Big Brain Theories
What's on the minds of the Middlebury faculty?

THE ROAD TO HAWR RAJAB • AT HELL'S GATE • DRY GOODS
UPHILL/DOWNHILL

18 COLLEGE STREET
Searching for Nicholas Garza '11; navigating a tense moment in Ukraine; and answering the question “Why Middlebury?”

CLASS ACTION

46 PURSUITS
Tapping into nostalgia and offering a small solution for cleaner air, Alexander Lee '97 makes the case for the “right to dry.”

48 BOOK MARKS
On tap this spring: a coming-of-age tale from a rising novelist and a scathing critique of conservatism and its effect on America’s security.
THE ROAD TO HAWR RAJAB

Though steeped in military pedigree, Mark Odom ’87 never planned on joining the armed forces. So how did he end up leading battlefield-shifting missions in Iraq?

BIG BRAIN THEORIES
We put forth the questions. Some of Middlebury’s esteemed faculty supplied the answers.

AT HELL’S GATE
In one of the darkest, most despairing places on the planet, one man comes with an army of believers, hoping to shed a little light.
Bill Heinz '37 passed away. He was 93 years old.

I'm embarrassed to admit that I had never heard of Wilfred C. Heinz until the fall of 2000, more than half a century after he began filing stories—stories about war and peace and sports and life and death and a combination of all of those—under the byline of W.C. Heinz.

Sadly, I wasn't alone. As recounted in a moving obituary written by Bill's friend and classmate Marshall Sewell '37 on page 89 of this magazine, Jeff MacGregor's Sports Illustrated profile of Heinz "resulted in many people reading Heinz's words for the first time, then rushing out to buy or borrow his books." Living in Washington, D.C., at the time, I was one of those "many," and I instantly fell in love with Heinz's prose. (My editorial predecessor, Rachel Morton, subsequently received the rights to reprint the story in the winter 2001 issue. She chose to put Heinz on the cover, selecting a black-and-white image of Heinz in close-up, his face partially obscured by his spindly fingers, fingers that tapped out so many words on his 1932 Remington portable typewriter; it's one of my favorite covers this magazine has ever published.)

In that profile, MacGregor wrote: "W.C. Heinz is a writer, and he tells his stories the way Heifitz fiddled or Hopper painted, or the way Willie Pep boxed—with a kind of lyrical understatement, with an insistent and inspired economy." Take this Heinz passage from The Day of the Fight, for example:

There were 39,827 people there and they had paid $342,497 to be there, and when Graziano's head came up out of the dugout, they rose and made their sound. The place was filled with it, and it came from far off, and then he was moving quickly down beneath this ceiling of sound, between the two long walls of faces, turned toward him and yellow in the artificial light and shouting things, mouths open, eyes wide. Into the ring where, in one of the most brutal fights ever seen in New York, Zale dropped him once, and he dropped Zale once before, in the sixth round, Zale suddenly, with a right to the body and left to the head, knocked him out.

Heinz, MacGregor wrote, was the literary godfather to men like Gay Talese, Tom Wolfe, and Frank Deford; the late David Halberstam, a Pulitzer winner, called him a pioneer. And Frank Lupica, the noted sportswriter and novelist called Heinz "the greatest living war correspondent and the greatest living sportswriter."

Through it all, Bill Heinz remained exceedingly humble. Humble to a fault, some may say. This spring, I had the good fortune and pleasure to meet one of my journalistic heroes, the aforementioned Frank Deford. We exchanged pleasantries and were chatting about Middlebury and Vermont when talk turned to Heinz, who had died the month prior. He was a giant . . . one of the greats, Deford told me, echoing the sentiments expressed not only by Lupica and Halberstam, but more recently by Andy Rooney on 60 Minutes and on the pages of Sports Illustrated, the New York Times, and the Wall Street Journal. We lamented the fact that he wasn't more widely read, but as we spoke, I noticed the ears of people around us perking up. And I told anyone who would listen, "If you love good writing, exquisite storytelling, seek out the work of W.C. Heinz." —MJ
LETTERS

After 60 Years, a Discovery
Middlebury Magazine brightened up a bleak February day in Virginia for me.
As soon as I opened up the winter 2008 issue, I went back 60-plus years and was once again a skinny little girl. It was the profile of Cecily Mattocks Marshall ’54 that did it (“The Prisoner”). You see, like her, I was an “Involuntary Guest of his Imperial Majesty” in the Santo Tomas Internment Camp in the Philippines during World War II. Also like Cecily, I didn’t talk much about it except with my family or friends who had been there, but for different reasons: I didn’t want to be known as “that girl who, you know, was a POW of the Japanese,” preferring to be known for my present-day self rather than for my childhood experiences.

Unlike Cecily, I haven’t been back to Manila (after STIC, I never wanted to be anywhere I wasn’t sure I could leave), and I haven’t been to the big reunions in California and Nevada. I did go to a couple in New York City 50 years ago, but not since then. Like Cecily, I have kept in touch with a few friends from STIC. And, of course, I keep hearing of old friends having died in the past 60-plus years.

So far, since publication of the story, Cecily and I have exchanged only letters and e-mails. We hope to meet again sometime soon, either in Massachusetts, when I go up in June, or in Virginia when she comes down here. (Another weird Middlebury coincidence: She was interviewed because she attended Midd as an undergraduate, and I received the magazine because I attended as a graduate student at the Spanish School.)

Now, who else from Middlebury was in Santo Tomas Internment Camp?

Ann Wilson Wahlster, MA Spanish ’62
Fredericksburg, Virginia

Winking Back

A rustic wooden bench, on open lawn, without pathways, was the chosen essay by H. Kay Merriman ’10 for the first edition of the feature on favorite campus places (“That Wooden Bench,” fall 2007). She astutely hints at the paradox that the idea of looking out, even over the majestic Vermont mountain landscape, is not as far a horizon as looking within. It makes me smile to think that the bench is always there, on a lawn with no pathway, just as our inner world is always there, without roadways, offering its infinite jumble and flashes of imagination, of consciousness, of memories.

The constancy of the rustic bench pleases me, thinking of it there, even when the Adirondack chairs are removed for the season, even when the snow falls. The timelessness strikes me—there through the seasons, there when

LOST—AND FOUND

John Wolfson’s profile of Cecily Mattocks Marshall ’54 in the winter issue sparked some emotional letters—including one written by a long-lost acquaintance.

Carol Snow
Middlebury, Vermont

Moved by Cecily and Martha

After reading the article about Cecily Marshall ’54 (“The Prisoner,” winter 2008), my eyes filled with tears. This reaction was compounded by reading that the author, John Wolfson, “profiled the late Judge Martha Sosman ’72”—as I had not known that Judge Sosman had passed away. I obviously missed seeing the obituary in the magazine.

Please continue to present your readers with such fine examples of strong individuals! They—the people and the articles—are truly inspiring.

Carol Snow
Middlebury, Vermont
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works or seeking to be profound in one's own right." The season of the ever-growing tree, the season of four college years imprinting the rest of life, the season of a life itself embedded in memory after its demise—all layers of timelessness within time. Thank you, Kay, for giving each reader the experience of a moment on the bench to remind us we are connected to all moments, all profound works, all memories. I suspect Daniel is winking back at you.

Lois Stark
Houston, Texas

Offense Taken
As a graduate of the Bread Loaf School of English, I took great umbrage at Timothy Billings's disparaging and pretentious remark that his students' limited understanding of *Hamlet* is caused by "well-meaning high-school teacher[s]" ("The Mysteries of Hamlet," winter 2008).

My teaching of *Hamlet* was informed not only by my own scholarship, but by the insights of legendary Bread Loaf professors Wylie Sypher and Ted Tayler, two staggering intellects who nurtured generations of secondary school teachers on the mountain. Such a patronizing statement does not ennable a professor at a college that is so deeply committed to educating high-school teachers.

Jeanie Goddard, MA English '71
Needham, Massachusetts

The writer is an English teacher at Wellesley High School in Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.

More Matter, Less Art, Please
Despite its arresting claim that to understand the "full complexity" of Shakespeare's "most famous play" requires "a Herculean effort," the recent article, "The Mysteries of Hamlet" (winter 2008), struck me as much ado about nothing.

Timothy Billings, who casts himself as a "Shakespeare professor," tells us it's an "incredibly complex" and "difficult, difficult play," apparently beyond the grasp of "a well-meaning high-school teacher" (like myself).

I searched the article in vain for those "discoveries" that he says "will spin your head around." What I found, instead, were trivial topical references (e.g., "two actors on stage joking about how one had stabbed the other to death in different plays on the very same stage"), some student blog posts (e.g., a "relatable, ordinary human being who must deal with internal conflict"), and the usual quotations (e.g., "Neither a borrower nor [a] lender be. . .").

One wishes for "More matter with less art." Not just "Words, words, words."

G.T. Vigliolo, MA English '71
Brookline, Massachusetts

The writer is an English teacher at Brookline High School in Brookline, Massachusetts.

Cheers to Mr. Tots
In the article "Air Play" in the winter 2008, I was glad to see that radio theater is back at WRMC. Back in 1987, the Hepburn Zoo, which at the time, was a student theater group started by non-theater majors, put on a weekly radio show. Andrew Peterson '87 wrote a hilarious detective serial, about a plot to clone Hitler's uvula. Not only did my talented, long-lost friend, write the piece, but played multiple parts, not the least of which was the aforementioned uvula, in many accents, voices and gurgles. Also, Eric Winick '90 wrote a Dallas satire called Rutland. In the pre-Powerbook days of yore, the sound of a
person pushed off a cliff was made with a quarter and a glass of water. We were an eclectic group trying to create magic through our voices. We didn’t exactly bear the weight of the world on our shoulder pads, but once a week we did manage to distract, for an hour, from far weightier subjects like acid rain, “Greed is good” mentalities, and the AIDS epidemic. Cheers to this new generation of entertainers.

Daphne Gil ’87
Southampton, New York

Teach Them Manners!
I graduated from Middlebury 50 years ago, and I have always been proud of my school—until the last several years. Recently, I was angered by the unsigned article “At Arms,” which was published in the winter 2008 edition of Middlebury Magazine. It appears that the College is reluctant to allow military recruitment on campus. This is open for orderly debate in academia.

In November, the Marines set up recruitment on campus. MOQA—Middlebury Open Queer Alliance—had a demonstration. The mere name of this group is a perfect example of puerile flaunting. Kid stuff. The magazine gave them the lead in this article! This is so very typical of left-wing journalism, with a spin. Why give the ragtag MOQA credence as something special in exercising freedom of speech? This mob stuff is outrageous!

MOQA apparently is allowed to carry on, with impunity, in using the manners of spoiled children. The magazine article gave them full credence in expressing their rights! Yes, they have rights. And the military has rights to go in harm’s way to defend the rights of MOQA to carry on petulant protests. MOQA baloney was catered to here. If a group of heterosexual students protested open college discussion on legitimate concerns of the homosexual community, would the magazine print it? The Marines were there simply to recruit in an honorable profession to defend us. They don’t set policy.

I put my time in the military. I have the right to be embarrassed at such rubbish as using MOQA as the lead in “At
Arms” in my college magazine. I am outraged that you would mention the MOQA protest. The president’s silent approval promulgates this “intellectual” pursuit in damming the Marines in this unorthodox way. Hogwash! Leave the Marines alone!

What is going on here? Why doesn’t the College clamp down on the methods of MOQA and teach them manners and the forum of debate? I don’t know why my alma mater would find cause to mention the action of MOQA, a flock of spoiled kids who apparently rant and rave with impunity in hallway tantrums in never-never land.

William Burgess ’37
Arlington, Texas

The writer served in the Army Reserve.

Soon to Be Released
PERMIT ME TO SALUTE PRESIDENT LIEBOWITZ for the sensible and responsible position he has taken on allowing military recruiters on the Middlebury campus. At the same time, I also strongly endorse his position on allowing gays and lesbians to serve in the armed forces of the United States.

It is not generally understood that the Department of Defense is required to comply with very specific congressional legislation, the law of the land, which is highly restrictive regarding the conditions under which gays and lesbians may serve in the armed forces. The military services have no significant flexibility in their regulations governing this matter.

Our nation has decided that we want a volunteer military. Whatever one may think about our current involvement in Iraq, and I am on record as strongly opposing the invasion and the occupation, or regardless of one’s views on the “Don’t Ask, Don’t Tell” policy, there are solid reasons for supporting an armed force made up of well-qualified citizens across the spectrum of society, even from the college community. Denying military recruiters access to the campus is misplacing the blame for restrictions on opportunities for gays and lesbians to serve.

I recently completed serving on a military study group, composed of a senior retired officer from each of the military services, which examined in detail the “Don’t Ask, Don’t Tell” policy and prepared a series of recommendations. Our report will be released, hopefully with wide publicity, in the near future.

Robert Gard
Pebble Beach, California

The writer retired from the United States Army as a lieutenant general. He is also president emeritus of the Monterey Institute of International Studies.

Getting There by Yourself
I was bemused by the story of the chemistry department’s recruiting scheme (“Boom!” winter 2008). If one wishes to study chemistry because he or she “love[s] to blow stuff up,” all well and good. After all, who doesn’t love a good fireworks show? But the
department chair’s final comment, that after the pyrotechnics “we talked about the department and where a chemistry degree can get you in life” (italics mine), brought to mind the apocryphal story of the Vermont farmer, rocking on his porch, and the tourist who stops his car to ask if this road will get him to Rutland, to which the Vermonter replies, truthfully enough, “Road don’t go now-ayuh, got to get theyah y’self?” The same goes, I think, for where a chemistry degree—or any degree—from Middlebury or anywhere else can get you in life: “got to get theyah y’self!”

Phil Davis ’74
Albuquerque New Mexico

Put People First
I was struck by the responses in the winter 2008 letters section about people with “ordinary” lives, diversity, and the self-disclosure by people with disabilities. In particular, Karin Kosoc ’61 talks about compassion and expresses her wish that “Middlebury remains a place where the boundaries of compassion continue to expand, and that the magazine can serve as a supportive forum for those in need.” The editor’s note says that Ms. Kosoc “teaches learning-disabled and emotionally handicapped-students.” As a start, I propose that the magazine adopt a style policy of using “People First” language, not so much as a step towards compassion, but as a reminder to recognize that we are individuals first.

“People First” language is just what it sounds like: put the person first, then, if necessary and relevant, the label, diagnostic descriptor, or name of the disability. A person is a person first; a person is not only—or first and foremost—his or her handicap, disability, or exceptionality. Thus, one would speak or write of a “person with autism,” not an “autistic person.” The editor’s note would become “teaches students with learning disabilities and emotional disturbances” (the latter, though cumbersome, is a specific category under the IDEA amendments of 1997 under which students can qualify for services, protections, and accommodations to receive a free and appropriate public education). A shorter version

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would be "teaches students with exceptionalities" or even "teaches students with special needs."

While this usage has met with criticism for being inelegant, too lengthy, grammatically incorrect, and even a sop to political correctness, I submit that it can go a long way to reminding us that we are all more than just one descriptor, label, or medical diagnosis, and that we are not limited in our lives—in our personalities, how we live, and what we do—to just that one label, and especially by what it may convey to others. George Orwell considered "language as an instrument for expressing and not concealing or preventing thought" in his 1946 essay, "Politics and the English Language." He wrote, "But if thought corrupts language, language can also corrupt thought. A bad usage can spread by tradition and imitation, even among people who should and do know better."

While "People First" language may break at least two of his rules—"never use a long word where a short one will do" and "if it is possible to cut a word out, always cut it out"—this usage may meet his standard for free expression that does not conceal or prevent thought.

Chris Dougherty '85
Bernard, Maine
The Long Road to Recovery

I'd like to commend my class correspondent Steve Crampton '61 for his sensitive and detailed writing about our classmate, Karin Kosoc (winter 2008). It made me feel more accepted once again into the Middlebury family. Like Karin, I had to leave the College; but the College has never left me. I still recall proudly signing the matriculation register and being told that from that time on I would be a Middlebury alumnus, a status I have always prized. Middlebury Magazine is always anticipated and read thoroughly. I still have a maple sea chest, made for me by a woodworking friend of my family, with “John McConnell/ Middlebury/1961” carved on the front. It is now the centerpiece in the living room of my apartment in Monterey, California.

Like Karin I was forced to leave Middlebury before graduating because of mental illness. At the end of our sophomore year, I experienced the first serious episode of debilitating bipolar affective disorder, then called manic depression and thought to be treatable with psychotherapy alone. In the 20 years of unmedicated and inappropriate therapy that followed my leaving Middlebury, I careened through life. Along the way, in my more functional periods, I earned my BA at the University of Maine after several attempts and pursued graduate work at the University of Pennsylvania. I was hospitalized for the first time while serving in the U.S. Air Force, from which I was honorably discharged for medical reasons.

Between periods of psychosis and lucidity I pursued a career as a musician. In 1980, I ended up in San Francisco, where, among other gigs, I sang with the chorus of the San Francisco Opera, the Grace Cathedral Choir, and as soloist and chorale member at the Carmel Bach Festival. My life became more and more chaotic. I was hospitalized on a regular basis, often after suicide attempts. The madness and the music became indistinguishable. I crashed to the depths of existing on general assistance, living in roach-riddled hotels, just one step from
a homeless street person.

In the late '80s, when the nature of bipolar disorder as a biochemical imbalance in the brain that could be treated with medication was just being understood, I was fortunate to be properly diagnosed. My recovery began. The road was not easy. There were setbacks. For every two steps forward there was one back. I had such severe reactions to my medications that drug was piled on drug to counteract the effects of each other. I became a zombie and, unwilling to live in a stupor, often became non-compliant with my medical discipline.

At last I found both a compassionate therapist who helped me heal the guilty feelings, the shame, and self-loathing that had accumulated over 20 years of sick behavior, and a brilliant psychiatrist, who carefully monitored my medications, allowing me to take advantage of the counsel I was receiving. One of the most painful of these feelings was my failure at Middlebury, resulting in a self-imposed estrangement from the school. Another debilitating guilt, which began at Middlebury, was caused by my inability to accept being gay. I shared my family's and society's belief that homosexuality was a mental illness. It took a long time to untangle the confusion, but with the assistance of my gay physicians, I succeeded.

I am now retired and have lived for five years in a small senior citizens apartment in one of the most beautiful places in the world, five minutes from the beach and one block from the Monterey Institute of International Studies. If any of my brothers and sisters from Middlebury come through Monterey, I would be happy to show them the town.

As Steve wrote with regard to Karin, perhaps not many people will remember me. I would be glad to hear from anyone who would like to get in touch. Hearing about Karin's struggle has helped with my own healing. I think there must be many people like Karin and me who have been part of the Middlebury family.

John R. McConnell '61
Monterey, California
Dim in Any Light
I WOULD APPRECIATE IT IF THE GRAPHIC DESIGNERS of the magazine remember that some of our eyes are getting a little older, that sometimes we don’t have good light by which to read, and that the primary goal of a magazine is to provide information before we worry about “pretty.” The short piece on winter term on page 22 of the winter 2008 edition features a font color that is far too light a contrast. Even if our eyes were younger, it is still important to keep nice strong contrast between letters and background, avoid busy backgrounds, etc. The goal of a magazine is to be capable of being read.

Anne Marie Miller ’75
Lilburn, Georgia

Found a Flub
I’VE BEEN RECEIVING Middlebury Magazine since 2001, and I’ve always enjoyed the content. I don’t recall ever seeing a word or letter that escaped the proofreader(s), so as I read Matt Jennings’s recent editorial, “Arbor Cultural” (winter 2008), I stared and stared at the word “found” in the sentence that read, in part, “as my wife is so found of pointing out to me.” I thought that I was either misreading the sentence or that I must be tired. I’ve looked again and again—and it leaps off the page at me. It is beyond my control to see these, no matter what I’m reading. This one, in particular, is humorous, in the context of Mr. Jennings “finding” the beauty and peacefulness of the sculpture when he returned.

In any case, thanks to the editor for writing on the subject. It may help folks gain an appreciation and understanding of Patrick Dougherty’s work, and of this sculpture, specifically.

Anne Berlin, MA English ’01
Gallup, New Mexico

Editors’ note: A typo found, indeed. Of course, now the error leaps off the page at us, as well.

Wrong Discipline
I’D LIKE TO DRAW THE EDITORS’ ATTENTION to a small but important error in the winter 2008 issue. On the
map in “Oh, The Places They’ll Go,” the editors list the winter term course to Ethiopia as a sociology course. Much as I respect and admire sociology, it was a Teacher Education course—TEDU 1002, Reading Cultures: Writing Lives—which I led.

Claudia Cooper
Middlebury, Vermont

A Case for the Accusative
I appreciate Middlebury Magazine, particularly the letters department. On page nine of the summer 2007 issue, the writer of a letter titled “Grammar loi” corrected mistakes in a contribution. Ironically, on the same page, I saw other not corrected mistakes in a letter from Cambridge, Ontario, in which the writer penned, “I am sure he was referring to Storrs Lee ’28, who I found to be a fine gentleman.”

I realize that nowadays the accusative case of “who” (i.e., “whom”) is much less used. However, by the old standards, the sentence should read:

“I am sure he was referring to” (person or object=accusative case) “whom I found to be a fine gentleman.” Two sentences later: “It is because of people like him,” should have been “It’s because of people like he.”

Oh well, I think our old German professor, “Papa Neuse”—God bless his soul—would nod in agreement.

J. Roggenbauer, MA German ’65
Salzburg, Austria

Happy Eating
I am replying to the letter written by Ralph Brooks of Foxboro, Massachusetts (“Remember the Dog Team?”) that was published in the winter 2008 issue. In 1938, the year I graduated from Middlebury, my parents took me to dinner at the Dog Team Tavern. I hadn’t thought of that meal in years, but I was recently looking through my recipe file, and I stumbled across a recipe for the Dog Team’s cinnamon buns! I had never made this treat—I didn’t even know I had the recipe—but I quickly rectified this situation, and I can report that I love them just as much now as I did then. How sad to think that I had neglected to make them all these years.

I was sad to learn that the Dog Team had burned down and even more sad to learn that it wouldn’t be rebuilt. If there’s anyone interested in a nostalgic culinary trip, I’d be happy to provide the recipe.

Janet Randall Cook Morgan ’38
Charlestown, Rhode Island

Bon Voyage, Dutch
I am saddened by the death of Wilfred C. Heinz ’37, a good friend since my days at Middlebury. But also I am uplifted by the newspaper reporting about him as one of America’s greatest sportswriters. (A number of prominent publications and media outlets—Sports Illustrated, the New York Times, the Wall Street Journal, “60 Minutes,” among them—offered tributes to Heinz in the days after his death.)

Already at Middlebury, Dutch (as he was there known) was cranking out...
great stories about sports. He and another fraternity brother of mine competed for editorship of the *Campus*, a position that finally went to the less sports-oriented writer, Ralph Pickard '37. But Dutch, though disappointed, was not discouraged.

The fraternity, to which the three of us belonged, Sigma Phi Epsilon, attracted at that time a considerable number of writing-oriented members. Everett (Joe) Allen '38, who later became a newspaper editor on Martha's Vineyard (and later wrote a great book about the 1938 hurricane), was one of these. And I, at considerable expense to my grades (!), managed to become editor of both the *Campus* (after Pickard) and the *Kaleidoscope*, the college yearbook.

Dutch coined for me the nickname, "Rapid Robert." It seems to have stuck in my legs if not in my wider persona. Bon voyage, Dutch. Thanks for truly understanding and communicating to others both the visible façade and deeper meanings of sports.

Bob Matteson '38
Bennington, Vermont

**Letters Policy**

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

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Serge Bloch (Cover; “Big Brain Theories,” p. 30) is an illustrator based in France.

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Alex Crumb ’07 (“Break a Leg,” p. 20) was an English major at Middlebury.


Bob Guilla ’83 (“At Hell’s Gate,” p. 40) is a music journalist, who writes from his home in Rhode Island. His last piece for Middlebury Magazine was “Dispatch is Dead! Long Live Dispatch!” for the fall 2006 issue.

Michael Katz (“Incident on De Ribas Street,” p. 22) is the C.V. Starr Professor of Russian and East European Studies at Middlebury.

Benjamin Lowy (“The Road to Hawr Rajah,” p. 24) is an award-winning photojournalist, who has covered stories in Afghanistan, Darfur, Haiti, Indonesia, Libya, and Iraq.

Tad Merrick (“Searching for Nicholas Garza ’11,” p. 18) is a photographer in Middlebury.

Chris Milliman (“Dry Goods,” p. 46) is a photographer in Hanover, New Hampshire.

Mark Naydorf (“Incident on De Ribas Street,” p. 22) is a professor at Odessa National Polytechnic University and newspaper columnist in Odessa, Ukraine.

A.J. Nesto (“At Hell’s Gate,” p. 40) is a photographer based in San Clemente, California.

Jay Parini (“Faculty Shelf,” p. 21) is a poet, novelist, biographer, and the D.E. Axinn Professor of English and Creative Writing at Middlebury.

Carmen Segovia (“The Incident on De Ribas Street,” p. 22) is an award-winning illustrator in Barcelona.

Sarah Tuff ’95 (“Dry Goods,” p. 46) is a writer in Burlington, Vermont, and a frequent contributor to Middlebury Magazine.

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TOWN GOWN
A beaux-arts ball capped a weekend of festivities celebrating the 15th anniversary of the newly dedicated Kevin P. Mahaney ’84 Center for the Arts.
Photograph by Tad Merrick
Searching for Nicholas Garza

A few minutes past eleven o’clock on the evening of February 5, Nicholas Garza ’11, a 19-year-old first-year student from Albuquerque, New Mexico, left a small gathering of friends in Stewart Hall and walked outside into the frigid Vermont night, presumably heading back across campus to his dorm room in Allen Hall. At 11:07, a call from his cell phone was placed to one of the students in Stewart. It went unanswered. And Nick Garza has not been seen or heard from since.

Nick’s disappearance over February break has rattled the close-knit Middlebury community, where dozens of searches by law enforcement and private search organizations have been undertaken to locate the young man since the College’s Department of Public Safety was first alerted, and Nick’s mother filed an official missing persons report with the Middlebury police.

It was originally thought that Nick might have left campus early on February 6, with some of the friends he had been with in Stewart, as some of them were headed to a cabin in New Hampshire for the remainder of the break. But his mother grew sufficiently alarmed when she hadn’t heard from her son—she’s reported that he called or sent her text messages every day—and on Saturday, February 9, she called Public Safety to express her concern. Campus safety officials and the family agreed to wait until Sunday, when students—including those who went to the New Hampshire cabin—would be returning to campus on the last day of winter break. When Nick did not return, his mother contacted the police and filed a missing persons report. The next day an extensive search was launched.

Beginning on Monday, February 11, search teams led by the Vermont State Police, the Middlebury Police Department, and the campus Department of Public Safety undertook an exhaustive ground search of the campus and surrounding area. However, a large snowstorm the night of Garza’s disappearance had added at least half a foot of snow to already ample...
snowstorms and dangerously snow cover. (Subsequent prove to be further obstacles.) Still, dozens of specially trained search-and-rescue personnel joined the effort, scouring every campus building and rooftop and employing ground-penetrating radar, police dogs, and heavy machinery during repeated outdoor searches with no success. By early March, investigators were compelled to call off the ground search until the snow melted.

Even as the ground search halted, the police investigation continued. Authorities determined that Garza's cell phone had stopped working as of 6:42 on the morning of February 6. His credit cards had not been used. His bank account had not been drawn upon. Garza did not have a car, and records culled from area transportation companies turned up nothing.

Natalie Garza, Nick's mother, who arrived in Middlebury from Albuquerque and has remained in town as a guest of the College, set up a Web site (nicholasgarza.org), offered a reward for information leading to the safe return of her son, and contacted a private search-and-rescue organization to join in the efforts. In early March, the Behavioral Analysis Unit of the Federal Bureau of Investigation was brought in to build a psychological profile of the missing student in the hope it would shed light on the decisions Nick might have made the evening he disappeared.

Snow started to melt, and further ground searches were conducted. In mid-March, a Department of Homeland Security helicopter was deployed to conduct an aerial search. And still, there was no sign of Nick.

As this magazine goes to press, the search for Nicholas Garza continues. All of the snow in town has melted. Further searches—widened to encompass larger swaths of the community, including residential yards and outbuildings—have so far yielded no clues. As the ice melted, attention turned to Otter Creek, although the waterway was still sufficiently swollen by spring melt to make searching difficult. On April 5, search teams began assessing the river in preparation for an underwater search, and diving efforts have begun.

And in the meantime, the Middlebury community continues to hope and pray for a sign of Nicholas Garza.

Anyone with relevant information about Nicholas Garza is asked to contact the Middlebury Police Department 802.388.3191 or the College's Department of Public Safety 802.443.5911.

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Go Figure

| Number of students who applied to Middlebury for a spot in the Class of 2012 | 7,823 |
| Percentage acceptance rate | 18 |
| Percentage increase in applicants since 2005 | 49 |
| Percentage increase, since 2005, in international applicants | 78 |
| Percentage acceptance rate last year | 23 |
| Percentage of applicants who identify themselves as students of color | 91 |
| Percentage of applicants who used the electronic application | 91 |

Approximate number of spots available

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Observed

- In a letter to Middlebury parents, President Ronald D. Liebowitz announced that the Board of Trustees had approved a comprehensive fee (room, board, tuition, and student activities fee) for the 2008–09 academic year of $49,210. The figure is an increase of 4.9 percent over last year's fee. In a subsequent message, Liebowitz announced that the College would be reducing the loan component of its financial aid packages for the second year in a row. Prior to the adoption of Knowledge Without Boundaries, Middlebury's 2006 strategic plan, all students receiving financial aid incurred an annual debt of $4,000 a year. Next fall, the maximum loan-per-year for incoming first-year students whose families earn $50,000 or less will be $1,000, a 75 percent reduction in debt burden for this income group in the past two years. (The maximum debt burden for families whose income is between $50,000 and $80,000 will be $2,000 per year; this figure increases to $3,000 per year for financial aid recipients whose families make more than $80,000.)

- In January, the College announced that it had purchased the town's historic Old Stone Mill property, which is located along the banks of Otter Creek just below the

continued
Break a Leg

I t's a format more befitting a Seinfeld episode: take the best creative moments of a given time period and blend them into a coherent, sentimental whole. It's a touch trickier to pull off, though, when the stage is the medium; yet, the College theater department managed to do just that on a night in early March—15 years of theater at Middlebury summed up in about, oh, an hour and a half.

The production, Curtain Up, was performed as part of the weekend celebration to commemorate the naming of the 15-year-old Center for the Arts: now the Kevin P. Mahaney '84 Center for the Arts. Staged in the Seeler Studio Theatre with no blackouts—the lights never went down for a scene change—the performances by alumni and current students were a rapid-fire parade of charades and scenes culled from choice performances from the past decade and a half. Stoppard, himself, would have been proud.

During tech rehearsal, actors chose props: “Which of these is the funniest egg-beater?” asked Lauren Kiel '07 of her cast mates for On the Verge.

Others selected music: “No, that music's too cute,” said codirector Cheryl Farano as a group sampled sounds from a mixing board. “Use the second one. I like that one. Yeah, we're going to use it to death.”

The most daring moment of the tech rehearsal occurred when Greg Naughton '90 was formulating his stunt, which had to do with the stage, the catwalk, and the sudden realization that the year was no longer 1987. “You're actually jumping?” codirector Alex Draper '88 asked, watching as Greg threw one leg over the railing of the catwalk.

“You're not 22 anymore,” another concerned voice added.

“Wait, are you actually going to jump?” a third chimed.

“I'm going to dive, actually,” Greg announced.

With emphatic comedic effect, he clung first to the catwalk rail and then to the support beam, before lowering himself to just a few inches above the stage. And then he let go. Later that night, as Megan Byrne '96 delivered a monologue, Naughton, sporting a smoking jacket, performed the stunt perfectly. For a few moments, Byrne's voice was drowned out by uproarious laughter.

—Alex Crumb '07
Faculty Shelf

Robert Pack taught in Middlebury's English department for 34 years, and he directed the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference for 22 of those years. He was, as his former students fondly recall, a teacher of terrific energy and vision, and his classes were legendary. For Pack, poetry was a personal matter, whether he was talking about his traditional favorites—Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Frost, Stevens—or writing his own poems. Indeed, he has just published an eloquent new volume of verse, his 19th: *Still Here, Still Now* (University of Chicago Press, 2008).

I thought of Frost as I read these bracing poems, written in heavily cadenced language, full of concrete images that summon a vision of the natural world. The poet himself is very much at the center of this work, the lyric “I” who moves through the universe with a clear-eyed joy, even a sense of abandon, as in “Happiness,” where he writes of a memory of self-delight in the act of swimming:

> The memory that leaps first into mind
> Is swimming in a lake to nowhere
> In particular, feeling my body’s glide,
> Easy and smooth, stroke by untiring stroke,
> As if I could go on forever with
> No need to read, no need even to think
> Of anything but being where I was,
> Right there, right then, the luminescent water
> Sliding out and dripping from the curve
> Made by my lifted arm, catching the sparks
> Of slanting red and orange evening light.

This is composed in one of Pack’s favorite forms: an idiosyncratic blank verse that accommodates the poet’s shifting moods. The clarity of the work is a given: Pack has always backed away from obscurity. He invites the reader into the poem’s landscape, and there is rarely anything that a reader would find confusing. But there is plenty of material here that will challenge, even trouble, the attentive reader: poetry must do this to earn its keep. Readers who remember his poetic sequence about Professor Hans Pagels in *Clayfield Rejoices*, *Clayfield* (1987) will discover a number of the same concerns rising to the surface here, as in “Conundrum” or “Logical Speculation.” The latter opens with a lively meditation on the fate of mind in the process of evolution:

> For sure, it’s easier to fabricate
> A virtual universe, a fake,
> Than one that’s actual, composed of stuff
> Obeying laws that make life possible
> Including consciousness, if given fourteen
> Billion years, but under fixed conditions
> So particular and finely tuned, like getting heads
> Four-hundred coin flips in a row, that they
> Defy chance as a workable hypothesis.

There are lovely personal poems here, too: about being a grandfather (“Grandfather”), about growing old (“Old Man Walking” or “Darwin’s Beetle”), about the poet’s own complex feelings about his heritage and its complications (“Meditation of a Jew”). One expects a good dose of humor in Robert Pack, and it’s here, as in “Paul Sees More Light” or “The Rabbi’s Spiel to his Congregation.” Yet the poems that spoke most deeply to me were the nature poems, a type of verse that predominates here. In a sense, these are all nature poems, in that the poet endlessly takes the measure of his surroundings, attempts to understand what he sees, what appeals to his five senses. And so, in “Sunrise,” he writes:

> The sun, about to rise into my sight,
> Makes the mute mountain’s shadow
> Shudder in the lake, its trees
> Emerging greenly at their tips;
> For just an instant sun rays seem to pause
> As silhouettes of birds streak past,
> Too fast to be identified or cause
> Their names to take shape on my lips.

—Jay Parini is the D. E. Axinn Professor of English and Creative Writing at Middlebury.

Frog Hollow Vermont State Craft Center. Plans for the building, which dates to the early 1800s, include art studios for student use and a possible art gallery. The Storm Café, a favorite local eatery, will continue to rent space in the building’s ground floor. Middlebury continues to send a number of graduates into the Peace Corps. This year, the College was ranked 16th among small colleges and universities, with 17 alumni actively serving. Since the Peace Corps was launched 46 years ago, 430 Middlebury alumni have joined the ranks. In addition, 10 active Peace Corps volunteers come from the Language Schools or the Monterey Institute of International Studies.

An early March ice storm didn’t keep hundreds of people from donning fancy duds and turning out for a celebratory gala at the Kevin P. Mahaney ’84 Center for the Arts. The event marked both the 15th anniversary of the CFA and the naming of the arts building for the 1984 grad and arts patron. (For more, see “Break a Leg” on the opposite page.) In case you haven’t heard, the Harry Potter-inspired sport of quidditch has taken off at Middlebury. The College’s quidditch team set off on a spring break barnstorming tour of East Coast colleges, a road trip that was chronicled by the folks at the CBS Early Show and MTV.

continued
Incident on De Ribas Street

During winter term, a class co-taught by Professor Michael Katz (Department of Russian) and Rabbi Ira Schiffer (associate chaplain) traveled to Vilnius, Lithuania, and Odessa, Ukraine, to study the two main sources of East European Jewish culture. One afternoon during their week in Odessa, Katz accompanied two students on a shopping expedition along the main pedestrian street in town. On their way back to the hotel, they were stopped by the police, who demanded to see their documents. Later that evening, the Russian professor recounted the episode to his close friend, Mark Naydorf, a professor at the Odessa National Polytechnic University, who also writes a weekly column in a local newspaper. Naydorf wrote and published an article about the incident, which Katz translated into English for his students. What follows is an abridged version of the column, reprinted with permission of the author and the translator.

The American Slavist Professor has been in our country several times—both when it was part of the Soviet Union and since then. He has an excellent command of Russian, has translated several Russian classics into English, and recently introduced the world of English readers to the best novel about Odessa, namely, The Five by Vladimir Jabotinsky. This time the professor brought a group of his students. They came during their school vacation and paid for the trip themselves. Inquisitive and intelligent young Americans, who, as it turned out, already knew a great deal about us from books, articles, and newspapers. But nothing can ever replace personal experience. Therefore, their full schedule included visits to museums, lectures, meetings, and walks around town.

Once, during a stroll along De Ribas Street, the professor and two of his students (one of whom was a student of color) attracted the attention of the police. “The police officer,” reported the professor, “stopped us and asked that we show him our documents.” The professor showed his driver’s license (in the U.S. it also functions as legal identification) and his ID card as a college professor. The “officer” (that’s what the professor called him) demanded to see his passport. The foreigners had left their passports and money in their hotel rooms. The hotel administration had recommended that they deposit their valuables in individual safes in their rooms, the American explained. The officer stated that according to the law they were supposed to have their passports in their possession, and he invited (or ordered) them to accompany him to the police station. The professor said that he didn’t feel like it; he was tired (!), since they had been on two excursions, but that if one of the officers (eight men in uniform were standing next to the police car) would escort him to the hotel, which was located a short distance along De Ribas Street, then he could see their passports.

“No,” said the officer, “that’s not the way it works; according to the law, tourists must have their passports in their possession.” Moreover, his tone began to change somewhat. He was interested in knowing where the students were from and why they had come. The professor explained, and then added: “This incident reminds me of the former Soviet Union; I thought that everything would be quite different in the new Ukraine.” That argument proved to be persuasive.

The professor quoted the officer’s final words to them: “I don’t plan to take them to the police station. They’re normal, serious people,” he said turning to his colleagues. “Does anyone want to take them in?” No one did. Their documents were returned to the three of them.

The professor, in my opinion, conducted himself heroically in this episode. And the student who was studying Russian was grateful for the language practice. “I understood everything you said,” he remarked excitedly to his professor on their way home.

—Story by Mark Naydorf. Translated by Michael Katz, the American Slavist Professor
Hoop Dreams

It was a season of firsts and accolades for the men’s hoops squad this winter. We asked head coach Jeff Brown to weigh in on some of the milestones.

School-record 19 wins in a season (finished the season 19-8, 6-3 in conference): It’s obviously very satisfying to finish with the most wins in the 90-year history of the program. We played a challenging schedule (six of our eight losses were to NCAA tournament teams), were very successful on the road in conference (5-0), and, really, performed at a high level from start to finish.

School-record points in a season (2,082): Our up-tempo style of play was the reason for this. Plus, we had a really balanced group of scorers—seven guys averaged more than seven points per game.

School-record three-pointers in a season (236): Several guys could really knock down the three—Andrew Harris ’08, Ashton Coghlan ’11, and even one of our big men, Michael Walsh ’08.

First NESCAC tournament victory (Panthers knocked off Williams, 96-59): It was exciting. Early in the second half, we had a one-point lead (42-41), and then we closed the game on a 54-18 run. Six of our players put up double figures, and the crowd in Pepin—packed house, very loud—was amazing.

First NCAA tournament appearance (Panthers fell to Rochester, 56-43): A great experience. We were playing a senior-laden team on their home floor, and I really liked our defensive tenacity. Our inability to hit shots in the second half hurt us, but I was really proud of the team.

Senior Andrew Harris’s selection to the District I Academic All-American team (second year in a row): A perfect example of the true student-athlete. Andrew’s passion for learning and working were on display in the classroom and on the court for all four years at Middlebury. As a player, he had the strongest work ethic of anyone I have coached at Middlebury.

Junior Aaron Smith’s second team All-NESCAC honors: Well-deserved. Aaron had a great season—he was our second-leading scorer and the second-leading rebounder in the conference (8.4 per game). He also shot over 60 percent from the field. His ability to create shots inside gave us a powerful inside-out attack, and you have to like the fact that he was one of only three non-seniors on the all-conference teams!

"Middlebury’s chaser takes him down!"

—CBS Sports anchor Greg Gumbel giving the play-by-play of a recent Middlebury-Princeton quidditch match for the CBS Early Show.
Though steeped in pedigree, Mark Odom '87 never thought he'd enter the military. So how did he end up leading battlefield-shifting missions in Iraq?

Standing on the roof of the combat outpost, Mark Odom '87 peered through the scope on his M-4 rifle at the lush landscape on the outskirts of Hawr Rajab. His squadron had never driven into the town without coming under fire, but he hoped this trip would be a first.

It was August 4, 2007, a typically sweltering summer morning in Iraq, and Odom had risen before dawn to prepare for the day's mission. He had strapped on body armor and Nomex fire-resistant gloves. He had donned ballistic glasses to protect against flying debris. And finally he had affixed his Kevlar helmet. It was standard kit for Iraq, and no soldier went outside the wire without it.

There was a time when Odom wanted to be a lawyer.

By Michael R. Gordon
Photographs by Benjamin Lowy/VII Network

He had majored in political science at Middlebury and gave serious thought to attending law school. Many of his friends had followed this path and had become successful attorneys. Yet Odom did something he never thought he would do: follow his father into the Army. And so here he was, decked out in protective armor and scanning a dangerous landscape in a war-torn country in the Middle East.

I first met Lieutenant Colonel Odom last summer in Iraq, when I was embedded with the troops for the New York Times.
As the commander of the 1st Squadron, 40th Cavalry Regiment, Odom was at the center of one of the most important initiatives to stabilize the country since the invasion: the effort to reach out to Sunni tribes whose ranks included former insurgents.

This new initiative had begun in Iraq's western Al Anbar province, where the tribes had joined forces with the American military to take on Al Qaeda in Mesopotamia, a Sunni insurgent group that was overwhelmingly Iraqi but had foreign leadership. The alignment had spread to Baghdad and points north and south of the capital, including Hawr Rajab, a town that sat astride the infiltration routes Sunni insurgents used to sneak into the Iraqi capital. And Hawr Rajab was squarely within Odom's area of operations.

On the first day of August, Odom had huddled on the outskirts of the town with two local sheiks (and former insurgents) who had decided to make common cause with the Americans. As they pored over a map of the area, his soldiers took fingerprints and retina scans from the volunteers the sheiks brought with them (the data would be entered into an intelligence database and used to ferret out known terrorists and killers).

Three days later, on August 4, Odom was set to lead two platoons into Hawr Rajab to distribute food and, thus, cement the relationship with the former insurgents. His hope for a fire-free mission, however, went unfulfilled. Within the span of just a few hours, four roadside bombs exploded. They were massive blasts—
created by a chemical concoction similar to that used by Timothy McVeigh in the 1995 Oklahoma City bombing—and one struck Odom’s Humvee, flipping it over onto its roof.

Several soldiers worked to extract Odom and his gunner from the crumpled vehicle. They used an M-88 wrecker to right it, attached a metal cable to the door to yank it free, and pulled Odom and his gunner out. They were laid out by the side of the road, given emergency first aid, driven to the nearby checkpoint, and medevaced by helicopter to the Combat Surgical Hospital in Baghdad.

At the hospital, Odom was handed a cell phone so he could call his wife before he went into surgery. He reached her voicemail, though, so he rang his father and told him that he was injured but would be okay.

The Army doctors in Baghdad attended to his broken nose; a metal plate was later inserted in his broken left forearm in an operation in Germany. In all, eight soldiers were wounded in the day’s fighting and three killed—the three who had rushed to remove the jammed door on Odom’s vehicle only to strike another “improvised explosive device,” as the military refers to the bombs.

I did not see Odom again until nearly six months later when we met in Alexandria, Virginia, and I asked him about the decisions that led him to join the Army and put him on the road to Hawr Rajab.

At first glance, it might seem that Odom was preordained to enter the military. His father, after all, is William E. Odom, a retired Army lieutenant general who, during the course of his career, served as a defense attaché in Moscow, as the Army’s senior intelligence officer, and as the director of the National Security Agency, which eavesdrops on international communications.

Mark Odom’s early elementary school education was spent at the Anglo-American School in Moscow. As a young kid, he ran around Spaso House, the residence for the American ambassador, where he played football with the ambassador’s son and his friends.

During those tense days of the Cold War, the Americans were regularly monitored and followed. One day, a five-gallon gas can that the Odoms kept on their ninth-floor balcony disappeared: the assumption was that it had been taken to ensure the Americans could not outrun the KGB. It was also a world in which foreign policy was a staple of dinner-table conversation. Family guests included prominent journalists like the Pulitzer Prize-winner Hedrick Smith and other veteran Russia-watchers.

After Moscow, the Odom family moved to West Point, where William Odom taught Soviet politics at the United States Military Academy. A few years later, General Odom was made an aide to Zbigniew Brzezinski, President Jimmy Carter’s national security adviser.

Brzezinski’s association with the Odoms predated Washington—Odom’s father and mother met while taking one of Brzezinski’s classes at Columbia University—and he is still a family friend. Odom took an inscribed volume of Brzezinski’s most recent book to Iraq. (“To Lieutenant Colonel Mark Odom—On whom we depend for our country’s second chance!” the inscription reads.)

Odom also came to know Samuel Huntington, the Harvard University political scientist and author of The Soldier and the State, a landmark tome on civil-military relations, who also did a stint at the White House during the Carter years.

Yet for all this, Odom says his father never glamorized the military or encouraged him to join the Army. “I was never pushed to do anything in the military,” he recalled. “In the back of my father’s mind was a great concern that if I came into the military I would have to live with his successes and failures, the positive and the negative, ‘the shadow I have created for you,’ and that this would probably not be a good thing. He was not in favor of it, but he only said so later.”

During his first year at Middlebury, Mark Odom gave little thought to joining the military. He says his most influential professors were an American literature scholar (John McWilliams) and an international relations guru (Michael Kraus, a political scientist and Czech émigré). It wasn’t until a football teammate, Kevin Conroy ’86, worked out an arrangement to participate in the University of Vermont’s ROTC program and undergo summer Army
Odom (foreground) is quite a contrast from more boisterous Army officers, Michael Gordon writes. "He measured his words carefully and peppered discussions with literary and historical references.

Training at Fort Knox that Odom began to consider the military as an option. (Conroy later went into the Army's Special Forces.)

With both an ingrained sense that the military was one way to serve the country and a desire to lighten the tuition load for his parents, Odom followed Conroy's lead. Yet military service seemed to be more of an interlude than a calling: he was still thinking about heading to law school once his enlistment was up.

However strong these thoughts were, they began to fade along the coastal plains of North Carolina. After graduating from Middlebury and undergoing basic training at Fort Benning, Georgia, Odom was assigned to the 82nd Airborne Division at Fort Bragg, the major U.S. Army installation in North Carolina that is the celebrated home for paratroopers and Special Operations forces.

Several of Odom's ROTC instructors at UVM had fought as Army Rangers in Grenada, and Rangers, Odom found, were unlike any people he had encountered in the Army. Their specialty was capturing enemy airfields and conducting raids; they trained intensively; and their noncommissioned officers were among the most experienced infantry officers in the military. When his brigade commanders at the 82nd suggested that Odom consider Ranger school, he didn't hesitate. After enduring marches through swamps, helicopter insertions, and other exercises, he served as a platoon leader and company executive officer for the 1st Ranger battalion. He subsequently went to Korea as the commander of an infantry company equipped with Bradley Fighting Vehicles and later did two stints as a company commander.

The education of a military officer customarily includes studying at a war college, and Odom chose the British military's Joint Services Staff College, studying there in 1999 and 2000. While in England, he wrote a thesis on NATO's intervention in the Balkans. Drawing on Huntington and Robert Dahl, he assessed the chances that Bosnia and Kosovo could transition to a truly democratic form of government. The prospects, he concluded, were not good.

What he did not know at the time was that the Balkans posed a relatively easy challenge compared with the nation-building burden the United States military was about to encounter in Afghanistan and Iraq.

In 2003, Mark Odom was stationed in Vicenza, Italy, serving as the chief operations officer for the 173rd Airborne Brigade during the lead-up to Operation Iraqi Freedom. Traditionally, the 173rd focused on training foreign militaries in Eastern Europe and North Africa, but it would have a key role to play in Iraq.

The Americans wanted to keep the pressure on Saddam Hussein's divisions in the north and also to stabilize the oil-rich area after the Iraqi leader was swept from power. The Turks' fear was that the Kurds would lay claim to oil fields near Kirkuk and...
use it as the economic foundation for an independent Kurdish state, a breakaway region that would reinforce secessionist tendencies among Turkey’s own Kurdish population.

Early that April, the soldiers from the 173rd parachuted into northern Iraq, a region of snow-topped hills that appeared to jut up out of nowhere. “It was like a scene out of a J. R. R. Tolkien novel,” Odom said. Arriving after several days of snow and rain, some of the soldiers found themselves knee-deep in mud. The brigade’s equipment was flown in over three days in wide-body C-17 transport planes that landed and took off without the benefit of landing lights.

Under the weight of American bombing, artillery raids, Kurdish assaults, and reports that the American forces were rapidly advancing, Saddam’s forces began to crack. Three thousand Kurdish Peshmerga troops raced south to Kirkuk, and the soldiers from the 173rd went along to protect the oil infrastructure and to try to maintain some semblance of order.

When the Americans arrived at the airfield outside of the city, it was clear that Saddam’s forces had beaten a hasty retreat. The anti-aircraft artillery was still loaded with ammunition, and under the weight of American bombing, everything was enmarked for deployment in Iraq and Afghanistan. Odom started with a staff of 10 and the understanding that within a year he would be back in the war. “It was not a question of if,” he recalled. “It was a question of when.”

Iraq had changed since the first heady months of the invasion when General Tommy Franks and the White House anticipated a quick and decisive victory. A Sunni insurgency was deeply entrenched. Many of the militants were carrying out their bombings and terrorist attacks under the banner of Al Qaeda. Sectarian killings were on the rise. The nation appeared to be edging toward a full-blown civil war. (And during this time, Odom’s father, an opponent of the war from the start, had emerged as a vociferous critic of the Bush administration and was urging that American troops withdraw.)

Mark Odom’s squadron numbered only 500, including attached military units, when it arrived in Iraq in October 2006—and it was given an immense 100-square-kilometer area to manage. The population was tolerating, if not supporting, the insurgents, and the region was rife with deep-buried bombs. One was so potent that it destroyed a heavily armored Buffalo mine-clearing vehicle, killing its crew. The crater after the blast was 10 meters wide and 20 meters deep.

Early on, Odom’s squadron had a rough go of it; photographs of the squadron’s growing list of fallen soldiers—its “Denali Heroes”—were prominently displayed at its field headquarters at Falcon Base south of the city. When I first arrived at the base, I was ushered to Odom’s second-floor office, which contained the most extensive library of national security tomes that I had ever seen in the field, including Brzezinski’s work, a book by Huntington, and Raphael Patai’s book, *The Arab Mind.*

I found Odom to be quite a contrast from some of the boisterous Army officers I had encountered. He measured his words carefully and peppered the discussions with literary and historical references. His long face reminded me of his father, and I thought I detected a hint of his father’s Tennessee drawl. But Odom did not volunteer anything about his family until it was clear that I had guessed the association.
The surge of reinforcements that President Bush ordered in January 2007 changed the military dynamics. As the additional troops filtered in, Odom’s squadron battle area shrank to more manageable proportions. His soldiers were able to concentrate on Hawr Rajab—and the effort was repaid.

In Hawr Rajab, Sheik Ali had tangled with Al Qaeda. He wanted revenge for the murder of his father at the hand of Al Qaeda militants and to restore his tribe’s authority over the town. In early July, he asked for a meeting at home with Captain Chad Klasius, one of Odom’s officers and the commander of Apache Troop. (Klasius had played the role of an Islamic insurgent in Army war games. Now he was going to meet one face-to-face.)

Each side was apprehensive about the meeting. Ali wanted to bring five armed bodyguards. The Americans were fearful of an ambush and warned that any males with weapons would be shot on sight. It was agreed that the sheik could have guards, but they would be unarmed.

When the meeting began, the sheik acknowledged his insurgent past but offered to work with the soldiers to drive Al Qaeda out. He wanted several thousand dollars in financing. He wanted the Iraqi government to establish a police station in the town, and he suggested that the Americans distribute food to the residents to win their support.

Klasius asked the sheik to provide several names of Al Qaeda insurgents to prove his good intentions. He gave them the names of two members from his own tribe who lived just a few houses away, and the soldiers promptly detained them. The sheik later produced several dozen volunteers who were outfitted in orange reflective belts. The Americans dubbed them the “concerned local citizens.”

The broader question, Odom found, was more political than military. Ultimately, to succeed, the sheiks would need to accept the legitimacy of the Shiite-dominated government in Baghdad, and the government would need to include more Sunnis in the security forces and governing structures, or at least give them civilian jobs, steps that would demonstrate a greater interest in accommodation than Iraq had seen in recent years.

“It is like Sonny Jurgensen throwing the ball before the receiver is open because if you wait until he is open, he will be covered by the time the ball gets there,” Odom explained. “So if the ball is in the air now, what political decisions are being made to complete the pass?”

Plenty of Odom’s readings suggested it would be hard, perhaps even impossible, for the Iraqis to reconcile. But the military’s duty was to throw the ball downfield, which was all that the lieutenant colonel needed to know.

August 4 was the day the aid was to be delivered. The American command post near the checkpoint had been fortified with heavy beams and surrounded by heavy barriers to protect it against a suicide bomber. (It was a very real threat. A suicide car bomb had collapsed the living quarters at Patrol Base Dog several months earlier, killing two soldiers.)

There was only one road to Hawr Rajab from Falcon Base, where his squadron was headquartered. The Americans had never driven this road without being attacked. Within a few minutes, a Husky mine-clearing vehicle struck a mine, and its wounded driver was evacuated. Odom’s soldiers made it to the town’s center to distribute the food, but the toll had been high, including the wounding of Odom, the squadron’s commander.

After being treated in Germany, Odom was flown to the United States. He recuperated in Alaska. His battered face was the first to heal, but for several weeks he had severe headaches, the after effects of the concussion he had suffered in the explosion. The pounding in his head was so severe that he spent much of the time staring out the window. Reading was all but impossible.

The biggest blow, though, was the loss of his soldiers. Odom had received that news from Colonel Terry Ferrell, his brigade commander, when he was in the Baghdad hospital. He lost three troopers in one day.

By October, Odom had recovered sufficiently to ask to go back to Iraq and resume command of his squadron. During the next several months, the Americans and their Sunni allies gained control of Hawr Rajab. A series of checkpoints was established and jointly manned by the Sunni volunteers and a company of Iraqi troops that was deployed in the town.

By November, when his squadron completed its Iraq tour, the situation was stable enough that Lieutenant General Raymond Odierno, the second ranking officer in Iraq, was able to meet with town elders and walk through the town. A few weeks later, however, Al Qaeda militants mounted a counterattack. Several dozen fighters sneaked up on a checkpoint and opened fire, killing several Iraqi volunteers and soldiers. In the ensuing melee, they even managed to destroy an Iraqi army vehicle. But the Americans sent a quick reaction force to the town, and the Iraqi military and volunteers fought back. The militants were beaten back; 10 were killed.

Odom seems agnostic at best about Iraq’s chances to emerge as a stable and democratic state, but looks at his deployments there from a professional standpoint.

“When a classmate of my father was killed in Vietnam, somebody asked him why he was fighting in a war he did not believe in,” Odom said. “He responded: ‘Was that the crime, not believing in the war or in letting men go into combat to be led by somebody who is less qualified?’ I have been trained to lead men into combat, and I see that as my job as long as I stay in the Army.”

Odom is slated to go back to Iraq within the next year to command the 2nd Ranger Battalion, elite troops who conduct some of the Army’s more sensitive, if least publicized, missions. It will be his third deployment to Iraq since the 2003 invasion.

Michael R. Gordon is the chief military correspondent for the New York Times.
OK, so we were sitting around the office one day, and someone, we can’t remember who, asked the question about mass. We were stumped. (It doesn’t take much.) This imponderable question led to another, and pretty soon we had a hefty list. Devoid of answers*, we tossed the entire bunch to the best experts we know: the Middlebury faculty.

—The Editors

*Almost everyone had an opinion on the Bonds query, so we sought out an impartial observer: an economics professor.
Is Barry Bonds the greatest home-run hitter of all time?

WELL, YES. AND NO.

In a Journal of Recreational Mathematics article shamelessly titled “Chemical Bonds” that I coauthored with Adam Posner ’08, Tom Sullivan ’08, and Katie Chambers ’08 last year, we concluded that Barry Bonds (the current record-holder with 762 home runs) is the only one of four sluggers—Willie Mays (Barry’s godfather, 660 career home runs), Babe Ruth (714), and Hank Aaron (755)—whose home-run proficiency (home-run percentage, slugging average, and on-base percentage plus slugging average) actually increased after turning 35 years of age. Our before-and-after (age 35) comparisons suggested that Bonds is either an ageless wonder or a player whose numbers should be viewed with some skepticism.

Still, is Bonds the greatest home-run hitter of all time?

Among the four sluggers, Ruth had the highest career home-run percentage (8.5 home runs per 100 at-bats compared to Barry’s 7.7 per 100 at-bats, and Hank’s and Willie’s 6.1 per 100 at-bats). Moreover, if Babe Ruth had not spent the first five years of his career as a pitcher (albeit, an exceptional pitcher) for the Boston Red Sox, would Barry’s career home-run record have been within the range of Babe’s mathematical possibility? Well, probabilistically speaking, yes. If Ruth had been employed differently early in his career, I believe that the probability is greater than 50 percent that Babe Ruth would have hit 700 career home runs.

That is, if Ruth had not pitched on a regular basis early in his career, he would still be wearing the home-run crown . . . and Barry’s name would not be tagged with an asterisk.

—Paul M. Sommers is a professor of economics and a regular contributor to the Journal of Recreational Mathematics
**Brainteaser: Are all even numbers greater than 4 equal to the sum of two primes***?

Perhaps, according to Goldbach's Conjecture. On June 7, 1742, a Prussian mathematician named Christian Goldbach wrote to his illustrious friend, the Swiss mathematician Leonhard Euler, asking him whether every positive, even integer greater than or equal to 4 could be expressed as the sum of two primes. Euler replied that it certainly appeared so to him, but that he could not demonstrate why it must always be true. In fact, even today no one has been able to prove or to disprove Goldbach's Conjecture.

Over the years, Goldbach's Conjecture has been verified for larger spans of even integers. For example, by 1885, it was known that Goldbach's Conjecture was true for all even integers up to 10,000. By 1938, it had been checked up to 100,000. With the advent of modern computers, these bounds have been dramatically increased. Currently, we know that every even integer less than one quintillion (i with 18 zeros) is expressible as the sum of two primes. However, computations alone will never prove an assertion about all even integers since there are infinitely many of them (though it could conceivably find a counterexample if there is some even integer that is not the sum of two primes).

—Pete Schumer is the Baldwin Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy

*Recall that a prime number is an integer greater than 1 whose only factors are 1 and itself. The list of prime numbers begins with 2, 3, 5, 7, 11, 13, 17, 19, 23, etc.

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**What is "race"?**

**Race as a concept only came into full flower in the 18th and 19th centuries.** (At the time, it was used to designate people believed to share common ancestry or biological traits.) Apart from the well-known understanding we have today of race as skin color, it was also used to identify nations (the Irish race) or poor people (inferior breeds). In the 20th century, Nazi Germany took the "scientific" strand of "race thinking" to the extreme, and, in so doing, delegitimized race-as-biology among the vast majority of the scientific and social-scientific community.

Yet contrary to what we might have expected, race did not disappear as a concept. In part this was due to its continued use among ardent racists in places like South Africa and the American South, where it served as a wedge to divide and oppress millions of people. Beginning in the 1960s, it also became a vehicle for progressive politics in the United States and beyond through the civil rights movement, which used racial disadvantage as a mobilizing tool for promoting equality of opportunity.

Since World War II, social scientists have widely agreed that race is "socially constructed," meaning that it is not grounded in any objective scientific reality, but it is nevertheless perceived by many people to be real and meaningful. As proof that it is socially constructed, it is possible to look around the world and note striking differences in what "race" means: in the United States it strongly associates with skin color; in Japan it is linked to blood; and in Latin America it is closely tied to socioeconomic class, where, as the saying goes, "money whitens."

Recent social developments and scientific discoveries are opening new frontiers in our understanding of race. With an increase of "mixed-race" marriages in the U.S., there are political movements afoot that challenge the assumption that children of these unions should be forced to choose just one race. Leading scholars are asking if Asian/white and Latino/white kids will assimilate to the white race, as Jews and Italians (then perceived as nonwhite) did in the 19th and early 20th centuries. Following the heavy lobbying of parents of "multiracial" children in the 1990s, the 2000 U.S. census allowed respondents to "mark one or more" racial categories that they felt applied to them. This may open up space for individuals to change the way they think about race, and it may eventually have vast consequences for the country as a whole.

In addition, with the advent of DNA testing, people can begin to assess scientifically the origins of their ancestors. This development is especially delicate among Native American communities, where membership and rights can depend on ancestry. It raises the specter of using science to judge people's race, but also offers the hope that many people will come to learn that they are the product of more geographical forebears than they had realized.

—Erik Bleich is an associate professor of political science
When boomers retire, where will they go?
And what will this mean for America's cities and towns?

As the baby boom generation enters retirement age, the United States may witness unprecedented urban to rural migration dramatically reshaping small towns and rural landscapes. Such migration dynamics will have profound economic implications, as the migrating boomers will transfer their wealth as they move.

Migration behavior is predictable throughout a person's life. Migration rates are highest for those in their early 30s when individuals are establishing themselves independently, moving frequently from apartment to apartment or place to place. After a period of stability for people in their 30s and 40s, migration rates once again rise for those in their late 50s and early 60s, and these migration flows are quite distinct. Early in life, people tend to move toward urban and suburban locations. In contrast, migration at later stages tends to flow away from metro areas. As individuals near retirement, they often seek out non-metropolitan locations that offer a slower-paced lifestyle, access to recreational amenities, and possibly lower costs of living. This process is relatively consistent across the country, and is only going to be more substantial in the coming decades as the baby boomers age through their 50s and 60s. The more than 83-million boomers (currently between the ages of 44 and 62) will make approximately 250 million moves during the next 20 years, and many of these will be directed toward small towns and rural destinations.

Impacts on migrant origins are equally, if not more, profound. The baby boomers came of age in a rapidly suburbanizing America, and as they entered the housing markets in the 1970s and 1980s, suburban expansion accelerated. Today, the vast majority of baby boomers are living in suburbia, but as they age, they’re likely to leave their suburban locations and head to the country or back to the city. What happens to the vast residential landscapes of suburbia as the boomers leave? Can (will?) the smaller generation born in the late 1960s and 1970s fill the void the boomers will leave behind?

Of course, the income characteristics of an aging population also present distinct geographic implications. People in their 20s and 30s total personal income today is derived from non-earnings sources, but this composition varies dramatically from place to place. For instance, there are some counties in the U.S. where more than 60 percent of personal income is derived from non-earnings sources. What does this mean?

When coupled with age-received an economic windfall, while other areas saw this money leave town. So, with the boomers on the horizon, how will these nonmetropolitan communities change as they become more dependent on non-earnings income sources?

—Peter B. Nelson is an associate professor of geography
If the United States is the most powerful country on the planet, why are we struggling in Afghanistan and Iraq?

While recent events might suggest that American power is on the wane, it is not the case: American power has been both misused and privatized.

Contractor activities in Iraq have received significant negative media attention, but most people are probably unaware that the publicized accounts are just the tip of an iceberg. In 2005, the U.S. government had a contract presence (U.S.-funded contractors working in a given territory) in every UN-recognized country in the world except Bhutan, Nauru, and San Marino. The U.S. government outsources things it used to do itself; at the same time, nongovernmental actors, with or without the explicit approval of Washington, have unprecedented power to make their own foreign policy.

Since American power has been privatized, what were once exclusively American government functions have diffused to corporations, civic groups, and individual philanthropists. Many of these actors are American. But even where they are not, they comprise a global coalition that is animated by the universal values that America’s founders embraced as American. They believe in the power of free markets and in equality of opportunity. They strive to promote these values worldwide, just as the American government does, although in countless decentralized and more effective ways.

This vast web of actors from all sectors can be understood as an empire—a kind of empire that the world has never seen before. It is an empire because it is vast in its dominion, controlling riches and reaching to all corners of the earth. But unlike any previous empire in human history, it has no emperor, and it has no subjects. It is an empire of the willing.

Getting the United States back on course requires acknowledging that unenlightened government outsourcing—our present standard practice—has created an enormous accountability vacuum that has enabled three dangerous developments: (1) gross fiscal irresponsibility, (2) dangerous apathy among the public at large, and (3) the inadvertent militarization of American foreign policy.

While government outsourcing as presently practiced is scandalous, the solution is not to turn the clock back. We must instead insist that government collaborate with the private sector in ways that serve the public interest. The private sector, after all, is us. That American power has been privatized ultimately means that each and every one of us has potential power that individuals of another generation did not. Understanding the changing nature of American power is the key to wielding that new power for the good.

—Allison Stanger is the James Jermain Professor of Political Economy and director of the Rohatyn Center for International Affairs. She elaborates on her answer in Empire of the Willing: The Privatization of American Power (New York: Basic Books, forthcoming).
Very few people ask any more if film is an art form worthy of serious study, which is good, since the question didn’t make sense anyway. No one asks if painting is an art form, but there are as many silly paintings as there are silly films. More and more now the question is not only about beauty but also truth, about how and in what ways moving images have become such a powerful institution that no matter how bogus, they influence formidably our understanding, our values, our emotions, our behavior, and consciousness itself.

Images are so potent and so ubiquitous that we can become enfranchised by them. The great Italian director Federico Fellini said that after he recreated Rome’s Via Veneto for his film La Dolce Vita, the real Via Veneto seemed fake to him. The image falsifies the real. The more we subject ourselves to compelling images, the more reality can seem vapid. Ironically, the more powerful moving images become, the less likely they are to be true. Maybe we no longer know what reality is, for what we encounter directly is too often inadequate compared to moving images. Thinking, feeling, and relationships suffer because they seem lacking. Discourse becomes loaded with examples from moving images. Reality seems dependent upon images of reality to make sense, opening up the possibility that the representation is the true. What is real becomes even less of a meaningful question. Since representations are always in some sense false, no matter how compelling, the impact of reality is diminished. We could become less connected, and concerned, with what we experience that is unmediated by moving images.

This picture is rather bleak. The solution, if there is a solution, is to become aware, to be able to step back and understand the impact of these various forms of moving images, from movies to television to video games to social networking sites. The critique of moving images becomes absolutely necessary.

—Ted Perry is the Fletcher Professor of the Arts

Is there such a thing as a flame-retardant polar bear?

Probably not—although I haven’t actually attempted to set a polar bear afame. This notion, however, may not be as far-fetched as it sounds. For decades, toxic chemicals have been detected in surprising concentrations in the Arctic: flame retardant chemicals in the fatty tissues of polar bears; DDT in the breast milk of indigenous women; stain-resistant coatings in the eggs of Arctic seabirds. But how exactly do these chemicals, known collectively as persistent organic pollutants (POPs), navigate northward to such remote areas, areas where the chemicals have never been produced or used?

The simplest explanation is that POP molecules are carried north on the whirrs of atmospheric and oceanic currents. More realistically, POP molecules arrive in the Arctic on wind and water only after thousands of complex layovers and detours. POPs’ halting commitment to evaporation, known as their semi-volatility, means that they evaporate in warm areas and condense in cold areas, accounting for their steady, if incremental, journey northward. A brief condensation layover might include resting on the waxy cuticle of a leaf before the heat of the morning sun revolatilizes the molecule and returns it to the atmosphere. An otherwise short stay adsorbed to phytoplankton at the base of the food web might lead to long-term biomagnified residence in the fatty tissues of top predators, an outcome dictated by the hydrophobic nature of POP’s molecular structures. And while POPs experience their share of layovers, hemispheric detours are also quite common. They are notorious for meandering thousands of miles downstream, adhered to the smallest sediment grains, and for piggybacking on plumes of transcontinental dust. And migratory birds carry POPs thousands of miles south along migration flyways, a detour that readily reverses direction the following spring and can hasten POPs’ Arctic arrival.

So how do persistent organic pollutants manage to survive their long and complex journeys to the Arctic? While many chemicals do not survive the combined environmental assaults of sunlight, microbes, and highly reactive atmospheric chemicals, POPs (as their name would suggest!) persist relatively unscathed—a result of their constituent halogen atoms. In fact, it is just this persistence that promoted their use in the first place. Think pesticides that require minimal reapplication and the 10-year-stain warranty on your carpet. POPs persistence only increases in the cold of higher latitudes by slowing down what are already slow degradation pathways. Of course POPs concentrations are much higher in ecosystems that are not onous for meandering POPs experience their share of layovers, hemispheric detours are also quite common. They are notorious for meandering thousands of miles downstream, adhered to the smallest sediment grains, and for piggybacking on plumes of transcontinental dust. And migratory birds carry POPs thousands of miles south along migration flyways, a detour that readily reverses direction the following spring and can hasten POPs’ Arctic arrival.

What are the ethics of emitting substances whose harmful legacy long outlives their usefulness to society? Can we avail ourselves of technological innovation without poisoning ourselves in the process? Is there a healthier balance to be found between precaution and presumed progress?

—Molly Costanza-Robinson is an assistant professor of environmental chemistry
Who gives?

More than two centuries ago, Adam Smith observed in his Wealth of Nations that “it is not from the benevolence of the butcher, the brewer, or the baker, that we can expect our dinner, but from their regard to their own interest.” Or, as Gordon Gekko, the villain of Wall Street, put it, “Greed, for lack of a better word, is good.”

In this context, the thousands of alumni who have contributed, or will contribute, to the Middlebury Initiative, would seem to be poor examples of homo economicus. Americans have a long-standing tradition of generosity, however. In 2006, the last year for which reliable data are available, Americans gave almost $300 billion. Furthermore, individuals, as opposed to corporations or foundations, were responsible for almost three-quarters of this amount and contributed more than $40 billion to education. So what motivates these “self-interested” individuals to donate their hard-earned dollars to charities and other nonprofits?

Economists posit that donors give for a variety of reasons. Some donors may be motivated by pure altruism: they give because they care about the well-being of the recipients or to show appreciation to an organization that has had an impact on their life. Others may derive “private benefits” from charitable giving: some donors, for example, may use their donation to “buy” access to free season tickets, lunch with powerful politicians, or membership in an elite club. Donors may give to signal wealth status or gain public recognition. Others may feel a social pressure to contribute. Still others may give to alleviate guilt for their own good luck or fortune.

Through careful analysis of surveys, giving records, federal tax returns, and, more recently, lab experiments, we have learned a great deal about the personal characteristics and motivations of givers. Not surprisingly, wealthier households tend to give more, especially those in the highest income tax brackets who live in states that offer deductions for charitable giving. Older individuals tend to donate more, even after controlling for wealth. Most studies show that women are more generous than men, although recent evidence suggests that men tend to concentrate greater income on fewer charities while women tend to spread their giving over more organizations. Those who attend religious services regularly give more than otherwise similar individuals, with the majority of their giving targeted toward religious organizations. Corporate and other fund-raising programs that offer donor matches have successfully increased both propensity to give and overall giving levels.

Where does mass come from?

Einstein’s famous equation \( E = mc^2 \) tells us that the mass of an object is a measure of its energy content. For example, if \( m \) is the mass of this magazine in kilograms, then as it sits on your coffee table, it contains energy \( (E) \) equal to \( m \) times the square of the speed of light \( c \)—a rather large result, since the speed of light is approximately 300 million meters per second. But where does this mass—and therefore energy—come from?

Our modern understanding of all the particles and interactions in nature is based on a “unifying symmetry assumption” that seems to require fundamental particles to have zero mass. However, when you picked up this magazine, you probably noticed that the particles it is made of do have mass, in violation of this requirement. There is a clever resolution to this paradox, postulated by the Standard Model of particle physics: Fundamental particles are intrinsically massless, but effectively acquire a mass by interacting with an invisible soup, called the Higgs field, that fills all of space. What we observe as a heavy particle is really just a massless particle getting “bogged down” in this sticky soup.

Crazy as it sounds, this model is incredibly successful. It correctly describes every experiment ever carried out at a particle accelerator. It explains why some particles remain massless and precisely predicts a relationship between the masses of other particles, though the masses of most fundamental particles remain experimental inputs to the theory, not predictions. But, like Godot, the central player in this drama has not yet appeared: We have never observed the Higgs field directly—only its indirect effects through the masses it generates. There could be many Higgs fields, or it could be replaced by an entirely different mechanism we haven’t imagined yet.

The Large Hadron Collider in Geneva, Switzerland, due to start operation this year, may resolve this unsatisfactory state of affairs. It will attempt to create ripples in the Higgs soup—analogous to sound waves in air—to observe the Higgs directly. Doing so will allow us to probe the structure of the Higgs field, potentially yielding new relationships between particle masses and unraveling the mystery of mass.

—Noah Graham is an assistant professor of physics
How do we know that we know what we know?

We claim to know a great many things: nearly all of us claim to know things like “2 + 2 = 4” and “rocks exist”; scientists claim to know about the unobservable physical structure of the world; some of us would even claim to know certain artistic, moral, and religious truths. But how can we be sure that we know these things and are not merely opining about them? There are many views on this matter. Some philosophers hold that we know things when they are justified on the basis of certain self-evident foundations. Some hold that these foundations are the abstract truths of logic and mathematics; others hold that they are the immediate experiences of our senses. Still others, like myself, deny that there are any firm foundations. In principle, every belief is up for grabs, and it is only its overall fit within a preexisting totality of our beliefs that determines its warrant. As a result, beliefs that appear to be foundations depend on the social and historical context in which they arise. For example, tables and chairs may be perfectly stable foundations when making knowledge claims about the arrangement of furniture in a room, but are not such firm foundations when talking about atomic structure.

Throughout history, we have seen the seemingly firm foundations of Euclidean geometry and the authority of the “naked eye” give way to Riemannian geometries and electron microscopes. In short, what appears infallible and incorrigible today may very well be fallible and corrigeble tomorrow.

—Karen Khalifa is an assistant professor of philosophy

Can geography enhance our understanding of the Holocaust?

We certainly think so. To date, most studies of this horrific event have focused on the experience of individuals or communities, such as the Jewish community in the Warsaw ghetto or the grim operation of Nazi concentration camps. Very few have considered how the Holocaust unfolded spatially—how it happened as a geographical event. That’s about to change.

An international group of historians and geographers has begun a long-term research project that reconceives the Holocaust as a profoundly geographical story. They are focusing on how the Holocaust set millions of people in motion across Europe through mass displacement and forced migration, the destruction or fundamental changes that affected thousands of communities, and the systems of transportation and place-making that enabled the Nazi machine to concentrate population, exploit slave labor, and kill millions of people.

The group has developed a long-term research agenda and is now beginning a number of collaborative research projects, with strong support from the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, D.C. The common elements between all the projects are the use of visual evidence—such as historical maps and photographs—and visual and spatial methods of analysis using GIS (geographic information systems) and geographic visualization. By combining these relatively little-used sources and methods with more familiar historical material, such as victim testimonies and the extremely detailed records kept by the Nazis, the group aims to discover how the Holocaust developed, which regions and peoples were targeted when, and how the camps system evolved in relation to the war. Ultimately, we hope to understand how the complex Nazi system worked as a whole and how its implementation differed from place to place.

—Anne Knowles is an associate professor of geography and a founding member of the Holocaust study group
Are today’s television writers the 21st-century versions of Charles Dickens?

One of the functions of a liberal arts education is to expose students to a rich history of cultural works, centuries of artistically groundbreaking and profound examples of literature, drama, visual art, and music. Does television belong in that list of artistic forms? When compared to Milton and Mozart, Michelangelo and Molière, even the best of television might seem to come up far short. But we need to remember that the distance of time often turns popular culture into art—18th-century novels were seen as elite literature in their day. Shakespeare was seen as popular culture up through the 19th century, with performances for uneducated tavern-goers as a common part of American frontier culture. We have seen Hollywood films of the 1930s and 1940s shift from being regarded as cultural corruptions to the classical era of a new art form.

We may not be in an adequate position to imagine how today’s television might be viewed by future generations of critics and viewers. But I do dare to dream that television will undergo the same type of historical cultural revisionism as the novel and cinema previously experienced. Looking back on the late-20th and early-21st centuries, American television will be viewed as a fertile terrain of aesthetic achievement, with programs like The Sopranos and Anested Development, The Simpsons, and Buffy the Vampire Slayer hailed as masterpieces of storytelling and social commentary. We can start laying that critical groundwork by studying the aesthetics of television explicitly, exploring what the medium can do that sets it apart from other media, and examining works that successfully reach lofty aesthetic heights. I am currently focusing my scholarly energies on the aesthetics of long-form television narratives, exploring how serial storytelling accomplishes artistic ambitions and offers a unique cultural form through its specific brand of narrative complexity.

For a specific example, the recently completed HBO series The Wire is arguably the great masterpiece of television drama—the program offers a compelling glimpse into America’s forgotten underclass, using fiction to make political and social arguments, much like Zola, Dickens, Stowe, and Sinclair accomplished in previous eras. Exploring life in the drug game, on the police beat, in city hall, in public schools, and on the docks of Baltimore, the show builds an emotionally compelling and intellectually complex world that has scaled aesthetic heights across its 60 hours over the past five seasons. Next spring, I will teach a course entitled Urban America and Serial Television: Watching The Wire, where Middlebury students will watch the entire series and study its aesthetics and social commentary, considering how the show might stand as the 21st-century equivalent of War and Peace, Bleak House, or the Oedipus Cycle. Together, we will work to find the artistry that is possible, and arguably best realized, on the small screen.

—JasonMitell is an associate professor of American studies and film & media culture

What can an award-winning novel tell us about society?

Announcing that Kiran Desai’s The Inheritance of Loss had won the 2007 Booker Prize, Hermione Lee described it as “a magnificent novel of humane breadth and wisdom, comic tenderness and powerful political acuteness.” Desai’s subject is the predicament of people whose lives are blighted by larger forces: colonialism, nationalism, globalization, and above all, capitalist exploitation and poverty. These overbearing forces have painfully concrete effects that Desai conveys with nuance and wit. The novel is magnificent precisely because it tackles large questions of politics and identity with tremendous dexterity and empathy. The most unusual and impressive aspect of Desai’s writing is her ability to sustain a tone that is gently and affectionately ironic—at times comedic—while writing about unremittingly bleak circumstances.

We see this in Biju, a young man who has traveled from northeast India to New York to find work. In an early chapter, Biju loses his job:

Out of his depth, he was almost relieved when the manager of their branch received a memo instructing him to do a green card check on his employees.

“Nothing I can do,” the manager said, pink faced from having to dole out humiliation to these men. A kind man. His name was Frank—funny for a man who managed frankfurters all day. “Just disappear quietly is my advice....”

So they disappeared.

Desai mitigates the harshness of the loss by suggesting that Biju is “almost relieved.” She introduces a tangential note of somewhat clumsy humor by remarking upon the absurd aptness of the manager’s name. The obviousness of the link the narrator makes between the man’s name and his occupation is offset by the somberness of his advice—“Just disappear quietly”—and the fact that they take it. The passage is layered and dynamic, moving fluidly between the grim and the droll, and ending with the ominous “disappeared.” Desai refuses to suggest that the people whom Biju encounters are overtly racist. She conveys, rather, the systemic nature of the inequalities of class and race in the postcolonial world. Using gentle irony and comedy, she succeeds in portraying the harshness of migrants’ lives without being condescending or voyeuristic.

—Yamma Siddiqi is an associate professor of English and American literatures
Will we ever build truly intelligent machines?

The field of "artificial intelligence"—AI for short—was born in the summer of 1956 at Dartmouth College when a group of computer scientists pondered this very question. The group optimistically anticipated significant progress towards machine intelligence within months. Yet after a 50-year period of hope, hype, and ample funding, the true difficulty of the problem sank in, and funding for AI research all but disappeared. The lofty goal of a computer with human intelligence remains elusive today.

Of course, AI did have success stories along the way; for instance in 1997, when IBM's Deep Blue chess computer beat reigning world champion Garry Kasparov. But this and similar feats were quickly discounted as being done with "brute force" rather than true intelligence. One of my favorite definitions of AI—"the study of how to make computers do things which, at the moment, people do better"—captures such disillusionments: Once the feat is accomplished, it doesn't seem so magical anymore. And surely the brain doesn't work this way... does it?

The "engineering approach" of finding the most effective solution for a given problem (rather than of imitating nature) has a proud history—at all, cars don't walk and airplanes don't flap their wings. The situation is no different in AI and related fields, including my own research area: computer vision, the interpretation of images via computer programs.

I (and others) employ sophisticated algorithmic and mathematical techniques for problems such as stereo matching (build a 3D model from two images) or object recognition (find all the chairs in this image). It's clear that the human brain does not (and cannot) use such methods. However, existing theories of brain function have been too vague to yield useful computer models, so the engineering approach appears to be the only avenue. And yet, while thousands of researchers have attacked these problems for half a century, toddlers still handily beat the best computer programs when it comes to recognizing people and identifying objects.

In his intriguing book, On Intelligence, Silicon Valley-entrepreneur-turned-brain-researcher Jeff Hawkins argues that AI research has been misguided by defining intelligence in human terms. The famous Turing test, for instance, proclaims a machine intelligent if, in casual conversation via a computer terminal, it is indistinguishable from a human. According to Hawkins, such a human-centric perspective is doubly problematic: First, it requires modeling the entire baggage of human evolutionary history, including bodily senses, social interactions, and emotions. Second, it may overlook novel unhuman types of intelligence, which may potentially be the most beneficial.

Hawkins argues that the key characteristic of intelligence is the ability to detect, learn, and predict patterns among complex signals, as exhibited by the human brain. Translated to machines, this might for instance yield a global network of computers with atmospheric sensors that could learn weather patterns and give accurate weather forecasts—all without any preprogrammed climate models or other "input" of human intelligence.

Interestingly, Hawkins proposes to reach such machine intelligence by imitating nature after all: his goal is to decipher the "cortical algorithm" employed in the brain, a hierarchical computation that detects, learns, abstracts, and eventually predicts any type of pattern.

How soon will we get there? According to Hawkins, perhaps within our lifetimes. In the meantime, we'll have to make do with the engineering approach and build artificial intelligence on top of human intelligence.

—Daniel Scherstein is an associate professor of computer science.
In a place where only the Devil himself would be comfortable, Brad Corrigan ’96 believes—truly believes—that light can exist where only darkness has reigned.

By Bob Gulla ’83
Photographs by A. J. Neste

I am following Brad Corrigan ’96. We are in Managua, Nicaragua, on a humanitarian mission, and he is my leader.

We are not alone. There are 200 others assembled here under Brad’s guidance, including a large group of college students on a service break and a handful of his friends and family. Coming from all corners of the U.S., we’ve gathered on this hot, humid day to assist Brad in what will soon seem an impossible task: spreading hope and good will in a shantytown called La Chureca, a ghastly poor village that rims a garbage dump on the outskirts of Managua.

Brad has officially named our journey into La Chureca Dia de Luz or “Day of Light.” His plan is to march en masse into the dump and spend the day visiting with the village’s residents—in his words “bringing light into this place filled with darkness, poverty, addiction, and disease.”

Brad has been to Managua many times for the same humanitarian purpose but without this kind of broad assistance. He and a few associates have arranged everything on the trip, from accommodations and transportation to meals and side trips; Dia de Luz is the culmination of months of planning.

From our rustic hotel in a ramshackle Managua neighborhood, we caravan to La Chureca, which is on the eastern shore of Lake Managua, an otherwise attractive location with rolling hills and expansive views that would in most countries feature upscale waterfront properties. Not here.

We park on the outskirts of the landfill and pile out of our cars; Brad climbs atop a van to speak. “We are here to bring love into a place where hate and violence rule,” he says, projecting out over the crowd, many of whom—because our day holds much uncertainty—are shuffling nervously. “We will bring light into a place where darkness has a grip, and we will bring melody into silence.”

He tells us that we are not nosy photographers and detached journalists. “We go forth as friends with large hearts and open arms” to embrace the people consigned to live in this awful place.

As we look up to him, he comes across as a combination of good friend, tour guide, and determined missionary. He leads with casual authority, empowered by an intense Christian faith. In a sense, today, we are his disciples.

The group begins to walk together, quietly. From the edge of La Chureca, the broad lakeside vistas are marred by acres of ash mountains 50 or 60 feet high. Billowing clouds of toxic smoke, created by burning tires, rise into the air, graying the day’s blue sky. In the dune-like piles of garbage, mangy dogs scavenge for scraps of food. Scrawny cows nose through heaps of fish bones and rancid citrus rinds. Vultures circle overhead. That 1,000 people live here in La Chureca is unfathomable. Words did not prepare us for this scene.

“When you walk with someone,” Brad tells us, “it’s like saying, ‘We’re together.’ That’s such a precious gift, to be together with someone. And we can walk together through a hell like this and not be afraid.”

The rotten smell and wafts of thick smoke choke us. Gasping, we pull our shirts over our faces in a vain attempt to filter the noxious air. I begin to worry that I will not last the day. Nearby, along a narrow, earthen roadway a trio of garbage trucks speeds...
past to unload their trash; their kerchiefed drivers hoot and holler like masked bandits as they pass. Running behind the trucks in a cloud of diesel exhaust are half a dozen La Chureca boys. They work as pickers, and they’re sprinting to be among the first on the scene when the trucks unload their garbage. That way they can rummage for viable food and recyclable materials. We’re told that the speeding trucks have been known to run these boys over and kill them.

All around us, clusters of men, women, and boys sift through the refuse with long sticks and rakes, hunting for anything of value: food, plastics, scrap metal. God knows what else. As we near them, we can see faces darkened with dirt, clothes in tatters. They work 10 hours a day in La Chureca, earning roughly five dollars for their efforts.

I wonder what they think of us, a crowd of light-skinned Americans in khakis and (by now only semi-) clean T-shirts, as we troop across their pitiable landscape. As we tread through the squishy piles of fresh garbage, small, spontaneous natural gas fires erupt around us. The ground is so hot it melts the soles of our shoes.

It’s easy to mistake La Chureca for hell on Earth.

My last encounter with Brad Corrigan was, let’s say, different than the situation we’re in right now. It was July, and Brad and I were at Madison Square Garden—I in my seat and Brad onstage alongside his former bandmates in Dispatch: fellow Middlebury students Pete Heimbold ’99 and Chad Urnston ’08.

The group, the College’s first rock stars, reunited for something called “Dispatch: Zimbabwe,” a three-night series of benefit concerts, with all proceeds going to organizations fighting disease, famine, and social injustice in the embattled African nation. In the process of staging these shows, Dispatch made history. They became the first independent rock band—that is, a band with no major corporate affiliation—to sell out Madison Square Garden... for three straight nights. The band, years and miles from their humble beginnings on the Middlebury campus, played to 60,000 people over the course of a single weekend. Rolling Stone quipped that it was easier to get tickets to Justin Timberlake’s one-night stand at MSG than the Dispatch benefit.

The reunion concert came three years after the band split in 2004. Brad formed a new group, dubbed it Braddigan, and began to pursue his own path. He’d been eager to explore and grow his spiritual life, and this seemed the perfect opportunity. His mode of
musical expression changed, as well. Accompanied now by a Bra­
zilian bassist (Tiago Machado) and Puerto Rican percussionist
(Reinaldo Dejesus), Corrigan focused on a more intimate rela­
tionship with God and a personal identity—in songwriting and in
life—that adhered closer to philanthropic and humanitarian work.
He's written pop-laced worship songs in both Spanish and English
and has used them to open the doors he'd thought were long since
closed. "Over the last three or four years," he says, "I've gone
from a conventional, build-a-career approach to music, to discov­
ering the real power of language, how it can bring people to­
gether to heal and bless."

Brad brought his acoustic guitar to more than a dozen coun­
tries and across several continents. In many of these destinations,
he sings his songs in orphanages, AIDS hospices, and in places so
remote the people he meets have never heard live Western music
before. He has traveled in post-tsunami Asia, in war-ravaged
Rwanda, and in oppressed Uganda, among other places. "I want
to speak a deeper language with my guitar and voice," he says. "I
want to be completely in the world. We should all spend a day with
the poor, the sick, the orphans, the widows, the outcasts."

It was through his troubadour-like missionary travels that Brad
first landed here in La Chureca a few years ago. He was so moved
by what he saw, especially the plight of the children living here,
that he and some friends took it upon themselves to try and do
. . . something.

Deanna Ford, a 2003 Princeton grad, is the director of Nica
HOPE in Managua, a nonprofit focused on providing education
and job training to the youth of La Chureca. "Brad was actually
part of the inspiration for the start of Nica HOPE," Ford
says. "Braddigan did a fund-raising concert for Nica HOPE last
summer. The people of La Chureca love him. Everyone knows 'El
Musico,' and they wonder when his next visit and concert will be.
Kids in La Chureca can be heard singing his songs 'Cayendo' or
'Por El' all the time."

Because of their appalling surroundings, the children of La
Chureca are confronted with death on a regular basis. Huffing
"pego," a highly concentrated and addictive glue, is common
among kids as young as eight years old. Crack, alcohol, STDs, and
child prostitution are epidemic.

One child in particular caught Brad's attention. Ileana, a teen­
age girl with a brilliant, sunlit smile, had a heartbreaking story.
Like many young girls coping with life in La Chureca, Ileana, one
of nine siblings, was addicted to pego. To feed that addiction, she
sold her body to the sanitation workers. Ileana's parents, also drug­
addicted, knew what was happening but looked on silently. They
needed money to feed their own addictions. Ileana contracted
HIV in the process.

Saddened, Brad acted. He whisked Ileana and a handful of
other young girls in the same predicament to a safe house in the
hills outside Managua. But addiction had its hooks in Ileana, and
every time Brad rescued her from La Chureca, she returned to
it—the only life she knew—in a wearisome game of cat and
mouse. For two years now, Ileana's struggle has been mighty. It
continues to this day.

Having walked through the dump—and become
coated with soot and smell—we are now in the
village. The living condi­
tions are deplorable. Each
family lives inside four
walls, often made of tin,
cardboard, or plastic sheeting. Tiago, Brad's bandmate, carries a
small guitar and walks confidently through a swinging gate into
the trash-strewn yard of one of the families. I follow, more tenta­
tively. There's a large woman sitting outside on an overturned
five-gallon bucket. She smiles and places two buckets next to her.
As we sit, a massive, mud-coated hog approaches us, apparently
scrounging for food. The woman beans the oversized pig with a
rotten orange, and it skulks away, snout down.

Tiago asks her in Spanish if she'd like to sing a song with him.
She nods. He strums a few chords, and the woman sings hoarsely
at first, but beautifully, in a voice that belies her soiled clothes and
face. When the song is over, she cries. She pulls a necklace from
inside her dress and shows us the ring on it. It's her husband's. He
died young, she explains, because she couldn't get him to a hospital. As she tells her story, I curse my rudimentary Spanish. I catch only the most obvious details. But her grief-stricken face fills in the rest. It's plain to see that pain is a way of life here, pain that goes beyond these living conditions and into the hearts of its people.

The day passes. My group has fanned out to connect with the families; prayers are said in Spanish and English. Our presence has energized the kids, who run hyperactively around the village, beaming. The soccer balls we distributed have elevated the mood, as have other supplies like shoes, medicine, and backpacks. As the sun begins to set, we congregate in a dusty clearing at the foot of the village. Brad and his crew arranged for a stage to be trucked in along with electricity, amps, and instruments, as well as cases of bottled water. Slowly, people gravitate toward the stage. The Americans are popular with the young children; almost all have a young boy or girl on their shoulders or by the hand.

When the band starts, so does the dancing. And when the dancing starts, the dust kicks up. By now, everyone's covered in dirt, so the dust simply adds to the celebration, like a rain shower, only dry. Halfway through the set, water from the bottles starts to fly; the kids start soaking the “gringos,” and the cool showers feel great after a long, dusty day. “The show was really the exclamation point on Dia de Luz,” Brad will say later. “We just wanted to take all the unknowns of the day and unleash them, let all the birds out of the cage and celebrate. People were stoked just to be together. For us to see it happen from the stage, everybody covered in sweat and tears and dirt... the worlds were colliding, and the music provided the light. You couldn’t paint a more beautiful picture.”

The irony of this Bradigan “gig” is striking. It is not playing to 20,000 people at Madison Square Garden, raising money for Zimbabwe. This is only a tiny handful of the Earth’s downtrodden. But Brad’s exuberance makes it feel just as monumental.

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The families know that Brad’s desire is to help them see a different life,” Daniel Bain writes in an e-mail to me after I’ve returned to the States. Bain works full-time in Managua for Brad’s charity organization, Love, Light, and Melody. “The children love Brad for the encouragement and hope he brings them, and the adults respect him for the man he is, and the way he tells it like it is... The impact he’s having here is hard to gauge, but you can see it in the smiles and the eyes of those he comes in contact with.”
Class Action

HANGING OUT
Alexander Lee '97 has inspired a legion of “right to dry” advocates who are hoping to make a dent in environmental degradation.
Photograph by Chris Milliman
Despite the harbingers of spring—Cadbury creme eggs in stores, sunset near 5:30—this gray February day in Concord, New Hampshire, is not meant for hanging laundry. A raw, persistent drizzle mists windshields and turns ice-covered driveways into skating rinks.

But Alexander Lee ’97 could give a hoot about the honorable weather. He’s just washed a load of corduroy pants and plaid shirts and instead of tossing them in a Maytag for 45 minutes of tumble dry, he has placed them neatly on a wooden rack in his Concord office and living quarters. “This is what I do in the winter,” says Lee. “It humidifies my house.”

Lee, however, is trying to do far more than improve the air in this first-floor Victorian apartment. He’s aiming to improve the air quality of the entire planet through advocating the simple act of hanging out clothes to dry.

Or is it so simple? As executive director of Project Laundry List, which Lee founded while at Middlebury, he airs his laundry with a global network of green-minded activists advocating their “right to dry.” The movement—which counts more than 2,000 committed individuals and 25,000 interested parties—pits panties against politicians, environment against aesthetics, fresh breezes against Bounce. Project Laundry List has drawn a line in the battle between eco-chic individuals and homeowners’ groups.

“It pushes buttons,” says Lee. “The more we can bring up the right to dry, the better; the real success of this is in educating the public and getting people interested in small environmental behavior changes which lead to bigger environmental changes.”

For Lee, 33, laundry fluttering from a clothesline has been a lifelong sight. “I grew up in a household in Brookline, Massachusetts, where we didn’t need to hang out our clothes as an economic necessity,” he says. “But my mother, as a point of pride, had always done so, and referred to herself as Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle, the washerwoman from Beatrix Potter.”

As the head of the College’s Environmental Quality student group for four years, Lee continued practicing small acts of sustainability: taking short showers, fasting, walking everywhere. He eventually wrote a three-part thesis that addressed simple living, environmental messaging, and a fictional “ecotopia.” But it was a campus visit by Helen Caldicott, a noted educator and antinuclear activist, that inspired the 1995 founding of Project Laundry List. “She said if we all hung out our clothes and did things like that, we could shut down the nuclear industry,” remembers Lee. “I was really moved by that.”
A semester learning environmental organizing skills in Missoula, Montana, helped Lee write a strategic plan for what would become Project Laundry List, which he continued to work on while studying at Vermont Law School. The basic premise that stands as its mission today was “use words, images, and advocacy to educate people how simple lifestyle modifications, including air-drying one’s clothes, reduce our dependence on environmentally and culturally costly energy sources.”

During the past decade, Lee has loaded Project Laundry List’s board with such advisers as Caldicott, artist Sabra Field ’57, and Middlebury scholar in residence Bill McKibben. Thanks to Lee, National Hanging Out Day (observed every April 19, a hair’s-breadth from Earth Day) spreads the message of “Stop the Plants, Hang Your Pants.”

Last September, after working on several energy commissions and political campaigns, Lee began working for Project Laundry List full-time. He’s the only paid employee; four other staff members (including photographer Annalisa Parent ’97) are volunteers. Except for the occasional consulting gig and speaking engagements within New England, Lee’s mostly manning his computer up to 12 hours a day, posting articles, promoting his work, processing small donations, and making connections among “laundry heroes.”

The ecological advantages of hanging out a load of laundry are obvious, he says. The Residential Energy Consumption Survey, conducted by the federal Energy Information Administration, has found that clothes dryers trail only refrigerators and lighting in their electricity consumption, accounting for six percent of the total electricity used by U.S. households. That’s 65.9 billion kilowatt hours, according to Lee; not included in that survey were gas dryers, which use up further resources.

Beyond the environmental benefits of hanging out laundry, says Lee, are personal reasons: nostalgia, exercise, and fresh air. “Plus it’s the best disinfectant, it’s free, and it’s the best way to bleach clothes,” he says. As Lee’s own apartment shows, even miserable days can be laundry days, thanks to indoor drying racks and clotheslines.

There are exceptions, concedes Lee, who says he’s been “attacked” by those who question the sanity of trying to air-dry clothes for a family of five. “A dryer is a good invention for some people, but a clothesline is a good option for others who could use a little bit more exercise and want to be in touch with the outdoors and slow down. This is not a mandate to dry; we’re talking about a right to dry.”

For many of the 60 million Americans who are part of the 300,000 homeowners’ associations across the country, the right to dry has been rewritten by community rules in place to ensure uniformity among condominium units and houses. On Project Laundry List’s Web site, you can read a slew of news articles about the latest plights of individuals like Oregon’s Susan Taylor, who faced legal action by her subdivision when she hung out her flannel sheets. Now she’s fighting to change the rules.

A call for “right to dry” legislation has been in place since before Project Laundry List, but Lee and his network have helped to push for laws that protect Taylor and fellow fresh-air fans. Because proposed bills get tangled up in centuries-old contract-sanctity arguments, says Lee, a load of laundry becomes a much more loaded topic than it looks.

“It becomes an ideological battle,” says Lee, adding that woven into the basket of air-drying laundry woes are issues of poverty and prudery. “The idea that, ‘I don’t want to see her bloomers,’ is really just an excuse,” he says. “There are obviously ways to hang your clothes that overcome that barrier.”

Soon, and thanks in part to Project Laundry List, Middlebury students may have fewer barriers to hanging their own clothes. After earning a $1,800 grant from the College’s Environmental Council, conducting a campuswide survey, and consulting with Lee, Isshaq Sadaqah ’11 is working to bring rentable drying racks into dorm rooms. “One day, they may be a basic component, just like a desk or bed,” says Sadaqah.

Campus sustainability coordinator Jack Byrne has helped to give Sadaqah’s ideas—bolstered by the Facebook group Laundry Revamp—the green light. “In the context of an institution that has made a commitment to become carbon neutral by 2016,” says Byrne, “a small contribution by everyone is significant.”

Can a humble clothespin really change the world? “It’s not enough,” admits Lee. “But it’s a fantastic metaphor—this is a gateway drug for getting people interested in small environmental changes, which lead to bigger things.”
IN DAN ELISH’S DEBUT NOVEL, *Nine Wives*, he introduced us to Henry Mann, a beleaguered young man prone to fantasies of marital bliss—fantasies involving nine different women (thus the title) with a surprised tenth closing the story. Henry was a bumbling, endearing, at times hapless, yet, most of all, earnest character. “Henry’s a regular guy,” Elish told Blair Kloman, our reviewer. “He just happens to get a little carried away in his fantasies.”

So it would be easy to write off Justin Heamfeld, the protagonist of *The Misadventures of Justin Heamfeld* (St. Martin’s Press, 2008), as Henry Mann 2.0. Like Henry, Heamfeld is a 20-something searching for self and love in New York City. He, too, can be described as eager and earnest, bumbling and hapless, and prone to fantasizing (including a hilarious early set piece involving a biology lab, the dissection of a fetal pig, and a Bunsen burner inadvertently set on high). Yet Justin Heamfeld is as distinct from Henry Mann as he is similar; much like filmmaker Judd Apatow (*The 40-Year-Old Virgin, Knocked Up*), Dan Elish ’83 is quickly establishing himself as a chronicler of comical male *Sturm und Drang*, whose characters share a common pathos, yet navigate their plight in their own way.

In 13 short pages, Elish gets us up to speed on Justin Heamfeld, to date. He was born (“a bright spring morning in the fifth year of Ronald Reagan’s presidency”); he had a “normal” Manhattan childhood (“as a toddler, his life was defined by nannies, playgrounds, and, ultimately, real estate”); he went to summer camp (“it was there that Justin had his first, and possibly greatest, triumph with the opposite sex”); his parents divorced (“as it turned out, a spacious three-bedroom apartment wasn’t enough to save his parents’ long, failing marriage”); he suffered through high school (“[his] pants were hugging [his] ankles, and he was standing before the entire Clarke community dressed as Benjamin Franklin . . . in red boxer shorts!”); he saw a shrink (“at the boy’s last session of the summer, Dr. Koplinsky crossed a line”); and he went to college (“the minute Justin announced his newfound availability, the demand for his companionship dropped like a stone”).

That’s where we are when the book begins: A regular guy who has suffered the indignities and thrills of adolescence and young adulthood, who has skirted the borders of acceptance, even desirability, among peers and the opposite sex, and who may or may not be a virgin. (The night in question was an alcohol-fuelled “blur” that left him with the “question for the ages.”)

And, oh yes, there was this: when Hemfeld graduated from high school, he vowed never again to darken the threshold of the Clarke School for Boys. Funny how such declarations can lose their staying power when one is unemployed and living at home post-college, especially when a respected mentor calls with a job offer. The job in question is in the English department at his alma mater, and in the book’s first chapter, Elish establishes that not much as changed for Justin Hemfeld—the Clarke School for Boys is still fertile ground for the most cringe-worthy of embarrassing moments. In fact, this opening scene initially borders on distraction. Hemfeld and a
administration’s preoccupation with regime change in Iraq had distracted the country from larger nuclear threats (specifically Iran and North Korea and the potential for nuclear proliferation). Scoblic, who spent two summers studying Chinese at Middlebury’s Language Schools, concluded that while describing the war on terror as a battle between freedom and tyranny, the administration was appealing to the “public’s founding of the modern conservative movement. “The Bush administration was not sui generis, not an abstraction, but a culmination of a long ideological process,” he would later tell me. “Nobody had defined it in those terms, but I felt that there were a lot of parallels.” So Scoblic set out to define this process and show its timeline, and the result is a scathing indictment of not only Bush foreign policy but the modern conservative ideological genealogy fathered by William F. Buckley in the 1950s, and George W. Bush was a direct descendent (a “prodigal son,” as described in the book) of this movement.

It just so happened that Buckley had died the day before our meeting, and I mentioned this coincidence to Scoblic. His face darkened, and a genuine sadness could be detected in his response. “We obviously did not share similar world-views, but I had a great deal of respect for Bill Buckley,” Scoblic said. “He was an incredible guy, a remarkable intellectual figure, and I found myself deeply saddened when I heard of his death. I had developed a real fondness for him.”

I then asked him how he thought his book would be received. (Several Pulitzer Prize-winning authors and biographers had offered advance praise for the work, calling it “intellectual history at its best” and a “highly original study . . . a clear succinct guidebook to the troubled first decade of the 21st century.”) Scoblic admitted that there was “probably some Bush foreign policy fatigue,” but he hoped that it would be taken seriously. He specifically mentioned that he hoped “conservatives take it seriously,” and I off-handedly mentioned that if nothing else, the title would make a lot of people mad. Scoblic politely, but forcefully, shot back: “This is not a polemic. It’s not a Franken book. It took a lot of research, and I think I earned the conclusions that I reached. “Yes, the book is hard, but it’s fair. Of course it’s not neutral, but it’s objective. I strived for that. And I think that’s what this book is.”

Just when you think that Elish is mining well-trodden territory, he surprises you.
Why is financial aid our top fund-raising priority?

Because a gift for financial aid is an investment in the future.

Liberal Arts Global Action

The Middlebury Initiative

www.middleburyinitiative.org
Financial aid is the major fundraising focus of the Middlebury Initiative—for good reason. Increasing Middlebury's ability to offer financial aid increases access and opportunity for students.

**Access:** When highly qualified students are able to attend Middlebury, regardless of their families' ability to afford the costs. When each student on campus can study, play, and live with peers whose different backgrounds and ideas create an education in and of itself.

**Opportunity:** When motivated young people can take part in this stimulating community, working with great faculty, testing ideas and their own strengths, experiencing the world, and learning ways to contribute to it.

With the help of everyone who has given to the Middlebury Initiative so far, the College is beginning to realize the strategic plan's goals for financial aid. We are making progress—and must make more—in increasing the number of undergraduate students who receive financial aid and in reducing their loan debt so that graduate school or public interest careers are within their grasp. For the Language Schools and the Bread Loaf School of English, many of whose students are public school teachers, increasing access to financial aid is the primary fundraising goal as well.

In this special section of *Middlebury Magazine,* you'll meet students who personify the life-changing power of financial aid and who demonstrate why it's so central to Middlebury's future. And you'll learn from College administrators who work with financial aid issues what the Initiative's financial aid goal of $180 million can mean for students' futures.

Of course, to find even more information about the Middlebury Initiative, please visit www.middleburyinitiative.org.

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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
Emily Peterson '08, A to Z
Emily Anne Peterson '08
Home: Metairie, LA
Major: Environmental studies/environmental nonfiction

African. Emily spent the spring of her junior year in Botswana working at a therapeutic wilderness camp for AIDS orphans located in the Kalahari bush.

Bread Loaf Writer's Conference. "I had the great opportunity to be in Scott Russell Sanders's workshop last summer. He's a phenomenal writer and has a very genteel, inviting personality."

Captain George Peterson, Emily's grandfather. Longest-serving river pilot on the lower Mississippi, retired at 80. Before radar, he used whistles to estimate distance from the shoreline while navigating through dense fog in the narrow pass.

"Dumela." "Hello" in Setswana.

Elder, John. Professor of English and environmental studies. Emily's mentor. "I could say he's a wonderful writer and teacher, but no description does him justice."

Family. Emily is the youngest of six children. Her brother, Bear '04, an international studies major at Middlebury, led high school students on service trips to the Himalayas post-graduation.

GIS. (Global Information Systems). Hardest class she's taken at Middlebury.

Hillcrest Environmental Center. This LEED-certified, retrofitted 1875 farmhouse is a favorite place on campus. "I love the wood floors they preserved. They're rich in character and history."

Investment. "I'm really grateful for my scholarship. An investment in financial aid can carry on for decades."

Journalist. Emily is the sole undergraduate in the College's new Environmental Journalism Fellowship Program, which drew applicants from around the world.

"Ke nagana gore dipodi mo siting ya ka." "I think your goats are in my seat"—handy on a rural Botswana bus.

Lions. They walked past her tent in the early Kalahari mornings.

Marathon. She ran the original one, in Greece, while studying abroad. And she ran for a musician back home, securing sponsorship and donating the proceeds to furnish a home for a Hurricane Katrina victim.

New Orleans. Emily helped raise $8,000 for the New Orleans Public Library after Katrina. "The city's social fabric has forever changed. Depression and suicide rates have reached an all-time high; at the same time, the ability to effect change there is at anyone's fingertips. I feel a strong sense of civic responsibility to go back."

Organic garden. Emily's a gardener and spokesperson for this three-acre plot. Favorites: kohlrabi and Romano beans.

Paris. She took classes at the Sorbonne and at Middlebury's School in Paris, and interned with Blue Flag (Le Pavillon Bleu), a group working on international water quality and cleanliness of beaches and ports. Emily wrote a 60-page analysis of the group, in French.
Quadrennium. A period of four years. “I can’t think of a more engaging place to spend four years. I know I’ll always carry the sense of academic curiosity and personal integrity that Middlebury has cultivated within me.”

Responsibility. Her intense work with adolescent AIDS orphans “heightened my sense of responsibility to apply my Middlebury education in a socially meaningful way.”

Service. She received a Public Service Leadership Award for work with the organic garden and the Hurricane Relief Coalition.

Thesis. Emily’s senior thesis analyzes the impact of wetlands loss in the Mississippi Delta. She’s interviewed scientists, oil and gas representatives, port officials, fishermen, and shrimpers.

Udzenija. Emily received the Baumgarten-Udzenija Memorial Award for personifying “excellent academic achievement and a unique passion for learning; significant involvement in the Middlebury College community; and a genuine commitment to and compassion for others.”

Venice, Louisiana The station where river pilots navigate deep-draft ships all day, every day of the year. Emily’s brother Henry works there, as did her grandfather and great-grandfather.

Wetlands loss It affects navigability of the Delta’s waters—and thereby the U.S. economy. “We lose an area the size of a football field every 30 minutes.”

Xenophile. One attracted to foreign things, although little is truly “foreign” to someone with a heart this big.

Youth. Wasted on the young, said Shaw. We disagree.

Zebras—jouneys (herds) of them. And more. “Visiting Africa, witnessing the struggles and the joy of the people there, helps make you an informed global citizen.”

For more on Emily’s journey to Africa, visit www.middleburymagazine.com
Moments in Time
Call it a subscription, a scholarship, financial aid—helping students afford a Middlebury education is a tradition nearly as old as the College itself. The timeline below shows some milestones in providing financial aid for deserving students at Middlebury. Many of the funds endowed support more than one student.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Event Description</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1832</td>
<td>Charitable Society Fund for men established</td>
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<tr>
<td>1852</td>
<td>Subscription of 1852 for general scholarships</td>
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<tr>
<td>1876</td>
<td>May Belle Chellis '86, one of the first three female students, receives scholarship. She becomes class valedictorian.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1883</td>
<td>First scholarship for Language Schools established (French)</td>
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<tr>
<td>1891</td>
<td>Women given scholarships on same basis as men.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1924</td>
<td>The GI Bill helps returning soldiers attend Middlebury. Enrollment climbs 50%; GI Bill supports 45% of male students</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1945</td>
<td>Bread Loaf Writers Conference Endowment Fund established by BLWC alumni and faculty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1960</td>
<td>Middlebury now has 50 established scholarships (outside GI Bill)</td>
</tr>
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<td>1964</td>
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Liberal Arts • Global Action
POLITICAL SCIENCE student, Nordic ski racer, Russian speaker, choral singer, pianist—Dane Johnson ’08 has made the most of his Middlebury years. One of two siblings in college (his sister skis for Williams), Dane couldn’t have made the move from La Grange, Oregon, to Middlebury without financial aid. He hasn’t stopped moving since—to classes, meetings with professors, team practice, and toward a future in law or international policy.

1. Atwater. Dane’s day starts and ends here, with suitemates from Alaska, Minnesota, and Massachusetts.

2. Freeman Hall. “Russian Literature’s ‘Bloody Age’: Twentieth Century Literature and Society” with Professor Tom Beyer. Dane attended the Kathryn Wasserman Davis School of Russian and studied at Middlebury’s School Abroad in Yaroslavl.

3. Pearson Hall. Senior political science seminar, “American Environmental Politics” with Professor Chris McGrory Klyza. Klyza is Dane’s thesis advisor; the topic: disputes over water rights in Oregon’s Klamath River Basin.

4. The conference room in the Robert A. Jones House. “I’ve heard so many great speakers there that it’s hard not to feel scholarly.”

5. Mahaney Center for the Arts. Great concerts here. Also Middlebury College Choir rehearsals here and at Mead Chapel. This spring—Mozart’s Missa Brevis.


7. Le Chateau. The 100-year-old grand piano is perfect for playing Rachmaninoff and Debussy at the end of the day.

8. Munroe Hall. Professor Quinn Mecham’s office. “He’s my advisor—such a great guy who always makes time for students.”

9. Adirondack House. Career Services Office. They’ve been so great, helping me look for a summer internship with a senator or a government office. After graduation, I’ll have loans to pay off, so I’ll have to find a job that pays.”

10. Kenyon Arena. Pre-season ski team practice—running and roller-skiing—starts here, 6-8 times per week.

11. Main library and McCardell Bicentennial Hall for hours of study. “Fortify with caffeine if attempting serious work in Bi Hall’s big chairs. I have 75 pages of writing due in the same week this semester.”

Approximately 43% of undergraduate students receive some financial aid: 41% of BLSE students; 40% of LS students

400 scholarships have been established.
The village’s name means “wrong way home” in the Yu’pik tongue of southwestern Alaska. Legend has it that fishermen who had paddled up the wrong fogged-in river yelled “aleknagik!” to their party once they’d reached a lake and realized their mistake.

For children of the Aleknagik School, writing that story and others in a book they published with their teacher, Brendan McGrath, set them in the right direction—toward a deeper appreciation of their home and traditions, a wider knowledge of the world, and confidence in their own gifts for learning.

The village of Aleknagik lies 30 miles from the nearest paved road, on the edge of Alaska’s 1.6-million acre Wood-Tikchik State Park. To reach their school, many of the 34 Native Alaskan elementary students are “bussed” over a frozen lake in a sleigh pulled by a snowmobile, or, during warmer months, by boat.

When McGrath, a Massachusetts native, arrived, he brought a year of experience in another Alaskan village and ideas from his “Writing for Change” class at the Bread Loaf School of English. His students, fifth through eighth graders who shared a classroom, initially balked at their writing instruction. “But as they got comments from my fellow Bread Loaf students, they realized there were people far beyond the mountains who cared about their work,” McGrath recalls. Their families and elders cared, too. To produce and electronically publish The Aleknagik Way: Alaskan Style, McGrath’s students interviewed village elders, researched their history and traditions, wrote chapters and poetry, created illustrations, and took photographs, all with a sense of posterity. “They had to examine who they are and what that means, and they took pride in that,” says McGrath. “The book turned them into confident writers.”

They brought their new confidence and their book on a landmark trip to the Smithsonian’s Museum of the American Indian in Washington, D.C., where they read their work and charmed their audience—and received standing ovations. “More people were in that crowd than live in their village,” recalls McGrath.

During his third year in Aleknagik, McGrath further stretched his students’ range, linking them through the BreadNet electronic network with a Bread Loaf colleague’s class in Kenya. “Each class was fascinated by the other, and they wrote to educate others about themselves,” he explains. Meanwhile, the students’ academic performance bloomed. Before McGrath introduced his Bread Loaf-incubated ideas, 30 percent of Aleknagik students were passing state tests; by the time he left, these writing-based projects had helped stoke the passing rate to 90 percent.

Now back in Massachusetts, he’s sure that the scholarship that brought him to Bread Loaf changed not only his life, but those of his students thousands of miles away.

During the summer of 2007, approximately 41 percent of students at the Bread Loaf School of English received need-based grants, with an average award of $2,973. The comprehensive fee for a summer of study at the Vermont campus is $6,190 (fees for study in North Carolina and New Mexico are $6,650 and $6,785, respectively, while the comprehensive fee for the program in Oxford is $9,330). The College seeks to reduce the debt burden of its students by raising money to offer more aid in the form of grants rather than loans.

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Dispelling Myths About Financial Aid

College costs—and how families meet those costs—often make the news. We asked Bob Clagett, dean of admissions at Middlebury, and Kim Downs, director of student financial services, to name—and dispel—common myths about undergraduate financial aid at Middlebury.

Myth 1: Only students from lower-income families get grants.

Clagett: There’s a misconception that when it comes to who can afford Middlebury, the student body is shaped like a barbell: relatively or very poor students are eligible for grant aid; the wealthy families don’t have a problem; and middle class families are the fewest, squeezed in the middle.

In fact, Middlebury’s student body is shaped more and more like a bell curve. Our analysis of need can make fairly wealthy families—say, with annual incomes of $150,000—eligible for aid. That range climbs if there are multiple kids in college.

Downs: Income alone is not the only consideration. We consider available income (income minus expenses such as taxes, medical, a maintenance allowance based on number of family members and other standard allowances—including saving for younger children’s college education). A small percentage of available assets is then calculated from total assets, including home equity and non-retirement investments. Multiple kids in college would increase the grant eligibility. So many factors make each family’s financial situation unique that we cannot make our judgments on income alone.

Myth 2: The “need analysis” system penalizes families who saved for college.

Clagett: This is a widespread—and unfortunate—misconception. It’s important to realize that even though parent contributions may be marginally higher as a result of savings, those families who have savings to meet the proportion of expectation are better off than those who have to borrow or take education costs out of their current income. For most families, 3 to 5 percent of the actual family contribution is derived from assets.

Downs: Education savings accounts, prepaid tuition plans offered by a state, and qualified tuition programs (known as 529 prepaid tuition plans and 529 savings plans) are considered qualified education benefits.

Within our institutional methodology, qualified education benefits for the dependent student are not considered as an asset of the student, and would only be reported as an asset of the parent if the parent is the owner of the account or plan; thereby displacing a smaller amount of financial aid.

The value of a 529 Prepaid Tuition Plan is not counted as an asset of either the owner or the beneficiary, and distributions from these plans are not counted as parent or student income in the determination of financial aid.

Myth 3: The “diversity” that financial aid helps to achieve is defined by race.

Clagett: Financial aid helps Middlebury achieve socioeconomic diversity. Our overall goal from an admissions perspective is to make it even more difficult than it already is to generalize about who the typical Middlebury student is, except that they’re bright, motivated, and adventurous. Everything we do in recruitment and decision-making is geared toward coming closer to that goal. We want to reach students from the widest possible set of backgrounds: intellectual, geographic, racial, religious, cultural, extra-curricular, etc.

Downs: Middlebury is committed to admitting the most gifted students from all backgrounds, regardless of their financial resources. Our need-blind policy ensures that an application to Middlebury will not be affected by an application for financial aid. Also, Middlebury has the resources to firmly commit to meeting 100 percent of the demonstrated financial need of each family.
From the editor: Our own Alma Davis Struble was featured in the Daily Local News of West Chester, Pa., in the "Friends Home in Kennett" column. After living 80 years in a farmhouse in Chester County, Alma moved to the Friends Home and liked it immediately. She says, "You feel the warmth of love as you come through the doors. I have my own room, my own furniture—everything I want." Alma particularly enjoys the wide variety of activities available to residents. There is something going on every day—Alma loves the different games and the visits from the Pet Therapy dog. When not involved in the activities, she can be found enjoying the fresh air on the porch, feeding the squirrels and birds who visit regularly. She'd never want to live alone again. "I am definitely a member of a large extended family. And this is home in every sense of the word." * Alma reports: One more of our class has left us. Louise Fleig Newman died on November 1, 2002. She was active in the choral club and for three years she was a member of both the Mountain Club and the German Club. In her junior year, she was a member of the Winter Carnival Committee. We send our sympathy to her family and friends.

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35 Last year's family highlight for Eileen Whitney Wilson was her granddaughter's wedding in the backyard of the family homestead home in Salisbury, Vt. "Perfect weather, colorful foliage, and beautiful memories added to the memorable occasion." She was glad she could attend while still recovering from a fall and injured back. Travel has been restricted lately but she still lives in picturesque Connecticut, drives, and joins in a few community events. She's looking forward to her grandson's graduation from Ithaca College in May. * Ruth Van Sickle Robinson is enjoying life at Green Hill, a retirement community in West Orange, N.J., near her daughter Daphne and son Tom. Daphne reported that Ruth is "healthy and remarkably cheerful," enjoys brief outings, and is getting around pretty well with her walker. She remembers Middlebury with great fondness. She misses her Middlebury sweetheart and friends recall her active life as a church organist, chorale director, librarian, teacher, and community volunteer. In 1940 she married Middlebury classmate Robert Leonard. They lived in Poultney, Vt., where Bob served for 32 years as a professor of English literature at Green Mountain College. In 1977 they moved to Harrisonburg, Va., and after Bob died in 1979, Kay continued an active volunteer role in the Shenandoah Valley. While a Midd student, Kay was active in the Glee Club, French and German Clubs, Mountain Club, and Winter Carnival Committee, and in her senior year was chairperson of the College Life and Residences Committee. * At age 91, Mildred Trask Roesch died on December 20 in Branford, Conn., after living with son Tom and his wife Pat in Weston, Conn., for almost four years. When at Middlebury, she was associate advertising manager of the Campus, served on the Student Union Council, and was active in dramatics. Always proud of her accomplishments on the tennis court, she played for 50 years and even won a mixed doubles tournament with her son Tom, a memory cherished by them both. * Class Correspondent: Marshall Sewell (marshall7@verizon.net), 20 Morning Glory Ln., Whiting, NJ 08759.

36 Reunion Class

As I write this, I am reminded to say we look forward to seeing you at our 70th reunion the weekend of June 6–8. Our class now numbers 35 and our hopes are high that a good percentage of us will be there. * Fourteen years ago, Charlie and I moved to a cottage here at Wake Robin. In the process of making another change, I have not made the time to contact any of you. I have moved to a two-room apartment, which means downsizing once again. Those of you who know me know the story of the stuff and energy involved. Please note my new address below. * Not long ago I received a most delightful letter from Ann Osmbssee Frobose '58 who is co-correspondent of her class. Her comments about reading the '38 class notes have encouraged me to "Keep on keeping on." Before that I had decided to pass the responsibility to another classmate. * Now here's a message to younger Midd alums. Do by all means consider moving to a CCRC (Continuing Care Retirement Community). If you like Vermont, there is no better place than Wake Robin. We are a small community of active, exciting, and inspiring people from many areas of the country. All the activities are resident sponsored and the chefs serve delicious lunches and dinners. Besides the indoor swimming pool, there are tennis courts, a putting green, croquet courts, horse-shoes, and hiking trails. In the summer there is the beach town on Lake Champlain for picnics, cookouts, or swimming. And before I forget, let me remind you that such a move is a gift to your children. * I want to extend the love and sympathy of our classmates to Eleanor Bunnin Gardner whose husband Frank died on Christmas Day. We also extend sympathy to the family of Alfred Riccio who died last September 6. * Last November John Chalmers was inducted into Fitzpatrick (Mass.) High's Hall of Fame. Here is what was said in his biography: "Quarterbacked the 1933 Raiders football team that went undefeated and was declared state champions. Went on to star at Middlebury College, contributing to an undefeated team in 1937. Was a Rhodes Scholar and Fulbright Scholar, and became Vice Chancellor of Kansas State Univ. in 2003. KSU named a $20 million building in his honor." [Ed. note: It is with sadness that we report John passed away on March 14. A memorial will appear in a future issue.] * I close with best wishes to you all in 2008.

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37 Helen (Pat) Brewer Chadwick has quite a few relatives near her in Plymouth, Mass. She spent last Thanksgiving at the home of a niece in Weymouth. The wedding of her second granddaughter, in Burlington, Vt., was held outside with a beautiful view over Lake Champlain. Remember a similar view from the west windows of Pearsons? * Thor and Carol Miner Gustafson spent Thanksgiving at a cousin's home in nearby Lake Mohawk, N.J. Daughter Gwendra, who runs a Montessori School, was home for a week and was a big help in getting their house in order. They have given up their big garden but intend to stay in their house. * Dorothy Korb Carter drove from her home in Newport, Vt., to visit Ruth Coleman Skinner who had a stroke and is in the Rehabilitation Center; 1248 Hospital Dr., St. Johnsbury, VT 05482. * We convey our sympathy to the families of classmates who have died. After almost a year of cross-country travel in a motor home with daughter Beverly, Elizabeth Beebee Bliss died on November 9 in Redding, near her home in Palo Cedro, Calif., at the age of 92. "She had a wonderful last year," her daughter wrote. "She visited places she had never seen, including the Grand Canyon and Niagara Falls; went to favorite places such as St. Augustine and Disney World in Florida; and spent July in her hometown of Derby, Vt. Along the way she visited her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, and was present when her great-grandchild was born. Although she regretted missing her 70th reunion at Middlebury, she was able to attend her 75th high school reunion in Newport, Vt. At Middlebury University, she was a Dean's List student, played in the orchestra, and was a four-year member of the French Club and Mountain Club. * Katherine Stackel Leonard died on December 16 at 92 in Harrisonburg, Va., of complications from a pelvic fracture. Kay's family and friends recall her active life as a church organist, chorale director, librarian, teacher, and community volunteer. In 1940 she married Middlebury classmate Robert Leonard. They lived in Poultney, Vt., where Bob served for 32 years as a professor of English literature at Green Mountain College. In 1977 they moved to Harrisonburg, and, after Bob died in 1979, Kay continued an active volunteer role in the Shenandoah Valley. While a Midd student, Kay was active in the Glee Club, French and German Clubs, Mountain Club, and Winter Carnival Committee, and in her senior year was chairperson of the College Life and Residences Committee. * At age 91, Mildred Trask Roesch died on December 20 in Branford, Conn., after living with son Tom and his wife Pat in Weston, Conn., for almost four years. When at Middlebury, she was associate advertising manager of the Campus, served on the Student Union Council, and was active in dramatics. Always proud of her accomplishments on the tennis court, she played for 50 years and even won a mixed doubles tournament with her son Tom, a memory cherished by them both. * Class Correspondent: Marshall Sewell (marshall7@verizon.net), 20 Morning Glory Ln., Whiting, NJ 08759.
Happy Birthday to them both. * Olive Holbrook Nagle and Jeanette Olson Gould* reminisced about the evening in Accra, Ghana, when we decided to stroll around the block. The fourth leg was a dirt path. As we walked, a kid jumped out of the hedge and grabbed Olive. The dean of libraries met her, I screamed, and the kid bit her finger to the bone. The hullabaloo caused two men passing by to investigate what was happening. They quickly sized up the situation and put us in a taxi bound for the hospital, which was a shack like all the other buildings on the island plan. At night, kids were crying, women were screaming. It was bedlam. However, a cool, calm, and collected young man quiet days, I can give you his phone number. * Madame Uhl Prior has to use a respirator two to four times a day. One of her two respirators is portable so she continues to do the bulletin at her church. She traveled with her daughter to Austin, Texas, to visit with her 17-month-old great-granddaughter “while she was still a baby.” * John Golembeske is happy to have his son live with him in Fullerton, Calif. If you’d like to give him a call and create a bright spot in one of his quiet days, I can give you his phone number.

—Class Correspondents: Ms. Jeanette Olson Gould (joygol@verizon.net), 1055 Depot Rd., Boxboro, MA 01719; and Mrs. Raymond J. Skinner (Rhode Coleman), Braintree St., PO Box 52, Danville, VT 05828.

41 While Roger Griffith continues his interest in writing, he feels he must give up the role of class correspondent, which he has held for many years. We are all indebted to Roger for his important contributions to this column and wish him well in his retirement. * Elizabeth Wolflington Hubbard-Ovens and her husband are in their new home in New Hartford, NY, and enjoy being relieved of the responsibility for meals, which they get in their facility. Another condo resident is Connie Girard Brown, who moved to Williamsburg, Va., last April in order to be near her children and four grandchildren, all of whom attended college there. Son Bruz lives close by and daughter Cindy is an hour away in Fredericksburg. In her assisted living facility, she enjoys an active program of visits to historic places and a variety of social events, while getting to know men and women from all over the country. “It’s assisted living at its best!” Her big news is the graduation of her granddaughter from Virginia Medical College, with a specialty in infectious diseases. Connie is eager for class news and wants to be remembered to all her classmates.

We are sad to report that Summer House passed away on March 16. In his last card he had noted from his vantage point of 90 years, “I treasure my remaining Middlebury classmates; what a wonderful bunch we still are. I have lived with prostatic cancer came to an end on April 10 in San Francisco, Calif. From Alexandria, Va., Jane Skillman Sara wrote that she is still running her craft shop and she was booked for a trip to Hawaii in January. We are saddened to report that Helen West Burbank died on January 29. A glance at the 1941 Kaleidoscope entry for Westie reminds us of the lovely, outgoing, enthusiastic, totally engaged person we all remember. Throughout her life she was motivated by these qualities in her role as wife, mother of four children, and lifelong athlete in tennis, skiing, backpacking, hiking, and swimming. Our class has lost a dear friend, a leader, and incomparable voice for Middlebury. Reunions, Alumni Leadership Conferences, class agent work, all with dedication, grace, and humor. Our deep sympathy goes to Jack and the family. Donations in her memory can be made to the Class of 1941 Fund.

42 As I write, northern California, including San Francisco, is under attack by large quantities of rain and howling, swirling winds—a truly fierce storm. I’m reminded of the 1938 hurricane, which we “enjoyed” during our freshman week at Midd. Otherwise, I am well and keeping busy—also trying hard to accept the fact that I have successfully passed my 87th birthday.

Over the holiday time in December, I heard from Paul 40 and Peg Woods Eriksson reporting a snow deluge in Forestdale, VT; had a cheery note from Bill and Tommy King ‘44 Hennefrund; and received a lovely photo card that Bill and Virgie Witte Miller had taken last April of the Grand Canyon after a snowstorm. Earlier in the year I had heard from Virgie, still sad that she missed our 65th reunion. She said, “The green of Vermont in the spring is a sight even more impressive to me now that I live in the desert.” (She’s in Tucson, Ariz.) * Dixie Davis reported the acquisition of a pacemaker—otherwise all is okay and her golf game is still in the mid-70s to low 80s. He and Dottie continue to enjoy New Orleans jazz and are considering a move to assisted living. * Sue Hulings Ottinger and daughter Bee ’70 spent Christmas in Puerto Vallarta; Bee was back on campus to teach at Midd for the January term. Sue and Sue was planning to sell her house in Albuquerque, N.M., and retire to Baton Rouge, La. * recently saw Margi Fell Council at the dedication (to Margi’s late husband Howard) of a beautiful community center building in Marinwood, Calif. (their longtime residence). * I’m sorry to report the death of John Comstock on October 29. Our sympathy is sent to his family and friends. * And finally, I had a Christmas note from our erstwhile secretaries, Phil and Betty Blanchard Robinson, telling of their annual summer two weeks in Maine, a fall outing at the Grane River Chal, and a pre-Thanksgiving trip to New Hampshire for the wedding of a grandson.

—Class Correspondent: Joan Calley Cooper (joanc@earthlink.net), 3400 Laguna St., Apt. 321, San Francisco, CA 94123.

43 Reunion Class Correspondent Gale reports: Ralph Barclay’s long struggle with prostatic cancer came to an end on
December 6 when he passed away. His problems had worsened last fall with increasing disability, necessitating being lovingly cared for at his son David’s house next door during his last month. Ralph was a gentle person with an astute mind and a wonderfully wry sense of humor, which his illness did not diminish, much to the delight of all of us who were in contact with him over the years. * Ann and Jack Lundrigan report being happy with their move to a retirement community in a suburb of Buffalo. New address is 705 Renaissance Drive, 9702, Williamsville, NY 14221-8052 (phone: 716-920-0709). * Steve Wilson, Steve Wilson’s wife, states that Steve has eye problems and uses a walker for ambulation but is able to read and to watch TV. They appreciate having their son and his family near and enjoy their Denver daughter’s frequent visits. * I had a nice chat with Reggie Wooldridge of Clinton, N.Y., who has quarters in a more than 700-tenant retirement community. He gets three meals a day, exercises by walking outside when weather permits, otherwise walks indoors, plays bridge, and shoots pool weekly. He has no longer drives but Jack Dale, Dotty Forsythe Dale’s widower, transports him to events. He enjoys his social life at the senior center next door and the monthly get-togethers of the group. * Jerry Neale, longtime friend of the Byington family, made her annual Christmas visit to her family in Delray Beach, Fla., travel is not needed. -

We were sorry to read in a letter from Bill Neale that wife Maxine had passed away on her birthday on December 20, 2023. Bill wrote that the couple had ‘loved’ each other for many years and that he would miss her greatly. * Class Correspondents: Mrs. Ann Cole Byington, 290 Kenmore Drive, Doby, MA 02312, and Dr. John S. Gale (jsgale22@comcast.net), 24 Beach Rd., Gloucester, MA 01930.

44 Correspondent Walker reports: I had my own precious remembrance of Middlebury this winter as I took a trip up to Concord, N.H., to be on hand for a winter wonderland of snow dropping on every limb, leaf, or needle. How is that for the perfect reminder of winter scenes at the College? Several of us have no need to travel to investigate the holidays with two daughters living nearby and a third in Ocala, Fla. This is the news from Manny Bailey Allen and husband Bob. Travel is off the agenda for Bob who has macular degeneration and is legally blind, and Manny’s back prohibits mountain climbing in July and sun in Delray Beach, Fla., travel is not needed. * Dave and Jane Robertson Palmstroin have been enjoying retirement right there in Ohio. “As with many of us, health problems seem to interfere with our schedules, but in reality, we’re both doing very well. We make a couple of trips to New England each year to visit Dave’s brother in Massachusetts. Each summer we pack up and move out to our summer cottage on Sandy Lake, which is only five miles away and is a beautiful spot for canoeing, fishing, daydreaming, and reminiscing.” Jane and Dave remain active with Habitat for Humans and have built a few decks, ladders, hammers, and nails, and have replaced them with serving on the board and committees. They’re both involved with the local Congregational Church, “which is in dire need of blood a lot younger than ours.” They look forward to news from all of you and to our next reunion. * Arch and Jessie Woodwell Bush moved to Florida to be closer to family. She continues to be involved in volunteer projects like working with the local hospice, tutoring adults in the Hillborough Literacy Council programs, and helping with “New Much Comfort,” a service adapting clothing to meet the needs of wounded veterans, a cause she feels deeply about. They must greatly appreciate her efforts. Jessie sends a special message to Nina Fife Peck about the influence her father had in Jessie’s life. “Professor Fife was such an inspiring professor that I changed my major from foreign languages to economics. Another of my economics professors was Kirk Petshok, soon to be sent overseas in WW II. When he returned after the war with a British bride, he went to Colgate Univ. to teach. A few years later, when they were living in Washington, D.C., I invited two of his former students to dinner. Not realizing we were to meet at Petshok’s house for dinner, Arch and I rode to his home on the same streetcar. The rest is history! In October of this year we celebrated our 50th anniversary. Somehow it all goes back to Jessie.”

45 It is a beautiful day with all the warmth and sun. With all the warmth and sun. With all the warmth and sun. With all the warmth and sun. With all the warmth and sun. With all the warmth and sun.
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this activity before. On September 18 she and Bruce had a champagne and cake pajama party at ten at night to celebrate two anniversaries at once. Fourteen guests came! My comment is that even the plants love their life at a retirement home. * 

It is my sad duty to share with classmates the passing of Ruth Reynolds Simon on the first of January 2008. Husband Ernie wrote she had been in the hospital a week as her heart slowly failed. She enjoyed reading my Christmas greeting and about activities of the past year. We all send our deepest sympathy to Ernie and their two sons as well as their many friends. We also send our condolences to family and friends of Ruth Van Noy Buell who passed away on October 20, 2007. * Elaine King Dandh sent this news: “Even though we may soon leave Mexico, we’re grateful for the adventures we have had here. For example, the last time Kesari and I went to the Office of Immigration in downtown Guadalajara to renew our visas, I saw three strangely garbed monks. Sitting stiffly upright in the crowd in their ecclesiastical black and white, they looked like a trio of penguins. I wanted to know where these men came from and what order they belonged to. I decided to write in good American English that they had been sent by Rome to found the first Cistercian monastery in Mexico. Google describes Cistercians as an ancient order founded in Ireland, sworn to silence, and isolation from the world. Their usual costume is a hair shirt. They now have four great-grandchildren. * Ed Jacobs sent this news: “In Shelburne, Vt., John and Connie Smith were able in their retirement community. They live in their building, playing bridge, continuing with a hobby, and does some pro bono counseling. * Cindy and Neal's family get-together at Bethany Beach and in December they traveled to Maryland to spend Christmas with family. Son David bought Hill Hardware in the town of Burton, Ohio, and “Grandmother Muriel” helps out with the end-of-month billing. To keep up with the 21st century she now has e-mail but says that does not guarantee that she will look at it promptly. * Mort Harman is no longer a Cape Codder. He and wife Edith (Skeet Titus) 48 have moved to Issaquah, Wash., to be closer to family members who have adopted the Northwest. Having visited there for years, they are not strangers and are quite content. * In addition to an Elderhostel trip to Utah, Janet Rogers Enzmann 26, married a native Californian, and reared their family together in Southern California. She is now living with a daughter in Allentown, Pa.; if anyone wants to reach her, Barbara has the address. * We have learned that Norman Sweet passed away November 2. Our condolences go to his family. * Avery Post sent news that he and Peg continue to enjoy a busy life at Kendal, Hanover, N.H. Last June they traveled to Hartford, Conn., for his divinity school’s 50th anniversary synod. It was especially gratifying for Avery and Peg to learn that the synod has established an annual Avery D. Post Ecumenical Award. We send our heartfelt congratulations to Avery for that recognition of his many years as a pastor and for his many good works. * Sheldon and Phyllis Hewson Evans proudly announce the arrival of a new e-mail address, psevany7@gmail.com. The happy couple will be pleased to receive your mail at this address. * Class Correspondents: William and Janet Shaw Perrinal (perrinal@global.com), PO Box 337, Cottage, MA 02364.

46 Bette Bertschinger Saul has a new address: 1403 Waverly Road, Apt. 145B, Gladwyne, PA 19035. She reports that her children and grandchildren are all flourishing, the grandkids being 4, 14, and 18 years old. She and Ralph have spent past winters in Naples, Fla., and plan to continue to do so. * In Shelburne, Vt., John and Connie Smith Carpenter continue to be happy and comfortable in their retirement community. They live near many longtime friends and have met many new friends. They’ve seen Kathy Rowley Tuttle and Nancy Rathgeb Smith “on and off.” * Neil and Cindy Darby Westmoreland are not traveling as much as they would like. However, the lack of travel was more than made up for by Appalachian State’s historic football win over the Univ. of Michigan. (Univ. of Florida Gators were not as fortunate.) Cindy and Neil’s five children are all happily settled back in the U.S., though two have moved away, and four are not far away. They now have four great-grandchildren. * Ed and Alice Thorn Laquer might be slowing down a little, but it has not stopped them from traveling to California and to New Hampshire for family weddings, and to Long Island for a Thorn family reunion. * Kay Craven continues her traveling ways, having spent a week in Paris last May and a week at the Boston Custom House last August. * Mary Elizabeth Cummings (seefootnotes) has a new address to look at the Web site www.cnvNewEng.org. This site, which promotes the dying art of classical music, was founded in part by Mary Elizabeth. The organization is not-for-profit but urgently needs additional board members to attend teleconferenced meetings across New England. Only two actual meetings are required and excused attendance is possible. If you are at all interested, she invites you to get involved. She has just recently had the pleasure of having two of her reviews posted: one dealing with Handel’s Messiah and the other with The Nutcracker. * An e-mail from Lois Brigham Selman described her weekend in Vermont last summer with her sons and grandchildren. There was a grave-marking ceremony honoring Simon Tubbs who was the great-grandfather of Briggs’s grandmother; he also served in the Continental Army. Tubbs was reportedly one of the first three people to settle in Burlington, VT, and in good time and live on the energy he derives from hard labor in the fields, and isolation from the ancient order founded in Ireland, sworn to silence, and living in the Middle Ages. Last August Kesari’s cousin, famous for her short novel, tentatively titled Messiah No. 4, attended a performance in Chicago of “all women.” They were a hair shirt. * Carol Van Noy and Ed Van Noy trip to San Francisco and the Sacramento Delta this spring. Janet says they take another Elderhostel trip to San Francisco and the Centro Delta this spring. Janet says they lead a busy, but low-key life. * Jean Talburt and husband Bob moved to Encinitas, Calif., when he retired and they’ve spent 20 wonderful years there. Their two sons live nearby, an extra bonus for them. Jane and Bob enjoy an easy lifestyle and recently gave up uking but have continued as docents at Torrey Pines State Reserve. * Virginia Stowell Jahn and husband Bill celebrated their 57th anniversary last June before leaving for Maine. They recently entered the Univ. of Maine and hope to find some work in the garden room. This serves as an office for Jenny where she has her computer hook-up. They’re also doing some remodeling work on their barn. Jenny continues to be active in Delta Kappa Gamma, in
church affairs, and in the DAR where she is now chaplain. After serving 20 years at the Acton, Mass., library, Frances Swain Moretti retired but continues to do volunteer work sorting used books for the book sales that support all the Acton library programs at the church thrift shop. Married for more than 60 years, she and her husband enjoy good health and love the company of their six children, 12 grandchildren, and two great-grands, all of who live in New England.

Victor Springer and his wife flew out last September on a return visit to Japan and were welcomed that way by the people with whom they had stayed the last 12 years they were there. Victor had the privilege of preaching to them in Japanese. Upon leaving Japan, his wife said it had been one of the happiest weeks of her life. In November they spent 12 days in Mexico to be with their daughter and family over Thanksgiving. Seven of those days they stayed in the Grand Mayan Hotel in Los Cabos, obtained in a time-share swap. Victor worked on his swimming last summer in Duarte, Calif., and was able to swim a full mile before the summer ended. He would like to join us for our 70th reunion.

Laura Lee Hopkins Pike lives in Holland, Mich. She was sent one of the class “throwz,” which she really appreciated as she could not attend the reunion. Living on Long Island, Adrienne Northam Fluckiger is feeling her age and only travels for family vacations to Montauk and to Virginia Beach for Thanksgiving with her daughter, son-in-law, and two grans.

A long letter from Alice Ashley Costello reports that she uses oxygen now after a year of ups and downs. She lives near Boston and has happy times with sons and grandsons playing instruments and singing folk songs, and she enjoyed the cranberry festival with granddaughters. The Senior Center has retired teachers who prepare lessons and her favorites are short story, history, and political news. She still misses the beautiful California weather. We wish to express our sympathy to Phyllis Howland which gets me into Boston regularly, and I'm still living the good life. She's been married for more than 60 years, she and her husband continue to live in their same house in Sacramento for 40 years and have four grandsons. They spend a good deal of time with their grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren all in the Bay Area. He saw a lot that he missed in 1942—44. Many of you were members of the Class of 1966 at Normal Life.

Elizabeth Van Allen Fisher wrote, “In 2005 Ginny and I moved after 26 years to a CCRC, North Hill, in Needham, Mass. Being in our hometown, we knew many residents and the facility is also a former consulting client. Ginny died in 2007 after a short illness and the residents are very comforting to me. I also have the support of my four sons, three of whom live in the Boston area. I’m still a SCORE (SBAs counseling affiliate) volunteer, which gets me into Boston regularly, and I’m district director for Massachusetts and Rhode Island, which adds to my travels. Back here at home I have other responsibilities as president of the residents’ association. I have my Middlebury Inn reservation for our reunion and look forward to the weekend.”

—Class Correspondent: Elizabeth Bedenbender Ness (elizabeth.ness@verizon.net), 412 N. Wayne Ave., #109, Wayne, PA 19087, and Bartley Nourse (btourse@gmail.com), 16 Nodle Lane, Middlebury, VT 05753.

49 Secretary Platt reports: Jeanne Hutchinson Johnson tells me she and her husband continue to live very busy lives. Her husband is still working part-time, and through her church and her own desire to be helpful, she is volunteering at several different agencies that are involved with humanitarian projects. Their two children, two grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren all live relatively nearby and add much joy and excitement to their lives. She hears from Irene Ulmer, Boublik, Jean Relleticke Gouert, and Lois Quick (Quirk) Racine, and she and her husband are always nice to hear of the continuing Middlebury connection.

—Before Christmas I had a nice conversation with Jane Livesey Flory who was looking forward to all of her family being together at her home and was planning to cook the traditional Christmas meal and go to the movies. Her two children and their families live in the area and her son lives in NYC where he is a jazz musician and has worked with the Benny Goodman band. Jane hasn’t seen Virginia Duffy McLaughlin in awhile but she

48 Reunion Class Jean Swenson Thorkildsen writes, “Nothing much has changed except for advancing age! I’m still living in the old farmhouse built by an original settler of the town of Ballston, N.Y. Still have two dogs and a small herd of dairy goats. Still play doggy games such as dog agility and obedience trials.”

—Class Correspondent: Jeanette Atkins Louth (jean@louth.com), 99 Depot Road West, West Hanover, MA 02671.
Save the Dates
Upcoming Alumni and Parent Events

JUNE 6–8
Reunion

JULY 5–13
Travel Program to Tuscany

AUGUST 6–10
Alumni College in Saratoga Springs

AUGUST 27–31
Alumni College at Bread Loaf

SEPTEMBER 5–6
Gordon C. Perine '49
Alumni Golf Tournament

SEPTEMBER 12–14
Alumni Leadership Conference

Information about all these events and more at
www.middlebury.edu/alumni/events/

reminded me of the days she was teaching. English and drama and had Gimmy's children in her classroom. I suspect many of us remember Jane's great talent in the drama field while at Midd. She spends her summers in Rhode Island and in Maine where she often sees Joanne (Jae) Elliott Pillsbury. After Barbara (Buzz) Myers White reported having a wonderful day of skiing with her son, it made me remember the days we skied at the Snow Bowl while in college with only a rope tow on the slopes. My, how things have changed. * Ruth Davis Kaufman
writes, "I'm tempted to send an exciting chronicle of how I single-handedly improved the world or country or New Haven, Conn. But actually all I can claim is to be still standing! Both Herb and I are thankful to have no major health problems; he did have an aortic valve replacement in 2006 and has recovered very well. I'm in my 70th year of reading at Recording for the Blind and Dyslexic, and I'm still active in my UCC church, having just completed a stint as co-chair of a capital campaign. Each summer we spend several weeks in Rochester, Vt., so I've been able to keep track of campus changes at Midd. With any luck I'll still be around for the 60th." * We had word of the passing of Penelope (Penny) Baker Bergamini on November 16. Our sincere condolences are sent to her family. We also heard from the daughter of Marilyn MacKenzie Tichy who died August 30. Daughter Christine said that Middlebury formed the foundation of her mother's adult life and she treasured her college friendships. Our sympathy is sent to husband Barney and all the family. * Your notes and messages are appreciated. Please keep them coming. It's nice to renew friendships from our four years at Midd and keep the memories and thoughts of how much Midd means to us then and now. * Secretary Whittier reports: Leonard Leving was honored with an exhibit of his watercolor paintings of Grass Valley, Calif., which captured scenes of towns in the gold country in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Leonard started painting in 1990 after he retired from writing software. * One of Middlebury's premier skiers, Don Henderson, continues to glide the slopes despite a month in the hospital last summer recovering from MRSA, a serious staph infection. When we talked, Don had just returned from a morning enjoying the Dartmouth ski area and said that the conditions were perfect. * Karl Reed and wife Julie (Carrington) '48 are devoted "birders" although Karl avers Julie is preeminent. They have traveled extensively but now look for the birds more locally. Julie is curator of a vast collection of minerals for Bryn Mawr College from which she received a master's after leaving Middlebury. * Tom Duff, Vermont's well-respected public servant, died on December 12. Aspiring to play Middlebury football—Coach Duke Nelson gave him a scholarship—an old war injury dashed Tom's sports hopes but not his general spirit. In his career he was city manager for many New England communities, achieving recognition as Vermont's Municipal Man of the Year in 1973. Subsequently he was appointed to Gov. Hoff's Economic Advisory Council. While a Middlebury town official, he frequently joined in celebrations with returning alumni, which at one point threatened to cause a traffic jam. Julie adroitly cooled the exuberant display of conviviality. Married in 1947, Tom and Rosemary started their family of six children in 1949, Tom's senior year, while living in the Sargent House for married veterans. * Gid LaCroix was in the news recently after attending the 21st birthday of the Marine Corps. He left Midd in 1942 to join the Corps after the bombing of Pearl Harbor. He is one of the few surviving Marines who fought at Guadalcanal, the Marianas, and the Iwo Jima. —Class Correspondents: Rachel Atkins Platt (rplatt@rochester.rr.com), 34 Tobey Brook, Pittsfield, NY 14534; and Robert P. Whittier (bwhitt.@aol.com), 35 Waldingfield Rd., South Hamilton, MA 01982.

Margaret Donnelly Ellis wrote, "After 25 years, I retired as librarian at Burr and Burton Academy in Manchester, Vt., and enjoyed travel and leisure activities until boredom set in...I volunteered at my granddaughter's school, the Mountain School at Winhall, for six years. Finally I decided, after a puppy came into my life, that it was really time to re-settling. I'm now committed to my community volunteering, enjoying my life." * We received sad news from Robert Wilson that wife Betty Cappers Wilson has Parkinson's disease. They attended a joyous 50th reunion at Middlebury, and she was diagnosed soon after. Following several moves, first to an over-55 community and then to a continuing care facility, she has now moved to a nursing home near family in Southbury, Conn. Robert lives in a condo nearby. For many years, she taught homebound and alternative high school students, using her background in history, English, French, and Spanish. Robert says, "Currently, her home is in a wheelchair, which gives us all peace of mind, knowing that she has excellent nursing care. She still remembers the past." We extend our sympathy to Betty, Robert, and their family. * Tony Sporborg wrote, "Cle (Jones) '49 and I have been blessed by the death of our parents, although both have seriously decreased in health. We have hopefully managed to keep them in acceptable health. We have begun to learn why our elderly parents used to grab the various news sources and pour over the 'deceased' sections as so many friends and acquaintances are starting to show up. Our class has been no exception. Sad indeed, but as we head into our 80s and 90s, I suppose it's to be expected. We missed our favorite trips to Scotland the last two years due to Cle's health, but this past fall she traveled to Glasgow once again and renew old times with old friends in Callander, Oban, and Killiecrankie (love those Scottish names). If anyone wants to know some really great places to stay and to visit in Scotland, contact us (asporborg@gmail.com) and we'll happily share our 30 years of visiting ideas. Ross Covington '46 was honored in May at Lockhaven but was contacted last summer by a lawyer asking me to comment on some matters I handled in 1962. Told him I recalled getting married 51 years ago but could not remember much about that specific business matter. Guess some things stick with you more than others. The photo is a well-established good life of six months in our home on the Vineyard and six months in a Boston apartment. Micro picture is dealing with aching bones, trying to maintain a decent golf game, sailing a small boat, enjoying more classical music than I could have imagined, recognizing greater appreciation that Middlebury gave me. I re-read and question simultaneously, appreciating my marriage, seeing my children well into productive lives, and last, but not least, playing on the floor with young grandchildren as long as they will have me." * From Stegen, Germany, Horst Boog wrote, "As you might know, I am, a historian and was, before my retirement from the German Office of Military History in 1991, senior director and head of research on World War II. In the official German account of WWII, I covered the entire air war over Germany, offense and defense, in contributions to several of the 12 thick volumes, the last volume to be presented to the public May 6 with my balance of the strategic air war. Even after my retirement I've been invited to speak at various conferences of historians throughout the world and have kept good contact especially with American and British colleagues. Lately I've written several articles on various aspects of the intelligence history and I'm still reviewing books and reading papers occasionally. When I pass the airfield near Freyburg/Unstrut in Central Germany where I learned glider flying during the war, I usually stop my car and take a flight (now with a pilot). Tentative and skiing had to be abandoned due to arthrosis of the joints two years ago. I have a vivid memory of the meeting of the Class of 1950 at Middlebury in 2000, where Bruce and Peg Stearns Burdett impressed me again as always." * Cyrus Whitney wrote, "After Midd I spent my entire working career with several financial companies, retiring in 1989 after 18 years with A.G. Lanston, a dealer in U.S. government securities. Other than family and work, I spent a great deal of time hiking, mainly in the Catskills and the Adirondacks. I was also an adult leader with the Boy Scouts for more than 45 years. Two sons and two grandsons are Eagles. Celebrated our 51st wedding anniversary last August with Eileen. We have four kids, six grandchildren, and one great-grandchild. Two hip replacements have taken me out of any outdoor activities and we now spend a lot of time playing duplicate bridge." * We were saddened to learn of the death of Joan (Twink) Pratt Tillman on November 24. We send our sympathy to her family and friends. If classmates have memories of Twink they would like to send, we will include them in a future class.
Remember George Terner in our 50th reunion book identifying himself as the "tintinnabulationist" on p. 55 of the 1949 Kaleidoscope? He was that in our Middlebury bell tower, as well as a student in mussel chemistry classes. He took a break after first semester of senior year and was soon drafted for the Korean War. He then worked for Bell Telephone Laboratory and took courses at Rutgers, for which Middlebury gave him credit but requested that he return to Middlebury for his final semester if he wanted a Middlebury degree. That he did and was placed into the class of 1951 graduates. He married Tiu Talt in 1955 and they have four sons. George is a retired computer product planner, IBM Corporation. *After many years in Connecticut, Bill and Carol Cadmus ’52 Whittedmore moved last year to the San Juan and Puget Sound area of Washington State. The many friendly people there made the East to West Coast transition easy, and their condo on Fidalgo Island, overlooking the water, provides change from the years of yard work and house maintenance. After many international trips, they now explore places closer to home like the nearby islands, Banff and Lake Louise in Canada, and the Olympic National Park.*

*Don MacLean warned us about less than reliable info coming in such as what he and Ellie Hight Morris received as class correspondents. He said to watch out for that "cascading Mary Sellman McIntosh" who was behind a card from "Ed and Barbara" telling of their brilliant children, all "tremendously successful and giving." Ed and Barbara? Searching everywhere, Don and Ellie could not find these classmatesss. Mary then somehow became unavailable." It was years later over cocktails that Mary admitted she'd made them up. "Beware," says Don. "She and her ilk may spring more surprises." (Thanks, Don.) Don and Barbara retired to Cape Cod, basking in its history and natural beauty, and, as self-proclaimed snow wimps, head to Naples, Fla., to avoid the cold. Don reminisces that Middlebury College was so good to him, with so many faculty and older classmates going out of their way to set him straight. He recalls Thanksgiving dinner at his fraternity when Prof. Heinrichs told them all not to sign up for assisted living because "how will it be part of our future. Mary should be there as the keynote speaker at a Washington Friends Conference on Religion and Psychology with an address entitled, “Rekindling our Brilliant Tribal Life.” Using a trine brain model that was part of her doctorate, her three keynotes were (1) what is our tribal brain/self, (2) how do we use it, and (3) how will it be part of our future. * Mary Halsted Francoeur writes, “Mary Lou McLeod Aagaard and I attend extension courses at Northwestern Univ. together and we’re about to start the fourth course in a series on global issues. The professors are outstanding and so is Mary Lou’s knowledge of all things political. She’s still deeply involved in the League of Women Voters. At this point my main volunteer work is with the St. John’s (Vermont) and the Lake Bluff (Ill.) Zoning Board of Appeals.” Mary planned to be in Tanzania in March for the great migration. It would be her third—or probably last—African safari. "The walls of my house are..."
peppered with my photographs of lions, elephants, leopards, etc. If I go to Africa again, it will be with Heifer to attend a ‘Giving of the Gift’ celebration. I’ve saved my most exciting news for last: My grandson, David Dodge, was chosen for the 4th Infantry Division in Germany, Ben travels widely, with the next trip originating in Europe (Holland, Luxembourg, Italy, Greece). Ben travels widely, with the next trip originating in Europe (Holland, Luxembourg, Italy, Greece).

When the breeding season starts, these cleaned shells offer a hospitable place for the oysters. And bagged, these shells don’t drift away.” Bruce and wife Liz are still traveling widely in the U.S. and Europe (Holland, Luxembourg, Italy, Greece). Bruce and Liz are still traveling widely in the U.S. and Europe (Holland, Luxembourg, Italy, Greece).

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Hello to all our classmates once again. So much news, so little space.  

**Phil Montgomery** writes, “We have moved into our cottage at Quarry Hill, a retirement community, and the house is sold with all the furniture intact!” He and wife Alison spent Thanksgiving with son Hugh ‘86, wife Marcia, and grandchildren in Bainbridge Island, Wash. Christmas was with daughter Janet ‘83 and her family at their new bed and breakfast in Rangely, Maine. Janet’s husband Rob had always wanted to run a B & B so they added five bedrooms to their house. Janet still teaches at the high school. Phil and Alison spent the winter at their Tucson, Ariz., home. Then it was back to Maine where their new address is 87 Duck Pond Road, Camden, ME 04843. **Deenie Whitecomb** (Matthews) of Galveston, Texas, says her gardens grew like weeds on steroids last spring from all the rain. Hers was the only individual garden chosen to be on a tour of 50 Master Gardeners last April. In May, Austin PBS included her garden and interviews with Deenie and husband Jack on their program Central Texas Gardeners. Congratulations to Deenie! *Another avid gardener, Helga Neuse Whitcomb, writes that celebrating her 50th anniversary, entertaining family and old friends, and tending their gardens kept her very busy last summer. She and husband Richard went on an Eldershost to Brittany and Normandy after shutting down the gardens. Helga is also laboriously translating a diary her father, the esteemed Prof. Neuse of Middlebury’s German dept., wrote during the twenties in Europe and after his arrival in the U.S. in 1927. **Pat Hunter Highley** writes, “A year ago, I sold my very old bed and breakfast house in Bristol, VT., and moved north across town to a smaller, brand-new house that is just perfect. Finally retired, I’m filling my time with a lot of adult education courses—mainly tap dancing, French conversation, and art classes—and have been taking kick boxes classes with a group formed with the Middlebury College Community choir, and doing other things on my ‘kick the bucket’ list. And then, of course, spending time with the grandchildren—seven now, ranging from two-year-old twins to an 18-year-old in her first year at SUNY Genesee, and loving it. I’m so much better at being a grandmother than I was at being a mom!” **Lyman (Bob) Gilmore** reports that, “like Dilsey, he endures.” Am Lit majors will understand. **Dick Powell** sent Bob Keating photos of “Keats” piloting his L-19 aircraft in Germany in 1959, to which the Middlebury College Aviation program donated. We want to forward those shots to me; we both look awfully young, but you’re right, we were very innocent as well.” He added, “I was diagnosed with prostate cancer a year ago, but Judy and I are fine. We talk often about the ’56 reunion at Middlebury. Judy hadn’t met any of my old friends, so that aspect was nice.” We look forward to seeing you in Costa Rica, Florida. Jack had a place in Kissimmee, but we had to downsize.” **Judy Phinneys Stearns** have a bit of news as well. Last fall husband John and I traveled to Venice and northern Italy for our 50th anniversary and had beautiful weather and a superb time. We stayed in an ancient castle/inn in Apiano, surrounded by vineyards, in the foothills of the Dolomites. Shortly after, I traveled with 12 others on a YMCA-connected trip to Israel. Because of the Jerusalem International YMCA’s division of all faiths and cultures, we were privileged to go into the West Bank, to meet with Palestinians, and to experience some very special moments. It’s a beautiful country torn apart by its own doings. For prayer. **Charlotte Durusey Hollis** has given up her post as MC at the reunion after 10 years, and she looks forward to keeping in touch with friends. She and husband Rod send all her classmates best wishes and pray for a truly conservative, strong, new president who will constantly keep in mind that “In God We Trust.” 

We send our condolences to the family and friends of several classmates who have passed away: John Costelloe on October 27, Robert Peatfield on October 29, and Charles Peterman on November 16. **Rusty Stevens Groselle** had a special reunion with her junior and senior year roommate, Gretchen Krautz, and daughter Marsha ‘83. Gretchen Krautz was a resident of Buckeye State (Columbus area) and they had a very animated catch-up breakfast together over the holidays. Rusty says, “Of course neither of us has changed a bit! The year 2008 finds me still happily employed as codirector of projects with my business partner of 20 years at the State of Ohio Citizen Corps. I’m also thoroughly enjoying my 10 grandchildren. Oldest Beth Anne was married last summer—in an airplane! There was only room for the bride, groom, pilot, and pastor. But a great party followed on the ground!” Thanks to those of you who sent in new or revised contact information. Now we can reach more of you by e-mail. Thanks for staying in touch. As the old cliché goes, “Keep those cards and letters comin’!”

**Barbara Wilson Woolman** speculates that she may be the first alum to have both an undergraduate degree from Midd and a graduate degree from the Monterey Institute of International Studies. Barbara has now affiliated with Middlebury. Having received her master’s from Monterey in 1978, she considers the Middlebury-Monterey partnership a brilliant linkage. Query: How many others in our class have both undergraduate and graduate degrees from Middlebury? **Memories of travel adventures have warmed us through the winter. Wayne and Pam Clark Reilly explored Eastern Europe in September on a Danube River cruise, visiting both Budapest and Prague, which they believe may be Europe’s most beautiful city. Alex Post Koontz visited Portugal with artist friends last fall, visiting castles, palaces new and old, Moorish ruins, and museums of antique and modern fascinations. There she learned “that the Romans took Obidos from the Celts about 50 A.D.” Bob ’51 and Adrienne Littlewood Delaney celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary with their families in Vermont. Virginia Whitcomb, now residing in Virginia, reports that, “We look forward to seeing classmates and friends!”  

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**Class Correspondents:** Sally Dickerman Brew (sdbrew@mindspring.com), 629 Benvenue Ave., Los Altos, CA 94024; and Thomas J. Lasmon (flasmon@verizon.net), 92 Heath Rd., North Andover, MA 01845.

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**66 Middlebury Magazine**
58 REUNION CLASS

William Geenty writes, "I regret that Norma and I will not be attending the 50th reunion. We did have dinner with Suzanne and Gerry Noonan in Evanston, Ill., last October and were thoroughly briefed on the reunion. I also spoke with Lang Bell at that reunion. Our home in Westport, Mass., Peter Honegger was one of four judges choosing scripts for the New Work Festival, a showcase where emerging regional writers can give previously unstaged plays a staged reading in front of an audience. Peter, who was the head of the speech and drama department at Choate School, is the founder of Growing Theater in Westport, Mass., and it is currently cofounder of Busy Boy Bad Boys productions in Newburyport. By now you all have had a chance to read through your reunion yearbook. We hope to see you on campus June 6–8! —Class Correspondents: Joseph E. Mukhat (josephmukhat@msn.com), 551 Pacific St., Brookline, MA 02117; and Ann Ormsbee Fiohene (apfio@sbciglobal.net), 2370 Meadowlark Dr., Pleasanton, CA 94566.

59 The Rev. Margaret Street Russell, who earned a master of divinity degree at Yale Divinity School, was ordained as an Episcopal priest in 1997. For 10 years she was rector of St. Columba’s Episcopal Church in Boothbay Harbor, Maine, a congregation that built a new church during that period. Greta and her husband are currently interim pastors of a Lutheran church in Newcastle, Maine. Mary Jane and Bill Hahn celebrated Bill’s 70th birthday last July with a surprise party off campus. They spent Sept. and Oct. 2006 in France and the UK. Bill and Mary Jane divide their year between Bel Air, Md., and Holmes Beach, Fla., and in January they visited Connie and Dave Collins in Stuart, Fla. They plan to attend our 50th reunion. —Evelyn Hill Spalding, who before her retirement was associate director of admissions at Milton Academy, sings with the Back Bay Chorale and with the choir of Trinity Church, Boston. Before her child-raising years and her 15 years on the staff of alma mater Milton Academy, she was a nurse. Daughter Lisa recently earned a master’s degree in conservation from the Univ. of Michigan, Ann Arbor, and works for the New England Forestry Foundation. Son Will of Greenfield, Mass., is a sculptor, works in whole foods, and has many interests. Evie stays in touch with classmates Dick Krasker from their Skyline Mountain Club days. Dick is chairperson of the Freyburg, Maine, Kiwanis Club and among other accomplishments, Dick has raised significant funds for studies of environmental impact of water issues, including large-scale water pumping, in the district. In summer he and Sandra live in Freyburg; in winter, in South Portland, Maine. David says he agrees with his mother that city folks. They have a new granddaughter, Sophia May Krasker Gavin. Dick stays in touch with Tony Garcia, Dorrie Landry Kehoe, Eric Lorentzen, and other classmates. He encourages KDR classmates to go to our 50th. —In Marina, Calif., on Monterey Bay, Ingrid Neuse Ambrus has retired from elementary school teaching and works part-time in a fabric store where she teaches classes. While teaching American students in Germany during the early 1960s, she says she flew over the Berlin Wall when it was going up. During that period she met various male soldiers. He helped her into military service; these included friends from her Milton Academy ski patrol days. Ingrid and her husband have two sons and a granddaughter, Isabella (9). In summers Ingrid visits family members in Middlebury, and she plans to come to our 50th. —Betty Mix Waisanen writes, "My retirement from school. Retiring colors are my passion and I continue to study them, so my evolving style finds its way. Golf is my sport and that means some days are great! We winter on Hutchinson Island, Fla., get lots of outdoor exercise, and work on taking off holiday pounds. Each winter I catch up with my old roommate Dottie Dever Frost on Florida’s West Coast. Golf and tennis consume her time and she loves her life there." —Allene Kane Rogers reports, "I feel so fortunate. My husband and I have just bought a sailboat, which he keeps there, and had such a wonderful relaxing visit with each other. I wish them such a happy celebration for their 70th, and you all, too." We were saddened to learn of the death of Lewis Parker on January 1. Bob Luce, John Hammond ’56, and Fred Swan attended the memorial service; other Milton Academy alumni were present at the calling hours on the previous evening. Our sympathy is sent to wife Barbara and all his family. —Visit the Class of ’59 Web site: http://www.middlebury.edu/alumni/class_pages/1959/default.htm.

—Class Correspondents: Bill Hussey (billhusseyMiddle39@AOL.com), 203 E. 72nd St., #6B, New York, NY 10021; and Lucy Paice Kezar (lucypacekezar@verizon.net), 134 Main St., Kingston, NY 10348.

60 After Elizabeth Van Horn Taylor died of neuroendocrine cancer on February 15, 2007, her husband, Bill, created a trust in her name at Midd in environmental studies and established “Liz’s Grove,” a site for birders and nature lovers near Dudleyville, Ariz. Created in cooperation with the Tucson Audubon Society and Double Check Ranch, this wonderful, internationally-known, rare bird site is on land donated by friends. Visit www.lizsgrove.com or better yet, visit the site if you’re in the Southwest. It’s even listed by the Cornell Ornithology Lab. Bill is carrying on the hummingbird studies Liz and he conducted for the four years of her life with the Arizona Bird Observatory. —If your mail to Angie Larossa Randall didn’t get there, e-mail her at randa12@bellsouth.net to get her new address in South Carolina. —Dave Lutton reappeared after almost 20 years of silence. For more than 15 years he has been hiding in the New Haven area for about 11 miles from Middlebury. Recently he ran into Ed Sommers who got him reinstated as a member of the class of 1960. When Dave voluntarily left college in February of 1960, he naïvely assumed that someone would hire him. After much searching, with Dr. Hitchcock’s assistance, he finally took a job with Palmer’s Dairy in East Middlebury driving a route delivery truck. His first day on the job he buried the truck in a ditch in Ripon. Bill Palmer came up with his Jeep to pull him out and drove into the same ditch. It didn’t take Dave long to determine that driving milktrucks was not his calling. He later took a job at what was then Simmonds Aeronautics in Vergennes. Except for about six months spent in Bucks County, Pa., where he was raised, Dave spent 41 1/2 years at Simmonds, which eventually became Goodrich Corporation, serving in many engineering capacities and in a management position. In 2000, he said he was a product line manager responsible for the design and manufacture of extreme environment speed and torque-sensing systems for use on aircraft.
turbine engines. He worked on several space programs—Mercury, Gemini, Apollo, and Space Shuttle among them. He traveled to meet with all of the major military and commercial airframers, helicopter manufacturers and engine manufacturers in the U.S. and the UK. He retired in 2002 and doesn't think he ever had the time for a full-time job. One hobby that keeps him busy is tying tandem trolling streamers for avid landlocked salmon fishermen, which he does quite a bit of during the winter months. You can reach him at dbfly@gmavt.net.

Ruth and Jim Barnes moved to Colorado last June, mainly to be closer to their granddaughter Kate. Since this was the biggest move of their entire lives they had their name painted on the side of the moving truck and had all the boxes monogrammed! At a neighborhood outing they met a couple that graduated from Midd in 1961. Small world.

They've been getting accustomed to living at 7,000 feet. You can reach them at barnesrj@copris.net. Mel and Polly Johnson Stephens split their time year-round between their home in Concord, Mass., and their condo in Vermont. Mel, at 75, is a ski instructor at Mt. Snow! Last March Mel hiked to Vail where he met up with son Glenn and met Glenn's friend, the assistant ski patrol director. Due to some arthritic twinges, Polly enjoys a "Yoga" class (yoga in the water). She walks for exercise and likes to listen to books on tape.

Because it was a cold winter, Betty Andrews bought herself some 30_below-zero socks from the Rutland Country Store. She reminds us that Albus Dumbledore, headmaster of Hogwarts, didn't get enough credit from J.K. Rowling. She said he saw a gift of socks in the Magic Mirror in Book One.

Jean MacInnes was able to open her Bohart Ranch X-C Ski Center, which she runs with son Chris, on November 30. For their 20th season they had a birthday celebration in January with prices rolled back to 1988. Last fall she spent a week in the San Juan Islands, Wash., another week in Arizona, and, with friends George Moy from England, went camping and hiking in Utah and Colorado. With a group of Wild Damners she hiked the Hiawatha Trail, an old railroad bed that goes through 10 tunnels and over seven trestles. Elaine and John Cowan are retired but find it hard to believe they (and we) are moving into the generation of great_and_grandchildren.

They took a cruise from the islands north of Scotland, down the Irish coast, and ended at Dartmouth, England, the home of the Royal Naval College. Deciding to take one year without use medical school, Joji was completing his residency at Albert Einstein Medical Center in NYC. Over the years, they have been avid cyclists and even adopted a joey, a landlocked salmon, as their pet. They have come to appreciate the bicycle-friendly environs of the Greater Portland area where a significant number of Portlanders commute by bike. Priscilla has become a gardening coordintor in her retirement and enjoys working with local science teachers to teach students how to raise flowers and vegetables at an early age. Life is good in Portland, and I believe I have wrestled a commitment out of Priscilla to return for our 50th.

I reconnected with David Bloomberg, who lives in Newport Beach, Calif., with wife Elaine. Dave, who received his BS from Dartmouth, England, the home of the Royal Naval College. Deciding to take one year without use medical school, Joji was completing his residency at Albert Einstein Medical Center in NYC. Over the years, they have been avid cyclists and even adopted a joey, a landlocked salmon, as their pet. They have come to appreciate the bicycle-friendly environs of the Greater Portland area where a significant number of Portlanders commute by bike. Priscilla has become a gardening coordintor in her retirement and enjoys working with local science teachers to teach students how to raise flowers and vegetables at an early age. Life is good in Portland, and I believe I have wrestled a commitment out of Priscilla to return for our 50th.

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downsized and moved to housing where a lot of the routine chores are taken care of (and NOT by us) are also pleased. * Thiry (Anne Thornton Bridges) and Al report: "In November we moved west—not back to our old haunts in Colorado or California, but eight units to the west into Hill Top 11 in Benton, Vt. We've been here for the last two years. The address is the same except for changing the 'J' to a 'P.' The advantage is an end unit with a better view, more light, and a bedroom on the main floor (planning ahead for our old bones). Al continues his role as the Mr. Fix-It Handyman board member of our town house association. We visit 16 schools on a regular basis working with students with disabilities who are transitioning from school to work or further education. She had a brief fling with a four-day workweek last winter, but the number of students doesn't allow that luxury any more. * Sherr '60 and Bonnie Boyd Russ took their first whole family cruise to the western Mediterranean last June for their 45th wedding anniversary. Which is why, I guess, we missed seeing them at our 45th reunion. * Brian and Alice Coopcrus Gross (jhozrocssct@aol.com), 2 Arizona Pl., Huntington Station, NY 11746; and Christopher J. White (crnhrycst@aol.com), 347 Duck Cove Rd., Brookport, ME 04416.

64 After 42 years, Marvin Kelley says he and wife Carol (Has) '65 are still married. Their wedding took place the weekend of Carol's graduation! * Class Correspondents: Marian Demas Baide (mabeade@aol.com), 4 Red Rock Rd., New City, NY 10956; and John Vecchiolla (vecchiolla@juno.com), 193 Byron Rd., Greenwhich, CT 06830.

65 Send us your news! We'd love to hear what you're doing! * Class Correspondents: Polly Move Warren (polly@jifi.com), 100 Grandview Ave., Fort Collins, CO 80521; R.W. '77 Tall Jr. (ahmic@shotelom.net), 204 Clark Rd., Cornwall, VT 05753.

66 A and Kay Parkerson Rodgers report: "We are ‘deep into grandparenthood with three wonderful wee ones all close by.' They’re also traveling a lot and enjoying their weekend place on Whidbey Island, Wash. ‘There WAS a light at the end of the work tunnel’ Kay recently helped host the 40th reunion of her Peace Corps group (Guatemala) and says that it was deeply satisfying to be together again. Old roommate Kathy Baker Worden and husband Doug '68 recently moved to Seattle and they, Debbie Dain and husband Jim Owens, and Kay and Ed have had some fun get-togethers. * In October, Richard and Francine Clark Page sponsored Homecoming Weekend at Bread Loaf in the capacity of chief childcare providers for 16-month-old grandson Cedar while his mother, Elizabeth Page Calvert ‘95, rehearsed and sang for the Mischords and Dissipated Eight reunion concert on Saturday night. Cedar’s Aunt Bridge drove up from Salem, Mass., to help to work with him. * When Bob North retired from Boys and Girls Harbor three years ago (after 36 years) he didn’t think that he would be involved in another not-for-profit! He’s now retired from work in the leather industry, particularly enjoys watching his 10 grandchildren grow up. He, too, plans to make it to reunion. * Russ and Zenith Burnett ‘64 Gladieux are enjoying retirement on their farm in Berne, N.Y. Russ has enjoyed riding about the north country on his Honda motorcycle and agreed to say, ‘The ride up Mount Washington was fabulous!’ * Others that I’m certain will join us are Chuck and Sue Handy Burdick, Larry Ring, Peter Frame, Jane BacheIson Johnson, and Diana Ferris Cotter, the social chair for the event. You can keep an eye on who’s planning to attend at www.mtcook reunion.net. I encourage all to bring some Middlebury ‘60s memorabilia to help us combat our collective memory losses. * Another thought: I just received the next class directory. Wouldn’t it be nice if each of us took a moment to reach out to a classmate with a phone call? Doesn’t even have to be someone we used to hang around with. Try it—you might like it! * Class Correspondents: Janet Brevoort Allen-Spencer (jallen@safeicommunity.org), 2 Arizona Pl., Huntington Station, NY 11746; and Christopher J. White (crnhrycst@aol.com), 347 Duck Cove Rd., Brookport, ME 04416.

R E U N I O N C L A S S

Correspondent White reports: In the course of making assigned calls for our reunion committee, I have garnered some bits of info. * Fred Brink plans to attend a reunion. He’s been keeping very busy in his “golden years” enjoying his family camp in the Adirondacks, while maintaining his media production company in Milton, Mass. He’s been producing multimedia shows for museums, including a show for the Louisiana State Museum in New Orleans Katrina, and a traveling exhibit on Benjamin Franklin that is now in Paris, France! * Dave Heacock, who's
The Shelburne Museum in Shelburne, Vt., was the setting for the wedding of Kristen Van Woert and Greg Connolly ’02 on August 4, 2007. Spelling out MIDDLEBURY with the newlyweds were (from M to Y) Caitlin Connolly ’06, Kate Saltstein Bentley ’03, Bryan Connolly ’00, Ray Coffey ’01, Harvest Ficker ’02, Jimmy Jung ’02, Mandy Walker ’02, Tim Connolly ’04, Graham Furlong ’02, Nelson Martelle ’02, Jaed Coffin ’02, the newlyweds, Leland Bourdon ’05, Els Van Woert ’05, Mike Furlong ’73, and Nancy Coffrin Furlong ’75.

Holly Cookis ’93 and Jeffrey Michaelson deferred their original plans for a typical wedding and customized an impromptu garden ceremony at the Arlington Inn in Arlington, Vt., so Holly’s terminally ill father could attend. On September 24, 2005, a perfect fall day, they dedicated their lives to each other with their immediate families in attendance.

On June 23, 2007, Mike Atwood ’01 and Sarah Rodgers were married in Baltimore, Md. Midd friends who helped celebrate with the newlyweds included (all ’01 unless noted) Annie Legg ’03, Susannah Beams, Kate Collins-Manetti, Arnie Fernandez Lucas, the newlyweds, Jackie Spring, Katrin Warren, Lydie Hudson, Chris Atwood ’03, (second row) Holt Hopkins (not pictured), Brian Nickel, Jay Sullivan, Jamie Kneisel, Jamie Haire, Steve O’Neil, Jess Davis, Eric Fenton (UVM), Jay Lugosch, Casey McCann, Anthony Bowes ’00, Katie Raban Seeley ’00, Dave Seeley ’02, Tom Graziano, and Bill Burke ’73.

Enthusiastic Midd friends helped celebrate the July 14, 2007, wedding of Julia Bergofsky ’02 and Andrew McPhail ’98, held at Phillips Church in Exeter, N.H. A good time was had by all at the reception at the Georgetown (Mass.) Club: Coach Missy Foote, the newlyweds, (second row) Josh Bonitas ’98, Scott Nelson ’98, Steve Manninger ’98, Michele Bergofsky ’06, (third row) Dick Foote ’80, Alden Smith (M.A. English ’00), Char Glessner ’04, Missy Hopkins ’99, (fourth row) Carolyn Leggett Perine ’73, Ali Connolly ’02, Kate Clark ’02, Haley Holmer ’02, (fifth row) Kate Perine Livesay ’03, Billie Goldman Buck ’02, (top row) William O’Hare ’76.
Evelina Guzauskyte ’98 and Michael Lubavin were married on July 21, 2007, at the Bridgewater Manor, Bridgewater, N.J. Among those celebrating with the couple were Evelina’s sister and parents and Irina Marinov ’98. The U.S. wedding was followed by a traditional two-day wedding in Lithuania in August.

In June 2007 several Middlebury alumnae gathered at Tenuta di Spannocchia near Siena, Italy, for a two-week printmaking class taught by Sabra Harwood Field ‘57, Sabra, Kathy Platt Potter ‘57, Daryl Storrs ’79, Alex Post Koontz ’57, Mary Roemmele Crowley ’58, Jane Ross Ludington ’57, and Erin Cinelli ’98.

Several members of the Class of 1968 gathered in Norfolk, Conn., for golf, walks, good old-fashioned sharing, and catching up. Susan Blume White ’68 (front) holds a banner that belonged to the late Ann Draper Brown ’68. Pictured behind Susan are (all ’68 unless noted) Susan Caughman, Nancy Cahill Mercer, Marilyn Simon Margon, Margaret Dale, Gerry Goodrich, (second row) Chris White ’63, Susan Hastings Chandler, and Kathy Bugni Etkin.

We are beginning 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 July 21, 2007, Dalton Cox '03 married Brian McCurdy '03 at the home of the bride’s parents in North Guilford, Conn. Many of their Midd friends turned out for the celebration including (all '03 unless noted) photographer Gigi Gatewood, Brian Gault, Conor Shapiro (who officiated the ceremony), Kyle Dezoteuil, Mayo Fuji '05, Caroline Roy, Coach Missy Foote, (second row) Kate Ferine Livesay, Brooke Laundon '00, Cindy Gavett Mumford '03, Kara Mercer, Jen Sisemore; the newlyweds, Jess Smith '04, Sydney Atkins '05, Andrew Savage, Evan Culer, (third row) Ted King '05, Chris Morse '05, John Russer '05, Andy Peters, Tim Weeton, Brendan Bechtel, and Erica Martling.

Jessica Mello '98 and Philipp Schmidt were married October 15, 2006, in the Cotswolds in the English countryside. They live in London.

Several Middlebury alums shared in the July 8, 2006, wedding of Sarah Day '01 and Francisco Guzman in Maine: (all '01 unless noted) Steve Fleming, Laura Daly Hall, Kate Irvin, (second row) Effie Ransom, Peter Morgan, Sisa Suriel, the newlyweds, Keegan Uhl, Martha Crootof Uhl '04, Will Mason, Eli Enman '00, Sharon Wilson, Josh Broder '02, and Kasie Wallace Enman.

In Todos Santos, Mexico, Melissa Haley '98 and Michael Colliver were married on November 11, 2006. Middlebury friends from the Class of 1998 making the journey to join in the celebration were George Roth, Aurora Choi, the newlyweds, Jesse Ratchiffe, Laurie Gagnon, and John Bender.

The July 14, 2007, wedding of Steffany Hodge '04 and Robert Chisholm '03 took place in Sebasco Estates, Maine. Midd friends helping the couple celebrate included (all '04 unless noted) Brian McCurdy '03, Pat Nugent '05, Bob Wannop, (second row) Brian Clark, Dalton Cox '03, Marc Scheuer, Annie Ghionti, Mike D'Angelo, the newlyweds, Martha Goebel, Molly Calishian, Alex Watson, Judy and Coach Bill Beamey, (third row) Jim Christian, Jenny Henzi, Colin Apple, Max Lavine, John Dawson, Tim Collard, Scott Ward '05, Prof. Chris Klyza, and Sheila McGrory-Klyza.
In Norwich, Conn., Martha Crootof '04 and Keegan Uhl '01 were married on August 11, 2007. Celebrating with the couple were Nick Benjamin '05, Chris Farina '05, Daniel Graham '01, Zak Pritchard '01, (second row) Sarah Day-Guzmán '01, Christine Gould '04, Paul Dome '00, Peter Morgan '01, Ian Albinson (former Midd employee), Isaac Ro '00, Colin Lewis-Beck '04, the newlyweds, Albert Shue '04, Ray Coffey '01, Peter Hennessy '03, Holly Briggs '04, Colin Davis '03, and Katrina Uhl '05.

In Falsterbo, Sweden, Maria Stern '02 married Johan Ekman on August 4, 2007. Making it all the way to Sweden to join in the celebration were Daniel Goldman '01, Churchill Franklin '02, Douglas Parobeck '01, Hannah Ritchie '02, Ethan Feuer '01, the newlyweds, Bradley Fryba '01, Amanda Maxwell '02, Charles Ryan Miller '01, and Christian Carlsson '02.

Kendra Slater '01 and Matt Venhorst '01 were married at Blueberry Hill Inn in Goshen, Vt., on August 4, 2007. Middlebury friends in attendance were (all '01 unless noted) Katie Bender Commons, Vinny Idone, Tauna Saunders Idone '02, the newlyweds, Susan Angst, Lindsey Dorner Robinson, (second row) Pete Commons, Wendy Miner '02, Rashid Shahid, Matt Rymza, Laura Ford, Amanda Fiedler, and Julie Russell.

On August 11, 2007, family and friends gathered for the wedding of Jennifer Bahnson '01 and Christopher Nasveschuk '01 at the Lilac Inn in Brandon, Vt. In attendance were (all '01 unless noted) Andrew Nichols, the newlyweds, David Bahnson '69 (in front), Maggie Sanders, Kelsey Dobb, Douglas Parobeck, (second row) Christopher Everett, Ashley Sullivan Everett '02, Abbey Haber, (third row) Dan Goldman, Bradley Fryba, Ethan Feuer, Christopher Lindstrom '99, (fourth row) Charles Ryan Miller, Peter Steinberg '99, and Molly McGlynn '02.

come in, monitored the snow falling, and enjoyed the warmth of the flickering flames in the kitchen woodstove. They managed to recapture the '60s during a DVD screening of Bob Dylan at Newport, noting Bob's clean-cut face, and Joan Baez's Baez and the other Baez, and pencils. Having chosen not to mingle with the crowds in Times Square, the Eatons and Fennos watched the ball drop while talking on the phone with dear friend Marge Ryder. Ed and Carroll Mulliss '67 Buttolph report that although Ed has just stepped down from many years as president of the school board in Katonah, NY, they're both still working and doing what so many others are at this sandwich stage of life—looking after Carroll's mom near their home in New York and connecting with their children wherever life has taken them. To this end, Ed and Carroll purchased a home in Colorado to be near their daughter and son and four wonderful grandchildren. They appreciate that their other son, back after three tours in Iraq as a computer engineer and newly married, is now at home minding the business while they travel and work to iron out the chaos of "house overload." They're looking to divest themselves of a couple residences and enjoy the respite of condo living in the near future. We would like to clarify that the earlier report about John Swartz concerning fingerprints, the FBI, and Percy B. Skipalong was gleaned from a wire story and not accurate. Since retiring from an exemplary 12-year career with the sheriff's office and as part-time police chief of Leverett, Mass., John has continued serving the community. He and wife Sue (Glazier) volunteer at the Food Bank in Hatfield, and John puts in several days a week at the local church giving great joy as does playing on her grandmother's piano that has endured five generations of beginning pianists. She has two sons, two grandchildren, two golden retrievers, and two cats. Correspondent Patterson sent in this account of a recent mini-reunion: In mid-February five women kicked off what we hope will become the winter activity of Women of '67—a ski weekend, hosted this year by Helen Martin Whyte, of Manchester, Wt. Attending were Livvy Barbour Tarleton, Margot Childs Cheel, Jervis Lockwood Anderson, and me. We enjoyed excellent downhill skiing over three days, and soaked up a musical set by Andy Avery's folk group at the Equinox Hotel. To a clothes and book exchange, we all left with new outfits and reading material as well as tumbles full of delicious food and souls full of the warmth of friendships. We plan to expand next winter, including cross-country skiing, so please contact me at the e-mail or address below to be put on a notification list.

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Class Correspondents: Dianne Watson Carter (cartermagI@aol.com), PO Box 259, Harvard, MA 01451; Francine Clark Page (page@dsift.com), 19 Brigham Hill Ln., Essex Junction, VT 05452; and Cathy Zawistowski Sampson (htreworks.365@juno.com), 36 William Fairfield Dr., Wenham, MA 01984.

76 Charlie Mead writes, "We're having fun running our little business, Reading Group Choices, developing resources for adult reading groups. Visit us at readinggroupchoices.com." During Bill Beaney's winter term course, Coaching and Issues in Sports, Karl Lindholm lectured on sports science and legitimate area of scholarly inquiry. Now that both are retired, Bruce and Ruth Ann Haas Beers are enjoying the opportunity to do a lot of traveling both in the U.S. and overseas. On one trip they spent a few days with Tom Westervelt and wife Jan at their home in Durango, Colo. Tom was a professor of geology at Fort Lewis College for many years. He's now retired from that position, but certainly not from the field. The day after they left he was off on a month-long trip that included visiting mines in the Yukon and Japan. The Beers also visited with Frank and Lin Curtiss Schaeffer in Payson, Ariz. Lin is Frank's wife and Scaredale for many years, but decided a few years ago to escape the heat and congestion. Lin enjoys teaching special education in Payson and they spend a lot of time traveling with a group of like-minded car enthusiasts. The Beers also caught up with Donna Bliss Jonas and husband Karl. They continue to live in Sunapee, N.H., and Donna serves as the academic dean at Proctor Academy. * In an interview with the Burlington Free Press, David Nicholson talked about his new book, Tales from the 'Nam. Serving in Vietnam for two years after college, he said, "I just thought people might want to read a good war story about what a soldier goes through. That there are red ants and leeches and spiders, and you almost get run-in in the middle of the night, and you sweat, and you think, and you get little cuts all over you, and you run out of water, and your friends get killed." A retired lawyer, David lives in South Burlington, Vt., with wife Deirdre and son Zachary. You can find his book on Amazon. * Even after a 13-year career as a teacher, Margaret Ellis Rostkowski can't stay out of the classroom. Living in Ogden, Utah, she teaches part-time at St. Joseph Catholic High School and stays excited about teaching through her involvement in the National Writing Project and encouraging students with their own writing. She continues to write herself and also to play the organ and piano. Accompanying a group of women called the Utes, a local church group, she travels to local and regional events to share songs and notes at a local church gives her great joy as does playing on her grandmother's piano that has endured five generations of beginning pianists. She has two sons, two grandchildren, two golden retrievers, and two cats. Correspondent Patterson sent in this account of a recent mini-reunion: In mid-February five women kicked off what we hope will become the winter activity of Women of '67—a ski weekend, hosted this year by Helen Martin Whyte, of Manchester, Vt. Attending were Livvy Barbour Tarleton, Margot Childs Cheel, Jervis Lockwood Anderson, and me. We enjoyed excellent downhill skiing over three days, and soaked up a musical set by Andy Avery's folk group at the Equinox Hotel. To a clothes and book exchange, we all left with new outfits and reading material as well as tumbles full of delicious food and souls full of the warmth of friendships. We plan to expand next winter, including cross-country skiing, so please contact me at the e-mail or address below to be put on a notification list.

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Class Correspondents: Susan Davis Patterson (sidp@alumni.middlebury.edu), 67 Robinon Pl., Burlington, VT 05401; and Alex Taylor (alex_taylor@tsunwmmal.com), 325 W. 86th St., #8B, New York, NY 10024.
Correspondent Desrochers writes: You can see we have three class correspondents so there is every reason to write to one of us and share your news.

Beth Prasse Seeley and I had a summit meeting midway through the events surrounding Hurricane Katrina. Their strength of ordinary people that has characterized government at every level and the resilience and the determination with which they have witnessed firsthand both the failure of their leaders and the courage of the people they work with has made it look like they’re here to stay.

The back story is that the youngest, Clara (12), was my little sister through Big Brothers/Big Sisters nearly six years ago when they lived here in Austin. She’s a sweetie, and we became close. In the years since, she and her two brothers (whose parents have longtime addiction problems and have been in and out of jail) bounced around from an aunt to a cousin to a housing project to a group home, and finally to relatives in different states. Last fall, they were living near Charlotte and were about to be sent to another group home or split up into foster care, so we sent them back to Texas. So far, they are doing well and things are working out okay.

Correspondent Sturges writes, "After many years of trying to find a way, I’ve recently started working for a company in Vermont. It’s been a lot of fun so far with considerable travel, both domestic and overseas. I intend to keep our primary residence in Marlborough, Mass., where I continue to be involved as a competitive single sculler (VP of the Quinsigamond Rowing Association) and masters soccer player. Jeff is now senior VP, sales and marketing, for Vermont Composites in Bennington, Vt. • Correspondent Seeley catches up with classmates on the ski slopes of Colorado. Last year Dick and Meg Floyd McCann visited as did Terry ‘68 and Bonnie Williams Flahive. • Correspondent Desrochers, Dave deGraffenreid, Beth Prasse Seeley (beth@seeley.com); and Nancy Crawford Saltie (nancysaltie@comcast.net)."
Jeff Beach returned to his roots in the construction business 10 years ago and is currently site work director for a high-end residential construction company in the eastern and southern Massachusetts region. He's a licensed construction supervisor ("You think the College Boards were tough!") and a licensed hydraulics operator. With wife Annette, he has dedicated the last 15 years to rescuing and adopting ex-racing greyhounds. They volunteer at a rescue center nearby and have both adopted and provided foster care for a number of dogs. In the last few years, he has lost another member of our class. Anne Gilbert died November 1 at home in Dorset, Vt. As a freshman, Anne lived in "Batt North," first floor, becoming first-year pals with Cecilia Cohen Dry, Denise DeGutis Jernigan, the late Kathy Grubh Buten, yours truly {Jennifer Hamlin Church} and her roommate, Susan Jones Rhedowalt, among others. A geology major, she worked as a marine geologist before settling in Vermont, where she had her own business, Title Search Services. Anne leaves three daughters and two grandchildren. • Carole Brown and husband Don Piragoff (a lawyer and assistant deputy minister of justice for Canada) took a wonderful trip to Italy. They spent several days in Rome, where Don had meetings, then several days in Syracuse, Sicily, where Don was a speaker at the International Criminal Court Judges Annual Conference. The second week was spent on a 36-foot Dufour sailboat on which they sailed around the Bay of Naples (Capri, Ischia, and Procida) and the Amalfi Coast. After six days of wonderful sailing, they were caught in a force 5 storm on the crossing from Amalfi to Capri! Memorable in particular because Carole was at the helm! • Class Correspondents: Jennifer Hamlin Church (jchurch@sienaheights.edu); and Evey Zmudsky LaMott (evelamott@prinetmetransition.com).

Jeff Beach returned to his roots in the construction business 10 years ago and is currently site work director for a high-end residential construction company in the eastern and southern Massachusetts region. He's a licensed construction supervisor ("You think the College Boards were tough!") and a licensed hydraulics operator. With wife Annette, he has dedicated the last 15 years to rescuing and adopting ex-racing greyhounds. They volunteer at a rescue center nearby and have both adopted and provided foster care for a number of dogs. In the last few years, he has lost another member of our class. Anne Gilbert died November 1 at home in Dorset, Vt. As a freshman, Anne lived in "Batt North," first floor, becoming first-year pals with Cecilia Cohen Dry, Denise DeGutis Jernigan, the late Kathy Grubh Buten, yours truly {Jennifer Hamlin Church} and her roommate, Susan Jones Rhedowalt, among others. A geology major, she worked as a marine geologist before settling in Vermont, where she had her own business, Title Search Services. Anne leaves three daughters and two grandchildren. • Carole Brown and husband Don Piragoff (a lawyer and assistant deputy minister of justice for Canada) took a wonderful trip to Italy. They spent several days in Rome, where Don had meetings, then several days in Syracuse, Sicily, where Don was a speaker at the International Criminal Court Judges Annual Conference. The second week was spent on a 36-foot Dufour sailboat on which they sailed around the Bay of Naples (Capri, Ischia, and Procida) and the Amalfi Coast. After six days of wonderful sailing, they were caught in a force 5 storm on the crossing from Amalfi to Capri! Memorable in particular because Carole was at the helm! • Class Correspondents: Jennifer Hamlin Church (jchurch@sienaheights.edu); and Evey Zmudsky LaMott (evelamott@prinetmetransition.com).

REUNION CLASS
Recently reelected, Robert Main continues as a multirush judge in the Fourth Judicial District of Franklin County, N.Y. First taking office in 1988, he previously was a principal in Holland and Main, P.C. He earned his JD from Albany Law School. • The sad news that Beverlie Conant Sloane passed away December 3 is a testament to her passion and enthusiasm for life. I remember Beverlie as a tireless and creative icon in the struggle for health advocacy. She literally pushed the issues into our faces at a time when people were not ready to look and there was limited support for women's particular health concerns. She cared about our quality of life, and she will be missed. If anyone would like to send a note to her husband, send it to David Sloane, 4844 1/2 McConnell Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90066. • Last November, classical guitarist Jhon Akers was featured in the first public performance of a series of artists-in-residence program at Landrum (S.C.) Library. His program, entitled "Carl Sandburg, Andrés Segovia and the 1920s," featured literature, narrative, and live performance. Jhon continues to work at Wofford College as professor in foreign languages and associate director of the Success Initiative. • Still writing, William Wood also works as undersecretary in the Office of Secretary of State in Sacramento, Calif. He oversees such divisions as archives, political reform, and information technology. In order to write, he writes every morning—sometimes as early as 3:00 A.M. His latest novel is The Bride. • Our class sends sympathy to Peter Hamlin whose mother died in January. • Make your plans now to join us for Reunion 35. The reunion committee looks forward to hearing from you. • Class Correspondents: Deborah Schneider Greenhal (writesDCG@comcast.net).

The board of trustees of the Spaulding Youth Center in Northfield, N.H., recently re-elected Peter White as its chairman. Spaulding is a nonprofit residential and community-based center that treats, educates, and cares for children with autism, neurological disorders, and other emotional disturbances. Peter, who lives in Norwich, Vt., is self-employed as a property owner and manager and also serves as treasurer of Autism Resources for the Community and Home of the Upper Valley. • William Morrow, an imprint of HarperCollins Publishers, recently announced that it had signed Andrew Gross to a six-book global contract. On top of a three-book deal, he will now deliver nine books published once a year through 2015. His latest book, The Dark Tide, came out in March. Congratulations, Andrew! • When the USDA handed out its Value Added Producer Grants last fall, Lincoln Peak Vineyard in New Haven, Vt., owned by Chris and Michaela Pontoppidan Granstron was awarded $116,530 to expand the winery. For about five years they have grown grapes and sold them wholesale, but now they produce their own wine, which they expect will be more profitable. • Class Correspondents: Greg Dennis (gordypennis@verizon.net); and Barry Schulz (King@together.net).

Last fall, Lisa Phillips was featured in an article in Art News. Still the director of the New Museum of Contemporary Art in NYC, she spoke about the museum's new building in the Bowery. Designed by the Tokyo-based architectural firm Sanaa, the museum now occupies its own 60,000 square-foot space with three main galleries, educational space, a multimedia laboratory, and a theater for performances. • In a recent interview, David Wolk, president of Castleton College in Castleton, Vt., spoke about his seven years at the helm. He calls Castleton a "small college with a big heart" and says his goals there have been to make a difference and make life better for students. To that end, he found out what students needed and wanted and helped implement $24 million in improvements in the last four years. Dave has four children and has been married to wife Diane for over 30 years, Daniel Heller has thought a lot about the best way to educate young people. The result is his book, Curriculum on the Edge of Survival: How Schools Fail to Prepare Students for Membership in a

Dennedy. Dan is the principal of the K-8 school in Halifax, Vt. • We are very sorry to report this message sent by Ed Woodson '76: "I am sad to relay to you that Keith Brown, my friend, teammate, and post-college roommate passed away February 9. Although Keith was a longtime survivor of brain surgery (to remove a tumor), his passing was sudden and unexpected." Our condolences are sent to wife Brenda and all his family and friends. • Class Correspondents: Cristine Caffi (caffi@caffifirm.com); and Rick Greene (jgreene@middlebury.edu).

Last September at the geography department luncheon, the dean, associate dean and the provost of the Univ. of Oregon announced that Kathy Cashman had been appointed the Philip H. Knight Professor of Natural Science, an endowed chair. • When not working at Kansas State University's College of Architecture, Planning and Design, Lorn Clement and wife Lynn Ewanow continue to do dressage with the horses they bred years ago. They also rescue Rhodesian ridgebacks and they enjoy farm life near the Kansas River. Lorn is an associate dean for the college and runs all the student programs, including the international ones (she goes to Italy every January for two weeks). Lorn's teaching still centers on design studios and theory seminars; but the history of landscape architecture is on the near horizon. His legal training is used on the Riley County Planning Board, where hours are spent balancing land development and conservation efforts at the northern end of the Flint Hills. Lynn and Lorn would love to hear from Hugh Harwood and family. • Investors Savings Bank recently announced that Kevin Cummings had been appointed president and chief executive officer as of January 2008. Since 2001 he had been serving as executive VP and chief operating officer. Prior to joining Investors Savings Bank, he had a 26-year career with the accounting firm KPMG. • Class Correspondents: Nancy Clark Hertcr (nhertcr@mschool.edu); and Gene O'Neill (otin3024@optonline.net).

Ellen Fairchild Martyn writes that 2007 was a big year in her family. Daughter Jessica graduated from Kenyon College in Ohio in May, finishing her dance major with a stunning performance. Peter, the oldest, got married on a gorgeous day in June, with Jay Heinrichs subbing at the last minute for the justice of the peace who got stuck in Chicago without a flight back to Vermont. Since Jay isn't a certified marriage officiant, Peter and Jackie got officially married by a justice of the peace in a five-minute ceremony the day before and Jay was given a "vest of authority" to do the actual wedding. ("By the power invested in me by the vest of authority....") Ellen says, "Since Jay was the best of brain surgeons to remove a tumor, it was great to have him there as our son's officiant!" She adds, "Tom and I have both been cycling for the last few years. Tom has become a bike racer as well as a long-distance rider, riding the length of Vermont (over 200 miles) in one day this summer." Ellen planned to take a break from 15 years of teaching kindergarten to ride her bike across the country from San Diego to Saint Augustine from March 7 to May 1 as a fund-raiser with a group of women over 50. Check out the
Web site: www.efmartyn.edublogs.org  Working as a professor of English at Misericordia Univ., Scott Blanchard recently had a research paper published in Renaissance Quarterly entitled, "Patrician Sages and the Humanist Cynic: Francesco Filicid and the Midd-World Cathars." His work has been published widely and has made numerous presentations in the fields of Italian humanism and European literature.* As your class correspondent, I have threatened before to start making things up if we didn't get an improvement in the information flow. I was "generally reminded by one of my Midd-era—Class Correspondent: Web site: wwvv.efmartyn.edublogs.org. ' your class correspondent, I have threatened before to start making things up if we didn't get an improvement in the information flow. I was "generally reminded by one of my Midd-era—Class Correspondent: Web site: wwvv.efmartyn.edublogs.org. '
Gluck Henderson hosted an admissions reception at their home in Scarsdale, N.Y., in April. Daughter Stephanie is in the Class of 2011.

- Starting in February, Jay Cook led classes for eight sessions for the youth jazz ensembles at the Vermont Jazz Center and Vermont Public Radio, with a benefit concert for Vermont Schola Cantorum in a final concert. Jay teaches at Hilltop Montessori and offers workshops as a juried Vermont Arts Council educator around the state.

- Michael Kountze is still running. Last August, at Colorado Springs’ Biannual State Games of America, he placed first in the 50-, 100-, and 200-meter field events. He’s already looking ahead to the World Masters Games in Sydney, Australia, in 2009. In February the Vermont A Cappella Summit was held at the College. The day of workshops culminated with an evening concert that included a performance by Phillip Hamilton.

- Just a quick note on the Class of 1982 Scholarship Fund, which we started 24 years ago. The fund continues to grow, yielding a robust income that supports deserving scholarship recipients. The book and market values of the fund at the end of the fiscal year were $121,434 and $44,124, respectively. This year income from the fund will support the education of an English major from New York, Del. What a fantastic gift we continue to give to the students of Middlebury!

- Class Correspondents: Wendy Behringer Nelson (gomonogo@bellsouth.net); and Caleb Rick (rick@northcrown.com).

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After leading his football team to the 2007 NESCAC Championship with a record of 7-1, Bob Ritter was named not only NESCAC Coach of the Year but also Region I American Football Coaches Association Coach of the Year. Through seven seasons, Bob now owns a career record of 32-24. Congratulations, Bob! * Jane Trawicki Hanlon writes, “I left Sylvan Learning Centers (as both a franchisee and then an employee) about five years ago and have returned to public education. Receiving my certification in special education from the University of Virginia, I’m teaching at our neighborhood elementary school and specializing in children with autism. It’s my passion now! I have two kids in college—Matt, a junior at UVA (studying in Lyon, France, this year), and Sara, a freshman at James Madison. Next year I’ll be attending William & Mary next year and Riley is a sophomore in high school. We’re taking advantage of the amazing public institutions in the state of Virginia.”

- Tom Calcagnotto had a busy winter with his kids’ ski racing season. He also coached hockey while wife Cristina coached skiing. He shared some news about one of our classmates: “Tim Cook (who started in our class, but finished up in the Class of 1983) re-enlisted in the Army and is back in Iraq. His e-mail address is armysdoc@aim.com.” To read more about Tim, see the Class of ’83 notes.

- Emma (Raleigh) Mayer has finally moved—around the corner, on the Upper West Side of Manhattan to a big-girl apartment—which actually has enough room for the husband Michael Keohane, the daughter Maud, the cat Flora, and maybe, if you ask very nicely, an overnight guest or two. When she isn’t masquerading as Martha Stewart in the new space, Emma continues to work as executive coach for two consulting firms, the Logos Consulting Group and Benchmark Communications, Inc., and she also helps MBA students at NYU’s Stern School of Business. She plans to stay in NYC with her husband Michael and two children, Paul and Tina, who attends Lehigh.

- Please send us your news!

**83**

- Class Correspondents: Elaine King Nickerson (eknick@ad.com); and Sue Dutcher Wagley (swagley@earthlink.net).

**REUNION CLASS**

- Karen Bars lives in Cambridge, Mass., with her husband, writer Dan Boyne, and their 13-year-old, but still fabulous, daughter Katie. For over 20 years she’s been at WGBH (Boston’s public TV station) and, as a part of children’s programming, she’s working on a series based on the children’s books about Martha (a dog who talks after eating alphabet soup), as well as developing a new project on preschool math.

- Meredith Anderson frequently gets together with German (Skip) Crisostomo (who goes by Jeremy now) and Greg McCarthy. “German is a psychiatrist, but still crazy after all these years! Greg is in sales and is also a karaoke king. I’m single and working in human resources, and I volunteer at the info desk of the Museum of Fine Arts here for fun. I also give walking tours of the city and recently finished my certification at the MSPCA animal shelter. My position at the MSPCA is Cat Couddler!”

- David Barenborg writes, “My wife Kimberly and three kids, Kehey (16), Carson (14), and Hank (11) will be coming back to Midd with me for the reunion. We’ve been in Seattle for the last six years after spending five years in London where I was with Deutsche Bank in the global markets division. I moved to Seattle to become a principal with the Quellos Group, a large fund of hedge funds, and when Quellos was bought out by Blackrock, I continued as a MD in charge of hedge fund research. Looking forward to going on a bit crazy at the reunion.”

- Miriam Alshuler and Tom Mansfield ’81 live in Red Hook, N.Y., in the beautiful Hudson Valley with children Caleb (15) and Erica (13). Miriam continues to run her own literary agency, Alshuler Literary Agency, which she founded in an office in Manhattan, and after 25 years of agentry, she still loves it. (She also loves hearing from Middlebury graduates who have written books, so be in touch.) Tom’s in the import business but on top of that recently ran for public office and was elected as county legislator in Dutchess County. They keep up with Middlebury friends on the slopes of Mad River Glen and wherever else possible. * Tom Van de Water still teaches earth science at Canton High School in northern New York and works with the US Forest Service in the Rocky Mountains of Idaho. Oldest son Lee is in college at St. John’s in Santa Fe and his youngest son is in seventh grade at Canton. “I hope to get to Midd for at least part of the weekend in June.”

- Mindy Baum lives in Anchorage, Alaska, with her husband Rob and their two daughters aged 10 and 12. She sells wholesale souvenirs and enjoys Alaska’s outdoor opportunities. * Named chair of the litigation department at his firm, Kerry Callahan says he’s still trying cases and trying to win more often than he loses. He continues to write about beer each month. The kids and wife Maura are fine and they’re all adjusting to the newest member of the family—Cisco, their Australian shepherd puppy.

- Janet Montgomery Welch won’t make it to reunion but writes that she’s living in Rangeley, Maine, teaching high school math. She owns and runs Pleasant Street Inn in Red and Bed with her husband Rob and they’d love to give Middlebury alumni a discount if you travel to the western Maine lakes and mountains to ski, snowmobile, hike, boat, fish, or just relax at the B & B!

- Ellen Herford Thompson writes: “I’m happily entrenched in Denver, Colo., with my husband and two boys, ages 9 and 11. In my professional world, I head up sales and marketing for Weaver Multimedia, a company that publishes tourism magazines. I’m excited to see my Midd friends at reunion and am planning on bunking with Jackie Tobey Gevertz and Pam Kapsimalis Parsells—just like old times!”

- Joe Dooley works as an anesthesiologist and surgical critical care physician at the Univ. of Rochester while wife Barbara is a pediatrician. They have three children, Bryan (17), Kevin (11), and Katie (8). Joe’s top news is that son Bryan has been accepted into the Class of 2012 at Midd!

- Following graduation, Jeff Scanlon worked in Washington, Conn., at The Gannery, a private secondary school, teaching, coaching (soccer, hockey, lacrosse), working in admissions, and living in a boys’ dorm. In 1986 he switched to the Loon’s Chaffee school, and after serving as director of the alumni office, he headed back to the classroom where he has been teaching English the past 18 years. He has also been dorm head, coach (hockey and lacrosse), admissions interviewer, and department chairman. During the summers he completed an MA at Bread Loaf where he saw Ed Brown on a regular basis. After completing his own MA at Bread Loaf, Ed and his wife returned in the summers to run the Bread Loaf Inn. In 1986, Jeff married wife Victoria who, he says, “miraculously is still buying what I’m selling (and I quote Frank Burke)” after all these years. They have two daughters: (17) and (14).*

- Francesca Di Mauro has been living in NYC with her husband of 19 years and her eight-year-old daughter. An actress (film, stage, TV), she is a founding member of The Actors Company Theatre (TACT), a thriving off-Broadway theater (www.tactnyc.org). She states, “Languages still play an important part in my life and not just professionally—also in my neighborhood (Washington Heights) where one hears Russian every day!”

* Frank Burke writes,
“For the past 13 years I have owned and operated the Chattanooga Lookouts baseball club, the Double A affiliate of the Cincinnati Reds. This job is truly the best refuge for anyone with a seemingly terminal aversion to submitting to the maturation process and I realize how lucky I am to have a baseball club that every hundred kids have worked for. Susan Merle and I have three beautiful children. Maddie is a freshman at Duke; Katy will graduate in May 2008 and anxiously awaits the Chattanooga Lookouts baseball club, the Susan (Meier) ’82 and seemingly terminal aversion to submitting to the baseball and it’s wonderful to be able to take him to another grand time at Middlebury. She’ll have her 14-year-old daughter in tow. * Paige Fronapfel Bart writes, “I practiced law in Manhattan for ten years. Then I got married, had two sons, and stayed home for several years. Now I’m back at work, running an art gallery in Astoria (Tria). I have two partners and one of them is Pat Metheny’s wife. My family loves living in the city, but we also love spending our weekends and summers in the Berkshires. I’m looking forward to seeing all my Middlebury friends in June!” * Dan Elish has published yet another children’s book, on sale now, called The Attack of the Frozen Woodchucks, which tells the epic tale of 10-year-old New Yorker Jimmy Weathers as he, along with two friends and his little sister, saves his father as well as the galaxy from—you guessed it—a horde of frozen woodchucks. * We had so much great news from everyone that the rest will appear in the sum issue. See you at reunion! —Class Correspondents: Ruth Kennedy (kennedy2@activa.com) and Siobhan Leahy Ulrich (ulrich@westernster-school.org).

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Last fall it was announced that Stefano Caroti would be taking on the responsibility of chief commercial officer for Puma and would be appointed a member of the board of management. Previously Stefano was with Nike, holding a number of senior executive positions in sales, marketing, and general management. * F.W. Nugent was recently appointed to the department of hematology and oncology at the Lahey Clinic in Burlington, Mass. Previously he practiced at New York Hematology and Oncology in Albany. With a medical degree from Albany Medical College, he is board certified in head and neck cancer, and thoracic and gastrointestinal malignancies. He lives in Lexington, Mass., with wife Allis and their two children.

—Class Correspondents: Kimberly Sleighed Bosow (kbsow@mos.com) and Andrew Zelner (andrewzelner@gfytz.com).

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Hello fellow classmates! This month we heard from people on both sides of the U.S. From Alaska, John Bramante reports he and wife Katie (a Dartmouth grad) moved up there for a few years after medical school residency to check it out, and 15 years later, they’re pretty much anchored Alaskans. They live on the Kasilof River on the Kenai Peninsula with their kids, 30 sled dogs (!), and a horse. They raced their dogs competitively for several years, including doing the Iditarod, but now prefer to run the dogs recreationally. There’s a beautiful and scenic trail system that lets them run any distance they can work the team up to and brings them to some pretty wonderful places. Like Ruth and Denah, John and Katie specialize in girls! Their daughters are 11, 9, and 4 and as John says, “Life with kids is similar here as elsewhere—so many activities that Moms and Dad are dead tired at 10 P.M. They’re really good kids, owing to their mother’s great demeanor and patience.” An internal medicine doctor on the Kenai, John is part of a practice that grew from three doctors in the mid-1990s to seven doctors today. The last two doctors to join the practice were Midd grads Jon McDonagh ‘95 and Tricia Elliott ‘95. According to John, “The practice is internal medicine nirvana in that we do all the subspeciality medicine, as well as surgery.” John also serves on the faculty at the Univ. of Washington medicine department. John and Katie have a home off the coast of Maine that they go back to every year so they make it east regularly. Last October, road-tripping around New England before going to the island, they stayed five days in Middletown. John was very impressed with the changes on campus. “Holy smokes, there’s been some building going on this past decade or so!” During their stay, John and his family spent some time with Amy Wright ’86 and hiked Snake Mountain. From Massachusetts we heard from David Seaton. * Kerry (Poitier) ‘88 and I celebrated our 18th wedding anniversary on January 6 along with our sixth daughter’s first birthday party complete with cake and ice cream. Finley (pronounced ‘fily’) arrived in 2007 but we somehow overlooked recording her arrival. Since then, we’ve gotten close with Erin, Conner, Casey, Owen, Devon, and Rory.” (That makes nine total; way to go, Morty!) “We enjoyed hearing from many classmates over the holidays, including Rob Bredahl, Paul Bucci, Rod Fox, David Hennessy, Stephanie Kandarian, Chip Kenyon, Pete Lamson, Lee Potter, Walker Mygatt, and Jeffrey Thomas. They all included pictures of their children that are prominently displayed in our living room. It’s a great pleasure to see the growing families and their accomplishments. If the Mortons can get it together by St. Patrick’s Day, we will try and document the clan as it looks in 2008. If anyone has heard from Doug Price, Ken Pucker, or Martin Wenthe, please give them our address at 36 Allen Road in Wellesley, MA 02481.” Thank you, Morty, for such a wonderful description of your family and friends. * Speaking of Walker Mygatt, he was on campus in January doing interviews for Constellation Energy Commodities Group of which he is managing director. * Denah heard from Maura Toole Weis, who lives in Pittsburgh, Pa., and was planning to go to Boston in April to run the Boston Marathon (you go girl). (Denah and Ruth) were happy to join John ’83 and Jen Gibson Lewis and their two girls in Boston to cheer Maura on while she ran. * We also heard from Jennifer Campbell Bluhm. A member of the Mischords during her years at Middlebury, Jeni and several other Midd alums helped the Mischords celebrate their 45th anniversary at Homecoming last fall. Joining Jeni were Brenda Birmann, Alice Vail Johannsen, and Karen Kraus Skalla, who drove up for an overnight to hang out with Jeni, Brenda, and Alice. Jeni reports, “It was a really great time singing with and hearing the Mischords and Dissipated Eight members and enjoying their company. The ’85s had a blast catching up with each other. Some of us hadn’t seen each other in 20 years!” See their photo in Middlebury Celebrations, page 71. * Well, that’s about it for now. Please keep the news coming, classmates. It’s always wonderful to hear from everyone. All the best. Denah and Ruth...
Van Praagh, Tom Funk and Elizabeth Maher, Geoff Houghton, Nick Siewert, and Dan Robb and Maia Porter. * Eileen Angelini was unable to attend reunion because work sent her to the AP French Reading in Louisville, Ky. "But luckily, Elaine Chanute Burg was there with me and we were very happy!" In July 2006, Eileen and her family relocated from the Philadelphia area to the Buffalo area for her new position as associate professor of French and chair of the Department of Modern Languages at Canisius College. "It's nice to be back in a liberal arts environment. We've received the New York State Association of Foreign Language Teachers (NYSALFT) gave me the 'Ruth E. Wasley Distinguished Teaching Award Post-Secondary.' What an incredibly warm welcome to the state of New York. Most importantly, my seven-year-old daughter is thriving in the public school system in Williamsburg." * Nick Wong and family live in Berkeley and Nick teaches high school humanities in San Francisco. They contemplated a return for reunion, but the prospect of a transcontinental trip was a little daunting. With four kids, says Nick, "getting through the day is a journey in itself." * The 2005 Connecticut—by the 55th anniversary of the founding of the Dissipated—groupie who rang the rafters of Mead Chapel. D8 groupie Tom Funk tagged along to the after party, where the tireless D8 sang under the stars and intermittent drip into the wee hours. * Nicolas Boillot was on campus in January to participate in a winter term course he helped develop called MiddCORE: Creativity, Organization, Risk, and Entrepreneurship. He is co-owner of the marketing firm Hart-Boillot. —Class Correspondents: Tom Funk (funk@timberlineinteractive.com), and Elizabeth Ryan O'Brien (obrien@bigsho.com).
Austin, where he purchased his first home after three years of travel back and forth. *India Hixon Radfar* lives in Santa Monica, Calif., with husband Bernard, son Aram (10) and daughter Lela (17 mos.). Aram goes to New Roads School, whose founder Paul Cummins works for the Gillette Company as a solutions architect and I still enjoy doing unusual and enlightened work in the community. India spent eight months teaching poetry in a boys’ prison through one of his programs. Paul’s next educational challenge is a school for pregnant teenagers, and India looks forward to being a part of that, too. Her book of poetry, *The Not-Enough Hand of things* (Ecco), was published this year. When Chris when he gets to the top is Nate Bryan ’94, *Andrew Peach* wrote to say his band, Power Tool, will be reuniting for one night only this summer, on July 25, at the Mercury Lounge on Houston in NYC. “Back in our early ’90s heyday, we used to attract more than a few Midd Kids at the Yaffa Café every Thursday night, and it’d be nice to catch up with some of the old crowd again. As for me, I’m working hard during the week in Manhattan and then heading up to my home in Vermont for the weekends.” *Brian Bank* and wife Jennifer proudly announce the arrival of Benjamin Harold Bank on October 19. *Last fall the Mansion on Turtle Creek in Dallas announced that Scott Barber had joined its food and beverage team as sommelier. Previously he had been wine director at Stephan Pyles and served as sommelier for the Milestone Culinary Arts Center and a fine wine consultant for Chateau Wine Market. A certified sommelier, he completed a training externship at the renowned French Laundry in Yountville, Calif. At the Mansion, he works directly with Michael Flynn 77, wine and beverage director.*

—Class Correspondents: Dawn Cagley Drew (dmd_phl@hotmail.com); and Elizabeth Toler (catoler@gmail.com), 242 Baltic St., Apt. 11, Brooklyn, NY 11201.

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In an attempt to become the first paragliding to make it to the top of Mount Kilimanjaro under his own power. Chris Waddell plans to travel to Africa in June with a guide from World Wide Trekking, a support group of friends and family, and a one-of-a-kind, four-wheel One-Off (an off-road handcycle). He’s hoping to be with Chris when he gets to the top is Nate Bryan ’94, *Andrew Peach* wrote to say his band, Power Tool, will be reuniting for one night only this summer, on July 25, at the Mercury Lounge on Houston in NYC. “Back in our early ’90s heyday, we used to attract more than a few Midd Kids at the Yaffa Café every Thursday night, and it’d be nice to catch up with some of the old crowd again. As for me, I’m working hard during the week in Manhattan and then heading up to my home in Vermont for the weekends.” *Brian Bank* and wife Jennifer proudly announce the arrival of Benjamin Harold Bank on October 19. *Last fall the Mansion on Turtle Creek in Dallas announced that Scott Barber had joined its food and beverage team as sommelier. Previously he had been wine director at Stephan Pyles and served as sommelier for the Milestone Culinary Arts Center and a fine wine consultant for Chateau Wine Market. A certified sommelier, he completed a training externship at the renowned French Laundry in Yountville, Calif. At the Mansion, he works directly with Michael Flynn 77, wine and beverage director.*

—Class Correspondents: Bill Driscoll (william.driscoll@crih.com); and Kate J. Kelley (k_kelly@cosmix.net).

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First of all, a big thank-you to Sara Weale and Fred Lawrence for taking on the role of class correspondents during the past several years. Their assistance both helped to keep all of us in touch. We, Tammy Caruso Dalton and Sara Garcia McCormick, have volunteered to fill that role for the next several years. We look forward to being in touch with all of you and to sharing the news in *Middleby* Magazine. We know that so many people look forward to flipping to the class notes section — so please stay in touch! *Tammy is currently living in St. Croix while Sara is living in the New York area where she relocated from Philadelphia with husband Alex about a year ago. It’s been great to be near New York, and I’ve had the chance to catch up with several friends. I see Tabitha Jenkins pretty frequently, and hope to see Leslie Cone Pagnotta soon. I’ve also been lucky enough to visit Cynthia Lewis Kavanagh in Boston and Susan Scheer Ward when she visited NYC.* *Patrick and Lyle Humphrey Perkins on December 26. They live in Rowayton, Conn. Raina and Nick Elnner welcomed Benjamin Harrison Efster on November 26. They live in Brookline, Mass.*

—Class Correspondents: Tammy Caruso Dalton (dalton.tammy@gmail.com); and Sara Garcia McCormick (sjm7@gate.net).

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**LANGUAGE SCHOOLS**

**Arabic**

Prof. Gregory Gause ('84), associate professor of political science at UVM and a leading expert on Saudi Arabia, was interviewed recently about President Bush’s visit to Saudi Arabia in January, discussing why the Saudis were very anxious to hear Bush’s views on Iran.

**Chinese**

The lead teacher for the Level IV language instruction at the Chinese School, Fengtiao Wu, was identified by the College Board as having one of the nation’s top 10 “best practice” courses in Chinese. A senior lecturer at Washington Univ. in St. Louis, his third-level Modern Chinese II class earned him the honor.

**English**

Post Charles Butterfield (MA '73) has an exhibit entitled “Another Light”—a poetry and photography collaboration with Larry Richardson—at the Hooker-Dunham Theater and Gallery last fall. *Longtime teacher Sheila Petry (MA '75) moved from Burlington, Vt., to Anacortes, Wash., where the weather is more agreeable for her. Living just a block from Anacortes High School, she still enjoys substituting. She cherishes the many letters she has received over the years from former students.*

*Cincinnati Country Day School announced that Stephanie Smith Luebbers (MA '90) had been named the new head of the Upper School this year. Previously she was associate head of school at Albany (N.Y.) Academy for Girls. She and husband Mark Luebbers (MA '91), who teaches at CCDS Middle School, live in Madeira with sons Jonas (13) and Max (9).* *Jeanne Leiby (MA '92) has a new book out called Downriver, a reference to the tiny, long-class section along the Detroit River between Detroit and Monroe County. A collection of 15 stories that tend towards women’s issues, it received the Doris Bakwin Award for Writing by a Woman.*

*Barbara Kerner (MA '96) has completed her doctorate at the Univ. of Wisconsin-Madison. Her dissertation, titled “Edith Wharton in the Art and Act of Creating a Habitation for Herself,” is a material culture analysis of both Wharton’s first book, The Decoration of Houses, and of the home she built in Lenox, Mass., called The Mount, and it shows their influence on her fiction. Barbara plans a celebratory trip to Bread Loaf and Lenox this summer. Special greetings to Jim Maddox, Susanne Wofford, and Sandy and Joe Varone who encouraged her love of all things Wharton.*

**French**

Alice Colby-Hall (M.A. ’94), professor emerita of romance studies at Cornell Univ., published an essay in the *Ithaca Journal* that spoke of the value books had in her household growing up. It was entitled “Power of Words: We had 1,000 chickens and 1,000 books.” With a Ph.D. in French literature and 43 years of teaching medieval French lit to her credit, she is still reading profusely in retirement. *The Cape Girardeau County (Mo.) Archive Center released a new publication, *Transaction of the French Documents of the Old Cape Girardeau District During the Spanish Regime and the U.S. Territorial Period 1796-1807.* Larry Jackson (MA ’57) spent a year and a half translating the documents along with wife Jane Randol Jackson (MA ’79). *Although retired from college teaching, Nancy Wilkins Klein (MA ’99) continues to enjoy research and reading about 17th-century women writers. She’s also fascinated with finding out more about the French presence in northern Florida since 1854.* *A justice on the Michigan Supreme Court, Marilyn Kelly (MA ’62) spends her off hours training and showing her West Highland white terrier, Duff. Last year Duff won his conformation championship, capturing a “Best of Winners” award.*

*In 1983, Richard Ray (MA ’66) retired from teaching French and teaching English as a Second Language in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. He then began working at the Library of Congress as a copyright cataloguer and used his language skills in rewriting manuals and rule regulations in order to catalogue all works accurately.* *Paulette Maggiolo (DML ’76) found a French publisher in Paris for her novel, *Le Prof Coopable,* which she self-published 10 years ago in English as *The Guilty Teacher.* The publisher, Les Éditions Panthéon, will also publish *The Terrorist Attacks and No Such Word.*

*Patricia Pingatore Olderr (MA ’80) retired in June 2007 after 20 years teaching French at Hinsdale South High School in Darien, Ill. Her career began in 1973 when she taught for five years at Visitation High School in Chicago. While raising son William, she taught French at local colleges and for an immersion program on a part-time basis. Patricia received the *Prix du chapitre* from the local chapter of the AATF and was also awarded the Staff Member of the Year prize from Hinsdale South in 2007. Now Pat is working on projects as a member of the executive council of AATF-Chicago/Northern Illinois chapter, helping with the Oak Park French Club, doing lots of church work, reading, and preparing for a trip to Italy.*

*Christopher Bolander (MA ’96) recently completed his Ph.D. in French at the Univ. of Wisconsin-Madison.*

**German**

Ilse Graf Raymond (MA ’83) writes that her teaching days are behind her and she has become a writing artist. *Jake and Donna Burton Carpenter (both ’86) were recently inducted into the U.S. National Ski and Snowboard Hall of Fame. They’re the founders and owners of Burton Snowboards, the world’s leading snowboard maker. Their vision, determination, and business savvy brought snowboarding to its current popularity.*

**Spanish**

After teaching for more than 30 years at UCLA, Paul C. Smith (MA ’57) retired in 2000 to his native Philadelphia where he is a volunteer teacher of Spanish to senior citizens at TARPS, a program subsidized by Temple Univ. In 2007 he endowed a lectureship that will enable the Spanish School to invite a distinguished speaker to Middlebury each summer. The lectureship honors and is named for Prof. Samuel Guaraccia, dean of the summer school from 1947 to 1969. *Jim Fraser (MA ’57) proudly writes that both daughter Elizabeth and son Michael are excellent artists. Elizabeth’s pet portraits have even been featured in the USA Today online gift guide. Their art can be viewed at www.champart.com.*

*Edward GIngold (MA ’67) had a fabulous time when he returned to Middlebury for the first time in 40 years to participate in a Language Schools alumni panel. *Last November, the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching named Norma Bailey (MA ’70) the 2007 Michigan Professor of the Year. A professor of teacher education and professional development at Central Michigan Univ., she also received a CMU Excellence in Teaching Award in spring 2007.* *After several years as a Spanish teacher, Carter Wisely Leinster (MA ’71) returned to school to earn an MBA and in 1990 began her own investment agency, Triad Financial Advisors. Her company now manages investment accounts for about 350 clients and she has been named one of America’s Top 100 Independent Advisors, sponsored by Registered Rep magazine.*

*Jay Keller (MA ’95) is living in Silver Spring, Md., with wife Meghan and daughter Lucy.*

*E. Gordon Winn (MA ’98) has published a Spanish conversation book called Conversaciones Contemporáneas en Castellano. It contains a collection of 50 dialogues with a three-part grammar analysis section after each conversation.*

*María Teresa McNelley-Anta (MA ’06) and husband Brad are proud to announce the birth of son Sebastián, born on January 28. They are trying to “convince the baby that nighttime is for sleeping.” Sebastián loves being held by brother Kennedy (6) while Isabela (2) is enjoying her new role as a big sister.*

**93 REUNION CLASS**

Bancroft Investment Group recently announced that Benjamin Halpern had joined the firm as a financial advisor based in Westborough, Mass. With more than 15 years of experience in financial planning, banking, and investments, he previously worked for Fidelity Investments, State Street Bank, and Brown Brothers Harriman in Boston. *Last November professional rock climber Mark Synamott was on campus to give a presentation to the Mountain Club.*

*Holly Cookis Michaelson writes, "I treasure Jeff Michaelson in September 2005, just three months before my father passed away. We had a very intimate and highly personalized ceremony and planned the event so that my dad would be able to participate despite his illness. We kept thinking we would have a second wedding to invite all of our friends and family, but now that we bought a house last fall, we’re too busy renovating it! So, maybe we’ll finally decide to go on a honeymoon instead!!"* From Aimee Young Hopkins we heard, "I live in Glendale, Calif., with husband Craig and..."
Amanda Gordon Fletcher 

reports that on January 25 at the reception for the first-ever Iowa get-together, Mike Ricciardelli moved to New Canaan, Conn., from the suburbs of Chicago in May 2007. Wife Jennifer and kids Jeffery (6), Thomas (4), and Macy (2) are all enjoying being back in New England. Mike sends his best to the Class of 1995. Matt Williams left book publishing in January to focus full-time on his studies as a master’s candidate in humanities and social thought at NYU. Matt writes, “I was married on April 14, 2007, to Maribel Ledezma (Stanford ’98) in Weslaco, Texas. We live in Manhattan where Maribel works for Goldman Sachs and I am planning my next academic move!” Still in Brooklyn, Dave Mitchell has a full house with kids Ava (3), Sophia (2), and Rohan (1). David Barlow was on campus last October to act in Horizon, a play by Obie Award winner, Rinde Eckert. David Hamilton sent news last fall that he was still in Virginia, managing a 2,000-acre project for Qroe, a company that does an unusual kind of farmland preservation, wherein private residential development pays for perpetual stewardship of active farmland and forests. You can check it out at www.qroefarm.com. Do you have news to share? Send it to us; we want to hear what you have been up to! Emily and JP —Class Correspondents: Emily Aikenhead Hannon (emily-hannon@hs.fia.edu), and JP Watson (jpwatson@athensacademy.org).
'88 and Amanda Fletcher. See Middlebury Celebrations, page 71, for a photo of the event. * Colleen Oates Cranney and husband John have relocated from Wilmington, Vt., to Queensland, Australia! John was offered a partnership in his father-in-law's Pines, a pineapple plantation and distribution hub in Yeperen North Qld. Colleen plans to lounge on the beach for a bit and then seek a teaching position in chemistry. * On March 10, 2007, Alex Dessouky married Hilary Fenner on Playa Buena Vista near Troncones, Mexico. In attendance were Megan Shattuck (who recently launched her own business called Iron Dine, which will be www.iron-dine.com) and Ericka Crane-Stern ‘98 Houghtlin, Bain Smith, Fritz Muench, Jon Barlow ’97, and Rammy ’94 and Courtney Slautterback Harwood. Alex and Hilary live in San Francisco where Alex is the marketing manager for 85 Wine Partners, producers of Red Truck, Picket Fence, Bivio Italia, and Steelhead wines. Hilary is the associate general council at Levi Strauss & Co. * After their 2006 wedding in Jamaica, Regis and Stephanie Allen Lolo had an even better 2007 when they welcomed Allen Lolo on March 12. Florida is still their home where Regis works with Air France and Stephanie enjoys staying home and watching Enzo thrive. They are contemplating moving back to Regis’s native France or the French West Indies. Stephanie was able to catch up with Fassil Gebre-Michael and she regularly hears from Yinca Williams ’95, Najoh and Warren Reid ’94, and James ’93 and Carol Tonge Mack ’95. She also keeps in touch with Owen and Oasm Iyahaha, as well as Janice Cooke Schmidt and her new bundle of joy, Charlotte. * Jen Jay Bass reports that Liam Alexander Milo Bass was born May 16, 2007, at home in Mesa, Ariz. He joins sisters Clara (born in April 2002) and Evelyn (born in December 2003). Jen’s husband Dan took a job in Phoenix in November 2006, so they moved to Arizona from Iowa City, Iowa. She’s staying home with the kids now, after having completed her MPH at the Univ. of Iowa. * Tons of Middlebury grads were in the audience for the Dispatch reunion last July. For those who missed it, check out the Dispatch: Zimbabw—Live at Madison Square Garden DVD. We could not be prouder of Dispatch and the charity work they continue to do through their maccalau.|* Laruso Wessner ’90 and Lisa Wessner ’91 welcomed Lila Kathryn Wessner on July 31, 2007. The Wessners live in Providence, R.I., where Lee is an anesthesiologist and Lisa is the director of financial analysis for Hasbro, Inc. * Jethro and Molly Bshor Ferguson are living in London with daughter Kaelin (3) and new addition Garnet (2). The Ferguson’s were married on September 27. Kaelin is excited to be a big sister! * Charlie Whinery and Tia Gryznokwski were married November 3 in Pittsburgh, Pa., with many Midd friends in attendance. The Whinerys live in Boston. * Doug Levine is back in town after graduating from the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard. He was recently elected student government president (can’t get politics out of his system!) and he will graduate in six months. He hopes to work on Capitol Hill after receiving his degree. He heard from Kali Ariz-Huck who lives down in Virginia with her husband Robert and daughter Kait and Daniel and is quickly working her way up the ladder at the World Bank. He has also been in touch with Chris Zeggarelli who is out in California, and getting ready to leave the corporate world for a tour of the U.S. on his newly acquired Harley. * On July 13, 2007, Beth LaRusso and her husband Cole Conlin (MA Spanish ’04) welcomed Henry John Conlin to the world. Beth is completing her residency in psychiatry in Boston. Once done, they are looking to move to another city to settle down for the long haul. * More happy news: Jess Angell Moore and husband Sean welcomed their first child on December 27, James (Jamie) Angell Moore. Jess is an English teacher and varsity field hockey coach at the Pingree School in Mass., MA, and has just started her master’s in English at UNH. The Moores live in Newburyport, Mass. * Mike and Debbie Bailey Kreuzer welcomed Matthew Bailey Kreuzer on January 14. Jack (3) is fired up to have a little brother—although he still calls him either “Abby” or “Baby Donut.” The Kreuzers recently moved from San Francisco to Burlingame, Calif. * Neil Matthews writes to let everyone know that he has a baby girl who is now one year old. He recently acquired an online business (www.justcufflinks.com). They have the largest collection of cuff links in the world, and it’s growing on every day. They do have a few pairs of Midd cuff links, and he’s working on some more. Check it out! * Last October Perelandra Tony Flood announced the opening of a private psychology practice serving young adults, adolescents, and children with their parents in Great Neck, N.Y. * Please continue to send us your news—we love hearing from you! Amanda & Megan —Class Correspondents: Amanda Gordon Fletcher (angelfletcher@yahoo.com), and Megan Shattuck (meganshattuck@gmail.com).

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Fall and winter were busy times for the Class of 1997! Jeff Rea arrived back in Texas last December after serving 15 months in Iraq. Thank you, Jeff, for your service! * Brian and Michelle Spina ’98 Schmidt moved to Boston in early January. Although they loved living in San Francisco, Brian was ready to head back east and finally get his online business Google in Boston. * Adam and Laurie Higginbotham Duarte are still enjoying life in NYC with son Will, now 6 months old. * Turks & Caicos was home to a Middlebury New Year celebration as Scott and Christine McCann Hamner with son Ian B and Maggie Bittering Lijelgren with son Freddy, and Franklin ’98 and Amy DiAdamo Foster with little guy Henry, headed south to ring in 2008. * Muriel Altschek Mercier writes, “I’ve been living in Paris since 1999 and am the Paris editor for the American issue of GQ Magazine. I was married in 2001 to a Swiss screenwriter and we now have a little boy, Milo, who is nearly two years old. I have not returned to Midd since graduation but often daydream about the years I spent there. The last I knew about Greg de Saint Aignan was that he was a contractor living in Venice Beach, Calif., and was looking forward to moving to Vermont and building a commercial kitchen and retail store on his farm.” * Seth Green we heard, “I finally left the contiguous United States last fall to attend the big Super Bowl game. My arrival back in Brooklyn and I’m working as an attorney for a nonprofit representing immigrant youth.” * Jen Handal Catto reports, “After seven years as a travel expert for Travelocity—with a weekly show on Martha Stewart Sirius Radio, a column in the Wall Street Journal, and frequent appearances on CNN, the Today Show, and MSNBC—I made the leap to join Gourmet magazine as the creative director of travel. Husband Ned ’96 and I live in NYC, but I travel constantly and am never home!”
internationally. Out here in California I've reunited with an excellent mix of Midd characters, including John Gartner '93 and wife Julia, Amy Nichols '97, Mash Alexander '93 (briefly, in the shadows of a campfire in Yosemite Valley), Jeff Lane '93 (very surprisingly and suddenly appeared at the wedding in the Sierra high country), and a haphazard mix of hooligans in the Bay Area and beyond. I hope to make it to our tenth—you never know.* Adi Raval was on campus in February to discuss his days as ABC bureau chief in Baghdad. Among other topics, he talked of witnessing the moment the U.S. handed back sovereignty to the people and the shame he felt about the Abu Ghraib prison abuse scandal. Currently he is a producer for the BBC at the White House. * Last fall Bernstein Shur announced that attorney Katherine Akins Joyce had joined the law firm. She's a member of the energy practice group and the environmental and natural resources practice group. A graduate of Maine Law, she also holds a master's in environmental law from the Vermont School of Law. * The Stage Directors and Choreographers Foundation recently announced that Michele Biancosino had been chosen as the 2007-2008 recipient of the Distinguished Choreographer Fellowship. She was selected by Laird Williamson to serve as his assistant director on his production of Camelot for the Oregon Shakespeare Festival. * Brent Sonnek-Schmelz was on campus in January to participate in a winter term course he helped develop called MiddCORE: Creativity, Organization, Risk, and Entrepreneurship. He is the president of The Focus Room, Inc., a market research firm based in NYC. Also enlisted as guest lecturers were Molly Campbell Voorhees, a senior manager in her family business, Beck's Prime, a chain of eight steak houses in Houston, and Kristin Arends Hayward, manager of digital direct marketing for Arc Worldwide in Chicago. * See you all on campus for reunion in June! —Class Correspondents: Katie Whiteleyt Comstock (katie.comstock@stanbach.com), and Nate Johnson (nate Johnson@mac.com).

99 Chris and Bronwyn Wenger Brestle now live in Sherwood, Ore., with daughters Emily (j) and Adeline, who was born July 20, 2007. Bronwyn is taking a break from teaching to stay home with the girls and Chris is a senior finance manager for Nike. * Deana Becker was seen on an East Coast swing last September with husband Paul and son Rowan. She's touting her baby as the "most pleasant child ever to grace Vermont." * Suzanne Minott Andrews and husband Larry celebrated their first wedding anniversary at Middlebury's last Homecoming Weekend. It was a homecoming for many reasons for Suzanne who recently returned to the U.S. and, most importantly, Middlebury after almost eight years working, studying, and living overseas. Suzanne was SO glad to be back at the College and doubly thrilled to share her Middlebury experiences, mentors, and friends with her husband. Now that she's back, she will not be so out of touch with Middlebury again. * Both Heidi Howard and Nick Bobrov participated in Bill Beaney's winter term course Coaching and Issues in Sports. Heidi had just returned from touring a career in athletics and Nick spoke about leadership in sports with Dee Rowe '52. * After a wedding in Lake Tahoe last May and a honeymoon in the Greek Islands, Silas Marshall and wife Trisha settled down in West Hartford, Conn., where he's in an orthopedic surgery residency at the Univ. of Connecticut Medical Center and she is a product director for Johnson and Johnson. * Peter Steinberg enjoyed the best skiing the East has to offer last December and January. Kristine Kraushaar and Aaron Tyler managed to make it to Killington to enjoy the mid-December storms with him. —Class Correspondents: Melissa Pruessing (mpruessing@yahoo.com); and Peter Steinberg (captain99@gmail.com).

00 Bob '01 and Jessica Silverman Bryan welcomed daughter Heidi on October 11. Big brother Benjamin and Heidi got a visit from Lori McFahn as work brought her to Cleveland and into the Bryan's backyard. All is well and Mom and Dad are hoping for Midd Kid graduations in the years 2027 and 2029. Jess writes, "Bob is still thriving in his role at Nestle in brand management. I have continued to work closely on a nonprofit that I assisted in getting off the ground and I love the flexibility of working flex time with helping others. Check us out at www.projectnightlight.org." * Erin Harden Drogan and husband Eric had a baby boy on August 14. In September the new parents hosted a visit from Kevin and Brooke Henry Manfredi, Drew and Izyzy Saunders Kervick, Paul Dome, Charlene Weigel, and Anne McDonough. During the visit Erin scared them all with labor stories. * Jeff Kendig is having fun in Los Angeles, where he recently welcomed Justin Martin and wife Betina who just moved to LA. Jeff and Orin Moore '01 often hang out and try to keep each other out of too much trouble. * Michaela Betty began a new job at a San Diego-based company, ID Analytics, on December 10. * Adam and Lisa Labonte Crane welcomed their first child on August 4. Catherine Michele is thriving and will likely be tall like her parents! Lisa has recently returned to work part-time as associate director of foundation relations at a child welfare agency in Boston. Lisa is looking forward to the balance of work and motherhood. Last fall Cindy Withington Newman came from West Virginia to visit the new parents and had a fun time reminiscing. The visit left mom Lisa wondering how she ever became old enough to be a parent. * Brewster Boyd and wife Ali welcomed daughter Reagan into the world September 19. Last year they moved from Seattle to Ann Arbor, Mich., where Brewster is working on an MBA/MS in sustainable enterprise at the Univ. of Michigan's Erb Institute. The happy family will likely head to Colorado or the Pacific Northwest after graduation in 2009. * Lucy and Robert Van Horne are still living in San Francisco and loving it. They see Andy Thompson, Matt Mandelker '01, Liza Shau '99, Laura Bloom '02, and Kari Nygaard '03 quite frequently. Robert works as a graphic designer doing food packaging and wine label design and Lucy continues to teach high school students how to speak French and Spanish. * After graduating from Harvard Business School in June 2007, Anthony D'Avella moved to NYC to begin a new job in business development at Bob & D'MG Music. At Harvard, Anthony helped plan student service trips to New Orleans in January 2006 and 2007 when over 50 students and faculty participated in government, economic, and educational strategic planning and recovery efforts. "I was also glad to have the opportunity to go on a 10-state road trip out West with three classmates right before graduation. Some much-needed breaks from the road were spent hanging out with Sam Elmore in Williamsburg, Dave Beale in Whitefish, Mont., Pete Makravan in Eugene, Ore., Robert and Lucy Van Horne, Lyle Yetman, Andy Thompson, and Alison Ingvoldstad in San Francisco, and Rob and Trianna Gonzalez Johnson in LA. The band, Carlon (www.carlonmusic.com), which I've been managing for the past three years, also took a road trip. Their first feature length album was released on Ropeadope Records April 17." * Steve and Irene Flowers Eide welcomed Lawrence Donald Eide to their family on October 18. Lawrence is doing well and mother Irene is busy with the launch phase of a neonatal socialization/education group called Hanayak Playtime. * Christopher Hughes married Victoria Ann Somers on July 21, 2007, at St. Stephen's Church in Ridgefield, Conn. * Emily Manning left her job at the UN's Washington, D.C., office in early 2007 and moved to San Diego for a position with a software development company called Hamyak Playtime. "I once you stand up for ten seconds, you feel like you can do anything." * Anna Tiven Sachs writes, "Rob and I are happy to announce the arrival of our baby girl Rachel Mac Sachs. After a labor that began during the Super Bowl, our little lady was born the next morning, February 4." * Last fall Crowell Advertising, Marketing, and PR of Salt Lake City announced that Nina Johnson had joined its team as a senior public relations account supervisor. Most recently she worked for Fleshman Hilliard in San Francisco but has also worked for brands such as The North Face and Visa U.S.A. * Class Correspondents: David Babington (davidbabington@yahoo.com), and Lindsay Simpson (simpsonlindsay@yahoo.com).

01 Last fall Kasie Wallace Emann qualified for the U.S. Women's Olympic trials for the U.S. Women's Marathon Team. The trials are this April in Boston. Good luck, Kasie! * During a six-week tour last fall with his band, My So-Called Friend, Erik Carleton was able to see many Midd Kids. I caught up with Neil Bergquist who was traveling through Chicago, Ben Sprague who is working on a Masters of Science in LA and works for programs like The Bachelor and the Oscars, Brian Radley '03 who is working long hours in education in Austin, Texas, Zach Jensen '03 and Megan West '02 who are happily married now outside of Orange, Calif., and a slew of other happy and productive Midd grads across the States. During the tour, we also found out that we were nominated for Best New Artist by the 2007 Boston Music Awards." But, after spending two years recording and touring with MSCF, Erik pulled the trigger on business school and I'm starting at Bentley full-time in January. "It's been a great thrill to be a musician, but I'm equally as excited to start the next chapter and be in Boston, too.
My program on the finance track, strangely enough, will also be MSCF. * On October 29 Mark and Amanda Birns Roth welcomed Emma Roth to their family. "She was three weeks and five days early but was very eager to make her way into the world—we barely made it to the hospital in time!" And Greta Smiths Herbert welcomed Jack Stanley Herbert into the world on November 20. * Adil Husain and wife Rooshi continue to enjoy life with daughter Sonia. "My company, Emerging Asia, just finished its first full calendar year of operations, and it is surpassing all of my expectations! I met Xingyiu Chen and her husband, a couple of times in Shanghai last fall. Over Christmas break I traveled to Egypt and finally saw the inside of a pyramid." * Elissa Burell writes, "The constant moving continues for me in the TV news biz. I'm back in Vermont, working as weekend anchor/weekday reporter at the FOX start-up in Colchester. (FOX44 if anyone in Vermont, northern New York, or western New Hampshire wants to tune in)! It's great to be back in the Green Mountains and to run into so many Midd Kids! There's a pretty good stockpile of us here so it's like a built-in friend base, which helps when you move around as much as I do. I've seen Ben Coello, Ted Adler '99, Jason Wynn '99, Jack Thurston '02, and Laura Marlow, just to name a few." * Over their December break from law school at Northwestern, Matt and Leslie Fox Arnould spent two weeks visiting with family and friends in Boston and New York. They enjoyed catching up over sushi in Boston with Zach Bourque, Neil '03 and Audrey Pellerin Ondorff '03, James Tsai, Corey and Kate Griffiths Wilk, and Kristen Sylva Capodilupo, and rang in the New Year with David Cohen in New York. They are now in their fourth semester at Northwestern and look forward to returning to the East Coast again in May to spend the summer working at the Boston law firm Ropes & Gray. * After spending eight months living in Berkeley, Calif., Jon Chesbro moved to Denver in September. He is a 4th year Ph.D. student at the Univ. of Denver's graduate international studies program where he is studying global trade and finance and conflict resolution. This past winter the mountains spoke to him daily and he in turn answered their call by snowboarding whenever he could. He was back on the East Coast in December where he saw Genta Itoh, Daunin Peterson, Chase Budell, and Allie Bach '03 in NYC. He had the pleasure of seeing Cristina Warren in her hometown of Boston and dined with Lily McNeil '02 in Toronto. * Last August 11, Jennifer Bahnsen and Christopher Nasveschek were married at the Lilac Inn in Branson, Vt. After a honeymoon on St. Maarten in the Caribbean, they settled in Colorado, where Jennifer is a deputy district attorney in Fort Collins and Christopher is pursuing a postdoctorate degree at the Univ. of Colorado in Boulder. They live in Loveland. * A sidebar in the March 2008 Vanity Fair passed along the information that you can now get Conibier's signature brand of crystal-clear orange liqueur in the U.S. Thanks go to Scott Goldman and his brothers who are importing it from France. * —Class Correspondents: Leslie Fox Arnould (lesliefox@alumni.middletown.edu); and Michael Harth (harth@alumni.middletown.edu).
director of gender affairs to devise ways to better support foreign sex workers who have been trafficked to Antigua. She also wrote for one of Antigua’s national newspapers, Antigua San, on gender and sexual and reproductive health issues. Despite a job offer in Antigua, she returned to the Bronx where she’s in her second year of teaching her students some of the basic investment personnel at LibertyView Plus Fund.

Scott Nielsen is a junior trader engaging in popularity arbitrage. He joined LibertyView and Neuberger Berman in November 2006. Before that he was employed at AIG Global Investment Group. SARAH LEE SIMMONS matriculated high school sweetheart Tony Welch on a gorgeous fall day last October in Des Moines, Iowa. In August she had a bachelorette party in Chicago with Sara Rogers, Lia Lopez, Katy Ramsey, and Katie Harrison. Sarah has been working as a reporter for the Des Moines Business Record for the past two years. Last June she and Tony bought a small brick house and they live there with their ornery cat and adorable, yet very mischievous, beagle puppy. Sarah is training for the Hy-Vee Triathlon this summer. * A high school standout in diving, gymnastics, and track and field. Tessa Truesx was inducted into the Underclassmen (CUC) High School Alumni Athletic Hall of Fame last November. Congratulations, Tessa! * Heather Harris and Costante Mancini were married September 3 in Rome. Living in London, Heather is marketing manager for Language Studies International and Costante is a freelance sales consultant and organizational psychologist.

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

06 Congratulations to Stella Nordhagen who was chosen to receive a Gates Cambridge Scholarship. In October she’ll begin graduate studies at the Univ. of Cambridge, England, pursuing a master’s in economics. Currently she’s studying at the Univ. of Washington in Seattle. * Joy Blaser is also in Seattle, doing research for an anthropologist at a wildlife management firm. She’s actually living in the Seattle Midd house with Isaac Patts ’05, Lindsey Johnson ’07, Goudi Vandal, and Luke Carson ’05. "It’s a house with a disco ball and red plush carpet, pretty incredible, and it looks out over a Heron Rookery (apparently the heron mating ground of Seattle in February)—there probably should have been a party held in honor of this). We are having a great time and have entertained quite a few friends. In addition to living in the city post-Katrina and attending as many candidate events as possible dressed as snowmen, angry from eating butternut squashes—and enjoying the simple pleasures of hard work, fresh air, and good food. She works as a research associate in the Combelles Lab in the biology dept, at Middlebury, eating locally by season in the Brunswick, Maine, newspaper, the Times Record.

07 Before each magazine issue we contact classmates to gather information for the Notes. It’s always entertaining to see the numerous responses that include the preamble, “I’m not really doing anything,” “I’m too busy to answer a few sentences,” usually involves something about saving children’s lives or pursuing a prestigious job in corporate America! Moreover, not only were we flooded by responses this month, which we appreciate, but we were struck by a consistent theme—drumroll, please—climate change and global warming. People are making waves and striving to make a difference. * Kelly Blynn, Emily Wheeler, Jamie Henn, Caitlin Littlefield, Lindsey Franklin, and Emilie McDonald were last seen together helping to organize a contingent to rally for the presidential candidates in New Hampshire. All five graduates attended many events, including the aforementioned crew, worked to make global warming a big issue in the New Hampshire primary, organizing a five-day march through the state in August, helping to arrange Step It Up’s second national day of action in November, and attending as many candidate events as possible dressed as snowmen, angry Santas, polar bears, and the like. Blynn, Henn, and other graduates also attended the UN Climate Conference. These individuals continue to exhibit the ideals set forth by our class gift, The Green Fund (just a little plug there), and are striving to make a difference in a global social movement around climate change. * Pursuing similar interests and passions around climate concerns, Lee Corbett did not quite find herself ready to leave the confines of the Middlebury bubble. Instead she stayed on as a staff member of the geology department last semester, working on Prof. Jeff Munroe’s project preparing data for a glacial geologic map of the Uinta Mountains in Utah. She recently began her master’s program in global climate change, and will be traveling to Greenland to research the Greenland ice sheet. * Ashley Clark similarly finds herself combating global warming as she works at the Heinz Foundation in D.C., doing research on global climate change. Also in D.C., Nancy Fullman works at the National Institutes of Health doing research on pediatric bipolar disorder. She sees tons of alums who continue to adhere to and preserve some Middlebury traditions. More specifically, the resident team plays broomball against Williams alums after NHL games at the Verizon Center. The roster includes Doug Hale ’06, who works for Teach for America as a national recruitment associate; Jake Harper, who works as a paralegal in Georgetown; and Connie Souder, who works as a kindergarten teacher in northeastern D.C. * Maria Dickinson serves as a member of the Jesuit Volunteer Corps in New Orleans. In addition to living in the city post-Katrina and helping out where she can, her official job is as a teaching assistant for the third grade at a Catholic nursery school where all of her students fall below the poverty line. After her service is completed in August, she is joining some Midd alumnae on their southbound hike of the Appalachian Trail (Laura Seidel ’06, Elizabeth Zane ’06, Devon Parish ’05, and perhaps Laura Barrett ’06). * Completing an Appalachian thru-hike is Alissa Frame, who hiked the 2,174 miles from Mt. Katahdin in Maine to Springer Mountain in Georgia between June 3 and November 15, 2007. * Nirvana Bhattia claims she doesn’t have anything thrilling to report, but we highly disagree. She works at a Chinese adoption agency in Colorado and writes for various publications on the side. This coming summer she’ll be going to Beijing to help out at the Olympics. Also in Beijing is Claire O’Connor, who spent last season as an instructor, then traveled to Paraguay to fulfill her service with the Peace Corps. * Before heading back to Chicago, Zach Chen dabbled heavily in the West Coast life. He worked last summer on a guest ranch in Arizona, and when that finished up, he took a train up the West Coast from LA to Seattle. He then headed to Alaska and spent the month of October with his older brother in a cabin with no running water outside of Fairbanks. He finished off by driving from Fairbanks down through the Yukon, British Columbia, and Washington State to Portland, Ore. * Salim Saglam was last heard from in Istanbul, Turkey, and Arnaud Bekenkamp is in business school in Lausanne, Switzerland. * Last August, Elspeth Pierson began writing a column for her hometown newspaper, the Times Record. She writes about exactly—but only by season—in the Brunswick, Maine, newspaper, the Times Record. * Emily Holick joins us again this year after working as a research associate in the Combelles Lab in the biology dept. at Middlebury, continuing the work on in vitro fertilization. * We hope this finds you all doing well. We love hearing from you. Brett and Everett are correspondents for Everett Huerett (andrewheverett@gmail.com); and Brett Swenson (bretf.swnesen@gmail.com).
Amy Hunt Meek, 104, of Kennebunkport, Maine, on November 28, 2007. The oldest living Middlebury alumnus at her death, she graduated as valedictorian of her class and a member of Phi Beta Kappa. After teaching high school mathematics in Connecticut for eight years, she married and moved with her husband several times. She served different churches as minister. Settling in the Boston area in 1946, she was involved in leadership capacities in Church Women United, the United Way, and the Greater Boston Council of Girl Scouts of which she was president. In 1991, she and her husband stayed permanently to serve as ministers at the Kennebunkport United Church of Christ. Preceded in death by husband Frederick in 1979 and twin infant daughters, she is survived by daughter Sheila, son Peter, and one granddaughter. Deceased Middlebury relatives include sister Elizabeth Hunt ’33.

James R. Noonan, 95, of Oak Ridge, Tenn., on October 1, 2007. With a medical degree from the Univ. of Buffalo, he served in WWII with the Medical Corps Reserve, which included duty with the 12th Air Force in North Africa. After the war he began teaching and researching at the Univ. of Rochester, working on the Atomic Energy Project and serving on a subcommittee that helped to prepare the first report on biological effects of atomic radiation. In 1967 he joined the Comparative Animal Research Lab run by the Univ. of Tennessee where he stayed until retirement in 1977. Predeceased by wife Ruth (Hill) and brother Donald Noonan ’40, he is survived by four nieces. Deceased Middlebury relatives include father Thomas H. Noonan, Class of 1891, and cousins Raymond Noonan ’21, Evan Noonan ’33, and Raymond Noonan Jr. ’50.

Louise Fleig Newman, 94, of Flower Mound, Texas, on November 1, 2007. After working in Manhattan for 10 years, she and her family lived in Anchorage, Alaska; Garden City, N.Y.; Leawood, Kan.; and over 30 years in Garden Ridge, Tenn., on October 1, 2007. With a master’s in nursing, she held several positions at Morton Plant Hospital in Clearwater, working the last seven years before retirement as a risk manager. She traveled all over the world and enjoyed horseback riding, writing, exploring, and white-water rafting among other things. Predeceased by husband Robert Pastorius and second husband Ernest Hart, she is survived by sons Andrew and Steve Pastorius; daughter Katharine Pastorius, MA Spanish ’75; and one grandson. Deceased Middlebury relatives include another Maude Tucker Severance, Class of 1904, and cousins Amidon Smith ’29, Mabel Severance Ellsworth ’29, and Philip Tucker ’31.

Alfred L. Riecio, 93, of Tamarac, Fla., on September 6, 2007. A veteran of WWII, he worked as an assistant manager at Sherwin-Williams Paint Store before becoming a purchasing agent for Wallauer Paint Co. in Port Chester, N.Y., until his retirement in 1979. Moving to Florida, he enjoyed swimming, bowling, bicycle riding, and going on cruises. Survivors include wife Terina and daughter Cynthia. Deceased Middlebury relatives include another Maude Tucker Severance, Class of 1904, and cousins Daniel ’32, Victor ’34, and Albert ’38 Riecio. Surviving Middlebury relatives include cousins David ’39, Robert ’69, and Scott ’94 Riecio.

Virginia Orde Church, 90, of Enfield, N.H., on October 27, 2007. After studying business administration at Simmons College, her first employer was New England Telephone. Upon moving to the Upper Valley, N.H., she became the manager of the American Excelsior Mill until it closed. She began her own business, Upper Valley Personal Placement. In the early ’70s she also took on the business management role of Mountain Communications, which she owned with her husband. Predeceased by sister Eleanor Orde Reid ’34 and her husband Andrew Reid ’34, she is survived by husband H. Vail Church.

Florence Barnard Rogers, 89, of Corvallis, Ore., on November 26, 2007. After raising a family in Almont, N.Y., she and her husband spent her last year traveling around the country in a motor home with the family cat. Preceded in death by husband Russell and son Steven, she is survived by daughters Beverly Smith and Judith St. Laurent, sons James and John, 11 grandchildren, 11 great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild.

Muriel Jones Corbett, 92, of Ithaca, N.Y., on October 29, 2007. During WWII she worked in a steel wire mill while husband Robert Nelson was in Europe. After the war, they settled first in Northfield, Vt., then Baltimore, Md., where she was the director of student activities at Goucher College. After Robert died in 1980, she married H. Ross Goddett of Ithaca. They lived an active life in Florida and traveled extensively in their motor home. In 2000 she moved to Ithaca to be close to family. Predeceased by both husbands and a stepson, she is survived by daughter Judie Schwartz, son Frederick, three stepchildren, three grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Katharine Severance Hart, 89, of Tampa, Fla., on August 27, 2007. With a master’s in nursing, she held several positions at Morton Plant Hospital in Clearwater, working the last seven years before retirement as a risk manager. She traveled all over the world and enjoyed horseback riding, writing, exploring, and white-water rafting among other things. Predeceased by first husband Robert Pastorius and second husband Ernest Hart, she is survived by sons Andrew and Steve Pastorius; daughter Katharine Pastorius, MA Spanish ’75; and one grandson. Deceased Middlebury relatives include another Maude Tucker Severance, Class of 1904, and cousins Emeline Amidon Smith ’29, Mabel Severance Ellsworth ’29, and Philip Tucker ’31.

Edward S. Yates, 89, longtime resident of Fultonville, N.Y., on November 25, 2007. For 33 years he worked as a General Electric employee, and during World War II he served in the U.S. Navy as a medical electronics repairman in WWII. He died 1946, he began his career in insurance, eventually buying a general insurance company in his hometown of South Glens Falls in 1959. He was a member of the Rotary, the American Legion, the Elks, and the Chamber of Commerce. In retirement he enjoyed golfing, bowling, fishing, and playing bridge. He is survived by his wife of 59 years, Ruth (Eckstrom), sons Jim and Keith, and three grandchildren.

John L. Comstock, 87, of South Glens Falls, N.Y., on October 29, 2007. During WWII, he spent three years in the Pacific with an artillery outfit as an air observer and battery commander, and he captured the first Japanese prisoner in the Bougainville campaign. Discharged in 1946, he began his career in insurance, eventually buying a general insurance company in his hometown of South Glens Falls in 1959. He was a member of the Rotary, the American Legion, the Elks, and the Chamber of Commerce. In retirement he enjoyed golfing, bowling, fishing, and playing bridge. He is survived by his wife of 59 years, Ruth (Eckstrom), sons Jim and Keith, and three grandchildren.

Ralph G. Barclay, 86, of Bowie, Md., on December 6, 2007. After serving as a Navy electronics repairman in WWII, he worked in the asbestos industry for five years. Returning to school, he earned an MS from the Univ. of Connecticut in 1952 and a Ph.D. from the Univ. of Maryland in 1960. He worked for NASA in the Goddard Space Flight Center, retiring in 1986. Predeceased by several nieces and nephews, he is survived by sons Richard and David and two grandchildren.

Comstock Small, 85, of Port Clyde, Maine, on October 9, 2007. During WWII, he served as a photo reconnaissance and fighter pilot with a tactical photography team. He later served as one of the first planes to photograph damage after the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. With
master's degrees from Syracuse Univ., Harvard Univ. School of Education, and Simmons College, he taught at the college level and was a librarian at SUNY-Oneonta and Simon's Rock of Bard College before becoming a librarian in the Potsfield (Mass.) public schools. He enjoyed travel, history, photography, camping, and rowing his Alden Shell on the Housatonic River. Predeceased by infant son Derek, he is survived by wife Linda (Horne) and daughters Elissa and Antonia.

Ruth Van Noy Buell, 84, of Beltville, Md., on October 20, 2007. After various jobs as an elementary school teacher, she worked for 14 years as an executive medical secretary in the lab and pathology department of Prince George's Hospital Center. An active volunteer, she founded the Laurel (Md.) Co-op Kindergarten in the 1960s, was a room mother at Laurel Elementary School, and worked tirelessly for the Republican Party as a member of the Laurel Republican Women's Club. In 1991 she received the Robert A. Yost Sr. Award for her service to the party. Predeceased by former husband John and son Thomas, she is survived by son John, daughters Roberta Deegan and Pamela Cook, seven grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.

Norman B. Sweet, 86, of Oneonta, N.Y., on November 2, 2007. After a variety of jobs including a stint with Ringling Bros. Circus and a year touring as a magician and juggler with Cole Bros. Shows, he earned a 31-year career as an educator, he taught history at SUNY-Oneonta for 41 years, dedicating his time to write mostly about sports, turning out the novel. 

Edward D. Flemming, 86, formerly of Yarmouthport, Mass., on November 13, 2007. A veteran of W.W.II, he served as a captain in the Marine Corps in the Asiatic Pacific and China. For 35 years, he worked with First National Grocery stores as division vice president in the Hartford and New York division. He was also a member of the Knights of Columbus. Predeceased by wife Jeanne Adair (Finch), he is survived by sons Michael and Edward, daughters Suzanne Ratiensky and Nancy Kergian, and seven grandchildren.

Robert N. Andersen, 86, of Troy, N.Y., on October 23, 2007. During a 31-year career as an educator, he taught history at Voorheesville (N.Y.) High School, served as an associate in the New York State Education Department, and worked 22 years as a professor of education at SUNY-Albany. In retirement, he was an active volunteer in Literacy Volunteers at Samaritan Hospital Auxiliary, on the board of Small World Nursery School, and at Oakwood Cemetery. For 25 years he was a researcher and writer for the Rensselaer County Historical Society and also researched and redefined the 100-year history of Troy Chromatic Concerts. He is survived by his wife of 37 years, Marta (Janson).

IN MEMORIAM

Willfred C. Heinz '37
January 11, 1915—February 27, 2008

It was the year before Bill Heinz entered Middlebury that his father gave him a 1932 Remington portable typewriter, thinking it would help Bill get through his typing class at Mount Vernon (N.Y.) High School. Neither Bill nor his father could possibly envision that one day Bill would be using this typewriter at Normandy on D-Day, carrying it across Europe with the First Army, and lending it to his fellow war correspondent, Ernest Hemingway, when they shared a farmhouse in Germany.

They couldn't know that Bill and his typewriter would turn out countless war dispatches, hundreds of sports columns, three novels, and several books about professional sports. Or that his work would be reprinted in more than 60 collections, and most importantly, he would pioneer a new style of realistic nonfiction writing that would have a monumental influence on other writers.

David Halberstam included some of Bill's stories in his book, The Best American Sports Writing of the Century. Halberstam believed that Heinz's graduation from Middlebury set him apart from most sportswriters of his day, most of whom had never been to college and seemed to have no literary ambition. "His work affected me profoundly," wrote Halberstam. "What he did had a greater sense of truth to it than that of his colleagues."

Wilfred Charles Heinz wrote under the byline of W. C. Heinz but liked to be called Bill. At Middlebury, where he was mostly known as Dutch, he used his Remington to pound out essays for Middlebury's only creative writing class and stories for the Campus when he was its sports editor.

The Depression still shaped the marketplace when he graduated in 1937 and, like most of us, he was lucky to find any kind of work. He started at the New York Sun as a messenger at $15 a week. Always fascinated by the people he observed around him, he wrote a short piece about the cleaning women he would see on the subway in the early morning. It caught the eye of the editor, who made Bill a general news reporter, then a war correspondent. After the war he turned to his first love, sports.

There was a long period in his life when he left the newspaper scene but continued to write mostly about sports, turning out the novel, The Professional, and helping Packers coach Vince Lombardi write his autobiography. He co-authored the original book, M*A*S*H, which inspired the movie and TV series. Praise for his books continued, Hemingway cabling him from Cuba, "The Professional is the only good novel I've ever read about a fighter and an excellent first novel in its own right." Mike Lupica of the New York Daily News called Heinz "the greatest living war correspondent and the greatest living sportswriter."

In the winter of 2001 Middlebury Magazine printed the heartwarming story of Bill Heinz and his wife, Betty Bailey Heinz '35, whom he cared for through years of Alzheimer's, and how they endured together the sudden death of their daughter Barbara at age 16. Jeff MacGregor's story first appeared in Sports Illustrated and resulted in many people reading Heinz's words for the first time, then rushing out to buy or borrow his books. This surprised Bill, and he responded by turning out two new collections of his sports and war stories, including What a Time It Was.

Bill died at a care center in Bennington, Vt., only a few miles from the home in Dorset where he and Betty had lived for more than 30 years until her death in 2002. He is survived by daughter Gayl Heinz and granddaughter Kristina Pantalone.

The day following his death the New York Times and the Wall Street Journal, in their obituaries, both printed a picture of Bill with his 1932 typewriter. He had never bought another one, and had never used a computer.

Alfred J. McClure, 88, of Winchester, N.H., on March 25, 2007. After serving in the U.S. Army in W.W.II, he graduated from Keene Teachers College with a bachelor's and master's in education. He taught English at Murdock High School in Winchendon, Mass., and later at Keene State College. A 50-year resident of Swanzey, N.H., he enjoyed growing Christmas trees and pumpkins in retirement. Predeceased by first wife Betsy (Drake) '47 and stepson Philip Bierman, he is survived by wife Marie Bierman, sons Jack, Peter, and Bob, daughters Kitty Maher and Peggy Velez, stepsons Mitchell and Joseph Bierman, 16 grandchildren, 13 great-

—Marshall Sewell '57

Mary Taylor Weiner, 81, of Swanzey, N.H., on November 18, 2007. With a master’s from the Jane Addams School of Social Work, Univ. of Illinois, she served as a psychiatric social worker for the Illinois State Psychiatric Institute from 1966 to 1974 and was a social worker for the Salvation Army of Chicago from 1974 to 1980. She was a volunteer for the Girl Scouts, the Winchester (N.H.) Historical Society, the Winchester Seniors, and the Keene Senior Society. She is survived by her husband of 58 years, William Weiner.

Penelope Baker Bergamini, 80, of South Londonderry, Vt., on November 16, 2007. During a 33-year residency in Norwalk, Conn., she raised four children, achieved her master’s in education, taught English at the local high school, and was a research analyst at the PR Data consulting firm in Wilton. She was also very active in the local Democratic Party and canvassed for Eugene McCarthy in 1968. Returning to Vermont in 1988 to build a home on family property, she joined the board of trustees of the South Londonderry Free Library, volunteered in the library itself, and helped found the West River Farmer’s Market. Predeceased by husband David in 1983, she is survived by sons David, Alexander, and John, daughter Lucy, and four grandchildren.

Joan Pratt Tillman, 79, of Nashville, Tenn., on November 24, 2007. After working with the U.S. Geological Survey, she and her husband moved to Cambridge, Mass., where she worked as a draftsman for the Bureau of Mines and the Corps of Engineers. Her family finally settled in Blacksburg, Va., where she earned state certification and taught math for 17 years at Christiansburg High School. In retirement she enjoyed travel and doing watercolor. Predeceased by husband Jake, she is survived by son David, daughters Janet and Barbara, and two grandchildren.

Marjorie Mering Sherman, 78, of New London, N.H., on October 29, 2007. Recent graduate from Drake Univ. in 1951, she and her family eventually settled in Old Greenwich, Conn., where she became very active in the Junior League, creating a nationally recognized volunteer program for the Greenwich Public Schools and recruiting over 1,500 volunteers. In 1979, she and her husband moved to West Hartford where she enjoyed a successful career as a real estate broker. In 1986 they retired to Fayston, Vt., where she became involved in the community, establishing the Green Mountain Cultural Center, an arts organization that received the Governor’s Award for Excellence in the Arts. In 2000 they relocated to New London. Survivors include husband Frank, daughters Cathy and Margaret, sons James and Thomas, and seven grandchildren.

David W. White, 79, of Willimantic, N.Y., on November 14, 2007. Entering the book publishing business, he worked as an assistant manager for George Braziller, then as an editor for Pocket Books. In 1963 he started his own publishing company, David White Inc. In the 1970s he established a distribution company for other small publishers, retiring in 1987. He loved photography, gardening, and life in the North Country. He is survived by wife Mona (Smith), sons David, Samuel, and Adam, daughter Ann Earls, six grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

Ann Tilton Wadsworth, 76, of Williamsville, N.Y., on October 8, 2007. Active in civic affairs, she served over 10 years as the director of the Lancaster site of Meals on Wheels in Buffalo and Erie County. She was also the director of volunteers at Sisters Hospital and was among a group that traveled to Haiti to provide health care services. She served as president of the Junior Board of Millard Fillmore Hospital and board president of Ingleside Advancement Center for Adolescents. She is survived by daughter Nancy, and sons Richard, William, and David.

Rembert W. Burbank, 76, of Monterey, Calif., on October 25, 2007. After serving in the Army in Georgia and Germany, he worked five years each at A&P Tea Co. and Foote Cone & Belding advertising. He then worked over 25 years with Klopman Mills as a sales manager before owning Instant Copy & Printing for seven years. An avid golfer, he worked most recently at Poppy Hills Golf Course. Predeceased by grandson Zackary Johnson, he is survived by wife Louise, daughters Elizabeth Burbank, Kit Taylor, Constance Jonikas, Louise Burbank, and Kimberly Miller, and eleven grandchildren. Surviving Middlebury relatives include cousin David Lathrop ’67.

John M. Briggs, 74, of Lake Arrowhead, Calif., on October 11, 2007. After training in the ROTC, he entered the Army and spent 28 years in the Army Reserve, retiring as a lieutenant colonel. In 1952 he was a strong contender for the Olympics in downhill and slalom skiing but an injury prevented his participation. After several years at PriceWaterhouse, he joined Douglas Aircraft Corp., now Boeing, and retired as a VP. Over the years he earned an MBA from Calif. State Univ at Fullerton and a Ph.D. from Claremont Colleges. Survivors include wife Maude (Lesh), daughters Cynthia Hemphill, Heather Shredian, Ginger Relyea, and Joline Johnson, nine grandchildren, brother Russell Briggs ’54, and niece Katherine Briggs Dowling ’85.

James D. Fitzgerald, 80, of Madeira Beach, Fla., on January 6, 2002. For many years he was a public school teacher, teaching math and science to eighth graders. He later worked for Carling-National Breweries. A U.S. Army veteran of WWII, he was originally in the Class of 1951 but graduate in 1955. He was predeceased by brother Joseph ’48.

John T. Costoloe, 72, of Long Valley, N.J., on October 27, 2007. For 28 years he worked as director of policy owner services and consultant to information services at Home Life Insurance Co. In retirement he enjoyed woodworking, golf, drawing, and card games. He is survived by wife Kathy, sons Kevin, Brian, and Michael, daughter Kate, and one grandchild.

Robert B. Peatfield, 72, of Clinton, Conn., on October 29, 2007. After serving in the U.S. Army, he went into banking for many years, working in data processing. His passion was working in his garden and watching the birds in his yard. He was an active member of the Clinton Congregational Church. Survivors include wife Nancy (Doe), son Bruce, daughters Lynn Beckley, Donna Peatfield, and Andrea Woodford, 14 grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren.

Charles J. Peterman, 73, of Rockport, Mass., on November 16, 2007. After serving in the Army two years, he earned a BS in chemical engineering and an MBA from NYU. He was employed by companies Babcock and Wilcox, Allied Chemical, the Farrell Corp., and H.R. Texton. In California he founded Yankee Products, Inc. Retiring to Rockport, he loved writing screenplays, studying history, storytelling, and traveling. Survivors include wife Mary, son Charles, and one grandchild.

Ralph B. Woodbury, 72, of Quechee, N.V., and Vero Beach, Fla., on November 8, 2007. A Sigma Phi Epsilon member, he played four years of basketball at Middlebury and announced games for the hockey team with humor and flair. He and his brother owned and operated C.G. Woodbury and Son, a chain of lumberyards, and managed its subsidiaries, the Diamond Point Lumber Co., Harvest Homes, and the Woodbury Development Group. An avid golfer, he coordinated the American Cancer Golf Tournament for more than 25 years. He is survived by his wife of 41 years, Janice (Cole), daughter Elizabeth Kasius, sons Douglas and Alexander, and one granddaughter. Deceased Middlebury relatives include father Ralph Woodbury ’30, and cousins William Barnard, Class of 1900, and Walter Barnard, Class of 1901. Surviving Middlebury relatives include sister Mary Ann Woodbury Coy ’62 and husband Richard Coy ’64.

Mary Becker Glynn, 70, of Zelwood, Fla., on November 8, 2007. After receiving a bachelor’s degree from Russell Sage College, she worked in Troy, N.Y., in the medical field with her father. After she moved to Florida, she was employed by the Visiting Nurses Association. She was the wife of James Glynn.

Dorothy Rogers Riegel, 71, of Cedarburg, Wis., on November 26, 2007. With a dream of training and raising Morgan horses, by 1974 she owned the Grand Champion Morgan jumper in the country. In 1979 she returned to school, earned her RN, and worked as a public health nurse and as a massage therapist for hospice and AIDS patients. In retirement she enjoyed her Morgan horse, church work, and singing in a women’s chorus. Survivors include Dorey and Katie, sons Paul and John, and five grandchildren.

John D. Davidson, 69, of Newark, Del., on November 9, 2007. With a degree in business administration from National Univ. in San Diego, he served in the U.S. Navy as a naval aviator from 1961 until he resigned in 1972. He accepted a corporate flying position with Hughes Aircraft Co. where he stayed until
After her husband’s death in 1996, she moved back to her hometown of Bennington. She loved to cook and her home and family were her main interests. Predeceased by husband Carl and two grandchildren, she is survived by daughters Albertha Potter and Bonnie Jo Keyes, son Carleton, seven grandchildren, and 13 great-grandchildren.

Ernest Longley, 63, of Middlebury, Vt., on December 14, 2007. A longtime Middlebury resident, he accepted a position at the College as an electronic technician in 1974. In 1990 he became the coordinator of media services and later became the director of media services. After leaving the College, he worked out of his home office for HB Communications, traveling in Vermont and New Hampshire to colleges, businesses, and hospitals as a designer, programmer, and installer of “smart” or technology-equipped rooms. Among his many hobbies, he particularly enjoyed woodworking and photography. He produced several thousand digital images of musicals, plays, and operas for the Middlebury Community Players, Opera Co. of Middlebury, Middlebury College Community Chorus, and others. He is survived by his wife of 29 years, Mary, daughters Kim, Becky, and Jon, and two grandchildren.

Claire Lodal Wilson, 57, of Ripton, Vt., on December 31, 2007. Working in the Student Activities Office in the early 1980s, she also served as carillonneur for the Mead Chapel bells and was an active member of the Ralph Myhre Golf Course, helping to establish Hook-a-Kid on Golf. For the past 23 years, she worked with Prof. Steven Rockette assisting him with many scholarly projects, including his biography of John Dewey, and his work on the Earth Charter and the College symposiums and art exhibitions celebrating the visits of the Dalai Lama. Over the years she was an active volunteer in the community and in the past few years served as a friend and resource to others living with cancer. Survivors include husband Prof. Kit Wilson, sons Benjamin and Peter, and one grandson.

LANGUAGE SCHOOLS

Mary Coon Kehr, 93, MA French, of Cedar Falls, Iowa, on April 11, 2005. For many years she taught English, Latin, and French.

Edith Burnham Carlhough, 91, MA Italian, of Norwood, Mass., on October 28, 2007. After serving in the Red Cross in WWII, she raised a family in Ramsey, N.J., where she was active in school and community organizations.

Margaret B. Milliken, 97, MA English, of West Yarmouth, Mass., on October 24, 2007. A published poet, she won several awards and was a member of the New England Poetry Club. She also wrote historical articles for the Yarmouth Register.

Vittoria Gallo Eppoliti, 87, MA Italian, of York, Maine, on September 4, 2007. For 19 years she was the children’s librarian at the Melrose (Mass.) Library, retiring in 1991.


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By Noel Chilton '96

At five feet two inches tall, I have been short for most of my life—a dwarf, relatively speaking, born into a family of giants. (I have an uncle who is six feet ten inches.) Not that I complained. Being short had its benefits. My elementary school teachers always seemed to overlook me when drilling the class; I always got to hit the piñata first at parties; and I was picked to play Marta when our neighbors staged The Sound of Music in their living room. And in high school, despite my short legs, I could defend myself on the soccer field, whiz around the track, and finish the cross-country course in decent time. (It was only basketball that eluded me. I ended up getting to know every splinter on the bench better than any groove on the ball.) So you can imagine my surprise when I recently discovered that I was actually, well, tall. Let me explain.

Since graduating from Middlebury, I've bounced around a little bit, living first in Washington, D.C., and then in San Francisco before settling in Oaxaca, Mexico. As a native of the American Southwest, I found my new home, with its humble culture and warm people, to be just that—home. Though the steamy markets with their dangling chicken heads and mangled pigs' feet could be nauseating, I felt closer to my roots as soon as I arrived in Oaxaca. There are no cellophane or Styrofoam disguises here. And life can be hard. You must scrub and disinfect vegetables, haul rainwater for washing, and slap-pat tortillas by hand until they are round and flat.

In many ways, I have integrated into this way of life and cannot imagine ever again combing the supermarket for prepackaged poultry parts. Yet as much as I have adapted to my new home, I'm well aware of cultural differences. There's my exotic white skin. My accented tongue. And suddenly, my distinctive height. In my little corner of the world, standing five feet two inches leaves me taller than most people I'm around.

I became acutely aware of my change in stature just the other day as I huddled with my soccer teammates during halftime of a match. As we discussed kickoffs, crosses, and through passes, I suddenly realized that my teammates' ebony ponytails barely brushed my shoulders. I was at least half a head taller than all of them.

"Guera, with your height, you could really help us on the basketball court," my soccer teammates had been telling me. I thought this was some sort of inside joke—good-natured ribbing of the new girl—until that one huddle. Only then did I realize how extraordinarily tall my five feet two inches had become.

Now I am hyperaware of this peculiarity of mine. I have noted the following consequences of being a tall five foot two:

■ distracted store clerks hand me my change at thigh level;
■ sinks are so low they make me feel like I'm wearing roller skates;
■ friends stand on their tiptoes to give me the traditional kiss-on-the-cheek greeting;
■ knee and shin bruises can now be attributed to narrow bus seats instead of everyday clumsiness.

So yes, now it's my turn to feel like the giant. Strangely, I've never felt more at home.

Noel Chilton '96 is a writer and artist in Oaxaca, Mexico.

Her work can be found at http://noelchilton.com/
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