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How English literature’s most influential writer remains as relevant today as ever before.
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She has spent most of her life in prison: first in the Philippines and then in her own mind. But Cecily Mattocks Marshall ’54 has finally been set free.

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At a crossroad in his life, a young man journeys to his mother’s native Thailand to fulfill a familial obligation.
A few months ago, I was returning to the office after playing basketball over in Pepin gym at lunch, when I decided to swing by the Mahaney Center for the Arts to walk through “So Inclined,” the College’s most recent installation of “art in public places.”

For three whirlwind weeks last September, the internationally known artist Patrick Dougherty worked with the Middlebury community to craft a large-scale, site-specific sculpture on the front lawn of the CFA. I had visited the site early in the “execution” phase, when all that existed were piles of twigs and saplings—harvested locally from silver maples—and the early beginnings of the sculpture’s foundation. Dougherty, a number of students, and a contingent from a local children’s center were busy entwining the twigs into what looked like a tangled mess to me but, I was assured, was actually the beginning of what would emerge as nine conical structures that would gracefully rise from the earth, stretching into the sky. I was skeptical, but as my wife is so found of pointing out to me, 1 have no vision when it comes to “seeing things as they will be, not as they are now.”

So I hadn’t been back until a few months ago, though I had admired the creation in photographs and as I whizzed by on Route 30 on my way to the gym or points south. It was as the artist had conceived—nine cocoon-like hives, twisting and leaning as if buffeted by a strong wind, rising to about a story or a story-and-a-half from the ground. The cocoons were divided roughly in half, four on one side of the walkway leading to the CFA’s front door and five on the other side. It wasn’t until I walked through the exhibit, though—and here I mean walk through in the quite literal sense—did I realize that the individual cocoons in each bunch were connected by arched openings a little more than six-feet tall.

As I passed from one structure to the one contiguous, I marveled at the simplicity—and complexity. These were just sticks after all; there was no adhesive to bind them together, yet while sunlight seeped through cracks and openings and speckled the damp ground, each hive was as sturdy as the most high-tech tent (sturdier even, as a recent evening of 45-mile-an-hour winds could attest). Students walked past in twos and threes, chatting about an upcoming performance, making plans for the weekend. Inside “So Inclined,” I felt, well, cocooned—aware of, but sheltered from, what was going on about me.

I returned to “So Inclined” just a few weeks ago. It was an early on a Sunday morning, and a light snow was falling. This time, my meander through the boughs seemed as nature would have intended it. It was easy to imagine that I was far removed from campus or that I was somewhere else entirely, in a mystical land where such structures were commonplace. I lost track of time, only to be snapped back to the present by the sound of a car horn blaring on the road just a few yards away.

“So Inclined” can be viewed via webcam at http://140.233.70.126/view/index.shtml
The Most Worthy Ideals

Nearly 28 years of Middlebury Magazine news about world-saving, Fullbright-earning, wealth-amassing, Pulitzer-winning, election-triumphing, ratings-dominating, honorary-degree-receiving, and presidential-spokesperson-serving alumni left me utterly unprepared to read anything as remarkable as the cover story of the fall 2007 issue, “Life, Interrupted.” In the account by Anne Harris ’93 of her little boy’s struggle with leukemia, and the fortitude this required her and her husband to summon out of what had been their pleasantly uneventful, successful lives, I finally saw something truly worthy of the ideals that are the core of a Middlebury education.

As the father of a little girl with cystic fibrosis, I know some small portion of the anguish described by Ms. Harris. The photograph of young Noah, covering his eyes and obviously crying with fear and misery as he lay on the lap of his grandmother to undergo some unpleasant medical procedure, socked me right in the viscera. I’ve been that lap—and I can testify that nothing taught at Middlebury, no book anyone has read on campus, no college-related achievement, prepares one for such an experience. I commend Anne Harris for not claiming otherwise. In such situations, as many readers of this magazine surely know already, an alumnus can only hope that the experience of Middlebury, and the good fortune that tends to accrue to the Middlebury-educated, will add meaningfully to the inner and outward resources a parent needs to call forth in such circumstances.

It struck me as weird that, only a few pages away from “Life, Interrupted” was a bit of editorial hand-wringing over how to add news of “hard times, struggles, and affliction” to the magazine’s traditional fare. As Anne Harris’s essay demonstrates, nothing could be worthier of the Middlebury experience than to present the real story of a child’s battle with cancer in its full context.

Feeling Fascinating

My husband can always tell when the Middlebury Magazine arrives and that I have read the many features and articles it contains: I become a bit depressed, a bit jealous, and a bit angry, and I start to feel sorry for myself. My entire family suffers. Why, you ask, would a Middlebury alumna take on such a negative persona after having read this wonderful magazine?

My husband laughs when he hears me start bemoaning the fact that I am “just” a foreign language teacher: “Let me guess,” he says, “the Middlebury Magazine came today.” I haven’t gone on safari in Africa or helped the victims of Hurricane Katrina or found a vaccine to help mankind. I start comparing my life to those about whom I read in the magazine’s articles, and in my eyes, I fall short—way short. How can I be a stay-at-home mom when I have a Middlebury graduate degree? I should be doing more with my life! I should be striving to be all that I can. I should be climbing the Himalayan Mountains while balancing the meaning of life on my shoulders.

The fall 2007 issue brought me to my knees: Matt Jennings, editor, wrote that “Middlebury folks live fascinating lives” (“The Heroes Among Us”). There I stood in my kitchen amidst dirty dishes, half-done homework papers on the table, and two children grappling for my attention. Yes, Matt, my life is fascinating. Yes, so fascinating that everyone wants to know my secret of success; so captivating that Oprah is asking me to talk on her show about my “fascinating” life.

Okay, so I’m a regular Joe: I am married, have the token two children, drive a minivan, and bake cookies for PTA events. Even though my days are filled with chaos at times: trying to keep my house looking neat (impossible!), get-

EATERS

LETTERS

NOAH’S BATTLE

Anne Harris’s moving narrative of her son’s battle with cancer (“Life, Interrupted”) struck a chord with many readers, prompting reflection and a request for more information.

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Stewart Professor of English and
Environmental Studies, Middlebury College
April 19–23, 2008

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Tuscany, Italy

with Italian native
Sandra Carletti
Associate Professor of Italian
Middlebury College
July 5–13, 2008

The
Philadelphia
Orchestra
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New York

Greg Vitercik
Associate Professor of Music
August 6–10, 2008

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www.middlebury.edu/alumni/events/travel/
or call 802-443-5183.
ting my girls to and from their activities (we’re late again, Mom), volunteering for many school activities (can’t you help us out just this once?), I wouldn’t give up this lifestyle. It is far from the mentally stimulating and intellectual life I once led, but for the time being, my family is my life. Never mind that Sesame Street does not intellectually stimulate the brain; never mind that blowing bubbles in the backyard while dressed up as elves would make some parents raise their eyebrows.

When the magazine arrives, I still gripe about my present life and compare it to the lives of all the “fascinating” people that Middlebury produces. But I should realize that I, too, am fascinating. I am married to a wonderful and caring man who appreciates all that I do and tells me this. I am raising two well-rounded, happy children who do well at school and who love their parents. I have a wonderful support group of friends and family. I am fascinating—my way is just a more “conservative” approach to the word.

Louise Fabian Vouk, M.A. French ’94
Kirtland, Ohio

Editors’ Note: Our sentiments exactly! (Though we may quibble a bit with the sense that Ms. Vouk’s approach is “conservative.”)

What we were attempting to convey in the Viewfinder column was a sense that everyone’s life—in some way, shape, or form—rises to the level of fascination. One needn’t ascend the Himalayas to reach such air.

Social Engineering at Midd
I WAS THRILLED TO READ IN THE FALL ISSUE a letter from Richard D. Attwill ’52, a colleague of my time, expressing far more adequately than I can some of my own regrets about the direction of today’s Middlebury College—an “exaggerated focus on diversity” and questioning the need for a “new and specific office of such” (“What’s Wrong with Simple and Quiet?”). I deplore, also, the College’s push for “diversity” in its Commons setup.

Many happy years ago, entering students were given their room assignments pretty much by class/year and were left free to develop their own friendships.
and choose their future roommates from among the entire student body; they were not assigned to a smaller group as part of an experiment in administration-established social engineering to create its desired vision of the world and its “diversity.” I do not believe that the process of selecting students for each Commons, with the expectation that they will stay with that same fractional group throughout their years at the College, can be done at random. “Diversity” will never be achieved that way.

Virginia Anthony Soule ’49
New London, New Hampshire

Museum’s Benefactors
In Matt Jennings’s article “Art Seen” in the summer 2007 issue, we were delighted to read about his response to art on view at the Middlebury College Museum of Art. Two museum assistants, Bethany Holmes ’07 and Ramona Richards ’09, who participated in the museum’s volunteer docent program last year, skillfully guided him through the galleries looking at narrative works of art on view that engage even the museum’s youngest visitors.

We think that it is important to note, however, that opportunities such as our Museum Assistants Program would not be possible without the generous support of the Arthur and Helen Baer Charitable Foundation of St. Louis, Missouri, and the Middlebury College Friends of the Art Museum.

Sandi Olivo
Middlebury, Vermont

The writer is the curator of education at the Middlebury College Museum of Art.

Only Connect
At our 15-year class reunion last spring, Dirk Nakazawa and I had a chance to catch up on our experiences since leaving the Green Mountains in 1992. Compared to so many classmates’ cheerful reports in the magazine along the way, and reunion sharing of blissful or stellar accomplishments, Dirk’s sharing of his story (“Com-
Shuttle bus pick-up for the Middlebury Snow Bowl (at your front door)

Bistro dinner (5-minute walk)

Cabaret at the Town Hall Theater (7-minute walk)

Hockey game at Middlebury College (11-minute walk)

Snowshoe the nature trail around Middlebury (as long as you want)

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can help you plan every step of your celebration.
munity of Support,” summer 2007) shook me from this vacation escape and back to my day-to-day life as a veterinarian in Chicago.

Veterinarians caring for the family pet often find themselves hearing very personal stories about debilitating or terminal illness and loss. . . stories often more about the human members of the family than about the four-legged members. We do our best to bring comfort and healing for the animals, and at the same time offer sympathy and caring for pet owners who are opening their strained and tired hearts with whatever they are sharing. This divulging and sharing of heartache and body aches happens between two individuals when there is a common bond of trust and compassion. I’ve even at times shared my own woes with some of my best and closest pet-owning clients and received the warmest of support in return.

Sharing in happiness and sadness is a two-way street, but the most meaningful exchange comes from common ground and trust. In the warmth of the early afternoon sun, I listened intently to Dirk’s story on the green behind the field house. He shared the tale of his hardships, and his efforts to have Middlebury allow for a forum of such in the magazine. I had mixed feelings about how it would be received, but based on my experience in work and life since college, I could certainly understand why the magazine would be a place for such sharing.

We’ve all been shaped by our blessed time at Middlebury. We share a bond that outsiders envy, but perhaps don’t understand. I remember at the time of our graduation in 1992, the recently tapped
President McCardell made a speech, the foundation of which was the concept “Only Connect,” perhaps from Howard’s End, but maybe from some other literary work.

I remember that speech well, and live by it whenever I can. Life is about connecting with those with whom we share a common and trusting bond—whether daily, as I do, or a little less frequently if one is traversing the Veldt, fly-fishing in Alaska, or buried under a mountain of spreadsheets.

Regardless, we should be there for each other, whatever the story, and should be able to feel comfortable in knowing that our extended family won’t stand too critically in judgment, for reasons of humanity or simply the reality that any of us may one day be in these same or similar shoes.

Dirk, I’m so glad you felt the trust and connection in our extended Middlebury family for your sharing, and...
Skate a figure eight.

Rake in eight figures.

DDR | GLOBAL

Jay Rossi, MA, Spanish, 1994, Middlebury College
Founder & CEO, DDR Global
I hope there are others out there who will reach out to this family—to “Only Connect”—and to find solace exactly where it should be.

Bruce Silverman ’92 Chicago, Illinois

The writer is a veterinarian in Chicago.

Say Yes to Community of Support

I have great compassion for Dirk Nakazawa ’92 after reading his letter in the summer 2007 issue of Middlebury Magazine (“Community of Support”). It is my hope that the magazine will respond to his quest to create a space in the publication for alumni and friends to “share (perhaps anonymously) not only our successes but our failures, as well.” Mr. Nakazawa painfully wrote about his struggle with depression and astutely observed that Middlebury is a place where “conventional boundaries of compassion for others are stretched and expanded in ways not seen...
at any other institution.”

I second this notion.

As a freshman in the spring of 1957, I was loving everything Middlebury had to offer. Contrary to the advice of “Ma Kelly,” our dean of women, I had joined every club and every activity from day one in the rapture of a glorious autumn. My roommate, Betsy Hawley ’61, was perfect, and I was loving it all: Monsieur Foret for music, Mr. Tillinghast for history; my heart was full of joy. But that April, my father died of a sudden heart attack, and my world turned dark.

Returning to Middlebury the following year, I worried deeply about leaving my mother and two young sisters behind in our hometown of Niagara Falls, and trips home for holidays did not allay my concern; things at home were not going along as I had hoped.

Back at Middlebury, I ate and slept little; I worried all the time. Ma Kelly noticed and in the fall of 1958, after extensive counseling, I was admitted to Middlebury’s hospital; I appeared to have expressed thoughts of suicide. After time at home and with family in Hawaii, I returned to Vermont, but my health continued to deteriorate. I had a long, compassionate talk with Ma Kelly, and she said that while the decision was mine to make, she suggested that I take a year off and return in the fall of 1959. My mother was awash in tears, but I agreed with Dean Kelly’s unbiased clarity.

I sought psychiatric care and was removed from extreme stress and strain. In the end, my doctors determined I should move in with family in Hawaii, where I eventually concluded my studies at the University of Hawaii. To this day, I continue in therapy, yet I have lived a full and rewarding life.

Whatever good I have been able to achieve has been in no small measure due to the help and the endless support of mental health services and my psychiatrists throughout the many years—and to Dean Kelly. I owe them my life. With deepest
Sustainable or What?

In an e-mail newsletter produced by the College’s communications office, I read that the Sustainable Endowment Institute recently recognized Middlebury as an “overall sustainability leader.” This recognition, the article said, was based on “innovative environmental initiatives and a solid record of investment in renewable energy funds.”

Yet in the fall issue of Middlebury Magazine, an article about an admissions tour guide (“Tour of Duty”) explains that Alaskan salmon is flown in for students during exam week and that freshmen may have cars.

Reading recent publications for alumni has left me confused about Middlebury’s intentions regarding environment and sustainable practices.

Karin Kosoc ’61
Kailua, Hawaii

The writer teaches learning-disabled and emotionally handicapped students at Castle High School in Kailua, Hawaii.

Editors’ Note: We apologize for any confusion and would like to assure all readers that the College remains deeply committed to sustainable practices and environmental stewardship (as recognized by the Sustainable Endowment Institute). The Alaskan salmon served in Middlebury dining halls is the result of a student-led initiative to replace farmed salmon with healthier, wild salmon that comes certified by the Marine Stewardship Council. (This certification establishes that Alaska’s salmon fishery is a sustainable operation.) In addition, Middlebury Director of Dining Services Matthew Biette emphasizes that the College supports local agriculture and participates in the Vermont Fresh Network, which connects farmers with consumers.

The Long Run.

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Remember the Dog Team?

For the past year, I have purchased advertising space in this magazine publicizing my third book on local history, *Eben and Catherine Joy at the Dog Team*.

Given the number of Middlebury students who worked at the Dog Team from 1946 until 2006, there must be a number of people who have funny and insightful stories to share about this landmark culinary institution.

In my book, Eben and other employees share some of their stories, but it seems to me that there must be many more stories out there—and from quite a different perspective from a youthful employee instead of from one of the owners. If you have such a story, please contact me by e-mail: rbrooks@bu.edu

*Ralph Brooks
Foxboro, Massachusetts*

Letters Policy

Letters addressing topics discussed in the magazine are given priority, though they may be edited for brevity or clarity. On any given subject we will print letters that address that subject, and then in the next issue, letters that respond to the first letters. After that, we will move on to new subjects. Send letters to: Middlebury Magazine, 5 Court Street, Middlebury College, Middlebury, VT 05753.

E-mail: middmag@middlebury.edu

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CONTRIBUTORS

STEVE BRODNER (Cover; “The Mysteries of Hamlet,” p. 36) is an award­winning illustrator based in New York City. He has frequently contributed to such publications as The Atlantic, The New Yorker, and Rolling Stone.

JAEED COFFIN ’02 (“Two Roots,” p. 42) is a writer in Brunswick, Maine. His memoir, A Chant to Soothe Wild Elephants, was recently published by Da Capo Press, a member of the Perseus Book Group.

EALISABETH CREAN (“Air Play,” p. 24; “Winter Tales,” p. 50) is a freelance writer in Grand Isle, Vermont.

ALEX CRUMB ’07 (“Boom!” p. 20; “Star Light, Star Bright,” p. 22) was an English major at Middlebury.

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Never let truth get in the way of a good story.

Middlebury Magazine is pleased to announce the 6th Annual Middlebury Magazine Fiction Contest

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

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

-Submissions may be e-mailed to mjenning@middlebury.edu or mailed to Middlebury Magazine, Attn: Fiction Contest, 5 Court Street, Middlebury, VT 05753

Deadline: April 1, 2008
Uphill Downhill

BROOM BALL
At the Intercollegiate Quidditch World Cup—yes, you read that correctly—Middlebury defeated Vassar for the world title.
Photograph by Brett Simison
For the first time since the Supreme Court unanimously ruled that it would be unlawful for academic institutions to deny equal access to military recruiters (while accepting federal funding), the Marines paid a visit to campus.

On a seasonably chilly mid-November day, Gunnery Sergeant Will Morgan Jr., a Marine recruiter, set up an information table outside Ross Dining Hall, a move that was greeted by a demonstration organized by the Middlebury Open Queer Alliance (MOQA). The military recruiting visit was the first to Middlebury since the Court’s 2006 decision in Rumsfeld v. FAIR, which upheld the constitutionality of the Solomon Amendment, the congressional mandate that links federal funding to colleges and universities to the ability of the military to recruit on campus.

In the wake of the decision, Middlebury amended its policy concerning military recruitment, no longer requiring—but still requesting—that all recruiters hold open meetings if they could not meet College nondiscrimination policies. “The Rumsfeld v. FAIR decision makes it illegal for us or any college to require an open meeting, or deny the military the same access to our facilities we make available to other recruiters, without the penalty of forfeiting federal funding to the College,” Middlebury President Ron Liebowitz explained in a letter to the community at the start of the fall semester. And while expressing his personal disagreement with the military’s “don’t ask, don’t tell policy”—“there is no reasonable reason to deny gays and lesbians the right to a career in the military, and the loss to our armed forces has been significant,” Liebowitz wrote. He argued that the issue was one of complex public policy and that it was incumbent on a liberal arts institution to grapple with all of the issues at play.

“From the most general of perspectives,” he wrote, “I believe that we should follow the law of the land . . . even if there are very good reasons to disagree with it.” And while the loss of federal funds would be difficult to replace if the College were to ban the military, Liebowitz continued, he didn’t see the funding argument as the most important or determinant in allowing the military to recruit on campus. “As a liberal arts college, our mission involves exposing students to as many points of view as possible—providing the broadest range of ideas and perspectives from which to learn and develop one’s own opinions . . . By allowing the military to recruit on our campus, we are neither violating our own clear and strong policy on nondiscrimination, nor condoning the way in which the U.S. Congress has addressed the issue of gays in the military. We are recognizing the complexities of the issue and exposing students to a different perspective from our own.”

With the new policy in place, all it took was a catalyst—a visit to campus by the military—to spark a vocal opposition. And while there were sentiments on display expressing distaste for military policy (one poster read “The Few, The Proud, The Closeted”), MOQA students decided in an organizational meeting that they would focus their demonstration on the College’s policy, not the military’s. “Nobody thinks the military is right to have this policy; it’s no longer about that,” Molli Freeman-Lynde ’08 told the Middlebury Campus. “The question is, ‘How is Middlebury handling it?’

Later in the month, Liebowitz addressed the issue in detail in his blog, Ron on Middlebury, and convened an open forum in the
McCullough social space. He expressed solidarity with the protesters, referring to “don’t ask, don’t tell” as neither fair nor smart policy, but he felt that directing anger toward the College was misplaced. “Arguing that because we allow the military on campus we compromise our own policies is incorrect; we continue to follow our policies and we remain committed to them. In fact, as Justice Breyer argued in the case, the remedy to speech [or ideas] with which one disagrees is more speech, not a restriction on speech.”

While responses were mixed, they were weighted toward disagreement with College policy. “When discrimination occurs, the environment for learning is compromised,” Rebecca Gould, an associate professor of religion, wrote in response to Liebowitz’s blog post. “We have nondiscrimination policies to ensure a safe space at the College in which students can engage in their work. In the context of military recruiting, gay students especially are not served by compromised policies. . . . We can easily create opportunities for discourse that don’t involve military recruitment. The potential ‘educational value’ of military recruitment is a side issue. We can take a stand against recruitment, while still creating balanced educational forums.”

As far as the future is concerned, the College plans to host a panel discussion with U.S. congressmen and other leaders to discuss military policy at a date to be determined.

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**It’s a Privilege**

Combating the notion that privilege is invisible to those who have it, the student government’s Institutional Diversity Committee convened a week-long symposium in November focusing on socioeconomic diversity. The College’s first Privilege Week consisted of installations (above), film screenings, panel discussions, and an open forum for debate and discussion.

**Past Tense: December 1915**

Physical Director Holmes has arranged with the freshmen to have a regulation gym suit used by all in gymnasium work this winter, and the variegated costumes of previous years have been doomed to discard. The coach hardly cared to work with a bunch looking like a menagerie, and the freshies have caught the idea.

—Middlebury Campus, December 15, 1915

**Observed**

- A freight train carrying tens of thousands of gallons of gasoline derailed along the banks of Otter Creek in the heart of Middlebury in late October. Fortunately no one was hurt and any spillage was contained. Still, the accident snarled traffic and forced the evacuation of much of the downtown area, as well as some College buildings.

- Also in the fall, Middlebury pledged $1 million to the community’s Town Hall Theater, cementing a partnership between the College and a cultural cornerstone of town life. The partnership will create opportunities for students to work with the community on theater productions and will make more College performances accessible to the public.

- Middlebury received high marks from the Sustainable Endowment Institute, thanks to innovative environmental initiatives and a solid record of investment in renewable energy funds. Middlebury was one of just six institutions selected as an “Overall College Sustainability Leader” in the 2008 College Sustainability Report Card.

- A study conducted by assistant professor of economics Caitlin Myers and students in her 2007 winter term course suggested that women wait longer for a cup of coffee in java shacks than men.
Boom!

The largest classroom in Bicentennial Hall was filled to capacity, and a chemistry professor had just ended an anecdote with the word "flamethrower."

Slowly drawing in his breath, he proceeded to light a candle that was perched on the end of a stick. The lights dimmed, and the captive audience began a slow, rhythmic clapping.

When I had arrived at Bi Hall 216 earlier that day, I was promised explosions—a display on the projection screen stated If it uncles, it's biology. If it doesn't work, it's physics. If it explodes, it's chemistry—but I didn't think the chemistry department was actually serious.

The clapping reached a crescendo, and with all eyes on the winking tip of the flamethrower (?), the flame flickered. For a brief moment it seemed to extinguish, but then a full-bodied breath of fire snarled across the room, gulping all the oxygen in its way. We exploded to our feet in applause before the sparks settled.

The chemistry department was recruiting, and at this rate, a majority of the room was ready to declare a chem major. demonstrations in an attempt to garner favor with the judges for the most impressive feat—there were more explosions.

"This first show was very successful," Roger Sandwick, the chemistry and biochemistry department chair, would tell me later. "We've got to do it again next year, maybe in a bigger setting. But then again, you wouldn't be able to feel the heat coming off the exploding hydrogen bubbles if it were in a bigger room."

In between professorial smack talk—good-natured ribbing about colleagues’

"Let's not kid ourselves," chemistry professor Jeff Byers said, grinning. "This is gratuitous violence. I love to blow stuff up."

He then loaded rocks into a latex glove and started to explain how oxygen reacts with... something. To be honest, I wasn't really listen-

ing. I was fixated on the glove. It continued to expand like a Macy's Thanksgiving parade balloon. The crowd laughed, heartily, at first, and then nervously as the glove got bigger and bigger. On cue, the lights dimmed, and the glove burst into flames. Byers dropped the experiment onto a nearby cart.

"I think this is a physics department cart," he said with a laugh.

"That's my cart!" a voice shouted from the audience. "No, seriously!"

The parade of destruction continued. Hydrogen bubbles exploded; lava cake was made and fed to the judges; and a toxic acid brew was concocted under the lecture hall's ventilated hood in a demonstration of an acid rain cloud.

Hours later, back in the safe confines of his office, Sandwick mused, "The ending was where I think we messed up. As successful as the demonstrations were, the place emptied out after everything was over. That was when we talked about the department and where a chemistry degree can get you in life."

—Alex Crumb '07
Road Food

Wouldn’t it be cool if we could see where all our food came from? That’s what Christopher Howell ’04 thought a few years ago when he conceived a geography project that would map where Middlebury’s dining services acquired food for such College staples as the annual Thanksgiving dinner, chicken panini, Mexican lunch, and a farm breakfast. Howell graduated before the project was completed, but Kayla Race ’08 picked up where he left off.

Working with dining services and the geography department, Race used Google’s mapping application—Google Earth—to trace the serpentine paths that Middlebury food follows from farm to plate.

We decided to chart staples found in a favorite Proctor meal: Mexican lunch. For other travel itineraries of your favorite Middlebury meals, check out the food mapping site online at http://geography.middlebury.edu/applications/Food_Mapping/

[1] Monument Farms One of the College’s largest vendors, Monument Farms supplies most dairy products for dining hall tables, including the sour cream and cheddar cheese in the fiesta. In addition to being one of the College’s favorite vendors, Monument Farms is also one of the closest, located a stone’s throw away in Weybridge.

[2] Black River Produce Much of the produce procured by the College comes from this North Springfield, Vermont, operation. Among the Mexican lunch staples that Black River Produce supplies: onions, peppers, tomatoes, and lettuce.

[3] Burlington Food Service This Burlington-based outfit works somewhat like a subcontractor for dining services. BFS provides more than half the food purchased by the College. For this meal, BFS works with a number of local and nonlocal suppliers (below) to bring Mexican lunch to Proctor plates.

[4] NPC Processing A food processor located in South Burlington, NPC provides chicken breast strips for chicken fajitas and ground beef for tacos. NPC receives its chicken from Maryland and its beef from Nebraska.

[5] Great Lakes Cheese Co. This cheese company supplies the Monterey Jack cheese for this Mexican meal. This outfit has facilities in Utah, Wisconsin, Ohio, and upstate New York.

[6] Tyson The poultry conglomerate also produces “Mexican Original” brand tortilla wraps at locations in North Carolina and Indiana.

[7] Ceretani Brokerage The produce that doesn’t come from Black River or the College’s own garden is purchased by BFS through this produce broker at the New England Produce Terminal.

The researchers staked out eight stores in the Boston area over the course of two weeks and discovered that women wait on average 20 seconds longer for a cup of joe than men. ■ A heavy-weight lineup of foreign affairs experts convened in Monterey, California, at the end of January for a summit on global education sponsored by the College and its affiliate, the Monterey Institute for International Studies. Among the speakers: the chairman of Sun Microsystems, Mexico’s former secretary of foreign affairs, and a foreign affairs correspondent from The Atlantic magazine. ■ Astronomy guru Frank Winkler was part of a NASA team that recently clocked a star moving at an astounding three million miles per hour.

Winkler, a longtime member of the physics department, helped track the cosmic cannonball while conducting research with the Chandra X-Ray Observatory Center in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Stephen Woodbury ’75, an economics professor at the University of Wisconsin, returned to campus to deliver a lecture titled “Does It Pay to Attend an Elite College or University?” Based on his studies, Woodbury answered in the affirmative. ■ The football team captured its first outright NESCAC title in school history, finishing the season with a 7-1 record. The team also collected an armful continued
Star Light, Star Bright

“This is the Hercules cluster,” the physics student says, using a laser pointer to trace a green arc across the black sky. “It only looks like dust, though; probably because it takes the light 2.5 million years to get here from there.”

For a few moments, I gaze at the “sky dust” and the green beam scribbling across it as if the night sky—the universe—is one giant chalkboard for this eager physics student to doodle on. I shiver and button up my coat. It’s cold up here on the roof of Bicentennial Hall.

That hasn’t stopped the parents’ weekend crowds from descending on Bi Hall in droves, though. When I walked out of the elevator on the science building’s seventh floor a little more than an hour ago, I was stunned to see a line stretching from the steep stairs leading up to the 24-inch telescope, across the room, down a long hall, around a corner, and outside onto the roof. I guess I’d be waiting in line, I thought. But the waiting turned out to be just as fun. While on the roof, I received the crash course lesson on the Hercules cluster, for one. And the chatter in line was filled with interesting questions. Why is the sky so clear here? (Little light pollution, and the cold air minimizes light-distorting heat waves.) Why do we pass through a second door here? (Little light pollution, and the cold air minimizes light-distorting heat waves.)

I finally arrive at the front of the line and take my turn peering into the yo-yo sized eyepiece. Instantly, I pull away and look up at the sliver of night sky through the opening in the dome. “What’d you see?” the student helping with the scope asks. “I don’t know, you tell me.”

“The bright point in the starry patch is the Andromeda cluster,” the student says.

I make a mental note and turn down a chance to look through the scope again. There are too many eager folks waiting behind me. Descending the stairs, I see that the queue still stretches all the way to the elevator, and I exit out onto the roof. Here, the atmosphere is akin to a rock concert—noisy, confusing, jostling bodies.

“So why is it so easy to see stars here and not at home?” I hear a mother ask.

“Because you live in Atlanta, Mom.”

Though we’re just over the hill from the campus, we’re far enough removed from light pollution from town that we’re afforded a clear view of the sky. Additionally, the chilly evening acts as a clarifying lens of sorts, or so I am told. You know the heat waves that shimmer off hot roads in the summer, distorting your sight? Well, in the exact same manner, the twinkling we see from stars millions of light years away can be distorted when the light collides with heat from Earth. The cold air assures us a view without interference. Later, I’m told that the extra door leading to the observatory dome is there to create a temperature equilibrium so that the air in the dome and the outdoor air are the same, preventing distortion from the heat rising from the building.

“Watch out, don’t shine the laser down here,” an assistant says to one of the younger students. “You can point it at the stars super-easy but you can destroy somebody’s cornea if they get one in the eye.”

Moving away from the lasers, the telescopes, the parents, and the students, I step off to myself for a moment. Looking up, I notice what I’ve been told is the Andromeda cluster, the Hercules cluster, Venus, the Milky Way and trillions of twinkling flecks of light, all seen with impeccable clarity thanks to the cold Vermont air.

—Alex Crumb ’07

WINTER TERM arrived with fresh snowfall, a blast of Artie air, and then freakishly warm temperatures (the mercury topped 50 during the second week of January). And while the month-long semester featured annual course selections—Organic Chemistry, Lego Robot Design—there were a number of new offerings, as well, including:

Introduction to Swahili and East African Culture
Taught by visiting instructor Waithera Karim-Sesay, this course delves into the lingua franca of East Africa.

Midd CORE
Taking a page from the Language Schools model, this course sponsored by the Project on Innovation and Creativity in the Liberal Arts is an intensive, four-week immersion program focused on business, social organizations, and entrepreneurship. Blending traditional classroom work with curricular innovations such as experiential and collaborative learning, Midd CORE seeks to provide fluency in the processes of Creativity, Organization, Risk, and Entrepreneurship.

Vilnius and Odessa: The Sacred and the Profane in East European Jewry
Cotaught by Associate Chaplain and Rabbi Ira Schiffer and C.V. Starr Professor of Russian and East European Studies Michael Katz, this course takes students abroad to two major cultural and historic centers of East European Jewry: Vilnius, Lithuania, and Odessa, Ukraine. This advanced workshop in literary studies, explores creative and critical palettes and palates, tracking food-related experiences by writing about food in the form of essays, fictional stories, digital stories, poems, memoirs, reviews, criticism, journals, and research (yum, yum). Taught by a visiting instructor from the Pratt Institute of Art, who once cooked for Mario Batali in New York City.

Eating Our Words

22 MIDDLEBURY MAGAZINE
Pitch Perfect  They did not give up a goal until September 29 (in a 3-1 win over Colby), and they ended the season with a shutout streak that bordered on the ludicrous (623 minutes over 6+ games, if you’re keeping track). They also scored goals by the bundle—senior forward Casey Ftorek set school records for goals and points in a season.

And oh-by-the-way—the Panthers captured the College’s first national title in men’s soccer, by shutout, natch.

400+
Number of Division III soccer teams eligible to compete for a national title

0
Number of national titles for the soccer team before this year

4
Panthers named All-American (Alex Elias ’08, Casey Ftorek ’08, Andrew Germanisky ’08 and Brian Bush ’09)

5
Panthers named All-New England (the above four and Baer Fisher ’09)

1
Panther named New England Coach of the Year, 23-year vet David Saward

18
Total number of Panther wins, College record

17
Panther wins by shutout, also a College record

39
Goals by Casey Ftorek, a single-season record

.32
Goals against average for keeper Brian Bush, good for third in the nation (Bush recorded 13 shutouts in 19 starts, missing four games with an injury)

9
Games, Panthers’ season-ending unbeaten streak

623
Consecutive minutes without allowing a goal, a feat the Panthers achieved to close the season

0
Goals allowed by the Panthers in NCAA tournament play

A successful field hockey season ended with heartbreak, as the Panthers saw their hopes of winning a second NCAA title dashed after falling to Bowdoin in the championship game, 4-3. The Panthers finished the season with a 17-5 record.

Women’s cross-country runner Alexandra Krieg ’09 finished 3rd among 280 runners at the NCAA championships, the best finish for a Panther in a number of years.

Confirming what we already know, the Institute for International Sport named men’s hockey coach Bill Beaney one of the 100 most influential sports educators in the world. Also making the cut? Folks named Paterno, Summit, and Wooden.

And finally, 2007 ended on a disturbing note up in Ripton. In the early morning hours of December 29, a host of vandals trashed Homer Noble Farm, the summer home of Robert Frost. In what police believe was an underage drinking party, as many as 50 people broke into the dwelling and over the course of several hours destroyed dozens of items, discharged fire extinguishers, and vomited in the living room. Frost’s writing cabin, located elsewhere on the property, was untouched.
Air Play

Channeling Orson Welles, a group of actors has resurrected a lost art form.

By Elisabeth Crean

The decor of WRMC’s small warren of rooms exudes hip college radio station. Bumper stickers plaster the front door; creased band posters hang from lime and yellow walls; mismatched, cozy sofas line halls and nooks. But come Saturday night at seven o’clock, this corner of Proctor Hall’s second floor enters a time warp. Contemporary music steps aside for programming that could have come from a burnished wood Philco radio, circa 1935: old-fashioned radio drama.

A college campus seems an unlikely spot for a renaissance of this antiquated form of entertainment. Students at Middlebury and elsewhere have been YouTube-fed a visual, digitized culture. The last time radio theater was cutting-edge? Their great-grandparents’ day.

But the members of the Middlebury Radio Theater of Thrills and Suspense (Mr. Tots, for short) have eagerly embraced the retro vibe. Their weekly show is a glorious shout-out to the medium’s heyday. For the two hours of each live broadcast, students in hoodies and T-shirts gather in an airless WRMC studio, around a nondescript conference table and motley assortment of mics. Fluorescent-lit, modern-day reality fades as students morph into talented voice actors and conjure seamy, steamy fictional worlds of mid-century melodrama.

Crime-stopping comic-book heroes, molls with moxie, and mad scientists with mysterious accents—original and adapted scripts brim with colorful characters and over-the-top plots. Dramatic sound effects, period music, and vintage ads help peel the calendar pages back through the decades; and the voices evoke vivid images. Nasal villains sound fidgety. Sultry vixens exude voluptuousness. Good guys resonate with square-jawed certitude. Snappy dialogue paints bygone eras in black-and-white for your mind’s eye.

What drew students to a genre that predates them by generations? How did they become devotees—and skilled practitioners—of the nearly lost art of voice acting? On a late autumn Saturday, a dozen or so Mr. Tots members share varied stories with a common theme: all have discovered a new passion, and most want to find a way to weave it into an eventual career.

For many, the roots of their passion reach back to childhood. Mr. Tots co-founder Adam Irish ’08 recalls unearthing cassette tapes of a 1940s radio serial...
But Heinrichs’s primary inspiration was his exposure to literature the really old-fashioned way: novels read aloud around the family hearth. “My dad read to me every single night until I came to college,” he remembers. “I live in New Hampshire; it’s cold . . . So you all huddle up and read a book like Harry Potter.”

For Heinrichs, reading was “all voice acting.” So going into radio theater “just seems natural to me,” he says. Dan Murphy ’11 is an experienced performer, having sung in choral and a capella groups since elementary school. But he faced hurdles acting on stage.

Gurd has some experience singing and acting on stage, but auditions terrify her. Live radio establishes a unique relationship between actor and audience, which works well for her. “You are performing for someone, but you can’t see them,” she notes. “That’s actually a hard tension, . . . but it’s kind of nice, because you don’t have people looking at you, expecting things of you.” The ambiance actually emboldened her to sing on the air in character this season.

Murphy believes the studio’s soundproofed, almost claustrophobic environment feeds the intensity of the performances. “It’s really easy to zone out and get involved in a character. It really wraps you up; it really possesses you.”

Even without an audience watching, plenty of physical acting occurs around the table as a script unfolds. Exaggerated facial expressions shape vocal tone. Actors gesture during heated scenes and play dialogue off each other’s reactions. Cues come from the director, who sits in the control booth with his signaling fingers uplit like the Hand of God. The director—usually a Mr. Tots oldtimer such as Irish or Derek Long ’08—and sound engineer also add sound effects and music from a Mac Powerbook.

Producing fresh broadcasts every Saturday means a compressed, demanding schedule: circulating new scripts early in the week, casting parts at a cold read on Wednesdays, and rehearsing on Fridays. Each show usually features two long pieces and one or two short works, such as an installment of Mr. Tots’ super-sudsy, hilarious original soap opera, Brookshale. Since each actor often has multiple parts to practice, the actual on-air performance often represents “the first time we run all the way through,” says Long. “That’s what makes it thrilling. We’re doing it for the first time, complete and live, here. So it forces everyone to be on their toes.”

The fact that “there’s no net” is both the most exciting and the scariest aspect of radio theater, says Nick Smith ’09. “You have to think on the fly. And if you make a mistake . . . you can’t do another take. You have to improvise.”

The suspense and humor spring as much from the quirks of live performance as from the well-wrought, tongue-in-cheek scripts. “My favorite radio drama moments come from when we screw up,” asserts Irish. He adopts a stuffy, uppercrust British accent to cite an example from a Sherlock Holmes episode. “This landed nobleman . . . was supposed to say, ‘Yes, we have a lot of very old beeches on the property.’ And it came out as, ‘Yes, we have a lot of very old breeches on the property.’ And everyone began laughing uncontrollably.”

The thrills and camaraderie have many Mr. Tots members mulling radio career options. Long has already completed a news internship at a South Carolina public radio affiliate and may pursue an NPR job after graduation. Irish is interested in radio documentary work, along the lines of NPR’s This American Life. Gurd has been exploring narration work for television documentaries, as well as voice acting for animation.

The good news for alums everywhere is that 21st-century technology makes the Philco-era sounds available worldwide. Anyone can listen to Mr. Tots broadcasts live via WRMC’s online stream, or download podcasts of back episodes. Access both at www.mrtots.com/blog. It just takes a few mouse clicks to step back in time.

“But my voice—it just feels like a natural form of expression to do voice acting.”
Striking the Balance

Debating the future of Division III athletics: Where does Middlebury fit in?

By President Ronald D. Liebowitz

The following column has been edited from an entry on my blog, “Ron on Middlebury.” I post on the blog at least once a month and address what I hope are topics of interest to multiple College constituencies. I plan to reserve this column in the Middlebury Magazine for special occasions and therefore I will not appear in every issue.

I invite you to visit the blog and to add your perspective and opinions on whichever posts are of interest to you. “Ron on Middlebury” is at: www.rononmiddlebury.wordpress.com

The presidents of the National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) Division III colleges are now considering a proposal that would redefine the current division, of which Middlebury and its New England Small College Athletic Conference (NESCAC) institutions are members. The rationale for this proposal is rooted in the belief that the recent, rapid, and anticipated further growth in Division III, now with more than 420 member institutions, has altered, and will further alter, the character of D-III athletics. NESCAC, arguably the most successful D-III conference in the division, is the D-III conference with the most stringent rules that govern varsity athletics, including the length of each season, the number of contests, student eligibility, practice schedules, recruiting policy, post-season play, and others, yet some fear it will feel the need to alter its principles in order to remain competitive within the division.

Interest in this topic became national as a result of two books published in 2001 and 2003 ("The Game of Life" and "Reclaiming the Game") that questioned the degree to which the balance between academics and athletics at selective colleges has been compromised by an overemphasis on the latter. These books raised two central questions:

1. Is preferential treatment in admissions, common at the most selective liberal arts colleges and universities for exceptional athletes, “fair?”
   
2. Do varsity sports programs, in which approximately 30 percent of our students participate, create a “sub-culture” on campus that carries with it negative social and academic consequences for the campus at-large?

The current concern is that with schools coming into D-III that have more lenient rules than NESCAC governing their athletics programs, the annual votes on rules changes taken at the NCAA convention will soon run counter to NESCAC’s philosophy. The anticipated rules changes would give our competitors on-field advantages that appear unfair. To counter this, a number of D-III member institutions are encouraging colleges that share our (and their) conference’s philosophy on the balance between academics and athletics to support the proposal for a “Division IV” or “Division IIIa” and “Division IIIb” subdivisions. By establishing a new division or sub-division, schools would be grouped and compete with schools that share more similar philosophies on the role of athletics on their campuses. It would also allow the new division to
introduce new and perhaps even more stringent rules guiding athletics at their institutions.

My initial reaction to all of this was that it would be good for Middlebury to compete with schools and athletic conferences that set similar parameters around their athletics programs. It didn’t seem right to me (or “fair”) that some of our varsity teams compete against programs with student bodies that are two, three, and even five times the size of Middlebury’s—programs that begin their seasons weeks ahead of our teams, with many more games/contests under their belts before postseason play, and with fewer other restrictions on their recruiting, admissions, and other relevant areas.

However, because of a student lunch that my wife Jessica and I hosted for the year’s captain of the men’s lacrosse team (and best face-off man last year in D-III), listened to my comments on our varsity teams compete against programs with student bodies that are two, three, and even five times the size of Middlebury’s—programs that begin their seasons weeks ahead of our teams, with many more games/contests under their belts before postseason play, and with fewer other restrictions on their recruiting, admissions, and other relevant areas.

His position was seconded and supported by all other captains at that lunch. His comment reframed (for me) the question this way: so what if other D-III conferences had rules more lax than our own, and so what if, on those campuses, a greater number of classes would be missed by varsity athletes, or too much time was expected from athletes in terms of their commitment to one activity on campus, or if some athletes were red-shirted, or any of the other things that would be out of “sync” with NESCAC philosophy? If our conference retained the proper rules and balance, and was still able to compete successfully, who cares what the other 400+ D-III schools did? We could still set the example and the standard.

Well, at least two issues come to mind. First, since NESCAC occupies a leadership position within D-III athletics, to reject a proposal by what are viewed as the more academically oriented institutions to form a division within the NCAA committed to ensuring the balance between the classroom and the playing field would put our conference in an awkward position. Some believe it would cast our institutions as hypocrites by not leading by example and supporting a move that at least seeks to “reclaim the game.” And second, if colleges with philosophies that differ greatly from NESCAC began to dominate D-III rules debates and voting so there was a wider discrepancy in rules governing athletics between most D-III schools and NESCAC schools, what would happen if NESCAC teams began to get beaten badly in first round NCAA tournaments as a result?

Right now, of course, that is not happening. In fact, NESCAC is the most successful conference in terms of NCAA championship play, but how much pressure would presidents of NESCAC schools begin to feel from student-athletes, coaches, athletic directors, alumni, parents, and others if our current success gave way to early tournament departures? How tempting would it be to compromise on the current balance we prize and celebrate to win more?

If NESCAC retains its own high standards in how it runs its athletic programs, should we really care about a larger D-III?

Several questions to consider:

- If NESCAC retains its own high standards in how it runs its athletic programs, should we really care about a larger D-III?
- Would moving to a D-IV or sub-divisions within D-III affect the recruitment of excellent student-athletes at schools like Middlebury? Many coaches believe it would. Should that matter?
- Since NESCAC teams often beat many D-III schools that are larger with more lenient policies guiding athletics, is this proposal, in reality, designed to make the would-be D-IV athletic conferences more competitive for non-NESCAC schools?
- Would stricter guidelines on our athletics program, which might come with a new D-IV, be a good thing?

It seems to me that striving for the best of both worlds should guide our position on this issue: that is, providing the best competition for our student-athletes while, at the same time, applying the necessary policies to ensure a healthy balance between our academic and athletic programs. That would mean choosing to remain in D-III while retaining the most stringent guidelines to ensure the kind of overall education we seek for our students.

I am interested to hear your views on this topic. In the coming months, I plan to hold discussions with our coaches, varsity athletes, and our Athletic Policy Committee to gain multiple perspectives on this issue. In the meantime, please send along your views.

And by the way, congratulations to our men’s soccer team—recent winners of the NCAA D-III national championship over a remarkable (and undefeated) Trinity University (Texas) team. Special congratulations to long-time Panther coach, Dave Saward, who, along with so many Middlebury coaches, represents the best of D-III athletics.

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She has spent most of her life in prison: first, as a child, in the Philippines and then, as an adult, in her own mind. But Cecily Mattocks Marshall '54 has finally been set free.
Cecily Marshall '54 has never been the sort for showy sentimentality. Her grandchildren eye-rollingly refer to her as General Marshall. She tends to lay it out straight and unadorned. Which is why she’s probably going to dismiss as mawkish drivel the suggestion that her life was somehow changed, or even altered in any kind of deep and fundamental way, by the commemoration in 1995 of the liberation of the Philippines during World War II. But it happens to be true. Since that weekend in Las Vegas 13 years ago, Marshall has revealed, bit by bit, parts of herself she’d hidden away from even her family and closest friends. Completing the process, Marshall has just self-published a book laying out the full staggering secret she kept to herself for more than half a century.

In typical Cecily Marshall fashion, though, she has done it her way. When her sister-in-law, Cynthia Marshall, finished reading an early draft of the book, she suggested that Cecily spice the story up, maybe reconstruct some dialogue, inject a touch of drama into the scenes. “No way!” Marshall snapped. “You know me. I tell things as they are, with no flourishes. That’s not who I am.”

Cecily Mattocks Marshall was born in the Philippines in 1931. Her father, Henry Mattocks, was an Englishman who, after moving to Maine as a young man, had entered the ministry and accepted a missionary assignment to Southeast Asia. While there, he met Dorothy Lathan, who had grown up in Waltham, Massachusetts, and was teaching at a mission school. The young couple had two more children after Cecily and, at the beginning of 1940, settled in Zamboanga, a tiny coastal town on the island of Mindanao.

Nearly two years later, Pearl Harbor was bombed, and the Philippines were put under total alert. In the first few nights after the bombing, the air raid sirens in Zamboanga would set the Mattocks family bolting out of bed and scurrying for cover in the blackness beneath the front porch steps. Terrified, the family used construction paper to black out the windows, and dug a bunker four feet deep in the backyard. They kept packed suitcases at the ready in case of evacuation. But as the weeks unfolded, and the nightly warnings failed to herald any actual attacks, the panic diminished. It began to seem possible, reasonable even, that the Japanese might simply decide not to bother at all with Zamboanga.

When the sirens began to wail on New Year’s Day 1942, however, it was no false alarm. Even before the blare of the first horn, Cecily saw the seven fighter planes approaching on the horizon, flying so low she could make out the faces of the pilots as their planes strafed the ground below with machine gun fire. The family sprinted for the bunker, crouching beneath sandbags as the planes circled overhead, firing on the village with every pass. Bullets tore up the soil surrounding the trench and screamed off the metal roof of the Mattocks home.

Though a child, Cecily had been prepared for this violence. With the outbreak of war, her mother had called her into the living room one day, reminding her of the tales of viciousness related by a group of refugees who’d earlier stayed with the family. “You met those people,” her mother said. “You heard what happened.” She made Cecily memorize the combination to the safe, and also the address of the family’s sponsor church in New York. And then she looked down at her daughter and said, “You have the maturity, you are responsible.” The message, Cecily understood, was
that if her parents were somehow killed, the care of her younger sister and brother would fall to her. The words frightened Cecily. What struck her, though, was that her mother, a proud and determined woman who'd never been the coddling sort, had pulled her onto her lap. Cecily was 10 at the time, a bit old, it seemed to her, for such a childish embrace.

The Mattocks family escaped the fighter planes unharmed, as it happened, but the attack would prove to be merely the beginning of a run of horrors that lasted for four years. Immediately after the attack, the family fled Zamboanga with 32 other Westerners to the village of Malayal, farther north on Mindanao. By the end of the year, though, their supplies had dwindled and, before long, Japanese soldiers burned much of Malayal and took the Westerners hiding there prisoner. The family at first avoided capture but, fearful of a violent confrontation, soon surrendered. They were taken back to Zamboanga, then transferred temporarily to the city of Davao before being moved for good to Manila, where they spent the next three years in the notorious Santo Tomas prison camp.

Though sometimes overlooked among the countless atrocities of World War II, the conditions in Santo Tomas were brutal. Food was made deliberately scarce and nearly all of the 4,000 prisoners—civilians who'd been in the Philippines as teachers, businessmen, missionaries, and the like—exhibited signs of emaciation. The desire for food became overwhelming, blocking out thoughts of everything else. The children grew so weak it became difficult to climb the stairs to their makeshift classrooms, run by inmates who had backgrounds in education. Hundreds of prisoners starved to death.

When the camp was finally liberated by American soldiers in February 1945, General Douglas MacArthur himself walked through the main gates. MacArthur would write in his autobiography, Reminiscences, that of all his World War II accomplishments, liberating those camps made him most proud. In his book, he described the “pitiful, half-starved inmates” he met during the few minutes he was able to
Santo Tomas: “In their ragged, filthy clothes, with tears streaming down their faces, they seemed to be using their last strength to fight their way close enough to grasp my hand.”

Freedom, it seemed, had arrived at last. But minutes after MacArthur left, the Japanese began shelling the camp, a fiery bombardment that stretched for days and was featured prominently in the recent Ken Burns documentary The War.

When the last of the Japanese troops in Manila had been subdued and freedom was truly at hand, Cecily was 14. Her growth, however, had been so stunted by malnutrition that she still fit into the same dress she wore as a 10-year-old. If the camp had left the children looking young for their ages, though, it had in other ways forced on them a perspective beyond their years. As the Mattocks family set sail for America, they carried with them a letter from the head of schools at Santo Tomas, laying out the dreadful conditions at the camp. Because of the emotional strains of war and the lack of food, the letter read, “it is probable that this internment experience has matured most of our students and possibly hardened some.”

Cecily Marshall stands in her kitchen, warming lobster bisque on the stove. It’s a crisp afternoon in mid-November and, after early fog, the sun has emerged, brightening the dunes that lead to the sea behind her Cape Cod home. At 76, Marshall is strong and active. She and her husband, Peter Marshall, split their time between this house and another in West Boylston, Massachusetts, and she has plans soon to make her third return visit to the Philippines. The writing of her memoir, Happy Life Blues (the title is taken from an ironically named cabaret at the camp in Davao where the Mattocks family was held before being taken to Santo Tomas), has completed a process that began with her attending the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the liberation of the Philippines. Though Marshall would prefer the omission of words like “healing” or “closure” to describe this experience has matured most of our students and possibly hardened some.”

The Mattocks family left Santo Tomas with little in the way of money or property. After deciding to settle in Waltham, Massachusetts, where Cecily’s mother Dorothy had grown up, the only thing they could afford was to rent out part of a house from an understanding elder woman. The transition not just to freedom but to an entirely new country was a difficult one for Cecily and her siblings, yet they sometimes found themselves dealing with the struggle on their own. Within a year, Henry Mattocks returned to the Philippines to help with that country’s reconstruction. Dorothy Mattocks, suffering from what today might be diagnosed as a form of post-traumatic stress disorder, became listless. She took a job at a public elementary school and devoted herself to music. “When she came back here, I think she was kind of frustrated—what’s the path for my life now?” Cecily says. “I wasn’t upset if she didn’t show up at a recital of mine. She did when she could. She was busy every minute, and that’s what was important to her. She didn’t give a hoot about the house.”

For her part, Cecily at first delighted in the fascination her stories of Santo Tomas inspired in others. When she was 14, she gave a series of speeches at the Elks and other civic clubs. They’d even
pay her five dollars. In time, though, she came to perceive that her audiences viewed her as a sort of outsider, someone different from them, and pitiful. “I think I was like a Barnum and Bailey’s,” she recalls. “A circus performer.” She quit telling the stories. She didn’t want her classmates to know where she’d come from, how she was different. She didn’t want to talk anymore about picking worms out of rice that she was grateful to have the chance to eat, about wearing filthy rags. She wanted to be just like everybody else, to be normal.

After completing high school, Cecily applied to college. “Middlebury took a chance on me,” she says, pointing out that, because of her time in the prison camp, she hadn’t completed all the formal courses needed for admission. “I was very different,” she says. “The one different person in the class of 1954.” Not that anyone on campus knew. Cecily continued to keep her past to herself Not even when she married Peter Marshall, a year ahead of her at Middlebury, did she reveal the extent of her past.

FOR THE NEXT 40 YEARS, Marshall pushed her secret ever deeper. She’d tense up at dinner parties when anyone inquired about her past, asked where she was born. “My husband would start to say the Philippines,” she says. “Well, I would give him a big kick under the table. I was born in Massachusetts. That’s it. I just did not want to get into it with strangers.” Over the course of her teaching career, Marshall ate with the same group of coworkers nearly every day for 17 years. Yet, upon her retirement, only the principal knew any part of her story. Even her children, she acknowledges, never really knew about the prison camp, not the extent of it at any rate.

Then one day in 1995, Marshall learned at the last minute about the anniversary celebration in Las Vegas. With some trepidation, she and Peter decided to attend. Going up in the hotel elevator, Marshall recognized her old friend Dolly Rogers. They had each lived in room 30A at Santo Tomas. Ecstatic, Rogers said she was organizing a lunch for everyone they knew. At the lunch, Marshall found herself actually talking about Santo Tomas. These were people who understood, who’d lived it with her. For the first time in 50 years, the feeling of being an outsider, different, melted away. “We began comparing,” Marshall says. “We were all in the same boat. All of us said our parents never talked about it. Our mothers all saved everything. They were never going to be caught short again.”

That night, at the main ball, the tables were decorated red, white, and blue. A band played the music of the 1940s. And in marched 20 of the men who’d helped liberate Santo Tomas. The soldiers were crushed with hugs and handshakes and thank-yous. “They were giants in my memory,” Marshall says. And when the band started in with God Bless America, “Everyone in the place— tears were flowing.”

The group of friends decided to keep their connection alive. The following year, they met at the Marshalls’ home on the Cape. No men were allowed. At last they could reveal the true extent of who they were and what they’d lived. Maureen Matthews, a member of the group, says the women began to feel a sense of community for one of the first times in their lives. “When the core group of us got together—that was one of the first things we explored with one another—our mutual sense of not being like others,” she says. “We all had this tremendous sense of wanting to be like everybody else, of belonging.”

Which is another way of saying that the survivors of the camp have never felt they completely belonged anywhere. “I don’t think of any place as home,” Marshall says. “My kids drive through West Boylston, their kids want to see where their parents went to school, where they played. But to me, it’s really just another place.” When it comes to the group, she says, “We’re all disenfranchised, so to speak. There’s no one place—we belong to that experience. There’s no place to go back to, to go home to.”

Since that first gathering, the women, who have taken to calling themselves the Santo Tomas Belles, have gotten together several times in Canada, California, and Cape Cod, and will meet next year at Dolly Rogers’ place in Virginia. Their bond has revealed to them, in a way, an identity that at last feels genuine. “I don’t go around broadcasting something that happened 60 years ago,” Maureen Matthews says, “but I think that whole sense of ‘I mustn’t talk about it’ has begun to fade.”

MARSHALL STANDS UP IN HER LIVING ROOM, ejects the Ken Burns DVD, and returns to the kitchen. She says she has no idea how much interest there will be for Happy Life Blues, but she’ll put it on Amazon and see how it goes. It’s not really about the sales anyway, she says, it’s about documenting for her children and grandchildren what she and her family went through. It has taken her a long time, but she’s at last ready to reveal her secret. “I think a lot of the credit for that goes to our group. We can be ourselves and don’t have to pretend to be something that we’re not. Anyway, I think of this book as my epitaph. Don’t bother buying me any tombstone. This is it.”

John Wolfson is a senior editor at Boston Magazine. He profiled the late Judge Martha Sosman ’72 ("Courting Justice") in the fall 2005 issue of Middlebury Magazine.
Oh, The Places They’ll Go

Middlebury students have never had more opportunities to expand their scholarly interests both at home and abroad. And never in the history of the College have more students taken advantage of such resources.

Whether in the Green Mountains of Vermont, the Monterey Peninsula, or the Mongolian steppes, undergraduates are demonstrating that the pursuit of knowledge is, indeed, without boundaries.

By the editors
Illustrations by Brook Slane
The Mysteries of Hamlet

What the most famous play in English literature can tell us about Shakespeare, the theater, and ourselves.

By Matt Jennings ■ Illustrations by Steve Brodner
There's an old joke about a little old lady who is taken to the big city to see her first Shakespeare play, Hamlet. When the play is over, her hosts ask her what she thinks, and she says, "I don't see what the fuss over this Shakespeare fellow is all about—his play was nothing but quotations!"

Timothy Billings likes to tell this joke to his English classes when he's teaching Hamlet because, he says, it helps illustrate the fact that at some point in your life, you've been exposed to Shakespeare's masterpiece. A whole lot of it.

To wit:
"Neither a borrower nor lender be..."
Hamlet.
"Something is rotten in the state of Denmark..."
Hamlet.
"There's more in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in your philosophy..."
Hamlet.
"The primrose path..."
Hamlet.
"To be or not to be..." "shuffled off this mortal coil..." the skull, for Pete's sake.
Hamlet, Hamlet, Hamlet.

It's as if pop culture is sprayed across the pages, one of Billings' students mused in a blog the English professor had set up for his course, "Shakespeare and Contexts." It is hard, the student wrote, "to separate the cultural references from the actual text."

To which Billings would respond: Exactly.

Sitting in the campus coffee bar on an early winter's day, Billings is talking to me about the "quintessential" Shakespeare play and the challenge he feels each time he teaches the text.

"First of all, it's incredibly complex, even more so than you might think. It's a difficult, difficult play, for reasons I will explain at greater length, but it's partly so difficult because it seems so easy: it's too familiar. On average, students have read four or five of Shakespeare's plays when they enter the class—or about 15 percent of the dramatic corpus—but they nevertheless have very clear conceptions about what they think the whole of Shakespeare is," he says, as he absentmindedly stirs a large cup of tea. "But those preconceptions can actually prevent them from seeing what's actually going on in the play. When you have such an entrenched vision of Hamlet from popular culture or a well-meaning high-school teacher, it is very difficult to see anything but that vision."

He pauses to take a sip of his tea and then continues: "My goal is for this course to be nothing less than a series of discoveries every day, discoveries that will spin your head around. We're reading the writings not just of a great poet, but of a unique cultural phenomenon, and to grasp the full complexity of that you have to understand the texts in context. And one of the rewards of excavating those contexts is a deep appreciation of the artistry of the plays."

There's some debate about when Hamlet was written and whether Shakespeare's Hamlet was the first tale of a young prince driven mad by the thirst for revenge. It's generally accepted among scholars that Shakespeare wrote his Hamlet around 1600 or 1601, but earlier versions of the story probably existed. A decade before Shakespeare is thought to have crafted his revenge tragedy, references to a "Hamlet" play (commonly referred to today as the Ur-Hamlet) appear in theatrical records and other writings of the day's prominent scholars and artists. Four hundred years prior, the Danish historian Saxo Grammaticus wrote of a figure named Amleth (Norse for "mad"). Regardless, the Hamlet that Shakespeare wrote and subsequently staged was unlike anything that had come before.

The day after Billings and I spoke in the coffee bar, he convened his second lecture on the "quintessential" play, and he devoted most of the discussion to Hamlet as it appeared to the Elizabethan audience.

Billings is a slender, hiply dressed fellow, who often wears a dark turtleneck under a sport coat, though that day he edged toward the conservative with a royal blue shirt; charcoal gray flannel pants; and a dark olive jacket. He wears black-rimmed rectangular glasses and keeps his graying hair short. In class he carried his own copy of the Norton Shakespeare anthology, which had a multitude of fluorescent pink and yellow Post-Its notes poking out from its pages. But he also marshaled quotes from memory to illustrate points, and he did so effortlessly, almost casually.

After telling the joke about the elderly lady, he began to delve deeply into the history of the play. It's written according to the genre of a revenge tragedy, he explained. A family member is killed; the protagonist feels that he can't go to the authorities because the murderer represents authority; he pretends to be mad and verges on madness; he contemplates suicide; and then everything ends with an explosive act.

"But by 1600," Billings said, "revenge tragedies were passé. 'We've done that,' was the conventional thinking. But Shakespeare had something else up his sleeve. Revenge would be had, but the aim seems to have been a new psychological dimension for which we can trace hints developing elsewhere.'"

And then Billings paused and smiled.
"But nobody had done it quite like this before."
Let me digress for a moment, to address the subject of context. Several years ago, I had the chance to see the Orson Welles classic *Citizen Kane* on the big screen. There’s a great old movie house called “The Uptown” in the Cleveland Park section of Washington, D.C., and about ten years ago, the theater screened a series of movie classics on successive summer weekends. I was able to see films such as *The Wizard of Oz*, *The Shining*, and *Kane*, movies that I had only seen in the comfort of my own home or, in the case of Welles’s masterpiece, on the modestly sized screen in the college classroom where my father taught film courses for more than three decades.

I had seen *Citizen Kane* half a dozen times before I had the chance to see it as Welles intended, and, as the son of a cineaste, I was well-versed in the technical and artistic ground that was broken when the film was released in 1941. Sitting in the balcony of the Uptown on a summer evening in 1998, I wasn’t disappointed; but the guy sitting behind me was. “That’s it?” he asked his companion incredulously as Xanadu, smoke pouring from its chimney, faded to black. “I don’t see what the big deal about this movie is.”

While I’d wager that very few people have ever thought, “Hamlet, yeah, I don’t see what the big deal is,” (little old lady jokes aside), Billings would argue that the task of really understanding the complexity of the play and the context in which it was originally staged is no less a Herculean effort.

“For starters, we’re always learning new things about the text,” Billings told me that day in the coffee bar. “Anyone who tells you that ‘we already know everything that there is to know about Shakespeare’ is deluded or lying.” But what is even more difficult in excavating that “true artistry” is seeing the Danish prince through Elizabethan eyes.

Back in class, Billings called attention to the second scene of the play. “Put yourself in the Globe theatre. Hamlet, the title character, doesn’t appear in the first scene, and when he does come on with a host of characters he remains silent—for nearly 65 lines.”

“But this is Richard Burbage playing Hamlet,” Billings continued, “the preeminent actor of the time, the star of Shakespeare’s company. So we’re watching him even though he’s not saying anything. For 65 lines. And we’re rewarded when he does finally speak because he speaks in an aside to us, to the audience,” Billings said, “and he unleashes that sharp, melancholy wit that Shakespeare is so good at conveying.”

And then, with Hamlet’s first real speech, Shakespeare begins to imbue Hamlet with the effect of “subjectivity” or interiority, Billings explained. Hamlet says that he has “that within which pas-seth show.” In other words, he insists that he has an interiority that surpasses what you see acted on the outside, which is, of course, all an actor can do. And what makes Hamlet so distinctive is that he’s the first character Shakespeare has rendered fully in three dimensions by giving him this deep sense of interiority created out of multiple possible motivations for his famous “mystery.” Now try to imagine that you’re in the first audience trying to wrap your head around this. (What’s fascinating to study, Billings would later say, is the manner in which Shakespeare was working out how to do this. “He did it in steps, throughout his earlier works, from an engaging duplicity to a subtle interiority. First there was Richard III in Richard III. Then there was Prince Hal in Henry IV Part One. And finally, Hamlet. He had perfected it. The character rises out of the play.”)

This was a revelation to Elizabethan audiences. Never before had a character seemed to have so much going on inside of him in such a way. The audience is seeing him think, Xander Manshell
Jonathan Bate in you see your Hamlet as James Dean, a brooding rebel-without-
interpretation of your Hamlet is a “card-carrying Marxist-Leninist.” That, writes
a-cause, as the second half of the 20th century did? Or perhaps
your Hamlet a wimp, an overly emotional effeminate creature—
see Hamlet as a hero, one who finds himself in an unthinkable situ-
saw him, a tomiented man driven to uncover the tmth behind his
but not, evidently, in a way that undermined the ultimate pathos
been hilarious. Shakespeare is playing around with his audience,
is over. It’s a wonderful meta-theatrical moment. It must have
also stab to death Heminge/Polonius/Caesar before the afternoon

consider that the play may have been four hours long and
introduced scores of words into the Elizabethan lexicon, and
you can begin to grasp the work’s cultural import. It’s enough to
give one a headache—or drive theatergoers away in droves—but
it was all so new, so fresh, Billings argued, that people couldn’t get
enough. And they knew that Shakespeare was writing for them,
specifically.

Bear in mind that Shakespeare was writing for his own com-
pany and for a known audience, and like any good artist he made
the most of those resources in ways that are now easy to miss,”
Billings pointed out.

Just before the play-within-the-play in act three, for example,
Hamlet is bantering with Polonius about the latter’s acting ex-
pertise in school, and Polonius says, “I did enact Julius Caesar.
I was killed I’th’ Capitol. Brutus killed me.” To which Hamlet re-
ponds, “It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.”

Said Billings: “Brute, Brutus, Capitol, capital—the joke is sort
of clever, but not really very funny, is it? And yet, if you con-
consider that the two actors playing Hamlet and Polonius—Burbage
and probably John Hemingue—almost certainly also played Brutus
and Caesar, respectively, in Shakespeare’s Julius Caesar, then you
have two actors on stage joking about how one had stabbed the
other to death in different play on the very same stage in London
(perhaps even the day before), just as Burbage/Hamlet/Brutus will
also stab to death Heminge/Polonius/Caesar before the afternoon
is over. It’s a wonderful meta-theatrical moment. It must have
been hilarious. Shakespeare is playing around with his audience,
but not, evidently, in a way that undermined the ultimate pathos
of the play.”

lose your eyes for a moment and picture Hamlet,
the Danish Prince. What do you see? Or more precisely,
who?

Do you see Hamlet as Burbage, as the Elizabethan audience
saw him, a tormented man driven to uncover the truth behind
his father’s death and grappling with the religious strictures of the
day that may or may not justify the action he moves toward? Do you
see Hamlet as a hero, one who finds himself in an unthinkable sit-
uation and rises to the occasion, as those in the 18th century did? Is
your Hamlet a wimp, an overly emotional effeminate creature—
or, gasp (!), literally female—as he was seen in the 19th century? Do
you see your Hamlet as James Dean, a brooding rebel-without-
a-cause, as the second half of the 20th century did? Or perhaps
your Hamlet is a “card-carrying Marxist-Leninist.” That, writes
Jonathan Bate in The Genius of Shakespeare, was the “official” state
interpretation of Hamlet in Bulgaria for more than 40 years.

“This play is unlike any other that we’ll read,” Billings told
his students on the first day they discussed Hamlet, “because even
more than the others, it is remade in the reader’s own image.
“How old do you think Hamlet, the prince, is?” he asked.
“16.” someone said.
“17.”
“20.”
“We’re told, right?” Billings responded. “When he’s talking to
the gravediggers? Who can find that passage?”
People started to flip through their anthologies before a young
man in the first row raised his hand. “I think I’ve found it.” He
read from the relevant passage and worked out that Hamlet was
roughly 30 years old.

Many in the classroom chuckled and Billings smiled.

“The character of Hamlet was written specifically for Richard
Burbage, who was 32 at the time, so it makes sense that Hamlet
was about 30,” Billings said. “Yet most of you pegged him to be
a teenager, or 20 at his oldest. My point is simply that we tend to
remake Hamlet in our own image. Most of you probably first read
Hamlet when you were in high school, when you were 16-
or 17-years-old. The rest of you—perhaps the one who guessed
that he was 20—are reading the play for the first time.”

That day in the campus coffee bar, Billings told me, “Every era
has been able to find something in the play because it is so com-
plex and puzzling; someone can always find something appealing
in it, something to support a particular interest.

“For a long time, scholars used to talk about the ‘universal-
ity’ of Shakespeare. And it’s true, he’s a global phenomenon,
translated into every language and recognized everywhere as
one of the greatest poets of all times. But it’s not really the same
“Shakespeare.” The Hamlets that people discover in Hong Kong,
Tehran, Naples, Berlin, and Miami are no more similar than the
Elizabethan and Victorian Hamlets were. The flip side of ‘univer-
sality’ is this proliferation of other Shakespeares. And sometimes
the differences within cultures are greater than the differences be-
tween cultures. Take China, for example. First, are traditional Chinese
noths of vengeance anything like those of Elizabethan England?
Well, yes, in fact, probably more so than those of your average
modern American. But let’s get even more specific and say Hamlet
in China in the mid-twentieth century. Even then there are two
distinct Hamlets in two translations. There’s the Nationalist version
and the Communist version. There’s your universal Hamlet.”

In class, Billings stressed that he wanted his students to develop
a kind of double-vision when reading the work. He wanted them
to be able to imagine Hamlet in context as Shakespeare wrote it for
Elizabethan audiences, but he also wanted them to examine their
own intuitive, modern reactions to the play. The important thing
was to know the difference between the two.

Before class started on the third day of Hamlet discussion, the
students, though, were rooted in the past.

“Who is Saxo the Grammarian?”

Billings was a few minutes late, and the waiting students were
growing increasingly anxious about their weekly quiz.

“Seriously, who is Saxo the Grammarian?” the lanky kid in
blue jeans and a fleece pullover asked the young woman sitting
to his right.

“I’m not sure,” she replied, so she asked the guy to her right.
She didn’t know either, and in a moment’s time a chorus of “Who
is Saxo the Grammarian?” echoed up and down the seats of the classroom.

“I think it’s the name of the original, medieval Danish story,” someone finally answered. “Though maybe it’s the author . . . .”

Confused, the first questioner shouts to anyone who will listen, “Then who was Amleth?”

“It’s the name I’m going to give my first-born,” comes the answer from the back row.

At that moment, Billings entered the room, the bafflement of what he had just walked in on etched on his face. Finally, he smiled and said, “Good news: no quiz today.”

Audible sighs were heard.

With just three lectures to discuss the most complex of plays, Billings wanted to preserve every moment, and that day he didn’t want to miss the chance to discuss people’s blog posts.

“Where’s Naomi?” he asked.

The young woman’s hand popped up.

Billings arched an eyebrow and said, “Hamlet is this guy I knew in high school?”

It was the title of the young woman’s post, which explained that for her Hamlet was a brilliant, brooding, existential misfit, driven to madness by a drive to be unconventional. “Nothing will ever quite convince me that Shakespeare didn’t write the play about a guy I knew (and was pretty much in love with) in high school.”

Billings would later say that he found the students’ musings deeply rewarding, that they were really grasping his concept of the “double vision.” His historical and contextual approach had not impeded their enjoyment of the play. On the contrary, they saw that their reactions were part of the history of the play’s reception. A number of posts carried such titles as “Hamlet and me,” “a new critical approach to an old hero,” and “to smack him in the face or to sigh and relate; that is the conundrum.”

The most astute observations tied the two foci of the double vision together. Several bloggers cited the character’s interiority as the source of his enduring fascination: by expressing Hamlet’s thoughts in such a complex way, a “relatable, ordinary human being who must deal with internal conflict” came to life on stage.

Or, as Alicia Taylor ’09 wrote of Hamlet, “he is just as confused about what is going on in his twisted head as the rest of us.”

Sitting in Carol’s Hungry Mind Café a few days before Christmas, Billings and I are talking about another Shakespeare phenomenon: that of the “Vanishing Shakespeare.”

A recent study undertaken by the American Council of Trustees and Alumni reported that Shakespeare is disappearing from the requirements of English departments in this country’s leading colleges and universities. Of the Ivy League institutions, only one, Harvard, requires its English majors to take a course in Shakespeare. And among the top 25 liberal arts colleges as ranked by U.S. News & World Report only three require its English majors to study the Bard: Middlebury, Smith, and Wellesley.

It’s a trend about which Billings feels ambivalent.

“I’m happy with our requirement, but I also think it’s unnecessary. The vast majority of English majors don’t take a Shakespeare course because it’s required, and plenty of students from other majors eagerly study Shakespeare even though they are not required to do so. We’re a liberal arts college, after all!” Saying this, Billings throws out his arms in a dramatic gesture.

“I think it’s infantilizing to tell students exactly what to do—and yet, I must say, every year I have students tell me that they hated Shakespeare and were dreading the requirement, but it turned out to be their favorite course. And that’s because they thought that they knew what Shakespeare was all about, but in fact they had hardly begun to discover how exciting and illuminating the plays really are.”

Billings twists his cup then says, “But, of course, the real issue here is a political one. It’s a battle over the value of a canonical author compared with more modern and diverse offerings—and I’m honestly on both sides of that debate. Even if we were just studying Shakespeare’s work as a historical artifact and a cultural force—which we’re not, obviously, we’re reading it primarily as poetry and as theater—it would still have tremendous merit. But the case that I’m making in my class is that it still has literary and cultural value. Look at it this way, maybe the value isn’t intrinsic. Maybe the value comes with what we give to it. But it’s still value. It’s the value of engaging with something at a distance from ourselves and of making the thing our own, of luxuriating in what we love about it and also of criticizing what we find objectionable in it. It’s a process of learning about ourselves, a process of learning about our limitations, a process of learning how to see differently.”

We’re finishing our drinks and getting ready to head out into the darkening December afternoon when I ask Billings whom he sees when he closes his eyes and envisions Hamlet.

He smiles.

“I’d rather not answer that. I certainly have a Hamlet in mind—at least one because he’s changed over the years. But my whole point is that you need to conjure your own Hamlet. And, once you’ve done your homework, who wants some Shakespeare professor interfering with that?”

Matt Jennings is thinking that his Hamlet might be bald, which would certainly give the Danish prince a new look.
At a crossroad in his life, a young man journeys to his mother's native Thailand to fulfill a familial obligation.
I hadn't been to Panomsarakram in more than ten years, since the day I watched my Koondtha's body burn in the temple crematorium. But I was twenty-one now, and though I had never forgotten those black clouds of smoke, there was no question: I had become an American.

I was sitting on a metal chair in the middle of the temple grounds, naked except for a red and gold sarong. My hands were at my chest in prayer. About a hundred people had come to watch, and as I looked at the crowd of Thai faces, I wanted to tell them: thank you for coming! And why are we here? And how could we have anything to do with each other? I had never forgotten those black clouds of smoke, there was no question:

I had to kneel with my toes curled up beneath me—in a formal position called koo-kao—with the whole weight of my body pressing down on my ankles. My legs were my father's giant American ones and weren't made for sitting like that. The pain was so bad that I couldn't chant without one of the monks feeding me the lines. Sweat dripped from my head and onto my praying hands, and soaked through my robes.

A monk led me behind the Buddha. He handed me my new robes and showed me how to wear them: first a skirt tied off with a rope belt, then a light shirt that hung over one shoulder, and finally a robe folded in several sections and attached with a sash and another cloth belt. I imagined myself as an ugly white caterpillar transforming inside an orange chrysalis.

When I returned to the stage, Luang Pa sat in the middle. He called me forward with a slow nod. I stepped up to the stage, knelt, and waited for something magical to happen: a pang of revelation, a flash monsoon, the leaves on the bodhi tree to turn golden. Nothing. The monks rose and tilted the ceiling; his eyes were half open and bright white. Incense and candles smoked at his feet, where thirty monks were spread across a stage in an orange fan. Luang Pa sat in the middle. He called me forward with a slow nod. I stepped up to the stage, knelt, and waited for the Buddha, and then did the same to Luang Pa. He wasn't so ugly anymore. He seemed important, and wise. He looked at me like we'd never met.

I knew my chanting wouldn't be very good. Two days wasn't enough time to learn the chants, but it was important for me to be ordained at Wat Takwean before my mother went back to America. Gaweepat and I had practiced all morning, and for about ten minutes I did all right. The problem was that I had to kneel with my toes curled up beneath me—in a formal position called koo-kao—with the whole weight of my body pressing down on my ankles. My legs were my father's giant American ones and weren't made for sitting like that. The pain became more intense and made me tremble. My memory went slack, so that I couldn't chant without one of the monks feeding me the lines. Sweat dripped from my head and onto my praying hands, and soaked through my robes.

A monk led me behind the Buddha. He handed me my new robes and showed me how to wear them: first a skirt tied off with a rope belt, then a light shirt that hung over one shoulder, and finally a robe folded in several sections and attached with a sash and another cloth belt. I imagined myself as an ugly white caterpillar transforming inside an orange chrysals.

Standing on the temple steps, I posed for pictures with my family. Gaweepat made sure I didn’t stand next to a woman. I tried to pose in ways that I thought would make me look serious and contemplative, although I wasn’t sure I was feeling that way. I couldn’t decide how to feel. I didn’t feel more Buddhist and had never believed that a religious ritual could suddenly change me. So I just stood there, trying on different expressions to see which one felt the most natural.

Only one monk stayed at the temple after the ceremony. He was thin, and dark like a Lao. He kept watching me, as if waiting for a secret sign. Then he came and stood at my side. From beneath his robe, he handed Gaweepat a disposable camera. The monk didn’t say anything; he just studied the features of my newly shaven head. Gaweepat took the picture. The monk took his camera back and shuffled off across the temple grounds. There was something about his narrow silhouette that made me feel lonely.

The last time I saw my mother before she flew back to America the next day, I was sitting atop a platform while she was pouring water over my hands and into a gold basin. Everyone else had already taken a turn. I looked at her as though there was one last thing that I needed to tell her, but I wasn’t sure what it was. I haven’t disappeared. I’m still your son. We’re just pretending.

But my mother didn’t look up. When she had poured all of the water over my hands, she knelt below me. Grab is the word for when a layperson worships the holiness of a monk. Grab went my mother at my feet, bowing three times with her hands and face pressed to the floor. Never had she seemed so barely my mother, and never had I felt so barely her son.

Late in the afternoon, a light-skinned monk named Tee brought me to my dormitory. We climbed a staircase, went through a set of double doors, and into a large empty room containing a simple shrine: a sitting Buddha with candles and a pot of incense at his feet. A dozen young boys were lying on the floor watching a National Geographic special on an old black and white television set. The oldest of the boys looked about seventeen; the youngest looked no more than five. Some of them were sitting on a crumbling wall with their alms bowls on their laps. A temple boy sat on a bicycle behind them. The bicycle was rusty, the tires were almost flat, and there was a plastic milk crate tied over the back wheel. The boy’s face was tough and handsome, and his cheeks and eyelids were still puffy from sleep. He was watching me, but not in a suspicious way.

I looked at the yellow sky, half expecting to see a giant symbol forming in the clouds—some sign to verify that now everything would be different.

It was still dark when Tee woke me the next morning. My new alarm clock read five a.m., and I felt as if I hadn’t slept at all. He turned on the light and showed me how to fold my robe over my shoulder and then pinch it, roll it, and tuck it under my armpit so that it pulled tight across my chest. Then he came and stood at my side. From beneath his robe, he handed Gaweepat a disposable camera. The monk didn’t say anything; he just studied the features of my newly shaven head. Gaweepat took the picture. The monk took his camera back and shuffled off across the temple grounds. There was something about his narrow silhouette that made me feel lonely.

Four monks waited for us beneath a street lamp. Two of them were sitting on a crumbling wall with their alms bowls in their laps. A temple boy sat on a bicycle behind them. The bicycle was rusty, the tires were almost flat, and there was a plastic milk crate tied over the back wheel. The boy’s face was tough and handsome, and his cheeks and eyelids were still puffy with sleep. He was watching me, but not in a suspicious way. I looked back at him and nodded. He kept staring. Tee walked to the front of the line. The other monks fell in behind him, and I walked last, in front of the temple boy. The sun was rising.

All along Panom Street, groups of two or three people were kneeling on the sidewalk, holding steaming bowls of rice over their heads. Tee stopped before each group, chanted a short prayer, then waited while they peeled rice into our alms bowls. Sometimes they gave us bags of curry or paper cartons of eggs and meat, which the temple boy kept in the crate on his bicycle. The old people studied me with skeptical faces, and asked Tee who I was. He said I was the grandson of Somboon Muncharoen. They searched my face for a familiar curve in the shape of my eye or cheek and then smiled and nodded their
heads as we moved on to the next person. I felt proud that people could see the features of Koondtha in my face. It made me want to act like a first-class monk.

A woman came out to meet us in front of the bright but empty 7 Eleven. She was covered in orange and green light and looked artificial, or painted. She held her baby son, whose face was covered with a white cooling powder. He looked like a happy little ghost with shining black eyes. As I watched the woman guide her son’s hand to a spoonful of rice and then show him how to empty the rice into our alms bowls, I felt myself wanting to tell him: Believe in this. I didn’t grow up believing in this, and now I can’t convince myself that it makes any difference.

Just before we entered the temple grounds, I saw my uncle, Venai, approaching us on his motorcycle. My cousin Awm was riding on the back, and behind her was a girl I’d never seen before. I was sure she hadn’t come to my ordination ceremony. As they slowed down to meet us, I remembered what my mother had always told me: that I shouldn’t trust Venai. He liked to gamble and had used our family’s land to pay off debts. He had a difficult personality, was stubborn, and had been born somewhat deaf, which made him seem even more stubborn. But Venai was the only one of my mother’s siblings who’d stayed in Panomsarakram. He lived in our family house with his wife. Neither of them had a steady job.

My cousin Awm made her offering first. She was my age and, as children, even though we couldn’t say much to each other, we’d been very close. It was an honor to stand before her as a monk. Venai made his offering next. As I received it, I found myself questioning the sincerity of his gestures. Do not trust him, I reminded myself, but a part of me wanted to like him.

When the girl I didn’t know knelt before me, she kept her
head bowed down so that I couldn’t see her face. I sensed that she was about my age. As she spooned rice into my bowl, I studied her shining black hair and noticed how her thin and delicate fingers looked strong and capable too. I kept looking at her while trying not to be too obvious, and before she rose, I caught a glimpse of her eyebrow and the top of her nose. As she disappeared across the temple grounds on the back of Venai’s motorcycle, I kept looking at her, although I knew I shouldn’t.

When we got back to the temple grounds, the temple boy emptied our alms bowls into a metal cauldron. He was still looking at me, studying me shamelessly like I was blind. I finally asked him his name. “Cheua alai?” The boy smiled, and shrugged, as though it was of little consequence. “Boi,” he said.

I thought to myself: Boi. Boy. I thought of telling him how his name meant what he was. But as I watched him unload the food from his crate, I decided against it. He didn’t have time for some clever American pun. Boi looked at me and smiled. “Luang Pee,” he said.

It was the first time I’d been addressed by the honorific title of a monk. It was like being called Holy Brother. I nodded at Boi and said his name again. He nodded back and again said, “Luang Pee.” I winked at him just to let him know that now we were buddies. Boi stared at me for a moment and then jogged off across the temple grounds as if he were running across water.

Then I heard a bell ring in the distance. A soft, swinging note. Tee called me over, and we followed a procession of monks through the temple gates and into the temple. It was cool and peaceful inside. The monks took their seats on the stage in order of seniority and status. Tee led me to my place in the far back corner, in front of several rows of nayns. I had the last spot on the stage. The new kid. I could hear the nayns talking about me behind my back, how I was so big and could only speak a little bit of Thai.

I knelt and bowed to the Buddha, and eased myself onto my toes. They hurt immediately.

That first morning in the temple, despite the pain in my toes and even though I didn’t have an English book of chants to follow along, I felt very pleasant just sitting there in the quiet morning light. I listened to the chants as if they were echoes from my memory that had gone off and finally returned. The old monks were grumbling their prayers in subterranean voices, while behind me, the nayns sang out their own version like a falsetto chorus of songbirds.
Class Action

NORDIC COMBINED
With an eye for design and an innate feel for the sport, John Morton is making a permanent mark on the world of Nordic skiing. Photograph by Dennis Curran
The Pathfinder
Nordic skiing guru John Morton ’68 is rapidly becoming the first name in trail design

BY SARAH TUFF ’95

ONE OF THE SWEETEST SPOTS in Vermont is Morse Farm, an East Montpellier institution studded with more than 4,000 maple trees. Its Sugar Shack sells maple creemees, maple apple drizzle, maple pecans, maple dill dressing, maple butter, and gallon jugs of maple syrup. But even sweeter than all of this is the network of cross-country ski trails that twists through the forest and meadows, offering tantalizing views of Camel’s Hump and Hunger Mountain and whoop-de-dos of climbs and descents. Bearing names like Sugar Loop, The Drip, and Sap Run, the trails disappear into the maples and pines.

“As you get farther away from the starting point, you get more challenging terrain,” says John Morton ’68, the neon-yellow pom-pom on his vintage Fischer hat bouncing as he points back toward the Ski Touring Center on a late November day.

Morton should know. In 2001, he created this trail system at the request of Bun-Morse, a seventh-generation Vermonter and proprietor of Morse Farm, who wanted to tap into the winter market of Vermont visitors. “He jokes that he used to milk cows and now he just milks the tourists,” says Morton with a laugh.

A longtime nordic racer, biathlete, and coach, Morton used to just ski the trails. Now he designs them—more than 120, at last count, of cross-country skiing, mountain biking, hiking, and running routes that are redefining the use of recreational land today. If Morton has his way, his name will one day be as recognizable as the Nicklaus name on a golf course. Only the Morton moniker promises much more.

Back before competitive skiers chose a specialty to master, John Morton skied everything—downhill, slalom, and cross-country—for New Hampshire’s Tilton School. He had messed around on skis in his Walpole backyard, and stumbled onto a scholarship for Tilton, which sent Morton in the direction of Middlebury. As a greenhorn freshman, his destiny as a cross-country standout was decided by legendary coach Robert “Bobo” Sheehan.

“On the first day of classes, Bobo gathered all the skiers, and I still remember being in awe of the upperclassmen,” recalls Morton as we begin to explore Morse Farm, our boots crunching over the frozen hay and cracking through spots of milky ice; we would ski but for the scant snow, so we walk the woods and talk the trails. “He said, ‘All you freshmen, look around; you can tell alpine skiers are a dime a dozen, so if you want to make the Middlebury Ski Team, you’d better learn..."
how to ski cross-country.”

Morton did Bobo one better: He went on to win the Eastern Intercollegiate Championships in 1966 and 1968, and earned runner-up status at the 1968 NCAA Championships. At the same time, Morton picked up biathlon, figuring out how to steady his wildly beating heart in between cross-country sprints to fire a rifle, and split his post-Middlebury years between skiing at the U.S. Biathlon Training Center in Alaska and serving in South Vietnam. “That’s the fun part of it—no two locations are the same.”

In the nearly 20 years that Morton has been designing trails, he’s tackled everything from postage-stamp pieces of property to 25,000-acre swaths of land. He’s been everywhere, from South Strafford, Vermont—consulting on the feasibility of a trail system on a Superfund site—to South Korea, where he planned out the biathlon course for the 1997 World University Games at Muju Resort. During the latter project, Morton was able to test out his diplomacy skills, as officials had originally selected a dense village as a potential competition area. “We said, ‘Well, what about all these houses?’” recalls Morton. “Luckily they ultimately picked a different location so we didn’t have to worry about it.”

But golden opportunities would really arrive later, toward the end of Morton’s coaching career at Dartmouth (which spanned more than a decade, from 1978 to 1989). A cross-country acquaintance sought advice on some trail projects, and Morton discovered he had a knack for nordic networks. “It’s like a big puzzle,” says Morton, who now lives with his family at the end of a dirt road in Thetford, Vermont. “That’s the fun part of it—no two locations are the same.”

At Alaska’s Denali National Park, Morton has helped create a nature trail from the North Face Lodge to Camp Denali Road. In Caribou, Maine, Morton has designed a competition cross-country ski trail adjacent to the high school. And at scores of wild, woody places in between, skinny-ski courses bear the subtle Morton trademark of carefully crafted cuts through forests and fields. “I try to make the uphills more manageable so people don’t have this sense of dread and drudgery,” he says.

Soon, such trails may bear a more visible reminder of the Morton moniker. Last year, Morton hired a partner with a Ph.D. in economic geography to help write proposals and take care of the business side of the business. The two have since talked about creating a plaque that promises a “certified Morton trail” to municipal land users. They’re also using Middlebury ties to consult on projects at the College’s Rikert Ski Touring Center and on 1,000 acres of former mining land in Breckenridge, Colorado.

The public may never see some Morton trails—more and more often, private landowners are turning to the designer to repurpose their properties with recreational routes. Morton has planted a ski trail on a 200-acre organic vegetable farm in Hartland, Vermont, and helped to raise a year-round trail behind a barn in Piermont, New Hampshire. “Families just want to get out in their woods without climbing through fallen trees and blackberries and all that,” says Morton. “Some people enjoy horseback riding in the summertime.”

Over the past couple of decades, Morton has also seen a shift from strictly ski trails to ones that can be used every season for mountain biking, trail running, and more. With global warming, it makes sense to build trails that can be used sans snow. But to maximize what Mother Nature provides, Morton designs trails to hold snow better—staying mindful of windblown fields, adjusting widths, and avoiding southern exposures. He finds that much of his work dovetails with sustainable forestry practices.

“If you were going to put in a tennis court, you’d have a real stretch saying it was going to enhance wildlife habitat in your back yard,” says Morton. “But trails can create better conditions for grouse, turkeys, deer, birds, and other woodland animals.”

Sometimes, Morton will point out the critters to landowners, who get to name the trails. Not that Morton lacks creativity—he wrote the cross-country skiing novel A Medal of Honor and has regularly contributed to nordic publications and Vermont Public Radio. He’s also still an avid racer, traveling regularly to events in North America and tapping into the sweetness of his own career: gliding while regarding trails with a discriminating eye. “A ski trail is more of an art than science,” says Morton, ducking beneath a branch at Morse Farm. “In an ideal world, it looks like it’s been there forever.”

If Morton has his way, his name will one day be as recognizable as the Nicklaus name on a golf course.

Training Center in Alaska and serving in South Vietnam. In 1972 and 1976, Morton competed in the Olympic Winter Games, and has continued to maintain Olympic and World Cup ties as a biathlete team leader, chief of course, and referee.
Winter Tales

Tracking a solitary goose and examining the life of Robert Frost—the philosopher.

By Elisabeth Crean and John McCordell

Naturalists and nature writers consider any hint of anthropomorphism a serious sin. Attributing human qualities to animal behavior—that's something poets do. They may play with such flights of fancy, but scientists frown upon ascribing intent or feeling to other species.

Author Sydney Landon Plum '70 attempts to toe the lab-coated line in Solitary Goose (University of Georgia Press, 2007). But the creative writing professor bonds deeply with the wounded waterfowl she stumbles on at a local pond. As she observes, aids, and rescues wily geese and ducks, her intimacy with the animals shatters her attempts to conform to the naturalist dogma she espouses. She forges—and lovingly describes—human-avian interactions that this philosophy rejects.

The central tale Plum recounts is her relationship to a young goose with a damaged wing, whom she calls “solitary goose,” or SG for short. As winter approaches in Connecticut, southward-bound geese have finished migrating through the town's nature preserve. On her daily walks, Plum notices that a lone goose remains on the pond, despite the impending freeze-over. She speculates that he is a non-migratory Canada goose, a “resident” species adapted to overwintering in southern New England.

But Plum senses that something is wrong. SG lacks companions and is about to lose life-sustaining access to open water for drinking, sleeping, and protecting himself from predators. She soon realizes that SG has an injured wing, meaning he can no longer fly to a bigger, unfrozen body of water. By following him carefully and consulting wildlife experts, she gathers intelligence on how he lives and what he needs to survive. She brings him food, breaks up the encroaching ice, and hatches a rescue plan.

Plum keenly observes bird behavior and minute details of nature, and describes them in simple, elegiac language. She unfolds SG's story with genuine suspense and obvious passion. As winter deepens, perils increase. At night, Plum presses her nose against a darkened window in silent prayer. “I asked him to be careful, because of the coyotes and the foxes; to be strong, against the wind and cold; and to be brave, against the loneliness and despair.”

To get SG safely to wildlife rehabilitators, Plum spends months gaining the bird's trust and overcoming her own fear of walking on ice. If she can't capture him—a delicate, multi-person undertaking—he will die.

Along the way, Plum explains the differences between resident and migratory species and briefly sketches North America's history of human-goose interactions. Feathers, down, eggs, and meat once made geese valuable non-domesticated farm animals. Excessive hunting, along with the loss of wetlands habitat, led to the near-extinction of some species.

The restoration of...
PETER STANLIS ’42 is one of the College’s most productive alumni scholars. Distinguished Professor of Humanities Emeritus at Rockford College, Professor Stanlis devoted much of his academic career to the study of Edmund Burke. More recently he has returned to his scholarly origins and published extensively on Robert Frost, including his latest work: Robert Frost: The Poet as Philosopher (ISI Books, 2007).

Frost and Stanlis met at Bread Loaf in 1939, and the friendship endured until Frost’s death in 1963. The intellectual and philosophical kinship has continued to the present moment and is central to this important new work.

In its early years, Middlebury, like most academic institutions, termed what we would today call “science” as “natural philosophy,” a usage that gives deep insight into the nineteenth century American mind. Robert Frost, according to Stanlis, would have preferred the older formulation, since he believed that the physical sciences were in fact a branch of the humanities. From this view flowed Frost’s “dualism,” which, Stanlis argues, places Frost in the role of “impartial judge: he must observe both sides of the difficult case life presents and yet retain his impartial, independent judgment…” One can most fully appreciate Frost’s work, he continues, by understanding, as Frost himself would put it, the “two-endedness of things.”

Examples abound. In The Masque of Reason, God explains to Job:

My forte is truth,
Or metaphysics, long the world’s reproach
For standing still in one place true forever;
While science goes self-superseding on.
Look at how far we’ve left the current science
Of Genesis behind. The wisdom there though,
Is just as good as when I uttered it.
Still novelty has doubtless an attraction.

Or as Frost writes in his notebooks: “What’s wrong with Genesis is the science in it….The science is what is defective in the Old Testament, not the religion….Let religion enter into combination with the science of its time, for it will whether we let it or not….The science changes. The religion persists.”

Frost as dualist is also Frost as conversationalist. “Words exist in the mouth not in books,” he wrote in 1913, “You can’t read a single good sentence with the salt in it unless you have previously heard it spoken.” The give-and-take of good talk, in other words, informs Frost’s poetry, whether the subject is the divergence of two roads in a wood, the uncertainty of whose woods these are, birches, or fences.

With no little presumption does an historian venture into poetry. Yet Stanlis offers just such encouragement as he urges his reader to see Frost anew. The case for “poet as philosopher” is compellingly made in this volume. In summarizing a lifetime of research, publication, and intimate conversations with and about his subject, Peter Stanlis is little changed from him his alma mater knew; only more sure of all he thought was true.

—JM

At night, Plum presses her nose against a darkened window in silent prayer.

resident goose populations is an environmental happy ending—so successful that Canada geese are now considered “pests” in some suburban areas. But Plum rightly points out that “we have changed the Canada goose’s relationship to the environment by changing both the bird and the land it lives on. . . . We need both science and metaphor to truly understand the situation of nonhuman creatures with whom we share this fragile earth.”

Plum’s plea for metaphor, which she uses so effectively, contradicts her argument that anthropomorphic imagery should be rejected on principle. Though animals lack human expression and emotion, we do have our language to try to articulate their perspective. And it’s this perspective that lends depth to Plum’s moving story of SG.

Plum has considerable gifts as a storyteller, and I was left wanting more story when she digressed into theory. In The Solitary Goose, she has brought to life such a compelling character that the reader becomes eager, even impatient, to get back to his tale.

A man named Joe ultimately restores SG to health at a Connecticut sanctuary. Plum continues to visit the rescued goose there, even as future seasons find her caring for other birds on the pond. Her tie to SG remains special, however. “In . . . the solitary goose, I found an occurrence in nature that seemed to mirror my loneliness, thus lifting the burden of unnaturalness I felt.” In the end, both solitary creatures are saved from being alone.

—EC

Recently Published

■ The Misadventures of Justin Hearstfield (St. Martin’s Press, 2008) by Dan Elish ’83
■ Tales of the City (Xlibris, 2007) by Huck Fairman ’67
■ Tales from the ’Nam (Oak Manor Publishing, 2008) by David Nicholson ’83
■ Brett McCarthy: Work in Progress (Knopf Books for Young Readers, 2008) by Maria Padian ’83
■ Still Broken: A Recruit’s Inside Account of Intelligence Failures from Baghdad to the Pentagon (Ballantine Books, 2008) by A. J. Rossmiller ’04
■ Evidence of the Journey (Harmon Blunt, 2008) by Ralph Sneeden, M.A. English ’92

Winter 2008 51
Can Middlebury Change the World?

With your help, we can. In fact, we already are.

Liberal Arts Global Action
The Middlebury Initiative
GLOBALIZATION AFFECTS EVERY ASPECT OF OUR LIVES—from how we make a living to who our neighbors are, from what food we buy to what movies we watch, from where we live to how secure we feel. It affects higher education, too. Universities in Europe and Asia have already seen significant change due to greater mobility of students, information, and ideas across international boundaries. I believe we can ill afford to sit back and watch how the forces of globalization will affect residential liberal arts colleges like ours. In fact, I believe Middlebury can and should be the leader in defining the role of the liberal arts college in this century.

We already have all of the elements required to achieve that distinction. Middlebury combines a human-intensive education with an expansive global perspective and an international network of educational resources that no other liberal arts college can offer. The environment and international relations—two areas of crucial concern throughout the world—are not simply fields of study at Middlebury. They are woven throughout the curriculum and infuse every aspect of campus life. Indeed, a Middlebury education really is an education for a world requiring a global perspective.

The mission of the liberal arts college in the 21st century is to empower students to make a positive difference in our increasingly complex and interconnected world. Middlebury is committed to enhancing the opportunities available to its students in order to best prepare them for the demands of the world we all share. We are building a College that will be even stronger academically and financially, more accessible to a wide range of exceptional students, and considerably more visible and influential in this country and abroad.

But bold dreams cannot be realized without significant resources. That is why we are now engaged in the Middlebury Initiative, with the goal of raising $500 million over a five-year period. Success in this endeavor will require gifts of all sizes and the participation of all alumni, parents, and friends through major gifts, planned gifts, and Annual Fund.

Over the next five years, there will be many opportunities to have a profound effect on the College, its students, and through them, the world. As we move forward, we will use special supplements in Middlebury Magazine to share stories about students and alumni who are already making a difference. We have embarked on a meaningful journey, and we look forward to your company on the road ahead.

Ronald D. Liebowitz
President

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Initiative Priority Icons

- **Access and Opportunity**: Increased financial aid and internships to attract and support talented, committed students with diverse backgrounds and perspectives.
- **Teaching and Mentoring**: Enhanced learning opportunities for students through new faculty positions, student-faculty research and collaboration, faculty development, and curriculum development.
- **Programs and Infrastructure**: Support for programs, facilities, and cocurricular activities that enhance student life and encourage creativity and innovation.
- **Institutional Flexibility**: Increased ability to meet the needs of today's students and faculty and to respond to new opportunities through gifts to the Annual Fund.
Steven Head ’08 wanted real-life experience from his semesters abroad. Arriving at Middlebury’s School Abroad in Hangzhou, China, he decided never to study in his room. “I wanted to go where I could meet Chinese people,” recalls the Chinese and economics major. “So I studied in nearby West Lake Park. People would see my Chinese books, we’d start talking, and soon I had 18 local friends calling me on my cell phone every day.”

Fresh from a successful summer at Middlebury’s Chinese School, Head felt confident enough to socialize with people of different backgrounds—although this often meant sorting out his new acquaintances’ motives. “I saw how privileged I was as an American,” Head says, “but sometimes it was hard to tell if someone wanted to be my friend or assumed ‘American’ equaled rich—and able to treat entire groups at expensive restaurants.” Head found greater surety in socializing with young Hangzhou professionals with whom he stays in touch. He also found the opportunity to use his Chinese skills to interpret for UFC Fluorogreen Inc., a U.S.—based producer of gaskets and packing materials, in a six-million-dollar deal with a Chinese company. “UFC Fluorogreen was looking for an interpreter for several business meetings and the eventual dealsigning in China,” Head explains. “UFC’s head is friends with a Middlebury alumnus who suggested contacting our school in Hangzhou. Jeremy Friedlander [director of Middlebury’s School in China] suspended the Language Pledge so I could participate. It was exciting—my first experience in a real professional setting.”

Right after China, Head switched to his Spanish skills and studied in Guadalajara while interning at the American Chamber of Commerce. A suddenly transferred boss left Head running the international trade office, managing his fellow interns, and interpreting for U.S. executives finalizing large business deals in Mexico.

Now back at Middlebury, Head is assessing his post-graduation options, grateful to those who enabled him to develop so many. Professor of Chinese Carrie Reed is one: “I could always talk with her, and she helped me plan how to concentrate on my major and finish well.” And he’s grateful for scholarship support: “It’s been a major factor in the life-changing events I’ve had in my Middlebury experience,” he notes. His dream job? One in which he can speak face-to-face with Chinese business people on behalf of an American company. “Because of my semesters abroad, I’ve become more outgoing,” Head says. “And I look for ways to relate to people that go beyond language.”

Not long after arriving in China, Steven Head ’08 was using his Chinese skills in a high-stakes business negotiation.
One family's gifts to Middlebury are transforming the College. Through three generously funded programs, the Davis family is bringing the world together in rural Vermont and furthering the cause of peace.

Shelby and Gale Davis, Middlebury parents, currently support Middlebury through the Davis United World Colleges Scholars Program, while Shelby's mother, Kathryn, has established the Kathryn Wasserman Davis 100 Projects for Peace and the Kathryn Davis Fellowships for Peace: Investing in the Study of Critical Languages.

Since 2000, Shelby and Gale Davis have provided scholarships to Middlebury (and now to 88 American colleges and universities) for graduates of the United World College schools. (UWC selects exemplary students from 175 nations to study at its twelve internationally focused, two-year high schools). Middlebury—headquarters and home campus for this Davis UWC Scholars Program—has welcomed 167 UWC graduates from close to 100 nations, and has become a magnet for other outstanding international students. The Davises' generosity has meant that Middlebury students learn about the world from working and living with peers from numerous cultures. Shelby Davis says of his philanthropic purpose, "I'm trying to stimulate the leaders of the future to make a difference, through the grounding in education that I'm helping to give them."

The College officially announced the Middlebury Initiative with a gala celebration on campus during the weekend of October 6 ("A Global Initiative," Fall 2007).

Now the College is taking the Initiative to alumni, parents, and friends around the country and the world. A series of events will showcase faculty and alumni and will draw on Middlebury's human-intensive education and global perspective to engage the audience in substantive issues. A reception will follow the panel or lecture.

The first event, to be held in San Francisco, will address the future of Asia. Initiative events will continue through 2009.

Regional Events Winter-Spring 2008

February 13 ■ San Francisco Merchants Exchange

April 8 ■ Chicago Field Museum

April 16 ■ Boston Institute of Contemporary Art

May 7 ■ Denver Governor's Mansion

May 15 ■ New York Chelsea Piers' Pier 60

TBA ■ London—TBA

In 2007, Kathryn Wasserman Davis celebrated her 100th birthday by instituting a pair of new programs that are having a direct impact on scholarship at Middlebury.

The 100 Projects for Peace invited undergraduates at all of the colleges and universities participating in the Davis Program to design and carry out grassroots projects that could improve prospects for peace. In one of Middlebury's winning proposals, Hamza Usmani '10 and Shujaat Ali Khan '10 founded Enlightened Pakistan, an organization dedicated to promoting tolerance and education in their native country. They spent the summer of 2007 in Pakistan working to improve the national school system by analyzing government-issued textbooks and curricula. Their findings: The widely used books and curricula promoted bias and extremism against other countries and cultures. Enlightened Pakistan widely publicized their findings and presented them to nongovernmental organizations and Pakistan's education minister. Enlightened Pakistan's 30 members (Pakistani students at leading colleges and universities in the U.S. and U.K.) also teach analytical thinking and debate workshops in Pakistani high schools. "The idea," says Usmani, "is to equip students with the tools with which they could embrace [their own] 'enlightenment,' rather than preaching our own notions to them."

The Kathryn Davis Fellowships for Peace: Investing in the Study of Critical Languages created opportunities for 100 language students—whether undergraduates, graduates, or professionals—to achieve fluency at Middlebury's renowned summer Language Schools. Each of the applicants demonstrated a peace-oriented intention that learning Arabic, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, or Russian would fulfill.

In the first year since the launch of the fellowship program, applications to the Language Schools increased by 65 percent.
Go West
A growing number of alumni are finding the next phase in their professional lives on the California coast, studying at the Monterey Institute of International Studies (MIIS).

While at Middlebury, Seda Savas '05 developed passions for theatre, philosophy, and ethics. Post-graduation, the multilingual Turkish native made the most of Washington, D.C., interning at the Potomac Theatre Company and working for a criminal justice research organization. Living in the capital "determined a new chapter in my life," she says.

Savas is writing that chapter at MIIS, pursuing a dual degree in international business and international policy studies. "I hope to return to Washington and concentrate on human rights issues in developing countries," she says.

Right at home in Monterey’s international student body, Savas says, "I love MIIS and am thankful for the Middlebury-Monterey connection that initially brought me here."

Middlebury semesters in Spain, Costa Rica, and Uruguay deepened Danielle Barbeau’s understanding of European and Latin American economics and politics. At MIIS, the 2007 Middlebury graduate draws on lessons learned from her experiences abroad and seeks to widen her scope: She’ll soon start Arabic study in order to build fluency in Middle Eastern issues. "I couldn't be more pleased with my choice to attend MIIS," the Connecticut native says. "I'm learning the means to effect change. Internationally, the school is extremely well connected to governments, NGOs, the U.N., etc., making it easy to find internships and networking opportunities." A bonus: "The views and the weather don’t hurt, either."

David Bethke '01 moved 6,000 miles east to attend MIIS. The Middlebury Chinese and economics major spent five years working in China, the last three managing purchasing and production for Pigtronix, which he founded with David Koltai '01. Pigtronix, which makes boutique-quality analog guitar pedals (think wah-wah), is a global endeavor: Chinese factories produce components assembled in the U.S., and the company distributes worldwide. Bethke wants to refine his entrepreneurial skills to build the company, but he's particular: "A graduate program that transcended geographic and cultural constraints was important to me," he says of his move to the Fisher Graduate School of International Business at MIIS. "And attending grad school while building a business is an interesting art." For more information, see www.pigtronix.com.
Building the global liberal arts college doesn’t just mean sending students abroad. Far from it. While study abroad opportunities are, indeed, a valuable component of a Middlebury education, “liberal arts/global action,” broadly defined, means bringing the world to Middlebury as well as bringing Middlebury to the world. Infusing the curriculum and campus life, this ethos fuels students’ passions and fully prepares them to effect change in the world: liberal arts/global action.

What follows are a smattering of fun facts that help illustrate this ideal:

- **50** Number of states represented in the student body
- **70** Number of countries represented in the student body
- **1** Number of Supreme Court justices to speak at Middlebury last year (Chief Justice John Roberts)
- **1** Number of former United States presidents to speak at Middlebury last year (President Bill Clinton)
- **45** Number of individual majors offered at Middlebury
- **19** Number of majors that offer cocurricular courses with international studies
- **400±** Number of Middlebury students studying abroad in 2007-08
- **30** Number of Schools Abroad sites
- **12** Number of countries with Schools Abroad sites
- **2,350** Number of undergraduate students enrolled at Middlebury
- **550** Number of students enrolled at the Bread Loaf School of English last summer
- **3,750** Miles, the greatest distance a Bread Loaf student traveled (from Kabul, Afghanistan)
- **1,315** Number of students attending the Language Schools last summer
- **10** Number of Language Schools in 2008 (with inauguration of the School of Hebrew)
- **28** Number of countries represented by Language Schools faculty

This winter term, courses have taken students abroad—to places such as Vilnius, Lithuania; Odessa, Ukraine; and Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. In direct response to a recommendation in the strategic plan to strengthen winter term by reintroducing up to three off-campus courses per year, the College launched the International Initiatives Fund to provide revenue for such opportunities.

The International Initiatives Fund falls under the rubric of Middlebury’s International Education Funds, which serve current and emerging needs of College programs and initiatives associated with international education.

The funds support myriad opportunities, including financial aid for international students and for graduate students enrolled in the Middlebury Language Schools and at the Monterey Institute of International Studies; internships abroad; collaborative research for faculty and students at Monterey’s two research centers, the Center for Nonproliferation Studies and the Center for East Asian Studies; faculty exchange between Middlebury and Monterey; programming at the Rohatyn Center for International Affairs and at the C.V. Starr-Middlebury Schools Abroad; and, as noted, winter term courses abroad.

To date, more than $94 million has been raised for Middlebury’s International Education Funds.

For more information on the Middlebury Initiative, please visit: [www.middleburyinitiative.org](http://www.middleburyinitiative.org).
An exiled professor from Vietnam spoke of enduring 20 years in prison for repeatedly criticizing his government. A Jordanian journalist described the risks she has taken to condemn “honor killings” of women in her country. A Sudanese refugee related the heartbreak in his homeland and the challenges of resettlement in the U.S. These testimonials were given not at the United Nations, but at Middlebury.

For 11 days in November, a student-led symposium commemorated the 60th anniversary of the U.N. Universal Declaration of Human Rights with speakers, theatre performances, a film showing, and an art exhibit.

“Faces of Human Rights” was the inspiration of Saila Huusko ’10, Prerna Seth ’10, and Rowan Braybrook ’09, who spent eight months organizing the event, adding the enormous task to their schedules of classes, papers, exams, and campus jobs. As Huusko notes, “We wanted to observe the anniversary of the Declaration by examining what ‘human rights’ really means.”

From Finland, India, and Washington State, respectively, the three students were active in justice and human rights issues before coming to Middlebury. Huusko and Seth attended United World College’s Mahindra campus in India, where students volunteer in village health and employment projects. Seth had also interned for an international criminal court in her native Delhi. And Braybrook joined relief teams to help Guatemalan hurricane victims. In addition, all three had volunteered in different South Asian communities devastated by the December 2004 tsunami.

At Middlebury, each student found further inspiration in courses taught by anthropology professor David Stoll, a specialist in South American human rights issues. As Seth recalls of a Stoll course, “We delved into case studies from all over the world. Professor Stoll emphasized that often human rights work involves tough compromises—he quoted one activist as saying ‘sometimes you have to shake hands with the devil.’ That opened my eyes.”

Eyes wide open, the students decided they wanted the symposium to show the human side of activism and that they’d use the fine arts to do it. “Symposia are often pretty academic,” says Huusko, “but we felt a connection between activism and the power of the arts. We also wanted to put a face on human rights activists, and to involve students in this important issue.”

Huusko, Seth, and Braybrook found an ideal vehicle in a play by exiled Chilean writer Ariel Dorfman, Manifesto for Another World: Voices from Beyond the Dark, in which 40 noted activists tell their stories. Sophomore Nerina Cocchi directed fellow students in the play (which the organizers also used as a “directory” for potential speakers). The day after the performance, Jordanian journalist Rana Hassani, whom Huusko depicted in the play, gave the symposium’s opening address—after which the line of students queueing up at the standing microphone stretched to the back of Mead Chapel.

Meanwhile, the library exhibited 30 paintings on human rights themes by English artist William T. Ayton; documentary filmmaker Deb Ellis showed “Peace Has No Borders,” about U.S. resisters to the Iraq war; and students conversed with people—some of them fellow students—whose human rights struggles had defined their lives.

The organizers made their mark, says associate professor of political science Nadia Horning: “The variety of projects our students take on is impressive. Our students get excited about creating change in the world.”
IN 2005, THE NATURE CONSERVANCY AND MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE recognized that there might be tremendous potential in combining the intellectual resources of an institution renowned for its program in environmental studies and the world’s largest conservation organization.

The two organizations partnered to create summer internship opportunities for Middlebury students, a dynamic example of experiential learning that also enables students to effect environmental change throughout the world. Students with a strong conservation ethic and interests and skills that would be useful to local chapters were paired with jobs that ranged from sand-plain restoration on Martha’s Vineyard to assisting with marketing and philanthropy projects in China’s Yunnan province. The initial three-year pilot project has proven so successful that it has been funded again for summer 2008, with support for up to 6 interns.

In its first three years, 11 students have participated, working in such locations as eastern New York; Chicago, Illinois; Martha’s Vineyard; Illinois’ Nachusa Grasslands; Mexico’s Monterrey-Chihuahua Desert; the Yucatan Peninsula in Mexico; and Yunnan province in China.

“My experience has confirmed my passion for the environment and given me a new appreciation for environmental science.”

This partnering has yielded valuable results for both interns and sponsors. For Kelly Nichols ’09, for example, it provided personal and professional growth: “My experience has confirmed my passion for the environment and given me a new appreciation for environmental science... Most of the life experience that I gained over the summer was learned from my coworkers... Not only did they give me valuable advice about how to pursue a career in the field, they taught me and tested my patience, cooperation, passion, and hard work.”

And for the project in China, it provided much needed bilingual expertise. The internship proved to be a perfect match for Chi Zhang ’09, who is fluent in both English and Chinese. She became, as the sponsor explained, “a crucial member of the China team.”
28 REUNION CLASS

It is with sadness that we report the death of Helen M. Bailey on September 10. Helen celebrated her 100th birthday on August 18 with many friends and family members at the Vernon Hall Retirement Residence in Vernon, Vt. She greeted everyone who came in with her usual wit and good cheer, and people couldn't help but smile after speaking with her. She will be missed by many. Perhaps her memory can live on in the memoir she was writing—which she claimed had gotten quite long!

35 No news, but I hope all of you have read and been proud of all that Middlebury College is doing to help prevent global warming.

—Class Correspondent: Ann Davis Smith, 147 West State St., Room 208, Kenneth Square, PA 19348.

37 We regret to report the death of Jessamine Hale Mensing on August 27, in Bridgewater, N.J., her home for more than 50 years, not far from Bound Brook where she had attended high school and spent much of her childhood. Jessamine was a volunteer in the gift shop and blood bank at Somerset Medical Center, Somerville, for many years and was active in the Somerville History Club and in her church in Bound Brook. At Middlebury she was on the women's hockey team for four years, played volleyball, and participated in Mountain Club activities. We extend the class's sympathy to her family. A memorial appears elsewhere in the magazine.

—Class Correspondent: Ann Davis Smith, 147 West State St., Room 208, Kenneth Square, PA 19348.

39 Irene Fernandez Anderson was interested to read in this column that Eleanor Caldwell is back in New Orleans. Irene's son has held his Latin America Leadership Conference there. He holds one every year in a different locale—the latest in the Dominican Republic. Irene's financial consultant is from New Orleans and says that he is impressed with how well the city is recovering. Irene and her husband (at 94) are doing well and are both active.

—Class Correspondent: Mrs. Charles M. Hall, Wake Robin Dr., Shelburne, VT 05736.

38 REUNION CLASS

It was a treat talking with Ivan Bunnell and wife Alice. They have lived in a continuing care retirement community in Williamsville, N.Y., for nearly eight years. Transportation is provided for residents so they are able to attend concerts as both Alice and Ivan have always enjoyed music. Son Mark lives in Kansas City, Mo., son Gene is in Albany, N.Y., and daughter Anne is in North Kingstown, R.I. As we talked about reunion, they said they hope very much to be there.

—Class Correspondent: Marshall Sewell (marshland7@verizon.net), 20 Morning Glory Ln., Winning, NJ 08759.

39 REUNION CLASS

Irene Fernandez Anderson was interested to read in this column that Eleanor Caldwell is back in New Orleans. Irene's son has held his Latin America Leadership Conference there. He holds one every year in a different locale—the latest in the Dominican Republic. Irene's financial consultant is from New Orleans and says that he is impressed with how well the city is recovering. Irene and her husband (at 94) are doing well and are both active.

—Class Correspondent: Mrs. Charles M. Hall, Wake Robin Dr., Shelburne, VT 05736.

40 The mini-reunion of the Class of 1940 was held at the Bread Loaf campus of the College on October 26–28. Returning for the event were R.C. Anderson and wife Lynn, Bob and Bobbie Plumer Alden, Martha Taylor Elliott, Ed Reichert, Frances Cornwall Hutner, and Loring Pratt and wife Jeanette. R.C. thoughtfully brought a bottle of 1940 vintage wine to celebrate the occasion. Frances was slightly late to our dinner because he counted only 26 sheep when she put her flock to bed. Being a good shepherdess she located the missing lamb and then came to our party. It seems like she is really devoted to her flock. * The College must be...
both complimented and thanked for the gracious and excellent arrangements they made for us to obtain the maximum enjoyment from our mini-reunion. Our banquet was served in a small room at Bread Loaf, properly selected for the size of the group, and for our prepartial obligations, hors d'oeuvres, and reminiscing conversations, there were desserts and a cream cheese to sit on. Dinner was superbly cooked roast beef just the way we like it. After the meal R.C. quizzed each of the returning classmates about their activities in the years intervening between '40 and '67. It seemed that everyone had enjoyed a good and productive, as well as interesting and somewhat harrowing, summer. Of those who returned appeared to be in good health and continued to exude an enthusiasm for life and learning. All were eager for news about classmates. * The weather was perfectly beautiful for our arrival and for our departure, interrupted by a downpour for the football and rugby matches on Saturday. The reception in the evening on Saturday encompassed the whole returning alumni body and was held at the art center, a building of great beauty that houses the Middlebury College Museum of Art, where a small but choice collection was available for viewing. Many, many new buildings have arisen since '40 and currently the Egbert Starr Library is under expansion with a very large wing being added to each end of the building. * We hope that you are all well, will remain well, and will return for our 70th reunion in 2010. Martha mentioned how much the enjoyed the company of those who came, but how much she also missed seeing those of you who had been attending recent reunions but who were not heard from for this one. Won't you please let us all know how you are—even if you don't find it newsworthy? Fill Loring's mailbox with news and he will transmit it to all via the newsletter. * Bobbie Alden wrote a note: "We enjoyed the Leadership Conference held September 28-30 at Bread Loaf, as Bob is one of our class agents. It was also a mini family reunion for us as daughter Shari Galligan Johnson '68 is a class agent for her class and granddaughter Hilary Johnson '02 is also a class agent for her class agent Shari Galligan Johnson '68 is a class agent for her class. * The Class of 1942 trees have been rediscovered. One is a paper bark maple west of Pepin Gymnasium, and the other is a red maple north of Starr Library. Both are healthy and beautiful! Don't forget to write or e-mail any newsy tidbits you may have for our next 1942 column! * Correspondent Joan Calley Cooper (joanc@earthlink.net), 3400 Laguna St., Apt. 321, San Francisco, CA 94123.

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Both complimented and thanked for the gracious and excellent arrangements they made for us to obtain the maximum enjoyment from our mini-reunion. Our banquet was served in a small room at Bread Loaf, properly selected for the size of the group, and for our prepartial obligations, hors d'oeuvres, and reminiscing conversations, there were desserts and a cream cheese to sit on. Dinner was superbly cooked roast beef just the way we like it. After the meal R.C. quizzed each of the returning classmates about their activities in the years intervening between '40 and '67. It seemed that everyone had enjoyed a good and productive, as well as interesting and somewhat harrowing, summer. Of those who returned appeared to be in good health and continued to exude an enthusiasm for life and learning. All were eager for news about classmates. * The weather was perfectly beautiful for our arrival and for our departure, interrupted by a downpour for the football and rugby matches on Saturday. The reception in the evening on Saturday encompassed the whole returning alumni body and was held at the art center, a building of great beauty that houses the Middlebury College Museum of Art, where a small but choice collection was available for viewing. Many, many new buildings have arisen since '40 and currently the Egbert Starr Library is under expansion with a very large wing being added to each end of the building. * We hope that you are all well, will remain well, and will return for our 70th reunion in 2010. Martha mentioned how much the enjoyed the company of those who came, but how much she also missed seeing those of you who had been attending recent reunions but who were not heard from for this one. Won't you please let us all know how you are—even if you don't find it newsworthy? Fill Loring's mailbox with news and he will transmit it to all via the newsletter. * Bobbie Alden wrote a note: "We enjoyed the Leadership Conference held September 28-30 at Bread Loaf, as Bob is one of our class agents. It was also a mini family reunion for us as daughter Shari Galligan Johnson '68 is a class agent for her class and granddaughter Hilary Johnson '02 is also a class agent for her class agent Shari Galligan Johnson '68 is a class agent for her class. * The Class of 1942 trees have been rediscovered. One is a paper bark maple west of Pepin Gymnasium, and the other is a red maple north of Starr Library. Both are healthy and beautiful! Don't forget to write or e-mail any newsy tidbits you may have for our next 1942 column! * Correspondent Joan Calley Cooper (joanc@earthlink.net), 3400 Laguna St., Apt. 321, San Francisco, CA 94123.
Middlebury's chapel bells and ivy-covered walls. The song was so popular it became the alma mater. Bounce later wrote these words: "I always thought one of the outstanding moments of beauty in my life was the first snowstorm in late November 1939 when, as a freshman, I went up Chapel Hill. The lights were on and the snowflakes came down gently. That truly was worthy of a song." Correspondent Gale reports: Phil Backup and wife Ruth remain healthy and active. They went to Fairbanks, Alaska, for the summer solstice and for golf and planned to go to Hawaii in November. They visited Washington, D.C., last summer especially to see the new Museum of American Indians, and they were very favorably impressed by it; Ruth apparently had some part in the displays. I mentioned Phil's mother five years ago; she passed away in 2000 at 105, fulfilling her wish to have lived in three centuries. *Stu Walker* had coronary bypass surgery a year ago; he reports that the first two weeks postop were rather rough but since then he's been feeling appreciably better than prior to the operation. He spent a month sailing in Europe in late summer and won the Scottish National Soling Championship, capturing four of seven races on Loch Linnhe. He has kept a sailboat in Europe since 1986, plus a trailer and vehicle to pull it, but in Scotland he was using a borrowed boat. He's had another book on sailing in process now for several years. *Bob Byington* has finished his five-year term on the board of directors for the Village at Duxbury in Duxbury, Mass.; he says he enjoyed the work. Two or three times a week he plays nine holes of golf, and about every other day swims 40 laps in the pool. He seems to have made a complete recovery from last year's abdominal surgery. *Ann*, his wife and my co-correspondent, remains well. *With regret we report the deaths of Elliot Baines on September 27 in Vero Beach, Fla., and Comstock Small on October 9 in Port Clyde, Maine. Eb, as we knew him, served in the Navy on a minelayer, survived the sinking of his ship in Manila Harbor in 1945, and went on to an eminently successful career in metalurgy, with retirement in Florida. While at Middlebury, he was active in the Mountain Club, a member of Alpha Sigma Phi and the Blue Key Society, and with retirement in Florida. While at Middlebury, he was active in the Mountain Club, a member of Alpha Sigma Phi and the Blue Key Society, and chairman of the Winter Carnival. We send our condolences to wife Janet and all his family. In a note recently received, Janet indicated she hoped to come to the 65th reunion, where she would certainly be welcome. Comstock, in the Army Air Corps, flew his P-51 fighter over Hiroshima the morning after the bomb was dropped to take some of the first bomb damage assessment photos. Returning to Middlebury in 1946, he graduated in 1947, spent time in Italy, raced sailboats with Stu Walker, obtained a master's from Harvard, and then taught for five years in various universities. For several years he had been anxious to return to his home state of Maine and did achieve this recently. Our sympathy is sent to wife Linda and the rest of his family.*

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**44** We have new addresses for two of our classmates: Betty Broadbent Brown can now be reached at 702 Trinity Court, Evanston, IL 60201 and Nancy Read at 16702 N. Dale Mabry Hwy., Apt. 239, Tampa, FL 33618. *Paul Davis* sent us a welcome letter with details of what has been going on his life. He's currently a resident of the German Retirement Home in Kirkland, Wash., an assisted living facility that originally was a community center established 40 years ago in what was at that time a German neighborhood in the city of Seattle. He moved there to be near son Dwight and wife Cheryl, and their children, Greg and Anna, both in their midteens. Paul had previously lived with them after wife Phoebe died at their home in Morelia, capital of the Mexican state of Michoacan. Before moving to Seattle, he spent several years with Janet Townsend in Millburn, N.J., after a chance meeting during an Alumni College session at Bread Loaf in 1997, and then moved with her to an assisted living facility in Princeton after Janet fell victim to Parkinson's disease. Janet died last June 22. "This brings you up-to-date on my retirement years." Thanks, Paul. We would like to hear the same from other classmates! Paul's address is German Retirement Home, Room 204, 1185 97th Ave. NE, Kirkland, WA 98034. *A call from Hugh Taft reported the latest news of Harold (Holly) Hollister who recently moved from Ohio to New York to live with his daughter there. He can be reached c/o Peggy Sotter, 5 Bristol Rd., Canandaigua, NY 14424.*

*Ingrid Monk Stevenson* had a busy summer. In June she went to Montana with her daughter to visit a granddaughter and great-granddaughter. Later that month Ruth (Rick) Wheaton Evans joined her for a week at a family reunion in Virginia Beach, Va. "We were 27 out of a possible 40 including six great-grandchildren. While we were there another great-grandchild arrived in Atlanta. I'm expecting two more to be born this winter!" Later in the summer she joined Ricki at her place in Deer Island, Maine, for three weeks. *Last summer, John Cadwell and wife Mary attended the five plays at the summer theater in Williamsburg, Mass., following a tradition that John tells us they have been doing for 25 years.*

*Al Boissevain* has put his vineyard in California on the market and is planning to move to Bloomington, Ind., to be near his daughter. Correspondent Walker reports: My "hot off the press" news from all of you is in the mail or has been delayed by global warming so I shall begin with a story from Medford Leas. Not long after Bill and I moved here, I discovered a former member of the V-12 Unit, Al Pfeiffer, whose attendance at Middlebury coincided with ours. As a 17-year-old, whose mother signed his enlistment papers over his protests, Al's earliest recollection was the march from the railroad station up to the hilltop. His mother had not only packed his oversized trunk full of clothing changes, but had added a large bag of apples and a dozen sandwiches just in case Middlebury did not provide food. If his marching partner had not been strong enough to give him a hand, his naval career might have ended there and then. He reached the dorm without any other stumbling blocks. However, he then encountered another Navy directive, the compulsory haircut, which was successively finessed by a fellow recruit who stuck downtown to the barber where he had had V-12 indented in his former locks. Al was tempted to follow suit but soon discovered that it was not a success. Al was subject to the usual military discipline, rising at 4:30, marching constantly to each destination, jogging under surveillance. His favorite memory was sitting upstairs in chapel when the Navy hymn was regularly played: "Eternal Father, strong to save, / Whose arm hath bound the restless wave." It succeeded in washing away most irritations. It is with sadness that we report the deaths of classmates: Maria Caggia on December 20, 2003, Cranston Howe on August 13, 2007, and Ruth Ann Merrill Otis on September 27, 2007. Our condolences are sent to their families and friends. *Mary Witszowsky McClellan* is still running a quarter of a mile every morning. Daughter Ann is a freelance writer, Bill is teaching seventh grade social studies and science in Union, Maine, and Rob has had the thrill of making a transcontinental helicopter flight. Both granddaughters are at Lawrenceville School.*

Alice Southworth Twible had an extraordinary experience accompanying husband Harlan on a trip to LA and New York where they were the guests of the Discovery Channel as part of their promotion of Ocean of Fear: Whose Arm Hath Bound the Restless Wave. Her story was very pleased. Along with most other things at her new address is German Retirement Home, Room 204, 1185 97th Ave. NE, Kirkland, WA 98034. *A call from Hugh Taft reported the latest news of Harold (Holly) Hollister who recently moved from Ohio to New York to live with his daughter there. He can be reached c/o Peggy Sotter, 5 Bristol Rd., Canandaigua, NY 14424.*

**45** Correspondent Walker reports: My "hot off the press" news from all of you is in the mail or has been delayed by global warming so I shall begin with a story from Medford Leas. Not long after Bill and I moved here, I discovered a former member of the V-12 Unit, Al Pfeiffer, whose attendance at Middlebury coincided with ours. As a 17-year-old, whose mother signed his enlistment papers over his protests, Al's earliest recollection was the march from the railroad station up to the hilltop. His mother had not only packed his oversized trunk full of clothing changes, but had added a large bag of apples and a dozen sandwiches just in case Middlebury did not provide food. If his marching partner had not been strong enough to give him a hand, his naval career might have ended there and then. He reached the dorm without any other stumbling blocks. However, he then encountered another Navy directive, the compulsory haircut, which was successively finessed by a fellow recruit who stuck downtown to the barber where he had had V-12 indented in his former locks. Al was tempted to follow suit but soon discovered that it was not a success. Al was subject to the usual military discipline, rising at 4:30, marching constantly to each destination, jogging under surveillance. His favorite memory was sitting upstairs in chapel when the Navy hymn was regularly played: "Eternal Father, strong to save, / Whose arm hath bound the restless wave." It succeeded in washing away most irritations. It is with sadness that we report the deaths of classmates: Maria Caggia on December 20, 2003, Cranston Howe on August 13, 2007, and Ruth Ann Merrill Otis on September 27, 2007. Our condolences are sent to their families and friends. *Mary Witszowsky McClellan* is still running a quarter of a mile every morning. Daughter Ann is a freelance writer, Bill is teaching seventh grade social studies and science in Union, Maine, and Rob has had the thrill of making a transcontinental helicopter flight. Both granddaughters are at Lawrenceville School.*

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Betty Donelan Gilmore lived 200 Belvoir Woods Pkwy., Apt. 301, Fort Belvoir, VA 22060. She still has fond memories of her time in Middlebury with playing bridge games and walking to town for ice cream. For some reason there was no mention of studying and going to classes but maybe that goes without saying. Or maybe not. She keeps in touch with Peg Romer Jones and Mary Nasmith Means from a Topsfield, Mass. Barbara Grigg Welsh wrote, the long letter saying she and husband Jack still live in the same old big barn of a house that they purchased in 1963. Bobbie—or Barbara if you prefer—has worked as a volunteer at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts for 21 years, where she is a gallery instructor. Her recent travels included a trip to Sicily with one set of children and to Rome with a second set. While living in Topsfield, they have for the past owned horses, sheep, a flock of hens, rabbits, and dogs. The menagerie has been slowly reduced now to two cats; the mouse population is at zero. Bobbie keeps in touch with Terri Schneider Jarrell and Phyllis Law Redfield. Klues doused off her Brother EM-411 electric typewriter to tell us about life in Daytona Beach, Fla. Joy moved to the Great State of Florida in 2000 to be near her daughter and six-year-old granddaughter. Daytona Beach is, of course, noted for its automobile racing. And joy lives close enough so that she can hear the hum of the cars in the distance. Her new e-mail address is jklueus@ crr.tl. * Bob and Marie Scudder Dix still reside in Redding, Conn., but they continue to enjoy trips to Montana to visit their daughter who lives in Bigfork. Bigfork, as you all know, is located right next to Woods Bay and Somers; you can’t miss it. The retreat of the glaciers in Glacier Park is distressing to all. Marie says the walking trails in the park are outstanding and steep. She and Bob tend to stay on the flat parts. Bobbie Bates writes, they are in the process of changing her last name to Redding, Conn., but they continue to enjoy trips to Montana to visit their daughter who lives in Bigfork. Bigfork, as you all know, is located right next to Woods Bay and Somers; you can’t miss it. The retreat of the glaciers in Glacier Park is distressing to all. Marie says the walking trails in the park are outstanding and steep. She and Bob tend to stay on the flat parts. **Dee Anne Bonsib Thomas lives in a retirement complex in Winter Park, Fla., continuing to be very active in the community and healing the area, where she is an intercessor. At the Towers where she lives, she calls on some of the people in the health center. She still walks a mile every day, inside to avoid the balmy Florida days in the summertime. * Jane Ringlund Pippin wrote about her new home at the Carriage Club in Charlotte, N.C. She and husband Ray moved there from their home in Lake Wylie, S.C., three years ago. The Pippins are enjoying their villa for some time to come. They hope to attend the 70th reunion but Carl fell while in a five-kilometer walk race and got pretty banged up. They hope to attend the 70th. * Marjory Nelson Bench and husband Bob decided they were getting too old to maintain two homes and travel back and forth between them so they listed their home in North Carolina, sold it two weeks later, and had 30 days to move out. They were happy to find a condo in the same Florida golf community where they had been members for 10 years and October 1 became permanent residents there. You can reach them at 500 Park Blvd So., Apt. 3, Venice, FL 34285. Bob had back surgery but is trying to get back with his golf. Marjory plays but only because she “likes the ladies.” * "Bobbi-" wrote to say that her husband’s sister who will be interred in Middlebury’s West Cemetery with full military honors as she was a Navy veteran. * From State College, Pa., Mary Albertson Thompson reports she recently returned from a trip to Petaluma, Calif., to visit her daughter and son-in-law. She enjoyed visiting Luther Burbank’s home and gardens, Point Reyes, and the redwood forests. There were also many vineyards and wineries in the area but Mary did not elaborate whether these were also enjoyed. —Class Correspondents: William and Janet Shaw Penalva (wpenvala@gad.com), 9726 SW 195 Circle, Donnellon, FL 34432.
Allan Miller. Her son, Allan, wrote me that Jean broke her wrist in June, which led to complications and surgery. Although Jean and husband Dan, who died three years ago, spent most of their married life in the Midwest, they loved New England and Allan said, "Right now she is on the coast of Maine with my father and in a great place forever." The class sends its sympathy to all of the Miller family.

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Secretary Whittier reports:

Reflecting on a recent visit, retired New Jersey Superior Court Judge Peter Cass observed that the Middlebury campus seems more liberal than in our time. Although Peter's wife remains an active sitting judge, they enjoy worldwide journeys. Peter had just returned from taking the youngest of four grandchildren to the local Turtleback Zoo when we spoke. The Appalachian Mountain Club has been the beneficiary of Doug Christie's interest since Midd days, culminating in his service on the national board. Doug continues to protect our natural heritage with conservation easements and a forestry management plan for his land in Newbury, VT. Fortunately, his daughter lives in East Middlebury, which also draws him north of his home in Connecticut. Jean and Gid LaCroix have realized the dream of some Midd graduates of residing on a Vermont farm with two riding horses. Their impressive antique collection all started with the necessity for furniture for their college apartment in Weybridge—a Shaker chair was purchased for 25 cents! Curiosity about antiques led eventually to Gid's being named president of the Vermont Antique Dealers Association. Bill von Dreele continues to live in the heart of NYC. Bill was recognized as the contributing editor for William Buckley's National Review magazine when in 1997 he received an Honorary Doctor of Letters degree presented by then-Middlebury President John Buckley.

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Indianapolis who works in information technology for the state of Indiana (she keeps track of all their road contracts), and another daughter who helps him manage his securities portfolio. He adds, “I originally came out to Idaho because of skiing and I skied for many, many years. I finally stopped about 10 years ago since the risk (getting hurt) to reward ratio was too large. But we have an excellent skiing area about 20 miles south of town—much superior to what Middlebury had in the late 1940s when I was there!”  

According to Jean Blanchard Parsons, the move she and Bob made two years ago to an apartment in an “adult community” was the next logical step. They’ve met some wonderful people and there are “more activities than you can possibly imagine.” She adds, “It’s so nice not having to rake leaves, shovel snow, or clean out the gutters.” She and Bob celebrated his 80th birthday with the whole family—19 of them—spending a week on the Outer Banks. Bob continues to work, although part-time, and they still play a little golf. In spite of only spending two years at Midd because of a commitment to the Navy, Dave Peet still feels a “strong attachment to the school and to all of you whom I got to know in that brief time.” Dave, before instructing the Ligonier (Pa.) Highland Games, the annual Scottish celebration that takes place the first weekend after Labor Day. In 1969 when he took over the Games as an unpaid volunteer, the future was questionalable: it was operating at a loss and drawing just 1,500 attendees. Under Dave’s direction, the attendance now reaches an average of 10,000 a year and the Games have been expanded to include competition that draws top bands, dancers, and athletes. Dave has kindly offered to send complimentary passes to any of you who would like to attend the Games this year. Just e-mail him at light@verizon.net. We can expect to see Dave and wife Virginia at our 60th reunion in 2010.  

Correspondent Porter reports: I heard from Rufus Cushman who says, “We moved to Proctor, Vt., which is Connie’s hometown, in June 2006. We auditioned and got into the Vermont Symphony Chorus—good fun as usual. We’re doing the Beethoven Missa Solemnis in November. Also singing with a new Hospice chorus June 2006. We auditioned and got into the Virginia at our 60th reunion in 2010. They’ve met some wonderful people and there are “more activities than you can possibly imagine.” She adds, “It’s so nice not having to rake leaves, shovel snow, or clean out the gutters.” She and Bob celebrated his 80th birthday with the whole family—19 of them—spending a week on the Outer Banks. Bob continues to work, although part-time, and they still play a little golf. In spite of only spending two years at Midd because of a commitment to the Navy, Dave Peet still feels a “strong attachment to the school and to all of you whom I got to know in that brief time.” Dave, before instructing the Ligonier (Pa.) Highland Games, the annual Scottish celebration that takes place the first weekend after Labor Day. In 1969 when he took over the Games as an unpaid volunteer, the future was questionalable: it was operating at a loss and drawing just 1,500 attendees. Under Dave’s direction, the attendance now reaches an average of 10,000 a year and the Games have been expanded to include competition that draws top bands, dancers, and athletes. Dave has kindly offered to send complimentary passes to any of you who would like to attend the Games this year. Just e-mail him at light@verizon.net. We can expect to see Dave and wife Virginia at our 60th reunion in 2010.

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an exhibition area, a restaurant, and a tourist information center. (See Gretchen’s notes in our 50th reunion book.) Gretchen spent a week in Providence with daughter and family, and hopes to repeat a 2005 trip with son and family and her nephew, renting the former family cottage in Maine. • Russ Wyman has become Rudd Wyman in former home Richmond, N.H., and now in present home, Plymouth, Mass. “How Russ became Rudd is still a mystery to me.” He and Margie live in a park for the 50–90 set, close to son Steve, wife Dyan, and their two children. He mows lawns for breakfast change and occasionally sells a painting. Margie teaches at KU (KU holds 24) in the center of Buzzards Bay—Russ drops her off and goes fishing on the canal! • Barbara Penn Buchanan retired from the real estate company she owned in Fargo, N.D., and moved with husband Bob to Ocala, Fla., half an hour from the Arabian horse farm where her youngest son breeds, trains, and shows “the most beautiful animals on earth.” She owns one third of a horse (and one third of the expenses!) named For the Love of Thunder, who’s won championships in shows all over the world and whose father, Good Thunder, is the winningest Arabian show stallion in the country. • Mary Sellman McIntosh is still subbing in school and loving it—always the teacher! • Norm 53 and Joan Allen Armour celebrated their 54th anniversary last year. They also spent a week at the beach on Lake Erie and Joan attended her Buffalo high school reunion. Then on to California and a surprise Armour reunion under the umbrella of a 50th birthday party for son John ’80. Back home they have several black bears and lots of deer, which they like to watch—also a coyote and a bobcat they wish would just go away! They feel fortunate to have health, good friends, and a roof over their heads. “It’s always fun to go back to Middlebury and Vermont, and perhaps we’ll see some of you at the golf weekend (Norm plays) or a winter hockey game or two.” • David ’50 and Mary Krum Dale were in Vermont for two weeks last July and met with Ken ’50 and Carolyn Sackett Coleburn and Jim and Barbara Lukens Cullins for their annual rendezvous in Quebec. The Dale family enjoys the retirement community in Hingham, Mass, and are surprised how much they love it—makes for much easier living. In remembering Julia Ellis Weeks, Mary said they were very close the first years at Middlebury, then lost track of each other. Mary visited Julie between sophomore and junior years in Grand Haven, Mich., and had a wonderful time sailing on Lake Michigan and going to great parties. After that Julie missed two or three years and Mary’s not quite sure when she returned. Julie was a great sailor, possessed a loving character, was fun, and was one of the most beautiful young women at Middlebury. • It’s our great pleasure to hear from you. Please contact us in any way at any time—we take suggestions and ideas, too! —Class Correspondents: William and Phyllis Cole Denning (belling@verizon.net), 143 Merton Rd., Shelburne, VT 05482.

52 This is the first edition of our class notes by your new class correspondents. We’d like to thank Jeanne Parker Cahill and Joe Davis for their many years of gathering and reporting all our news. They did a terrific job! Barbara Cummiskey

Villet (a.k.a. Peanuts), Bill Huey, and Ken Nourse want you to note our addresses and be assertive about sending news along, at any time, to one of us. We all want to know what’s going on in your lives. • I had a nice phone chat with Barry Weexes this past summer. He’s already sold one of his businesses and is preparing to sell a second in a year or so. Must be lucrative because he’s living in an 8,000-square-foot house in Newport Beach, Calif, overlooking the blue Pacific. Barry says he needs the space to entertain several grandchildren during the course of a year. • Gene Dix called from his summer residence in the Berkshires. He’s probably leading our class as the oldest “true” tennis player in New England. Dix spends the other seasons in Bluffton, S.C., which must be one of the fastest growing communities in the country. He reports that “life is good.” • Dick Thayer has a grandson, Hunter Thayer, who gained some local notoriety as a star hockey player and golfer at Rice Memorial High School in the Burlington, Vt., area. Hunter, sad to report, is a first-year at Skidmore. I think we may have missed a good one here at Midd. • Dee Rowe has had an ongoing and successful battle with cancer. He’s had two major surgeries and come through both in good shape. As a consequence, he has a whole new perspective on life. I might add that wife Ginny (Reynolds) ’53 is his rock. Bless them both. • Steve Baker never changes. He plays a lot of golf and reports that the Brattleboro Country Club allows anyone whose age combined with their handicap equals 100 to play the forward tees for free. That’s my kind of club! • Correspondent Villet reports: A letter from Jeanne Calift gave word of two deaths among the women of our class—Priscilla Kay Beck, who had multiple sclerosis for some 20 years, died August 11 and Nancy Harrison Bove died after a long illness on August 12. Nancy once told me of “a life” work she had completed, A College of Memories, in which she assembled for her family a record of a life evidently very well lived. It seems an idea we might all consider. • Jeanne also reported that Bob Woodbury, who summers near her in Essex, Mass., has continued to run his business on a part-time basis. As for Jeanne, she took a walk on the Robert Frost trail, met up with some Calift cousins. • Sally Baldwin Utiger heard from John Bowker about his history at Middlebury—he considers himself to have been the first of our class “to attend” the College as he was born on campus in a faculty house. His father was a Midd math professor. • I heard from Cynthia Hodgson Barton who keeps busy with gardening and cross-country skiing but here’s the WOW part: She is in the top ten scenes that caught my attention were of the mud and slush of NYC. Alter retiring from the textile business, he and Louise worked in the convention business, where they “traveled the world—Singapore, Dubai, Australia, etc.” for 10 years. Now they’ve settled down a little and Rem works at a nearby Pebble Beach golf course (Poppy Hills). After a knee replacement, his health “is still pretty good.” He fully expects to be at the 2009 reunion, but, like the rest of us, Secretary Ryan reports: Like probably many of you, I was glued to the TV set when Ken Burn’s The War was being shown. While the entire show about World War II was riveting, the particular scenes that caught my attention were of the Japanese Santo Tomas prison camp for interned in the Philippines. Some women, Cecily Mattocks Marshall spent some 14 months at the Santo Tomas prison camp before being freed by American Army forces in February 1945. You can read about her experiences in the feature story on page 28. Cecily also decided about two years ago to write a book, “more to satisfy the questions of 15 grandchildren than anything else.” Cecily kept a diary at Santo Tomas—“it was dangerous to do that; parts of it were found and confiscated by the Japanese.” She used remnants of the diary and other sources for her book. It should be a fascinating read! Check amazon.com for Happy Life Blues. • This past fall, I had a nice chat with Bob Gleason, who said that all goes well in Middlebury and at the College. He and Betsy (Heath) ’58 took a walk on the Robert Frost trail, enjoying the weather and extremely vibrant foliage of the changing trees. He said he could have made a lot more money in industry than teaching at the College, but that their current lifestyle they enjoy in Middlebury has made it all worthwhile. Bob says Midd and the Monterey Institute are beginning a summer language immersion program for high school students. How about the rest of us? • So I called Rem Burbank who has lived in Monterey for the past 20 years. The Monterey Institute is “less than five minutes away” and he and wife Louise have been to a couple of meetings there (visiting at one with Don Fredrickson, who also lives in Monterey). Rem said everybody at the Monterey Institute seems to be happy with the Middlebury arrangement. Rem and Louise have been married for more than 24 years and have five daughters and 11 grandchildren. Two of their children live nearby, two are in southern California, and one is in Birmingham, Ala. Rem and Louise have lived in California for more than 48 years, after tiring of the mud and slush of NYC. After retiring from the textile business, he and Louise worked in the convention business, where they “traveled the world—Singapore, Dubai, Australia, etc.”, for 10 years. Now they’ve settled down a little and Rem works at a nearby Pebble Beach golf course (Poppy Hills). After a knee replacement, his health “is still pretty good.” He fully expects to be at the 2009 reunion, but, like the rest of us,
doesn't make a lot of long-range plans." Jim Barnard is alive and well and living in Tampa, Fla., where he and wife Caroline moved in 1968 with the full intention of leaving at the end of two years. They've been there ever since. With a Ph.D. in education from Yale, Jim worked at the Univ. of South Florida. Jim is optimistic about public education in the U.S. nowadays, saying facilities are better than they used to be (one elementary school he worked with in 1969 had a dirt floor in the basement); teachers are getting better now that every state has teacher standards; and there is far greater emphasis on universal education. In the past, if you were an African American, the system was not meant to school or not. Now, everybody cares! Since he retired from teaching two years ago, Jim has been working as the coordinator of adult education at a full service agency that helps the homeless. Saying he favors charter schools, he notes that at the agency he wrote the grant proposal to start a charter school for homeless children. That's all the news at this time from our remarkable classmates, who are doing such interesting things. Keep those cards and letters coming. And above all, stay active, stay connected! —Class Correspondents: Mrs. Robert B. Nickerson (Larry Nickerson; nickerson@prodigy.net), A Ogrey Ln., Mystic, CT 06355, and Thomas C. Ryan (mrt@ol.com), 3 Knipp Rd., Houston, TX 77024.

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Tom and Sally, your class correspondents, are most appreciative of those who have responded to our cards or e-mails. *Barbara Harrison Naddaff* has been happily married for 48 years, and has five children and 10 grandchildren. Her travels include the Dominican Republic, St. Croix, and Cape Cod (where she and her family have a home in West Falmouth). Her volunteer activities include 17 years with hospice, 16 years with the Burlington (Mass.) Food Pantry, and doing patternning with a brain-damaged boy. She stays in shape by aerobics, stability ball, yoga, and walking and runs it up with "life is good."

*Spike Heminway* has figured out how to combine golf with his travels. This past fall he traveled with his wife, Mary, to Italy, and managed to golf for eight days. Last year, they went down the Danube stopping in various spots to play golf. In full retirement, *John Knecht* has moved to a small home in a senior community next to the "cows and corn along the Delaware River." John stated that he is "perfectly happy to let the world work out of the mess it has gotten itself into, as Hemingway said when he retired to Cuba." *David Stone* finds that his four years at Middlebury are the source of almost daily thoughts about the wonderful experiences he had there. Hefollows just about everything happening with the Men's lacrosse team, and is the tremendous success of the men's lacrosse team. Dave retired from the insurance brokerage business some 20 years ago following a 35-year career as an employee benefits consultant. In an understatement, he says he remains physically very active—he bicycled his way across the U.S. from the Pacific Coast to the Atlantic! He's not quite ready for a slower pace in some place like Florida. He plans to ski this winter for four months at Steamboat in Colorado. *Judy Kirby Bock* reports Alumni College was, as usual, great. Once again the Class of '55 broke the attendance record—45 plus spouses made 250 out of 105! Coming back to "one of the most serene beautiful places on Earth" were Bruce and Sue Heyer Byers, Judy Zecher Colton, Junie Stringer DeCoster, Nancy Walker Faulkner, Maeve and John Field, Caleb and Sidney Brock Gates, Peter and Scotty MacGregor Gillette, Linda and Frank Punderson, Marjorie Van Leuven, John and Kathy Hughes von Hartz, Dick and Mary Lou King Wollmar, and Judy with husband Paul Bock '52. "Imagine going to school with this gang again, at Bread Loaf? No exams. Delicious food and fine accommodations. The faculty was outstanding with five courses to choose from. (Will it be Ethics and Strategy in the War on Terror, Chinese History, The Mystery Novel, or The Future of Europe taught in French?) I'd like to adequately describe this extraordinary experience, next year's program might be oversubscribed causing Paul and me to lose our room with bath!" *Kit Smith O'Meara* summed up what many of us feel. "I am unreservedly enjoying retirement and the time it affords for family, friends, volunteer activities, reading, and even occasionally, thought. Isn't that last bit one of the main legacies of our days at Middlebury? The exposure to new ideas and the comparative leisure to think about them. (It was hard to read the varied tributes to Pardon Tillinghast, all reflecting the discovery of new ways of looking at the world!) A new and old passion of mine is the League of Women Voters and these days the issues of election reform and voting rights. If half the energy and resources being put into the too early presidential campaign could be redirected to improving the methods of electing a president and working toward greater integrity and participation in the election process, we could assure being the foremost democracy in the world. Oh, there I go again! As a young woman, I railed against those who told me that realizing you can't change the world was a sign of maturity. Even then I thought it was the trying that was important. Earlier in the year, before the latest aldermanic scandal, I received recognition for over nine years of service on the City of Milwaukee Ethics Board. Again the joys of retirement are palpable! Trips, long or short, organized or spur of the moment, have been rewarding, enlightening, a constant leavening in the world. Oh, there I go again! As a young person all her life. On a happier note, Lois Brown and Sylvia Swain, Roy Craig, Sue and Bruce Byers, and Pat Hinman Makin. *Skiers* can still contact George Limbach to join in all or some of the third Midd '55 Vail Ski Week, February 23 to March 1.

—Class Correspondents: Sally Dickerman Brew (sdbrew1@ mindspring.com), 629 Benvenue Ave., Los Altos, CA 94024, and Thomas J. Lamson (flanamon1@msn.com), 92 Heath Rd., North Andover, MA 01845.

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As we write this in October, we hope that winter for each of you classmates will bring back the fondest memories of our travels in the mid-fifties when there used to be plenty of snow, and really cold mornings chased us across campus to the protection of sturdy gray stone sanctuaries of learning. *Jody Newmarker Crum* says, "We continue to put miles on our Toyota with monthly trips to Chicago and Baltimore to see our two grandbabies; girls! (We had four boys!) Gruenerg Travel has us signed up as hosts for three garden-type trips again! Husband Dick prefaced the International Film Festival winning film, A Man Named Pearl, with an hour of very entertaining garden question and answer. "How do I start a tomato?" We've been happy to answer. Then we went home and built a new horta garden! We'll celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary on the Rose Bowl Parade Tour. I'm celebrating a 50th reunion of our Swiss Experiment Gals in Pennsylvania, and a 50th Rockville High School reunion in Connecticut. How can being old be such fun? I love the outdoors and wish the reunions were closer to fall color in New England. We're generally bound by Dick's radio schedule and my Bible Study Fellowship sponsorship. I do major horticulture and pruning work at our church with its 22 acres! I still judge and teach 4-H foods and delight when my kids get state fair entries. Indiana has seen the top 10 state fairs in the nation, and I go every day! All four Crum boys, graduates of Purdue, are gainfully employed! PTL!" *From Dick Catlin* we heard, "We had another mini-reunion at Timberlock. Present were Mark and Nancy Warner Benz, Jeanne Savoye Breeden, Jim Buehr Murphy. Ron and Kathy Platt '57. Potier, Mo Mower Tasse. Mona Meyers Wheatley, and me and wife Barbara. We took walks, did some water activities, and had two great sing-alongs with Ned on the piano and Tom on the violin. John and Bonnie McCandless joined us for lunch on Saturday, and John gave an update on his work to lower the drinking age to 18. He also fielded questions on the 'state of the College' and renewed our faith in the future and current status of our alma mater." *Mona Wheatley* had this to add: "Joan and Bill Houghton's four children hosted a wonderful two-day party for mothers and fathers. John and Ned turned down Saturday, and John gave an update on his work to lower the drinking age to 18. He also fielded questions on the 'state of the College' and renewed our faith in the future and current status of our alma mater." *Mona Wheatley* had this to add: "Joan and Bill Houghton's four children hosted a wonderful two-day party for mothers and fathers. John and Ned turned down Saturday, and John gave an update on his work to lower the drinking age to 18. He also fielded questions on the 'state of the College' and renewed our faith in the future and current status of our alma mater." *Mona Wheatley* had this to add: "Joan and Bill Houghton's four children hosted a wonderful two-day party for mothers and fathers. John and Ned turned down Saturday, and John gave an update on his work to lower the drinking age to 18. He also fielded questions on the 'state of the College' and renewed our faith in the future and current status of our alma mater."
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Greetings from your new class correspondents, Kathy Platt Potier and Gail Bliss Allen. We’d like to thank Wyman Rolph and Mary Ellen Bushnell for their years of service gathering class notes. They did a great job and the Class of ’57 appreciates it! Class members are still talking about our two heroes, Lyman Smith and Brekke and husband Darrell came from northern California. She loved her very first reunion and seeing 50 years of change on campus and in the town. Joanie Grenier Ostrów wrote, “What a wonderful 50th reunion we had! I’m still resonating from the joy, the inspiration, and the sense of pride that we’re one of the Class of ’57 members is a beautiful human being.

* Diane Draper Walker was delighted that she and her daughter roomed in the very same Forest West room. Her daughter lived in as a senior. Diane and her kids, granulkids, and brother Larry Draper ’52 gathered for a family celebration on a Montana ranch this past fall. The reunion good times continued to roll in New Hampshire when a ’57 contingent had their ninth summer get-together on a perfect summer day at Murray and Julie French Campbell’s new home overlooking Newfound Lake. Attending were Allen and Carol Hardy ’58 Hawthorne, Peter and Gail Parsell Beckett, Wayne and Pam Clark Reilly, Broadus and Betsy Mathewson Bailey. Charlie ’56 and Heather Hamilton Robinson, Mary Lou and Glen Graper, Maury and Sylvia Griswold Dow, Mary Ellen Bushnell, Charlie and Pat Judah Palmser, Bob ’51 and Adrienne Littlewood Delaney, Sue Levine, our 50th reunion coordinator, also attended. Mary Ellen promises to host the 50th gala on July 19, 2008, so let her know if you’ll be in the neighborhood.

* Speaking of Murray Campbell, he has been appointed to the Bristol (N.H.) planning board as an alternate. He attended planning meetings for eight months prior to his appointment, and was involved in drafting a proposal outlining duties for a building inspector for Bristol, putting his expertise to good use. Murray Campbell’s new home overlooking Newfound Lake.

* Joeine Grenier Ostrów’s 50th reunion, so do get those responses in and plan to come to this major Life event June 5-8. Some 90 of our classmates have returned their acceptances, autobiographies, memories, and activity interests. For many it will be their first time back—a chance to remember and to renew friendships as we head into ever later middle age. (Sadly, about 50 of us have gone beyond.) An advance party spent a long weekend preparing the yearbook (do you really want your autobiography to be a late insert that keeps filling out?), the weekend events (lots of time for gab), and the ever-present need for financial support. It’ll be a shining moment you will always regret missing—so don’t. Send your acceptances, and watch the mails and college Web site for further details. The logo is ’57—Still Great!

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* Class Correspondents: Joseph E. Mellow (mellowj@comcast.net), 551 Pacific St., Brooklyn, NY 11217; and Ann Oxborough (oxborough@comcast.net), 2370 Meadwalk Dr., Pleasanton, CA 94566.

May 8

2015

Bob Luce

Bob Luce did a flight around New England last August in his small airplane. He flew from his home in White Plains, NY, to Plymouth, Mass., where he spent a delightful evening with Bob and Sue Chapman Hansen in their new home. He hopped to Maine and then New Hampshire, staying overnight with friends. His next destination was Middlebury where the weather was mixed, so he chose a route from which he could see the weather situation over the Green Mountains. It was clear, so he headed for the airport going over the Snow Bowl and Bread Loaf Campus and following Rte. 125, stopping to make a “lazy pass” over the town and College. With a thunderstorm in the forecast, he tied the airplane down tight and spent the night with friends on Lake Champlain while the storm gave a “good sound and light show over the lake.” His last leg took him to lunch with friends in Williamstown, Mass., then a race with another thunderstorm back to White Plains. Bob got in about 10 minutes before this storm hit, and reports that he was thankful for the very helpful air traffic controllers. Dick and Judy Phinney Starns (astahil@vermont.net), 53 Carrige Dr., Glastonbury, CT 06033.
appraisal profession—both with my own business and with the not-for-profit world, particularly working as trustee for the Vermont Historical Society and Southern Vermont Arts Center, where I have been fortunate enough to be a guest curator for three winters, or at least some of the several benefit auctions. Still fun and interesting and keeps my brain cells going. We have lots of kids from our blended families, all with full lives and rapidly growing children of their own—lots of wonderful people in my life as a result. I hope to get up to Middlebury to do some auditing of courses for this winter, or at least some of the monthly lectures; I’m lucky enough to only be about an hour and a half away. I look forward to seeing lots of you in 2009—it will be here in another blink of the eye.”

Andy Montgomery is already whipping up enthusiasm for our 50th reunion in 2009 and promises that ATO will have the highest percentage of brothers attending. Andy is still into USTA tennis at the 3.5 level and survived his 70th birthday well. He and wife Joyce are participating in an exchange tennis program with Minneapolis’s sister city in Japan and will spend four nights with a Japanese family. Andy lives a quiet life in Miami, enjoying visits to family in Georgia, New Jersey, Virginia, and elsewhere. She comments that hurricanes are a constant worry for people in her area during six months of each year; part of their property took a beating during Hurricane Wilma in 2005. Becky’s husband died three years ago. At a celebratory dinner the Bergen County Bar Association (N.J.) recently honored Barry Croland with a Lawyer Achievement Award. John Rich says that a graceful green spring in the mountains of Idaho was followed by a really smoky summer. They were looking forward to snow to stuff the fires and rekindle their skiing spirit. Wife Marilyn fulfilled a childhood dream and bought a horse last spring and John finally sold his ’56 Ford pickup. He’s still active writing articles and doing workshops in human resources. Carol Sippel Monees writes, “We had a glorious summer in Chicago and a trip to visit world-class city, Chicago is spectacular in the summer. Now we are in Naples, Fl., also a beautiful city with a lot going on and with the sparkling Gulf at our door! I have been doing some art classes here and in Chicago and am thrilled to have a couple of pieces in some juried shows! A bountiful harvest and a humanshaped fun! This is really a great year!” In October Carol and her husband spent time in Manhattan with Ron and JoAnn Witmer Anderson. Fred Swan and wife Pat had lunch with Walt and Barbara Hart Deckert in La Crosse while in Wisconsin for a family reunion. They also attended a two-week Elderhostel, visiting national parks of the southwestern U.S. When Alexandra Ebere Rosen visits son Eric in Richmond, she also visits Hester Lewis. Sandy enjoys reading biographies of historic figures including Alexander Hamilton and recommends *John Adams* by David McCullough. When in New York, Sandy also sees *Maren Glasser* Hext. Nancy Frame Sveden reports, “Having had the great pleasure of a three-week visit here on the Cape from our Norwegian ‘family’ (my Norwegian ‘sister,’ her husband, and granddaughters, 12 and 11), we now returned to reality. I am back in the high school with four special needs students; it’s a challenging experience, and I feel enormously privileged to be able to work with them.” We are sad to note the passing of Barry Getzoff who had a very successful career as an agent to many Hollywood stars using the name Richard Grant. Barry Croland sent information for his obituary, which appears elsewhere in this notebook. Visit his class of ’59 Web site, with its varied material: http://www.middlebury.edu/alumni/class_pages/1959/default.htm.

—Class Correspondents: Bill Hickey (hickeybud499@aol.com), 203 E. 72nd St., #6B, New York, NY 10021, and Lucy Diane Keesar (lucypanosneight@msn.com), 134 Main St., Kingston, NY 12404. 60 Mike Robinson writes, “Amy and I spent 10 days last January in the Yucatan, Mexico, visiting Mayan ruins in areas surrounding Merida and Campeche. We went with a group of a dozen or so led by a former Latin American history professor from SUNY. We had been with the same leader for a similar kind of tour of Guatemala the previous year and found him exceptional. This past June, we had the chance to spend a few days in Shelburne Farms. He lives a quiet life in Georgia, New Jersey, Virginia, and elsewhere. She comments that hurricanes are a constant worry for people in her area during six months of each year; part of their property took a beating during Hurricane Wilma in 2005. Becky’s husband spent time in Manhattan with Ron and finally sold his ’56 Ford pickup. He’s still active writing articles and doing workshops in human resources. Carol Sippel Monees writes, “We had a glorious summer in Chicago and a trip to visit world-class city, Chicago is spectacular in the summer. Now we are in Naples, Fl., also a beautiful city with a lot going on and with the sparkling Gulf at our door! I have been doing some art classes here and in Chicago and am thrilled to have a couple of pieces in some juried shows! A bountiful harvest and a humanshaped fun! This is really a great year!” In October Carol and her husband spent time in Manhattan with Ron and JoAnn Witmer Anderson. Fred Swan and wife Pat had lunch with Walt and Barbara Hart Deckert in La Crosse while in Wisconsin for a family reunion. They also attended a two-week Elderhostel, visiting national parks of the southwestern U.S. When Alexandra Ebere Rosen visits son Eric in Richmond, she also visits Hester Lewis. Sandy enjoys reading biographies of historic figures including Alexander Hamilton and recommends *John Adams* by David McCullough. When in New York, Sandy also sees *Maren Glasser* Hext. Nancy Frame Sveden reports, “Having had the great pleasure of a three-week visit here on the Cape from our Norwegian ‘family’ (my Norwegian ‘sister,’ her husband, and granddaughters, 12 and 11), we now returned to reality. I am back in the high school with four special needs students; it’s a challenging experience, and I feel enormously privileged to be able to work with them.”

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Mazatlan, Mexico, twice a week to play bridge and spend margaritas with friends from California and Arkansas. Just started volunteer work at the local hospital, which is interesting. They are so grateful for the help, they make me feel like Mother Teresa.” Ed (Zack) and Jandene Crittenden ’62 Summers took their RV to Minnesota to enjoy Ed’s 50th high school reunion at St. Paul Academy. They were surprised to discover they were the only two at the reunion that had not aged one bit. When not in Vermont enjoying golf, gardening, and getting together, the Middlebury couple spends much of the winter in their RV, teaching their grandchildren in California how to enjoy RV camping and s’mores. Life is good!” When we heard from Steve Young, he had just returned from three weeks in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland on a purely pleasure trip with wife and friends. “We revisited a lot of favorite places (Iona, Mull) and did some exploring in the mountains of Sutherland, some of the most beautiful, and rainy, country I know. I spent June in northern Mongolia, working with a Smithsonian archaeological team to help them develop an understanding of the environment of the area about 3,000 years ago. We are trying to reconstruct the culture of an ancient people who clearly loved horses, carved stone monuments with marvelous, strange figures on them, and buried their dead—a lot of them—under stone cairns. Still teaching, still enjoying it, but have a lot else on my plate.” Last January, John Turner and wife Suzi joined Vi and Bill Stritzler on Sanibel Island, Fla., for a one-week joint celebration of their 45th wedding anniversaries. “The Stritzlers had driven up to Reno, Nev., with us on that fateful night in 1962 when we eloped, having taken the same trip a few weeks earlier for the same purpose. We drove through a hellacious snowstorm over Donner Pass, with Suzi at the wheel and Vi riding shotgun through the worst of it, while Bill and I slept in the back seat, totally exhausted and ego-bruised from attempting to install ill-fitting chains on the tires and ending up paying a car installer to do it. Anyway, we had a wonderful time with the Stritzlers in Florida and continue to treasure our relationship with them.” John spent much of the summer recovering from shoulder surgery, canceling a planned trip of Ireland and Scotland, but was finally able to get back to working in the yard and tending his tomatoes. “I also resumed my volunteer work with a local group called Village Harvest (Picking Fruit for the Hungry). Most of our gleaming is done in the backyards of private homes, by appointment. We then take the fruit to places like the Second Harvest Food Bank, the Salvation Army distribution center, and any number of smaller operations like churches and community centers that provide free meals for the needy. This way, our production gets into the hands and stomachs of our target population almost immediately, while it’s still fresh. Everybody wins, including our crew, which gets a good workout and warm fellowship once a week.”

—Class Correspondents: Jean Seeler-Gifford (jseeldav@ mindspring.com), 1529 Steeple Ct., Trinity, FL 34655; and Very Strekalovsky (vs@ schnucks.com), 47 Fearing Rd., Hingham, MA 02043.
61 Back in our college years, I knew our classmate George Logan. Obviously, I did not know him well because I was not aware of his literary skills or his talent as a logical thinker. Whether you agree with him or not, his series of cogent letters to the editor (beginning in the summer 2007 issue) are a credit to him, to the liberal arts education he received at the College, to our class, and to Middlebury Magazine for its willingness to include what at times is critical commentary on the College and its policies. Keep those letters coming, George! He Somebody who appreciates your articulate epistles. * Triggered by a letter to the editor from Dirk Nakazawa '92 (see summer 2007 issue), I received a call from Karin Kosoc. I did not immediately recall her. Even though she is Judy Beadle Formes' cousin, I suspect her name is not familiar to many of you because Karin left early in our sophomore year. We had a warm and wonderful chat, followed up by a written personal narrative of her experiences at Middlebury and thereafter. It was eye-opening to me, and therein lies a story. Arriving at Middlebury in the fall of 1957, Karin was in her glory. She was a Renaissance woman, paired with a wonderful roommate, Betsy Hawley Greene, involved in several student activities, the beneficiary of friendship and support from her cousin Judy and fellow hometown student Jane Bryant Quinn '60, and in love with her professors such as Messrs. Foret and Tillinghast. But the seeds of a serious threat to her health had already been sown. Karin's father had died suddenly in 1957, leaving her mother with their lives. In her own words: "We can all use their lives. In her own words: "We can all use words 'The Strength Is in the Hills' are imprinted on her heart. Rather than feeling stigmatized by her illness, Barbara Allen Schulze sent an expression of appreciation to her classmates. "Although I attended Middlebury for only two years, I believe that all of us shared an interesting, educationally stimulating, and a sometimes emotional growing process.

With the goal of being a medical missionary nurse, Barbara left Midd for the Univ. of Rochester School of Nursing. "My hope was to fall in love with a medical missionary physician and together we would save the suffering in all parts of the world." Instead a pediatric/neonatologist who saved many premature infants with serious illnesses came into her life. Barbara herself had to give up medicine after she contracted rheumatic fever and she then spent 30 years teaching English to all levels of ability. For 22 of those years she helped develop and teach the English program at the French American School of New York. She and her husband enjoy their grandchildren, two girls who live nearby, and four grandchildren who live near Dublin, Ireland. As for reunion, she says, "There were only a few moments to the event each year. Fortunately, we did enjoy a most convivial golf game with Lew and Judy Cooper '74 Parker. I'm sure I'm not alone in wondering where life's journeys have taken the rest of you and what your joys and disappointments have been. Perhaps you'll write a brief overview for the class notes? May a smile be on your umbrella." -Class Correspondents: Judy Bosivorth Roesset (josn@virgin.net), Judy Bosivorth Roesset, 307 North Londo, UT 84091

On June 11, Benjamin Rosin was one of two recipients of the Kathryn A. McDonald Award. The Honorable Judith Kaye, chief judge of the New York State Court of Appeals, made the presentation at the NYC Bar Association. The award is named in honor of the former presiding judge of the NYC family court and is presented annually for excellence in the family court. Ben lives in Brannch Manor, N.Y., and has been a family court attorney for more than 30 years. Daughter Katie Rosin-Green '97 sent in the news of her father's award. * After enjoying reunion, Barbara Allen Schulze sent an expression of appreciation to her classmates. "Although I attended Middlebury for only two years, I believe that all of us shared an interesting, educationally stimulating, and a sometimes emotional growing process.

62 On June 11, Benjamin Rosin was one of two recipients of the Kathryn A. McDonald Award. The Honorable Judith Kaye, chief judge of the New York State Court of Appeals, made the presentation at the NYC Bar Association. The award is named in honor of the former presiding judge of the NYC family court and is presented annually for excellence in the family court. Ben lives in Brannch Manor, N.Y., and has been a family court attorney for more than 30 years. Daughter Katie Rosin-Green '97 sent in the news of her father's award. * After enjoying reunion, Barbara Allen Schulze sent an expression of appreciation to her classmates. "Although I attended Middlebury for only two years, I believe that all of us shared an interesting, educationally stimulating, and a sometimes emotional growing process.

63 REUNION CLASS Correspondent White reports: This past September class members attended the Alumni Leadership Conference at Bread Loaf, where we started planning for our 45th reunion in June. Those there to commence the effort were Chuck & Susan Handy Burdick, Diana Ferris Cotter, Pete Frame, Jane BacheUer Johnson, Betty Ann Cooper Kane, Larry Ring, Meg Holmes Robbins and myself. Our emphasis is to obtain maximum attendance and participation. Certainly financial contributions are appreciated but we really wish for increased participation. Specifically, we encourage new members to join from other milieus. Many of us now have grandchildren, and have retired or entered new life phases. It's time for us to commute. The Midlife Middle is now so different from our days. Our class has been instrumental in much of that change. The Scholarship Fund we invested for our class reunion focuses on increasing student diversity. I report every year on how that fund helps support three students. Currently the capital in that fund exceeds one million dollars. A liberal arts education has taken on new meaning at Middlebury. Diversity in the College has flourished in so many ways. Come see for yourselves! While at Bread Loaf, we also became aware of a Midd tradition started 47 years ago by Roger Ralph called "Picking Up Butch." If you have not heard of this tradition, check it out on the College Web site under Athletics, Men's Basketball. A commentary also appeared twice in Rick Reilly's column, the "Sport Illustrated" column, first in 2003 and again in October 2007. You'll be hearing more about this tradition and reunion doings later. Please make plans now to "Find-the- Way" to reunion in June. We promise you a fun and enlightening time.

Class Correspondents: Janet Breverton Allen-Spencer (allen@willowlakecommunitycouncil.org), 2 Arizona Pl., Huntington Station, NY 11746; and Christopher J. White (cnibuc@msn.com), 347 Duck Cove Rd., Bucksport, ME 04416.

64 Our 45th reunion is less than two years away! So mark your calendar for early June 2009. To get ready, our class needs to keep in touch. We know you have interesting news to share such as retirement plans, worldwide trips or cruises, running for municipal or state office, or serving on a community board or commission. Maybe you've started a new business, or authored a book, or started a column or a professional journal. We would love to hear from you. * Roger Simon writes, "Last January the Middlebury theatre dept. invited me to direct/ teach a workshop for their actors and playwrights. What a great experience! I hadn't been back since our 40th reunion. I enjoyed working with the high quality of the students. And the campus looked great. I just finished shooting the independent film Sublet, directed by Romanian director Georgiana Nistor. I play the leading role of a NYC senior citizen looking for what's next in life. Just like me! I continue to teach and direct at my Simon Studio in Manhattan and also now in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., where I live with my wife, singer and vocal coach Sarah Levine, filmmaker son, and visual artist son Noah. Classical ballet dancer Abigail is currently with the Joffrey Ballet Co. in Chicago. My studio marks its 35th anniversary in 2008 as a training and production center for actors, playwrights, screenwriters, and directors. And son Daniel and I produce Simon Studio Presents for Time Warner Cable TV and the Simon Studio/Drama Book Shop Cinema and Theatre Festival, showcases for new theater, film, and music projects. Looking forward to our 45th reunion! Would love to see and hear from Midd folk and can be reached at rjsstudio@hotmail.com." * From Mike Mone we heard, "I am still trying cases, mostly medical
malpractice. Just lost a case for former Patriots coach, Charlie Weis. Middlebury gave me a honorary degree in 2000 which was a very special honor. Son Mike is with my firm and practicing with him is great. Margie and I have two grandchildren. I have no present plans to retire but I don't want to be doing a courtroom case study so maybe I ought to think about it. I see Will '65 and Lynne Webster Nalchajian and Bill Delahunt '63 a lot and have run into Bill Kieffer here in Boston. —Class Correspondents: Marian Donis Baade (michea@iastate.edu), Red Rock Rd., New City, NY 10956, Deborah Shonlip emerson (bejumi), 193 Byun Rd., Greenswich, CT 06830.

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In Wolcott, N.H., a service was held in September for Jerry Thayer on Thayer Field at the local recreation park. He was remembered as a devoted and loving husband, father, and grandfather, a committed advocate for the betterment of his fellow man; a teacher; a dedicated soldier and public servant; a tireless worker; a dry wit; someone who liked to laugh; a horrific golfer; and a man who loved Budweiser beer and the company he represented. After moving from New Hampshire to St. Louis with wife Candy, he became such an integral part of the community that flags were flown at half-staff in memory of his passing. One eulogist at his service said he was Jerry's best friend. "Obviously I was wrong. A few hundred others of you here today believed the same thing." Jerry will be greatly missed by many.

Terry Granger writes that he and his wife of four years, Suzi, are nestled in a little hamlet called Niwot, fabulous Colorado snow in Steamboat Springs. Terry still develops real estate and is very involved in Landmark Education's human transformation movement. "We just had the president of the Harvard Business School core program present to the Landmark Forum. He declared to the faculty that 'the three-day experience produced more value than we deliver in our entire graduate program.'" Tim Carey continues to teach two courses and "do a little administrative work. Daughter Zoe is in the eighth grade, so I expect we'll have to hang in there a bit longer." In September, Patrick Wells played in the 2007 Senior Olympic Hockey Championships. He expected to be very tired as they played the two courses and "do a little administrative work. Harvard Business School do our core program, and have run into Bill Kieffer here in Boston."

We were very sad to hear that Sandy Mackintosh had passed away. Dianne Watson Carter reports that he and his wife were at the reunion and Dianne and Eddie enjoyed chatting with them. In 2003 Sandy and Vernette were married in Florence, Italy, and they worked together at their business, doing independent auditing of clinical drug trials. When they visited Boston and went to dinner with the Carters last winter, Sandy confided that he'd been diagnosed with pancreatic cancer the week after our 40th reunion. He said that he just wanted to start another round of treatments. He kept in touch after the visit, sending funny e-mails and saying very little about his health. He did a remarkable job living out his last year. Vernette said that on their fourth wedding anniversary, September 3, 2007, Sandy "died in peace and dignity at home with his family and much-loved golden retriever at his side." Judy Mankland and her husband Bill Saunders spent this past summer moving from their former home in Weston, Mass., to the small farming community of Whately, Mass. Judy has been busy with kitchen remodeling and garden design to name but a few projects. On a return trip to Weston to pick up more household goods, both she and Bill marveled at the traffic in suburban Boston. Like so many of us, Nancy Brown has been out of touch for too long, but now she's shared with us that she left for the Peace Corps one week after graduation. She is currently teaching math (in French, which she'd never taken at Middlebury!) in Togo, Africa. After receiving her Ph.D. in biochemistry, she did research at the Oregon Regional Primate Research Center. Now retired, Nancy lives in Hilo, Hawaii, Ore., and enjoys photography, gardening, and her true passion, riding her horse Pono. Susan Jones Brown is a licensed social worker in child welfare at a private foundation, Casey Family Services. When we talked with her she'd just returned from a camping and canoeing trip to Algonquin Park, Ontario, as well as enjoyed her first visit to Ortaua. Because she lives right in Essex Junction, Vt., we're going to hold her to her promise that she'll be at our 45th reunion! Emily and Gary Bevington are living in Missoula, Mont., where, since his retirement nine years ago, Gary has done some teaching in a noncredit program for people over 53 at the Univ. of Montana graduate school. He and Emily spend at least three months every winter enjoying the home they built in 1992 in the Mexican jungle on the Yucatan Peninsula, where they've become enduring friends with a neighboring Mayan family. About 20 years ago Gary helped a Maya friend develop a monkey preserve where people can see spider monkeys and howler monkeys up close. During your next visit to the jungle. Gary and Emily have regular Middlebury visitors including Bill Frank's son Toby '92, who teaches Spanish at a secondary school in New Hampshire. Every other year Toby brings a group of students and teachers on a tour of the peninsula in February. Their first stop is in Coba with the Bevingtons! Gary let us know that Glenn Govertsen has become quite a celebrity in Middlebury for his mundane but nonetheless captivating stories of the details. Since retiring from teaching high school physics in Missoula in 2004, he has been involved with a National Science Foundation grant-funded project in which teachers from at-risk schools, usually reservation or rural schools, come to the Univ. of Montana for five summers for an intense two weeks of physics and mathematics instruction. Glenn has been "the physics guy." Afterwards, he travels to the teachers' schools as "Mr. G, the Science Guy" to present one-and-a-half-hour assemblies to kids K–12 as motivation for learning science. Glenn describes the sessions (now on DVD!) as "highlighted by a laser/rock music show, and the use of eggs, Jell-O, leaf blowers, toilet paper, and all kinds of other stuff to demonstrate science principles in a captivating (I hope) manner." Glenn's forays into performance science have kept him happily occupied with his students, where his dad, now 94, lives. He gets to see his dad and spend time with some world-renowned mathematicians in the area of chaos theory and fractals. Through his postretirement teaching, Glenn's proud to "be able to provide something that often gets passed over when the emphasis in education is on teaching—motivating kids to learn." Last summer John Swartz was feted for his 35 years of service to the Franklin County Jail in Greenfield, Mass. Training almost 100 would-be corrections officers over the years, he was always ready to learn new technologies. One story told of how he taught himself to use the computer-generated fingerprint system by downloading employees' fingerprints and attaching fictitious names and crimes to each individual. Soon after that, the Wendell police chief sent in his renewal for a pistol permit and was notified by the FBI that his permit was denied because his fingerprints matched a known felon named Percy B. Skiplon.

66

Ruth Ann Haas Beers is the Visiting Nurses of Chittenden County (Vt.) volunteer committee chairwoman. She completed their hospice training six years ago and has volunteered consistently since then. Ruth Ann feels the rewards of being a hospice volunteer far outweigh the challenges. "You're there for such an important part of a person's life. I've met all different kinds of people and have learned so much from them." Fifteen women of the class met at Margaret Clark Jackson's beautiful spa-like resort home in Starksboro, Vt., for the Sept. 7–9 weekend. With heat-wave conditions, we cooled off in Margaret's swimming pond, checked out the Waitsfield farmers' market and crafts fair, hiked on the Long Trail from Lincoln Gap to Sunset Cliffs, frolicked in Bristol Falls, and enjoyed splendidly a spectacular whirlwind of eating, drinking, sharing, and eating were Linda Morse. Freddie...
Mahlmann, Susie Davis Patterson, Margaret Clark Jackson, Sue Rugg Parmentner, Sue Schweickert Macy, Carol Conklin Wheelock, Jervis Lockwood Anderson, Susan Freier Geisenheimer, Elaine Dunphy Foster, Kathie Towle Hession, Karen Unsworth, Margot Childs Cheel, Marjorie Speier Wehr, and Joanne Hall Johnston. * Jana Mara Holt recently had a book published in Korea entitled Things English Speakers Do Not Say! She’s been teaching in Korea since 1999, presently serving as a visiting professor in the doctoral program at Konkuk University in Seoul. Over 20 years, Jana taught French, Spanish, and English in the United States, making the switch to teaching English as a foreign language in 1996. Prior to teaching in Korea, Jana was on the faculty of the MA-TESOL (Teachers of English to Speakers of Other Languages) program at Payap Univ. in Chiang Mai, Thailand, where she also served as director of the university’s intensive English program. Besides a master’s in French from Middlebury, she has an advanced certificate in TESOL from Seattle Univ.

—Class Correspondents: Susan Davis Patterson (sarah@samanta.net), 67 Robinson Phesy, Burlington, VT 05401; and Alex Taylor (alex.taylor@fortyseven.com), 525 W. 86th St., #3B, New York, NY 10024.

68 REUNION CLASS Several of our classmates spent the past weekend in September at Bread Loaf amid great weather and beautiful leaves working on our upcoming reunion. We hope you’ll be there June 6—8! In addition to being your class correspondents, we’re chairing the class social activities for reunion, and we were there to find out what the College has already planned so we can figure out what more we might want to do (suggestions from you are most welcome!). In addition, six of the 17 classmates on the Reunion Gift Committee were also there getting their act together. We all enjoyed getting re-enthused about Middlebury’s mission during various panel discussions featuring current students and faculty. The faculty all seemed to agree that the students are so motivated that they’re exhausting—in the best possible way. There’s so much reason to support the College’s efforts. * Tobi Gray Watson (co-chair of the gift committee with Dick McMahon) drove to Bread Loaf from Middlebury in early October, and reported that she is retiring in June, after 22 years of teaching, and she and Bill ’69 are moving from New Hampshire to Cornwall, VT, renovating the house once owned by her adviser, Bill Carton. * Nancy Brooks Richardson (who runs an elementary school library) and Barbara Barrett Bloom (a middle school counselor) have both postponed retirement now that they have new, wonderful principals running their schools. Barbara still loves living in Vermont, but has become a world traveler to catch up with her daughters. The Barrett clan now numbers 62 in four generations and still rents a string of cottages at the beach every summer; Barbara, a.k.a. “Aunt Mom,” often cooks for 40 at a time. * Linda Mason-Smith also works in cyberspace part of the time, telecommuting for her job at Midd from her home in Massachusetts. * Nancy and David ’66 Richardson spent the weekend listening for the phone, expecting the arrival of grandchild number seven, but happily Caroline (daughter of Susanna Barton ’55) waited until just after they got back home to join her two siblings and four cousins (children of Megan Durkin ’92). Nancy also relayed that Becky Fitts Rylander has retired from the CIA and bought a house in Lake Sunapee, N.H., to try to recreate her childhood summer experiences for her children and grandchildren. * Tobi had news that Dan Brown is still involved in the art world and curating exhibits, despite severe physical setbacks; and Liz Eames, now in Santo Domingo and doing volunteer work related to Haiti-Dominican Republic cross-border issues.

—Class Correspondents: Bentley Gregg (gregg.bentley@expmail.epa.gov), 418 East St. NE, Vienna, VA 22180; Barbara Ensminger Stoebenau (bstoebenau@ast.com), 6 Timber Lane, Spring House, PA 19477.

69 REUNION CLASS Correspondent Reynolds reports: When Marc Hess e-mailed, he’d “been away visiting Vietnam (I never got the ‘opportunity’ to visit during the 60s and 70s). I’ve been in Sweden for about 25 years. I currently live in Stockholm where I am a city veterinarian, working primarily in food hygiene, controls, and monitoring. I attended Dr. Justin Rice’s wedding in Aruba (son of John Rice ’70) in November 2005. Sweden is nice but I frequently get back to the Northeast and Lake Placid as I enjoy the areas where I grew up.” As for me (Peter), my wife discovered that her Midwestern roots were not as deep as she remembered. We returned to the East from Wisconsin in the fall of 2000. I have become cochairperson of Vergennes (Vt.) Union High School. (Thirty-some years after becoming a teacher, I finally made it to the faculty of Middle School at VUHS follows the precepts of Expeditionary Learning Schools Outward Bound in reforming how we help kids learn effectively. It’s a great place to work as it combines my love for education with my experiences as an Outward Bound instructor in the ’70s and in 2006. Older daughter completed two years with the Southern Poverty Law Center as a migrant labor organizer in the Midwest. Younger daughter just joined the Peace Corps and will be producing audio documentaries. Middle daughter has followed her parents into instructing at the Outward Bound School in Minnesota. Son has followed dad to Middlebury, but has taken a much higher road—further validation of the importance of having TWS parents. In the September, sort-of-retired-teacher Bob Cowan joined us at the Vergennes Opera House for a Richie Havens concert that was great, although most everyone there was OLD! As our rental of a house on Lake Champlain neared its end in May, I ran into a seasonal neighbor at the mailbox: Dave Bahmson. He and his new wife use their place in Addison as a break from their respective medical work in Rutland and as a base for their kayaking. Dave reports that daughter Jennifer ’01 has completed law school and is returning to Vermont to get married. I was unable to attend Dan Brautigan’s wedding in the spring of June. ’68 at Lake Champlain in August. (He turned 60! Can you believe it?) Tom Harrington has published one of his novels. According to Amazon, Tom’s storytelling exploits his extensive knowledge of Europe to gain insights into the power of cults in Siria, Sustain. * In other publishing news, Koichi Ishiyama writes from Tokyo, “My latest book (dictionary) called Trend was published last May and has become another bestseller in the Japanese-to-English Dictionary category. My previous million-seller dictionary Pocket Progressive Japanese-English/English-Japanese Dictionary is still selling well. Along with my wife Hiroko and daughter Emiko, I’m doing fine.” * Greg Lewis, still working in TV sports out of Carbondale, Colo., reports that son Yale has finished a stellar ice hockey career at Northeastern. Must be that Greg’s re-announcing all the Mud hockey games as bedtime stories had an impact. * A little research into the passing of Teddi Politis revealed the following in one obituary: “Wherever Teddi was, she attracted an eclectic and fun-loving group of friends. She loved nature and the outdoors, preferring to go barefoot most of the time. She was a master of spontaneity, serendipity, and potluck parties. She touched many hearts with her big smile and her approachability. * Sam Eaton has put voice to our ongoing request, even offering an NPR-like prize. (Ready your responses, Sam!) “Every time I receive the Middlebury Magazine, I turn to the class pages to see if anyone has written, although I never do. Bless sweet Wendy Cole who wrote in this year! I remember her well and wish you a great joy our our 25th reunion, and how good it was to see so many of our class. Those two things made me write this letter. At this point in our lives, most of us (except maybe Ralph Sexton—he of the ‘Pampers and Depends Awards’ at our 25th) have seen our kids off and are at home, ending careers, or starting second (or third?) ones. Wife Merilee and I live out in the country in Ojai, Calif., in an old stone house built by my great-grandparents. I still practice law in Santa Barbara though I start to think there is something else I could do after 33 years. Our youngest is a senior in college, the house is empty and full of new friends and varied. We are making time to catch up with old friends, find out what they have been up to, and
where the years have led them. We visit regularly to find a long column for the class of '70. [Ed. note: Many thanks to Kate for her years of service as class secretary. It was much-appreciated!] * We were glad to hear from Ceci Tseng who reports she retired from teaching at the end of the 2005-06 school year. “I still loved the children and the excitement of the classroom but after 32 years it was time, I’ve been working on maintaining and improving my 10 acres.” ♦ In September, Diana Fiasco checked in with us: “Last year I took early retirement, leaving behind the world of corporations, computers, and left-brained analysis that even our driver-guides were stunned. One animal was so unheard of that our trip leader said, ‘I’ve never seen anything like this in my life, and it will be another 40 years before I see something like it again’!” ♦ Obie Benz packed a pile of news in one paragraph: “Happy father of an 8-year-old boy and 14-year-old girl. George caught a 10-inch bass this summer. Grace is acting (Lord save me!). I finally came out with a DWD of Heavy Petting (check out heavypetting.com). No new films, just sniffing around. Happily divorced five years ago. Going to China in a few weeks with Taiwanese artist girlfriend. Reading Fiasco. Chair of the board of George’s school. Weigh 135. Hair graying. Need glasses to read. I see Peik Larsen every once in a while. He’s doing well. Think of you guys often.” ♦ Ken Remsen writes, “After 25 years in public education, nine as an elementary physical education teacher and 16 as an elementary principal, I joined the Vermont Dept. of Education in September 2005. I still participate in a variety of activities including skiing, running, biking, canoeing, and camping. I ran a 3:14 marathon (correspondent’s note: Wow!) in October 2005, have been backcountry skiing in British Columbia in the Valhalla Mountains the past two winters and plan to compete in the World Masters X-C Championships in McCall, Idaho, in March 2008. I hope to see some Middle skies there. Wife Nancy (Stetson) ’72 and I have been married for thirty years. Oldest Erik teaches at the High Mountain Institute in Leadville, Colo. (where we have also spent time skiing).” ♦ From Linda Watson we heard: “I am the proofreader and copyeditor for Kelliher Samets & Morgan, founders of New Canaan, he worked for Citigroup/Smith Barney and First Union/Wachovia Bank. He and wife Libby have lived in Ridgefield, Conn., for the last 22 years.” ♦ Carolyn Kroll Reedy began her new job as president and chief executive officer at Simon & Schuster on January 1, overseeing all of the domestic and international publishing operations. She first joined Simon & Schuster in 1992 as president and publisher of the trade division. With an M.A. and Ph.D. in English from Indiana Univ., previously she had worked at Random House. With marketing and Avon Books. * Keep the news coming. It’s great to hear from everyone. ♦ Correspondent Desrochers and new correspondents Beth Prasse Seeley and Nancy Crawford Sutcliffe. Please continue to send in your contributions, whether you have new activities to share or just thoughts about your next transition in life to retirement, etc. [Can you believe it?] As always, I will turn immediately to our class notes section when the magazine arrives in the mail and hope to find a long column for the class of ’70. [Ed. note: Many thanks to Kate for her years of service as class secretary. It was much-appreciated!] * We were glad to hear from Ceci Tseng who reports she retired from teaching at the end of the 2005-06 school year. “I still loved the children and the excitement of the classroom but after 32 years it seemed like the right time for a change. Mostly, though, I wanted to play hockey during daylight hours before my body gives out!” I play with several groups, one being a women’s team called the Bruinettes (with teammate Emily Cleveland ’70) and another being a class for adults coached by Dick Dodds, father of Trevor Dodds ’14. No, you can’t come watch me play hockey but you could look for me teaching at the Neshoah Valley (VT) market events where I sell the reed baskets that I weave. We’re still in the cyber Dark Ages so I have no Web site but I can do e-mail (ceci.tsg@valley.net).” The photo of her hockey team that Ceci e-mailed is inspiring! Go Bruinettes! ♦ In October, Sydney Landon Plum’s new book, Solitary Goose, was published. (See Book Marks.) In 1996 she discovered a solitary goose on a pond near her home, and caring for it became her way to reconnect with nature. In relating her reflections about the relationships between humans and animals, she mixes memoir with closely observed nature writing. Sydney is an active animal lover, writer, and creative writing at the Univ. of Connecticut and is the editor of Coming Through the Swamp. ♦ Correspondent Desrochers reports: Stu Parsons hosted President Bush at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St. Michaels, Md., where Stu is the museum president. The president was there to issue an executive order protecting the striped bass and red drum fisheries. In one of the photos, Stu looks at ease behind the Presidential Seal. You are doing a heck of a job, Stu-ee!” ♦ Class Correspondents: David Desrochers (davandela@comcast.net); Kate Mead (kate@marthastreasure.net); Barry Landenslaeger Mosley (barbaramosley@optonline.net); and Nancy Crawford Sutcliffe (nanci@sutcliffe@optonline.net). ♦ Marian Van Buren checked in with us: “Last year I took early retirement, leaving behind the world of corporations, computers, and left-brained analysis in favor of a right-brained romp in the mud. I’d been playing with clay for a number of years, and with the encouragement of my pottery teacher in Frenchtown, N.J., I took the plunge in 2006 and set up my own studio. I’ve been having a ball ever since, making everything from functional ware to turtle rattles to dragon goblets to dragon oneself. Kind of all over the place, but that’s the fun of it. I can follow my imagination wherever it leads me, which for now is to a dance of pure delight. Please have a look at www.rivertopottery.com. When I turned 50 I started squirreling away bits of my income, planning for my own retirement celebration: a trip to Africa. In August it came true, and off I went with a friend for a three-week photo safari, wandering the wild in eastern Tanzania and southern Kenya. The trip was so far beyond my dreams and expectations that my brain simply bubbles over every once in a while. He’s doing well. Think of you guys often.” ♦ Ken Remsen writes, “After 25 years in public education, nine as an elementary physical education teacher and 16 as an elementary principal, I joined the Vermont Dept. of Education in September 2005. I still participate in a variety of activities including skiing, running, biking, canoeing, and camping. I ran a 3:14 marathon (correspondent’s note: Wow!) in October 2005, have been backcountry skiing in British Columbia in the Valhalla Mountains the past two winters and plan to compete in the World Masters X-C Championships in McCall, Idaho, in March 2008. I hope to see some Middle skies there. Wife Nancy (Stetson) ’72 and I have been married for thirty years. Oldest Erik teaches at the High Mountain Institute in Leadville, Colo. (where we have also spent time skiing).” ♦ From Linda Watson we heard: “I am the proofreader and copyeditor for Kelliher Samets & Morg ♦ Megan Hollis and partner, celebrated 30 years of being in business this year. Morgan and his cohort were also selected by their peers as two of the top legal professionals in the country, being named to the Best Lawyers in America. This is the fourth year they’ve been honored. In addition to operating as a successful law firm, Gottesman & Hollis is well known for its community outreach and participation in various foundations such as the DOVE program, Rotary International, Boy Scouts of America, New Hampshire Chapter of Nature Conservancy, and Southern New Hampshire Services. * Meg Beattie Page wrote about her summer trip (reuneneers may remember her plea for car rental information in Ireland.) “We stayed in a self-catering flat that was formerly an old stone cow barn, outside of the town of Skibbereen, on a very narrow, country lane. The narrowness of even the main roads, with trees growing to the very edge of the road surface in many places, coupled with the speed at which Irish drivers go, made for exciting/terrifying travel! From ‘Skib’ we took day trips to Cape Clear Island (Ireland’s southernmost island), to the gardens on Garnish (Iniscladda) Island in Bantry Bay, to Cork City, and to the Arts Festival in Kinsale. We loved being out on the water. Next time we’ll try to find Ken’s Irish great-grandmother’s village, somewhere, we think, in County Leitrim.” Best of all, Meg is most excited, of course, in becoming a grandmother! * Having found her calling, Jenny Tippens Dickinson has been training dogs for years and working as the head of canine behavior at Mount Ida College in Newton, Mass. Living in Rumson, N.J., her specialty is working with dogs that have aggression in the home. As she says, “Dogs have to live the skills
we teach them. Obedience is not a series of tricks. It is learning to live within a framework and the framework is always maintained.”

A veteran news show producer, Bret Marcus became vice president of programming, publicity, and promotion at KCET in LA. With more than 20 years of experience in broadcast news, his goals are to make KCET a top destination for viewers in one of the largest media markets. Bret lives in LA with wife Maureen, a director at the Food Network, and his 14-year-old son.

—Class Correspondents: Jennifer Hamin Church (jhchurch@zenwayheights.com), and Evey Zmudzek LaMont (evelymo@privateemailwebsite.com).

73 REUNION CLASS

A small but enthusiastic group of Gift Committee members for our 35th reunion met at Bread Loaf over a gorgeous Fall weekend last September to begin planning our campaign for the June 2008 get-together. Besides those attending in person (co-chairs Mary Farley and Kevin Kenlan, Marilyn Frison Hand, Jay Aronson, and your correspondent), we felt the strong “spiritual” support of our other 10 committed volunteers who couldn’t be person, and by the time you read this we’re confident we’ll have 8 or 10 more to share the load. Our main goals for the reunion are to show outstanding participation in attendance and giving percentage; to encourage people to come back for not only the beauty and vitality of the school but also to leverage the resources of the school to help us think about where we want to go next in our lives; and to reconnect with our classmates in new and different ways. We talked a lot about the cultural forces and ideas that shaped our years at Middlebury and hope to come up with some good events to review and renew, and to see how what we’re writing, thinking, saying, singing, and acting now was influenced by those earlier experiences. Ideas are welcome. Please connect!

* Kevin Kenlan says, “I had the privilege of running my first half-marathon in Schroon Lake, N.Y., in mid-September as part of a Team in Training fundraiser for the Leukemia and Lymphoma Society. Overall, I was able to raise a pretty sizable amount of money without abusing my body too badly, and a great part of that support came from friends and family of my father-in-law Dave Hardy, and of our classmates John Haggblom and Mike Mikhail. Dave’s a long-term survivor with non-Hodgkin’s lymphoma, thanks in part to the amazing gains that have been made in treating these diseases. Both Mike and John lived on my floor freshman year, but I could never find a lot of time to talk to them. So it felt good to run for them all. It was also great to connect with a bunch of Mids I hadn’t talked to in awhile as part of the fund-raising, and it was a sneaky way to sort of jump-start the 35th reunion gift effort—with special thanks to the denizens of Middlebury ’67, the online reunion with Robin Bunker Timmins, and Mary convening in Washington on an inspection tour of their children’s habitats. After a cocktail party hosted by Mary, we went to the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, where a former police officer, his son, and two brothers are to make KCET a top destination for viewers in one of the largest media markets. Bret lives in LA with wife Maureen, a director at the Food Network, and his 14-year-old son.

—Class Correspondents: Jennifer Hamin Church (jhchurch@zenwayheights.com), and Evey Zmudzek LaMont (evelymo@privateemailwebsite.com).

75 This past August Jennifer Blake began her job as executive director of FIFIF, an organization that assists foreign-born residents in Howard County, Md., by providing employment counseling, English tutoring, and translation services that better allow the residents to use local health and social service agencies. Living in Howard County since 1994, she previously worked as a self-employed consultant focusing on issues of affordable housing on the local and national levels. As AOL works to redefine itself as an advertising specialist, Curt Viebranz has taken over as the head of the new ad sales unit. He oversees ad sales on AOL’s branded Web site and on thousands of publishers’ sites across the Internet. Stephen Woodbury of Michigan State Univ. and the W.E. Upjohn Institute gave the D.K. Smith Lecture in November, “Does It Pay to Attend an Elite College or University?” The talk examined theories of why attending an elite college might really pay off, then examined the empirical evidence to see which theories stand up to scrutiny.

—Class Correspondents: Cristine Ciolfi (ciolfi@cswlawfirm.com); and Rick Greene (rgreene@middlebury.edu).

76 Some closure has occurred for the family of James Petersen in the matter of his murder. In Brazil, a former police officer, his son, and two brothers were arrested and sentenced to almost 30 years in prison. You may remember Jim was in Iran, Brazil, doing research when he was caught in the middle of a robbery in a cafe and was shot. The archaeological research center and museum at the site of his final dig in Iran has been named for him. In August Stanley Fields received the Vollum Award for Distinguished Accomplishment in Science and Technology at Reed College in Portland, Ore. Stein is a professor at the sciences and medicine and adjunct professor of microbiology at the Univ. of Washington School of Medicine. With a doctorate in molecular biology from Cambridge Univ., he is a member of the National Academy of Sciences and is a Howard Hughes Medical Institute investigator.

High Real Estate Group of Lancaster, Pa., announced the recent election of Paula Raphel Crowley to its board of directors. With a master’s and an MBA under their belt, the group is now 100% women-owned.

74 In August, cellist Jane Peatling was named the artistic director of the Shippensburg Festival Orchestra. She also reports the death of George Hasbrook on October 7. Our sympathy is extended to his family and friends. Paul Phillips writes, “I’m still in Quincy, Mass., now in my 50th year as local teacher union president. I’m released full-time from teaching, a very mixed blessing, as I loved teaching. I’m on the executive committee of the Massachusetts Teachers Association, too. This June we had a four-day strike in Quincy, the first in 22 years, and I earned my 15 minutes of fame on Boston news outlets. It was an amazing experience, one that I would not recommend unless necessary. My son Evan graduated in May from Bates with a double major in music (performance, piano) and Japanese. He’s now trying to figure out what that means in life terms. Daughter Caitlin is 26 and in a nurse-midwife-practitioner program at Penn, where her years in the Peace Corps in Madagascar have proven to be useful. I’m contemplating retirement in two more years—tempus fugit.”

—Class Correspondents: Greg Dennis (gregorydennis@verizon.net); and Barry Schultz King (kingle@together.net).

Class Correspondents: Jennifer Hamin Church (jhchurch@zenwayheights.com), and Evey Zmudzek LaMont (evelymo@privateemailwebsite.com).
December to act as master of ceremonies for the "Home for the Holidays" show, a fund-raiser put on by the Kiwanis Foundation. In the fall Frank was working on a two-hour documentary on Iran's nuclear program and the choices the world may soon confront in dealing with it.

—Class Correspondent: Bob Laubeg (ed@lsucp.com)

78 REUNION CLASS
Elizabeth Douglas Mornin writes, "I, husband Dan, and son Charlie (14) recently moved to Dunedin, New Zealand, leaving Spokane, Wash., after 16 years there. I'm an internal medicine consultant at Dunedin Hospital and senior lecturer at the Otago Medical School. Dan’s pathologist and Charlie is a schoolboy. We live on a beautiful bay outside of town and are really enjoying the kiwi lifestyle. We have permanent residence and plan to stay in New Zealand for the foreseeable future. Our other son Joey is a junior at Reed College in Portland, Ore. I guess almost 30 years after college graduation it’s not a bad summary, but not one I ever would have predicted in 1978. Liz's address is 4 McLachlan St, R.D.2, Wanton 9015, New Zealand, and her e-mail is dmornin@xtra.co.nz. (And, no, there are no domestic positions available at her house—we already asked.) 

Ed Kanze is still busy being a naturalist and author. Last July he gave a presentation for the Adirondack Mountain Club about the biological survey he, wife Debbie, and kids Ned and Taman are doing on their 18 acres. His latest book is entitled Over the Mountains and Home Again: Journeys of an Adirondack Naturalist. Last summer, ikaSystems, a leading provider of Web-based technology for the healthcare industry, announced that new partner Bob Dahl had joined the company. With a degree from Harvard Business School, Bob ran the global healthcare investment activities of the Carlyle Group over the past seven years.

—Class Correspondents: David Jaffray (daffray@melis.com); Phyllis Wendel Mackey (phylmck@hotmail.com), 120 Gladie Path, Hampton, N.H. 03826; and Anne Russell Noble (annenoblen@caol.com)

Thanks to Nancy Limbacher Meyer who shared news of a birthday gathering of classmates: 'Majie Zeller, Dorie Fuchs, Jennifer Sullivan, and I had this great idea years ago to 'reunite' every 10 years to celebrate another decade, and at one time we had grand ideas of meeting in Europe or some other exotic location. However, with changes in our lives (and college tuition bills for some of us to pay), it made more sense to gather in Boston. We had the brilliant idea of finding a few more feisty women from Midd to celebrate our turning 50, and so began plans for our wonderful weekend in June. The highlight of our time together was a festive dinner with other classmates and our families. We had so much fun the day before Thanksgiving that we made plans to meet with class correspondents at Bread Loaf. It was exhilarating to feel connected to the same place we knew (ooohhh those views of mountains and pastures), while being amazed by the current students, faculty, and facilities. If you have the opportunity to visit the campus, I highly recommend it! 

Please spread the word that we welcome all kinds of news for class notes (not just the big accomplishments)."

—Class Correspondents: Masa Flynn (ma族群 Flynn@msn.com) and Beth Mooney Longcope (longcopes@earthlink.net)

Sue Follett Panella wrote in with this news: "Last summer Kris Mix was sworn in as a federal magistrate judge in Denver, Colo. It's a huge honor and a big deal. Several of us flew out to be there for her swearing in, and it was awesome." Not long before that, Kris was recognized by her peers as one of the top 10 attorneys in her specialty of employment and education law, and one of the top 25 women lawyers in Colorado. "John '78 and Linda Foster White have moved to New Mexico and are enjoying a new adventure for Middlebury alums and parents at their home in Wilton, Conn., with Prof. John Isham who discussed his book, Ignition: What You Can Do to Fight Global Warming and Spark a Movement. A few chapters of the book are devoted to the major role members of the Middlebury College community are playing in the fight against global warming. The Weston (Conn.) Sports Commission announced this past fall that Paul Scheufele had received the Weston Sportsperson of the Year Award. He was honored at the annual Fairfield County Sports Night dinner in October. Paul founded the Weston Wild Blue Yonder, the first youth lacrosse program in Weston. "I wanted to share the lacrosse experience with my three
boys, Darren, Mikey, and Jack, and the Weston community." Last year Darren was one of the captains of the high school team and both Darren and Mikey are All-State Class S team selections. Darren is now a first-year at Midd.

—Class Correspondents: Anne Cowherd Kallalder (akallalder@uni.edu), and Suzanne Rohrbach Strater (scstrater@yale.edu.cn).

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Send us your news, Class of 1981! We really want to hear what you’re up to!

—Class Correspondents: Elaine King Nickerson (elcnick@aol.com); and Sue Dutcher Wiley (suwiley@earthlink.net).

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Ever since our 25th reunion and reconnecting with so many of you, the news of the Class of 1981 has come from far and wide. * Lee McShane Cox writes, "I started teaching math part-time at a private school in Steamboat Springs, Colo., called the Lowell Whiteman School. Hopefully, it will morph into a full-time job. I have one student who has not come to class yet because he’s training for snowboarding in New Zealand, and this school has his summer class go on to the Olympics! In three classes, I have a total of 19 students! I will still teach skiing on the mountain during vacations and husband Bryan will also be teaching skiing. If anyone plans on visiting Steamboat, look us up." * Julia Wick lives in the Burlington, Vt., area and works as a licensed clinical mental health counselor. She has a private practice and also works at Saint Michael’s College in the counseling center. Julia lives on 10 acres in the country with her husband, two dogs, and three horses. She keeps in touch with Kathi Acord Gray, Chip Noonan, and Harold and Ann Murphy Burroughs who stopped by for a visit post-reunion in June. * Debbie Johnson Swartz traveled to the Washington, D.C., area in July to visit Judy Osborn. She shared some fun times, good food, and lots of laughs with Judy who, for her part, shared her then-undiagnosed pneumonia with Debbie. Luckily, the sharing stopped there and getting significantly sicker or children got sick. * Ben Bromley writes, "I asked my daughter to join me for a trip to Cuba! I have been to Cuba many times, and this was my first time visiting Havana. I was amazed by the music and art scene, and I would love to go back again someday." * Isabel Dulfano and I are married and we’re visited ILich Wolfson who wrote the textbook we did get a chance to see. It’s amazing! Isabel reconnected with her profs Murray Dry, Paul Nelson, and Roberto Veguez. She also sponsored a tour of sustainable projects all over New England in October 2007 and Andy’s carriage house project was on the tour. Also, a new house we designed which sits in the middle of the salt marsh in Newburyport, Mass., was featured in the Boston Globe’s Sunday magazine. * Caleb Rick and wife Trish want to express their appreciation to everyone who was able to attend their preunion cookout in Chelsea, Vt. Over the course of the summer, they also enjoyed visits from classmates Keith O’Hara, Tom Caleagni, Phil Reding, John Pinkos, Al Muggia, Jim Ralph, Doug Woodsum, and their respective families. Caleb also had an opportunity to visit Ken Adams in Albany and Emma Mayer in NYC. If your travels bring you to central Vermont, please stop by for a visit! * Wendy Behringer Nelson hosted Jon Warner and family for dinner in Chapel Hill, N.C., as they were on their way home to Pennsylvania from vacation in Pawley’s Island, S.C. Following a full debriefing on reunion weekend, there was appropriate gloating over Wendy’s very cool Midd 25th reunion fleece blanket—Jon received nothing like it at the UVA reunion he attended with wife Vicki on the same weekend. Guess we know where they’ll be for uszhou! * Rob Stein has his work cut out for him as the new principal at Manual High School in Denver, Colo. Closed in 2006 for dismal test scores, plummeting attendance, and radical reforms, the public school has reopened with a freshman class of 179 and it’s Rob’s job to define a new vision and turn the school around. With a master’s from Stanford and a Ph.D. from Harvard, Rob was previously the headmaster at private Graland Country Day School. * At another private school, Cincinnati Country Day School, Jane Simon Fritz was named the director of strategic planning and development and began the job last May. She lives in Hyde Park, Ohio, with husband Joe and son Joey, a sophomore at CCDS. * Finally, thanks to many of you who e-mailed kind words for your class secretaries (now called correspondents) who have signed up for another five years. We appreciate the support and hearing your news. Keep up the connections and keep in touch! * Class Correspondents: Wendy Behringer Nelson (gonamgo@hellouth.com); and Caleb Rick (rick@northconunon.com).

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REUNION CLASS

Julienne Grant writes, “I have not reported in for almost 25 years, so I decided the time had come. After Middbury, I earned my M.A. in Ibero-American Studies, an M.A. in library and information science, and a J.D. Needless to say, I’m still paying off student loans. I have spent most of my career in academia—teaching, and as a librarian. Currently, I’m adjunct faculty and the foreign and international research specialist at the Loyola School of Law library in Chicago. My best gig, however, was as a house director with Roberto Veguez. I’ve played a private library in a restored 15th-century castle in Mallorca, Spain (no kidding)! I have had numerous travel adventures—Europe, Puerto Rico, Ecuador, the United Arab Emirates, and Oman.” In December, she planned to go to Mumbai, India, on a grant from the International Association of Law Libraries, to attend a five-day course on Indian law and legal literature. “The film project is a documentary on the legal history of India, titled Indivisible, and the film is currently being produced by Israeli Rony Yacov. The film mixes the explosive and seemingly intractable Middle Eastern conflict. Greenly has been in intermittent touch with Rony during the project. * Elias Socolof was recently appointed to the board of directors of the Prospect Child and Family Center in Queensbury, N.Y. A pediatrician with the Hudson Headwaters Health Network, he received his M.D. from Temple Univ. School of Medicine in Philadelphia. He lives in Queensbury with wife Roslyn and children Rachel and Thomas. * In honor of Kevin Mahaney, the College’s arts center has been renamed the Kevin P. Mahaney ’84 Center for the Arts. A reflection of his generosity and commitment to the arts, the new name will be officially dedicated in a March ceremony during a weekend of festivities celebrating the building’s 15th anniversary arts season. According to Kevin, his first introduction to the arts was at Middbury and that exposure has enhanced all aspects of his life since then. * In October, John McMurrin’s group, the Third Serving, played a concert at the Duxbury (Mass.) Free Library. The trio, which was formed five years ago, plays...
classical guitar and has performed at the Hatch Shell in Boston, Berklee College of Music, Longy School of Music, at the House of Blues in Cambridge, Mass., and in regional music series. They have two closer to the family. Tom Mygatt, John teaches at Holyoke Community College and other area colleges. * Tom Knox, a partner at Morrison & Foerster LLP, was recognized as the top lawyer in Washington in corporate finance at the Washington Business Journal's fourth annual Top Washington Lawyers' awards ceremony. Tom is co-chair of the firm's East Coast Corporate Group. * Wolf, Greenfield & Sacks, intellectual property law specialists, recently named John Van Amsterdam as chair of its biotechnology practice group, which serves the biotech industry from startups to multinational corporations, and research organizations, universities, and hospitals. John received a master's in applied biological journalism, she worked for nine years at the Van Amsterdam as chair of its biotechnology Top Washington Lawyers' awards ceremony. Tom Shell in Boston. Berklee College of Music, Longy classical guitar and has performed at the Hatch Shellsouc@msn.com); and Andrew Zehein (andrew. Zehein@gfslaw.com).

From New York City we heard from two of our classmates. Robert Gladding and wife Lauren had their third daughter, Jetè Nava Gladding on July 27. The oldest, Oona Amelie, started kindergarten in September. Their second daughter, Année Margarette (25) joined her sister Oona for her first dance class (creative ballet) last summer at the 92nd Street Y in Manhattan. Robert teaches American literature and videography to 11th and 12th graders at Eleanor Roosevelt High School on the Upper East Side. Over the summer he taught at the Tribeca Film Institute's summer arts youth media film program, and managed editor for the last two years. His wife and Ellen Tien have a son, Jack (9). Will's wife is a columnist for the New York Times Sunday Styles section. Will closed his e-mail to us by saying, "Go Panthers!" We agree, Will. Next, from South Carolina we heard from Jeff Thomas. Jeff lives in Mount Pleasant, just across the Cooper River from Charleston. He doesn't bump into a lot of Mill grads, but there are a few. It's a great place to live and he and his wife love it. They have five kids: four boys and a girl (two of the boys are four-year-old twins!) Jeff keeps in close contact with a bunch of Middlebury friends including Rob Bredahl and Paul Bucci. The three of them go on an annual ski trip together (with Chris Higgins '83) and they ran the Kiawah Island marathon together in 2006. They plan on doing the marathon again this year. Jeff also stays in touch with his lifelong friend Mike Rich '84, who came down to visit for a few days on one of his infrequent trips home from Rwanda. Jeff tells us that "life is good, but going fast." Closer to home in Massachusetts. Jack Klincik continues to enjoy his new job at State Street Corporation running the hedge fund, private equity, and offshore administration businesses. He and wife Ruth (Hill) '84 have three children, ages 12, 10, and 6. They are happy to be back in England and closer to Vermont after years in London and Pittsburgh. * From the hometown of our alma mater we heard from Miguel Fernandez. Miguel returned last summer from a year's academic leave in Chile that was a fantastic experience for wife Kelly and four kids (a 13-year-old daughter, an 11-year-old son, and identical twin 7-year-old boys), living by the beach and experiencing a new culture. Miguel managed to get in a little boogie boarding (well, maybe a lot) and refereed some top rugby matches when he wasn't doing research on 19th-century Latin American literature. Now back in one of his old haunts in the Spanish department at the College, he's busy with classes again. He saw David Brown and Bill Gilson in Middlebury last summer and hopes to see more classmates at Homecoming and other events throughout the year. * Next, we heard from Chip Kenyon. He has five kids, ages 11 through 14, and when we joked that he and Dave Morton both have kids, he responded he "has no plans to catch up to Morty." Chip keeps in touch with Rod Fox, Walker Mygatt, Gene Cleaves '84, and Dave Friedman '81. He also talks frequently with the "Goldman Boys," Ryan '98, Curt '00, and Scott '01. For the past 12 years Chip has been attending the Middlebury lacrosse reunion in Vail, Colo. He sends along his good wishes and "hopes all is well with everybody out there." * Matthew Fisk and wife Emiko continue to live in Tokyo, Japan, with daughter Ai (3). Matthew works as foreign counsel at Ishin Law Office. Having lived in Cambodia and Japan, the Javanese/English/minority Christian minority at Middlebury has proven surprisingly practical. Fellow classmates are particularly welcome to contact Matthew and Emiko if they plan to visit Japan at fisk@iolo.gr.jp. * Thank you everyone for your interesting news! Please keep those updates coming to Denah or Ruth. * Class Correspondents: Michael Rawding (denah@comcast.net); and Desi Lohman Tougou (denah@comcast.net).

Michael Rawding was on campus this past fall to give a lecture about "Social and Economic Development in the Digital Age." Currently Michael is the VP of the Unlimited Potential Group at Microsoft Corp. His group spearheads efforts to close the digital divide by creating products and programs that will help bring social and economic opportunity to the estimated five billion people not yet realizing the benefits of technology. Before moving to Seattle, Michael spent considerable time in Asia, most recently as president and CEO of Microsoft Japan. * In October, it was announced that Samuel Silver, an attorney with Schnader Harrison Segal & Lewis in Philadelphia, had been inducted as a Fellow of the American College of Trial Lawyers. One of the premier legal associations in America, the College picks members who have mastered the art of advocacy and have professional careers marked by the highest standards of ethical conduct, professionalism, civility, and collegiality. Close to Vermont, Jeff got a teacher certificate from St. Johnsbury Academy. Jeff is a member of the law firm's executive committee and past chair of the litigation department. * Sadly we report the death of Robert Rogers on September 27 of heart failure. As an attorney, Rob was devoted to social justice and the principle of public defense. The day of his heart failure he had won a hearing against U.S. Forest Service regarding the religious freedom of members of the Northern Arapahoe Tribe, prosecuted for the taking of protected eagles for ceremonial purposes. It was a colorful case that he had worked on for over two years. Our condolences are sent to his family and friends. * Torsten Garber writes, "Interesting times here in Southern California. The fires were bad. The smoke and ash were unnerving. The Santa Ana winds were the major factor in the expansion of the fires. Winds blew 50-60 mph with gusts up to 80 or so. My wife and I had the one-hour notice, 20-minute notice, and the get-the-hell-out-of-Dodge—now evacuation plans in place. We're not in a high-risk zone, but we were surrounded by dry, dry areas. It knocked lots of trees down and there was trash and yard stuff everywhere. It took an entire weekend to clean up, but we had no damage, thankfully." * Class Correspondents: Torsten Garber (skytay@verizon.net); and Kate Wallace Perlotta (perlottaa@verizon.net).

Integrated Development Corp. of Greenwich, N.H., recently announced that Lisa Coe had been hired as the artistic director. With certification in graphic arts and visual design from Northeastern Univ., Lisa founded Ellicott Design Associates in 1991, specializing in graphic design, illustration, user interfaces, icon and logo design, and print and Web collateral. Along with her new job, Lisa will continue to own and operate Ellicott Design. From San Rafael, Calif. Ashely Ransom writes that she had son Bodie Thomas Ransom on May 29, with partner Janice Richley. Several classmates came to visit to meet Bodie including Jennifer Sudduth Walsh, Cicci Mulder, Ellen Sheffield Pace, and Jen Coste, who lives in Marin County. * Lilli Dyer (M.A. French '89) and husband Nick Benson (M.A. Italian '91) welcomed son Hezekiah (Zeke) on June 27. He joined sister Katharine (4). * This past fall, Vermont governor Jim Douglas '72 hired Craig Pattee, president of Dutko World Wide, as a lobbyist to represent Vermont's interests in Washington, D.C. * It was close to the death of Kristine McMahon YanoFSky on August 21. Our sympathy is sent to husband David and daughters Sarah and Anne, and all her family and friends.

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Springtime showers at Hildene in Manchester, Vt., didn’t dampen the spirits at the June 4, 2006, wedding of Charlotte Foss ’03 and Angelo Zucconi. Midd friends who gathered together to celebrate were Mo Chang ’02, Michael Kirkland ’04, Ryan Kelley ’05, (second row) Kristina Rudd ’03, Mary Rita Candon Manley ’71, Cristine Cioffi ’75, Sara Sharkey ’04, Lewis ’62, and Judy Cooper Parker ’64, Courtney Hess ’03, Paul Gruber ’03, Caitlin Vaughn ’03, the newlyweds, Rome Musket-Roth ’04, Xan Williams ’03, Kate Kellogg ’04, Emily Lord ’03, Julie Baroody ’03, Story Parker Schilde ’03, and Ron Schilde ’03.

The June 30, 2007, wedding ceremony of Eleonora Holley ’93 and James Cahill in Mendocino, Calif., was attended by Lori Kate Calise Smith ’92, the newlyweds, and Evelyn Holley ’94.

Elisabeth Valenti ’03 and Allen Coker were married on August 12, 2006, in Boston, Mass. In attendance at the celebration were (all ’03 unless noted) Vanessa Holcomb, Katie Kenney, Betsy Wymar, Keenan Diamond, Amory Wooden, Evan Knally, Derek Chicarilli ’02, the newlyweds, Romulo Braga, Jamine Knight, Chris Fanning ’02, Andrew Dombrowski ’02, Jeff Doran ’00, and Matt Barber (Harvard ’02). Missing from photo are Sarah Logan and Dana Gordon ’02.

The marriage of Jenny Murphy ’93 and Peter Birkenhead took place in Washington, D.C., on April 28, 2007. Midd friends from the Class of 1993 joining them included Heather Clay, Mary Herrington Yancey, Heidi Zecher Burke, Trevor Crist, Eliza Booth, Alison Larkin, the newlyweds, Justin Puccio (behind), Cynthia Parson Puccio, Suzanne Pinto, and Kristen Ketterer.

The wedding of Jessica Clapp and Richard Hennessey ’99 took place on June 23, 2007, at the Adirondack League Club. The guests included (all ’99 unless noted) Jeff Russell, Matt Molyneux, Lyndley Mercer Miller, Mike Melane, Mark Basset, Andrew Fletcher, (second row) Ian Doherty ’00, Morgan Porzio, Grace Amaco Cliffo, Kristan Clarke, Kate Swan Malin, Ian Malin, the newlyweds, Hendrik Dey, Aimee Sanders Freund, Evan Freund, Michael VanLokeren ’00, Eliza Cameron Eaton ’05, and Chris Eaton.
The marriage of Lauren Franco '02 and Ryan Leonard took place on April 14, 2007, in Westbrook, Conn. Dinner and dancing followed at the Water’s Edge Resort where friends from the Class of 2002 helped the couple (seated) celebrate: Sarah Brooks Minardi, Kyle Wreale MacDougall, Stella Harman, Emily Hatch, Lauren Cacciapaglia, Megan Sands, and Kelly Lauter.

After meeting at the Middlebury Marriage party, Ashley Hill '06 and David Boyd '03 were married on May 18, 2007, at Cairnwood Mansion in Bryn Athyn, Pa. Midd friends that helped them celebrate included Jess Horner '05, Kate Doorley '06, Lindsay McPherson '03, the newlyweds, Elizabeth Schaumberg '06, Lindsie Wolff '04, Cook Commons Dean David Edelson, Jess Cox '07, (back row) J.S. Woodward '06, Angela Boulart '03, Damien Washington '03, Matthew Batastini '03, Chris Ramsey '02, Chris Jennings '03, Fred Wysik '03, and Kevin Chris '07.

Raegan Randolph '01 and Nicholas Apostolatos '97 were married February 17, 2007, at St. Patrick’s Cathedral in New York City. Friends who joined them in the celebration were Julia Fraser '07, Elizabeth Cebula '01, Nicole Miller Bender '01, Danielle Apostolatos '03, Megan Bigelow (sister of Raegan’s Community Friend), (second row) Andreas Apostolatos '06, Miyuki Matsumoto '00, Patrick Knae '04, the newlyweds, Graham Balch '97, Mahesh Katkar '99, Melissa Bigelow (Raegan’s Community Friend), Mary Tucker '01, and Justin Racz '97.

Joanna Murphy '03 and Peter Mancini '02 were married on June 2, 2007. The wedding reception took place at the Northport (N.Y.) Yacht Club where family and friends helped the newlyweds (seated) celebrate: Jessica DellaPepa '03, James Meader '02, Tito Garrett '02, Pauline Roosegaarde Bischop (mother of the bride), Yared Gurmu '04, Jeff Barbieri '03, and Emily Van Doren '03. Missing from photo is Vincent Siegel '03.

Millcreek Canyon in Salt Lake City, Utah, was the site for the marriage of Elizabeth Podget ‘01 and Brian Northrop ‘01 on November 11, 2006. Celebrating with the couple were (all ‘01 unless noted) Chris Mitchell, Dauvin Peterson, Russell Costa, (second row) Mareese Perreault ‘03, Alex Sporting, Jennifer Cupani, Porter, Reid Porter, the newlyweds, Kristen Lyall, Emily Sharkey, Heather Fremgen ’95, (third row) Ben Howe ’03, Yuriy Nemyvaka, Tom Santoro, Jess Monroe Vaughan ’02, Will Vaughan, Tom Marks, Mike Alonzo, Miranda Hillyard, Garrett Dodge, David Binnig, James Ong, Sam Podget, and Dan McNamara.
Anna Blair Rohrer and Jamie Kneisel '01 were married on April 14, 2007, in Charlotte, N.C. During the reception held at the Charlotte Country Club, many Midd friends helped the couple celebrate: Angus Birchall '03, Josh Gladding '02, Brian Nickel '01, the newlyweds, Mike Arwood '01, McAndrew Rudasill '01, (second row) Tyler Kneisel '03, Jamie McNerney '03, Katie Raban Seeley '00, Emily Israel '00, Whitney Tremaine O'Brien '00, Brad Holden '02, Matt Blake '01, Luke Coppege '02, (third row) Clay Moorhead '02, Steve O'Neil '01, Jay Lugosch '01, Dave Seeley '02, Jess Davis '01 (hidden), Tom Graziano '01, Chad Knowles '01, and Parks Lineberger.

Stephanie Farnham '02 and Joseph Puchalski were married on June 30, 2007, at Kingsland Bay State Park in Ferrisburgh, VT. Friends from the Class of 2002 who attended included Holly Carlson, the newlyweds, Kristin Wilson, and Andrea Hersh.

Nathan Neale '98 married Erika Blakely in Denver, Colo., on April 7, 2007. Participating in the ceremony were Midd alums Paul Rosenthal '98 and Gabriel Macias '99. Also present to help the couple celebrate their nuptials were Daniel Kusik '98 and Catherine Trechak Rosenthal '98.

Jackie Brit '99 and David Friedman were married on the grounds of Buttermilk Falls Inn in Milton, N.Y., on September 10, 2006. The newlyweds (front) were joined by their Midd friends (all '99 unless noted) Jenna Sigman, Amy Olson, Elise Brenninkmeyer, Tania Kozikowski, Shannon Shaper, Amari Parker Harrison, Susee Witt, Judy Zamora, (back row) Chris Farrell '98, Ben Lively who performed during the ceremony, Brian Harrison, and Jeff Symonds (Bread Loaf '00).

After a ceremony officiated by Prof. Andrea Olsen at the Arnold Arboretum in Boston on June 2, 2007, Shruthi Mahalingaiah '98 and Henning Willers participated in a traditional Hindu ceremony attended by family and friends.

In the spring issue, we will begin a new format for these pages of photos. Not only will we display wedding photos, but we will also print photos from alumni mini-reunions and get-togethers of all classes. Please send your photo to Sara Marshall, Middlebury Magazine, 5 Court Street, Middlebury College, Middlebury, VT 05753. Or you can send it by e-mail to smarshal@middlebury.edu.
On April 21, 2007, Allison Brachlow ’98 married Benjamin Golnik ’00 in St. Paul, Minn. A reception at the University Club followed where Midd friends celebrated with the couple: (all ’00 unless noted) Casey Ruck Lebwohl ’98, the newlyweds, Shruthi Mahalingaiah ’98, Zeviel Simpser, (back row) Alex Carey, Adam Bassege ’02, Jack Tobin, Stephen Taylor, Kevin Locraft, Philip Tisne, David Jankowski, and Mike Valles ’02.

Emily Vandal ’02 and Zubin Mistri ’04 spiced things up and were married in Pune, India, on December 31, 2006. Middlebury alums who made the trip to help celebrate included Craig Thompson ’04, the newlyweds, Lindsey Johnson ’07, (back row) Jessica Pasko ’01, Betsy Eckfeldt ’71 (bride’s mother), and Nathaniel Vandal ’07 (bride’s brother).

Rashmini Yogaratnam ’79 and Billy Grassie ’79 were married on June 16, 2007, at the Chapel of the Good Shepherd of General Theological Seminary in New York City in a ceremony assisted by Rev. Peggy Rice Hodgkins ’79. A reception followed at the rooftop/penthouse Sky Studios in Greenwich Village and Middlebury friends helped celebrate: Peter Greene ’79, Jean and David Rosenberg (professor of political science), the newlyweds, Peggy Rice Hodgkins ’79, Brooks Stevens ’79, and Rick Legro ’79.

On June 23, 2007, Douglas Kocaba and Bob Wainwright ’03 were married at St. Luke’s Church in East Hampton, N.Y. Midd friends who helped celebrate included Charlie Leonard ’03, Steve Hulce ’03, (second row) Greg Berberian ’03, John Dana ’77, the newlyweds, Sarah Brooks Minardi ’12, and Mike Walsh-Ellis ’03.

In Portland, Maine, at St. Joseph's Church, Heather Tory '03 married Kevin Dougherty '03 on June 16, 2007. Celebrating with them afterwards at the Woodlands Club were Midd friends and family: (all '03 unless noted) Heather Collamore, Andrea Klayman, Polly Lynn '05, Michael Kirkland '04, Matt Dougherty '02, Carrie MacDonald Dougherty, (second row) Carter Brooke, Michelle Long '04, Lauren Sherman '03, Perelandra Tory Flood '96, Katherine Milgram, the newlyweds, Megan Dodge, Meaghan McCormick, Lauren Brierley, Monica Dealy, Katie Zemblo, Ali Perdue, Lindsay McPherson, Xan Williams, (third row) Michael Csaszar, Thomas Stafford, Ben Wesler, Andrew Hickok '02, Tim Marks, Kent Newman, Matt Rostan, Todd Falzone, Michelle Higginson, Jeff Boyink '06, and James Black '04.

In Bucks County, Pa., Alex Cranmer '99 married Carly Kleiner on May 27, 2007. Enthusiastic Midd friends helped the couple celebrate: Don Devendorf '98, Michael Bly '98, Casey Haire '99, Rich Price '99, (second row) Ross Sealfon '99, Craig Van Valkenburgh '99, Laura Mosty Section '01, Andrew Smith '07, Michael Doyle '98, the newlyweds, Peter Makrauer '00, Greg Naughton '00, Emily Voorhees '91, Stephen Anderson '98, and Bryan Borgia '98.

On October 28, 2006, Laurence Andrews and Suzanne Minott '99 were married in Brooklyn, N.Y. An intimate wedding reception followed, amidst the breathtakingly beautiful Manhattan skyline and East River waterfront, in a historic building nestled under the Brooklyn Bridge. Now when they drive over the Brooklyn Bridge, they get a nice, newlywed feeling.

Vidisha Komal and Dauvin Peterson '01 were married on June 16, 2007, in New York City. Celebrating the happy event were (all '01 unless noted) the newlyweds, Eric Fraser '03, Michael Alonzo, Sumit Choudhury, Thomas Marks, Abi Butler Marks '00, (second row) Russell Costa, Mariah Makechie-Podskowcow, Alexandra Spertling, Jen Cupani Porter, Reid Porter, Henry Flores, Prof. Phanindra Wunnava, Prof. John Berninghausen, Michael Ford '90, Kelvin Roldan, Diana Egbere Fanning '71, Emory Fanning, Prof. emeritus of music, (third row) Chris Mitchell, Will Vaughan, Jessica Monroe Vaughan '02, Ben Howe '03, Elizabeth Podgett Northrop, Edwina Ng Hugenberger '99, Thomas Keon, Brad Pryba, Tom Santoro, Andrew Haley, James May '00, Katherine Ramsey May '00, (fourth row) Brian Northrop, Yuriy Nevmynyak, Ethan Feuer, Joel Hugenberger, C. Ryan Miller, Jon Chesbro, David Binning, Ben Johns, James Tsai, and David Cohen. Missing from photo: Francois Clemmons.
At the White Rocks Inn in Wallingford, Vt., Bill Boykin-Morris '02 married Katlyn Stillings on June 30, 2007. Midd Kids in attendance were Chris Kratz, the newlyweds, Michelle Long '04, Robyn Cook '02, Mary Houle Skovsted '03, (second row) Molly May '02, Mike Romankiewicz '03, Joe Schiavon '03, Ben Wessler '03, Mike Mazzotta '03, and Eric Skovsted '02.

Susan Ludwig '02 and Kenneth Tang were married on June 2, 2007, in Leesburg, Va. Friends from the Class of 2002 joined in the celebration: Sarah Percy, Ellen Tompsett, the newlyweds, Joan Murphy Newell, Suey King, and Ann Lucke Ottesen.

On January 20, 2007, Hollie Butler and Brandon Lytle '04 were married in Miami, Fla. Enthusiastic Midd friends joined the couple in the celebration: (all '04 unless noted) Tom Egan, John Dorazio, the newlyweds, Kat Harring, Jonathan Sirex, Drew West, Meghan Keenan, Cameron Brooks, (second row) Chris Grant, Ethan Pond, Gordon Weightman, Lex Wilson Weightman '03, Nate McMahon, Justin Garrison, Britt Cosgrove, and Epeli Rokotuiveikau.

Before their legal wedding ceremony in Blois, France, Marina Davies '97 and Julien Dubruque celebrated a commitment ceremony on June 30, 2007, in West Haven, Conn., with these Midd friends from the Class of 1997: John Mejia, Jill Wertheim, Fernando Feria-Garibay, (second row) Scott Kim, Elizabeth Moore, the newlyweds, Elizabeth Morgan von Trancele-Roseneck, Cynthia Sada, and William Marris.

Margaret Symonds '00 and Adam Hancock were married in the mountains outside Aspen, Colo., on June 9, 2007. An outdoor reception with dinner and dancing followed at the Historical Society. Midd friends and family celebrating with them included Conor Darby '02, Sara Stewart Helft'00, Sylvia Johnson '00, Maria Young '02, Brooke Hewes '01, Joan MacKinnon Houghton '56, Bill Houghton '56, Tim Sullivan '00, (second row) Kate Robertson '01, Holcomb Johnston '01, Gunnar Carnwath '00, Allison Greenwood Bajracharya '00, Susie Stride Leach '00, Scott Leach '02, the newlyweds, David Symonds '68, Helen Gemmill '00, Elizabeth Lokey '00, Dave Lis '00, Morley McBride '02, Cory Lowe '04, and Erin Burns Sullivan '00.
Noah Webber Harley, who joined Suzi, Lee, and Pepper on July 2. Living in Winchester, Mass., Suzi is the editorial production manager at Harvard and Harvard University Press. Noah will make his Middlebury debut this summer at our 20th reunion. This past fall it was announced that Shawn Ryan has scaled a three-year overall deal with 20th Century Fox where he already has several new projects in the works. Under the pact, he has also launched a shingle, Kidd Kid Prod. He says, “I want this company to be a real hothouse for writers.”

—Class Correspondent: João Braide (johnbox@gmail.com); and Claire Czajkowski Jones (wokoto@comcast.net), 334 N. Oakland St., Arlington, VA 22203. 

Nicole and Matt Longman welcomed Benjamin Noah on October 7. “Life has certainly not been the same since, but we wouldn’t change a thing. We love our little guy to pieces.” In other news, new Marcie Griffith Loeb report that Ashley McEvoy Loeb was born on September 9. Porter Ball Knight is one of the first in the country to earn the prestigious designation of Certified Professional Organizers. This inaugural certification acknowledges the importance and value of standards in the organizing industry. Porter speaks nationally on organizing and productivity issues, and also consults one-on-one with individuals to create organized and productive systems. In December she came to campus to offer a workshop for staff entitled, “The Organized Workspace.” In October Woodbury College in Montpelier, Vt., announced that Susan Palmer, dean of undergraduate studies, had been named the academic dean of the college. She will oversee all of Woodbury’s degree and certificate programs, both undergraduate and graduate. With a J.D. from Cornell Law School and a master’s in English literature from UVM, Susan has held several positions at Woodbury and previously worked as staff attorney in Vermont Legal Aid’s Poverty Law Project and as assistant attorney general in the Consumer Protection Division of the Vermont Attorney General’s office. Marianne Boesky’s art gallery in NYC continues to represent and support the work of emerging international artists of all media. Last year she moved the gallery from West 22nd to West 24th Street and had architect Deborah Berke design the ground floor for the gallery and the upstairs for a living space. Marianne lives there with husband Liam Cuman and daughter Ellie and loves her zero-commute. * After a three-year hiatus working at Eating Well Magazine, Caroline Biddle McKenzie has relaunched her personal training business, Connecting Body and Mind. With a certification through the American Council of Exercise, she is one of the few trainers in the Burlington, Vt., area who works with clients in their homes. 

—Class Correspondents: Keith Pennell (kepennell@ifscapital.com); and Jeff Somers (jeffj@zillow.com). 

Barney Hodges, president of Sunrise Orchards, was recently elected to the board of directors of the New England Apple Association. Barney runs the large orchard started by his father in 1974 and lives in Cornville, Vt. Will Howe sent this message: “It gives me great pleasure to announce the arrival of Taylor Indigo Hovey, born September 17.” Still in the restaurant business in Scottsdale, Ariz., die-hard Red Sox fan Bill Deacon’s latest venture is the Muze Lounge, which is about a 10-minute drive from the Alcor Life Extension Foundation where Ted Williams is housed, awaiting his awakening. Bill says, “Every time I drive by that place I think, wow, it’s amazing to think such an incredible baseball legend would be there, inside this dusty little lab in Scottsdale. To think that is Graceland for the average Red Sox fan. That’s sort of pathetic.”

—Class Correspondents: Bill Driscoll (billand.druscoll@shahi.net); and Kate J. Kelley (ke_kelly@comcast.net). 

Living in San Anselmo, Calif., Vranna Hinck says the good parts of life there are “the California sun, running and hiking Mount Tamalpais, relaxed days, walking to great schools, bike riding, playing in the mud, games of playground tag, playing Barbies, and lots of reading (kids books).” She has five daughters and lives around the corner from Caroline Leary Dowd who has three girls and a boy. Vranna also works part-time as the director of family ministries for a small, but growing church. “My job is nurturing work.” Congratulations to Christina Raskopf Seale who welcomed Julia Elizabeth on July 10. Derek Harwell (a.k.a. Squirrel) spent five months kayaking and biking a few thousand miles from Juneau, Alaska, down the coast to Big Sur. He says, “I like to read about his trip, check out his blog at http://paddle-pedal-paddle.blogspot.com. 

Congratulations to Annie and Charlie Watson on the birth of August Briggs Watson last July. Briggs joined big brothers Charlie Mac (5) and Gunnar (2) and their parents officially have their hands full. Peter Walsh recently relocated with his family from Denver to Minneapolis for the position of deputy general counsel and chief of litigation at UnitedHealth Group. Pete, wife Kimberly, and children Oscar and Eloise traded the Rocky Mountains for a lakeside view in Wayzata, Minn. * Tristram Perkins married Maris Bostany in Chatham, Mass., on September 8 with a big Middlebury crowd in attendance. Bill Tice, Kingman Gordon, Charlie Watson, Ben Faucett, Gavin Ma, Peter Walsh, Drew Meyers, Matt Pauley, Christian Faber, Nick Elffler, John Rudge, and Sarah Wealse. * Anna Ishak recently got married. “On a recent East Coast work trip, I had a fun time catching up with old Midd friends. I joined John Rudge at Madison Square Garden to take in one of the classic rivalry games in sports—a Rangers-Islanders game. As a preseason game, fights were kept to a minimum, but it was fun to see Rudge in his element. It blows my mind he never liked hockey until after college! I spent time with Sara and their kids—I’m a proud godfather to their son, Charlie, who seems to be smarter than everyone else. While some are lucky enough to be taken in by a host family or relatives, many make do in open-air camps with thousands living together in makeshift huts the size of a two-person tent. Everyone eats out of the same pots. Go for the other direction are truckloads of heavily armed soldiers heading to ‘the front’ though that’s an ever-changing imaginary line between the various military groups fighting. Our emergency operations team needs to go out in the field for assessments, but it’s too dangerous to move more than a few kilometers outside of the city, so we have to wait until the fighting calms down some before we can begin to work further out.” Other trips include the Central African Republic and Nigeria. “Fortunately, I work from home when in Ghana so while the travel is significant, at home I can flex my schedule with early mornings or late evenings to enjoy a lot of time with Jen and the kids. Our house is only a few kilometers from the beach so we head there on weekends and are starting to find some nice restaurants and places to go out in the evenings, too.” He was looking forward to Thanksgiving in Morocco with his parents and to a New Year’s celebration with Jen’s family in Ghana. “The welcome mat is always out in Accra, or Lincoln, Vt., in the summers! * Last summer on July 28, Greg Naughton and Kelli O’Hara were married in a clearing on Hogback Mountain in Goshen, Vt. The guests sat on hay bales, young girls in summer dresses passed out tiny tin buckets of blueberries, and Harry Connick Jr. sang an original song he wrote for the couple. 

—Class Correspondents: Elizabeth Tober (eatob@ gmail.com), 242 Baltic St., Apt. 11, Brooklyn, NY 11201; and Dawn Caygill Drew (drew_phil@bostonmail. com).
I was able to spend time with Nick Elffner, Gavin Ma, and Lisa Balaschak. Nick, Lisa, and I watched the Red Sox win their first playoff game in a classic Boston bar, while Gavin took in the game live and met us later for a drink. On the West Coast, I saw Drew Meyers frequently, and Rob Reis occasionally. I look forward to catching up with the numerous other Middletown folks that are out here. A goal for 2008! Congratulations to Paul Consimano and wife Lily Wu on the birth of healthy and happy Sophia on July 30. * Shawn Emory Ankeny and husband Andy welcomed son Gus Mercer on November 3, 2006. ♦  JJ Gilmartin watched the Red Sox win their first playoff game on July 30. • Shawn Emory Ankeny and agency, just served on the jury for a first degree murder trial (not guilty), recently completed the Vermont 50-mile mountain bike race in Ascutney, and spent an awesome week in Portugal back in July. No wife, no kids, no pets. But Vermont 50-mile mountain bike race in Ascutney.

**REUNION CLASS**

Dana Pawlicki recently joined Lehman Brothers Private Equity as senior VP in their private equity fund marketing group. Dana is responsible for the structuring of private equity, mezzanine, and real estate investment funds globally, the creation of offering documents and marketing materials, the management of due diligence review of prospective third-party offerings, and the generation of new business. Prior to joining Lehman Brothers, Dana led alternative investments’ product development efforts, as director of global product development, where he worked for five years. Ofelia Barrios was back on campus for Homecoming and participated in an informal career panel, discussing career paths in the nonprofit world with students. Ofelia is the deputy director of programs for the Latino Commission on AIDS, a NYC-based agency that educates Latinos about HIV prevention, treatment, and care services, and helps agencies nationwide to do the same. ♦  Carl Forsman returned to his hometown of Chatham, N.J., in November when the Chatham Playhouse hosted “Broadway in the Borough,” a benefit performance for Keen Company, Carl’s off-Broadway acting troupe. * See you on campus June 6–8 for our 15th reunion!

Scott Riccio has been actively working for cancer patients’ rights as a founding member and advocate of A Right to Live. In September the group held a rally at the FDA office in Brooklyn to protest decisions by the FDA to deny cancer patients new, potentially lifesaving therapies, including Provenge, for terminal cases of late-stage prostate cancer. Cancer patients, advocates, doctors, and caregivers gathered to listen to speakers and to demonstrate. Check out the Web site (www.arighttolive.com).

Doug Clarner continues to build custom furniture in East Burke, VT. He was recently elected president of the Guild of Vermont Furniture Makers. Please check out his furniture at www.clarnerwoods.com.

We hope this winter issue finds you happy, healthy, and successfully pursuing those things for which you have a passion. Please keep the e-mails flowing to Emily and JP, as our classmates continue to enjoy catching up through class notes. * Beej Das sent in the news that he made a recent career move and joined the firm of Molinaro Kogeras the manager, director, India. With seemingly
**LANGUAGE SCHOOLS**

**English**

Knute Skinner (M.A. ’54) reports that Salmon Poetry recently released his latest collection of poetry, *Fifty Years: Poems 1957–2007*, containing new poems alongside work taken from 13 previous books. He has retired from teaching at Western Washington Univ. and lives full-time in County Clare, Ireland. *With 25 years in marketing and fund-raising, Monica McGoldrick (M.A. ’81) was named a 2006 Top Producer for Celia Dunn Sotheby’s International Realty in Savannah, Ga.*

Martha Andrews Donovan (M.A. ’89) is working on a creative manuscript-in-progress, *Collecting the Pieces: Three Generations of Women in India*, a nonfiction account of her mother, grandmother, and great-grandmothers’ experiences living in India as part of the missionary movement. Martha is an associate professor of writing at New England College and has published poems and essays in numerous publications. *A chapter by Bryan Jones (’90) is featured in *The Big Empty*, a collection of nonfiction stories by contemporary Nebraska authors. Entitled “Organic Vagitation,” the essay is taken from his book, *The Farming Game.*

Deidre Cuffee-Gray (M.A. ’06) is the new counseling department head at Brattleboro (Vt.) Union High School. After 14 years as an occupational therapist, she decided she wanted to work with high school students and did graduate work in school counseling at UMass.

**French**

Mel Yoken (’59, ’63) recently published *Breakthroughs: Essays and Vignettes in Honor of John A. Rassias*. Teaching since 1966, Mel is chancellor professor of French at UMass-Dartmouth and is director of the Boivin Center of French Language and Culture. He has published eight books as well as many articles, reviews, and poetic translations in journals and scholarly periodicals. *A foreign language teacher at New Canaan (Conn.) High School, Loo M ’57 was recently named Princeton Premiers honored member in education.* *This past summer, Paul Gery (M.A. ’77, M.A. German ’01) received his Doctor of Modern Languages at the Language Schools commencement. He taught French and German for four years in the department of foreign languages at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, and taught foreign languages for seven years in public secondary schools. He is currently a linguist with CACI International in Maryland.*

**Italian**

Profiled recently in *Johnstown Magazine*, retired language professor Dr. Robert Duca (M.A. ’60) gives back to his community by teaching open Italian classes at UH of Pittsburgh-Johnstown without stipend and providing Spanish translations for anyone who needs them, including inmates in the state correctional institution. With a Ph.D. from Penn State Univ., he held faculty positions at Slippery Rock Univ., Youngstown Univ., Greater Johnstown Area Vocational Technical School, and UPJ.

**Russian**

Dr. Angela Brintlinger (M.A. ’83) translated into English and wrote an introduction for *Derzhavin*, a biography by Russian author Vladimir Khodasevich. An associate professor of Slavic languages and literatures at Ohio State Univ., she is the author of *Writing a Useful Past: Russian Literary Culture, 1917–1937*, and the coeditor of *Madness and the Mad in Russian Culture*. *Severa von Wenzel (’97)* sent news of several of her friends: “I’ve been in touch with my classmates from the school in Moscow—Torrey Clark (M.A. ’97), Jennifer Recio Lebedev (M.A. ’97), and Erica Steckler (’94, ’96). We have all gotten married, set up house and had children. Torrey married Maxim Shirnin and Jennifer married Konstantin Lebedev. Both couples met while studying in Moscow and married in Russia. I married Frederic Djidetchian, a Frenchman, in Paris in 2003 and Erica married Brad Rosen in 2006 in Vermont. Torrey has continued to live in Moscow since graduation and works for Bloomberg writing about oil and gas after working as a journalist elsewhere. She manages to juggle her demanding job, Moscow’s traffic, and covered 382.24 miles, enduring more than 22,000 feet of climbing, nasty headwinds, porcupines, looming thunderstorms, and 96-degree temperatures. The record is now in the books! Matt and wife Mo live in Arlington, Mass., with their two cats. Matt is a Ph.D. candidate in immunology at Harvard Medical School and Mo has a private muscular therapy practice and races pro/elite cyclocross and mountain bikes. Check out their Web site at www.teamifwheelworks.com.*

**Spanish**

Harry Rush Jr. (’84, ’85) wrote the Centennial *Diary of East Millinocket, Maine, 1907–2007* for the town’s 100th anniversary. *Wachovia Corp. announced this past fall that Sara Ganjon Dickmyer (M.A. ’96) joined the company as a VP and small-business banker for Carroll County, Md. She has been a local banker for 13 years and specializes in SBA lending.* *The Asociaciôn Internacional de Literatura Femenina Hispânicâ, a major women’s studies organization in the field of Hispanic literature, recently awarded Karen Wooley Martin (D.M.L. ’06) the Victoria Urbano Critical Prize for the best submitted paper. Karen’s essay, “Mapping Ethnicity in Isabel Allende’s Daughter of Fortune and Portrait in Sepia” is based on a chapter of her D.M.L. dissertation.*

limited opportunities in India for hotel investment, Beegy’s experience enables him to advise clients in a variety of hospitality real estate transactions and matters. *Dan Richards is the CEO of Global Rescue, a company he founded in 2004 that provides emergency medical, evacuation, and rescue services around the world. “Like AAA (but for your body) we deploy medical, security, and evacuation teams to your location to treat you, get you on your feet, bring you home. In the last year or so, Global Rescue has rescued and evacuated people from various places including the world’s deepest canyon in the Peruvian Andes, and Lebanon during the Lebanese-Israeli conflict.” Check it out at www.globalrescue.com.* *Living happily in Girona, Mont.*

Spencer and Kerry Sawatzky Williams welcomed son Kieran happily in Bozeman, Mont.. Spencer and Kerry Sawatzky Williams welcomed son Kieran happily in Bozeman, Mont.. Spencer and Kerry Sawatzky Williams welcomed son Kieran happily in Bozeman, Mont.. Spencer and Kerry Sawatzky Williams welcomed son Kieran happily in Bozeman, Mont.. Spencer and Kerry Sawatzky Williams welcomed son Kieran happily in Bozeman, Mont.. Spencer and Kerry Sawatzky Williams welcomed son Kieran happily in Bozeman, Mont.. Spencer and Kerry Sawatzky Williams welcomed son Kieran happily in Bozeman, Mont..
April Bolton-Smith writes, “On March 15, 2007, we welcomed the arrival of Benjamin Scott Smith. He joined big sister Anna (2). We have regular drum lessons. Matthew (2) is enjoying his new role as big brother. ♦”

Annalisa Parent recently received a recognition award from the Institute on the occasion of its 20th anniversary. She was presented the award by former Governor Madeleine Kunin. Annalisa is an English and French teacher at Rice Memorial High School in South Burlington. In November Radhames Nova was inducted into the Hall of Fame at the Boys & Girls Club in which he was a member. He is currently working as an assistant engineer at the New England Transportation Authority. He was hoping the film would premiere at the 2008 Sundance Film Festival in January. Last summer Jason Ennis played in a trio with Brazilian vocalist Anna Bowden called One HeartBeat. He was hoping the film would premiere at the 2008 Sundance Film Festival in January. Last summer Jason Ennis played in a trio with Brazilian vocalist Anna Bowden called One HeartBeat. He was hoping the film would premiere at the 2008 Sundance Film Festival in January.
the Chelsea Hotel and made a short called ‘Hip or Homeless’ that got some good YouTube face time. I have talked with publishers and I’m just waiting to hear if my agent was able to dupe some unsuspecting editor into buying it. On the personal side, my loved ones are well, I’m swinging single, and considering a haircut. Life is good. * John Twiss asks us to fasten our seatbelts because his excitement for our 10th reunion is taking off. He also reports, “I was a hillbilly, a shaker, and a shape-note singer at the Houston Christmas Revels this year. The Revels are a nonprofit musical/theater group that does a different take on Christmas/Solstice celebrations from around the world, and it was started in Cambridge, Mass. This year, the Houston Revels did an Appalachian theme. I think the most amazing part of the Revels was that I passed the auditions—I CAN SING! PS. Shape-note singing is a 19th-century way of singing that is very unique. It sounds weird, tingy, and special at the same time.” * Michelle Spina Schmidt and Bob Palmley recently returned from San Francisco in October and went hiking and camping in Yosemite with husbands Brian ’97 and Kevan ’97. * Kirsten Taylor and Collin Williams finished the hot-record-temperature-setting Chicago Marathon in October. Kirsten whopped Collin’s time by two hours and eight minutes. * Nicola Stone finished her new record. She’s working on the release and plans to tour near the time. * Heidi Howard was named an assistant field hockey and lacrosse coach at Middlebury this year. She came to Midd from Choate Rosemary Hall in Connecticut where she was the head coach of the girls lacrosse team, assisted with the field hockey team, and also worked as an assistant director of admissions. * Max Zayas and Christy Lopez have relocated to the insurance capital of the world, Hartford, Conn., and continue to practice law as well as matchmaking. * Michael Hackett continues to amaze northern New Jersey with his legal acumen. He’s back in running form and on his way to complete his first marathon this spring. * Will Heidel was recently seen at the Embarcadero in San Francisco eating breakfast and discussing the real estate market. He and wife Kim Havens continue their work in real estate development. Will’s latest adventure involves a former bathtub turned hotel in Southern California. * Jeff and Tamzin Drummond-Hay Trail continue renovations on their Newburyport, Mass., home and are excited about the ski season. * Anne Richter started work as an emergency room physician in Flagstaff, Ariz. She welcomes anybody visiting the Grand Canyon to join her at the parts of the state. * Lise Falaleev ’98 is working her way through law school. * John Felton lives in London: “Joe Kraft has become a weekend warrior and is throwing himself into competitive bowling competitions.” * J.P. Gowdy has been honing his triathlon skills and soon will have his sights on Charles Macintosh on the New England triathlon circuit. * Peter Steinberg successfully traveled to Iceland and Denmark and learned where Danish comes from. * Adam Burns was seen in downtown Copenhagen hopelessly lost in early September. Rumor has it he was searching for the Little Mermaid statue, but couldn’t locate it.

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**Genevieve Berdoulay Coffey** teaches eighth grade full-time in Colorado, and every Saturday she coaches freestyle skiing for the Vail Development Team. * Toby Dougherty recently left the Boston Consulting Group to cofound a software company in the Washington, D.C., area. * Jme McLean graduated with an M.A. from Berkeley’s School of Public Health and is working on finishing up her joint degree in city planning. * Tina Denes-Mitchell, president of the San Francisco Middlebury Alumni Association, is excited to see that more Midd Kids are feeling the pull of the bay. At a recent happy hour, she saw Jme McLean, Kate Barnett, Kara Tsuboi, Tim and Erin Burns Sullivan, Katly Chamberlain, and Michael Hoyer ’01. * Miyuki Matsumoto graduated with her MBA from the Wharton School at UPenn in May, and Danielle Apostolatos graduated from NYU’s Stern School of Business in June. Both of them were working full-time jobs in NYC while earning their degrees! Congratulations, Miyuki and Danielle. * This past year Blake Rutherford was named one of “40 under 40” young leaders in Arkansas by Arkansas Business newspaper. He serves as general counsel and director of public affairs for Stone Ward, a Little Rock-based advertising and public relations firm. He carried his law degree from the University of Arkansas School of Law. * Sylvia Johnson’s award-winning documentary, Altagados, had its Colorado debut September 21. While studying for a master’s in documentary filmmaking at American Univ., Sylvia conceived, directed, and produced the 30-minute film while on a Fulbright grant in the Argentine province of Corrientes. The documentary won the “Best Thesis Film” award from American University’s student film festival in May 2007 and premiered at a film festival in Rio de Janeiro in September.

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**Peter and Jeanne Restivo ’99** Jacoby proudly report, “Hannah Rose Jacoby was born July 11. She has been a healthy and happy baby and while we’re not getting as much sleep as we used to, things are going great and we’re really happy. She even went to two Middbury weddings this summer when she was six and seven weeks old so we’re starting the Midd propaganda early.” * One of those Middlebury weddings was the marriage of Erin Senter and Madison Peschiera that took place on August 25 in Washington, Conn. * Adil Husain and Roohi Iqbal welcomed the arrival of their daughter, Sonia Mei Husain, who was born in Shanghai on July 7. * Henry Flores visited Adil in Suzhou, China, in May and they traveled together to Shanghai, Beijing, and Xi’an. Henry’s camera was stolen on the second-to-last day of his trip, so there is very limited evidence that he ever went to China. * On August 25, Sarah Theall married Scott Lemke at Linden Place in Bristol, R.I. The Lemkes traveled to northern Italy and France for their honeymoon and now live in the Charlestown (Mass.) Navy Yard. Sarah works at Goulston and Storrs as a real estate lawyer, with several other Middlebury alumni, and Scott is getting his MBA from Babson Univ. * Peter Day writes, “The Grift is kicking butt—we’re finishing up our new album and still touring around like crazy people, with frequent stops in all the Midd hotspots around the Northeast and, less frequently, Jamaica (we found out after the fact that we missed Willie Mason by a day in Negril). Folks should check out www.thegrift.com for an updated touring schedule!”
five years in California, Rich Gallup recently moved from San Francisco to Boston with his fiancée Becca Hicks (Wesleyan '02). Becca attends BU Law in Boston. Rich hopes to live his dream by the time you read this. • After spending the summer working in strategic planning for Liz Claiborne, Kelsey Doub is in her second year at Northwestern's Kellogg School of Management, where Jackie Spring has started her first year. • Keegan Uhl was married to Martha Crofoot '04 on August 31 in New York. Many Midd Kids from various years were in attendance. The newlyweds have just moved from Boston to Los Angeles. • Peter Morgan lives in Juneau, Alaska, working for the Supreme Court of Alaska. • John Santerre spent last spring in Morocco photographing the Berber in the Atlas Mountains. • Joshua Broder is now working as the general manager of Tilton Technology Management in Portland, Maine, a company owned by Mike Dow '88. Josh sees Portland newcomers Sean Hoskins '02, Jamin Richardson '03, and Greg Connolly '02 often. • Danielle Fischer writes, "Life has changed greatly in the general manager of Tilson Technology Management to work as an institutional account manager in Chicago at the end of the summer. In addition, I start the MBA program at the Univ. of Chicago in January. So far Midwest living has been great! I have been able to see Jackie Spring who is here attending Northwestern-Kellogg. Now that I'm miles away I wish I'd seen more of Tom Graziano and John Barrett while I was in New York, but I'm looking forward to my annual trip to Florida to see Adam Basage '02 and Michael Valley '02, so I guess not everything has changed after all!" • Hired as the assistant athletic director at St. Luke's School in New Canaan, Conn., Ryan Brown became the head football coach and has been working on building the football program back up to its winning ways. —Class Correspondents: Leslie Fox Arnold (lesliefox01@alumni.middlebury.edu), and Michael Hart (hartt@alumni.middlebury.edu).

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02 We would like to congratulate Erica Cooper Blankson on her recent marriage to Alvin Blankson. Erica is a unit coordinator at Washington Adventist Hospital in Takoma Park, Md. Alvin is a manager for the LLC in Rockville, Md. • We also want to wish Capt. Juan Garcia & crew in 1000 years to 10000 years. The company...
Teddy King returned to his home state of New Hampshire and raced in the Concord Criterium. Not surprisingly, he took home a first-place finish in the premier race, the Men's Pro 1/2 race.

Also: Christina Tolbert has completed her one-year contract with the Colorado Indoor Lacrosse Championships. On break before pursuing medical school. She and Tina Hiebert who share an apartment in Brooklyn, often sees Caroline Theriault and Mary Hiebert who share an apartment in Brooklyn, working for a management consulting firm called Barkers, which paid the Mongol Rally fund-raiser this past summer. It's a 1995 Fiat Uno. They have some great friends in London. Virginia Harr joined Federated Media Publishing as an account coordinator. She moved to San Francisco where she's excited to be living by the water but slightly scared by the morning fog. Marcus Hughes was on campus for Homecoming, but in a career panel discussion, talking about career paths in law.

Meg McFadden is working full-time at the John W. Graham Emergency Shelter in Vergennes, Vt., helping homeless individuals and families. With Rich Wolfson, Jon Larson was a co-author on a paper entitled "Maximum Energies of Force-Free Coronal Flux Ropes," which was published in May in the Astrophysical Journal.

Dan Dunning and Kyle Von Hasseln '05 co-wrote a paper with Helen Young entitled "Foraging Behavior Affects Pollen Removal and Deposition in Impatiens Capensis (Balsaminaceae)," which appeared in the American Journal of Botany.

After receiving a Watson Fellowship, Carolyn Barnwell has been traveling to some of the world's most remote coastal communities to find out how they're being affected by rising sea levels due to global warming. One of her stops was in Palau where she took time to organize a trip to Amsterdam and to see the film, An Inconvenient Truth. All the top political, traditional, and societal leaders were represented and she was a guest speaker on the line-up with the Minister of Resources and Development, the vice-president's wife, and the president of Palau. After being told that whatever she did, she should not wear pants, Carolyn, who was living out of a backpack, had to scramble to find a skirt and find shoes other than flip-flops. But everything worked out and the event was a huge success. As always, please send us information that you would like to share with our class and others!
frequently runs into Chris Heinrich. * Marco Casas has put his strenuous Russian language to use as he works as a banker in Moscow. * Astrid Arden Ahlander and Liz Kofman have been part of the Middlebury community for many years and often visit Middlebury. They are attending a marching band competition in San Francisco. * Also joining the Middlebury crew in San Fran are Tim Lux and Natalie Shottle, soon to be followed by Mr. Conn. * Moving eastward, the former hockey star Darwin Hunt had to forgo the idea of playing hockey in Europe. He instead resides with Derek Shields ’05 in Denver and is working for an entrepreneurial money manager. * Nearby, Jimmy Parra, David Burns, and John (Monty) Montesanti live together in Boulder, Colo., and are working in a local brewery. * Let’s skip to the East Coast. The Yankee–Red Sox rivalry continues to thrive and to draw fans to the respective cities. At the end of the summer, a large group of New Yorkers headed north to see Steve Hauschka kick for the N.C. State Wolfpack. Hauschka had his own fan club, led by his former roommates, Scott SECOR and Stefan Hrdina. * Mary Ting resides just outside of Boston and attends the Cambridge School of Culinary Arts, working at a little bakery on the side. Lisie Mehlman is very fond of the brownies at the aforementioned bakery. Lisie is working for a consulting firm and living with Julia “Getting her Groove On” Bredrup. Julia is attending Harvard Law so as to learn how to better evade the authorities at Angela’s. * At Midd, Emily McNamara was named the College’s new assistant women’s hockey coach. * In NYC, where a lot of Midd alums live, there’s lots of fun to be had when work doesn’t consume one’s life. However, during the week many are chained to their desks. Amy Witherspoon runs into Sarah Shaikh while hard at work for the Synapse Group. * BunnyRanch has relocated to the Lower West Side in the form of Richie Fuld, Jeff Schneider, and Ryan “Big Train” Keohane after losing the vibrant charm of Will Simpson to D.C. * Also in D.C., Kelly Dennis works for the Washington Internships for Native Students program and the Bureau of Indian Affairs Office of Indian Gaming. * At the Portsmouth Criterium in September, Megan Guarnier outspat 18 other women to win the Women’s Elite race. Riding for Terry Precision Cycling, she planned to hit the USA Criterium Finals in Las Vegas. She’d like to do some racing in Europe. * Yev Saidachev is in his rookie year in the IHL with the Fort Wayne Komets. He was named Aquafina IHL Rookie of the Week in October. * Our class continues to excel in life after Middlebury (who knew there was one?), which shows that our last four years paid off. Who said that the 200K investment wasn’t worth it? We would love to hear what everyone else is doing. Please e-mail us with any updates at any time. Look forward to hearing from you. Until next time, Brett and Everett. —Class Correspondents: Andrew Everett (andreweverett@gmail.com); and Brett Swenson (brett.swenson@gmail.com)
were developing jet engines at Pratt & Whitney Aircraft. With a mathematics degree, she taught high school math in Vermont, New York, and Illinois for a total of 28 years. Predeceased by husband Roger, survivors include son Gregory, two grandchildren, and great-grandchild, and brother Ray Kiey '40.

42 Daphne Smith Burns, 87, formerly of East Montpelier, Vt., on July 30, 2007. After attending secretarial school in Boston, she worked in a bank as secretary for a mortgage loan officer, in a credit/insurance reporting firm, and then 20 years in the law firm of McKee, Giuliani, and Cleveland. After living 25 years in East Montpelier, she and her husband spent winters in Zapata, Texas, and summers on Lake Champlain. Predeceased by husband Alden in 1999, she is survived by a niece and nephew. Deceased Middlebury relatives include cousin Alice Blanchard Carpenter '25.

Patricia Kane MacFadden, 85, of Wheaton, Ill., on August 16, 2007. After working several years with Alzheimer's disease, she was elected alderman for the city of Kingston, N.Y., then worked in the county court as court officer and in the city clerk's office. In retirement she enjoyed playing golf, visiting museums, and attending concerts and craft shows. Predeceased by daughter Carolyn Smith, she is survived by daughter Robin Parish, son Bruce '75, and five grandchildren, including granddaughter Devon Parish '95. Surviving Middlebury relatives also include brother William Kane '34.

Grace M. Shailer, 86, of Bloomfield, Conn., on June 26, 2007. She worked for 35 years at Aetna Casualty Company as a claim analyst for worker's compensation. After retiring she held a part-time job during the winter months at an interior designer's shop. Interests included golf, yoga, watercolor painting, and swimming. She is survived by brother Robert, one niece, and three nephews.

Elliot A. Baines, 87, of Vero Beach, Fla., on September 27, 2007. During WWII he served as an executive officer on a minesweeper in both the Atlantic and Pacific. After surviving the sinking of his ship in Manila Harbor, Philippines, he returned home to marry Marty Ashcroft. With graduate work at Stevens Institute of Technology, he had a successful career in metallurgy built around the brass-forging business, before retiring in 1984 and moving to Vero Beach. Over the years, he devoted much of his time to supporting charitable organizations. He served on the board of trustees of the Eaglebrook School in Deerfield, Mass., was named a lifetime board member, and had a dormitory dedicated in his honor. His philanthropy covered many fields, including education, medicine, religion, and the arts. At Middlebury the geology teaching laboratory in Bicentennial Hall is named in his honor. Active in retirement, he was a deacon at the First Presbyterian Church and a member of the Museum of Art, the Humane Society, McKee Botanical Gardens, the Scottish Society, and the Navy League. Predeceased by first wife Martha (Ashcroft), he is survived by wife Janet (Crawford), sons David, Barry, Kevin, and Elliott Jr., 10 grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Margaret Dounce Dale, 85, of Longmeadow, Mass., on September 14, 2007. Author of the College's alma mater, Walls of Ivy, she was well known for her writing of plays, poems, and for creating her own Christmas cards. An active volunteer at Longmeadow, where she lived for 56 years, she was a member of the Longmeadow Council on Aging, of Forest Park Literary Club, worked as a volunteer at the Food Bank, and was a Girl Scout leader. She served two terms on the Longmeadow School Committee, was a member of First Church of Christ, and worked part-time at the Gilbert Books Shop. Predeceased by husband Russell '43, she leaves daughters Margaret '68, Nancy, and Susan Dale '73. Deceased Middlebury relatives include parents-in-law Russell '31 and Jennie McElhaney '31, and sister-in-law Jane Dale '39. Surviving Middlebury relatives include brother- and sister-in-law David '30 and Mary Krum Dale '31, niece Amy Dale '78, and nephew John Dale '80.

Cranston H. Howe, 84, of Poultony, Vt., on August 13, 2007, after a long battle with Alzheimer's disease. Serving his country during WWII and receiving a Purple Heart and a Bronze Star for bravery, he returned to Middlebury in 1946 to complete his interrupted studies and lived at Delta Upsilon where he was a member. He earned his LLB degree from Albany Law School, Union Univ., in 1950 and opened his own law practice in Fair Haven, Vt., in 1951. With son Christopher joining the practice in 1983, he retired in 1998. Building a camp on Lake Bomoseen in 1951, he had many enjoyable years there with family and friends. Survivors include wife Mary Jane (Poljack), sons Christopher and Jefferson, and two grandchildren.

Ruth Ann Merrill Otis, 84, of Montpelier, Vt., on September 20, 2007. After college she lived and worked in NYC, marrying Antonio Riva. In 1953 she moved to Vermont with second husband David Otis '45, settling in Burlington, then Montpelier. After receiving a master's in education from UVM, she worked as an elementary school teacher and reading and curriculum specialist in the Worcester and Northfield, Vt., school systems. Active in her community, she participated in the Green Mountain Club, American Association of University Women, League of Women Voters, and Alpha Delta Kappa (an educator organization). With husband David, she was a charter member of the Vermont (Antique) Automobile Enthusiasts. Predeceased by David, she is survived by son Anthony, daughters Elizabeth Ann Ducoff and Mary Ellen Dunn, six grandchildren, and one great-grandchild. Deceased Middlebury relatives include mother Anna Novak Merrill '19, aunt Elizabeth Novak '21, cousin Theodore Novak '50.

Frederick R. Goodridge, 85, of Pittsford, N.Y., on August 7, 2007. After serving in the U.S. Navy during WWII, he joined the Naval Reserve for 20 years, retiring as a lieutenant commander. With an MBA from Cornell Univ., he held financial executive positions at various companies, served as deputy auditor of the City of Boston, and taught finance and accounting for five years at Framingham State College. He also served two years as a trustee of Medaille College in Buffalo, N.Y. Predeceased by wife Julia (Boss) '46, he is survived by son.
Frederick, daughters Jean Spoth, Laura Azzara, and Caroline Harrington, and 12 grandchildren.

Robert A. Fuller, 82, of Sedona, Ariz., on July 24, 2007. After a year at Middlebury, he joined the Air Force and completed all but one half of the 50th Bomb Group with the 96th Bomb Group during WWII. He then finished his degree at Middlebury and began his lifelong career as a human resource executive with industrial and financial firms, including the Atlantic Refining Company and Industrial National Bank. He concluded his career after 17 years with the Hay Group in Philadelphia, Pa., as a senior consultant. He served as a member of the Pennsylvania Society of the Sons of the Revolution and the 96th Bomb Group Association. In retirement, he and his wife built a home on St. Croix, in the U.S. Virgin Islands, and lived there until moving to Sedona. Survivors include wife Mary (Whitney), son Scott, daughters Nancy Rushing and Robin Hope, eight grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. Surviving Middlebury relatives include nieces Laura Fuller Peach '73 and husband Stephen '71, great-nephews Ian Peach '79 and Morgan Peach '89, and great-niece Molly Peach '11.

Jean Allan Miller, 80, of Kansas City, Mo., on September 8, 2007. With a master's in reading education from Boston Univ., she began teaching in Connecticut before taking a job teaching at U.S. Army schools in Japan and Germany. An elementary teacher for 28 years, she spent most of her married life in the Midwest. Preceded in death by husband Dan, she is survived by sons Allan, Randy, and Richard, and four grandchildren.

Robert E. Becker, 76, of Englewood, Fla., on August 28, 2007. After graduation, he spent time in the Army, serving in Oklahoma and Colorado. He then worked as a specialist on the New York Stock Exchange for over 30 years. Predeceased by wife Charlotte (Surber), he is survived by daughters Charlotte Ann and Lee Ellen, and four grandchildren.

Marilyn Mackenzie Tickey, 79, of Hampton Bays and Burlington, N.C., on August 30, 2007. With an MBA from New York Institute of Technology, she was the president of Avionics Plastics in Hauppauge, N.Y., until her retirement. She is survived by husband Bernard, daughter Christine Place, sons Donald, William, and Douglas, 12 grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Priscilla Ray Beck, 77, of Ledyard, Conn., on August 11, 2007. Prior to and after her marriage in 1953, she worked as a certified medical technician at United Hospital in Port Chester, N.Y., retiring from that position in 1956 with the birth of her first child. From its inception she was a member of the Ledyard Garden Club and also of the American Begonia Society, Nutmeg Branch. Her hobbies included gardening and plant propagation, and she was an avid and accomplished painter in oils. Predeceased by son Matthew, she is survived by her husband of 54 years, Don '52, daughter Janice Brown, sons Peter and Paul, and three grandchildren.

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R. William Larson, 80, of Williamsville, N.Y., on September 22, 2007. A retired Navy captain, he served in WWII as a Navy signalman and in the Korean War as a lieutenant junior grade, then as a captain with the U.S. Naval Reserve and as commanding officer of the Naval and Marine Corps Reserve Center. With a law degree from the Univ. of Michigan, he worked as a trial attorney, specializing in civil law, and was a former partner with Hodgson, Russ of Buffalo. Survivors include wife Marilyn (Werner) '51, daughters Christie Anne and Dana Sher '81, and son Eric.

Walter Staloff, 79, of Ava, N.Y., on September 13, 2007. During the Korean conflict, he served in the U.S. Army as a radio operator and translator. With a master's in history from Syracuse Univ., he worked as a reporter for many years and as a teacher and substitute teacher in Rome, N.Y. He was active in the Rome community theater and in environmental and conservation groups. Survivors include wife Maureen Kelley, son Joel, and granddaughter Alexis.

Marilyn Mackenzie Tickey, 79, of Hampton Bays and Burlington, N.C., on August 30, 2007. With an MBA from New York Institute of Technology, she was the president of Avionics Plastics in Hauppauge, N.Y., until her retirement. She is survived by husband Bernard, daughter Christine Place, sons Donald, William, and Douglas, 12 grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

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Nancy Harrison Bove, 76, of Hamden, Conn., on August 12, 2007. With a master's in speech pathology from Southern Connecticut State College, she worked for 10 years as a speech therapist in the North Haven (Conn.) School system. Some of her many volunteer activities included membership in the Unitarian Society of New Haven, FISH of Greater New Haven, and the Red Cross Blood Donor program. An active member of the Unitarian Society of New Haven, she enjoyed traveling, took up painting later in life, and became an accomplished watercolorist. She leaves her husband of 55 years, Joseph, sons Bruce '75 and James, daughter Susan Kinney, and six grandchildren. Surviving Middlebury relatives include sister Barbara Harrison Nadiff '55, cousins George Harris Jr. '44, Anne Harris Orion '69, Martha Harris Dolben '72, Peter Harris '74, Ellen Harris Swinglet '82, Megan Harris '80, Zakary Prichard '01, and Joshua Orion '02. Descended Middlebury relatives include father Sumner Harrison '17, mother Margaret Harris Harrison '18, cousin Philip Condit '16, sister Marjory Harrison Tiger '46, and cousin Carolyn Crane Fite '52.

Edward L. Price, 83, of Lake Ariel, Pa., on April 3, 2007. An army veteran, he served during WWII as a technician specialist in the air antiaircraft division. He was a member of the Church of the Good Shepherd in Scranton, where he served as a lector, vestryman, and warden. Survivors include wife Susan (Dick), and sons Edward and Robert.

Janet Deakin Diaz, 74, of Berlin, Conn., on September 27, 2007. After 12 years working in New York City, she returned to Middlebury and served as assistant director of alumni relations for several years. Moving to Worcester, Mass., with her husband, she worked for Merrill Lynch and A.G. Edwards, retiring in 1998. Throughout her lifetime, she held board memberships with the Vermont YWCA and the Regatta Point Community Sailing Association. Predeceased by husband John and brothers James and Douglas, she is survived by sisters-in-law Della Deakins and Carolyn Deakins, and several nieces and nephews.

Theodore J. Lehner, 71, of West Chester, Pa., on June 24, 2007. After receiving his B.S. in electrical engineering from MIT, he worked for 36 years at Philadelphia Electric Co. as an electrical engineer. He enjoyed playing the piano and loved his choir at Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church. Survivors include wife Jean (Swihart), son Andy, daughter Katie Buckley, foster daughter Tina Batten and her children, and seven grandchildren.

Kenneth W. Moore, 71, of Annapolis, Md., on September 27, 2007. After serving in the U.S. Marine Corps, he worked for the Curtis Publishing Company and SmithKline & French Laboratories in marketing. Moving into the nonprofit arena, he became development officer at UPenn and ended his career as VP for development and senior officer at Thomas Jefferson Univ., an academic health center in Philadelphia. A resident of Wynnewood, Pa., for 40 years he was not only active in the community, but in the Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church, Lankenau Hospital volunteers, several professional associations, and as a board member of the National Society of Fund Raising Executives, where he was named Fund Raising Executive of the Year for the Greater Philadelphia Chapter in 1991. He also taught evening courses in philanthropy at Villanova Univ. and UPenn. He loved to travel the world and boat on the Chesapeake Bay. He is survived by wife Martha (Johnson) '57, son Stuart, daughter Lesley Keogh, and one granddaughter.

Richard T. Owens, 75, of Wollaston, Mass., on February 18, 2007. A longtime substitute teacher for the Quincy Public Schools, he worked most often at North Quincy High School. He was an active member of Union Congregational Church. He was preceded in death by cousin Theodore Roberts '27.

Anthony Y. Valdez, 72, of South Windsor, Conn., on September 27, 2007. After serving time in the Army, he worked for Genuine Parts Company before joining United Parcel Service where he worked for over 22 years until his passing.
served as a financial executive for 30 years, becoming corporate VP and retiring in 1998. While in St. Louis, he served numerous volunteer organizations. In retirement, he and his wife moved to the home they built on the shores of Lake Winnipesaukee where he became actively involved in various charitable activities. Survivors include his wife of 39 years, Candace (Wheatley), son Jack ’93 and wife Ashley Essex Thayer ’94, son Matthew and wife Cathy, and four grandchildren. Deceased Middlebury relatives include father Gerald E. Thayer ’31 and uncle Harold Thayer ’33. Surviving Middlebury relatives include sisters Cheryl Thayer ’53 and Karen Thayer Bogard ’50 and husband Jeffrey ’90.

66 Douglas R. Mackintosh, 61, of Fairfax Station, Va., on September 3, 2007. After graduation, he earned an MBA from Boston Univ. Becoming interested in public health, he went on to earn an M.S. in hygiene and a Ph.D. in public health from Tulane Univ., eventually teaching at the Univ. of New Orleans, publishing many articles and the textbook, Systems of Health Care. Moving near Washington, D.C., he began a series of jobs as a health care consultant, eventually establishing GCIPA Inc., a company that provides clinical trial auditing services for clients such as pharmaceutical and biotechnology companies. He is survived by wife Vernetta Molloy, sons Sean, Eric, and Casey, and stepchildren Tracy, Tara, and T.J. Coligan.

69 Thea L. Politis, 60, of Royalton, Vt., on July 17, 2007. After teaching school and working as a federal safety and first-aid instructor for Mines and Geosynclines Pits, she returned to Vermont in 1977. Spending each fall in St. John, Virgin Islands, caring for her parents, each spring she came back to Vermont to work as head gardener at Standing Stone Perennial Farm in Royalton. She later moved to St. John and worked as a snorkeling and hiking leader in the Virgin Islands National Park. An avid sailor, she loved nature and the outdoors. Always ready to dance and sing, she was a familiar fan to many. Survivors include husband John, daughter Kimberly, and granddaughter Taylor.

71 Fredric M. Reed, 58, of Southampton and New York, N.Y., on July 29, 2007. With a degree from the Univ. of Pennsylvania, he was president of Fredric M. Reed & Company, a real estate firm he formed in 1975 in NYC. He was also president and active member of Sheltering Arms Childrens Service. Establishing a second residence in Southampton in the ’70s, he was an involved member of that community. Survivors include parents Alexander and Dorothy, brother Galen, sister Darlene Forman, and partner Ted Jeske.

86 Robert R. Rogers, 43, of Cheyenne, Wyo., on September 23, 2007. After receiving a master of science from the Univ. of Michigan School of Natural Resources, he worked as a wildlife manager for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. He then entered the Univ. of Colorado School of Law and after earning a law degree, moved to Wyoming and worked for the firm Davis and Cannon before becoming a state public defender then federal public defender. Throughout his life, he was an avid outdoorsman, skier, horseman, and hunter. Survivors include his mother, son Mac, and five sisters.

87 Kristine McMahon Yanofsky, 42, of Greenland, N.H., on August 21, 2007. With a law degree from Northeastern Univ., she practiced as an assistant attorney general in Boston. She also taught at the Eaglebrook School in Deerfield, Mass., after college graduation. In her off-season, she ran an aerial tennis player, skier, and runner. She is survived by husband David and daughters Sarah and Anne.

STAFF

Barbara Dudley Lengyel, 57, of Middlebury, Vt., on July 26, 2007. A native Vermonter and longtime Middlebury resident, she worked for 25 years as an administrative assistant in facilities services. Upon retiring in 1994, she volunteered regularly at Porter Hospital. She is remembered for her deep compassion for animals and her enthusiastic support for her family’s love of sports. Survivors include her husband of 56 years, Charles, sons Paul and John, and three grandchildren.

Andrey J. Livak, 86, of Brandon, Vt., on August 8, 2007. For many years, he and his brother owned and operated a farm in Rutland Town where he grew up. From 1957 to 1975, he was the general manager of the High Pond Ski Area in Hubbardton. He then joined the College’s facilities services department, working as a grounds supervisor until his retirement in 1987. After retiring, he continued to work for the College on a part-time basis until 1997. Active in his community, he was involved with a number of organizations including the Vermont Extension Advisory Board of Rutland County, the Brandon Development Board, The Vermont Wild Land Foundation, and the Brandon Rotary Club. He is survived by wife Annabelle (Webster), daughter Betsy, sons Andrew Jr., Michael, Daniel, and Christopher, and four grandchildren.

Joseph C. Doria, 86, of Middlebury, Vt., on October 2, 2007. Before coming to the College in the mid-60s, he ran Doria’s Market with brothers John and Ernie. From 1965-1977 he worked as an assistant to the director of the dining and residence halls. He then transferred to the office of the comptroller working as an accounting assistant until retiring in 1986. In 1988 he returned to the College and worked in a variety of seasonal positions at the golf course, Snow Bowl, and Bread Loaf. A previous racehorse owner, he loved going to the Saratoga Race Track during racing season. He was also a strong supporter of local sports and enjoyed watching his grandchildren play ice hockey, including Levi Doria ’55 who played for the College. Preceded in death by wife Elizabeth (Gersow), he is survived by sons Harold and David, daughter Debbie, seven grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

HONORARY DEGREE

Claudia Taylor (Lady Bird) Johnson, 94, of Austin, Texas, on July 11, 2007. After earning a bachelor’s degree in history and in journalism, she met and married Lyndon Baines Johnson in 1934. Devoted to her husband’s political career, she supported his bids for public office, and in the 1960 election, stumped for the Democrats across 35,000 miles of campaign trail. As First Lady, she worked tirelessly for the beautification of America, particularly its highways, and for her...
husband's war-on-poverty program, especially the Head Start project for preschool children. An astute businesswoman, in 1949 she invested her own money in the purchase of a radio station, eventually building a media conglomerate. In 1967, Middlebury College awarded her an honorary doctor of letters degree. Preceded by husband Lyndon in 1973, she is survived by daughters Lynda Johnson Robb and Luci Johnson Turpin, seven grandchildren, and 10 great-grandchildren.

**LANGUAGE SCHOOLS**

**Violet Gronberg Dombrook**, 92, M.A. French, formerly of Dennis, Mass., on August 9, 2007. For a time, she taught in a one-room schoolhouse in New Braintree, Mass. During her 30 years in Dennis, she was known for her carefully tended flower gardens on Beach Street.

**Janet Macleod Gordon**, 91, M.A. French, of Beverly Hills, Calif., on June 29, 2007. During WWII she served with the American Hospital in France and drove a British ambulance off Omaha Beach following D-Day. She taught high school French in Ithaca, N.Y., for 20 years before retiring to Los Angeles. Her license plate read GRTLYFE.

**Bridget Marano Termimi**, 93, M.A. Italian, formerly of Yeadon, Pa., on June 23, 2007. A beloved teacher, she taught languages at South Philadelphia High School for more than 30 years and was founder and coordinator of the foreign language magnet program for the Philadelphia School District. Upon retiring, she received the Philadelphia School District's Rose Lindenbaum Teaching Award.

**Stephen Whitney**, 95, M.A. French, of Barrington, N.H., on July 3, 2007. A popular French teacher at Phillips Academy in Andover, Mass., for over 38 years, a former student described his classes as "the best show east of the Mississippi." In 1972 France awarded him the prestigious Ordre des Palmes Académiques for distinguished contributions to French education.

**J. Edward Harvey**, 82, M.A. French, of Gambier, Ohio, on February 12, 2000. With a doctorate in romance languages from Harvard, he was the Samuel Mather Professor of French Language and Literature at Kenyon College. Upon his retirement in 1987, he received an honorary doctor of humane letters from Kenyon.


**Helen D. Anders**, 87, French, of South Hadley, Mass., on June 10, 2007. A teacher of French at the Knox School in New York, N.Y., from 1943–47, she then headed the French Dept. at Miss Hall's School in Pittsfield, Mass., until she retired. A lover of animals, the MSPCA awarded her the Emily Appleton Award for her leadership and tireless efforts.

**Leonila G. Badger**, 85, M.A. Spanish, of Evansville, Ind., on June 12, 2007. Teaching for 41 years as a Spanish teacher, she spent 35 of those years at Bosse High School in Evansville.

**Cecile E. Laurin**, 80, M.A. French, of Holyoke, Mass., on June 24, 2007. She taught French and Spanish for 43 years and was an accomplished violinist in both classical and folk music.

**Francis L. Peterson**, 86, M.A. Italian, of Poultney, Vt., on May 22, 2007. After serving in WWII as sign intelligence cryptographer with Gen. MacArthur's headquarters, he earned a degree in music and worked as a vocal professor and was chairman of the music dept. at Green Mountain College. He also sang with the Pittsburgh Opera.

**Themistocles G. Apostoros**, 81, M.A. Spanish, of Rockville, Md., on June 24, 2007. During WWII, he served in the Navy as a corpsman aboard a hospital ship in the Pacific. He had a 25-year career in the CIA and after retirement, began a second career as a language professor at Montgomery College for 15 years.

**Ralph M. Carter**, 79, M.A. Spanish, of Lubbock, Texas, on May 19, 2007. With a Ph.D. from Ohio State Univ., he was a longtime educator, serving 20 years before retirement as associate professor of the Texas Tech Univ. College of Education. Texas Foreign Language Teachers Association awarded him College Teacher of the Year in 1988–89.

**Adrienne G. Ayers**, 89, M.A. French, of Savannah, Ga., on May 30, 2007. After working for the U.S. State Dept. in Europe, she left to study French. She was a high school French teacher in the Montgomery County (Md.) School system until she retired.

**Victor A. Jevon**, 82, M.A. Russian, of Pittsburgh, Pa., on April 22, 2007. Serving in WWII, he was a radioman with the 15th Air Force in Italy. His teaching career included teaching languages at Briarcliff (N.Y.) Junior College and at Point Park Univ. in Pittsburgh.

**William E. Lyon**, 76, M.A. Spanish, of Hamburg, N.Y., on May 16, 2003. He was retired from Almeida Real Estate.

**Priscilla Tondreau Rowe**, 90, M.A. French, of Battle Creek, Mich., on June 6, 2007. She taught in several Maine high schools, finishing her teaching career at Brunswick High School where she taught English and advanced classes in French. After retirement, she worked for L.L. Bean in Freeport and was a proofreader for the *Times Record*.

**David L. Shields**, 81, M.A. Spanish, of Sun City West, Ariz., on April 9, 2007. During WWII he served with the U.S. Navy in the Pacific. He taught in Ohio in the Creston and Wadsworth public schools. In 1966, he began teaching at Indiana Univ. of Pennsylvania, staying there until he retired in 1987.

**Patricia Francis Cholakian**, 70, M.A. French, of New York, N.Y., on September 27, 2003. She was a noted scholar, a specialist in French literature, a graduate of the Sorbonne, and a professor of French literature at Hamilton College in Clinton, N.Y., for over 30 years.

**Joseph A. Midiri**, 65, M.A. Spanish, of Geneva, N.Y., on August 18, 2007. He taught Spanish at Penn Yan Junior High School, then at Canandaigua Academy until he retired in 1997. He was also adjunct professor at Finger Lakes Community College. He also owned and operated Skrookie’s Antiques for several years.

**Donald P. Schmidt**, 70, M.A. Spanish, of Baldwin, N.Y., on December 24, 2005. He was retired from the Bellmore-Merrick (N.Y.) Central High School District where he was chairman of foreign languages.

**Louis J. Zeleznock**, 80, Russian, of Absecon, N.J., on April 29, 2007. After serving on active duty as an officer in Naval Intelligence in the Far and Middle East regions, he was employed by IBM for 23 years.

**Sr. Grace Pizzimenti**, 82, M.A. Spanish, of Ipswich, Mass., on April 3, 2007. In 1946 she entered the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur Novitiate, taking her Final Vows in 1944. From 1982, she was a professor of Spanish and Italian languages and also taught literature at Emmanuel College in Boston.

**Juanita A. Ponte**, 62, M.A. French, of Revere, Mass., on July 17, 2007. One of the first two women to be appointed to the all-male faculty of Boston Latin School 39 years ago, she originally taught French then switched to teach Spanish language and literature classes.


**Stanley P. Potonski**, 73, M.A. Spanish, of North Brunswick, N.J., on August 2, 2007. A U.S. Navy veteran, he served during the Korean War. He was employed by Franklin Public Schools as a teacher and administrator, retiring in 1991.

**Gail Wagner Robinson**, 56, M.A. Spanish, of Pennsylvania Furnace, Pa., on December 24, 2002. For 30 years she taught in the State College (Pa.) Area School District, where she was also the foreign language coordinator.

**Sr. Irene G. Bechard**, 92, French, of Manchester, N.H., on June 2, 2007. She taught at all levels, including serving as a professor in the French department at Rivier College for 21 years, where she was made professor emerita by the board of trustees.

**Sr. Marian E. McCallum**, 80, M.A. French, of Kingston, Ontario, on July 5, 2007. After making her final vows as a Sister of Providence of St. Vincent de Paul in 1971, she began a 30-year teaching career. In June 2007 she received the Principal’s Award of Recognition at Holy Cross Secondary School in Kingston.
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The Pinball Wizard

With just a split second to avoid disaster, a writer rediscovers a lost skill.

BY JAY HEINRICHS '77

MIDDLEBURY SAVED MY LIFE RECENTLY. I mean that literally.

It was on a dark and rainy night. I was navigating a winding route through rural New Hampshire when suddenly a pair of moose stepped into the road less than 50 yards in front of me. I instantly slammed the brakes, yanked the wheel hard to the left so the moose wouldn't go through my windshield, and came to a stop with eight feet to spare. The creatures gazed at me with their dim eyes and dimmer brains, and then ambled off into the woods. When I stopped shaking, I thought, Middlebury just saved me.

Specifically, my salvation came from my junior year. That was when a pinball machine called the Wizard appeared in a stairwell of Proctor. I had just gone through a bad breakup and needed a mindless and stupid way to grieve. The Wizard, with its elegant single ramp and salacious picture of Ann-Margret, suited perfectly. I stood tragically in front of that machine for many an hour, feeding it quarter after quarter after beautifully restored and playable machines, sat the Wizard. It looked exactly the same as it had in Proctor. Ann-Margret hadn't changed a bit. I took a deep breath, dropped a quarter in the slot, pulled back on the plunger, and... Completely blew it. I was terrible. After four hours I had blisters on my fingers and a string of lousy scores. Of my undergraduate courses, I can no longer recite "Ode to a Grecian Urn" or explain the Laffer Curve or tell you what Glaucon said to Socrates. But the instincts and habits remain. The liberal arts even gave me the wherewithal and chutzpah eventually to quit my job and write a book on classical rhetoric, even though I never took a course in it.

Had 30 years really taken that much from me? Had I really lost it? Yes, probably. I'd lost it—the pinball-specific skills that made me one with the Wizard in college. But not my quick hands. Not the reaction time of a rabbit. I still have those deeper, richer skills, which, come to think of it, provide an apt if slightly shameful analogy to the liberal arts.

Like you, I suppose, I've forgotten most of the details of my time at Middlebury, I can wend my way through the amateur life of the mind and, in a pinch, hit the brakes.

Jay Heinrichs '77 is the author of Thank You for Arguing: What Aristotle, Lincoln and Homer Simpson Can Teach Us About the Art of Persuasion.

Thanks to my time at Middlebury, I can wend my way through the amateur life of the mind and, in a pinch, hit the brakes.
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