for 10 years. This year, our reunion, 56 percent of our class donated. Thanks to those of you who participated: Tex, Toder, and Dawn invite would-be scribblers and societies to join the class agent and class correspondent scene.

—Class Correspondents: Dagni Caygle Drew (dagni_phrab@hotmail.com); Elizabeth Toder (catoter@gmail.com).

REUNION CLASS

Dr. Karen Hamad, an internist and pediatrician, participated in a medical mission to Haiti in March with a group of Sarastoa (Fla.) health-care professionals. She traveled to Petit Gouve, where she helped start the Lukol Clinic in a local school. They were able to take care of over 60 patients in three days, and treated such varied diseases as malaria and massive trauma. On her first night in-country, she delivered a baby, something she hadn’t done in 15 years! Funds were made available to keep the Lukol clinic up and running for at least a year, and local physicians were employed for that time period. The group also delivered enough family-sized tents to house a community of 250+ people who had not received any aid since the earthquake on January 12. Karen hopes to return to Haiti in the next six months to continue her work there.

—Christina Swenson O’Hara graduated from Sioux Falls Seminary with a master of divinity. She’ll continue with campus ministry and is in the ordination track in the Episcopal Church. In North Carolina Jonathan Snover was recently named the director of the Global Institute for Sustainability Tech at North Carolina State University’s Community College. He’ll head the college’s efforts in training green collar workers and will assist clean energy businesses.

—Class Correspondents: Bill Driscoll (william.driscoll@ghi.org); Kate J. Kelley (katejkelley@gmail.com).

Maria Aliberti Lubertazzi reports, "My husband David and I welcomed our son Charles Joseph on February 22 this year. He’s not the only new son of Battell South women—Ritu Verma and Dave Benollic’s son Nikhil arrived a year ago in San Francisco Bay. When not braving the waters surrounding Newport, R.I. Daughters Campbell (i) and Sienna (ii) love covering each other in sand on the Newport beaches. Nikhil continues to practice family medicine part time on the South Shore of Boston, while also working from home at the CVS Minute Clinic medical director. Clay Blanchard was married to Sarah Walter in the Dominican Republic in October 2009. Fellow ’93ers in attendance were Eric Levine, Millie Dayton, Phelps and Katie Kennedy Morris, and Nicole and Dave Nalchajyan. Clay recently completed the "Escape from the Rock" triathlon in under three hours, including a swim across the San Francisco Bay. When not braving the waters around Alcatraz, he continues to work for Salesforce.com. Ashley Lindell, husband Matt Smith, and big sister Hannah are pleased to announce the birth of son James Francis, who arrived on February 22, 2009, in Boston, Mass. They are happily enjoying their one-year-old! Vendela Vida has published another book, "The Lover," it’s about a middle-aged widow who travels to Turkey to unravel mysteries about her marriage. (See page 52 for more about Vendela and her novel.) Living in Georgia, Jeff Olsen was recently promoted to VP, Adult Swim Digital and Games, at Turner Broadcasting System in their Animation, Young Adults and Kids Media Group. He’ll continue to oversee AdultSwim.com but will also be responsible for Adult Swim Games on iPhone and other digital platforms.

—Class Correspondents: Mary Stift Cairns (cains@gmich.edu); Gene Stift (geneswift@gmail.com).

Thanks to all of our classmates who have kept us in the loop of your lives over the last five years by sending Emily and JP e-mail updates. We have enjoyed this role and will continue until our 20th reunion in June 2010. Nikhil Kothari Smith is married and her husband continue to enjoy their summers in Newport, R.I. Daughters Campbell (i) and Sienna (ii) love covering each other in sand on the Newport beaches. Nikhil continues to practice family medicine part time on the South Shore of Boston, while also working from home at the CV5 Minute Clinic medical director. Clay Blanchard was married to Sarah Walter in the Dominican Republic in October 2009. Fellow ’93ers in attendance were Eric Levine, Millie Dayton, Phelps and Katie Kennedy Morris, and Nicole and Dave Nalchajyan. Clay Blanchard was married to Sarah Walter in the Dominican Republic in October 2009. Fellow ’93ers in attendance were Eric Levine, Millie Dayton, Phelps and Katie Kennedy Morris, and Nicole and Dave Nalchajyan. Clay Blanchard was married to Sarah Walter in the Dominican Republic in October 2009. Fellow ’93ers in attendance were Eric Levine, Millie Dayton, Phelps and Katie Kennedy Morris, and Nicole and Dave Nalchajyan. Clay Blanchard was married to Sarah Walter in the Dominican Republic in October 2009.
LANGUAGESCHOOLS

Arabic School

Relli Shechter (’99), who is the senior lecturer and chair of the Dept. of Middle East Studies at Ben-Gurion Univ., was at Skidmore College this fall as the 2010 Greenberg Middle East Scholar in Residence. He taught a class entitled Oil and the Remaking of the Modern Middle East and gave a lecture entitled “Consumerism and Islamism: The Middle East Since the 1970s.”

French School

Bishop Peter Rosazza (MA ’69) recently retired as auxiliary bishop in Hartford, Conn. At the time he was one of only three active U.S. bishops who owed their appointments to Pope Paul VI. Architecture critic Joseph Giovannini (MA ’68) gave a talk for the American Institute of Architects Peconic in April entitled “Walking the Talk: A Critic Builds,” about the Daly Street Lofts in L.A. He has written about architecture and design for three decades and is a principal in the firm Joseph Giovannini Designs.

Spanish School

John Miller (DML ’70) has continued an active academic life after his retirement as professor emeritus of languages and cultures in 2005 from the Univ. of Colorado. He has taught as a Fulbright Senior Specialist in Second Language Acquisition/ELT at Aligarh Muslim Univ. in India and has taught for the U.S. Dept. of State as an English Language Fellow at the Ahmedabad Management Institute (India), Selcuk Univ. (Konya, Turkey), and Gaziantep Univ. (Turkey). This fall he returned to Gaziantep for the academic year where he is teaching American literature and culture in the Western Languages Dept. Kathleen Rupright (MA ’79, MA French ’84, DML ’86) has retired as professor emerita after 40 years of teaching and service at Saint Michael’s College, Colchester, Vt. In Dartmouth, Mass., Lili Gibson Chamberlain (MA ’92) was appointed to the town bylaws review committee. She teaches a Spanish preschool program at a number of locations in her area. In March Elizabeth Tadlock (MA ’92) married Christopher Farabaugh in Lively, Va. She teaches Spanish at West Springfield High School in Springfield, Va. Jose Salazar (MA ’56) and Tara Allen (MA ’53) and big sister Sofia joyfully announce the birth of son Matias Allen on July 26.

* Heather Mead Jack was recognized by Parenting magazine as the “Top Mom” in Massachusetts for her work in promoting education and philanthropy among children. As a result of this award, she attended the Mom Congress in Washington, D.C., in May. Heather manages a nonprofit called The Volunteer Family while living in Ashland, Mass., with her husband and their children, Elizabeth (8) and Alex (5).
* Michael Begley married Jennifer Bronsdon on March 26, 2009, at the Jared Coffin House on Nantucket Island. He received his doctor of philosophy degree in biochemistry from the Univ. of Calif–San Diego and was working this past year as a research fellow at Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center in Boston. Please keep your news coming, as we enjoy catching up through the pages of Middlebury Magazine. Only five more years until our 20th!
* Class Correspondents: Emily Aikenhead Hannon (hannon.emily@gmail.com); JP Watson (jpwatson@athensacademy.org).

REUNION CLASS

Andrew and Amy Atwood Kvaal and Caroline (j) sent an announcement about the birth of Cecilia Elise Kvaal on March 29. In May, Chris Velan opened for the Northern California group ALO at the Higher Ground Ballroom in Burlington, Vt. Linda Murray Ruiz sent the sad news that Jay Ruiz passed away on April 23. Our sympathy goes out to Linda and all Jay’s family and friends. An obituary will appear in a future issue.

Class Correspondents: Amanda Gordon Fletcher (agfletcher@yahoo.com); Megan Shattuck (meganshattuck@gmail.com).

96

97

Jody Emerson is excited to report that she received a master’s in education from Saint Michael’s College on May 15. This also includes certifica-
tion in school administration (a principal's license). She continues her work as a history teacher at Belling School High School in Barre, Vt. * Josh Shapiro was named the men's head soccer coach at Tufts Univ. this summer. His first season home opener was on September 11 against Middlebury. Before Tufts, he was an assistant coach at Georgetown Univ.* In other soccer news, Andy Biggs has joined the men's soccer coaching staff at McGill Univ. For four seasons he was the head coach at the Univ. of New England where he coached the program's first winning season in 10 years along with its first 10-win season since 1997. * Jason Ennis recently released the CD *La Voz de Tes*...
Wine magazine named him one of their “Sommeliers of the Year,” the first time it ever selected a beer professional for the prize.

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

03

Sally Olson was cast as the female lead in Widow, a Michael Fisher film, in November 2009. The film was screened at the 2010 Green Mountain Film Festival and the 2010 White River Indie Film Festival. It was accepted into the Journal of Short Film, a quarterly peer-reviewed DVD distributed to film-studies programs nationwide, and will be featured in volume 10. During the summer of 2010, Sally attended the Summer Musical Workshop at Circle in the Square Theatre School in NYC. She has been honing her skills in the performing arts while living in Burlington, Vt. Sally continues to create art and paint pet portraits amongst other subject matter (www.sallyonnolson.com).

* Neil and Audrey Pellerin Onsdorff welcomed first child Addison on April and moved from Boston down to Summit, N.J., in late June. Neil works for an agency, and Audrey started teaching French and coaching girls hockey at Morristown-Beard in September.

—Katherine Milgram moved back to NYC this spring where she joined Bracewell & Giuliani as a litigation associate.

* Kristina Rudd has graduated from the Univ. of Washington School of Medicine (along with Katie DeNiro ’01) and started internal medicine residency at UW in Seattle this past summer.

* Reid Hanel finished fieldwork in Tajikistan for her Ph.D. at UC. Berkeley and headed back to San Francisco this fall where she hangs out with Heather Rankie, who moved to SF this past year after finishing law school at the Univ. of Washington.

* Blake Barkin got married on August 2, 2009, to Daniel Bueckman in Westhampton, N.Y. Blake received a master’s in counseling psychology with a focus in school counseling from NYU in May 2010.

* Lisa Jasiński wrote her class note from Bologna, Italy, where she was reviewing a film festival, “Back home in Knox County, Texas, I’ve recently become friends with Curtis Swope ’02, who is teaching German at Trinity Univ., where I teach in the education department. We both find it unimaginable that we never met while at Midd, especially because we both lived in Battell our freshman year. We meet often for dinner and we’re representing Midd proudly at all of the Texas ice houses.”

* Naomi Andrews is living in Silver Spring, Md., where she is chief of staff for Congresswoman Carol Shea-Porter of New Hampshire’s First District.

* Greg Berberian married Jennifer Flynn on June 20, 2009, in Des Moines, Iowa. He recently joined the faculty at the Georgetown Univ. School of Medicine.


—Class Correspondents: Megan Dodge (mdodge@alumni.middlebury.edu); Ulises Zanello (uczanael@alumni.middlebury.edu).

04

In May, Larissa Robtov Hewitt graduated from the BU School of Social Work with her MSW.

* Meredith Giersch received an MBA in business from Tuick School of Business at Dartmouth on June 1. Giersch was selected a beer professional for the prize.

* Morgan Jones recently accepted a position at the Office of the Mayor, located in NYC, as Queens Borough Director, Community Affairs Unit. He was employed at YMCAs Greater New York as youth membership and marketing coordinator.

* Chris Howell’s business, Vermont Farm Tours, is going strong. He was profiled recently in the Burlington Free Press when his company guided cyclists through the Lake Champlain Islands as part of the first Heart of the Islands Bike Tour. He lives in Burlington’s Old North End.

* Adam Fasoli and wife Allison Dibianca have moved to Middlebury. Since graduating from Tufts School of Dental Medicine in May, Adam has joined Middlebury Dental Group on Exchange Street and is hoping to see lots of Midd Kids stopping by for a check-up. Allie is continuing her Ph.D. research through the Univ. of Chicago and is enjoying using the Middlibrary as her new research home.

* In Charlemont, Mass., Jon Schaefer has been working at his family’s ski resort, Berkshire East, where he is the general manager.

* Louisa Conrad was one of several alumni who exhibited their art in an alumni show called “Step Into Their Own” at the Edgewater Gallery in Middlebury this past spring.

—Class Correspondents: Julia Herwood Breden (julia.breden@hotmail.com); Athena (Tina) Fischer (princess1328@yahoo.com).

05

Still living in D.C., Kate Nerenberg writes a blog called Best Bites at the Washingtonian, where she’s an assistant editor. She posts daily dispatches on the Washington area’s food, restaurant, and dining scene.

* Dena Simmons was recently profiled for her teaching in a book called Die It Anyway: A New Generation of Activists. The book profiles eight under-15 people, one of whom is actress Rosario Dawson.

* Jonathan Burke received his JD from Georgetown University Law Center on May 19, graduating cum laude.

* Julia Kołodziejczyk writes, “In May I finished my master’s in human rights at Cambridge University. I also received a full scholarship to the Univ. of California, San Diego’s Ph.D. program in public health—health behavior and preventive medicine. I started there this fall.”

* Ted King is still bike racing around the globe. You can check out how he’s doing at www.tedking.com.

* Jason Lockhart was recently hired as the radio and television play-by-play announcer for the Syracuse (N.Y.) Crunch, an American Hockey League team. Last season he was a play-by-play broadcaster, color commentator, and media and community relations manager for the ECHL’s Bakersfield (Calif.) Condors.

* Shelly Pellerin Onsdorff moved to Middlebury this past spring.

—Class Correspondents: Julia Herwood Breden (julia.breden@hotmail.com); Athena (Tina) Fischer (princess1328@yahoo.com).

06

REUNION CLASS

Lindsay Russell sent the news that she began business school at Stanford this fall. She left Barclays Capital and said farewell to NYC (at least for the time being) in July, then took a few months to travel and relax before school started in September. She says, “I am beyond thrilled to be going to Stanford, and so excited for this next step in my life and career.”

* Brian Breeden and wife Kate moved to media associate at Media Matters for America in D.C.

* Leaving D.C., Mary Mendoza moved to California this fall to begin a Ph.D. program at the Univ. of California, Davis.

* Chris Harnisch is a research assistant with the American Enterprise Institute, where he focuses on al-Qaeda and its associated movements.

Previously he served on the staff of former VP Dick Cheney.

—Class Correspondents: Tristan Arcott (uarsott@alumni.middlebury.edu); Jess Van Wagenen (jovanwagenen@gmail.com).

07

Emily Elliot is living in Shanghai and working as the creative coordinator for Citrip, China’s largest online travel provider. Previously she was at ChinaVest, a bank that offers advisory services for multinational firms trying to enter the China market. She worked first as a research analyst then as a marketing associate, leading the redesign of their Web site. After completing her MPA in international management for sustainable economic development, Danielle Barbeau worked in Panama for five months, then moved to D.C. to work as a program manager and management consultant to build management capacities for international development initiatives.

Jennifer Williams was recently hired as the new head softball coach at MIT after spending the past year as an assistant coach at Stonehill.

—Class Correspondents: Andrew Ewert (andrewewevert@gmail.com); Britt Svensson (britt.svensson@gmail.com).

08

Hi Class of 2008! To all you readers out there, please join us for “Middlebury College Class of 2008” Facebook group to be kept in the loop with alumni news reminders and class alerts. We welcome your e-mails, notes, and updates at anytime throughout the year. As always, our classmates near and far are doing some pretty incredible things around the globe.

* Albert Handy is working in NYC in the business development group for DTCC, a trade repository for credit derivatives. He’s hard at work getting to know the ins and outs of most types of credit products and lending his expertise to his firm’s collection of CD contracts’ electronic records. In late August he led his team on a week-long adventure, stopping in Amsterdam, Moscow, New Delhi, Singapore, Sydney, Fiji, and L.A.

* Back in NYC, Scott Kessler was excited to move into Stuyvesant Town with Kevin Croken. Midd Kids welcome. Scott’s the assistant project manager at the New York State Energy Research and Development Authority.

* Sarah Bay has attack helicopter at the Lake in the Sky Air Show in August. He serves with the Marine Corps.

—Class Correspondents: Martha Dutton (martha.dutton@gmail.com); Dena Simmons (dena.simmons@gmail.com).
This past summer Luisa Covaria, George Mynatt, Farhan Ahmed, Ioana Literat, and Louis Lobe ’08, who started the multimedia arts collective called The Melting Iceberg, partnered with the United World College in Norway to film a documentary about a UWC Youth Leadership Summer Course being held in China. Check out what they’ve done at nicebergcollective.wordpress.com.  

Alex Griesves spent last year with PIA (Princeton-in-Asia) doing a yearlong fellowship at WildChina, an adventure travel company in Beijing. She worked on marketing, public relations, and social media and led a few trips, such as a trip for PIA’s Summer of Service fellows throughout western China’s Gansu province. She loved it and planned to stay another year. There are a ton of Millennials in China! Alex says she brings some of her student, Grace Runyon, to Beijing and saw Bobby Gosney, Gregory Arthur Behrens, Jess Jong, and Charlie Evans of Shinja. Alex’s time abroad, however, was cut short by the summer of 2011. Clancy Lue was living in Taiwan where she taught ESL at the British International School in Taipei and finished up his year with PIA teaching in Taiwan. Annie Onishi finished her first year of medical school in June and worked on a science project for the summer. She was happy to show Maggie Smith around her NYC neighborhood of Washington Heights. She’s been training for the New York City Marathon and fully expects to beat every woman running in a skin. She really hates running skirts. Ryan Kellett has been working at the College in the President’s Office since February when he graduated and is looking for jobs in media/journalism. He produced several videos while visiting the Language Schools for the Communications Office. Check them out at www.middmag.com by browsing the Dispatches. Alex Yule was quite busy, spending two months traveling through Central America and three weeks going across the U.S., seeing some Midd Kids along the way. He’s now settled into his new life and job in Redlands, Calif., working for ESRI making sweet Web maps. Katie Washburn has a nuptial to announce; she married Duston Mason on July 17 on Seabrook Island, S.C. She and Duston moved to Houston, Texas, where he attends graduate school and she teaches sixth-grade English and Reading at Yez Prep East End. Dave Small moved out to San Francisco in June to take a job as a mobile evangelist with Blackboard Mobile. They build mobile apps for universities, and Dave supports sales efforts, getting his hands dirty in the business world and in turn getting the business world dirty with him. Sarah Emmons ventured to Paraguay to visit Jessica Clayton, who is serving as an agricultural Peace Corps volunteer. Sarah helped her teach English, milk cows, and work the garden. Stephanie Toriumi recently finished the 10-month program at the Inter-University Center for Japanese Language Studies in Yokohama, Japan. She works as the coordinator of international relations in Ishigaki, Okinawa, for the JET Program. Rashna Kharas works in NYC as a fashion merchandiser and volunteers in the Seeds of Peace office. Sasa Garfield was selected for the “Taiwan Hugh M. Young” program and began teaching in Connecticut this fall.  

—Class Correspondents: Chandler Koghiene (chandler.koghiene@gmail.com); Eva Nixon (evanixon@gmail.com).
28 Helen Revere Hatch, 103, of Venice, Fla., on December 16, 2009. With a master’s degree in French literature, she taught French for 37 years in Mamaroneck and Rochester, N.Y. Predeceased by husband Dwight and son Stephen, she is survived by niece Betty Ollierweile.

33 Allyson B. White, 98, of Orland, Maine, on December 10, 2009. After earning a master’s in electron physics from MIT, she also received a fellowship at Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution in physical oceanography and a fellowship at the Univ. of Rochester in nuclear physics. During WWII he worked in the MIT Radiation Lab, then worked at Photonics. In 1976, she became a professor at Ames for 10 years and Edgerton, Germshausen and Grier for 13 years. Retiring early, he and his wife moved to Nova Scotia where he became an active volunteer. He greatly enjoyed square dancing. Predeceased by first wife Janet (Bridgeham), second wife Grace (Nelsen), and stepson Jonathon Smith, he is survived by stepsons David Davis and Plum Smith, stepdaughters Barbara Larkin and Sarah Joslin and many stepgrandchildren and great-grandchildren. Deceased Middlebury relatives include mother Edna Allyn White ‘28 and uncle Lester Allyn ‘18.

36 Evelyn Poppel Gerard, 94, of Ormond Beach, Fla., and Kennebunk, Maine, on January 11, 2010. After being named Middlebury’s first “Snow Queen,” she graduated and earned a master’s in library science from Simmons College. She was head librarian at Manchester (Conn.) High School for over 25 years and also served as an associate director at Camp Astro Wamah in Columbia, Conn., from 1941–1953. In Kennebunk she was a member of the Madame Chapter of the Eastern Star, the Webhannet Golf Club, the Historical Society, and was a docent at the Nott House. In Ormond Beach she was a member of the Sea Side Singers and Show Club Follies. A loyal alumna, she donated a Tiffany candy dish to the College. Predeceased by first husband John Gerard, she is survived by second husband Kenneth Wentworth, son Ronald, daughter Poppy Mastrovita, four grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren.

37 Ruth van Sickle Robinson, 93, of West Orange, N.J., on December 5, 2009. She worked as a customer service representative for New Jersey Bell in Newark, as a sales clerk for Arnold, Constable in West Orange, and as a teller for Midland Bank in Pleasantdale for many years. She was a lifelong New York Ranger fan. Predeceased by first husband Bernard Dyer in 1991 and second husband Robert Robinson ’37 in 2006, she is survived by sons Michael, Thomas, and Christopher, daughter Daphne, and five grandchildren.

38 Field H. Winslow, 93, of Warren, N.J., on December 16, 2009. With a Ph.D. from Cornell Univ., he worked on the Manhattan Project where he helped develop early fluoropolymers. Joining Bell Labs in 1945, he became head of polymer development (R&D) and organic chemistry R&D. In 2010 he was inducted posthumously into the National Inventors Hall of Fame for his work at Bell Labs stabilizing the polymers used to coat communications cable, which helped make universal telephone service possible. Deceased Middlebury relatives include uncles Gino Ratti, Class of 1907, Amerigo Ratti, Class of 1911, Aldo Ratti ’13, and Hugo Ratti ’22, and cousin Richard Hill ’40. Surviving Middlebury relatives include Eugene Winslow ’40, niece Jill Winslow ’77, and cousins Donald Hill ’50 and Hugo Ratti ’55.

41 Denise Peloton Coenen, 91, of Salsburg, Conn., on January 6, 2010. During WWII she worked as a secretary and French translator to the head of Gevaert Co. in Williamstown, Mass. She also worked at Sprague Electric. Always active, she enjoyed golf and bowling and was a dedicated volunteer for various organizations. Predeceased by husband Albert and son Albert Jr., she is survived by son Christopher, daughter Daphne, and two stepchildren. Surviving Middlebury relatives include niece Julie Campoli ’80.

43 John C. Lundrigan, 89, of Williamsville, N.Y., on January 9, 2010. During WWII he joined the U.S. Marine Corps and served as a combat observer, leading troops in the battles for Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Saipan, Tinian, and Okinawa, earning the Purple Heart and the Bronze Star. Remaining in the Marine Corps, he served in the Korean War, earning another Bronze Star, and was stationed in Taiwan from 1959–1961, receiving the U.S. Army Commendation Medal. Retiring in 1963, he settled in Buffalo, N.Y., and became VP and personnel director at Erie County Savings Bank. Survivors include wife Barbara Ann (Notman), daughters Leslie Ann, Sarah, and Barbara, five grandchildren including Jessica Ross ’06, and two great-grandchildren.

45 Elva Tarbell Procopio, 88, of Southbridge, Mass., on January 18, 2010. After graduation she taught French and English in Lake Luzerne, N.Y. Moving to Amherst, Mass., with her family, she was involved in Women’s Club, the University Women, and her church. In the late ’70s she went to work for the First National Bank of Amherst/Shawmut Bank of Hampshire County. Predeceased by first husband Kenneth Johnson, she is survived by husband Paul, sons Sanford and Kenneth, daughters Karen and Anna, two stepdaughters, eight grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. Deceased Middlebury relatives include sister Irene Tarbell Wheeler ’31.

46 Allen G. Vickers, 88, of Coopers Mills, Maine, on December 9, 2009. A lifelong educator, he began his career by teaching math in the Navy V-12 program at Middlebury during WWII. He then taught math at Tabor Academy in Marion, Mass., before serving as headmaster at three schools, including Lake Forest Academy in Illinois. He concluded his career by teaching math at John Hopkins School in Honolulu, Hawaii. Retiring to Ileboro, Maine, he served as a town assessor for several years. Survivors include wife Sarah (Tyler) ’42, daughters Christina and Virginia, son Tyler, and four grandchildren.

47 Alice Ashley Costello, 83, of Newton, Mass., on December 20, 2009. After graduation she attended New York Law School, earning her degree in 1953 being admitted to the NYC bar and worked for the Mercer County Legal Aid Society, eventually becoming executive director. After serving eight years, she opened her own practice. Predeceased by husband Paul ’49, she is survived by sons Ronald and Robert, daughter Amy Courtney, four grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

Alice Leach Marxreiter, 84, of Briarcliff, NY, on January 17, 2010. After attending Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School, she worked for advertising firms and Time magazine before raising her family. She was an active volunteer in her community. A longtime member of Sleepy Hollow Country Club, she enjoyed playing golf and bridge. Predeceased by husband Max, she is survived by sons Ronald and Robert, daughter Amy Courtmay, four grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

JACQUELINE SHUMAKER REINHARDT, 83, of Tenants Harbor, Maine, on April 14, 2009. With a master’s from Barnard Teachers College, she taught in several schools including the American School in Paris, France, and various schools in New York. After moving to Maine, she taught at St. George Junior High School, retiring in 1987. Survivors include husband William, sons William and Mark, daughter Beth, and two grandchildren.

48 Selma Weiss Coons, 83, of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., on January 26, 2010. With a master’s in education from SUNY New Paltz, she taught French in the Spackenkill School District for many years and often took her students on trips to France. After retiring she volunteered with Meals on Wheels, was a docent at the Eleanor Roosevelt Center at Valkill, and tutored children. She is survived by daughter Laura.

49 Benjamin H. Bond Jr., 86, of Honolulu, Hawaii, on January 9, 2010. During WWII, he served in the Army. He joined his father in business at Territorial Savings Bank in Honolulu in 1949 and retired as chairman of the board in 1985. He was active in many nonprofits, such as the Hawaiian Mission Children’s Society, and served on several corporate boards. Predeceased by wife Mary-Mae (Wild) and son Michael, he is survived by sons Benjamin III and Steve. Deceased Middlebury relatives include brothers Charles Bond ’50. Surviving Middlebury relatives include brother Renton ’51, nephews Douglass ’77 and Peter ’84 Bond, and cousin Polly Moore Walters ’65.

Douglas G. Christie, 85, of West Hartford, Conn., on December 3, 2009. During WWII he served in the U.S. Navy on the U.S. Megownd
With a master's from Teachers College, Columbia University, he spent his career in education. He worked as a high school teacher, the principal of Parish Hill High School in Chaplin, Conn., and as principal of Conard High School and director of continuing education in West Hartford. He also devoted time to various environmental and political causes. Predeceased by wife Margaret (Brown), he is survived by daughters Anne '80 and Jean, son James, and one grandchild.

Mary Seaord Shahan, 81, of Manchester, N.H., on December 4, 2009. For several years she worked as a hostess for Southern Railway. Once her children were grown, she earned an accounting degree and worked for 25 years as a bookkeeper in Boston, Mass. She loved travel and went on several Elderhostels. Predeceased by husband Robert '49, she is survived by daughters Leslie Taylor '78 and Becky Berk, and four grandchildren.

Elizabeth Van Splinter Thomson, 81, of Wyckoff, N.J., on December 22, 2009. After graduation she worked in a bank and then at a telephone company as a service representative. In 1984 she took a travel agent course and worked for 25 years as a bookkeeper in Boston, Mass. She loved travel and went on several Elderhostels. Predeceased by first wife Adele (Mullen) '52, she is survived by wife Jan (Still), sons Paul and Leslie '78, daughter Janet, and six grandchildren.

James C. Straney, 81, of Clifton Park, N.Y., on December 16, 2009. An Army veteran, he served in the Korean War. He began his longtime career in journalism while serving in the U.S. Navy in the Pacific Theater. After graduation, he worked for Arthur D. Little & Co. and spent a year in Nashua working for St. Regis Paper Co. He then spent 25 years at U.S. Envelope/Westvaco in the marketing division in Springfield, Mass. Predeceased by wife Jane (Towers), he is survived by daughter Patricia, sons Stephen and James, and six grandchildren.

James W. Ferris, 79, of Mashpee, Mass., on December 14, 2009. During WWII he served in the U.S. Navy in the Pacific Theater. After graduation, he worked for Arthur D. Little & Co. and spent a year in Nashua working for St. Regis Paper Co. He then spent 25 years at U.S. Envelope/Westvaco in the marketing division in Springfield, Mass. Predeceased by wife Jane (Towers), he is survived by daughter Patricia, sons Stephen and James, and six grandchildren.

Lucille Sala Meharg, 77, of Kennett Square, Pa., and taught Latin and French at Kennett Area High School. A loyal alumna of Tilton, the Alumni Service Award, which she received in 1982, has been named after her. In 1967 she joined the faculty of the Upland Country Day School in Kennett Square, Pa., and taught Latin and French for many years. In 2001 Tilton awarded her the Distinguished Alumni Award. She is survived by son David, daughters Luisa Santocchi and Margaret Meharg, and 10 grandchildren.

James W. Ginevan, 68, former executive vice president and treasurer of the College, died August 22, 2010. With a BS in education from California State College in Pennsylvania, he served as assistant director of men's housing and later as assistant dean of men and director of university housing at the University of Pittsburgh. He also earned an M.Ed. and MBA and did doctoral work at Pitt. He was then director of general services and housing at Carnegie Mellon University. He was an ardent Pittsburgh Steelers fan. Coming to Middlebury in 1973, he served as budget director and assistant treasurer to Carroll Rikert. Over the years he left a remarkable imprint on Middlebury as steward of the College's financial resources. By 1985 he had been appointed VP for administration and treasurer, by 1995 executive VP and treasurer, and in 1999 he became executive VP for facilities planning and treasurer emeritus. During his tenure the endowment grew eightfold and the square footage on campus nearly tripled. He was also responsible for early efforts at sustainability by supporting the student-led recycling program in the 1990s and leading the College's commitment to environmentally sound construction.

One of his most enduring legacies at Middlebury came from his firm belief that students should have the chance to be involved in campus initiatives. He enjoyed working with students and actively sought and supported their ideas so they would become tangible to campus life. He routinely included students in new projects and initiatives, which became an important part of their education.

He also served as a vital link between the campus and the community, serving actively on various boards including 10 years on the Porter Medical Center board. After retiring in 2004, he and wife Anne moved to Sun City Center, Florida.

Survivors include wife Anne, son Douglas '92, daughters Colleen and Kate, and several grandchildren.
John A. Merwin Jr., 77, of Corpus Christi, Texas, on January 10, 2010. He served in the U.S. Army during the Korean War, then after graduating from Middletown, he spent his career in marketing and management with both Tenneco and Occidental Petroleum. After living many different places, he and his wife retired to Padre Island where he enjoyed playing golf and making stained-glass creations. Prewed in death by twin brother James ’54, he is survived by wife Joan (Mundy), sons Miles and William, daughter Elizabeth, and two grandsons.

Gerrit S. Van Riper, 77, of Scotia, N.Y., on December 12, 2009. He served in the U.S. Air Force for over 25 years, including service in Vietnam where he completed over 200 combat missions. Flying as a Misty, he received numerous medals for meritorious service including the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Bronze Star. After retiring as a colonel, he worked as a real estate broker. He is survived by wife Elizabeth, daughter Brooke, and one granddaughter.

James B. Cadenhead, 64, of Brooklyn, N.Y., on June 17, 2009. After graduation he taught French in upstate New York and also taught in the South Bronx. He then worked for the government as a welfare caseworker and as a Social Security disability analyst reconsideration specialist. He enjoyed vacationing in Paris and raising dwarf and lop-eared rabbits.

David N. Weinstein, 63, of Bozeman, Mont., on December 21, 2009. With a degree from the Univ. of Maine School of Law, he began his legal career in St. Johnsbury, Vt., in private practice before becoming deputy state’s attorney of Caledonia County. In 1977 he returned to private practice before being elected Essex County state’s attorney in 1982. With his father, he also ran the National Ski Credit Assoc. and the American Boarding Credit Assoc. Passionate about nonprofits, he served on many boards. He was a trustee of the St. Johnsbury Athenaeum and was an active docent in their art gallery. Upon moving to Bozeman, he became a docent at the Museum of the Rockies. He was also an avid skier. Survivors include daughters Anna ’94, Alison, and Gillian, their mother Dorothy Shea ’70, and three grandchildren. Surviving Middlebury relatives include nephew Warren Fish ’97.

Jacques Cotnam, 68, of Quebec City, Canada, on June 5, 2010. A professor for 40 years at York University, he was one of the founding fathers of the French Studies Program at the university. He led the move to include French Canadian and French literature and culture as part of the program. A dedicated scholar and literary critic, he was the author of 20 books and specialized in 20th-century French literature, particularly the works of novelist Andre Gide. During the 1990s he taught Quebec literature at Middlebury’s French School. He is survived by wife Claire and daughter Genevieve.

Grace Hawkins Barberis, 77, of Bridport, Vt., on June 12, 2010. A graduate of Vermont College in Montpelier, Vt., she served as a cataloging assistant in the College library for 38 years. She was very active in various political committees such as the Addison County Republican Committee, and she was listed in Who’s Who in American Politics. She was a member of the Middletown Congregational Church and the Community Chorus, and was a director of Middletown Land Trust and the Addison County Chamber of Commerce. She volunteered for numerous organizations, including the American Red Cross and several local museums. Predeceased by husband Daniel, she is survived by stepson Carl and John Barberis and two stepgrandchildren.

Robert J. Malone, 81, of Whiting, Vt., on March 2, 2010. While raising his family in Long Island and New Jersey, he worked in human resources for Arabian American Oil in NYC and C. F. Braun and Allied Chemical Wilpurt Division in New Jersey. Moving to Vermont in 1981, he worked in the Public Safety Office at the College for 13 years before retiring in 1994. Survivors include two daughters and several grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Lyle W. Webb Sr., 73, of Shoreham, Vt., on April 22, 2010. He worked from 1982 to 1999 as a custodian at the College and after retiring, he was self-employed. He enjoyed “old tyme” fiddling music, the Tunbridge Fair, and his church. Survivors include wife Helena (Martell), sons Lyle Jr., James, and Richard, daughters Kathy Webb and Sherry Williams, stepchildren Susan and Peter Manning, and many grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Alicia de Larrocha, 86, of Barcelona, Spain, on September 25, 2009. A renowned Spanish pianist, she was esteemed for her elegant Mozart performances and interpretations of Spanish composers. She gave her debut public performance at age five during the International Exposition in Barcelona, by age nine had her first vinyl record produced, and by age 11 was already a soloist with the Madrid Symphony Orchestra. As a young adult, she played the major musical centers around Europe and made her first trip to the U.S. in 1955. She toured with the L.A. Philharmonic and became a regular performer at New York’s Lincoln Center. She was awarded many prizes, and several colleges bestowed honorary degrees on her. Middlebury’s Language Schools awarded her a Doctor of Arts in 1985. She was married to the late Spanish pianist Juan Torra, and her children Juan and Alicia survive her.


Ruth Whittredge, 101, MA Spanish, of Salem, Mass., on October 10, 2009. During WWII, she worked for the U.S. Army Signal Corps. With a Ph.D. in French from Bryn Mawr College, she held numerous teaching positions at various colleges, including teaching at the Middletown Spanish School from 1942–1945, and serving as professor of Spanish at Tufts Univ. from 1950–1974.

Robert E. Foss, 80, MA French, of Tampa, Fla., on November 24, 2009. After serving his country in the Korean War, he taught in several schools in the U.S. and also in Cambodia. For more than 20 years he taught in Beirut, Lebanon, before retiring to Tampa.

Edward B. Roesler, 74, MA German, of Meriden, Conn., on December 23, 2009. After serving in the Army and being stationed in Germany, he worked as a German professor at SUNY Oneonta and led student groups to Europe with the Experiment in International Living. After a variety of jobs, he spent the last 10 years before retirement as a certified nurse’s aide for private agencies and at the Hospital for Special Care in New Britain, Conn.


John J. Gilroy, 74, MA French, of Saugus, Mass., on December 26, 2009. With a Ph.D. from the Univ. of Pittsburgh, he was a teacher and dean of education at Seattle University.

Lawrence T. Cabot, 74, MA French, of Cambridge, Mass., on January 11, 2010. He taught at Buckingham Brown & Nichols School for 35 years and coached crew there for over 40 years. He was a longtime trustee and organizer of the Head of the Charles Regatta.


Elizabeth Fennelly Sasser, 59, MA Italian, of Aiken, S.C., on December 28, 2009. After studying at Wharton School of Business, she spent her professional career in marketing with Revlon and Jones New York at Macy’s.


Maura J. Danahy, 32, MA French, of Falls Church, Va., on November 24, 2009. She was an elementary school teacher in the Arlington Public School System, specializing in English as a Second Language.
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FALL 2010 87
Together, Alyssa and I had learned about the mikvah—a natural body of water used for the ancient Jewish practice of ritual immersion. And together, we had confessed that the idea appealed to our growing curiosity about the religion we had ignored as teenagers. So maybe I shouldn’t have been surprised when, on the drive from Vermont to her family’s house near Boston, my college friend suggested a sunrise mikvah dip in Walden Pond.

We were seniors on break for Rosh Hashanah. As environmental studies nerds, we agreed that a detour to Thoreau’s old stomping grounds would provide a much-needed diversion from the holiday’s “pray, eat, sleep” routine. But Alyssa’s plot twist, casually mentioned as we merged onto I-89, represented something more. What better way, she reasoned, to usher in the Jewish New Year (not to mention our imminent entry into the uncertain world of post-college life) than with a skinny-dip in the environmentalist’s equivalent of the Ganges? The remainder of the drive passed in a spell of giddy plotting. The next morning, we awoke in Alyssa’s childhood bedroom, pulled on wool sweaters and sturdy boots, and set out for the woods.

Walden greeted us in its typical way: all pomp and pastoral charm, with the maple trees casting giant shadow puppets across the ground. But as Alyssa and I crunched over pebbles towards the water, I barely registered the scene around me. We weren’t there to leaf peep, after all. Before long, the first minivans would rumble in, depositing a flurry of camera flashes and picnic baskets into the stillness. In the meantime, we had more mischievous goals in mind. We could only hope that pristine woods would not take offense to the more spiritual peep show about to take place.

Alyssa and I had lingered over many dining hall meals, puzzling over the yearning towards Judaism that was taking shape deep within us. Religion had never been a defining part of my identity, but, as I edged towards the precipice of adulthood, I longed for something solid to wind my fingers into. This dip in Walden Pond, then, was something of a belated hazing initiation, the chance to do something completely outside of the college playbook to express my connection to tradition. I had heard that dunking in a mikvah feels like jumping into a swimming pool filled with holy water—an open palm to the soul’s reset button. Now at the water, there was no turning back.

I looked over at Alyssa who flashed me a thumbs-up. With our clothing scattered on rocks, we waded into the pond. Our skin reeled against the September chill. Then, with deep breaths, we plunged. I stretched out my limbs to allow water to flow across every pore. I imagined Thoreau’s bare legs skimming under the pond’s surface on one of his regular morning swims. What would he think if he awoke one day to find two nice Jewish girls splashing like rapturous fish in his waters? Hallelujah, no doubt.

Surfacing, I rejoined Alyssa on shore where we stumbled through a Hebrew blessing we’d practiced on the ride over:

Blessed are You, Lord our God, Ruler of the Universe, who kept us alive and preserved us, and enabled us to reach this moment.

I silently said a second prayer of thanks as an unfamiliar sensation of warmth and electricity spread throughout my body. How strange, I thought, that after a lifetime of being Jewish, it took this accidental pilgrimage to understand what religion actually feels like.
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