can
WIT
BE Taught?

RUSSIAN
DOLL
FIGURE

SOUND
SYMBOLISM

CHIASMUS

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METHOD

LITOTES
UPHILL/DOWNHILL

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Unlike most of us, Corey Reich '08 knows how he is going to die. And he's determined to turn that knowledge into an advantage.

DAY EIGHT, 1:15 AM, SOUTH TOWER, GROUND ZERO
Ten years later, an alumnus recalls what it was like to work in a living hell.
W E ARE SITTING IN A SEMICIRCLE ON THE STAGE OF THE MAHANEY CENTER CONCERT HALL, GRAPPLE WITH JUNOT DÍAZ’S PULITZER PRIZE–WINNING NOVEL THE BRIEF WONDEROUS LIFE OF OSCAR WAO.

The hall, itself, is empty, though just a few moments earlier, the room had been filled with every first-year assigned to Brainerd Commons, along with Brainerd staff and the Common Reading Group facilitators. That’s why I’m here, to facilitate one of the groups. I have to admit that I volunteered because I saw it as an opportunity to force me to read a book that I’ve been intending to read since it was published a few years ago. But as the rest of Brainerd decamps for other nooks around the building and my group somewhat nervously settles in on the stage for our discussion, I chuckle to myself. Fool, my inner voice scolds me. You and your selfish impulses. What do you know about facilitating a reading group?

The students arrayed around me have come from Switzerland and Seattle, Memphis and Montana, the Bronx and Long Island, and they are looking at me expectantly, as though I should know what I’m doing. And we start to talk . . . about the protagonist, Oscar de León; about the reliability of the narrator, Yunior; about the disjointed narrative; about the use of footnotes and our collective ignorance of Dominican history and popular culture references that some of us understand and others absolutely do not.

Ninety minutes have passed, and it’s time for our discussion to end, over before it really began. But it hasn’t ended at all. As we walk out into a warm evening (“I just want it to snow!” says the Seattleite), the students continue to talk about Oscar Wao as they make their way toward Proctor and points beyond. One of the more animated kids is one who admitted an hour earlier that he wouldn’t have picked up this book if it hadn’t been assigned and that he would still place it in the category of a book he had to read, as opposed to a book he’d read for fun.

A few weeks later, I’m sitting in the McCullough Social Space, listening to Shirley Collado, dean and chief diversity officer of the College, quiz Díaz, himself, talk-show-style on the stage of the cavernous space. It’s an exclusive event—only first-years and Commons faculty and staff have been invited to this discussion (Díaz’s evening talk at Mead Chapel is open to the public). The venue was chosen to accommodate 600–odd people, and while the room isn’t filled to capacity, there is a very good turnout, especially on a warm and sunny autumn afternoon.

Collado is asking Díaz questions that emerged from the group discussions, and he addresses the first-years as honestly and wisely as anyone could possibly hope for. He speaks to his struggles as a writer: “Sometimes you’re in a situation where you are really good at something that you happen to find really, really hard to do.” He explains why individuals should be confused when reading Oscar Wao: “Nobody understands life. That’s the way life is. It’s absolutely normal, when reading, for you not to know something. A community is required to achieve understanding.” And he talks about why, when doing research, he prefers to observe rather than to ask questions: “By the very nature of your question, you are skewing the answer.”

But it’s toward the end of the discussion that Díaz says something that, to me, brings this entire experience into its proper context. “I wrote this book from the memory of being a reader. This Common reading? It’s how books should be read. We are all present in one space, together, at the same time. In this world, we have to fight hard to find that. And this is the muscle that we will survive on.” —Mf
Pause for Thought

The summer 2011 issue has given me cause for some serious thought about my life, my secular work as a human resources specialist, and my pastoral ministry. President Liebowitz ("The Need for Wrong Answers") teaches me that I don't have to be right all the time, as we clergy often think we must be. And my fellow Lutheran pastor Barbara Melosh '72 ("Requiem for a Grouchy Old Bastard") reflects my own experience in responding to unchurched families looking for a minister to bury their dead (or to officiate at their weddings or baptize their children). You never know what kinds of hurt these individuals and families may have suffered at the hands of uncaring church people in the past. Thank you.

Roger Newton '65
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Where'd the Moose Come From?

Please explain the cover of the summer issue. I can get as far as 25th reunion of the class of 1986 photographer trying to take a photo, moose appears and photographer is angry, reunioners not engaged. Surely the moose has not replaced the panther as a mascot. I often don't understand New Yorker cartoons either, but I need help here in my own backyard, so to speak.

New Wiosotzkey McClean '45
Peterborough, New Hampshire

Editors' Note
Rest assured, our moose interloper has not replaced the panther as Midd's mascot. In this whimsical scene, illustrator Harry Bliss is conveying two rites of summer in these parts: class photos at reunion and moose sightings.

Accolades

On page 15 of the summer issue, the magazine mentioned that "a record number of Monterey and Middlebury students received Fulbright awards" for the coming year. One more that deserves mention: Nora Webb Williams '06 will be heading to Uzbekistan in January of 2012 for 10 months to continue research for her double-master's program in public policy and Central Eurasian studies at Indiana University in Bloomington.

Megan Osterhout '06
Dorset, Vermont

Editors' Note
We regret the omission and wish Nora well on her exciting adventure.

Letting Go—or Not

Peter Knobler's essay ("Play Ball," spring 2011) and Claudette Dunk's letter ("Here I Am," summer 2011), both of which addressed aging, struck a chord with me. For the last few years, I have lived in fear of hearing four words: "She let herself go."

As I confront the inevitable decline of my formerly youthful figure (the figure that has never ever met my high standards or my desire for thinner thighs, a flatter stomach, a smaller nose, or slightly larger breasts); the prickly hairs that seem to sprout nightly on my chin despite vigilant tweezing and a dictate to all friends and family to PLEASE TELL ME IF YOU SEE A BLACK HAIR ON MY FACE!!; the age spots on my hands and legs that remind me of my 92-year-old mother; and the longer and longer time it takes to remember names, places, and where I put my glasses, I live in fear of hearing the phrase that somehow has become part of the lexicon that pertains to aging women. I have never heard anyone say about a man, "He let himself go."

My female friends seem to have similar fears. My friend Daphne tells me she detests the phrase "thickening of the waist." Another friend hates the expression "she's going to seed."

What are our choices, here? I ricochet daily between various philosophies and practices concerning aging. Should I attempt to embrace the Zen-mode-graceful-acceptance-focus-on-other-more-important-things that my friend Tonya espouses? "Look, it's going to happen, so just don't worry about it, no one cares," she says. My mother's most memorable advice when I was a teenager was "not everyone's looking at you, dear." I repeat this daily. But the rub is, there were some days when at least a few men were looking at me, and it felt great!

And yet ... vanity overtakes me from time to time—when I experience sudden momentary panic and realize I don't look as good as I used to. I have declared a formal prohibition on all pictures of me in bathing suits (especially the ones husbands seem to love to take on the beach from...
Upcoming events for Middlebury alumni, parents, and friends

March 14–25, 2012
Israel
Ancient and Modern
Featuring Middlebury Professor Robert S. Schine
The Curt C. and Else Silberman Chair in Jewish Studies
and Eric Maltzman ’76

August 17–24, 2012
Alaska’s Inside Passage
Featuring David West
Professor of Geology

For further information, please visit
go.middlebury.edu/alumnitravel or call 802.443.5183.
the angle looking up your body from your feet that make you look like a whale no matter how slender you are). My friend Bess says the days of looking good in photos are over. Our jowls are just a bit more slack, the circles are a bit darker under our eyes, our tummies stick out just a bit over our pants tops.

I have periodic and increasingly frequent depressing thoughts about how much worse it’s going to get before it’s all done, especially when I help bathe and dress my elderly mother.

At the same time I have a sort of strange and absolutely unavoidable fixation on staring at women I see who have had “work done.” There are very few of these where I live in Vermont’s Northeast Kingdom, but when I’m in New York City or even now occasionally in Stowe, Vermont, I just cannot stop looking at women who have had face lifts, nose jobs, boob jobs, and Botox or collagen injections. Their lips look so strange, their foreheads seem so stiff, their noses so inappropriately pert. I have to keep looking and have a hard time stopping. I am not sure why. I am old enough to remember the commercial tagline, “Does she, or doesn’t she?”

As I try to suss out if she has or has not, I can’t help feeling that I like my age spots, crow’s feet, and irregular breasts (damn it, yes I do!) better than this strangely puffy and pulled skin, these inexpressive facial parts, and these roundish, tennis ball-like breasts.

And I resolve once again to be a more enlightened woman—one who focuses on inner strength, grace, and the beauty that comes from life experience, growing wisdom, and love.

And then my daughter and I run into an acquaintance we haven’t seen in a while on the sidewalk. We have a brief conversation, catching up on news. We walk away, and my daughter says, “Did you see those hairs all over her chin? Why has she let herself go?”

Lauren Geiger Moye ’80
St. Johnsbury, Vermont
LETTERS

Fill in Your Blanks
I have noticed before that the magazine tends to assume a lot of background from the reader, and you have done it again in the article about Shirley Collado (“One Dean’s View,” summer 2011). The article talks about her return to Middlebury but nothing about when she left, where she went, what she did before she left, her background, and when and why she came back. Articles like that are very off-putting to those of us who don’t live in Middlebury. Not very illuminating about the person.

Sorry to sound cranky but it is frustrating to read the magazine and come away with more questions than answers about the College today.

Bruce Moseley ’75
Hubbardsville, New York

Editors’ Note
While we like the idea of our stories prompting further questions from our readers, we certainly don’t intend to leave anyone in the dark until it comes to pertinent information. Shirley Collado came to Middlebury in January 2007 to first serve as dean for institutional diversity and then as vice president for institutional planning and diversity. In December 2008, she left to take a position at Lafayette College in Easton, Pennsylvania. We were thrilled to learn that she had decided to come back in July 2010 to take the position of dean of the College and chief diversity officer.

Stormy Fallout
I just read that amazing Middlebury Magazine account of the hurricane of 1950 (Class Notes: “Alumni Stories,” summer 2011). Ten years ago, I headed up a committee to restore the steeple of the Brandon church on Route 7—also a victim of the same storm, but there wasn’t enough money to put it back until 2000. Imagine that, 50 years with no steeple! Thanks for the story.

Elizabeth Karnes Keefe
Cornwall, Vermont

Truth from Above
Susan Conley’s story, “Stranger in a Strange Land” (spring 2011), lacks the
triumph of humanity over itself found in Robert Heinlein’s novel of the same name. Heinlein writes that we all have the ability to rise above our circumstances by using our untapped abilities to create a better world. I despaired when I read Heinlein’s novel because I was searching for peace and meaning in a world where there is no peace and never will be. After reading Conley’s story, I felt the same despair as a teenager when I recognized that the author’s search for a peace mirrored my own search as a teenager. Reconciliation to one’s circumstances and environment and the search for peace, within and without, is an impossible task, and, if it is ever attained, it is transitory.

Susan Conley writes about her struggle to come to terms with her cancer. If she is preaching a Zen approach to life, I believe the exercise will ultimately fail. Peace and reconciliation are not found by focusing within; peace is found by finally understanding what truth is and how we all fit into the scheme of things. I believe that truth is not found within but from above.

When I was a sophomore in 1979, I met Lisa Bowen ’82, who challenged me to read the Book of John, in the Bible. The Book of John is often used to explain the gospel and what it means to us. John 14:6 says of Jesus, “I am the way, the truth, and the life, no one comes to the Father except through me.” It’s a great encouragement to me to believe that there is truth and not 100,000 variations of my truth versus your truth. How encouraging it is to believe that not only is there life after death but eternal life filled with joy and the glory of God. The spring of 1979,
I became a Christian because of Lisa’s witness to me.
My life before that was often filled with despair about the capacity for the evil that fills men. I heard a criticism of Christianity by non-Christians that a loving God would never allow bad things to happen to good people. The My Lai massacre in Vietnam, the Kent State shootings, and the continuing pervasiveness of hidden slavery even in our own country today are no less an evil than a cancer that takes a mother, my friend Lisa, away from her children when they are only 15 and 12.
Lisa battled cancer twice, and she died two years ago. Throughout her struggle, she was surrounded by her church family, filled with people who supported and cared for her. Lisa’s life touched a lot of people, and the world is better for her being in it.
I find it sad that Susan Conley placates her son in the conclusion of her piece by agreeing to his so-called fantasy that we could live forever. “How great their fantasies would be: a new skateboard, a whole pound of penny candy, immortality.” I’m saddened by the comparison of penny candy to eternal life by someone who seems to believe that it is a fantasy.
My father-in-law passed away a year and a half ago, and it devastated my children. But they were brought up to believe in the hope of life that Christ offers us. They know that they will see their grandfather one day. I believe that our time here is short but we will spend eternity with each other.
Chris Tomlin’s lyric, “Better one day in His courts than a thousand elsewhere” pretty much says it all. That’s the legacy I want to leave for my children.

Bob Druzdick ’82
Hamburg, New Jersey

This Wonderful World
I am writing to give credit where credit is due. I’m not a Middlebury student or alumna, but I came across Middlebury Magazine’s online series “How Did You Get Here” in doing some
research on oral histories. I must say it is a truly phenomenal series. I quickly listened to every single profile. It is absolutely amazing that every single person featured in this series has such an incredible story to tell. The students come from such different backgrounds, and their stories are so fundamentally different, but each is so mind opening, inspiring, and truly beautiful.

If I were applying to college again now, Middlebury would be at the top of my list—why wouldn’t I want to go to a school so full of such extraordinary people? This series is also a fantastic way for people to connect with others and discover what their peers can teach them about this wonderful world we live in, which is, to me, the essence of oral history. Thank you so much for the wonderful experience of reading this part of your magazine.

Alexandra Daly
Via e-mail
Bugged by “Berry”

I just watched the video on the digital magazine that gives a tour of campus trees (“Tree Tour”) and enjoyed it, but it grated on me a bit that the narrator pronounces the name of the College “Middle-bery.” I refer to my alma mater as “Middle-bury.”

We have this disparity in my home state of Connecticut, too. More and more people—generally younger ones—refer to Water-berry and Dan-erry instead of Water-burry and Dan-burry. Young news broadcasters, inevitably from out of state, can be counted on to use the “berry” pronunciation.

“Bury” comes from the Old English word for town. The German “burg” is related. So, I vote for Middle-bury! (brrrr!) Is there a College- or town-approved pronunciation?

James S. Rugen ’74
Windsor, Connecticut

Editors’ Note
We don’t know of any officially recommended pronunciation. What is heard both in town and on-campus, more often than not, is the pronunciation that you disagree with: Middle-bery.

The Golden Ticket
Have you ever noticed that going on a tour of a college is like Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory? Each prospective student is allowed to bring one representative from his or her family. Without a doubt, there is always one student who wants to know everything there is to know about the food plan; meet our Augustus Gloop. Then there is the chatty know-it-all, eager-to-impress the patient tour guide about his or her previous accomplishments. That’s today’s version of Veruca Salt. In the same group is the tech-sawy youngster desperate to learn about what the college has to offer in the computer lab. Mike Teavee, anyone? And amid this motley crew is...
the average, down-to-earth sweetheart, genuinely impressed with the school and a bit intimidated by the Augustuses, Verucas, Mikeys, and the strange girl who changed into a blueberry. That would be none other than Charlie Bucket. This analogy would be incomplete without the evil Arthur Slugworth and the insidious Vermicious Knids—the other NESCAC recruiters? And what about everyone’s favorite Oompa-Loompas? Where do they fit into this analogy? Why they’re the kids walking around smiling at the tour, waving as they sing “Come Here, Come Here. Doo Pa De Doo.”

They’re all searching for that elusive golden ticket—I mean—acceptance letter. And if they are lucky enough to get into Middlebury? Well they won the best golden ticket of all. Better than chocolate.

Meaghan McCormick Martin ’03 Cambridge, Massachusetts

The writer is an English teacher at Newton South High School and a former admissions tour guide at Middlebury.
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LETTERS

Elsewhere in the Mailbag
(Digital and otherwise)

Feedback comes in all forms—letters in snail mail, e-mails, word on the street, and, of course, social media. Shortly after the summer issue hit mailboxes, a flurry of tweets relating to Kevin Redmon’s profile of author Jeffry Lindsay ’75 (“This Man Has Created A Monster”) caught our attention. One of our favorites was from @ausimosa who wrote “How did I NOT know that #JeffryLindsay, fellow #Middlebury alum, wrote #Dexter?! Thank you @Middleburymag!” We knew we had a fan when @ausimosa later tweeted: “Off to walk the dogs, then pilates! Will finish reading my #Midd magazine when I get back.” Now that’s what we like to hear!

Not as enjoyable was this e-mail that arrived in August: “Please remove me from the mailing list for this publication. I am continually incensed by the waste represented by unsolicited junk mail. This magazine goes into the recycling unread.” Ouch.

Of course, our spirits can’t be kept down for long. We were thrilled to learn that a pair of design competitions bestowed honors on our recent work including an award of merit from the Society of Illustrators for Emiliano Ponzi’s cover illustration for the spring 2010 issue (“Arms Control”) and three awards from the University and College Designer Association: design excellence, magazine editorial spread, for “Can the Louisiana Coast Be Saved?” (design direction by Pamela Fogg, design by Carey

murmur

Hear It Here

Murmur is a collection of personal audio stories from around campus. The recordings are casual and unscripted and told in a variety of voices, including students, faculty, staff, and alums.

Listen at go.middlebury.edu/murmur.
What's the Big Idea?
Find out at go.middlebury.edu/middstart

Middlebury students have big ideas. All they need is a small investment to jump-start them. MiddSTART lets you choose a project, help to fund it, and get updates from the students. To discover other innovative ideas Middlebury students want to share, visit go.middlebury.edu/middstart.
The 2010 Admissions Poster

Els Van Woert '05 grew up in New York and Vermont and currently resides in Helena, Montana. Els has a deep love for the Green Mountains and big sky of Montana. This original work (Chipman Hill Morning, 30"x20" collage from recycled and repurposed papers) is on display in Emma Willard.

This high-quality, unframed print is available for purchase by calling the College Bookstore at 802.443.5334 or online at http://bookstore.middlebury.edu $24 (plus S&H)

Also available from Els are these conservation cards which the originals are hand cut and crafted from recycled magazine paper and 15% of the profits are donated to conservation efforts in Vermont. $2.50 each (plus S&H)

Letters Policy

Letters addressing topics discussed in the magazine are given priority, though they may be edited for brevity or clarity. On any given subject we will print letters that address that subject, and then in the next issue, letters that respond to the first. After that, we will move on to new subjects. Send letters to: Middlebury Magazine, 152 College Street, Middlebury, VT 05753 or middmag@middlebury.edu.

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Questions? Contact the Alumni Office at alumni@middlebury.edu or 802.443.5183.

Middlebury
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GREEN LIVING

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

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REMEMBRANCES
Each year, the Middlebury College Republicans honor those killed in the terrorist attacks of 9/11 by placing a flag for every victim on the quad outside the Davis Family Library.
Photograph by Brett Simison
Knowing Oscar

Each August, all first-year students receive the same book by mail. They’re asked to read and reflect on it before they arrive in September. Once here, they get together in groups of 15 or so—all from the same residential Commons—to discuss some of the issues the book raised.

This year’s “common reading” was The Brief Wondrous Life of Oscar Wao by award-winning author Junot Díaz, a native of the Dominican Republic who was raised in New Jersey. As Dean of the College Shirley M. Collado said, “The book is a particularly rich exploration of identity from more than one lens, and illustrates the challenges and rewards inherent in building community with others who may or may not see the world similarly. These are key issues for first-years, and they are central to many of the themes we covered throughout orientation. And we were so fortunate to have Junot coming in person to speak with the students.”

Díaz visited the campus on September 27 to meet with first-year students and also to give a public reading that evening in Mead Chapel. Middlebury Magazine spoke with Díaz about having his book become a conversational catalyst for young people beginning a new chapter of their lives.

“Books, like any act of art, do not work for everyone. But when a book does work, when it engages them, when it reaches into them, it can be a source of great learning, both about the world and about the readers themselves. A book cannot prepare you for the stupendousness of the world—for meeting 600 people from 70 countries—but it can accompany you on that journey; it can provide insight and solace and discomfort; it can unsettle and give peace; it can be ‘a friend of your mind,’” to quote Toni Morrison, and a friend of the mind is not a bad thing to have at the start of any great journey. Hopefully my book was that friend for a few of the students.

“Poor Oscar is bullied endlessly. Ours is a society of hierarchies and competition, and in a world like that there are always going to be losers. There have to be. Oscar is the kind of kid that, no matter what the regime, seems to always end up at the bottom. It’s less about Oscar, I would argue, and more about how little we like to be reminded of difference, vulnerability, strangeness.

“Even in the face of death, though, Oscar could never be anyone but himself. He never wore any masks; even at the point of his destruction he was true to himself, and given the damage that masks do to people in this book, I would argue that’s a good thing. But hey, that’s just me.

“Oscar’s family curse, the fuku, is about the role that history has in shaping our lives, even when we don’t know the history that has its hands around our neck. It’s also a way to address that most American of all preoccupations: whether one is blessed by the universe (which Americans seem to believe is the condition of our country) or whether one is cursed by the universe (which is something that Americans fear our country might in fact be).

“In the end, this is a novel. There are no single take-away messages. A novel attempts to duplicate the complexity of the world. Politicians and religions have messages. Corporations have messages. Novels seek to confront readers with the world and with their own humanity and in that confrontation hopefully raise the kind of questions that you can spend your whole life answering.”
From the Archives
Object #264: Freshman Beanie from 1944, donated by Thomas M. Johnson '48

In the '40s, it was customary for all incoming freshmen to don a beanie such as this whenever they left their dorm rooms. This was just one of many "frosh" rules, along with the requirement to properly greet all upperclassmen, behave oneself when in town, and walk only on the paths around campus—no cutting across the grass! The rules were enforced by members of the Blue Key, an honor society of upperclassmen, and according to a note from Mr. Johnson that accompanied the beanie, "Blue Key members sometimes raided dorms in the middle of the night with fraternity paddles, called out all frosh, and requested recitation of the rules. Those failing to provide correct answers, preceded by 'Sir,' had a paddle applied to their derrieres."

Go Figure
THE CLASS OF 2015

Total Applicants
8,533

Total Admitted
1,519 (18%)

Arriving in September
607

Arriving in February
100

International Students
61

States Represented
43

Countries Represented
33

Extreme Unicyclists
1

Name That Professor
Every year, all new students must take first-year seminars. Not only are these classes a key part of Middlebury's liberal arts experience, but they're also a great opportunity for senior faculty to branch out of their departmental areas and teach subjects of a more personal interest. The seminar topics and faculty change from year to year, so the choices are always fresh and interesting. Can you match the class with the professor?

1. Love and Death
2. Love and Friendship
3. Beast in the Jungle
4. Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?
5. Discovering Infinity
6. Science and Science Fiction
7. Everything A Cappella

A. Rick Bunt, associate professor of chemistry and biochemistry
B. Carolyn Craven, visiting assistant professor of economics
C. Jeff Buettner, assistant professor of music
D. Murray Dry, professor of political science
E. Michael Olinick, professor of mathematics
F. Paul Monod, professor of history
G. Rob Cohen, professor of English and American literatures

Answers: 1. e, 2. d, 3. b, 4. a, 5. e, 6. a, 7. c

Observed
As part of its 25th anniversary celebration, the Middlebury-affiliated Off-Broadway theatre company, PTP/NYC, was in town in September to present two shows: Territories by Steven Dykes, directed by PTP/NYC cofounder and Middlebury Professor of Theatre Cheryl Faraone; and Spatter Pattern by Neal Bell, directed by PTP/NYC cofounder Jim Petosa. Many who saw the plays also stayed for post-performance discussions with the cast. The annual Hirschfield International Film Series kicked off the season with an award-winning stunner, Restrepo. Dana Auditorium was packed for both screenings of Sebastian Junger and Tim Hetherington's documentary about fighting the Taliban in Afghanistan. Hetherington's death last April in Libya made the film all the more poignant. Potiche, with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu, brought a little levity in October, and upcoming films include Exit Through the Gift Shop, Animal Kingdom, and Biutiful. For more listings see go.middlebury.edu/hirschfield.

New this year in academic opportunities, undergraduate students can now choose to major in Arabic and comparative literature, as well as minor in Hebrew. They can also pursue several independent scholar majors—in linguistics, environmental education, environmental justice, and peace and justice studies.

continued
While this issue of the magazine was going to press, we learned that Self-Reliance had captured fourth place (out of 19 teams) in the 2011 Solar Decathlon. We will be chronicling this story—from the evolution of an idea to the stunning achievements in D.C.—in the next issue.

85+ students (more than 25 different majors)

10,198 pounds of dense-pack cellulose insulation (83% recycled content)

8 locally harvested and milled hemlock cross-ties

14 super high-performance triple-glazed windows from Germany

75 pounds of nails

4 bags of sheep wool (from Sheep Farm Road, Weybridge, VT)

1,000 square feet

Maple floor harvested from 12 trees in last stages of life in College Forest, locally milled in Bristol, VT

8 greenhouse-wall shelves
Self-Reliance, Middlebury’s submission in the U.S. Department of Energy Solar Decathlon 2011, which took place in Washington, D.C., Sept. 23-Oct. 2, uses just one-third of the energy of the average 1,000 square-foot home in the United States.

The cost of replicating the house is about $250,000.

A family would save about $2,000 a year in energy bills, thanks to PV panels and solar hot water.

**2**

- solar hot water collectors

**30**

- high-efficiency photovoltaic panels

**8,000**

- kilowatt hours of energy produced

**=1**

**HOUSE!**

In mid-August, while protesting the Keystone Tar Sands Pipeline plan at the White House, 150 people—including Middlebury’s Schumann Distinguished Scholar in Environmental Studies Bill McKibben and Visiting Lecturer in English and American Literatures Chris Shaw—were arrested. All charges were eventually dropped, and the two were released after more than 50 hours in a Washington, D.C., jail. Needless to say, they are more committed than ever to the cause.

This summer, the College successfully relocated the music library from the Mahaney Center for the Arts to the Davis Family Library, and moved the Department of History of Art and Architecture’s art history program into the vacated music library space. The collective moves are intended to increase visibility and awareness of the music library’s comprehensive resources, while strengthening curricular ties between HARC and the Middlebury Museum of Art.

Middlebury hired two new coaches. Bob Hansen will take the lead on the men’s tennis program, and Bob Rueppel will oversee the men’s and women’s swimming programs, as well as the Natatorium. Hansen served as head men’s coach at the University of California, Santa Cruz for the past 30 years. And Rueppel comes to Middlebury from Franklin and Marshall College, where he served as the men’s and women’s coach.
Laughter Before Sleep
by Robert Pack (University of Chicago, 2011)
Reviewed by Dennis O’Brien

Robert Pack has published 20 volumes of poetry and five books of criticism spanning works from Shakespeare to Wallace Stevens. After a distinguished run as a Middlebury professor and director of the Bread Loaf Writers’ Conference, he could well have rested on his balladic laurels but chose instead to teach honors students at the University of Montana, while living in a log house in the far boondies with his wife, Patty. He’s pushing so—and pushing back, as the title of his most recent collection of poems suggests: Laughter Before Sleep (2011).

Though the elk have replaced deer as local fauna, Pack’s change of scenery has not altered his role as a poet of nature. His irrepressible wit has also survived the westward migration.

Nature and laughter are not, however, always happy companions; Laughter Before Sleep is suffused with a tension between nature’s givens and the poet’s gift, resulting in lyrics of poignancy and resignation touched off, in the end, by Pack’s wit and will to affirmation.

The collection is set forth under the headings “Seasons,” “Cherishing,” “Lamenting,” and “Laughter.” The first poem in “Seasons” is familiar Pack territory, and as befits a poet in later life amid our troubled times, it is “Mid-May and still the maples/bear no leaves. . . . lately nothing looks benign to me as once natural change/appeared acceptable.” Nature is alive in the “circle and swoop” of the red-tailed hawk, but Nature also knows death: “No, no, there’s nothing after deathl/There’s no requited love. . . . There is no hope in Nature’s recurring cycle?...I have no winter consolation now/To offer you, no summer comfort to bestow. . . ./Oh, swirling sorrow is the medium/in which we dwell. . . .”

And then, “before blank seasonless oblivion/Begins for you and me, for everyone,” what should a poet do but “Cherish,” when loss is present and persistent?

Thus leads to “Lamenting,” as Pack remembers family scenes gone. He recalls his 99-year-old mother, blind and dependent but still delighting in food “sweet or sour,/or salty, peppery, tongue curling tart.” Lamenting is imagining they are together “inside the separating dark. . . .”

In “Laughter,” Nature returns in comic persona. Instead of the swooping hawk, Pack celebrates “the male blue-footed booby” and the bird’s “lollapalooza of libidinal display.” Other poems detail Nature’s more outlandish beings: penguins, elephants, skunks, and chimps, along with some of humankind’s flamboyant flourishers: a “babble of bassoons . . . giggle of paired piccolos.”

Groucho Marx makes an appearance, as does Darwin’s nose.

I hear Pack’s deeper laughter from first to last in all his poems, in the very act of poetry. For all the death and lamentation, the final lesson is in the poem “Alive,” in which the poet reflects on the “rise again and dip and dive” of that red-tailed hawk.

To be alive is to become the poet, asserting the will to cherish and become “the willing author/of my own design.”

A single poem follows the four sections, titled “Epilogue.” The reader is treated to a rabbinic joke, which concludes that despite our deep wish for everlasting peace on earth we may “have to be content at last just telling/. . . jokes to strangers, making friends/whose laughter frolics in the lilting foam.” The poet plays a joke on Nature’s grim changes. Laughter after silence fulfills the promise of that final line. It is a book to be cherished in all seasons.

Excerpt

The trend toward punishing racial discrimination and hate crime illustrates the overarching pattern of antiracist values slowly encroaching upon specific freedoms. This trend has been more rapid in some places than in others, and there have been high-profile holdouts. But there is an emerging consensus within and among liberal democracies—embedded from the ground up, ranging from civil society groups through international organizations—that outlawing racial discrimination and penalizing racist motives in hate crimes are acceptable and desirable steps. If you are a racist, freedom in a liberal democracy does not always mean you can act according to your deep-seated beliefs.

—From The Freedom to Be Racist: How the United States and Europe Struggle to Preserve Freedom and Combat Racism by Erik Bleich, Middlebury College professor of political science (Oxford University Press, 2011)
“That Middlebury students are seriously engaged in meaningful sustainability initiatives on campus that have a real impact definitely has an influence on prospective students and the College’s profile.”


FIVE MINUTES with . . . JJ Boggs

For a lot of undergraduate staff and faculty, summer can be a time to relax and regroup. For JJ Boggs, it’s anything but. As head honcho of orientation for all new students, she counts on July and August to bring some of her busiest days.

Making connections
Orientation is a time for new students to familiarize themselves with the community and begin to discover their place in it. This year we helped the first-years explore the campus and downtown so they could see some of the incredible opportunities they’ll have a chance to participate in during their four years here. We also built in specific times for dialogue between new students, older students, faculty, and staff.

Old favorites
Once again this year, we hosted one of our favorite Orientation activities: Voices of the Class is a student production based on a selection of first-years’ admissions essays and responses to prompts such as “tell us something about yourself that people would never guess just by looking at you.” It’s always a wild and wonderful time for everyone involved. Plus there’s Midd Uncensored, a diversity and community-building activity, and Thursday Night Live, in which the new class shares stories, poems, and other talents. This year we also brought back an oldie but goodie, the Commons Olympics!

New traditions
Gus Jordan, executive director of Health and Counseling Services, and Natasha Chang, dean of Brainerd Commons, introduced a bystander-intervention program this year in the hopes of providing students with the tools and confidence they need to intervene when they encounter challenging situations. A small team of faculty, staff, and students also presented a program called “Living Deliberately: Finding Balance” to guide students in making informed choices for finding healthy balance amid all the opportunities and demands they’ll encounter.

Strange questions
What are the exact dimensions of my closet? Is there laundry in every dorm? What kind of pants are best for winter? We get all sorts of calls from anxious students and parents throughout the summer! We do our best to answer them all.

Team effort
Orientation takes an enormous amount of time and work, and I am lucky to have so many talented colleagues across the campus who contribute their time and elbow grease to both the planning and execution. I’ve also had the pleasure of collaborating with some outstanding interns, who work tirelessly for three months to help create a meaningful and engaging orientation. Many of the 2015 successes can be attributed to this year’s interns, Brittany Gendron ’12 and Chris de la Cruz ’13. I couldn’t have done it without them.
Six days before Christmas in 1783, a tree fell in the forest near Middlebury village and barely made a sound. All across the region, settlers were clearing land and putting up firewood for the winter, but the fall of this particular tree was different. It took the life of a Revolutionary War veteran named William Douglass who was out cutting wood with his two young sons. We may never know what went wrong that day.

Douglass was 48 years old when he died. He had been an ensign in the 12th Regiment of the Vermont Militia headquartered at Bennington. (Ensigns were commissioned officers who carried the colors.) We know that Douglass served in Captain John Stillwell’s company for 16 days in the fall of 1781, that he traveled 40 miles, and was paid four pounds, one shilling, and four pence for his service. Whether Douglass served at other times during the Revolution and what his company did, where they went, and whether they ever encountered the British is not known. All that remains is his payroll card from the war and his grave site—the grave on the Middlebury College golf course.

Why is there such an incomplete picture of William Douglass? He died before the first U.S. census in 1790. He didn’t live long enough to document his service for a Revolutionary War pension. His death precludes the existence of the first churches in Cornwall and Middlebury, where early records were kept. There were no newspapers in the region at the time. And fires in 1800 and 1814 destroyed most of the Revolutionary War documents in the custody of the War Department.

“Fire and floods, mold and neglect,” says Amy Morsman, associate professor of history at Middlebury. “These are not good for historians. Primary source materials like original records are the building blocks of history. They are your absolute smoking gun in terms of historical research.”

Without primary sources, a historian has little option but to dig deeper. “Pursuing the past, running down loose ends, taking paths that turn out to be dead ends and then turning around and digging some more—this is what makes history interesting for students,” Morsman says. “When they have to go out and do that research themselves, when they have to go up to a real person and ask questions, and it’s not all at the point-and-click of a mouse, that’s when they realize that they can be the person to unlock a mystery.”

Douglass was one of the first settlers of Cornwall, one “S” or two?

Readers may note that the name on the gravestone doesn’t exactly match the name in the story. Spelling of surnames was inconsistent in Douglass’s day.
Vermont, and yet his place in history is obscure. And except for the fact that his tombstone lies alongside the 11th tee on the golf course, he could have been forgotten.

The town clerk spins around in her chair and says, “It’s missing. Vital Records Book Number One for the Town of Cornwall is gone and has been since the early 1960s when some researcher borrowed it”—or so the story goes—“and never returned.” With that lament, another lead into the life and death of William Douglass has vanished. The book recorded the births, deaths, marriages, and town reports of Cornwall, from 1763 to 1855.

From secondary sources written in the 19th century, we learn that Douglass was from the town of Cornwall, Connecticut, where both of his parents were teachers. He arrived in Vermont in 1774, along with a handful of others from Litchfield County who staked their claim to land along the western bank of Otter Creek. Like most of the region’s pioneers, they endured life in the rugged river valley until the British retook control of Fort Ticonderoga in 1777, and it was no longer safe to stay.

Douglass was preparing for the return of his wife and daughter when he met his demise in 1783. He is not on the roster of veterans recognized by either the Sons or Daughters of the American Revolution. And while there is a plaque in Cornwall that honors 78 Revolutionary War veterans from the region, his name is not among them. There is no road or creek or hill that bears his name. So unless you hit an errant tee shot, you would never see his grave site or know a thing about him. You could call him Vermont’s forgotten patriot.

“In researching William Douglass, you have to look for every piece of documentary evidence out there, like journals, diaries, letters, speeches, sermons, wills, deeds, and genealogies,” says William Hart, associate professor of American history at Middlebury.

“And sometimes, when the vital records are missing, we have to rely upon the works of early historians, since we don’t work in isolation. We are always building on the findings of the credible historians who have gone before us. And,” Hart says pausing, “you always have his grave site. It always comes back to the grave site.

[Image of a plaque with the text: “Fire and floods, mold and neglect... these are not good for historians.”]

Originally a marker of wood or rock, it was replaced with a marble tombstone, probably by his son James around 1810, that reads:

Mr. William Douglas, born June 22, 1735, was killed instantly by the fall of a tree, December 19, 1783.

Here life and all its pleasures end,
Here mourners wander, read and weep,
Soon each succeeds his fallen friend,
And in the same cold earth must sleep.

“That sure is dark,” Hart offers. “And the icon carved on top”—a ribbon tied into a bow cascading down into chains—“is a mystery. In the 18th century we tend to see death masks that are dark and frowning. Later, into the 19th century, God was thought to be more benevolent. A more hopeful outlook was on the rise, and we see willow trees sprouting out of urns, a symbol of rebirth. But that verse about sleeping in the cold earth... that’s pretty bleak, isn’t it?”

Hart studies Native Americans, African Americans, and working-class colonials—he terms much of the work he does as “giving voice to the voiceless.”

“I am often asked, how much is knowable about these people? If they didn’t leave any written records, how will we ever know their stories? That’s when I say it’s too important to tell their stories so we have to adopt a different kind of methodology to do so, one that is more multidisciplinary, and we piece the story together that way.

“We borrow tools used by scholars in other disciplines,” Hart adds. “For example, we use material culture from anthropology and archaeology, textual analysis from literary studies, quantitative and statistical analysis from economics, maps from geography. Most historians today would say we must look beyond the written record.”

Or as Amy Morsman would advise, dig deeper. That’s why Paul Carnahan, librarian for the Vermont Historical Society, is on the phone. “It looks like your William Douglass may have also served in the French and Indian War in 1759.” Really?

“Yes, and he was the company clerk, too.” That makes sense; we know Douglass could read and write. “You might want to come over here and take a look at these records.”

Piece by piece a more complete picture of William Douglass is taking shape. It’s as if the sound of that tree filling in the forest is getting louder all the time. ♦
Welcome.
It is my pleasure, on behalf of the faculty, staff, trustees, and your fellow Middlebury students, to extend a warm welcome to you, the Class of 2015. I hope you enjoyed orientation, which I know was the product of a lot of work on the part of so many.

Your introduction last week to Middlebury and to Vermont came at a difficult time, when the remnants of Hurricane Irene caused massive flooding, which destroyed roads, bridges, and, unfortunately, many homes. True to Vermont’s tradition and character, however, the country has seen how Vermonters rise to the occasion, roll up their sleeves when faced with such adversity, and tackle the difficult situations they face without pointing fingers or feeling sorry for themselves. Likewise, many in the state have seen the character of Middlebury College students as early returning students volunteered here in town and in neighboring communities, some as far as the New Hampshire border. They have made a huge difference in the lives of many they don’t even know. Please join me in thanking our students for helping so many here in town and across the state. This kind of caring and acting, as I tell many, is the hallmark of our campus culture, and I hope that you, all of you in the Class of 2015, will join and strengthen that culture not only in times of crisis, but in your everyday doings at the College.

Today, of course, is September 11, and it is the 10th anniversary of the largest single attack on United States soil—a terrorist attack the consequences from which our society has yet to recover. This address is not about my experiences with 9/11—though I was on a Manhattan crosstown bus on West 66th Street at the time—but I can’t help making the connection between the depth and breadth of caring that permeated the streets, subways, cabs, parks, and public spaces in New York City on the one hand, and the caring we see today in so many flood-ravaged communities throughout Vermont and the aspirations we have for this academic community you have just joined, on the other. I will come back to September 11 later, but first a few thoughts on this new community you officially join today.

It is rare to hear or read stories about Vermont without some mention of the weather, and for good reason. The unpredictable and variable weather that seems to throw challenges our way across all the seasons is one of the things that create the kind of environment in which friendships and personal relationships are more important, more meaningful, and more long lasting than in most other settings. There are few distractions in this beautiful, relatively remote, part of New England, which means students here rely heavily on one another for their social, intellectual, creative, and academic sustenance and energy—more heavily, I would say, than on most college campuses. Though one of the great and sometimes unnoticed benefits of being at a place like Middlebury is the opportunity for students to get involved and make a difference in the town, in Addison County, and even in Montpelier, our state capital, living and learning at Middlebury revolves around being part of this academic community. It is a community filled with remarkably talented students, dedicated staff, and the very best faculty you can find, so long as you are ready and willing to be challenged and to take advantage of their talents and high expectations. Those high expectations are rooted in what we already
know about you... what you accomplished before you arrived.

I know you will take advantage of many of the academic opportunities before you, and may even feel frustrated when you can't delve deeply enough into many areas of the curriculum. But not trying to "do it all" is a good thing. Doing things in balance is a challenge for all of us, especially for many of you who have been doing so many things for a good part of your lives. But in order to get the most out of your time here, I pass along the following advice to go along with all that you have already heard since your arrival earlier this week:

1. No matter how much you wish to extend it, the day is 24 hours long. The workload per course at Middlebury is demanding, and so when you think about all you would like to do, make sure to leave enough time to cover all you will be asked to do in four—not one, two, or three—classes.

2. View your time here as a way to study both deeply and broadly. That is the advantage of our curriculum by taking many courses in the arts, humanities, languages, the social sciences, and natural sciences. You will graduate four years from now better educated and just as prepared to go on for a PhD or to pursue any career you wish as you would have been had you completed multiple majors. More importantly, by taking courses broadly across the curriculum, chances are you will meet a faculty member who will excite you by material you never would have encountered, and perhaps change your life. Science majors might find something here and finding it early—an athletics team, an a cappella group, a literary club, artists and entrepreneurs at the Old Stone Mill, or to any of the College's 140+ student organizations—will provide the kind of social entrée that will make the transition here easier and richer. This takes initiative, but we make it relatively easy for you: I suggest you attend the College's activities fair, where you can meet members of many student organizations and learn about what each does and how to get involved. This year's fair will take place Friday, September 16, at 4:30 on Hepburn Road—in front of Proctor and right behind the Chapel.

3. Resist the idea that more is better—for example that two majors are better than one—and instead take advantage of the strength of our faculty and just as literature majors might discover a passion and lifelong interest in ecology, molecular biology, or nonproliferation.

4. As you think about the next few years, try to think about striking a balance in what you study, in what you do outside your academic work, and in what you do for a social life. Contrary to how it might seem from afar, the transition to college is never seamless for anybody. Finding a significant connection to the curriculum, chances are you will meet a faculty member who will excite you by material you never would have encountered, and perhaps change your life. Science majors might find something here and finding it early—an athletics team, an a cappella group, a literary club, artists and entrepreneurs at the Old Stone Mill, or to any of the College's 140+ student organizations—will provide the kind of social entrée that will make the transition here easier and richer. This takes initiative, but we make it relatively easy for you: I suggest you attend the College's activities fair, where you can meet members of many student organizations and learn about what each does and how to get involved. This year's fair will take place Friday, September 16, at 4:30 on Hepburn Road—in front of Proctor and right behind the Chapel.

That single event, and the consequences that followed, created a "worldview" fault line between those who came of age and were educated pre-9/11 and those who came of age after.

But the most important advice I might give to you as you begin your college career is related to the profound changes that September 11, 2001, had on our country. It has to do with how you study not only what will be new to you, but also how you study what might very well be most familiar to you—what you learned in elementary school and secondary school, this time subjected to rigorous and critical analysis that is the essence of a liberal arts education at a place like Middlebury.

Whether you pick up the Economist, Newsweek, Time, Foreign Affairs, or any publication this week, you will read over and over that September 11, 2001, was the day the United States lost its innocence. Just about all of you in today's entering class were 7, 8, or 9 years old at the time, and I am sure each of you has your own vivid memories of that day. Yet, that single event, and the consequences that followed, created a "worldview" fault line between those who came of age and were educated pre-9/11 and those who came of age after.

Pre-9/11ers, a cohort that includes our entire faculty (at least I hope so), grew up and were educated in a world shaped by American supremacy, some would say hegemony. It was a world where first geography, by virtue of the two great oceans on either side of the country, and then advanced technology, which allowed for unequalled military capacity, including missile defense systems, that...
ON STAGE
Stephanie Janssen ’99, Alex Draper ’88, and Megan Byrne ’96.5 rehearse a scene from the Potomac Theatre Project’s a light gathering of dust.
Photograph by Brett Simison
A door is what a dog is perpetually on the wrong side of.

This is an ex-parrot.

A peck of editors.
An advocate argues for its academic revival.

By Jay Heinrichs '77
Illustrations by Nate Williams  Photography by Brett Simison
Wit Modeling by Ele Woods '11.5
MY NICKNAME THAT FRESHMAN YEAR IN BATTLEFIELD SOUTH, in the fall of 1973, was Quote Boy. The hockey players called me that, they seemed to have a nickname for everybody. While I would have preferred a cooler moniker, I could have done worse. A classmate’s upset stomach had earned him the name Booter for the next four years. Besides, my nickname fit me. Every evening after dinner I switched on my new electric typewriter, typed a quotation onto an index card, and taped the card outside our door. The quotes were a way for my roommate, Ken Reeves ’77, and me to meet people; and they celebrated my passion for Bartlett’s Familiar Quotations, my most precious possession.

That book marked the epitome of literary culture, I thought. Knowing nothing of liberal education, I focused not so much on the acquisition of knowledge as on its expression. I was like a beginning weightlifter who thought a man’s fitness was determined by the size of his biceps. Which isn’t such a bad thing. Muscles are a powerful motivator for a young man; similarly, wit—the intellectual equivalent of six-pack abs—helped move me to get an education. For me, Bartlett’s, with its 1,750 elegantly thin, wit-crammed pages, was my version of a muscle magazine. Having saved up my summer-job money to buy the book for the breathtaking sum of $15, I did what any fan and wannabe does: I put my favorites on display.

The words in Bartlett’s gave off the hoary whiff of immortality. One of the cards I put up bore a quote from the Hindu Upanishads that was almost 3,000 years old: “The gods love the obscure and hate the obvious.” Whatever that meant, I felt jealous. Imagine making anything that lasts three millennia!

I taped up the work of other immortals, like Ogden Nash: “A door is what a dog is perpetually on the wrong side of.”

And Mark Twain: “When angry, count four. When very angry, swear.”

And Cornelia Otis Skinner: “Woman’s virtue is man’s greatest invention.”

Each time I taped up a card, I wondered how that person did it. Were there tricks? Exercises that would someday earn me a place in Bartlett’s myself? And so began a decades-long search for the secrets behind the art of wit.

As it happens, they aren’t really secrets at all. The immortals in my quotation book weren’t hoarding hidden codes. The techniques were never secrets. Our forebears knew them as the tools of wit.

Wit is the honed edge of the intellect, the sharp end of the mental stick. Wit has to do with rhetorical style—the choice and order of words. If a style amuses, or surprises, or expresses something in an original way, then you have wit. And, yes, clever reader, it helps to have something original to express. You can’t earn your way into Bartlett’s with silly little inanities. (Oh, wait, you can—witness Nash. But Nash’s inanities are brilliantly silly.)

The ancients compared style with fine clothes. Great clothes dress up our imperfect bodies and make them irresistible—up to a point, that is. (The term comes from stylos, the crude pen the Greeks used to scratch out their poems and plays, and didn’t come to refer to the fashion industry until long after the ancients had worn out the analogy.)

Occasionally, style can even cover up a hideous body of prose. And, in the hands of a highly skilled advertiser or politician, style can even bend reality for an ingenuous audience, making the absurd seem natural, rhetorically transforming strip malls into Mayberry-esque “Main Street,” modern-day Bertie Wooster into “job creators,” and entitlement programs into a single lazy “welfare queen.”

Welfare queens aren’t funny, you say; the phrase is offensive and manipulative. Well, wit isn’t all about humor. It’s about that sharp edge. Young people, all of us, should learn wit if only for the inoculation, to recognize when we’re being manipulated.

But that prompts the question: Can wit actually be taught?

“Well, yes and no,” Timothy Billings replied to me in an e-mail recently. A professor of English and American literatures at Middlebury, Billings contended that it depends on what one means by the term. “Wit is a notoriously slippery fish, engulfing a whole range of ideas—from cleverness to raw intelligence, to common sense, to instinct, and even to composure,” he wrote.

“True wit is something extraordinary: a gift endowed, not a commodity earned; something that distinguishes the likes of Shakespeare, John Donne, Alexander Pope, Oscar Wilde, Winston Churchill, and Dorothy Parker from the rest of us. In that case the answer is no.

“But,” he continued, “you’re obviously provoking us. You’re asking, ‘Can the unteachable be taught?’ Can linguistic genius be taught? Or, more modestly, ‘Can rhetorical prowess or persuasion be taught?’ In that sense, yes, I think wit can be taught. Or at least something very, very close to it.”
WE’VE ALL KNOWN WITTY MIDDLEBURY PROFESSORS: Murray Dry, whose Supreme Court humor is so dry—humor seasoned by frequent use of the double-negative figure called litotes—it would shame a martini; or the legendary American studies professor Horace Beck, who fired off semi-rhyming character descriptions (“... whose face would gag a maggot”) beneath a paintbrush mustache. In my day, Philip Gura, who taught at Middlebury before going on to a stellar career as an author and expert on transcendentalism, acted out imaginary scenarios (called prosopopeia in former days) of Thoreau and Bronson trying to pay their omnibus fare with poetic ejaculations.” Paul Cubeta saw every Shakespeare play as a trope of the Watergate hearings we were all watching on TV. In his e-mail exchange with me, Timothy Billings exhibited a playful intimacy with language that seems to lie at wit’s very heart. And the wonderful John Elder ...

You can hear Elder, among other Middlebury professors, if you google Middlebury Moth-Up. An offshoot of the national Moth storytelling events, the Middlebury version shows wit in full flower on campus. Open to any member of the community, the Moth-Up has storytellers spinning true yarns without notes for five to 10 minutes a pop. Online you’ll find Professor Elder describe getting a rental car stuck on the top of the Ngorongoro Crater in Tanzania—a masterpiece of understatement. He and his wife found themselves in a place where the Masai particularly resented outsiders, with their tiny car somehow perched on top of a boulder with all four wheels off the ground.

“At this point,” he says drolly, “I began to get discouraged... As a husband of about four months I was thinking, you know, ‘I’m really not doing very well.’ As a provider, as a protector, all those vestigial roles, which you just sort of assume—you don’t want to act them out, because they’re so retrograde, but you assume that you’re capable of them.”

And then a band of Masai showed up. Elder: “They were just resenting outsiders, with their tiny car somehow perched on top of a boulder with all four wheels off the ground. As a father driving him to a fistfight with a high school bully. Here are a couple sentences from that story:

“When I was eight my father got me a pair of boxing gloves, which was great for me. But he also got himself a pair of boxing gloves.”

“When I got to high school, I was dealing with a lot of issues... I was lifting weights, and doing karate, and [pause] playing the violin.”

Oh, I could go on. But you already know that wit fills the quiver of every good lecturer. Students certainly learn from its demonstration; but demonstration is not the same as teaching. In times past, wit was not just on display in academe. It was part of the curriculum.

WRITER DAVID MCCULLOUGH SAYS that when he was researching his latest book, The Greater Journey, he was struck by the quality of the writing he found in his subjects’ letters and journals. The book tells the stories of 19th-century Americans who found inspiration in Paris. Only one of McCullough’s subjects, James Fenimore Cooper, wrote for a living. The others simply wrote, beautifully. Of course, these were some of the most brilliant members of their generation, and people wrote a great deal more back then. But what McCullough discovered was also the product of a formal education that, up until the 20th century, taught the tools for memorable expression, tools that originated as figures and tropes.

I use the word “tools” intentionally. Most of our English backgrounds today had to do with learning the rules of grammar and what Strunk and White misleadingly call “style.” These rules are important; a firm grasp of grammar lets a student communicate at any level of society, so long as she also learns the rules and lexicon of the hip-hop and business worlds as well. But up until the 20th century, our forebears went beyond the grammar they learned in grammar school, graduating from rules to tools.

What do I mean by tools? Just what are these figures and tropes? Let’s look at a few.

Word sounds compose many of the simplest figures. You’re familiar with the Greek word onomatopoeia, which means “made-up name.” It’s a great way to bring life to storytelling—a characteristic rhetoricians call enargeia. Consider it one of the special effects of rhetoric, making an account appear live before the audience’s very eyes. The teenage narrator in David Mitchell’s Black Swan Green makes you listen to his story even when you’re reading it. Iron gates don’t simply close; they clang shut. A teacher’s chalk slaps and slides across the blackboard. Young lovers’ teeth chink when they kiss. Compare these two sentences, one without the sound effects and the other chock-full of enargeia.

1. The dogs in the pound shook their chains and excitedly smelled my outstretched hand.
2. The dogs in the pound jingled and sniffled around my outstretched hand.
The first conveys the facts. The second practically makes the reader examine his hand for drool.

Another device, the *anthimeria*, was a favorite among 19th-century writers, and centuries earlier Shakespeare used it to enrich the whole English tongue. We know it pejoratively as “verbing,” changing words into unaccustomed parts of speech. My mother, Dorothy Canizares Heinrichs '47, would cringe whenever she heard someone use “contact” as a verb. “Contact is a noun,” she would say in the same hieratic voice she would use to critique my table manners. But verbing has its uses. The technique works quite well in transforming nouns into adjectives, for example. That’s what Kevin Spacey did in *The Usual Suspects*. Playing a character named Verbal, Spacey described an obese man by turning a killer whale into an adjective.

**Verbal**: The baritone was this guy named Kip Diskin, big fat guy, mean, like, orca fat.

Verbing offers novel ways to describe people, especially if you make your verbing as specific as possible; not “whale fat” but “orca fat.” Again, compare these sentences.

1. He had a killer smile.
2. He had a Doberman smile.

The anthimeria lets you perform a sort of rhetorical Photoshopping, grafting the Doberman’s about-to-bite smile onto the person’s face. More effective, don’t you think?

Another device that wits employed in earlier centuries combined a figure of speech with a parlor game. Called *venereal language*, it takes its name from *venery*, the archaic term for hunting and wildlife management. Venereal language names groups of animals. The geese you see on your local golf course compose a “flock,” of course. When they fly together, they form a “skein.” A group of whales is a “pod” or “gam.” A group of crows is a “murder,” of owls, a “parliament.”

You can’t teach wit simply by describing figures or groups, though. Samuel Butler once condemned rhetoricians whose “rules teach but the naming of his tools.” A proper education in witcraft—the craft of wit, I mean—doesn’t merely expose students to these tools and their names. It offers the means for creating them. When I teach figures, I lead people through their construction. Take venereal language, for instance. To create a venereal word, think of a group you would like to describe—a bunch of 13-year-old boys for example. Now come up with some words that capture the essence of this lot. What do they look like? What are their characteristic looks, moods, movements, gestures, or habits?

**Pimples**
**Shy**
**Boasting**
**Scuffling**

Next take each of these descriptive words and find synonyms that might make a witty group name. When I wrote down “pimples,” the word “eruption” popped (sorry) into my head. Thus . . .

**Me**: An eruption of 13-year-old boys.

Not very nice, or pleasant for that matter. Now what would you do with “shy”? Keep in mind that you need a noun, which means converting the adjectives on your list.

**You**: A bashfulness of boys.

Sweet! I like the alliteration (another figure, of course). Now do something with “boasting” or a synonym thereof. A hyperbole of 13-year-olds? Imagine what you can do with Democrats, Republicans, Libertarians (a moat?), Tea Partiers (a bag, cozy, or lemon?), radical environmentalists (a greenery?), or any other label-worthy group. Lovers of civil discourse may frown on the resulting cheap shots, but I personally find any genuine wit refreshing. If you plan to insult me, do me the honor of insulting me wittily. Go ahead and sermonize, but don’t sound like a drone of preachers. Sound like a wag of wits, a badinage or banter of bards, a sling of wags.

(Dh, there are so many more figures I could deploy with you. There’s the *repeat changer* (antistasis, technically), which sets a word in two different contexts. You’ll find Derek Smalls using it in *This Is Spinal Tap* after a miniature Stonehenge set makes the band a laughingstock.)
Ian Faith: I really think you're just making much too big a thing out of it.

Small: Making a big thing out of it would have been a good idea.

Then there's **synonymia**, another 19th-century favorite—and a fave of Monty Python as well, I might add. Witness John Cleese's classic elegy for a dead parrot.

Cleese: It's not pinin'! It's passed on! This parrot is no more! It has ceased to be! It's expired and gone to meet its maker! This is a late parrot, it's a stiff Bereft of life, it rests in peace! If you hadn't nailed it to the perch, it'd be pushing up the daisies! It's run down the curtain and joined the choir invisible! THIS IS AN EX-PARROT!

As you can tell, synonymia throws an embarrassment of riches at the audience in the form of multiple synonyms. To make your own synonymia, boil down your point to just one key word, then refer to your favorite thesaurus.

Synonyms also give you a chance to do a rhetorical head fake, leading the audience in one direction and then ending the sentence in another. Joseph Conrad, in his short story "The Return," uses similar descriptive words—more than he really has to—in order to set up a put-down.

Conrad: She strode like a grenadier, was strong and upright like an obelisk, had a beautiful face, a candid brow, pure eyes, and not a thought of her own in her head.

Some of the most effective devices, however, don't merely rearrange words or come up with novel uses for them. Instead, they twist reality. Wrote Timothy Billings in our e-mail exchange: "True wit wreaks havoc with meaning, but it also wins. That's the danger and allure of it. It's an affront to logic, and the infantile pleasure of that, combined with its power, is immense."

A great reality-twister is the metaphor, the top dog of tropes. Like every other trope, the metaphor constitutes nonliteral language, words that aren't literally true but not necessarily a lie, either. Ogden Nash wittily objected to the practice: "Authors of all races, be they Greeks, Romans, Teutons, or Celts," he wrote, "can't seem just to say anything is the thing it is but have to go out of their way to say that it is like something else." Nash is guilty of the very sin he condemns; "go out of their way" is metaphorical, after all. Authors don't literally walk out of their way to say something. It's hard to get around the use of tropes.

Metaphors don't hold a monopoly on tropes. Our modern speech is full of them, including **irony, personification** (metaphors don't literally hold monopoles), and **hyperbole**, to name a few. Much more pervasive—if poorly understood—are the tropes **metonymy** and **synecdoche**. Because they're so closely related, I combine them under the rubric of belonging trope. This device takes a part, characteristic, or member of some larger group and makes it stand for the whole shebang. You hear this trope a great deal in politics: "Main Street" is a belonging trope. So is "Wall Street," for that matter, even when it refers to banking peccadilloes in Charlotte, North Carolina. Belonging tropes can enrich our language as well as screw up our politics.

Tropes bend reality to your will and serve as key ingredients to witty prose or conversation. They aren't just rhetorical tricks.

They help us understand the world around us by making connections between things. The world functions poorly without them. And they can also aid critical thinking. A key to wit is abstraction—boiling down a thought into its essential elements. Before you can express, you must find what I call the "pith," discovering the finest grains of thought, the atoms of the material you want to write.

My own classmates and I could have been far wittier, I'm sure. I would have settled for a less witty nickname, on the other hand—such as Mad Dog (a metaphor), or Crazy Legs (synecdoche!). But a wittier name, however insulting, would secretly have pleased me.

Being an optimist by nature, I have high hopes for the insults and education of future students. Here's to a witty generation.

Jay Heinrichs's new book is *Word Hero: A Fiendishly Clever Guide to Crafting the Lines That Get Laughs, Go Viral, and Live Forever.*

About our wit model: Ele Woods '11 is an actress, an inveterate traveler, an aspiring improv comic, and an all-around hoot. You can meet Ele at go.middlebury.edu/ele.
Unlike most of us, Corey Reich ’08 knows how he’s going to die. And he’s determined to turn that knowledge into an advantage.
He came to the plate limping. Both legs were in bad shape, the reason he had been absent from the first game of the World Series until now. A few moments earlier he was not even in the dugout. He was in the clubhouse, getting treatment. Yet here he was, limping to the plate, the bottom of the ninth, two outs, down by one, the tying run on first, the chance to win the game in both the most absurd of manners and the most storybook, the kind of moment children dream about. He was a gruff-looking man from outside of Detroit, a Bob Seger song in uniform, and the potential Dodger antidote to the mighty Oakland Athletics. Until it was clear he was too hurt to play. Nobody expected him to make it to home plate and stare down one of the greatest closers in baseball. The sun had long set on Los Angeles, and beyond the fences of Dodger Stadium, red taillights lit up the darkness. But Kirk Gibson was still alive, even with two strikes against him, and when he sent that little white ball soaring into the night, he pumped his arm as he rounded the bases, collecting on his winning home run and the greatest sports moment in Los Angeles baseball history.

More than 20 years later, as a major league manager, it is still how he is remembered. And it is still the first thing Corey Reich '88 thinks of when they meet in another baseball stadium.

"You ruined my childhood," Corey says.

No doubt, there is a glimmer in Corey's eyes when he speaks this. There often is. And maybe because that glimmer now accompanies slower speech, an often-serene demeanor, and wide smile, it makes you feel as if you are in on any joke he tells. It's part of the warmth and humor his face conveys almost effortlessly, which seems to disarm any potentially uncomfortable encounter.

Gibson, of course, doesn't miss a beat.

"You must be from Oakland," he says.

It seems only appropriate to have begun this story with a baseball anecdote. After all, baseball is the main association people have with this disease—a disease some know of by its initials, but almost certainly not by its full name. Even Corey didn't know what the A stood for in the year after he was first diagnosed with ALS. More likely, people simply refer to amyotrophic lateral sclerosis as the disease belonging to the great Yankee hitter Lou Gehrig, a pillar of endurance who once held the record for most consecutive games played, until he could no longer play because of the onset of this debilitating disease and death sentence.

Gehrig's famous farewell to a silenced Yankee Stadium crowd came in 1939, and yet more than 70 years later there is still little that medicine can do to slow the progression of ALS. Corey has gotten used to explaining it and describing what is happening to his body. It's a neurological disease, a degeneration of the motor nerves in the brain and spinal cord. Eventually, he will no longer be able to control any of the voluntary muscle movement in his body. Involuntary muscles, like the heart, continue to function. But voluntary use of muscles, like walking or lifting limbs or talking or taking a deep breath—yes, he affirms, strange to think of that as voluntary, but it weakens the muscles that assist in breathing—will all eventually disappear. But the patient's cognitive abilities? These often remain completely intact throughout the disease, until the moment the body can no longer breathe.

There are about 30,000 people with ALS in the United States at any time, and though the peak age at onset is in the late 50s or early 60s, cases do occur for people Corey's age. No matter the age, the disease is relentless. Half of the people with ALS die within 30 months of the onset of symptoms, and only 20 percent survive between five and ten years. In the vast majority of cases, including Corey's, the cause is unknown. Treatments are limited, almost nonexistent. Corey takes one medicine, twice a day, for which he says there is a chance it will extend his life by one month. There is no known cure.
Four years ago, doctors told Corey Reich that he had a fatal disease in which the average lifespan after diagnosis is between two and five years.

It should be said that there was never any question that Corey would return for his senior year at Middlebury. At least, not for him or his family. The doctors had wondered if this was really the best thing if he only had a couple years to live. But not returning was never an option in Corey's mind.

Middlebury had been a dream for Corey since he first set foot on campus as a prospective student. He liked that it was a smaller school. His high school, although public, only had about 800 students, and he loved that feeling of knowing everyone. The fact that the College was a great sports school was not lost on this skilled skier, either.

He was so sure that Middlebury was for him that he applied early decision. First he was deferred, then waitlisted. He reluctantly settled on Colby, even placing a Colby bumper sticker on his family's 1989 gold Toyota Land Cruiser. But one week later, when he heard that he had been accepted off Middlebury's waitlist, he was back at the car's bumper, this time with a razor, removing Colby's name and affixing the Middlebury sticker instead.

Looking back on his early days at college, he says he can identify times when there were indications that something was wrong with his body. Occasionally he'd find himself a little unsteady, spilling when carrying a glass. And the summer after his freshman year, during an internship with a dentist, he had occasional trouble picking up the instruments.

But it wasn't until he had returned from a semester abroad at Middlebury's school in Logroño, Spain, that clearer signs emerged. Seeing him for the first time in six months, Corey's friends noticed that his speech sounded a little more nasal, a little slurred. His muscles twitched at times. He noticed it took him longer to ski down the slopes than some of his friends. And during that softball game that year, his friends wondered why he was slow to run to first base.

"Why weren't you hustling?" they asked.
"I don't know," Corey said.
That summer, back in California, the changes were even more noticeable. He would drop things, fall when walking. He wasn't in pain, but his muscles began to twitch violently.
He went to his primary-care physician, who recommended he go to a neurologist.
"In the very beginning, I thought it could have been MS, and thought, 'that's horrible,'" his mother Wendy says of multiple sclerosis. A week later, that seemed like an optimistic thought.
There is no diagnostic test for ALS. It's a diagnosis of exclusion. So doctors ruled out multiple sclerosis, cystic fibrosis, Guillain-Barre syndrome, and HIV.
The neurologist thought it was ALS, but wanted Corey to get it checked at the California Pacific Medical Center's special ALS research and treatment center. There they did a few quick tests and watched Corey walk down the hall. Then they confirmed that it was indeed ALS.
"We were in shock," Ted, Corey's father, says. "We were ignorant, and probably [that] was good. We were somewhat in denial, not sure where the disease was going."
They also told Corey something that has stuck with him since. There was no known cause for his case. They said there was no point in dwelling on what could have caused this.
It was a very quiet dinner that night at the Reich household.

Corey's symptoms progressed relatively slowly, though there was no way to predict the speed of the course of the disease. His lung capacity—an important indicator for the progression of ALS—was still at 98 percent. And so, his friends flew out to California and they drove together, across the country, back to Middlebury for their senior year.
One day, back on campus, Corey got out of his car in a handicap spot. He didn't need a cane at that point and, though he couldn't run, he could still walk. Another student began to give him a hard time about parking there, until Corey explained.
"At that time, if you really knew me really well, it was noticeable that something was wrong, but if you were a casual passerby, you wouldn't notice that I had this horrible disease," he says. "So that was the weird part, sitting there, thinking who knew and who didn't. But anyone who did know did anything they could to help out."
The ice on the ground during Vermont's winters didn't make things easy for him. Sometimes he fell. He wore shoes with metal clamps on the soles for traction, and the College's Americans with Disabilities Act Office arranged to have the sidewalks on his routes to class shoveled early whenever it snowed. He also had trouble with his handwriting, so his professors let him take exams home to type them up.
"I told my teachers about it, so I got a lot of sympathy," he says, smiles, and then adds a bit of a serious thought. "That was the reason you went to Middlebury in the first place, because it's so small, and you do have amazing connections with the professors."
Graduation came in 2008, and Corey, like his classmates, stayed up the entire night beforehand. He had an amazing time, singing songs and watching the sunrise from the football field.
And, during the commencement ceremonies, he made his way up the ramp when it was his turn, holding onto the handrail "for dear life," he recalls. He was terrified that he would fall down in front of everyone. He didn't.

Corey has no problem talking about the disease, and his warmth and attitude make him a natural for engaging others on the topic. The fact that he can still talk and move—although he now needs help getting dressed—means, in some twisted way, he has been lucky so far. If you can call it luck. There's no indication about why his progression has been slower so far, though some speculate that ALS occasionally moves more slowly in some younger men. ("We thought he'd be in a wheelchair within a year," Wendy notes.)

The lack of development in treatments for ALS is beyond frustrating for patients and their families. Part of the problem with making any progress, Ted believes, is that since the population living with ALS seems small, financial incentives haven't driven drug development for ALS as for other diseases. But if the life expectancy can just be lengthened, Ted believes, with more people living with the disease, there will be more interest.
Shortly after Corey was diagnosed, the family learned about an organization called ALS Therapy Development Institute (ALS TDI). It's a research laboratory dedicated to discovering and developing treatments to hopefully slow and eventually stop ALS.
Corey has become a major spokesperson for the institute, raising nearly $2 million for ALS TDI, speaking at conferences, and promoting the Young Faces of ALS Campaign to show that this isn't just an older person's disease.
He doesn’t talk about “finding a cure,” although nobody is denying that would be wonderful. He talks about finding something that can slow the progression. “It would almost seem selfish not to put myself out there,” he says. “I have the opportunity to be a voice.”

So he began to promote the organization and talk about the disease when given the opportunity, fitting it in with the other role he took when he returned from Middlebury: his job as an assistant coach of Piedmont High School’s tennis team.

On a recent afternoon, a two-door Toyota Solara pulled up to the curb near Piedmont High School’s tennis courts, and Neil Rothenberg jumped out of the driver’s seat, walked to the passenger side, and helped Corey out of the car. “Take it easy,” he told Corey, who struggled to get up. Neil held on to him as they slowly, unsteadily, made their way to the courts.

Corey has started his fourth season working alongside Neil, his friend and former coach. Around the time Corey was returning from Middlebury in 2008, Ted and Neil ran into each other, and when the conversation got to Corey, they talked about how he might make a good assistant coach. Corey and Neil had always had a good relationship, dating back to Corey’s days as a player.

when the team called him, jokingly, “Poker Face Reich” for wearing his emotions on his sleeve. He could rally his teammates and wasn’t afraid to be vocal. Now, as the assistant coach, the same is true.

“He’s going to be a lot blunter than me, in telling them what to do,” Neil says. “Corey’s going to be a little tougher.”

During a practice, Corey roamed the courts in his wheelchair, pointing out shots the players should or shouldn’t have made, or offering counsel. Each year, Neil has had a chat with any of the new students on the team, explaining about Corey’s condition. More recently, Neil has had to help Corey get situated, as he did on this day, but he doesn’t think much of that. It’s just part of the set up. You get the balls out, get the scorecard up, get Corey set—it’s no big deal.

There’s a special friendship between Corey and Neil, who probably understands Corey a little better than most people. When the coach was 30 years old, he had to see a neurologist himself. Losing muscle from his neck down, he tried to find out why he could no longer walk uphill, couldn’t jump, and was having more and more physical problems. Ultimately he was diagnosed with, and recovered from, Guillain-Barre syndrome—one of the diseases Corey was originally tested for.

“It makes me a lot more sympathetic to what he has,” Neil says. “And, I didn’t have a death sentence.”

He looks at his assistant coach and friend as an inspiration.

“I think the thing we’re dreading is at some point we’re not going to understand him,” Neil says. “Somewhere he’s going to make it work, just knowing him.

“I think the frustrating thing is that he can’t do the drug trials,” he adds. “He doesn’t fit the protocol. He’s too far along.”

Corey isn’t scared. He knows he could be depressed, but instead he tries to appreciate his life. He spends time outside while he still can. He enjoys little moments, like watching television with his family. He recognizes the simple things that make him happy.

“Obviously I’m not in denial,” he says. “But I’m pretty good at living in the moment and not always thinking about the future. I’m a little afraid of death, but thankfully that’s something that still seems far away. The disease doesn’t scare me.”

There are some big decisions ahead. At some point, he and his family will have to decide when the falls are too frequent and he needs to move to the wheelchair full time. And even further down the road, they’re going to have to discuss if he ever wants to be put on a ventilator. But that’s a discussion they’re not ready to have yet.

There might be two strikes against him, but Corey is still at the plate. He has limped to get there, but there’s a smile on his face and a glimmer in his eye.
Day Eight,
1:15 AM,
South Tower,
Ground Zero
"Can you burn? Can you rig?" With a nod of my head I answer the battalion chief. The white shirt and gold badge on top of his fire helmet contrast with the night. His long, thin arm points past the crane and into the jungle of iron and ash.

“We need a beam cut and rigged out of the way.”

Two firemen help me drag the torch hose around the line of cops in the bucket brigade. There are maybe 100 policemen. The line snakes around the crane into the jungle. In every hand there is a bucket of ash being passed down the line until it reaches any opening in the street. At the end, in front of the payloader, is an evenly spread pile of the ash. “Body parts.”

“What?”

“Looking for body parts,” one of the firemen blurts out as he drags the torch. The dogs sniff through the pile without stopping. Someone gives the nod, and the payloader scrapes the ash into its bucket.

I climb up a beaten path in the ash and over a set of mangled beams. There is another battalion chief with a “10” on his helmet standing on a set of beams that are pinned on top of one another. He sizes me up and then looks at the ironworker insignia on my hard hat. “What local union you out of?”

“424, New Haven,” I tell him.

“Where should we cut it?” he asks. We climb in the ash pockets around the iron beams.

“These are the exterior structural columns. They shouldn’t be that bad,” I say. “They’re a lot lighter than the interior columns. Maybe only about three tons a piece.” I show him the stress points on the beams. He marks the spot so the cut beam will not collapse the pile. “Oh, before you start, there may be a car on the bottom of the pile, so get the hell out of the way if it catches.”

A golden flame shoots from the tip of the torch. I adjust the gas until the flame becomes five blue cones. Testing the torch, I hit the trigger and it becomes a liquid knife. The four-inch-thick iron slowly heats, and when it becomes orange liquid, I hit the trigger. Molten iron shoots out. I lurch back, but my hand stays steady. As I work the torch, the iron beam starts to tear open. In the mix of the blowing ash and smoke, I catch the sparkle of the chief’s golden badge. He is watching my every move. He has maybe seven men around him. All of them are watching me. The torch jerks, and the molten iron blows back in my face. A splatter of iron 

jump, throwing liquid iron up into the air. My body springs away. The torch drops into the ash. The chief drags me violently off the beam.

Twenty to 30 firemen stare at the beam and then at me. I get right up like nothing happened and slowly pick up the torch, giving myself enough time to check that all my body parts are still attached. The beam lurches but does not collapse. I raise my hand to call the crane. The glaring temporary light through the smoke makes the crane operator a blur. My hand signals slash through the air. The operator knows exactly what I need, and he drops the crane’s hook into my hand.

The crane slightly lifts and secures the beam. I see nothing again but the blue flame ripping through the iron. As I come to the final inch, the crowd of firemen moves towards me. The flame blows through the last scale of iron, and the beam jumps. An odor rises up. It is pungent and heavy. I try not to gag. I try to stand straight. I try not to cry. With a lightheadedness, I move my hand slowly. The crane revs its engine, adding diesel to the smell of the ash and the decaying flesh. Slowly the mangled beam rises from the void. The crowd jumps forward. The beam swings out of control towards them. They don’t care. They jump into the void.

The crane’s thick steel cable strains as it eases the beam out of the void. My body leans into the beam to steady it as it rises. When it is finally over my head, the chief yells out, “Stop,” and my hand slams through the air. The crane jerks to a halt. In metered words, the chief tells me to bring . . . it . . . down. Not knowing why, I bring the beam down to eye level and stop again. One of the men in the void hands the chief a shiny pry bar. He leverages his weight and pries a plastic slab from the dull metallic facade that was the tower’s skin. It is a crushed fire helmet, with a gold “10” still visible. He gives me the rod. With quick, firm thrusts, I signal the crane to get the beam out of there.

Around the void, the firemen make a circle. Every face is lit up—every eye on the void. In unison their helmets come off. Nothing is said. There is silence. All the right hands touch a head, then a stomach, left shoulder, right shoulder.

The chief calls for a body bag. From the edge of the circle the bag is handed, head over head. But it is way too small for a body—it almost looks like a Glad bag. A small spade is handed down to the chief. I only look forward. I hear something slide from the neck of the bag to the bottom.

I offer my hand to the chief as he gets out of the void, but he lays the body bag with its contents on a beam and lifts himself out of the void. With his hand on my shoulders, he points me to the next beam. He picks up the body bag between his thumb and index finger and walks into the dark. As I climb over to the next beam, I notice all the cutting torches in the mountains of iron and ash around me lit up the night.

Michael Ricci is a 1992 graduate of the Bread Loaf School of English and a union iron worker. Though reluctant to write about his experience as a first responder on 9/11, he says it was the late Ken Macrorie, a longtime Bread Loaf professor, who urged—and ultimately convinced—him to publish this work.
Class Action

LOCAL FARE
Pete Johnson '97 was at the forefront of the locavore movement long before it was hip.
Photograph by Jordan Silverman
For Pete’s Sake
Farmer Pete Johnson ’97 gets by a fire with a little help from his friends.

By Sarah Tuff ’95

On a mid-morning in August, you can find just about anything at Pete’s Greens farm stand in the village of Craftsbury, Vermont: red beetsteak tomatoes, cipollini onions, Japanese eggplant, curly parsley, tender young spinach, and fennel.

Finding Pete Johnson ’97 himself on the surrounding 230 acres, however, is a bit trickier. He’s nowhere to be found in the red house that serves as his home and his company’s office, or down in the fields of shimmering emerald rows. In a sprawling new barn that smells of freshly cut wood and earth, workers are busy rinsing floors and assembling boxes. Crocs-wearing women wander to and fro. But still, no Pete.

Finally, Johnson jumps out of an old Mazda pickup and comes trotting down the hill, apologetic and a little distracted. But such is the life of a celebrity farmer—one who had become famous for many good reasons in the last few years of the burgeoning local-food movement, and then for one bad reason last January, which just made him more famous.

Johnson never intended to become a celebrity. Born in Washington state, he was planting seeds and pulling weeds as a preschooler; starting his own pumpkin farm before he was 10; and experimenting, as a teenager, with greenhouses. “I really like producing food,” he says while sitting on a flatbed trailer and scraping the dirt with an old piece of wood. “I really like soil; I really like the biological processes involved and being the caretaker.”

After the Johnson family moved to Greensboro, Vermont, when he was 12, they chose homeschooling for the four kids, but when Pete and his sister wanted to compete in Nordic skiing and cross-country running, they enrolled at nearby Burke Mountain Academy. Attending the University of Vermont, which has a college of agriculture and life sciences, might have been the natural course for Johnson, but he instead chose Middlebury thanks to its friendly vibe. “I liked where it was located as far as the natural environment,” adds the 39-year-old Johnson, who was an environmental studies major with a focus on sustainable agriculture. “I had a really good experience as far as the administration being flexible; it was just an open place in that way.”

While at Middlebury, Johnson started Pete’s Greens in 1995 and built a solar greenhouse for his senior thesis, becoming a local-food pioneer by growing salad greens year-round. But after graduation, once he returned to his parents’ land in Greensboro to clear less than an acre, Johnson was, well, just a farmer. “This wasn’t MR. GREEN JEANS Johnson has become the poster child for four-season organic farming and for buying ingredients within a 100-mile radius.
hip back then—this is hip now,” he says. “The first two or three years out of school, I would see people from that world and tell them what I was doing, and that was the end of the conversation, not a lot to talk about. But now, it’s the beginning of a huge conversation.”

You bet. In 2003, Johnson was able to purchase his own farm, nearly 200 acres of stone-free loam right in Craftsbury Village. And by 2007, when the Oxford American Dictionary declared “locavore” as the word of the year, Johnson had become the poster child for four-season organic farming and for buying ingredients within a 100-mile radius. For him, Food & Wine, VPR, and the Boston Globe gave way to the cover of Vermont Life, the New York Times, and Scientific American, among other media appearances.

Though he was already working more than 70 hours a week, Johnson obliged. “Media attention does take time but is generally a good thing,” he says. “It helps get the word out about the farm, and it’s also fun to be part of positive news stories. Every time we’re part of a story—particularly when it goes beyond Vermont—we hear from folks who are inspired by what is going on here and who are trying to create something similar in their area.”

When it comes to attention and the power to inspire, however, perhaps nothing inspired Johnson during the aftermath of January 12, 2011, when an early morning fire destroyed the Pete’s Greens barn and more than $250,000 in crops and frozen meats. That night, after loading a truck with the week’s community supported agriculture (CSA) shares at 3:00 AM, Johnson went back to bed, heard a noise, and looked out of his home to see flames.

“It was a shock—it wasn’t as huge a shock as it could have been because it happens; within 15 miles of here there’s probably been four barns that have burned in the last two to three years,” says Johnson, who was insured for about half of what he lost. “Still, when I first saw it, I was like, ‘Man, I can’t believe this,’ because it was clear that there was no saving it.”

But as news about the fire (apparently caused by a three-phase power converter that exploded) spread around the state, somebody planted the seed of an idea that the people could save Pete’s Greens. One fund-raiser sprouted up at Gardener’s Supply, and then another at Montpelier’s Onion River Sports, and yet another at the Reservoir Tap Room in Waterbury. Photographers sold prints to help out; gymnasiums hosted contra dances; co-ops accepted donations at the counter. All told, Johnson estimates, $165,000 was gathered, not including a $300,000 grant announced by Governor Peter Shumlin and two loans from the Vermont Economic Development Authority totaling $425,000.

He was most touched, he says, by the church supper organized by the people of Craftsbury a couple of weeks after the fire, when villagers emptied their pockets of $20 bills for Pete’s Greens. “That one just left me raw,” says Johnson. “I didn’t understand how significant we are in town, and it opened my eyes; it was a really cool night.”

So was February 3, 2011, when members of Phish and other Vermont bands joined together at Burlington’s Higher Ground for an all-star jam that had just about every member of the sold-out audience singing along to “With a Little Help from My Friends.” Being up on stage with the rock stars was weird, says Johnson. “But it was about more than that,” he says of his celebrity status. “It was about supporting local foods and farmers, and sharing wealth.”

In that spirit, Johnson has vowed to pay donations forward to a fund that will help other Vermont farmers in need. In the meantime, there are greens to pick, and onions to cure, and animals to raise, and winters of 20-below to prepare for, and 18 workers to supervise in his 70-plus-hour workweeks, which have actually been scaled back from what they used to be.

The payoff, of course, is not in all those dollars, but in meals of fresh, local vegetables, meat, cheese and bread that fuel Johnson (who says that 75 percent of what he consumes comes right from the farm) and so many other Vermonters, and Americans, now that there has been a paradigm shift in the way people think about food.

And if a little fame and fortune that he gets to share comes along with that, well, so be it. “Sometimes people think I do all this myself, but I’m this cheerleader who runs around and gives advice and once in while, when I’m lucky, I get to do my own work,” says Johnson. “This is a really challenging occupation. There’s days where a little less challenge would be OK, but I think it would be hard to do something that wasn’t as challenging. It would be kind of a letdown.”
The most important character in the debut novel from Eleanor Henderson '01 dies just a few chapters into the story. Yet Teddy McNicholas hovers over *Ten Thousand Saints* (Ecco, 2011) for the rest of the tale. Grief and guilt drive the actions of his family and friends after New Year's Day 1988 dawns in Lintonburg, Vermont, and a drug overdose has killed 15-year-old Teddy.

Henderson paints her troubled lead characters in rich detail. A quirky cast of damaged teens and derelict parents searches for meaning in a chaotic, substance-addled world.

When the novel begins, Teddy and his best friend Jude are celebrating New Year's Eve as many juvenile delinquents-in-training do: abusing multiple mind-altering chemicals and committing petty theft to support their habit. That evening, they meet Jude's sort-of stepsister, Eliza—her mom dates Jude's dad—who is returning to Manhattan from a ski vacation. At a party, Eliza introduces Teddy to cocaine and sex. The boys huff Freon on their way home and pass out on the street.

Jude's mother, Harriet, finds the boys frozen on the sidewalk, one alive and one dead. Harriet makes bongs for a living; Jude's dad deals pot. The adults have never outgrown their hippie youths. As Jude recovers in the hospital, a doctor notes that the boy, who was adopted, shows signs of fetal alcohol syndrome. Harriet's reaction? "How wonderful it would be to find the source of all this, to blame it on some other mother."

Jude reaches out to Teddy's 18-year-old brother, Johnny. (Teddy's parents are already out of the picture.) Johnny lives on Manhattan's Lower East Side, not far from Jude's new digs, where he lives with his dope-dealing dad. Johnny rejects the rudderless dysfunction of the adults and devotes himself to the strict lifestyle of the burgeoning straight edge punk music scene. The straight edge credo dictates no smoking, drinking, drugs, eating meat, or fooling around with girls.

Under Johnny's influence, Jude embraces straight edge with addictive fervor. And then Eliza comes back into their lives, pregnant with Teddy's baby. Henderson turns a potentially soap-operatic plot twist into the most engaging element of the narrative. Three poorly parented teens try to do right by the unborn child of the person they loved. They do what those who gave birth to them never managed: form a functioning family.

In a story populated mostly by troubled adolescent males, 15-year-old Eliza is the author's most compellingly drawn character. When Eliza returns to boarding school after Teddy's death—her umpteenth stop in a checkered academic career—she throws herself into studying for the first time. It helps her avoid thinking about anything, "the blank page of her underwear" most of all. "To say that she had lost herself would imply a surrender, an accident; she was lost, but she had lost herself willfully, as one does when being chased. Into each fluorescent classroom she leapt sharpened pencil first."

Henderson's prose excels in these quiet moments; flashes of insight into character; concisely limned descriptions of place. Eliza's first impression of Jude: "He was sort of dangerously adorable, like one of those wide-eyed donkeys..."
that would either kick you or eat out of your hand.” When Jude’s father told him, at nine years old, that he was adopted, Jude “wishes he could unknow all of it, just tilt his head and shake it out of his ear, like bathwater.” Johnny loves his gitty corner of the Lower East Side: “He liked the goulash of his neighborhood, the alphabet soup, the insults spoken in foreign tongues.”

The story sometimes veers into improbable territory as Johnny and Jude strive to protect Eliza’s pregnancy while launching their music careers. Even when the plot wobbles, Henderson’s painstaking research—nine years worth—into ‘80s Manhattan and straight edge punk lends great period texture to these elements of her tale.

EDWARD HOPPER was passionately drawn to the varied and volatile essence of New England, where he spent most of his summers. His collection of paintings depicting slanting seaside homes, desolate main streets, rolling dunes, and rocky shores spans more than 50 years of his career, each capturing the region’s stark and stoic nuances. Just as his brooding cityscapes immortalized a grim alienation of the human spirit, so do his rural scenes—whether it’s a sole figure in The Dory, an aging couple in Cape Cod Evening, or the single nude in A Woman in the Sun.

In Edward Hopper’s New England (Pomegranate, 2011), Carl Little, MA French ’86, captures the evolving role the coastline and inlands played as the artist’s central subject over a long stretch of time. The large-scale format of the book allows for full-page color reprints so readers can linger over every detail.

Little’s thoughtful and encompassing essay precedes the works and puts into context the artist’s expertise in a range of media, from etching to watercolor to oil. In addition to providing a historical perspective of Hopper, including his early training in New York and Paris, Little categorizes the New England works by region, from his first visits to Gloucester and southern Maine to his later trips further afield. The essayist gives shape to Hopper’s mark on the art world, noting that while many artists have been drawn to the iconic coastline image, “it was Hopper who made of the lighthouse a representative and enduring image.” Lighthouses indeed play a large role in Hopper’s view of New England, with four in particular included in this book. Little adds that many critics “have read Hopper’s lighthouses and architectural manifestations of the theme of loneliness found elsewhere in his art.”

The remote island of Monhegan, off the mid-coast of Maine, has long been a haven for artists. Hopper spent time there with his beloved teacher, Robert Henri, and fellow students, among them Rockwell Kent. One of the islands most treacherous headlands, Blackhead, makes an appearance in several of Hopper’s early New England works. Though his name does not leap to mind as quickly as Wyeth and Winslow Homer, he held that “all men approach the landscape self-centeredly or self-expressively, looking for what agrees with their temperaments, what seems to embody their emotions.” In New England, Hopper saw much of himself. And Little, in turn, delivers that vision wholeheartedly.

—Blair Kloman, MA English ’94

**Recently Published**

- *The Parallel Process: Growing Alongside Your Adolescent or Young Adult: Child in Treatment* (Lantern Books, 2010) by Krispy Pozatik ’96
- *This Is Me from Now On* (Aladdin MIX, 2010) by Barbara Dee, MA English ’83
- *Shadow Swans* (Tiny Mammoth Press, 2011) by Laura Thomas ’96
I'm sorry to report that another classmate has left us. Grace Harris Wiener died at home on July 3. At Middlebury she majored in French and was active in Kappa Gamma. She was also in the Mountain Club, Glee Club, on the Pan-Hellenic Council, and was the class secretary for two years. I would like to know what your classmates are doing. Please send me news about where you are living.

—Class Correspondent: Alma Davila Sindle, 147 West State St., Room 208, Kenton Square, PA 19348.

Agnes "Aggie" Taylor Harris and Marion Cole Morhouse attended their 75th reunion on the weekend of June 3-5. They both participated in Convocation and were honored by their fellow alumni, who gave them a standing ovation when they walked in!

REUNION CLASS

It is time to let our classmates know that you will only read news of Eleanor Barnum Gardner, Janet Randall Morgan, Polly Overton Camp, or me unless you are willing to take time to send me news about yourself. The names of those above are the classmates with whom I keep in touch fairly often. Eleanor Gardner and her twin grandchildren, a boy and a girl, visited her recently. They were a year old in September and live in Montreal where their mother teaches at McGill. The first weekend in July we had our annual Hall family reunion at daughter Lynne and husband David's perennial farm in South Royalton, Vt. There are many joys for me when I see my six great-grandchildren, three girls and three boys. Also represented were six states and two Canadian provinces. Like so many families today, we are living in many locations. In July Lynne and David took me to Breakwaters Restaurant on Lake Champlain in Burlington to celebrate my 95th birthday. It was such fun watching yachts going in and out and coming and a number of them were flying Canadian flags. So with a plea to send in news, I wish you all well.

—Class Correspondent: Mrs. Charles M. Hall (Margaret Leslie), 100 Waverly Rd., Shelburne, VT 05482.

I regret to report the death of Elinor Wieland Cain on May 9 and Joyce Mackenzie Cropsley on April 15. I also learned that Dorothy Harris Ramsey passed away on June 10, 2009. I received a letter from Elinor’s daughter, Barbara Froman. She stated that when her mother’s mind was wandering she felt that she was back at Middlebury reliving her student days. She always told Barbara that her days at the College were some of the happiest days of her life. Elinor worked for Dr. Freeman for several years while she was in college and kept in touch with him when she graduated. She was an educator herself and the retired chairman of the language department of Sewanhaka High School. Since Elinor taught languages, I make the following ad hoc observation. I took three years of Latin in prep school and all I remember is that Caesar said "Veni, Vidi, Vici." I came, I saw, I conquered. In college I learned De gustibus non disputandum est (there’s no accounting for taste). In law school I learned De minimis non curat lex (the law does not concern itself with trifles). Now that I am 93 years of age I know Tempo fugit (time flies). Not long ago I spent three weeks on Martha’s Vineyard. I fished every day for blue fish and caught none. They had not migrated north as yet. I could have fished for striped bass. But that was an evening adventure. I was too busy drinking red wine in the hopes it would extend my life so that I could attend the 75th reunion of our class. Someone with vast medical experience told me red wine extends your life. On my way to Martha’s Vineyard this fall, I intended to spend a night at Middlebury to celebrate a 72.5 reunion. Just in case the red wine theory does not perform as expected.

—Class Correspondent: A. Roger Clarke (angercrake@mac.com), 7 Randall Park, Rochester, NY 14607.

Curtis McDowell died on May 6 at the age of 93. He had retired from his law practice in Chicago a few years ago and had been living in an assisted-living residence with his family nearby, except for his daughter Sylvia, who is a real estate agent in the Phoenix area. Curtis was an English major who thrived under the influence of Doctor Cook. He earned his law degree in night school after graduating from Midd. He was captain of the tennis team his senior year at Midd and played a very good game. Martha Taylor Elliott reports that all is well with her. She lives in a duplex with her son and daughter-in-law and still gives an occasional music lesson.

—Class Correspondent: Donald T. Blackwell

Correspondent Margaret Shaub attended the 7oth reunion and reports: The weekend got off to a propitious start with good weather and a lively crew of staff members, volunteers, and students who greeted everyone as they arrived on campus. I wish you all could have been there; but as people came and went, the total of attendees from our class, according to my count, was as follows: Gordie Brooks, from Florida; Jean Connor, from Wake Robin in Shelburne, VT; Milton "Bud" Covey, from Middlebury; Merritt Garland, from Massachusetts; David Hammmond, from Ohio; Charlotte Gilbert Lightfoot, from California; Dan Martin, with 11 family members, from Georgia; Barbara Wells, from Middlebury; and me, from South Burlington. We were housed in Gifford Hall, conveniently located across the road from Proctor dining hall, where we took our meals, including our class dinner Friday evening. At that occasion I conveyed messages that had arrived from you. Not everyone could stay the full two days, but at the Convocation on Saturday at 5:00 in Mead Chapel, six of us shared seats in the first two rows with Rvo members of the Class of 1936. We were all duly honored. There were lots of events taking place during the weekend—the Carnegie Society luncheon, which I attended; Rvo members at Liebowitz workshops; a presentation by environmentalist Bill McKibben; two Alumni Achievement awards and two Alumni Plaque awards—to name but a few. Everything was well planned in advance, and it was obvious the College had done everything to make it a memorable weekend. I had a phone call from Jane Skillman Sara, who didn’t make it to reunion. She had recently talked
with Peg Wiley Thomson, who is doing well, and she had been in touch with Barbara Wells. Also, a note from Bill Littlehale expressed regret that he had been unable to attend. * Correspondent Elizabeth Wollington Hubbard-Ovens reports: We are sad to report the deaths of Mildred 'Polly' Potter Tesar on March 28 and Malcolm Freifeld on May 17. Their deaths were due to illness. Both were extended to both families. Polly left us after two years. Mal was a 41 grad and his bio in the 50th reunion book tells it all. He had great enthusiasm for his Middlebury years, and had an outstanding career and family. The reunion book is a treasure. You can browse at leisure and be reminded of good times and good friends.

Class Correspondents: Elizabeth Wollington Hubbard-Ovens, 22 Innesses Dr., Apt. E-116, New Hartford, NY 13415; Margaret Shesh, 159 Village Green Dr., Apt. 2, South Boston, VA 05403.

42 REUNION CLASS

A bit of news this issue: Bob Northrop phoned recently and we had a nice chat. All goes well with his large family—and all goes equally well in northern Vermont. * Dixie Davis also telephoned not long ago. She has moved to Westminster, Me., and enjoys life with her daughter, Sherry. * Margi Fell Council lives in Marcy County, across the Golden Gate Bridge. We met recently for lunch—she came to the city via ferry and I met her as she debunked. I had arrived there via bus and the trolley line. So be it when one goes up one's car. * I hope you will start thinking about our 70th reunion, which will be next June. I hope many of us will be able to meet there!

—Class Correspondent: Joan Colley Cooper (fsallop@ymail.com), 3400 Laguna St., Apt. 331, San Francisco, CA 94123.

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Correspondent Jean Jordan Sheld reports: A letter from Peg Bullock Marti states that she is living happily in a very nice senior apartment building in Midland, Mich. She already had some friends there when she moved in and has found many more. There's a very helpful staff who keeps them well fed, entertained, and informed. Although she has some arthritis, she is in good health. She enjoyed reading John Grisham's book, The Last Juror, but didn't much like Carol Burnett's autobiography. * We were saddened to hear that Betty Attenhofer Van Valkenburg had passed away on May 11. Her daughter, Nancy Glover '77, reported that she had been doing very well until March when she suffered several falls over a few weeks' time, resulting in stays in the hospital. She had finally stopped eating and was in hospice care. Betty majored in French at Middlebury and I remember her living in the Château. She loved skiing and she met her husband at the Bromley ski area. They live in Vermont years together and traveled extensively worldwide but were always glad to return to their home on Candlewood Lake in Connecticut. In the 50th reunion booklet she wrote, "It has been a good life and I've always appreciated looking forward to her sister. Charlotte '43, visit­
ing her during the summer." * We were saddened to hear of Ginny Clemons Loward's passing on July 10. When I called her husband, Rod, to express my sympathy, he mentioned that they had just celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary in June. They had attended a summer theater matinee and luncheon at a nearby country club followed by an Open House with about 15 of their closest friends. He reminisced about all the wonderful trips they had taken all over the world—to at least 57 different countries. They always had connections to the Girl Scouts or Girl Guides and Ginny planned them all. We remember how Ginny was always full of enthusiasm for college activities. With her boundless energy and her love of life, she made this a better world. * Eleanor Willcox Murphy says she is in remarkably good health and stays very active by doing lots of exercises every day. She is still living in her home of 39 years and, ever since her husband died in January, she has had a caregiver who checks on her. Although she walks with a cane, she was able to visit her son in Virginia and attend the Kennedy Center recently. She is still very much a Red Sox fan and also watches the Bruins and Celtics on TV. When I asked her if she remembered any special time at Middlebury, she laughed and recalled that on one Mountain Club hike they were doing the Virginia Reel and she had to be carried out! She wondered why (answer anybody?)? * News about Liz Scherholz Pelm came from her daughter, Susan. She is presently in an assisted-living facility and is doing pretty well. Susan lives nearby so is able to visit her often. When I called Liz, she had difficulty talking, but told me that her sister had gone to Middlebury four years before her and had set a pretty high standard for her to follow. * Gloria Merritt Piersall is grateful to have healthy genes because she still drives and likes to get into the country and enjoy the scenery. She did get to New Jersey last summer to see some of the family, which consists of 55 nephews and nieces, many living around the world. Living in Hardiner, Kan., she said she had been on this very dry season—the worst in 35 years. * I had a pleasant chat with Carol Lewithwaite Lockard's son, Paul, who told me that his mom is now in a rehab facility. In spite of a broken leg two years ago and various hospital stays for the last few weeks, she is now having physical therapy. She attends community church services every Wednesday at this facility. Her daughter, Kathy '72, lives nearby. Paul felt that his mom was proud of her time at Middlebury and she later worked for Pratt and Whitney, where she met her husband. She worked for the Red Cross after that. * I was delighted to get an update on Pat Rogers Prukop from her son, Christopher, who lives in Brookline, Mass. He had been to Hawaii to visit her in April and to celebrate her 89th birthday. She is very pretty and still living in her own home. Although she walks with a cane, she is able to drive and get together with a few close friends. She had open-heart surgery five years ago with a triple bypass and has had knee surgery on both knees. Sons Tim and Mick live in California, and son Greg lives in Oregon. * Correspondent John Gale reports: Page Ufford, now in his 53rd year in the 400-resident retirement home in Cotterdale, PA, recently moved to his son's condo on Lake Winnipesaukee, N.H., from where he visited Middlebury. He also made a visit to a son in Atlanta. He continues to prefer stairs to the elevator, conducts the home's memorial and vespers services, and drives locally. He has some macular degeneration in one eye but is able to read and use his computer. * Howie Friedman and wife Daisy spent two weeks at Makko Bay, St. John, in the Virgin Islands and were planning to summer in the Euros near Jackson Hole. Howie then leaves nearby them in Vermont. In late June, Howie was preparing to take part in the Fourth of July parade to display the types of equipment used by the 10th Mountain Division in the mountains in Italy. He was recently diagnosed as having Parkinson's disease, which unfortunately means controlled by medication. * Red Barnsby, in a retirement community in Springfield, Va., has also developed Parkinson's, which has contributed to several falls, one resulting in a hip fracture earlier this year, with good recovery, however. Medication has alleviated the effects of the disorder to some extent. He no longer drives and has given up his computer. His wife Ellivene is taking good care of him. * Roger Easton suffered an ill turn this spring, necessitating hospitalization at the VA hospital in White River Jct., Vt., and as of July 1 was in a rehabilitation unit. * George Nitchie, at age 90, died in Hingham, Mass., on June 6. George grew up in Northfield, Vt., along with Ted Peach, and after Middlebury, he obtained an MA and a PhD from Columbia and taught at Simmons College in Boston, where he headed the English dept. and where he must have made English literature a more interesting subject for a great many students. He was a quiet person, with the delightful sense of humor that is so typical of Vermonters. George was a writer, a chorale group singer, a woodworker, and a founder of ROMEO (Retired Old Men Eating Out), an example of his whimsical bent.

—Class Correspondents: Dr. John S. Gale (jsgal22@comcast.net), 24 Beach Rd., Gloucester, MA 01930; Jean Jordan Sheld (jsheldj@agogrid.net), 4408 Winnspeaug Rd., Monona, WI 53716.

44 Al Boissevain left his California vineyards to join a retirement community in Bloomington, Ind., because his daughter declared he "had to". (He honestly did add that she was right.) He would, however, like a bit of Vermont cool sent to way to mitigate the humidity. The retirement community in which he lives is near Indiana Univ. and Al avails himself of its many concerts. He keeps in touch with good friends—Betty Gans' son, Evans King '43 in Concord, Mass., and Paul Crocker in Falmouth, ME, who has returned to California for Al Rathburn's memorial service. He then lingered on to revisit the area where he had lived and grown his prosperous vineyards. By the time he returned to his home in Bloomington, he was able to say, "It was a lovely past and it is a lovely present" in his cottage with his dog. * Polly Powers Wallace has been living for the last 11 years in Pendleton, S.C., a small town adjacent to Clemson Univ. She moved there from California. Before that, she'd lived in Colorado. Going way back, you may recall that Polly was at Midd for a couple of years and transferred to Cornell, but she wanted to be at Midd for her 50th reunion and still feels close to her first college. Son John and his family live nearby; in Atlanta, Ga. Daughter Julianne '69 and her family are in NYC and daughter Marybeth is in Ventura, Calif. (in an apartment three blocks from the beach). Of two grandchildren who help fill this picture story, one was in Peru in June, traveling South America with his gaming friends and planning to go to Harvard Law School; the other is in med school, expecting to be a psychiatrist. * Richard and Winifred "Winnie" Wittigman Ballou have been invertebrate and tiresome world travelers over the years. These days, they are content to be at home in Camden, NY, with their wonderful memories.
Some memories are poignant, recalling great times in countries now in turmoil. Current news reports show that the situation in those places is critical. Make Winnie hope for a return to some kind of normalcy for the many people they got to know in their travels. She and Richard continue to urge others to travel and engage with the rich diversity of the world.

Sally Curtis is at home in Rutland, Vt., snug in the house her grandfather built from "Especially," they confess, "since we're not exactly as Church choir, attends Midd reunions, and keeps in touch with friends, including those from her many teaching years at Northfield Mt. Hermon School. Until recently, she served as High Priestess at Ladies Oriental Shrine of North America (ladies auxiliary of the Shriners). "I am so lucky," she says, "My points work." She recently told her doctor, who asked about her arthritis, "I have a joint in one finger that hurts part of a day, and that's about it." Recalling her Midd days she says, "I had but one interest in life: I wanted to be head waitress in the dining room at Bat Cot when I was a senior." And she made it.

Elizabeth "Betts" Mercer McChrystal traveled from Cape Cod, Mass., to her hometown, Mother's Day with daughter Meg and two of her sons. She writes, "Later that week, we drove up to North Fayston, Vt., to spend two days with my nephew. On the drive back to Cape Cod, we had lunch in North Andover with Pat Noe Bursaw in her retirement home, her dining room. She has a beautiful apartment and the building and grounds are very attractive. There was yet one more visit to a nephew in Mystic, Conn. Betts's closing comment: "In spite of the rainy days on the Cape, off the Cape we had gorgeous days. I had a great visit." Mary and John Cadwell are delighted to see the development, this year, of their Perinton, Vt., property, which they have turned over to their sons to manage. Their boys contracted with a young couple to run a CSA (Community Supported Agriculture) program on the land. These two hard-working folks live in a little house on the Cadwell property and work enthusiastically with chickens and vegetables and acres of sweet peas. In the CSA program (in case you're unfamiliar with it), people in the community invest in a farm at the beginning of a season. Then, after the growing season starts, they visit the farm each week to pick up their share of what's produced. The Cadwells are enjoying what they see as a great arrangement, which is turning out beautifully! "Especially," they confess, "since we're not exactly as energetic as the tireless two who run the program—all we have to do is watch!"

Class Correspondents: Ruth Wheaton Evans (mw2@verizon.net), 80 Saluda St., Unit 603, Worcester, MA 01609; Elizabeth Ring Henningfield (elizabeth.r.henningfield@verizon.net), 397 Old Sherborn Hill Rd., Walpole, CT 06798.

In June, Nona Fife Peck and son Jim came to visit me en route to the family Lake Dunmore cabin. Nona had her scrapbook, fortunately she saved everything, and the Cadwells were delighted with her photographic documentation of living in the town of Middlebury as well as being a student at the College. She went off to be a WAVE so did not share those last years with us. She says Alan Wofford was one of her father's star students. She is trying to remember a girl in our class who also was.Any clues? Perhaps it was Jessie Woodwell Bush. Jessie writes, "About Prof. Fife, I was in his class but hardly a star student. His inspiring lectures did prompt me to major in economics. As a result, economics prof. Kirk Perretz, was responsible—many years later when he taught at Colgate—for a dinner in Washington where Arch and I met. Arch had attended Colgate. I've always felt that was the greatest benefit I enjoyed from the economics major. In June we enjoyed a visit from Arch's sister (from College!), celebrating our two birthdays. We were joined by all our family for a great dinner in Tampa, Fla." I attended the memorial service for Paula Knight Jeffries at the family farm in Marlborough, N.H., and was moved by the airplane's releasing her and Donald's ashes over the Adirondacks. This was co-chaired by the 50th reunion gift and we used 1941 as the goal to beat as that was her brother Walter's class. In 2011 we are proudly doing our part in annual giving with a participation of 74 percent, passing the 50 percent goal asked for by all alumni. Ray Walch's sense of humor is alive and well describing things very special about seeing former classmates, "From Florida Alice Southworth Twible reports about "a leaky internal valve, too late to do something about, some shortness of breath, but am able to do some of the most of the time." She expressed sadness about the deaths of Alan and Jo Higgins Wolley.

Dorothy Lux O'Brien lets us know that Jean Bender Herrmann has moved to assisted living in Cammellbrooke Place and there are new names in the Student Directory—Pearsom freshman year, "in the smallest room because we were the smallest persons there. We could even wear each other's clothes." Dottie is godmother of Jean's daughter, who reported the move for her mother. "In response to my question, "What are you doing for fun?" I heard from the following three classmates. "Nikki" Lacey Patterson sent a line: 1) Daughter Cynthia was coming from Georgia to take her to visit her father's, his wife's, and her husband's graves in Linden, N.J., for a picnic for the first time since the 1960s. 2) she was going to dance recitals of granddaughter Deanna, who lives 10 miles north in Valley Cottage, N.Y., with daughter Martha; 3) she was listening to the wild stories son Andrew tells. He lives in Rochester, N.Y., and has 24 apartments in two buildings. In the heat of summer Elaine King Dandh responded, "It is 104 degrees in the Rio Grand Valley, and we were provided with a picnic for the first time since the 1960s; 2) I was looking forward to the fall when I can put in a new garden for the winter season. It's a crazy climate." Janet Kemp Doell said, "You hit me on a good day for asking me what I'm doing for fun. For one thing, this week I'm going to four operas in six days, in what may well be my last month to see all the Ring of the Nibelungen (Wagner) at once. Last night was the first one, Die Rheingold, and it was fantastic. The San Francisco Opera is magnificent! Since I went to the next one, Die Walküre. The other interesting thing I'm doing is trying to get a lichen named the California State Lichen. No other state has done that so far, although Georgia has one out for such an honor. Next month I'm off to Alaska for six weeks to visit kids and grandkids, nieces and nephews, etc." As for me in New Hampshire, this summer I have enjoyed the visits of my family and friends coming through and the summer theater season of seven plays at Peterborough Players. Thanks for keeping in touch, Mew.

Class Correspondent: Mary Elizabeth Wootzchey McCullan (mount@comcast.net), 124 RiverMead Rd., Peterborough, NH 03458.

It was a wonderful reunion! For those of you who were there, it was very special to see you again. For those of you who were not able to return, I will try to tell you about it. As I write, we have an extra weekend (unlike the 60th) so we were able to walk to most activities or ride in the golf cars to see parts of the campus we had not seen before. Many of us had our sons and daughters with us. They seemed to have as much fun as we did. We had a choice of many presentations, including a conversation with the president. You can rest assured that the College is in good hands. He was very upbeat about all the goings-on at Middlebury. We visited the Solar Decathlon house, had our pictures taken, ate great meals with the class, went to a sing-along with the Class of '51 and walked up Chapel Walk with our banner for Convocation. We sat WAY down these front days. I asked some of your classmates to tell you about their time also. Gloria Antolini Keyser says, "Returning to Middlebury is ALWAYS a joyous and uplifting experience. What a pleasure it is to reunite with dear friends from those halcyon college years. It had to be an emotional bond. So many children chose to accompany us to reunion. The motivation was surely out of love, but also concern for our safety and welfare at age 85. I simply marvel at our progeny. What an attractive and accomplished brood we've spawned! They seemed to have so much fun getting to know each other—almost as much fun as we were having! It made Reunion 2011 extra special for me." Jean Luckhardt Stratton says, "It surely was a glorious, sunny weekend on the campus. There was something very special about seeing former classmates, learning about some of their accomplishments, and especially meeting the four or five daughters and sons of those classmates who had died since our last reunion. We were reminded of The Strength of the Hills is His Also! As we paraded uphill from Old Chapel to Midd Chapel for Convocation. As we alums sang our alma mater, it was a stirring finale to an interesting, informative program bringing us into the 21st century of happenings at the College." Jeanne Dis Hofmesteader was wonderful to see and laugh with friends that we hadn't seen for at least five years. Middlebury treats us so beautifully,
wrote to some of her Middlebury friends on the witli wonderful food, maps of campus (needed with a smaller school in New Hampshire, where beach. Kay was one of the 21 who attended reunion. Cod. She belongs to a theater group and they have Rowland place to place were great. Everyone there seemed so many new buildings), and especially with having daughter Mary '82 with me was great. She knows me so well and we always have such fun together. She was glad to put faces to all the friends I have talked about through the years. My favorite happening, aside from the traditional ones, was attended by the members of her extended family: Sophia Healy, Arthur's granddaughter, and John Canady, a poet. They had other books available and I have just finished The Last Station by Jay Parini, who teaches at the College. I haven't seen the movie with Helen Mirren and Christopher Plummer, but I'm going to e-mail Netflix. If I started to list classmates I'd go crazy because I was so happy to see all 21 of us. I thought we looked quite well-preserved. **Peg Romer Jones** was so disappointed not to gather up the get-together with us at reunion. (We're sorry, too.) She was able to escape the heat of Florida with a two-week trip to New Hampshire. Her hospital auxiliary picked her up in an all-night relay and walk for the American Cancer Society, held in the woods of the Central Florida Zoo. She did not spend the night sleeping under the stars, but did walk the two miles and raised some money for the cause. **Ray Craven** had a full summer of activities on Cape Cod. She belongs to a theater group and they have season tickets to the musicals and plays presented at the Cape Playhouse. Also, a well-known chamber music quintet comes to the Cape in August for concerts. She was also keeping busy with gardening, golf, and spending many hot summer days at the beach. Kay was one of the 21 who attended reunion. I know she had a great time because we drove up together from the Cape. **Barbara Flink Ewels** wrote to some of her Middlebury friends on the day of reunion saying how sorry she was not to be with us. She has been very busy and does not sleep too well, so she knew she couldn't manage sleeping on her trip to New Hampshire. She has a new kayak. The seat doesn't require you to have the American Monetarists and the Eichiiii' Cms, is available on British Columbia, Canada, and enjoyed it immensely. They especially enjoyed their trip to the Butchart Gardens. They found it fun to be in a country so similar and yet so different from our own. From Colorado Sally McCullough Sterritt reported that they enjoyed a very pleasant reunion with their family. They met in Manitou Springs in the foothills south of Denver, an interesting small town with a lot of Victorian houses, one of which they stayed in. They took the cog railway to the top of Pike's Peak where it snowed but, fortunately, not for long. En route they observed an attractive group of young Asians, one of whom approached Sally and asked, "How old are you?" Somewhat taken aback Sally replied, "I don't remember." The young man then said, "You're young." Sally wasn't sure quite what to think of that but she seemed it was complimentary. They also went to the zoo and fed and petted the giraffes and then saw the huge fish at Seven Falls. Sally takes great pride in her great-grandson, but he lives in Tennessee, so she does not see him as much as she would like. **Virginia "Jinny" Stowell James** is having a wonderful reunion after many years. I have just seen her at her DAR chapter, and as president of her Delta Kappa Gamma chapter because no one is willing to take over from her. She is still active in her church but no longer sings in the choir. She does almost everything for her husband who turned 101 in July, including all the driving and helping to publicize his book, **The Monetarists and the Evolving Crisis**, is available on his website, www.buildingnow.com. Jinny helped a lot with the editing and commentary. The only traveling they have done is visit their daughter in Florida. When she wrote they were looking forward to spending the summer in their cottage in New Harbor, Maine. Jinny hopes to attend our 65th reunion next June. **Barbara "Bobbie" Bates Lauterwasser** and her husband took a delightful 4,600-mile trip to Florida, visiting friends and family along the way. They spent a week with their son and daughter-in-law in St Petersburg. While there they also visited their daughter in Colorado. Their granddaughter Bob and Marjie Nelson Bench and enjoyed catching up with family news. They feel blessed to be "chugging along at 87 and 85" and are thankful for their families, including one in Massachusetts (Bruce '71) and one in Colorado (Ralph '71). Their sons provide them with support and they, in return, entertain their friends whenever visiting during the summer. **Margaret "Peggy" Armstrong Igleheart** went on the trip with her son and daughter-in-law for Colorado. She has lived for 57 years. She now lives in a fine retirement home called Seabury in Bloomfield, Conn. There is only one other Middlebury alum there. She keeps busy as chair of the Hospitality Committee, which welcomes newcomers, and hosts parties, etc. She had a lot of fun as lead in the biennial music production and says fortunately she did not have to sing, only speak. This is a joint production of residents and staff and "is a wonderful way to get the two groups together." Peggy helps out playing for chapel services twice a week. Seabury encourages all to be physically active, so she participates in hiking, cross-country skiing, and "groaning with an exercise class three times per week." She plays bridge with people from Bloomfield, Simsbury, and Farmington. She has joined a local church and lunches with members of our class in Vermont, an outgrowth of our 50th reunion. She has two sons, one in Singapore and one in Columbia, S.C. When their father died they decided that "Mom should live near their sister in Bristol, Conn." She had thought to retire to the new facility in Middlebury, but that is still not finished. I have received news of the death of Shirley Woodward Myers-Thurston on April 15 and Ruth Brittain Gore on May 22. Our condolences are sent to their families. I also received a letter from the children of Mary Pitz Hunt informing me of her death on June 17. I think it worth repeating a paragraph from that letter as it says so much about her. "Mom was such a sweet lady and such an important part of our lives. She was a wonderful example of growing old gracefully. Despite many physical issues in the last months of her life, she rarely complained and was so appreciative of what she was still able to do for herself and of anything we did for her. She continued to marvel at the little things in life, such as watching birds and other wildlife, and simply enjoying being with family. Our sympathies go out to her family."
seven grandchildren, and several are either practicing physicians or in medical school. And more medical news: Elaine has joined the Class of '48 Joint Club, having had two total knee replacements. Pictures of Angkor Wat in Cambodia finally came to life for Norm and Stacey (Adele Sternmiller 'Taylor in '48). It is a temple of the magnificent 12th-century temple complexes, including the most famous, Angkor Wat. Then they set sail down the Mekong River through Vietnam to Saigon. Highlights: walks through traditional villages and markets, seeing many homes, a church, school, basketball court (!), and a police station literally floating on the water. They were greatly enhanced by the marvelous lectures from their guide from the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, the sponsor of the trip. We have sad news: Alice Deininger Kreider died on February 23 and Ellie Flanagan Branch died on April 30. Also, Dennett Buettner, son of Arthur and Ann Tisdale Buettner, sent notice that Art died on June 19. Art and Ann had been living in Maine, but due to ill health, they had moved to Pennsylvania in early June to be near their son. Ann's address is c/o Dennett Buettner, 216 Robinson Street, Pittsburg, PA 15231. Her telephone number is 412−572−7455 and she would enjoy hearing from old friends and acquaintances. Our condolences are sent to the families of our deceased classmates.

—Class Correspondents: Elizabeth Biedenbink Ness (elizabeth.ness@verizon.net), 412 N.Wayne Ave., #1109, Wayne, PA 19087; Sandy Rosenberg (nepoay@gmail.com), 628 Commons Dr., Sacramento, CA 95825.

** Correspondent Dixon Hemphill reports: Alan Erickson writes, "Thanks for accepting this responsibility." (He's referring to my position as class correspondent and it's nice to know some classmates appreciate our work.) June (Anderson) '50 and I still live in Needham, Mass. Four grown kids are all doing well and have provided 10 grandchildren, [June and I also have four kids but only nine grandchildren.] "Our greatest joy is the beauty of life, man's creativity, and the realization of the success of the children we have raised." The addition we put on our house in 1991 makes it possible for us to live outdoors 'year-round and enjoy the fruits of June's horticultural skills and our daughter's landscaping sense. The downside is advancing problems with memory. C'est la vie!" Who in their mid-eighties these days does not have memory problems, but compared to physical setbacks, forgetting names and dates is really not a problem. I am sorry to report that several of our classmates are a number of Middlebury people at Kendal: like Kendal at Hanover, where I live. There are many Middlebury people in the Boston area, Claire has met some in formative ways. She met a fellow social worker in the same department who turned out to be the daughter of Prof. Waldo Heinrichs, who taught us all the required Contemporary Civilization. Claire and Carolin Spooner also discovered they both had grandchildren in the Class of 2006 at Dana Hall School. As many of us are discovering at this point in our lives, it is vital to avoid falls. Janet McIntosh Straley, in June, in the middle of her busy and healthy life, fell two years ago, injured her rotator-cuff, was operated on, went through lots of physiotherapy, and is getting better and stronger now—but it's been a long haul. She plans to be able to walk again soon. Claire has had to continue relying on family and friends. She has a daughter who lives in the same town, three sons (one went to Middlebury) who live out West, and six grandchildren. We talked about the pleasures and safety factors of living in a continuing care facility like Kendal at Hanover, where I live. There are a number of Middlebury people at Kendal: Phil Porter, Avery Pole '46, and Hugh Taft '44. Besides grad, there are other Midd people as well: Jim Armstrong, Midd president from 1963–1975, and Caroline Freeman, daughter of Prof. Stephen Freeman. Getting to know a whole new community is oddly like going off to Middlebury—fun and exciting.

—Class Correspondents: Conroe Elwell, 119 Harris Ave., Bartlett, VT 05301; Sally Pack Nelson, 80 Lyman Rd., #315, Hanover, NH 03755.

** Our 60th reunion was a most congenial reunion weekend, and we did see and miss all of you who could not return. Each ceremony seemed poignant. The Reunion Parade was fun (!). We assembled on the sidewalk on Old Chapel Road—1951 was rather nearer to the top of the line—and once in the building it was easy comparing old classmates with the ivories at Middlebury parties. Ed Harter was surviving the 110-degree temperature in Phoenix, Ariz., when we talked in July. He is well and enjoying life in the great Southwest. * Walt Paterson reports that he and John O'Connor decided not to play in the Gordy Perine golf tournament this year. (Eighteen holes is just too long.) Walt plays golf daily in Port Saint Lucie, Fla., and says that his average score is now his exact age. * Steve Welch kindly shared his pictures and memories of his trip to the land of the Orient. Steve would like to hear from any classmates. He is still located on Lake Champlain in Vergennes, Vt. * I am sad to report the death of two classmates: Will Carey on April 17 and George Shumway on May 1. Unfortunately posted on May 6 (Maurice) '48. Will was well known for his love spending two months each winter in Costa del Sol, Spain. What a delight to escape the cold winters of Vermont. They have a grandson who just graduated from the Univ of Montana and another to follow in his footsteps next year. I asked what the attraction was to the school. He replied that many from the area go there and really love the school and get a great education. * I had a nice visit with my brother, Leon "Lee" Adkins, this spring when he and his wife Bonnie came to visit from Vermont. He was here for a retirement celebration for a fellow Methodist minister in the area. We had a lot of fun catching up on events as well as future ideas and we had plenty of laughs. He and Bonnie continue to keep very busy and involved in the town of Middlebury. They have also joined the ranks of great-grandparents with a lovely great-granddaughter, Elia, who they see quite often. * Janey Baker and I have been sharing e-mails and she has now found her way on Facebook. Again I encourage you all to look into it. It's a great way to communicate with family and friends. * And now, on to the joys of modern technology. In June, I and daughter Holly Plut Hubeisen '78 had the pleasure of watching my grandson and her nephew, Jack—Georges Omni Plut (20 mos.), at a celebration of his baptism at St. Clouds restaurant in Seattle, Wash. Jack's dad is John Plut '80, MA English '91 and the owner of the restaurant. (Anyone visiting or living in Seattle, stop in. He would love to see you just to chat and reminisce about Middlebury.) The modern technology part is that Holly and I were able to see and talk to each other throughout the ceremony. A good friend of the family, Robert Fulghum, like we were really there! Wally Hubbard echoed the same discussion. Wally is a number of other Middlebury people as well: Claire has met some in formative ways. She met a fellow social worker in the same department who turned out to be the daughter of Prof. Waldo Heinrichs, who taught us all the required Contemporary Civilization. Claire and Carolin Spooner also discovered they both had grandchildren in the Class of 2006 at Dana Hall School. As many of us are discovering at this point in our lives, it is vital to avoid falls. Janet McIntosh Straley, in June, in the middle of her busy and healthy life, fell two years ago, injured her rotator-cuff, was operated on, went through lots of physiotherapy, and is getting better and stronger now—but it's been a long haul. She plans to be able to walk again soon. Claire has had to continue relying on family and friends. She has a daughter who lives in the same town, three sons (one went to Middlebury) who live out West, and six grandchildren. We talked about the pleasures and safety factors of living in a continuing care facility like Kendal at Hanover, where I live. There are a number of Middlebury people at Kendal: Phil Porter, Avery Pole '46, and Hugh Taft '44. Besides grad, there are other Midd people as well: Jim Armstrong, Midd president from 1963–1975, and Caroline Freeman, daughter of Prof. Stephen Freeman. Getting to know a whole new community is oddly like going off to Middlebury—fun and exciting.

—Class Correspondents: Conroe Elwell, 119 Harris Ave., Bartlett, VT 05301; Sally Pack Nelson, 80 Lyman Rd., #315, Hanover, NH 03755.
was perfect all weekend, which hadn't been the
usual in Vermont before then. Ellie also expressed,
for the record, her thank you for us writing the
class notes, "beyond the call of duty, a great job!"

Anne Moreau Thomas has a granddaughter at
Middlebury who loves it and is the fourth genera-
tion of the Moreau family to be there. We know
she frequently reads with Professor Thomas Jr.

A new vehicular experience. * We missed
one evening to an activity at the Axinn Center.
Recognition and memory. Very moving. We'd done
of us to remember. Always there was a murmur of
mind. After the reading we had a memorial honor-

Tommy Jacobs telephoned to exclaim how great
running downhill trying to
John is that the timbre of his voice is good, he has
a keen sense of humor ("the first 80 years are the
best"), and he has a healthy outlook on life. Jim
on truckin', Jim.

We had a lot of reunion news! So more of it will
welcome your new correspondents, Norm Armour '53.
and Norm's retirement home. They still travel, now
mostly in the U.S. * Barbara Pike Prinn is in her
new retirement community in Concord, N.H.,
and feels so blessed with her 10 (out of 12)
children. Ellie also expressed, in her e-mail,
how nice it was to have
a note she wrote for us at the last breakfast of our
weekend, she declared, "Loved our 60th reunion!"

Lucy and Van Parker were at reunion for only
a few hours Saturday. We were sorry to miss them,
but his e-mail commented how nice it was to have
a room of our own in Gifford for '51ers to register
and visit. They talked with Don Sherburne,

Malcolm MacGregor Roly Coates remembers
Mai as a person with a ready smile and a good sense
of humor. The last sentence Mai wrote in our 50th
reunion seemed like a very special time to once
again remember those people as a class. *

Barbara Cummiskey Villet reports: A long con-
versation with
Bill Huey and I are all done
in June 2012 as class correspondents for the men so
you all might want to think a bit about succession.
We have enjoyed the conversations but it is
time for somebody else to take over. * Correspondent
Barbara Cummiskey Villet reports: A long con-
versation with Nancy Berquist Kinne proved
again that if you get up four mornings a week to tee off at a Boulder,
Colo., golf course at 5:30. The earlybird action
derives from wanting to be alone on the course
before anyone else clutters up the greens, and
she plays two balls all the way through. She
continues with similar intensity through much of the rest
of her life. Two nights a week she goes to a Lindy Hop
group but confesses that if it's a dance night
after a golf morning, she may rest in the afternoon.
When it's not golf, it's skiing; she racked up 30 days
downhill last winter and, just to flavor the whole
experience, is also absorbed in growing orchids and being a
mid-size house with two dogs, a golden retriever
and a note she wrote for us at the last breakfast of our
weekend, she declared, "Loved our 60th reunion!"

MaiÂ’s letter spoke of the much-appreciated read-
ing by Prof. Gary Margolis '67 of Don Axinn's
poetry, which brought his presence so clearly to
mind. After the reading we had a memorial honor-

We are all different. * A

We regret reporting the death on June 11 of
the past five years!

Worlddou Woodwater remembers
the Big Bill with sessions at the Apple store to keep up
with the latest, and Bob DeLaney, who wishes all
the men to "52. SOL resort to phone calls. I con-

The weather

as we sing his song accompanying class entrances
to the building. Convocation included honors
within many classes, including ours, which Don
Sherburne mentioned in the companionable letter
he sent us all about the highlights of the weekend.
We enjoyed President Liebowitz's enthusiastic talk.
Convocation was followed by the class receptions/
banquets on our campus. The Arts lobby in rather
angular seating arrangements that provided both confidential
and easy meandering to facilitate talking with everyone!

Sunday breakfast in Redfield Proctor dining hall
saw most of us congregated at a couple of tables, a
tad reluctant to bring to an end the friendships and
reminiscences of the weekend. Bill had last bidders for all
classmates attending: Armour, new honor-

Art correspondent Ben Nourse reports:
I find that e-mails do not work for
Charles and Sue Valentine Jennings live in Shelburne, VT, where they spend their summers, and in the winter they go to Boynton Beach, FL, on the east coast south of West Palm Beach. They used to go to Lake George and Saratoga Springs, NY, in the summer. Sue enjoys spending time gardening and with their children (two boys over 6'4" and twin girls who are 17). She is very involved in part of their family. Sue's sister was a senior our freshman year; all three of Sue and Chuck's children went to Midd; and their grandson, Peter, is a senior this fall and is studying in Prague. Their granddaughter earned a medical technician degree in Bozeman, Montana, and is now working in a hospital in Sue and Chuck's hometown of Irv and Ellie Hight's. "And Miriam and Norm and Joanne Allen '31 Armour, and they have also seen Don Beers for golfing, and Ken Nourse '52 and Pat Hamilton Todd at their place in Middlebury.

Mary Mulhall has lived in Midd by, for 47 years. Sounds like a great location! She has three children and eight grandkids. Their families from Doylestown, PA, Howell, NJ, and Oklahoma City all used to camp in Maine and have camped also in Colorado outside Estes Park and in Steamboat Springs. This year they were planning to vacation in Mainame again. Mary has not returned to Midd, but has fond memories of her time there. She has been in contact with Cynthia Cannon White, who also has never been back to Midd. She also has been in touch with the late Nancy Drummond Riger and the late Nancy Bush Beekman, who died in an auto accident in 2005. Mary recalls seeing "old folks at reunions and now we are there—and almost to ourselves." Laura Chapman Rico of Los Banos, Calif., also works part time at Merced Community College, where she has taught math and has coordinated the developmental tutorial services for 30 years. Her late husband managed a mobile home park and they were involved in Christian education in Alaska; recently Laura worked part time in the vacation bible school in Alaska where she has gone for the past 10 years! She has a daughter, May, who majored in sociology, specializing in domestic violence issues. She now schedules local tutoring. Laura has been in touch in the past with Pat Heap Rockwell, whose husband Charlie died in 2007. She has also been in touch with Mary Fall, her half sister, and Debbie Ellis McIntire in Tennessee and Clemmie Wininger Gregory in Asheville, NC.

Howard Rogers in Orlando, Calif., has a new niece as of last September and is doing well. He and his wife spent a lot of time with their two daughters and a grandchild who is 17 and a senior in high school. They live within an hour's drive in northern California. Howard has never been back to Midd, but he has been in touch with Nancy Peck Roysce in Wisconsin. He studied math two years at Midd, majored in sociology, and did graduate studies at Columbia in business, which he enjoyed. He lived in Pennsylvania before retiring to Florida, and is currently enjoying golf with his daughter Jennifer in Massachusetts and daughter Jennifer in Vermont. Son Mike died 10 years ago. The last time Neil was at Midd was 15 years ago at fall Homecoming. He hasn't been in touch with Midd friends but he says he had a very enjoyable time in college. After graduating he served in the military then worked in education, where he taught high school, was a principal, and was a superintendent for 20 years. He retired 15 years ago. He has enjoyed going to NYC now and then. Dick Fenton and the late Wes Dunn were his roommates. Then he went to Stanford for two years, where he graduated. He majored in political science and was in ROTC during the Korean War. He spent the years in the Air Force and also carried his MBA. Now he lives in Ranchos de Taos near San Diego. He has done research on fast-growing eucalyptus trees to be used for railroad ties. He married a childhood friend in 1961 and has one son. He returned to Midd for our 40th reunion in 1993. He had been in touch with Roberta Pfaff Lonergan, who had 12 or 13 children. It is always fun to talk with classmates, who willingly share their stories. I had so many times that some will appear in the winter issue.

—Class Correspondent: Janet Bradley Harris (jaharris.52@gmail.com), 1 North Ridge, Ballston Lake, NY 12019.

Correspondent Diane Schwob
Strong reports: 1—e-mailed several of my classmates that I had not been in communication with for a very, very long time and was delighted to hear back from a few. Nadine Newman, who was my roommate freshman year at the Château, wrote: "WOW, out of the past. What a pleasant surprise. Actually, I left Middlebury in the middle of my junior year to get married—my husband was in the Army at the time and I then graduated from Barnard College in NYC. However, I always thought of Middlebury as my alma mater. After all, I was a married commuting student at Barnard, so not particularly involved with the college. Also, my brother Don '51, you might remember, was a student at Middlebury at the time and he eventually built a second home in the area and became quite involved. So, I sort of kept some knowledge and interest in the college. It happens that last fall I wrote a letter to the editor, which was published in the winter 2011 issue of Middlebury Magazine, and I received a response from the current Hillel chaplain. One of my grandchildren, a high school junior, is applying to Middlebury so I have also been thinking of the Middlebury experience to tell. I never attended any of the reunions, feeling kind of like an outsider since I left early. But here in a nutshell is what I have been doing over the last 58 years! I married David, in 1953, a wonderful man who died suddenly in 1994. I didn't understand how I could keep breathing after that, but of course I did and many years later had a lovely second relationship with another man for five years. He unfortunately died while we were traveling in Japan. I don't expect
to be so lucky again and think singlehood is my future. David and I had four terrific sons and I now have six perfect grandchildren. Along the way, I founded and was the director of an alternative high school for 30 years, a very successful program that I was able to replicate in the next county. I retired in 1997 to be able to spend more time with my grandchildren. I travel to and from several countries. Three or four years ago, I began to get interested in photography and now take photography trips and belong to a photography club, which pushes me. * Elinor "Lannie" Osborne Gardner responded, "On August 3, Rod and I celebrated 54 years of marriage. We have four children, ten grandchildren, and a new granddaughter-in-law. We live at the Masonic Village at Sewickley, Pa. It's a continuing care retirement community. Before the Masons took over I had been on the Valley Care Assoc. Board, which built the nursing home part of the community. This interest can be linked to my training at the Boston School of Occupational Therapy. After four years at Middlebury, I'm still active on many community boards and committees. My tennis is at a standstill after having a total knee replacement a year ago. The surgery was successful but I want to keep on going—hitting our staff back and forth from Canada each summer, giving in the finishing touches to my "enjoying life in general." * From Marcia Kurtz Goin in L.A. I heard, "I'm still doing the combination of half-time private practice and half-time teaching at USC Department of Psychiatry with the official title of director of psychotherapy education. Just to keep busy I now have five grandchildren, ages four on down, and both daughters, plus husbands and children. We recently get to the New York area twice a year for the meeting of GAP—no, not the jeans but the Group for Advancement of Psychiatry, kind of psychiatry's think tank. I have also had the pleasure of seeing Monica Dorr Burdeshaw during trips to Washington, D.C., where the American Psychiatric Assoc. is located, and Nan Wright Reuther. * On April 24 Juliette "Judy" Camden Kingham died. We were bridesmaids for each other, lived in Germany after our marriages, and remained good friends, although she lived in California and I in Texas. We exchanged cards and kept up with each other's lives. Several years ago when I was in California, we had lunch and reminisced about our lives and times. It's difficult to believe that we are at a time in our lives where our friends will leave us—however, the memories and good times we had will remain always. * Correspondent Nancy Whittenmore Nickerson reports: From Jaycee Cole Miller comes this e-mail: "I had a lovely lunch with Cecily Mattocks Marshall and Jean Tibbetts Pentland recently at the new retirement complex they and their husbands have moved to called The Willows in Worcester, Mass. * From the heart of Texas: Roxy word from old, old cohort Tom Ryan. "If I turn down a good card and keep all the good ones, I'm well in the steering Southwest! Temperatures and the economy are up, and unemployment is down. (Let's hear three cheers for fracking and horizontal drilling!) The drought we are suffering through will, as usual, probably be ended with a hurricane. We are still traveling a lot, some in the northeastern U.S. and Canada, some in the Southwest, all fascinating." They also had plans to go to Greece. In February, I still have my pilot's license, am IFPA rated, and current. Passing the physical gets more exciting each year! The alumni organization in Houston is fairly active, with a meeting every year or so. The recent graduates we meet are a remarkable lot, with experience and drive that are impressive. One young lady (Class of 2009) from Beijing was with Teach for America in the Houston Independent School District, teaching math in an inner-city school. She completed her two-year contract and has been accepted at the Sloan School at MIT for her MBA. Wow! In closing, let's all stay active and stay connected! * Yours truly, Whit, had two grandgrAde from high school this year—one is at Tusia now and the other is at Wesleyan—so we now have a new generation that we will watch with great interest. * E-mail are so easy, Diane and I are waiting for yours! *—Class Correspondents: Nancy Whittenmore Nickerson (noger@prodigy.net), 4 Osprey Ln., Mystic, CT 06355; Diane Schubh Strong (distrong@att.net), 201 Vanderpool Ln., Apt. 142, Houston, TX 77024.

Correspondent Sally Dickerman Brew reports: Nancy Grimm White just had returned to her Bedford, N.Y., home after spending some weeks at her home in the Bahamas when she answered my phone call. Living next to Nature Conservancy land in Bedford, she is frequently visited by wildlife such as deer, turkeys, and smaller birds. Animals are very big in her life, including two stray cats that she cares for. After a lifetime of living around the world, raising children, and being involved in organizations, she is very contented now to enjoy her good friends, her family, and the animals about her. In her reflection about Middlebury, Nancy says she was greatly influenced by Arthur Healy and continues to enjoy doing her own painting. The years at Middlebury were "good times" and "magnificent." * Judy Mitchell Ward's current passion is the library that she helped to build in New Vernon, N.J. Her library organization of volunteers raised five-and-a-half million dollars, built and furnished the town's 8,000-square-foot library, and now runs the library. She raised three wonderful daughters and has eight grandchildren. Having lived, as she would call a "privileged life," she has time in her apartment in the Bronx. Clark McCutcheon '56, who was going to the Taft alumni office did a great job entertaining me. What a surprise of the males in the class, she received one of the surprise of the males in the class, she received one of the highest grades. Judy loves life, feels blessed with her solid daughters and now wants to be sure that what I do counts. * Beverly Krupinsky Paul wrote that the missions were mostly to his former patients. * From New York and worked a number of jobs involv­ ing computers but did not have one specific career. Currently, because of an illness, she spends most of her time in her apartment in the Bedford. * Claire and Margaret Burbank Winslow are living the life that many retired people could envy. Six years ago they built a house on a small lake 25 miles west of Albany, N.Y. In the summer they spend their days there, hiking in the nearby Holbrook Island Sanctuary, kayak, read, and feeding us. Abbie and her husband, same husband, same grandchildren." She is enjoying "putting around and not doing much." She grew up in San Francisco and was persuaded by her father to see another part of the country for college, so she ended up at Middlebury. Having gone to the far places of her interest, now she never left New England. * George Limbach visited John Field in the spring and reported that John is commodore of the Hyannis Yacht Club. John is not sailing so much any more, but is spending a lot of time painting. * Painting is also a major hobby of Bill Admirand, who recently had his first gallery show in Reno, Nev., which was a sellout. Bill thinks the sells were mostly to his former patients. Bill is now retired and has time to paint. * Correspondent John Baker reports: I called Ron Crawford in Vancouver, B.C., where he lives "free of gadgetry encumbrances." He was actually a British subject at Middlebury and returned to Canada after graduation, where he worked for the Bank of Montreal in Toronto. In the 1980s he moved to Calgary and later represented the Bank of Tokyo in western Canada. He retired to British Columbia with the "joy of his life," Joy Nickel, whom he married in 1999. * Dick Wolmar writes, "I am fanning full time, growing hay, vegetables, and livestock, primarily focused on Vermont but applicable anywhere. Bill McKibben was the closing speaker. The focus of the conference was the food revolution, alternative energy, and socially responsible investing. Comment: Those of us who are in good health now, and wish to remain so, know you, and you know us, and we hope you enjoy them. I welcome discussion of this paradigm shift with anyone with interest. * After an 11-year stint with Habitat for Humanity, Stu Bacon has been concentrating on his long-term digestion—photography. His work is seen in fine art photography shows. * Jonathan Brand wrote that the Bennington Museum had a show of some of the photographs from the 174 he gave them last year titled "A Vermont October Weekend in Black and White." They timed the opening to his 60th Bennington High School reunion in July. He says, "As some of you may remember, wife Monika and I have lived in Vermont for a number of years prior to Monika's death from Sweden, hitched a ride from New York to Bennington and back that October weekend with Clark McCutcheon '56, who was going to the Middlebury Homecoming Game." In May, John Denny had a small contingent of 35ers at our Fatt School's 60th reunion—Spike Heninway, Dick McKibben, and you and I, as well as others from our class. The Fatt alumni office did a great job entertaining and feeding us. * Abbie and Jack Fassnacht enjoy their summer place in Brookville, Maine. They hike in the nearby Holbrook Island Sanctuary, kayak, read, and in general laze about until they leave in early October. The most of the year they're in their home in Lake Forest, Ill. Jack and Abbie celebrated their
touching way. After dining under tents behind the Center for the Arts, Saturday evening, we assembled in Gifford Lounge to join again in song together led by Ned MacDowell to tunes we remember so well from the '40s, '50s, and '60s. This was a very successful reunion due largely to the great support we received from Sue Levine and her staff from the Alumni Office and the reunion committee. Folks enjoyed Ned's songbook and the journal of many classmates' updates, 50ers@Middile, Judy Phinney Stearns and Dick Powell had so much fun as reunion hosts and class correspondents for the past five years that they "re-elected" themselves for another five years.

To see a photo of some classmates at the reunion, please see the Class Notes section.

Following the reunion, several messages were received from classmates. Bev Watkins Schopp writes, "Thanks for the reunion summary—it was indeed a wonderful weekend, bringing back many memories of our days at the 'Bury. We were especially thrilled to see Erk and Jeanne Hausmann Bolvinkel as well as so many other classmates." She and husband Rollie Schopp were going to Ireland and Scotland in late August and until then were working on the golf game. Stan Hayward writes, "What a wonderful reunion! As good as the 50th was, the 55th was even better! Congratulations! About the only problem we had was making sure our volunteer work to visit her relatives in Brazil this year. We also spend some weeks every winter in Florida. When not gallivanting from pillar to post we have been known to spend quiet time huddled over our Kindles, which have helped us increase our devotion to reading over the past few months. It's great hearing from you—keep in touch. We can't do this without you!"

—Class Correspondents: John M. Baker (jmbaker@bestweb.net), 76 Spooner Hill Rd., South Kent, CT 06785; Sally Dickerman Beve (sbeve@sprngreen.com), 629 Benvenue Ave., Los Alos, CA 90420.

Wow! What a great turnout we had for our 55th reunion back in June! We came from all over the map—California, Canada, Denmark, Hawaii, Illinois, Texas, Virginia, Connecticut, Florida, Vermont, North Carolina, and more—all-in-all 20 states and two foreign countries. That is a record-breaking number of classmates attending! Sixty-four of us returned, most with a spouse or friend, totaling 98 people—likely a record for a post-50th reunion. And on top of that, thanks to the efforts of Pete Orvis, Minni Schwarz Reed, and all the class agents, the Class of '56 took the Gold Key Award for highest participation of giving for a post-50th reunion class at 76 percent. (And as we met our June 30 deadline we were near 86 percent—the class goal.) Nice going, classmates. Despite a soggy spring in Vermont, the weather was cool and mostly sunny. The accommodations in Gifford were much better than Forest (50th). Dinner in the Alumni Bar/Barbara and Dick Callin's farm under tents, featuring the vocal pipes of Ron Potier, Mint Dole, John Hammond, and Jack Harrington, four of the original Dissipated Eight, and Jack's Pot Luck bluegrass band, was a delightful way to start off the weekend. Wait Mears addressed all who filled McCullough the next morning as part of the 50th Anniversary Achievement Awards as a top journalist for the Associated Press for over 40 years. And true to form his views of politics past and present were blunt yet entertaining. Before we marched to Mead Chapel and Convocation, we met in the remodeled Abernathy Room in Starr Library to honor our 70 classmates who have passed on. Ron Lawson led the service in a dignified and
one of 19 lawyers honored in June at a reception and dinner at the Omni Mount Washington Hotel for 50 years in the legal profession. He’s still practicing law at his own firm in Portsmouth, N.H.

—Class Correspondents: Gail Bliss Allen (gblissallen@conncast.net), Chateal 31, 2701 Capitol Ave., Sacramento, CA 95816; Kathy Platt Peter (kpeterr@verizon.net), 1945 Park Plaza, Lancaster, PA 17601.

58 Correspondent Ann Ormsbee

Frohbose reports: I’m very sorry to report that Joseph Mohbat passed away on August 10. He was a longtime friend of mine and I’ll miss him. More will be written about him in the winter issue and an obituary will appear in a future issue. * We remember Patty Phillips Hutchison who passed away on April 1. Sue Daniell Phillips remembers Patty as an eager and enthusiastic volunteer throughout her life; married to the late Gerry Rodie and then Bill Hutchinson, with two children, Scott and Elizabeth. Among many other activities, she worked as office manager for Tomorrio Political Campaign in New Jersey. Spenney Cosby Moody, who roomed with Patty sophomore year, remembers Patty’s excitement and joy when she became engaged over spring break. Since Spenney was also engaged, their dorm room was called the “Diamond Den.”*

Freshman year Patty roomed with Minni Packard Brown who recalled that Patroon was an expert typist and had her own typewriter, which was helpful when notes were due for Contemporary Civilization class. Betty Chalmers was a Tri Delt with Patty where began her career in volunteering for community service. She always jumped in wherever she was needed—she was always upbeat, positive, lots of fun, and a good friend. She made a difference. Linda Mayer Horkitz remembers that Patty had a great sense of humor. I did not know Patty but I remember the infectious warmth of her smile. I called Mary Daniels Jones who said the same thing—this must be true for many of us who didn’t know her well. * Our sympathy goes out to Dottie Bigelow Neuberger who lost husband Fred ’50 on July 10. His obituary appears in this issue. * I’m pleased to report that Sonny Wilder has agreed to be my co-correspondent. We’ll be getting in touch with classmates but you can always send news to the addresses below.

—Class Correspondent Anne Frohbose (afrohbose@globalnet.com), 2370 Meadowbrook Dr., Peavison, CA 94566, Sonny Wilder (wilders31@gmail.com), 211 Hillcrest Rd., Needham, MA 02492.

59 Dave Riccio was honored by Kent State Univ. this past May as he wrapped up his 46th year with no intention to retire. Dave has had a long and distinguished research career at Kent State. He has published more than 170 journal articles, with 40 years of uninterrupted research funding from NIH and the National Science Foundation, and has received Kent State’s Distinguished Scholar Award. He’s also the recipient of the university’s Distinguished Teaching Award and has mentored 42 PhD graduates. * Moose Factory, Ontario, near James Bay, was the site of Anne Goebel Barkman’s February visit to the home of one of her sons. “It wasn’t as cold and there was now there as expected, although in January the temperature can reach minus 35 degrees Fahrenheit. Next year I’ll try for January, just to see what it’s like. Moose Factory is so named because it was where the factor (Hudson Bay Co. officer in charge of the fur trade for the area) was located back in the day. It’s an island on the Moose River, about 10 miles south of James Bay, the lower lobe of Hudson Bay. It’s now a Reserve for the Moose Cree First Nation, where my middle son performs with the World of Wildlife Camp Hospital. You get there by train or plane followed by a short trip by water taxi, helicopter, or ice road, depending on the season. About two weeks before I arrived a car went through the ice, but did not sink to the bottom, although the occupants and their photographic equipment got soaked.” * Bill Hussey and Anita spent a wonderful week by a bay in Normandy, celebrating the fact that they are still “compos mentis.” They recommend Bayeux as a base for exploring the many sights in Normandy, including D-Day beaches. * Marilyn and John Rich took a rail trip across Canada, indicating that the Vancouver-to-Calgary was the best, by far. * Paul Scholsberg and wife Jane mark 40 years of breeding thoroughbreds. We are awaiting to see them in the winner’s circle at Churchill Downs, Pimlico, or Belmont shortly. * Bob Luce and Anne Martin Hartmann send compliments and thanks to our class for our very good showing in this year’s annual fund. “The college has slightly exceeded our participation rate, and over 61 percent of us contributed this past fiscal year.” The Hartmanns and Fred and Granthia Lavery Preston returned recently from Norway: a study-travel trip sponsored by the local adult education program. “We traveled up the coast of Norway from Bergen to the Russian border and back to Bergen on the Norwegian mail boat called the Hurtigruten—not so much a mail boat any longer, though it does carry mail and cargo in addition to passengers.” * Earl and Don Woodworth celebrated their 77th wedding anniversary in May and her 80th birthday in June. Don is proud to be the first of three generations to attend Middletonbury. The three children are Sue ’78, Greg ’81, and Gordon ’84 and two grandchildren, Sara ’72 and Hilary ’14. * Earle and Betty Layer Hoyt celebrated 52 years of marriage, added to four years dating in College. Earle reports; “Despite my best efforts, the list of things I do not understand gets longer and the list of things I understand stays about the same. Economics and politics defy the logic of a physical scientist.” Betty writes, “We have just returned from an annual trip to Yellowstone—lots of bears, mountain goats, badgers, bison, and pronghorn. I’m going back to Silver Salmon Creek Lodge in Kenai Peninsula, Alaska, for more bear photography. Earle and Chip will stay here to hold the fort, and then he is off to Boulder, Utah, for landscape photography.” * Dick Krasker was recently honored by the town of Fryeburg, Maine, as a resident who believes strongly in giving back to his community. Dick ran Indian and Forest Acres Camps, founded by his family in 1920, from the early ’60s until his retirement in 1999. He was a longtime president of the Maine Camp Directors’ Assoc., and a member of the Pocowboy Kid’s Assoc. * Jerry Van Wagening reports that 2010 was not a good health year, though “a great experience if one looks forward to death.” He is fine now and finds he is not retired but retired. “I’m currently preaching in a little church and am still a rebellious soul who is not happy with the denominational executives who have turned religion into a business.” Wife Marilyn is a gifted artist who has reached recognition to the point that all her paintings are commissioned. * We offer condolences to Barbara Hart Decker, whose husband, Walter, died in hospice at home in La Crosse, Wis., on June 3. Aileen Kane Rogers, a longtime friend of Barbara and Walt, learned of his death on that day and immediately informed us. Walt was a well-known toxicologist who among his other accomplishments chaired an NIH committee on toxicology. * Don Collier writes, “Pat (McCoy) ’58 and I are enjoying an active retirement, horseback riding, kayaking, biking, and playing tennis and bridge. I tutor high school and college kids in math, physics, Spanish, and German. We have lots of room and are less than a mile off I-75 in Gainesville, Fl. We’d love to have any old friends drop in for a visit.” * We are saddened to report the death of Virginia Lyons Aliberti on January 27, after a brief illness. Ginny’s career and volunteer positions included lab chemist, financial counselor, and volunteer for a number of organizations including the American Cancer Society. Details appear in the obituary section of this issue.

—Class Correspondents: Lucy Patine Kezar (lucytpkezar@yahoo.com), 134 Main St., Kingston, NH 03848; Andy Montgomery (jpcowes@aol.com), 8910 Hillview Rd., Edin Prairie, MN 55347.

60 Trying to make up for his last-minute withdrawal from our 50th, Dick Atkinson embraced a Class of ’61 invitation to attend their pre-50th gathering in Woodstock. Not to be forgotten in this year of the Class of ’61 was the memorable January hockey trip with anniversary of the great team of 1960–61. Being there was a great time for the hundreds in attendance from the classes of ’58 to ’63. Also, as they have done every five years since ’66, Bob Hall, Bill French, and Dick went down to Loomis again to attend their Class of ’56 reunion. * Carolyn Ladd DeVilbiss reports their lives revolve around high school reunions and family, and fun. This year, the couple they visited son Scott’s family in Brookings, S.D., but had to postpone a March trip to visit son Brett’s family in Tokyo. They were hoping to travel to Japan this autumn. At home, Carolyn and Dave have survived a complete kitchen redo and floor finishing—they’re still emptying boxes and reorganizing their storage. The results are great, but this is not something they would like to do again for a long time. Carolyn volunteers with the Virginia State Human Rights Committee for Behavioral Health and the local Medical Reserve Corps and David with Carpenters Shelter and ALIVE. For fun, they are active with their ski club, and their church and projects, and David with his model boat building.

* Bob Cain, Dan Durland, and John Rogers visited Lars Carlson in Florida for their seventh Chi Psi golf outing. Apparently Dan’s learning curve has been such that he has left this league in his dust. For their annual vacation from retirement, Mary and Lars traveled by sea to New Zealand, Australia, and Indonesia, visiting Melbourne where Lars had served as president of an Asian company. * Caroline Vinciguerra Cassetts sent a note from her new iPad. She plays bridge and golf and gardens in her backyard retreat. She plans a Rhone tasting and bridge. I tutor high school and college kids in math, physics, Spanish, and German. We have lots of room and are less than a mile off I-75 in Gainesville, Fl. We’d love to have any old friends drop in for a visit.” * We are saddened to report the death of Virginia Lyons Aliberti on January 27, after a brief illness. Ginny’s career and volunteer positions included lab chemist, financial counselor, and volunteer for a number of organizations including the American Cancer Society. Details appear in the obituary section of this issue.

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the Serengeti Plain, ending in Zanzibar. All of this is
accompanied—Class Correspondents:
was also a figure skater who performed in Carnival
where he ran a ski shop. He was a history major. If
in the Chiricahua Mountains in Arizona where
ated from BU Law School and recently retired from
the practice of law. Jane Van Rokevens Sinclair
was staying in a LaForce reunion suite with Jane
Coward, his freshman roommate, wrote that Joe
in 1953. He was at Midd for only a year or so. Jim
rejoined the Coast Guard. • David Crowley says, "I loved the 50th,
and obtain the deed. They also had a lighthouse
in the July 1 parade for which Joyce made a
whale. If that's not enough, Joyce also participated in a
plein air paint out and show in Eastport. • Dick
is his business partner, Peter Framboni,
also won an award from the New York City Council.
Corps gets an award from the EPA. Dick is director of Harbor Watch/River Watch,
which monitors the health of the Norwalk River
in Connecticut. Their organization monitors the
oxygen levels as well as fish kills and number of fish
species in the river. They teach the value of envi­
ronmental protection to high school students, who
often carry their enthusiasm to college studies and
later careers. Dick and Peter also monitor the water
at Five Mile River Harbor and part of Norwalk
Harbor. Dick truly enjoyed reunion and said that his
being on the "Staying Healthy" panel "got me talk­
ing to many classmates I never really knew at college."
• Accolades to Howard "Howie" Mettee,
who, having taught for 42 years at Youngstown State
University in Ohio, has been awarded an honor­
dary degree from the Forest Technical University in
St. Petersburg, Russia. Recently Howie was given
a two-year, $50,000 grant from the US-CSRDF
Russian Federation Research Bureau to character­
ize biodiesel fuels from wood, a major undertaking
so "ungreen." • David Tucker recommends the
Roads Taken memory book we all received. She
and Jim just celebrated their 50 years of wedlock
with many relatives descending on Sunapee, N.H.,
where she is active in many community activities.
After two 50ths, Sally is "ready to kick back for a while."
• Lois Rynan Lewis and Linda Rynan
Fredericks had a fun get-away together. Lois writes, "It was
great to see everyone and enjoy the Middlebury
campus—as beautiful as I remembered. I hope to
get to Washington, D.C., in September (as does
Janet Reed) to see Self-Reliance, Middlebury's solar­powered house entered into the Solar
Decathlon. Middlebury was the first completely
liberal arts college team to make it to the finals of
this biennial international contest sponsored by the
U.S. Department of Energy. The weekend was
a smash hit! More details about the events will be in
the winter issue.
—Class Correspondents: Brad Mintener (bradmintener@
tuway.com), PO Box 423, Canton, NY 13617; Janet
Reed (jreed2800@umce.com), 2800 N. Lake Shore Dr.,
Apt. 2305, Chicago, IL 60657.

61

Our glorious 50th reunion weekend of friendships old and new has spurred
renewed interest in keeping up with classmates. Herewith are the latest contributions.
This report, drawn up by correspondents Janet Reed and Brad Mintener, was sent to classmates
but had problems hitting for others to enjoy. Since it's a
comprehensive report, half will be shared now and
half in the winter. • Judy McCann Van Winkle
says it took her awhile to come down from her
euphoria bubble from reunion. Adding to the fun
was staying in a LaForce reunion suite with Jane
Alexander Gott, Sue Fisher Seeger, and Janet Reed.
• David Crowly says, "I loved the 50th,
especially singing in the alumni choir, along with
Bob Fredrickson and my wife Barbara. The
students who attended us at reunion were loads of fun, but
I was surprised that none of them understood what
"thunking out" meant. That's what I did at Midd for
most of my freshman year in 1958. With luck,
supporting parents, and Boston University, I
retired to graduate in time."

By the way, maestro Emory Fanning, still reunion choir director
and organ master after 36-plus years, was his usual
dynamic, dramatic, quiet self in waving body and
keyboard touch! • Joyce Morrell says it was nice to see old friends again at the reunion and to see
the campus and all the changes, and to look around the area where I was a student. My father and the
partner were recently honored by the EPA with a Lifetime
Achievement Award at Faneuil Hall in Boston. The
award was given to them because of a successful
citizens' water quality monitoring program and for
educating young people in environmental aspects of
water management. Last summer Joyce and Jan
worked on getting the seaways rebuilt at Head
Harbour Light station on Campobello Island, New
Brunswick, where they live. They gave tower tours,
and brought a stove, refrigerator, and furniture
over to the lighthouse in their boat to get ready for
rental sometime soon. Joyce asks, "Don't some of you
want to rent a keeper's house out on a tidal island
for a week? It is unbelievably beautiful out
there, and the whales show up and stay until late
September." Maybe next year, Joyce, Joyce and
Jan run an inn, Owen House, on Campobello as well.
They are also involved in a group that is reclaiming
the local wharf, which is in the hands of government
divesture. Their plan is to get this wharf rebuilt
and obtain the deed. They also had a lighthouse
float in the July 1 parade for which Joyce made a
whale. If that's not enough, Joyce also participated in a
plein air paint out and show in Eastport. • Dick
is his business partner, Peter Framboni, a
who ran a ski shop. He was a history major. If
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ated from BU Law School and recently retired from
the practice of law. Jane Van Rokevens Sinclair
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Coward, his freshman roommate, wrote that Joe
in 1953. He was at Midd for only a year or so. Jim
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Director Heidi lives in Maryland with grandchildren Zach and Simona, and daughter Amanda, who live in San Francisco, where Eric is co-owner of a new restaurant, Bar Agricole. She says, "The scale of living in town where I can walk to the ocean, cafe, library, art museum, and even island ferries is so satisfying! Trips to Eric’s restaurant and to visit Heidi’s adorable grandchildren put life over the top of the gratitude scale. Perhaps Middlebury showed me that a small circle could result in a deep well." 

**Correspondent Pam Nottage Mueller reports:** When I contacted Dori Ellis Jurgensen, she had just returned from a “road trip” to California to see oldest son Eric (who works at Lawrence Livermore Labs in theoretical nuclear physics—as she says, yep!), and two grandchildren, Ethan (3) and Hannah (4 mos). They took along daughter Aletha, who was on break from vet tech school in Denver, Colo. Son Mark stayed in Chicago, having just finished an MA in vocal performance at Roosevelt Univ.—big student debts, no job! "Jim and I are keeping busy at the Univ. of Northern Iowa, raising a big garden, etc.—a good life." 

**Norm and Susan Camden Kalat were** in Bethesda, Md., for Memorial Day and saw oldest grandson Jack in the fifth grade performance of Oliver. Says he, "He was an awesome Mr. Bunch." Since he has moved on to middle school this year, last year was the end of him being in the same school (buildings) with Susie and Hunter until the twins reach high school. That's quite a change for them to get used to. In Arizona Nate (5-6) and Jonathan (2) have been "helpers" during a major reworking of the foundation and floors in their family's house. Nate is a budding carpenter, and I can see the time they help with all the renovations they'll be able to build a structure from scratch. We also got to Nate’s end of the preschool year musical production. Great fun to see the kids grow! She was looking forward to the family visiting in August although at the time of writing, there were fires raging New Mexico, where they live, and they'd been breathing smoke from the Arizona blazes for weeks. She said the land of enchantment hadn’t been living up to its reputation. 

**Julie Sage Day writes,** "I’ve never sent an update but I was inspired by your request! I’ve been a social worker, research psychologist (biopsychologist), web designer, business manager, development director, retiree, freelance grant writer, blogger, and Grammy! Perhaps the greatest of these is the last; certainly one of the most fun. How’s that for a condensed vita? I lost my husband over three years ago and am living with my son in New Jersey. I spend one day a week in Park Slope, Brooklyn, taking care of my daughter’s son, Remi, who is, of course, adorable at nearly two and a half and there you have it!" 

**Pam (Pam) should add a bit about our last six months. We sold our house of 40 years after three years on the market, moved in six short weeks to a condo in the Long Trail, which they have also linked from end to end, the entire 360° length of Vermont. They have also served the club as Burlington Section president and directors. Currently they are membership co-chairs for the Bread Loaf Section.**

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**63 Summer has come and gone. Correspondents Jan Brevoort Allen-Spencer and Chris White hope all have had a grand time. Classmates have been busy paying tributes to their elders. In to date 60 percent of the class has joined in our Middlebury College fund-raising campaign—a good sign early on. We look forward to garnering volunteers to assist in the preparations. So far we have the following folks stepping forward: reunion chairs—Chuck Burdick, Hetty Arms Cooper-Kane, Mary Holmes Robbins, and Sabin Streeter; yearbook chairs—Susan Washburn Buckley and Jane Bachelder Johnson. We’ll report more details from the Alumni Leadership Conference in the winter issue, and we encourage all to build momentum via spontaneous mini-reunion gatherings. Please let Jan and Chris know what takes place at these and who the participants are. Early involvement guarantees a fun time in 2013.** 

**In nonreunion news: Chris White in early June was able to review some of Brew Baldwin’s physical geography course at Yosemite National Park and to delight in the majestic quiet and beauty of the state and citizens of Vermont.**

**William Stihler writes,** "I retired from JMP Morgan Chase Bank in January 2008. Retired is not the best word to use as I continue to do substitute teaching duties five days a week. I enjoy being with my three grandchildren." 

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**Correspondent Marian Demas Baade reports:** After many summers, Joan Smith felt moved to send something to class notes. She has created Healing Soup, a retreat house in midcoast Maine, after serving as an interim minister to several small churches in Vermont and Maine, including on the island of Vinalhaven. Her husband, Chuck Johnson, passed away in 1979. Daughter Heidi lives in Maryland with grandsons Zach and Simona, and daughter Amanda, who live in San Francisco, where Eric is co-owner of a new restaurant, Bar Agricole. She says, "The scale of living in town where I can walk to the ocean, cafe, library, art museum, and even island ferries is so satisfying! Trips to Eric’s restaurant and to visit Heidi’s adorable grandchildren put life over the top of the gratitude scale. Perhaps Middlebury showed me that a small circle could result in a deep well." 

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**65 On June 30 Bill Alexander retired to work on a book and to paint.** "With most of my career spent in anthropology, some of the things I am most proud of is conducting research with Margaret Mead, then with wife Wendy (Wertenbaker) ’68 conducting research on a remote atoll in the Pacific, where we experienced life in a time warp, as it was before electricity, plumbing, cars, or electronics; testifying before the UN Trusteeship Council and the UN General Assembly’s Decolonization Committee (where the US delegation walked out to protest my testimony); working for the US Attorney’s Office in New York City; working for a New York City law firm; serving as academic vice president of a liberal arts college; and finally, serving as a professor, helping some ‘lost’ students find their way." He and Wendy have two great sons, David, an MIT grad who just got his PhD from UCLA and is working in DNA
sequencing, and Danny, a Pratt grad, an industrial designer who is trying to do well by doing good.

Paul Wittman writes, "The Stub (Mackey) Scholarship Fund is over $200K and climbing thanks to some very generous gifts. We've even added the first scholarship. Our daughter, Kate, started at Bowdoin in August. She turned down Midd and Ellie's alma mater, Mt. Holyoke, among others. Oh well, her choice and she's happy as a cod so who can complain."

Class Correspondents: R. We "T" Tall Jr (alum@ shorenhan.net), 204 Clark Rd., Cornwall, VT 05753; Polly Morse Watters (polly@fhi.com), 100 Grandview Ave., Fort Collins, CO 80521.

Polly Moore Walters (polly^rii.com), Armand N. LaFlamme '37 Cup for the pre-50th among the urban poor in Ghana. Bill hopes that Kate, started at Bowdoin in August. She turned down Midd and Ellie's alma mater, Mt. Holyoke, among others. Oh well, her choice and she's happy as a cod so who can complain.

66 Reunion weekend was a real treat. The weather surprised the Vermonters among us by turning sunny and mild, making meals outside under tents and visits to such features as the Solar Decathlon house project and the student-run organic garden extra pleasant. People lingered outdoors way into the evenings to talk, the days being just too lovely to give up. Our class also had the honor of being awarded the Armand N. LaFlamme '37 Cup for the class with the highest giving participation at 54 percent. At our class dinner Friday night, Glenn Govertsen shared news that is both sad and inspiring. Here are his words: "In celebration of this year's 45th reunion at Middlebury College, the Roger Buchka '66 Alpine Skiing Fund has been established in his honor and in honor of Roger. This permanently endowed fund will support the alpine and nordic ski teams at Middlebury. In addition, the Worth Mountain ski lift no. 45 has been designated the Roger Buchka '66 chair. The timing of this gift relates to Roger's health during the past decade. He has been suffering from an arypical, progressive, neurological disease. He has also been diagnosed with Bahn's Syndrome, a rare neurological/visual disorder. As his health has deteriorated, Roger has continued to show great courage. The outcome was inevitable and now he is in full-time care directed lovingly by Jane. Our thoughts and prayers go out to Roger and his family. We'll always remember the excitement we shared as he brought the thrill of winning alpine ski races at Middlebury winter carnivals. Donations can be made to this fund in his name to Middlebury. I miss you, Roger."

We dislike lumping our difficult years together, but it tends to arrive in bunches. We dislike lumping our difficult years together, but it tends to arrive in bunches. We dislike lumping our difficult years together, but it tends to arrive in bunches.

68 Nancy Brooks Richardson writes that she and David '66 have just moved to Hingham, Mass. (48 Ridgedwood Crossing, 02043), so they can be with the four children of daughter Megan '92 more often without the 100-mile commute. Nancy was making two or three times a week from their previous digs since her retirement a year and a half ago. They see more of Becky Fitts Rylander now that she lives a year round in Sunapee, New Hampshire, who visited on route to David's recent Midd reunion. There they met up (as they have every '66 and '68 reunion since graduation) with Dick '66 and Barbie Shean Lippert. Barbara Barrett Bloom was also there connecting with a reunions relative. Barbie and Dick have just welcomed their second grandson, son of 8-10 on your calendar now and plan to continue. Marion Boulbette and husband Bill Smith set a fun Vermont break at Tom and Susie Davis Patterson's West Stockbridge camp. Fishing and biking around the lake and into Brandon, eating out in Middlebury, and enjoying lazy days on the lake. A week later, Susie and Tom were guests aboard Linda Morse and husband Tim's sailboat on Lake Champlain. Given a beautiful but calm day, we lazed in the sun and caught a lake on each couple's activities over the last year. Susie and Tom recently returned from Tom's eight-month sabbatical from UVM trip around the world, with three-month teaching stints in Upsala, Sweden, and Sydney, Australia, and lots of traveling, touring, and hiking in between. Linda headed up a very successful multinational-dollar fund-raising effort for the Chandler Arts Center in Randolph, Vt., and had good suggestions for our class service project in the making. Sheldon Baker sent the news that he and wife Brenda met up with Roberta and Bob Wishart '56, Diane and John Lickard, and Lorinda and Rick Callahan '66 in March of this year and took a tour of Rome and Tuscany. They are the gelato and truffle kings and queens. Sheldon also wrote, "Bill Richardson's death in March dealt a deep blow to me and all of his friends, some of them from the Dissipated Eight. It was a privilege for me with Bill part of our senior year, enjoying road trips, discussions about music and memorable tunes. I miss Bill's zest and wish we'd had more time together these past few years."

Ruth McKenzie Cannon writes, "While recently vacationing in Sacramento, Calif., for the National Model Railroad Convention, Larry and I enjoyed spending time with Bob and Karen Wishinski Holbert, who live in nearby Woodland. It's always great to catch up with good friends and classmates. We spent lots of time laughing about Midd memories! Thanks, Karen, for your hospitality and being a great tour guide!" Paul Connolly stopped by Patterson's camp on Lake Danmore on a beautiful summer's day with two grandsons in tow for swimming off the dock. Paul and Tom compared Frozen Four hockey fan notes and plans, and Susan got to try out her reunion activities ideas on Paul (who liked them)! Paul's daughter-in-law was a student for the summer at Bread Loaf's School of English and the family was renting on Lake Danmore. Paul was up to his usual antics while playing golf. While retired, Paul is still in a local (Philadelphia) school teaching English as a Second Language to the immigrant parents of some of the school's students.

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Class Correspondents: Susan Davis Patterson (spdp@ alumni.middlebury.edu), 67 Robinson Pkwy., Burlington, VT 05401; Alex Taylor (a tyaylor1145@gmail.com), 215 Wells Hill Rd., Lakeville, CT 06039.
Alan ‘99 in Austin, Texas, where Barbie spends several weeks every summer enjoying grandparenting. Nancy and David have also connected with Linda Burley, Jean Dithmar, and Nordis Glassoe when they all had coinciding trips to Florida (twice). Nancy hopes to see more of Nordic’s little closer to home now that hers is in the adjoining town. • Walter Becker reports that in 2009 he and his wife relocated to The Villages, a huge golf-cart retirement community in central Florida. Walter also reports that he had noticed in a recent Middlebury Magazine a note from classmate Michele MacKellar Sakurai that said she had also retired to Central Florida, and that she and her husband had moved, with the UN, then started a new period in their lives and built a horse farm near Gainesville. Walter contacted Michele, who invited him and his wife to a horse show near her farm, at which Michele showed her new foals and colts. Walter and his wife had a lovely day and he wants to let people know that Michele would love visitors to come by for a visit at Sakura Hill Farm, in Gainesville, especially horse lovers. • The Valley News recently reported that John Morton had been chosen as one of four 2011 Hall of Fame inductees by the Vermont Ski and Snowboard Museum in Stowe. Along with his involvement with skiing and coaching, he has also earned his International Biathlon Union referee’s license and continues to develop cross-country skiing and running courses through his business, Morton Trails.

—Class Correspondents: Ben Gegg (geggehendley@epamal.edu.gov), 418 East St. NE, Vienna, VA 22180; Barbara Ensminger Stoebenan (hstoebs@aol.com), 6 Timber Fair, Spring House, PA 19477.

Alma Robinson is celebrating her 50th year as executive director of California Lawyers for the Arts, which provides legal counseling, alternative dispute resolution, educational programs, and advocacy for artists and arts organizations throughout California. She lives in San Francisco as an empty nester with her husband, Toye Moses. “Life is good and I’m grateful for the great educational foundation I received at Middlebury,” she wrote. “Since I wasn’t into winter sports, I fell in love with the library.”

—Class Correspondents: Anne Harris Onion (aonion@metacost.net), PO Box 207, Gilmanton, NH 03237; Peter Reynolds (preyemi@xnet.com), 493 Stillmeadow Ln., Addison, VT 05441.

Sue Porter Beffel writes from Reston, Va., “I’m getting used to being on my own again after losing Ted last fall. I might as well work another year or two so I’ll have enough to travel on when I do retire. I still enjoy planning career development and mentoring activities for the State Department. I stay busy enjoying D.C.’s cultural activities and visiting family and getting outdoors more.” She was headed to Wolf Trap, doing some kayaking, and counting but—

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Correspondent Barbara Ludensdager Mosley filed the reunion report, shortly after the fact: Returning to normal life after the high of reunion is hard. My head swims with memories of people and conversations, glimpses of the folks we used to be and the wonder of getting to know the fine people we’ve become. I roll out my yeast dough and take a tray of cinnamon buns out of the oven, trying to complete orders I missed while celebrating in Vermont. I find myself humming “Walls of Ivy,” and I smile as I recall the thunder of Gamaliel Painter canes tapping the old wooden floor. My days are filled with building a younger generation of ours walk into this magical space. For those of you who’ve never experienced a Middlebury reunion, that is so special: sitting in the chapel by class, heads turn, canes tap, and the thunder grows as earlier and earlier reunion classes walk into Mead Chapel. The noise grows until it seems the floor might just collapse, but it remains, true as ever, as do the connections between us. I look at these older people, and I feel a sense of history and connectedness that brings me to tears. Do you know that there were two women from the class of 1936 at our reunion? 1936! Unbelievable! But there they were, proud as ever, walking down the aisle with President Liebowitz for their 75th reunion. I still get chills when I think of that thunder. So, here are some of the highlights of our reunion, for those who missed them and for those of us who were there. From all over the globe, our class came together. Stephanie Davis Lett won the award for traveling the farthest. Mbong Amogunla of Nigeria, who’s never experienced a Middlebury reunion, for those who missed it. The “Shortest Stay at Reunion” award: Twenty-eight percent of our class attended this year, and 52 percent had given a gift by Reunion Weekend. That earned us the Gordon C. Perine ’49 Award for being the reunion class other than the 25th or 50th with the greatest increase in total class gift—up 435 percent to $1,633,029. How impressive is that? Even better was this: Honored with a standing ovation, Churchill Franklin received the Alumni Plaque Award, given in recognition of his outstanding service to Middlebury. He took our class a long, long time to stop cheering and howling to allow the ceremony to continue. Over the weekend—with glorious weather—there were walks and talks, lectures (including a great one from Bill McKibben) and tours, pictures and hikes, and meals with friends. Of course, there was a LOT of laughter! And, hey, the A&W still has car-side service! What’s not to love? So, come on, you folks who haven’t joined us at reunion! Be brave, and come back and join the fun for the 45th. Let all of us get to know the new you! • The weekend ended with a wonderful brunch at the home of Churchill and Janet Halstead Franklin as well as many Montana alumni over good Western barbecue. • Stephanie Masten Marcus works as the science reference librarian at the Library of Congress and recently she was interviewed for the blog Inside Adams. After earning her master’s in Russian from Middlebury, she went to D.C. to find a job where she could use her language skills. She ended up in the Federal Research Division of the Library of Congress, writing abstracts of foreign language medical articles for an Army contract. A series of other projects followed until 1987 when she was hired for her present position. She says it’s still fun after 24 years. • Please put June 8–10 on your calendar and come back to campus for our 40th reunion!

—Class Correspondents: Barbara Ludensdager Mosley (barbaramosley@metacost.net), Carolyn Ungeheuer, Olivier (olivier@university.se), Rob Waters (robutwaters7012@ mindspring.com).

Jef Groby writes that he retired in May after 31 years of service with the UN High Commissioner for Refugees. His last posting was as assistant regional representative for supply in Kinshasa, Democratic Republic
of Congo. * Jhon Akers writes, *Update: I am starting my 106th year of Spanish and French private lessons at Wofford College in Spartanburg, S.C., where Middlebury opened a language academy this summer and I shared an evening program of music for the Spanish classical guitar. My kids are now in high school (Alessandra, a junior), middle school (Isaia, a seventh grader), and elementary (Belen and Mattias, third grade). I have moved to Spartanburg after 18 years of commuting from nearby Salisbury and then Columbus, N.C.—a 35- to 40-minute drive, now down to 12 minutes: yes! I continue to perform my niche program on Carl Sandburg’s love of the Spanish guitar, and I’m preparing for a fall performance at Davidson. I’d love to hear from and see classmates.*

—© Correspondent, Gene O’Neill reports: Bill Haas pased away on July 14 of cancer. He had made his life in the Northwest, working as an architect, and he leaves wife Christine and children Lewis (18), June (16), and Sydney (13). He came from Pellum, N.Y., and his Jim Year, and I traveled to Bread Loaf together our first day at Mead Chapel late one evening. If the strength of the hills was His also, it was not clear. He was in his office that day. He had said there was something he would soomis the length of the middle aisle of the Chapel. Nothing happened. I thought this was some counter-reformational act, but it is happens. God does not answer either letters or somersaults.

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Correspondent Nancy Clark Herter (nclarkherter@msciul.edu), Gene O'Neill (ato324@optonline.net).

Duane Wilcox reports that on the weekend of June 4th, she and wife Debi were able to get together with Mike and Wendell Mackey. "78. Duane and Debi stayed with Phyl and Mike while Duane's son Geoff was married to the lovely Lisa Mortensen at Osborn Point State Park in Rye, N.H. A great time was had by all. * This summer Ellen Fairchild Martyn finished her cross-country bike ride. She started on the Northern Tier route that she started last summer, riding 2,400 miles from Fargo, N.D., to Bar Harbor, Maine. She posted daily to her blog so friends could follow along vicariously across the fields of the Midwest, south of the Great Lakes, through the Adirondacks of New York, and over the Green and White mountains in New Hampshire. Check out her blog at http://efairtarn.edublogs.org. * I was sorry to learn that Laurie Ferguson passed away on April 17. Though our paths at Midd crossed briefly, Laurie was one of those people who always left you feeling better about yourself than before you bumped into her. We remember her contagious smile and share her thoughts and prayers with her family.

An obituary

program this fall. Daughter Emma is a pro skier. Her main mentor is Mastersport, for whom she does photo shoots and filming. She's living her dream, skiing all over the world. Stuart and I are both retired but keep busy with skiing, hiking, golf, and tennis. * I (Greg) was in an open-air market in the Bastille district of Paris when I (almost literally) ran into Gretchen Armann. We enjoyed a chat and a cup of coffee in a nearby cafe, on a day when Gretchen, who is still the director of professional development and external relations at the Conservatoire National Supérieur de Musique, was preparing for a quick trip back to the States. * As for me, occasionally I write about College-related topics in my column for the Addison Independent, Middlebury's twice-weekly paper. One recent column was a tribute to political science professors David Rosenberg, Murray Dry, and Paul Nelson, while another explored the icy wonders of the Zamboni at the College rink. The column is archived at middleburyvt.blogspot.com.*

We're sorry to report that Carol Simonnacharner Smith passed away on June 15. Our sympathy goes out to her family.

—© Correspondents: Greg Dennis (gjodenminist@yaho.com); Barry Schultz: King (kigle2@gothetech.edu).

74 Susie "Soupy" Panitz Fillion's excellent new book, Miss Elta and Dr. Claribel: Bringing Mauve to America, which was reviewed in the summer issue of the magazine, tells the story of two unmarred sisters from a German-Jewish family in Baltimore who amassed one of the major collections of modern art in America. The book, from noted publisher David Godine of Black Sparrow books, was favorably reviewed in Publishers Weekly and got a starred review from Kirkus. Susie and husband Tom Fillion live in Baltimore in a house in the trees. * Speaking of trees, (Greg Dennis) was asked by Pillion Live in Baltimore in a house in the trees.

75 Jane Roy Brown wrote to tell classmates about the book she coauthored with Bethany United Church of Christ in Randolph, Vt.

—© Correspondents: Deborah Schneider Gruenheit (writerDSG@comcast.net); Andrea Thorne (andreatrthorne@yahoo.com).

76 Correspondent Nancy Clark Herter reports: We did not have a super turnout for our 35th reunion, but we had a super time! Breakout in Proctor, rounds of golf, out to dinner, and more. The fun continues through downtown. We are exploring all that has changed on campus, alumni parade, Convocation, tent parties, late night music, sleeping in the dorms—but best of all, catching up with old familiar faces! I have passed on the baton of class correspondent to Betsy Sherman Walker who says, "I am delighted and my tayly fingers and fertile mind can’t wait to assamble and assemble the continuing stories of our post-Middlebury lives." Send your news and comments to Betsy at bwalker@mcds.org.*

© Correspondent Gene O’Neill reports: Bill Haas passed away on July 14 of cancer. He had made his life in the Northwest, working as an architect, and he leaves wife Christine and children Lewis (18), June (16), and Sydney (13). He came from Pellum, N.Y., and his Jim Year, and I traveled to Bread Loaf together our first day at Mead Chapel late one evening. If the strength of the hills was His also, it was not clear. He was in his office that day. He had said there was something he would soomis the length of the middle aisle of the Chapel. Nothing happened. I thought this was some counter-reformational act, but it is happens. God does not answer either letters or somersaults.

Bill played the drums, too. He played in the band throughout college. He solicited me to play in the Hepburn staged play that required a sax player. It was A Thurber Carnival. I had no idea what I was doing. Bill played loud enough so that the reviewer said the band sounded “tight”; a compliment that I would welcome years later. In Forest, a dorm we shared in our senior year, I visited Bill's neat room after classes, and I panned thoroughly the dorm that year. He had Vermehren's 'Girl With a Pearl Earring' on the wall next to his door. I asked him every three days if he had “done” that. He denied it, patiently, on every occasion, and by May he pulled out one of his art history books to show me that it was another artist with too many vowels in his last name who had painted it. * In other 1976 news, congratulations go to Kevin Cummings who was named the Ernst & Young Entrepreneur of the Year 2011 New Jersey Award Winner. The president and CEO of Investors Savings Bank, he was recognized for the significant changes that have taken place at the bank over the past few years. He was also recently installed as the first vice chairman of the New Jersey Bankers Association. He and wife Patricia live in Summit, N.J., and have four children: Katie, a graduate of Bowdoin; Kevin, a graduate of College of the Holy Cross; Mary, a graduate of Colby; and William, a student at College of the Holy Cross.

Correspondent Nancy Clark Herter (nclarkherter@msciul.edu), Gene O’Neill (ato324@optonline.net).
Greg Dennis '74 recounts the years the tree house near the golf course was in existence.

During the deep winter of 1971, two Middlebury first-years spent long evenings talking in front of a fireplace in Stewart Hall. As the warm hearth fed their creativity, Dan Flanagan '74 and John Abbott '74 decided to build a tree house. One cold, snowy winter day, they went out to find the tree that would hold their dream—Dan on snowshoes, John on cross-country skis.

Erica Wonnacott recalled in a later interview that she was visited by "Dean Wonnacott was the last one to assent. Dean Dennis O'Brien, Mike Schlegel, and a number of Middlebury students became the epicenter of their planning. Without any engineering background, they figured out how to build a multi-story tree house 50 feet up in an elm tree. Dean of Students Erica Wonnacott recalled in a later interview that she was visited by "three bushy-tailed freshman" seeking permission for the project. At a time when the Middlebury campus was being rocked by the Vietnam War, it seemed an innocent enough idea. Dean Wonnacott gave her assent.

The Tree House Five began construction in the late winter of 1971, enlisting friends to help them haul timber out to the tree. But as the snow melted, they realized the spot they had chosen was adjacent to the seventh tee of the college golf course. "That spring golfers were greeted by sounds of hammering and sawing, which fed off of many of them," Dan laughs. To placate the golfers, Dan recalls, "We occasionally left a bottle of Jack (Daniels) by the tee."

As they built their home in the sky, the five kept a diary. Entries show them trying to figure out how to build the house so it was habitable, had creature comforts, a rope-and-pulley system for hauling up food and water, and a lattice of support beams so the limbs of the giant elm could move in the frequent winds. ("During windy nights," says Craig, "the kerosene lamps would sway and the whole thing would creak and groan like a ship at sea.") They "borrowed" old barn board from nearby farms to clad the structure. Craig and John spent the summer of 1971 in Middlebury, continuing the slow process of construction and pillar-stringing barn board for the walls. The builders' progress was steady, if not always clearheaded. The diary, for example, records a day where one of them "screwed around with too many joints and didn't get anything done." As summer turned to fall, the college administration grew increasingly concerned about the project. But the determined builders pretended not to hear Old Chapel's directives. "Every time we were told to stop," Dan muses, "we just built another floor." To counter the administration's demands that they end the project, the five young men invited the deans up for tea. A year after graduation, though.

"The structure expanded to have decks facing east and west, sleeping lofts, a wood stove, a dentist's chair, a dumb waiter between floors, and a stereo system powered by an old car battery. By the fall of our senior year, the tree house was a home—away-from-home. "I would often study on the top deck, listening to Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young singing ‘Our House,’" Dan recalls. "On the top deck, a yellow canopy of fall leaves surrounded me, with the sun streaming through the leaves and giving everything a golden glow."

No account of the adventure is complete without a mention of the Full-Moon Parties. They were the occasion for intense conversations, loud music, and the consumption of Mateus, Boone's Farm, and other occasions for intense conversations, loud music, and the consumption of Mateus, Boone's Farm, and other substances. "There was one party I remember in particular, where I lit candles in all the windows and sat on the top deck waiting for my friends to show up," Dan remembers. "Off in the distance I could hear voices and see a series of lights bobbing along as people arrived across the field." Craig adds, "We had a van rolling, drumming, and truly inspired singing propelled the glowing orb through the nights."

A year after graduation, though, the tree house itself was gone. A boy staying there had lit candles on the first floor and then fallen asleep on the second floor. He woke up with the tree and tree house in flames around him and barely escaped by using the rope to rappel to the ground. Dean Wonnacott broke the news of the fire to the Tree House Five in a letter, which Tucker Swan has to this day. She made it clear that there would be no second tree house. But she also wrote of her affection for the endeavor: "You should all feel very proud. I think of the kind of elan and skill that led you to build it and for the great pleasure the tree house gave a large number of Middlebury students since 1971. It was a landmark and will now become a legend. Not many of us have a chance to author a legend!"

Some years after we graduated, thanks to the efforts of classmates Mike Schlegel and others, the Class of 1974 established a fund honoring the memory of the tree house and of builder David Stone, who died suddenly several years ago. The fund supports "creative student projects that benefit Middlebury students, the environment, or the community." See the 1974 column for more information.
78 Philippe Burnham writes that he is currently revamping an evolving physician-dispersed cosmeceutical skin-care business, which is part of the Keninere magnesium portfolio. **Tamara Lorraine** recently published Delusce and Guattari's *Imminent Ethics: Theory, Subjectivity, and Duration* (SUNY Press, 2011). She is a professor of philosophy at Swarthmore College and is also the author of *Intrigue and Delusion: Experiments in Visual Philosophy and Gender, Identity, and the Production of Meaning*. In the summer issue we reported about a mini-reunion of classmates on the slopes of Sugarbush. Check out a photo of the event on page 77.

—Class Correspondents: David Jaffe (jjaffray@nchsi.com); Phyllis Wendell Mackey (phylmackey@hotmail.com); Anne Russell Noble (annenoblenoble@aol.com).

79 In June Pres. Obama announced that he was nominating Christopher Merrill to a post on the National Council on the Humanities. A poet, essayist, journalist, and translator, he is the director of the International Writing Program at the University of Iowa. *Mary Lee Krahn* (formerly Mary Lee Krain) writes, "In October 2010 I married Tom Johnson and moved from James Bay, N.Y., to Rochester, N.Y. I now work on the staff of the Upstate New York Synod of the ELCA (Evangelical Lutheran Church in America) as the assistant to the Bishop for Candidacy. My role is to oversee the process by which Lutherans from upstate New York are approved for seminary and ministry. After a dozen or so years as a hospice chaplain, this is a different kind of ministry, but challenging and interesting and inspiring, as well. My younger son, Martin, just graduated from Middlebury this past May, so I'll miss the several trips back that I'd been making for the last four years. Tom retired in the spring, and I work part time so we're looking forward to having more time for traveling and visiting our families and friends." *The ever-effervescent and multi-talented Marcia dancinglick* writes, "On June 26th, I celebrated my 80th birthday with some friends and I was treated to a special preview screening of Dreamworks' movie, *The Help*. Among those in attendance were Majie Zeller, Mary Ann Preskul-Ricca, Kim Ulrich Whelan, Hamish Blackman, Randy ‘80 and Mary MacKenzie Corke, Jennifer Fields Condon ‘86, Jan ‘81 and Cindy Yatinski-Timer ‘81, and June Hoose-Bourn ‘81. In addition to being able to thank my wonderful friends for their support over these past months, we were treated to one of the most moving films that I have ever seen. Whether or not you've read the book, you will love this movie and I encourage all of you to do so. I've heard that the book was as good as the movie. Doesn't it make you want to go to the movie? Even better, doesn't it make you want to receive news like this more regularly and to joyfully share it with fellow classmates? Mary and I (Nancy) have completed our multi-edition cycle of the newsletters and will hand off the task to the next lucky classes as I'm moving to Maryland, and Mary's moving on to the next project. We have faith that two of our you out there are longing to play the coveted role of class correspondent. If a class we can step up our donations to our alma mater, then we can certainly volunteer our time and talent (although the job really does not take a lot of time). The next edition will lie blank on the page, beckoning you to fill it in.*

If you are interested, please contact the alumni editor, Sara Marshall, at smarshal@middlebury.edu.

—Class Correspondents: Mary MacKenzie Corke (mary.corke@gmail.com); Nancy Lindbacher Meyer (lmeyer79@yahoo.com).

80 Nancy Smith Brennan sent news about her book, *Active Against Cancer*, a guide to improving cancer recovery with exercise. She writes, "As a lifelong athlete, a lifelong writer who has a background in biology, and as a recent four-year cancer survivor, I wrote this book to help other cancer patients realize the value of exercise in their recovery. The new medical consensus is that exercise can help almost all cancer patients during their treatment and beyond." 

—Class Correspondents: Anne Cowherd Kallhalter (acowherd@gojc-inc.com); Susanne Rehndt Strater (sstrater@alsteverson.ca).

81 Elaine King Nickerson reports on reunion. The "official" attendance list included only six of our classmates, but I wear there were many more. It felt like so many came back to this reunion. We had wonderful weather, which is rare for us, I know! Those of us who stayed on campus were pleased to find our room assignments in Le Château! What a great dorm and it has a great lounge where our classmates gathered to relax, visit, and raise a glass each evening. The College put on a great reunion with hikes, road races, Convocation, and tours of the NEW Starr building. Formerly known as "the library," it now has classrooms and faculty offices (but still has the beautiful reading room). Night's included dancing and visiting with classmates. Everyone I spoke to said they had a ball, and our only regrets were that many of our classmates could not attend. We all encourage you to make it in five years if at all possible. One thing we need to remember is to bring a docking station for music! *Sue Dutcher Wagley* is stepping down as a class correspondent and we're looking for someone to take over. Let me know if you'd be willing. Many thanks go to Sue for her years of serving!

—Class Correspondents: Elaine King Nickerson (eknick@verizon.net); Sue Dutcher Wagley (sue@wagleyranch.com).

82 **REUNION CLASS**

Judy Bonzi writes, "I continue to sit on two olive oil taste panels (Univ. of Calif., Davis, and the California Olive Oil Council), and in June I judged my first olive oil competition for the Napa County Fair. I'm missing a fine line between hip and kitch, as the 23 olive trees I own are in galvanized livestock troughs in my front yard, biding their time before I get a small farm and am able to put them in the ground. I also just took up sculling with the North Bay Rowing Club on the Peninsula. I've forgotten but as many a next update might be about some race I was in. Speaking of racing, I rode about a half dozen Petaluma River and LOVE it! Watch out as my next new update might be about some race I was in. Whether or not you've read the book, you will love this movie and I encourage all of you to do so. I've heard that the book was as good as the movie. Doesn't it make you want to go to the movie? Even better, doesn't it make you want to receive news like this more regularly and to joyfully share it with fellow classmates? Mary and I (Nancy) have completed our multi-edition cycle of the newsletters and will hand off the task to the next lucky classes as I'm moving to Maryland, and Mary's moving on to the next project. We have faith that two of our you out there are longing to play the coveted role of class correspondent. If a class we can step up our donations to our alma mater, then we can certainly volunteer our time and talent (although the job really does not take a lot of time). The next edition will lie blank on the page, beckoning you to fill it in.*

—Class Correspondents: Elaine King Nickerson (eknick@verizon.net); Sue Dutcher Wagley (sue@wagleyranch.com).

83 Pegine Grayson serves as VP of Whittier Trust Co., based in Pasadena, Calif. With a JD from USC Gould School of Law, she was formerly a public interest lawyer. At Whittier she establishes and manages a number of family foundations and donor-advised funds, helping families give to worthy charities. *Kim Adams Weiss* was recently appointed to the Ho-Ho-Kus (N.J.) Mayor and Council to serve out an unexpired term. With her two daughters in college and her retail-yarn store, Close Knit, up and running, she feels she has more time for volunteer activities.

—Class Correspondents: Ruth Kennedy (ruth.kennedy@gmail.com); Sobhan Lytle Ulrich (susich@seixminster-school.org).

84 In June, Alex Prud'homme's latest book, *The Ripple Effect: The Fate of Fresh Water in the Twenty-First Century* was published by Scribner. While completing his collaboration with great-aunt Julia Child on her memoir, *My Life in France*, he began to talk with her about the French obsession with bottled water, which had spread to the States. From that spark of interest, he moved on to investigate the evolving story of the freshwater supply, finding that as the climate warms and the world population grows, demand for water has surged but supplies are static or dropping. After exhaustive research, he has produced a comprehensive account, with several dramatic stories and colorful characters, of what's happening to our fresh water, a topic that could be a dominant issue in the near future. *Mark Payne* was recently part of a panel discussion called "Design Thinking: Dead or Alive?" as cofounder president/director of the Idea at development at Alberta Exact, a leading innovation consultancy, he has over 20 years of experience in the creation of new businesses, products, and brands. He and wife Elizabeth live in Woodstock, N.Y., with son Jacob. Check out page 77 for a photo of the Team Yahoo! mini-reunion in March.

—Class Correspondent: Elizabeth Epput Winton (ewinton@mac.com); Andrew Zebrer (andrew.zebrer@pierce.com).

85 Kim Davis Gluck sent news about a recent mini-reunion: "Don Hall was unable to make our 25th reunion in June of 2010 due to his flight from Seattle being
Kate Wallace Perrotta reports: Reunion was a great success. It was wonderful to see everyone who made it back, many with spouses and children included, and it was nice of the weather to cooperate as well. It’s hard to believe that most of us met in American Red Cross.

Porter Ball Knight recently changed the name of her company to Productivity Vermont. She also added a business partner, a certified project manager. The company specializes in personalized workplace strategies, offering large-group workshops or one-on-one consulting. After years of teaching classes at Georgia State and the Univ. of Georgia on how to become an entrepreneur, Jim Beach and partner Chris Hanks have started TheEntrepreneurSchool.com, an online education program. As part of launching the site, they also wrote and published a book called School for Startups, which is billed as “the beginner’s guide to low-risk entrepreneurship.”

Peter Holmes à Court recently resigned as chairman of Brand Sydney and the Greater Sydney Partnership, to spend a year in Europe with his family. He’s living in rural France, riding a bike, and trying to write a book about artisanal bike production in France. His rugby team, the South Sydney Rabbitohs, is still struggling, but providing many more highlights than lowlites these days. Photos of a year in rural France and his adventure of being sole parent to his seven-year-old twin boys (while his wife and 12-year-old twin boys roll around Europe for a year out of school) can be found through facebook.com/peterhac. Peter was planning to take his new bike on the full Alpe d’Huez stage the day after the Tour in July. Kevin Bittenbender and his family (three kids) live in Athens, N.H. (southern Vermont), and they all enjoy spending as much time on skis as possible, either on water or snow. Kevin is the build group leader for Bensonwood Homes, specializing in “high-performance” buildings, timber framing, and custom architectural millwork. This past year he worked with the Midd Solar Decathlon team on the house that they built for the Solar Decathlon 2011 competition this fall in D.C. Movin’ on up: Stefanie Cooper is assistant secretary for Land and Forest Conservation, for the State of Massachusetts. In April, Steph hosted Tizz Strachan Miller in a re-running of the Boston Marathon, with Andrew Rosenshine, Bill Eaton, Sam Hodges, Schuyler Garrett Ryon, Kristen Peterjohn Brown, and Kate Ray Chang ’89 in attendance for the festivities. In other 1990 news, Peter Snow has left Christopher Newport Univ. in Virginia, where he was an assistant professor of English and honors faculty member, to take the position of assistant professor of elementary education at the Kenai River Campus of Kenai Peninsula College, a part of the Univ. of Alaska Anchorage.

Many thanks go to Bill Driscoll and Kate Kelley who have been serving as class correspondents for the past 15 years. They have stepped down and Marika Holmgren...
fantastic to see everybody. Thanks to those who made it. You all created a great weekend. Madd has seldom if ever looked better." Another update from the folks that weren’t able to make it. But many of who, inspired by the great pix on Facebook, are already planning to come to number 25. **Catherine Nester of Yellow Springs is happy to announce their marriage on July 16 at Acadia Vineyards in Underwood, Wash. They reside in Portland, Ore., with their four daughters. “We were married on a beautiful sunny day in our vineyards and were able to toast to each other with our own wines.” In addition to managing money for investors, Tammy and Jeff own Cerulean Skies Winery in Hood River, Ore. Rabbi Jonathan Freidrich has left the small synagogue in Lake Tahoe, Calif., that he was serving to become the new associate rabbi at Temple Beth El in Charlotte, N.C.**

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**Correspondents:** Manika Holmgren (holmgren.manika@gmail.com); Liz Randolph Liddell (lucy_liddell@yahoo.com).

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**Liz Craig writes,** “I’ve been running with my graphic design business, Queen Esther Design, for over eight years now and while I enjoy it, I’m looking for a full-time job. I’m interested in publication/editorial design. I love telling stories through text, imagery, and how they relate to each other.” This summer, she looked at Mrs. Ruggles in O for Dog, a comedy/trama written by Katie Polebaum ’06 that ran at Studio/Stage in L.A. from July 1 to August 7. **VLP Law Group recently announced that Whit Bissell had joined its partnership. With a JD from the UCLA School of Law, he was previously at the San Francisco office of Wilson Sonsini Goodrich & Rosati and is a member of the State Bar of California.**

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**Correspondents:** Maria Diaz (latinauntig@gmail.com); Laura LeClair (elydash@gmail.com).

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**Scott Godes and wife Deborah are happy to announce the birth of their first child, daughter Amelia Rose Najera, on June 7.** In Salt Lake City, Utah, where I live with husband Jon Brawn, Brian Smith, and me. Great steak, seafood, and cheese was all we could eat. It was a wonderful trip and a great way to celebrate our wedding. (**Catherine Nester of Yellow Springs is happy to announce their marriage on July 16 at Acadia Vineyards in Underwood, Wash. They reside in Portland, Ore., with their four daughters. “We were married on a beautiful sunny day in our vineyards and were able to toast to each other with our own wines.” In addition to managing money for investors, Tammy and Jeff own Cerulean Skies Winery in Hood River, Ore. Rabbi Jonathan Freidrich has left the small synagogue in Lake Tahoe, Calif., that he was serving to become the new associate rabbi at Temple Beth El in Charlotte, N.C.**

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**Correspondents:** Maria Diaz (latinauntig@gmail.com); Laura LeClair (elydash@gmail.com).
Det Norske Veritas, FMC, and Petroleum Geo Services. Elyse Secker Perweiler (MA '74) is the director of the New Jersey Area Health Education Center Program and associate director of planning, development, and public policy for the New Jersey Institute for Successful Aging.

**Cemoh Sevier** (MA '03) began teaching French this year at Ladue Horton Watkins High School in St. Louis, Mo. On June 27, 2010, Amanda Kern (MA '06) married Vincent Lambert in Nantucket. Living in London, she is pursuing her master's in art history at the Courtauld Institute.

### German School

In June Amherst College announced that Carolyn "Biddy" Martin (MA '74) had been selected as its 19th president, the first woman to serve in that position. Previously she was the chancellor at the Univ. of Wisconsin-Madison.

### Italian School

Shanahan Real Estate Group in Winchester, Mass., recently announced that Nicoona Bonasera Cordeiro (MA '02) had joined the firm as an agent. She also founded and runs HigherEd College Consulting, helping high school students with the college search and application process.

**Matt Pepino** (MA '04) was named the Rhode Island Foreign Language Teacher of the Year in May. He teaches Spanish and Italian at Aldrich Junior High School in Warwick.

### Japanese School

Tobias Maxwell ('85) had his third book, *913: The Unnumbered Season* (Libero Printemps Books) published in May. Soma Mei Sheng Frazier ('02) sent a note about *Enigma* 2011, an international literary journal written by and for adults but published by the students at Oakland School for the Arts. She serves as the editor. Check it out at emzagam.org. Dr. Gail Weisberg Slater ('81), who teaches at the Northeast Center, is the only board-certified chiropractic sports medicine therapist in the US. selected to participate in a two-week mentorship on sustainable seafood issues, he has been featured on CNN and NPR, and in the New York Times, Boston Globe, Christian Science Monitor, San Francisco Chronicle, Los Angeles Times, UTNE Reader, Tokyo Shimbun, and Kochi Shimbun among others. In October 2009, Casson was awarded "Hero of the Environment" by Time magazine. The International Warehouse Logistics Assoc. installed Linda C. Hothem (PS '83), who is CEO of Pacific American Group and a senior adviser to Matson Global Distribution Services Inc., as chairwoman for 2011-2012. She is the first woman in the organization's 120-year history to hold that position. One of her top priorities as chairwoman over the coming year will be the promotion and practice of sustainability—helping third-party logistics providers who operate warehouses fulfill their environmental and social responsibilities while at the same time improving their profitability. Linda founded Pacific American Services (PACAM), an Oakland, Calif.-based warehouse logistics provider in 1987 with her late partner and husband, Ronald. Following his death in 1996, she took over his industrial real estate portfolio growing its holdings more than 200 percent. In 2008, after 21 years of operating PACAM, Linda negotiated the sale of the company to Matson Global Distribution Services. In 2009 the San Francisco Business Times named her one of the Most Influential Women in Business, and honored her company as one of the 2008 Top 100 Women-Owned Businesses. Helen Le Roux Marston (MA '64) recently visited Prof. Manuel Alvarez-Morales (MA '97) and his son, Manolito Marston, in Puerto Rico. Manolo is now 90 years old and sharp as a tack mentally, but a bit frail physically. He retired from teaching at the Univ. of Puerto Rico, where his late wife, YoYo (MA '66), also taught. Son Manolito also teaches there and has for 30 years. Manolo would welcome hearing from any of his old students. His address is at Urb. College Park V, 1988 Calle Getxo, San Juan, Puerto Rico 09921-4820 and his phone nos. is 787-765-0647. Helen would welcome letters also at PO Box 3, Tenants Harbor, Maine 04860 or e-mail amaston1@roadrunner.com. Her phone no. is 207.372.3544. Clark Zlotchew (MA '66) writes, "The collection of 17 of my stories in book form, *Once Upon a Decade: Tales of the Fifty*, was one of three finalists in the short-story category in the Next Generation Indie Book Awards. It's also listed in the 2011 Catalog for Book Expo America 2011." In June Norma Bailey (MA '70) was inducted into the Traverse City (Mich.) Central High School Hall of Fame. A professor of middle-level education at Central Michigan Univ., she has also taught middle school and college courses in Michigan and Colorado. This summer Pres. Obama announced his intention to nominate Adrienne O'Neal (MA '77) to the post of Ambassador to the Republic of Cape Verde, Department of State. She is a career member of the Senior Foreign Service.
Jennifer Hazen Peers and husband Eric welcomed daughter Allison Marie Peers into the world (and Boulder, Colo.) on September 5, 2010. Jennifer has been working at Stratus Consulting for over a decade now and still loves environmental consulting. *After 16 years in Toronto, Ontario, Masina Wright has moved back to New England. "I'm a naturopathic doctor, working at Akari Medi­Spa in the beautiful Old Port of Portland, Maine. I'm in love with my practice and enjoy spending my days made it easy for everyone to explore new campus features as well as visit new and old favorite shops in town. Registered and/or checked-in attendees from our class included: Kaliope Azzi-Huck, Allison Baratta, Pete Bevere, April Bolton-Smith, Josh Bruszulg, Natasha Causton, Noel Chilton, Kevin Creedon, Anne Bruce Driscoll, Jethro and Molly Bschor Ferguson, Humberto Garcia-Sjogrin, Bill Goswi, Alexis Holtzman, Melissa Morrissey Jatine, Anson 'Mon' Johnson, Amy Schwener Kamona, Sanyu Khullar, Nicola Goldman Klinger, Mike and Debbie Bailey Kreuzer, Pamela Selover Lawrence, Rob Lawrence, Taylor Mahony, Cynthia Martinez, Kimberly Whitman McGovern, Cullen Meade, Sarah Merrill Andrew Mitchell Elizabeth "Corie" Pierce, Peter Richardson Aggie Popick, Allison Miller Rimland, David Shannon, Rachel Shapiro, Marjila Simonson, Kevin Staples, Katherine Hubert Titus, Matt Trail, and Jennifer Varney. *We'd like to add our congratulations to Mariska who was awarded the Garnalier Painter's Cane Society Award for the reunion year Cane Society representative who has gone above and beyond. *Great news from Ashley McMullin Hanser and husband Albert—they have a lot going on! Not only did they just move to a new house in Weston, Mass., but they also welcomed their third child, Brooke Randolph. Hannah, and little sister to brothers Grant (4) and Hayes (2). *In other news, Caralyn and Chad Stern are the parents of a happy, healthy baby boy, Calvin Stern arrived on April 13 and joined big brother Austin (2). The Sterns live in Andover, Mass. *J.K. and Heidi Hirschberg Fagan welcomed their third child, William Conrad "Connor" Fagan on May 12 in Munich, Germany. Their Münchiner Kindl joins big brother Griffin (7) and big sister Gracie (5). They were looking forward to a trip to the States to see family on the Cape this summer. *Dan Rice and wife Christina also had a little boy, Maxwell "Max" Thomas Rice was born on June 1. "Twin older siblings Lila and Charlie (2.5) adore their new brother, and the whole Rice family is enjoying their time in Richmond, Va. *Christy Thomson Covalesky sent the following news: "Joe and I are thrilled to announce the birth of our son, Elliott Maxwell Covalesky, on May 24. Big sister Lydia is doing well and the baby is the pinch of the attention anymore." *Laura Thomas writes, "Hi everyone! I just published my first novel, Shadow Swans. It's about a young woman who has lived her whole life inside the NYC subway system and a series of government-constructed tunnels connecting all the major cities. The book is available in paperback and Kindle on Amazon.com. Also, I've just moved to Chicago and would love to hear from anyone in the area! E-mail me at laraubama@gmail.com." *In other 1996 news, Karen Ruffle recently had her book, Genius, Sensibility, and Everyday Practice in South Asian Shivaism, published by the University of North Carolina Press. She is an assistant professor of history of religions and women's and gender studies at the Univ. of Toronto. *Please send news! We love hearing from you! —Class Correspondents: Amanda Cotton Fletcher (amglitler@yahoo.com); Megan Shattuck (meganashattuck@gmail.com).
We’re thrilled to announce the birth of our first child, Chloe Nora Cranmer, on April 28, 2009.

Spent the summer in Singapore before she returned to Harvard’s Kennedy School for her second year. After overseeing Mott’s administration, Kelly (Kellogg), Sandra Carlson now lives in Dubai, UAE. She and her husband were married in June on Dauphine Island, S.C. She works in real estate.

Alison Connelly received an MBA from the Tuck School of Business at Dartmouth on June 12. She graduated “With Distinction,” was named a 2011-2012 Ted Scripps Fellow in Environmental Journalism at the Univ. of Colorado Boulder. She still does some freelance work for Disney that includes writing Spider-Man stories for Marvel comics.

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

Katie Ziemba completed her master’s in reading, writing, and literacy at UPenn and was excited to return to Vermont, where she teaches fourth graders at Champlain Elementary School in Burlington.

Having barely left the practice of law a year ago (and not looked back since), Mags Aleks became a yoga teacher, teaching at random studios throughout Chicago, and she completed the first year of her master’s degree in counseling psychology at Northwestern. She and family are returning home to the West Coast next summer and integrating yoga into her mental health therapy programs. They have been road tripping with Reidi Hamel from L.A. to Vancouver and stopped to see several friends from Midd, including Heath Rankie and Meagan Dodge, along the way.

Damian Washington and Angela Boullrt sent an update. Damian has been popping up in CollegeHumor videos while working at the Pose Foundation and living in NYC with Angela. Angela’s keeping the torch alive for art history majors working at The Frick Collection. She recently had a drink with Jason Vrooman, who is living in Paris and researching his dissertation. Angela and Damian keep up with a wide range of friends, including Midd alumnae, Internet film visionary Ryan Bilbrough-Koo, gentleman and explorer Blake Whitman, and fancy-pants lawyer Nancy Sul Mayne. Also, everyone has babies now. Lollinez Guadalupe-Perez had babies a little while ago. There are three babies; both Oksana Romina and Jason Krivshuk have babies now. Lollinez continues to be a seven-city East Coast book tour, ending in D.C. She has left her job at Disney Press in NYC and now lives in Chatham, Mass., on Cape Cod. She still enjoys working there and feels that she can provide better care to my patients. If there are any alumni who are interested in moving back to Boston for fellowships, we’re thrilled to announce the birth of our first child, Chloe Nora Cranmer, on April 28, 2009.
Leahart missed out on our June celebrations because she was premiering her original puppet production called Far From the Tree at Labapalooza in Brooklyn, N.Y. If you happened to miss the show, fear not! You can still see Retta work her magic with puppets at the Swedish Cottage Marionette Theatre in Central Park. • Deb Tenen reports that she will be returning to Middlebury once again in June. She performed Orlando Furioso and the Renaissance Epic. She also notes that she’s just started writing for shinooop.com, a new online education resource. Someone’s a smarty-pants. • Annie Starnell has been busy as a media mover and shaker. She’s a founding contributor to HelloGiggles.com. • Lily Van Dillen was honored by Zossey Deschanel, Sophia Rossi, and Molly McAlcer that highlights female funny-makers. She’s also recently moved on from her gig in the scripted dept. at Fox Television Studios to become the writers’ PA for The Finder, a new Fox series (a nod to off-Broadway) that will premiere midseason next year. • Set your DVRs now! • In other job news: Scott Kleinman has left his position at Ceres, a nonprofit that leads coalitions of investors, environmental organizations, and other public interest groups working with companies to address sustainability challenges such as global climate change and water scarcity. Scott is attending Duke University’s Fuqua School of Business in Durham, N.C., where he hopes to specialize in social innovation, growth capital, and philanthropy. He was really looking forward to math camp. • New York has seen a lot of departures recently. Allie Green has left the Big Apple after five years in the area, moving to Chicago to work at marketing. Pete Wolskowski has left his marketing position at Edelman to start business school at Penn State Univ. this fall. • Rachel Durfee recently moved from NYC to San Francisco to work in the communications department at Google. This summer she and fellow ’06er, Jamie Wong, traded for the Big Kahuna half-Ironman triathlon with Team in Training. NYC (a.k.a. class correspondent Jes) misses all three dearly! • Katie Claggert continues her job as a homestay coordinator, helping students come from abroad and live in Boston with host families. • After spending the last year leading a political messaging and communication firm, female executive of the year award recipient, Washington, D.C., Elise Burditt started an MBA program this fall at Northwestern’s Kellogg School of Management. • Grace Kronenberg is the acquisitions guru for One Percent for the Planet, where she works with environmental organizations, and other public interest news: Scott Kleiman has left his position at Ceres, a nonprofit that leads coalitions of investors, environmental organizations, and other public interest groups working with companies to address sustainability challenges such as global climate change and water scarcity. 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Here's an update on 2008 graduates near and far: Ryan Tauriainen was recently promoted to principal through New Leaders for New Schools—located in Washington, D.C. At 25 years old, Ryan will be one of the youngest principals in the U.S. After teaching pre-kindergarten for two years, Colorado corps member Lani Young joined the Teach for America Colorado staff in 2010. She supports the newest teachers in Denver during their transition to the classroom.

Jen Forth is pursuing her master's in public health at Boston Univ. She spent a couple of months as a Summer Fellow at the BU Frederick S. Pardee Center, conducting research on the role of the private sector in disaster risk reduction.

Mimi Schatz graduated from Boston Univ. with an M.Ed. in counseling and sport psychology and moved to Denver at the end of July. After finishing the first year of her MPA in development practice at Columbia Univ., Laura Budzyna spent the summer in Tanzania as an intern with the Millennium Villages Project, helping to develop a student-led hygiene campaign in the primary schools. She returned to New York in September to finish her master's. After two and a half years of Beijing adventures and professional exploration, Tyler Cotton is shifting back to America, where he plans to continue localizing Chinese video games into English for new markets. He will spend some time at home in Memphis, reboots and readjusting while developing his next (probably American) adventure. He will dearly miss his Middlebury comrades in Beijing, but hopes to meet and reconnect with other Midd Kids at his next destination.

Becca Richardson, AnnMarie Wesolowski, and Talia Lincoln visited Eli Menaker in Anchorage, Alaska, for a week. The group enjoyed their reunion in the land of the midnight sun.

Dean Atvia is attending the Univ. of Michigan Law School and will graduate in 2013. Laura Wedel and Justin Butler celebrated their wedding on June 24 in Düsseldorf, Germany, in the company of fellow Middlebury grad Matt Groh.

Candace Culp recently came out with a CD called Baby's October's Road. He wrote the 10 songs while living and working in Moscow and traveling in Siberia. This update is just a sampling of all of the fabulous work our classmates are doing, but we can only write about people who let us know what you’re up to! So, please e-mail Johnny Williams and Alice Ford with updates about your life. Thank you!

—Class Correspondents: Michelle Cady (michelle.elizabeth.cady@gmail.com); Laura Lee (lausabitchoty@gmail.com).

An Army National Guard 2nd Lt., Alex Ryng recently graduated from basic infantry training at Fort Jackson, Columbia, S.C., at Army Fort Benning, Ga. Mike Stone continues his successful career as a midfielder with the Boston Cannons of Major League Lacrosse. He’s had eight career goals with them. He is also a teaching assistant and varsity coach at Wellesley (Mass.) High School.

Conrad Olson was recently named an assistant to the Dean of Undergraduate Education at Amherst College in Chestertown, Md. Previously he was the director of tournament training at Solaris Sport and Racquet Club in Hawthorne, N.Y.

Chandler Koglmeier has stepped down as class correspondent and Billie Borden has come on board. Thanks to Chandler for all his hard work as a correspondent over the past few years.

Once again, Class of 2010 members are being successful at life.

—Class Correspondents: Billie Borden (billie.borden@gmail.com); Eva Nixson (evanixon@gmail.com).

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Middlebury friends joined Katie Chambers ’08 and Steve Papendick for their wedding on August 21, 2010, in Stowe, Vt. In attendance were (all ’08 unless noted) Beth Butler ’07, Jess Fox ’07, Heather Harken, Sara Cowie, Kelsey Eichhorn, the newlyweds, Kristin Fraser, Liza Murray, Pendery Haines, Emily Dawson, Frankie Powell ’06, (second row) Emily Molitor, Donnie Stuart, Andrea and Peter Solomon (former swim coach), Ted Parker, Whitney Thomas ’07, Jen Henderson, Tim Cavanaugh, Eric Lorstein, Ashwin Gargeya, Ted Lobst, Neil D’Astolfo, Bil Davison, Nick Palmieri ’09, and Maggie Higgins.

On August 14, 2010, Zach Rossetti ’95 and Laura D’Amato were married at the American Academy of Arts & Sciences in Cambridge, Mass. Joining them were Kate Romm, Jordan Romm ’95, the newlyweds, Brad Martin ’95, and Laura Martin.

At Hamilton Hill in Salem, Mass., Thaya Brook ’99 married Brian Knight on June 12, 2010. Middlebury friends from the Class of 2000 who attended the ceremony included Kirk German, Jessi Burgess, Julie Culver, Anna Benvenuto, the newlyweds, Angela Smith-Dieng, and Molly Fitzgibbon.

Molly Holmberg ’01 married Eric Brown (Harvard ’03) on August 14, 2010, in Nathrop, Colo. Midd friends who joined them in celebration included (all ’01 unless noted) Scott McLeod with Desmond, Sara Cogan with Chase Gurtman, the newlyweds, Geordie Raisig McLeod, (second row) Kathy Batty, Dave Gurtman, Serena Peck, Vinita Gowanami, Sashi Weise, Christina Cinelli ’02, Laura Marlow Latka with Gray, Jim Wilkerson, Caroline Bodkin, Ben Jervey, Melissa Barker ’98, Brooke Beatt ’10, Susie Strite Leach ’02, Scott Leach ’00, and Molly Witters.

Aliza Watters ’04 celebrated her wedding to Tarun Chhabra on August 14, 2010, in Oxford, England. Friends who were there to celebrate included Rebecca Martin ’05, the bride, Cassidy Freeman ’04, Carolyn Kormann ’04, and Mari Overbeck ’04.
The marriage of Sarah Luehrman '08 and Tristan Axelrod '08 took place in Tenants Harbor, Maine, on August 28, 2010. Many friends joined them for the celebration: Chris Lizotte '06, Eli Mendker '06, the newlyweds, Allison Corke '08, (second row) Nate Randall '08, Derek Long '08, Greg Fulchino '08, Kelsey Nykkel-Bub '08, Ellen Nagami '08, Gabby Jean, Rebecca Richardson '08, Talia Lincoln '08, Greg Jusdson '08, AnnMarie Weelowski '08, (third row) Benji Thurber '08, Luke Yoquinto '08, Alec Wetzien '08, Douglas McAtee '08, Daniel Honberg '08, Adam Lovell '08, and Brian Sommers '08. Missing from photo: Molley Kaiyoorawongs '09.

On August 28, 2010, Katherine Lynch '97 married Stephen O’Grady (Williams ‘97) in Christmas Cove, Maine. A small but mighty group of Midd Kids helped them celebrate: (all ‘97 unless noted) Rian Alfiero, Nathan Sanborn (Midd spouse), Heather Thompson Sanborn, the newlyweds, Phoebe Chase ‘00, and Loralie Pardieff Spooner ‘96. Missing from photo: Christopher Farrell ‘98 and Tai Ayers.

Christopher Morse ’05 was married to Kara Forsyth on September 11, 2010. The ceremony and reception were at the John James Audubon Center in Audubon, Pa. Middlebury friends who celebrated with the couple included (all ’05 unless noted) Sara Lowes ’07, Dave Wright, the newlyweds, Mayo Fuji, (second row) James Black ’04, Andy Peters ’03, Tim Connolly ’04, Colin Kikuchi, Asher Burns-Burg, Hillary Waite Condit, Brendan Condit, Minna Brown ’07, and Charlie Bettigole.

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Many Midd friends gathered in Osterville, Mass., on August 28, 2010, for the wedding of Jordan MacClary ‘05 and Ben Tobey ‘04. Celebrating at the Wianno Club were Andrew Helming ‘04, Daisuke Yasutake ‘04, Damien Charvano ’04, Eric Smith ’04, Tom O’Connor ’04, Chris Cotter ’05, Eric Krieger ’04, Mike Murphy ’04, (second row) Lauryn Nicazio Soden ’05, Brittany Cronin ’05, Kate Pentkowski ’03, Ashley Hall ’05, the newlyweds, Beth Seeley Dietz ’05, Caitlin McCormick ’05, Schuyler Winstead ’06, Maggie Smith ’04, (third row) Dave Leach ’05, Andrew Armstrong ’04, Hallie Nicoll ’05, Dave Nikkel ’04, Dave Coratti ’04, Charles Hoeve ’04, Siobhan Redmond Murphy ’06, Laura Giebink ’07, Andrew Giordano ’04, Mike Saraceni ’04, Amanda Green Helming ’03, Courtney Campbell Kennedy ’04, (fourth row) John West ’04, Tom Scott ’03, Matt Dunn ’02, Tim Collard ’04, Chris Mathisssen ’04, Greg Bastis ’04, Dan Skoglund ’03, Elizabeth Renehan ’06, Erick Dalton ’04, JD Schaub ’04, Mike Kennedy ’04, and John Dawson ’04. Missing from photo: Conor Soden ’03, Karin Ericson ’04, Mike Murray ’05, and Jack Kennedy ’02.
In Greensboro, Vt., Lauryn Nicasio '05 married Conor Soden '03 on September 18, 2010. Midd friends and family helped the couple celebrate: Ken Chase '77, Jennifer Hunt Nicasio '78, Kristen Nicasio '09, Luciano Nicasio '78, the newlyweds, Brittany Crotin '05, Michael Murray '03, (second row) Troy Haynie '89, Mayra Nicasio Wooketepac '73, Greg Birsky '79, Karen Jackson Birsky '80, Ashley Hall '05, Beth Sreeley Diets '05, Alexis Ceterna Emich '05, Kelly Feeley '04, Jordan MacGlarry Tobey '05, Abigail Lamb '04, Anna Connolly Allen '02, Caitlin McCormick '05, (third row) Denver Smith '03, Jake Armstrong '04, Billy Shufelt '05, Graham Taylor '03, Alison Poppe Rose '03, Fred Emich '04, Patrick Rose '03, Rachel Joynt '05, Ted Flanagan '04, Ben Tobey '04, Tom Scott '05, Greg Berberian '03, Michael Ellis '03, David Lecich '03, Michael Sipowicz '03, Billy Lazzaero '03, Wills Allen '93, and Charlie Leonard '03. Missing from photo: Peter Soden '00, John Hunt '79, Julie Hunt '81, Jim '54 and Cynthia Holt Hunt '56.

Fantastic Middlebury friends gathered to celebrate the marriage of Helen Gemmill '00 and Dan Yechout at Crooked Willow Farm in Larkspur, Colo., on September 11, 2010. Helen and Dan eloped in London in June of 2010 and hosted their wedding reception in Colorado three months later: Katharine Decker '03, the newlyweds, Kath Keen '97, (second row) Meagan Londry '99, Kate Newick '04, Maria Banman Barrell '00, Marissa Budwick '00, Noelle Kvasnosky '00, Lauren Rachal '00, (third row) Elizabeth Lokey Aldrich '00 and husband Ryan Aldrich, Emily Voorhees '99, David Lui '00, Lyndsey Erickson '00, and Emily Newick '01. Missing from photo: Melissa Barker '98 and Margaret Symonds Hancock '00.

Alison Fisher and Adam Dreblatt '99 were married on September 11, 2010, in Chicago with many Midd friends in attendance: (all '99 unless noted) David DeVito, the newlyweds, Elisa Burnell '01, (second row) David Gwinn, Jesse Keen, Elizabeth Xanthopoulos Peck, Katharine Faieke Lord '00, Ron Allen, (third row) Ted Garden, Valentina Aulisi, Julia Topalian '00, and Peter Barber '01.

On September 25, 2010, Abbie Vacanti '02 and Julian Kesner (Dartmouth '00) were married at the Equinox in Manchester, Vt. Friends from the Class of 2002 joined them in celebration: Rob Trail, Travis Otten, the newlyweds, Hilary Munson, and Agata Andreaski Dornian.

Lindsay McPherson '03 and Matthew Batastini '03 were married on September 25, 2010, in Middlebury, Vt., at the Congregational Church. Friends celebrated with the couple at the reception at Basin Harbor Club on Lake Champlain: (All '03 unless noted) Fred Wyshak, Meaghan McCormick, Nicholas Yim, the newlyweds, Monica Dealy, Michelle Higginson, Ali Perrise Hickey, Fred Allen '02, Christopher Farney '02, Christopher Jennings, Sarah Ohle, Sarah Peters, Sean Meyer, Katie Ziembas, Lauren Brierley, (third row) John Mitchell, Meagan Dodge, Katherine Milgram, Heather Torry Dougherty, Kevin Dougherty, David Boyd, and Ashley Hill Boyd '06.
Several Middlebury grads joined the celebration at a retirement party for Bob Bourque ’75 on February 25 in NYC: Gordon Jamieson ’75, Susan Polk ’75, Bob, Kathy Brew ’75, Brad Bender ’75, Glen Wehrwein ’68, and Rory Riggs ’75. Missing from photo: Ralph Gardner ’75.

Friends from the Class of 1956 met up on campus on Reunion Weekend: Judy Phinney Stearns, Rev. Ron Lawson, Peg Straus Patierno, and Ned MacDowell.

Some members of Team Yahoo! returned to Powder Creek Lodge in the Purcell Mountains of British Columbia in March: Drew Schembre ’83, Paul Quinlan ’84, and Matt Ellenthal ’84.

Midd friends gathered at a party in Falmouth, Maine, in May: Amy Flanders Harris ’97, Shannon Detweiler Nguyen ’95, Jed Harris ’99, Hieu Nguyen ’92, John Sterling ’96, John Hanson (former director of admissions), Wendy Russell Tracy ’95, Ann Hanson (former dean of student affairs), and Lindsay Lutton Sterling ’96.

On September 1, 2010, Lucia Batchelder ’77 and Bob Bell were married in a small private ceremony at their home in Colorado Springs, Colo.

On March 12 a group of Midd ’78ers got together for a ski day at Sugarbush. Joining in the fun were Bob Wilson, Katie Shepherd, Jack Dobek, Michael Abend, and Bern Terry.
Johanna Interian is working as a legal assistant at the Advisory Board Company. He’s living with fellow classmate Ben Weitz, who teaches eighth grade science at Heights Educational Campus. Denizhan Duran works as a global health policy research assistant at the Center for Global Development. Mac Staben is studying meiotic recombinant as a postbac JRTA at the National Institutes of Health. Tiernan Meyer works at Avanir Health, a healthcare advisory service firm. Abhishek Sripad is studying medicine at Dartmouth Medical School. Elsewhere, Sabrina Bektesevic was accepted into Teach for America in the Miami-Dade region and is teaching English at the high school level for two years. She’s also spearheading fund-raising and recruitment for Builders for Peace, a nonprofit organization that sends American college students to a war-torn town in northeast Bosnia-Herzegovina to teach English and volunteer at a local school and orphanage every summer. Casey Mahoney is pursuing a master’s degree in international policy studies and Russian at MIns in Monterey, Calif. Johna Lannitto is studying for her chiropractic degree as well as a master’s in exercise and sports science at the University of Western States in Portland, Ore. Caroline Grego is at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver, Canada, working on a master’s in geography. Over the summer Mariella Saavedra interned with the AFL-CIO then started a psychological counseling master’s program at the Teachers College of Columbia University in the fall. Margaret Clark is pursuing a master’s in Greek and/or Latin languages and literature at the Univ. of Oxford. Nick Plaug is pursuing a PhD in chemistry at Stanford Univ. Alexi Bloom attends Stritch School of Medicine at Loyola Univ. in Chicago. Zheng Zheng is pursuing a PhD in analytical chemistry at the Univ. of Michigan. Cleopatra Cutler works as an international trade intern at the Washington State Department of Commerce in Seattle. Jane Yoon is working for an art aggregate doing multiple sclerosis research at UCLA School of Medicine in the neurology dept. DeHanza Merritt is pursuing a master’s in library and information science at the Univ. of Hawaii at Manoa. Laura Budd is a Princeton-in-Africa fellow working at Mpal Research Centre and Wildlife Foundation in Lakiika, Kenya, for the year. Vince Blais is moving to Mongolia to take a position as an investment analyst with an Ulambatar-based private equity fund focused in natural resource development. Nancy Riwa is working as a business analyst in management consulting at Deloitte in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania. Christine Callahan is interning at Split Works—a concert promotion and youth-marketing agency—in Beijing, China. Chris Opila is studying Arabic as a CASA Fellow at the American Univ. of Cairo. Hannah Dzimitrowicz works as a clinical research assistant at UNC in Chapel Hill and is applying to medical school. Johanna Interian is working as a legal assistant at Immigration Law & Litigation Group in Miami, Fla. Matt Vukich works at Epic Systems, an IT healthcare software company, as an implementation consultant in Madison, Wis.

—Class Correspondents: Ashley Chiang (chiang.as@ gmail.com), Carly Lynch (gylexy498@gmail.com).

31 E. Parker Calvert, 101, of McLean, Va., on March 31, 2011. During WWII he served in the Navy in Europe, participating in the Normandy and Brittany campaigns before joining Vice Admiral Alan Kirk’s staff in Paris. With graduate work at the Univ. of Chicago and a degree from the Stonier School of Banking at Rutgers Univ., he was employed in commercial banking his entire career. Working at several different banks, he eventually took a job with the First National Bank of Boston, retiring in 1973. In retirement he resided in Southwest Harbor, Maine, for almost 20 years and was an ardent sailor. Predeceased by wife Edith (Coale), he is survived by his son John, Robert, and Skipworth, daughter Helen Bengman, 12 grandchildren, and 14 great-grandchildren.

35 Wintire R. Clark, 97, of Brattleboro, Vt., on February 14, 2011. She took a secretarial course and worked in the admissions office of Northfield (Mass.) School for Girls. After earning a degree from Marlboro College and taking education classes at Keene Teachers College, she taught fourth grade in Hinsdale, N.H. She then worked at the School for International Living. Before retiring she worked 10 years as a cook for the priests at St. Michael’s Rectory. She gave generously of her time and skills for many charitable organizations, including Habitat for Humanity. She is survived by her brother Robert Clark.

36 Isabel Kinney Frakie, 95, of Grand Rapids, Mich., on January 22, 2011. A member of Pi Beta Phi at Middlebury, she attended Albany (N.Y.) Business College following graduation and did substitute teaching. After moving to Michigan, she worked as a receptionist and secretary, retiring in 1981. She was active in a philanthropic educational organization, bridge, church activities, and golf. Survivors include sons Tom and Jim, five grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

37 Alice Crosby Loomis, 95, of East Dummerston, Vt., on January 22, 2011. Her first job after college was with the Holstein Friesian Assoc. in Madison, Wis., then in Brattleboro, Vt. Later she worked for the American-Stratford Typesetters in Brattleboro until her retirement in 1981. She was a member of the Dummerston Congregational Church, a volunteer for Brattleboro Area Hospice, and a member of the Putney Senior Group. Predeceased by husband Robert and son Robert, she is survived by daughter Betty Ann Morse, one granddaughter, two great-grandchildren, and two stepgrandchildren.

38 Helen Kelley Stafford, 93, of Rutland, Vt., on February 27, 2011. At Middlebury she was a member of kappa kappa gamma sorority. After graduating with Robert Stafford and, while raising four daughters, supported his political career, including working on all his campaigns. She was also active in the community, serving on the Rutland Hospital Auxiliary and Green Mountain College board, and doing Red Cross volunteer work. She enjoyed boating, camping, skiing, and crafts. Predeceased by husband Robert ’35, she is survived by daughters Madelyn Glase ’63, Susan Molar ’67, and Barbara and Dianne Stafford, five grandchildren, and one great-grandchild. Deceased Middlebury relatives include father-in-law Bert Stafford, Class of 1901, sister Katharine Kelley Hunt ’36, brother Allan Kelley, andson Thomas ’24 and Dorothy Hay ’28. Surviving Middlebury relatives include niece Sandy Anderson Bolton ’61.

39 Elizabeth M. Letson, 93, of Lexington, Mass., on February 9, 2011. Following graduation, she attended Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School and worked in the executive offices of Parker House in Boston as secretary to the director. She also worked at Harwood & Gray as a legal secretary. She is survived by cousins Marianne Fassett and Nancy Smith.

Dorothy Harris Ramsey, 90, of Morrisstown, N.J., on June 10, 2009. Leaving Middlebury after two years, she attended Berkeley Secretarial School in 1937–38. She worked as an executive secretary in the president’s and comptroller’s offices of United Advertising Corp. then in 1946 became the bookkeeper and accountant for the family business, Bon Marche, a women’s apparel shop in Bernardsville, N.J. She and husband Bill adopted daughter Patricia in 1952.

Robert R. Rathbone, 95, of Brunswick, Maine, on February 23, 2011. After teaching high school English, he enlisted in the Navy during WWII as a communication officer on the staff of Admiral Badger, commander destroyers, Atlantic fleet. He earned his master’s in comparative literature and the teaching of literature from Harvard Univ. and became a technical writer and editor for Project Whirlwind, a research project at MIT that developed the first high-speed, general-purpose digital computer. Later he joined the faculty at MIT where he taught for over 30 years and became a professor of technical communication, authoring several books on the subject. He was an avid bird-watcher, loved collecting antique clocks, restoring old radios, and painting in oil. Predeceased by wife Harriett (Durkee), he is survived by daughter Anne WInske ’75 and husband John, and his dear friend, Katherine Pew.

40 Esther Korn Kerschner, 92, of Durham, Conn., on January 14, 2011. After graduation, she taught high school French and English. With a master’s in education from the Univ. of Hartford, she taught English and developmental reading in the Middlefield (Conn.) school system. She served as the assistant town clerk in Durham for 15 years and served on the local board of education for 12 years. Interested in political activities, she was an avid worker for the Durham Democratic Party. Predeceased by husband Ira, she is survived by son Alan, daughters Jane Siebenack and Anne Schubert, and five grandchildren.

Clare Lull Lighthall, 92, of Manchester, N.H., on January 21, 2011. While raising her sons, she was active in volunteer work for welfare and libraries. She was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Society of Mayflower Descendants. She especially enjoyed researching genealogy, which she did for her own family and for other people. Predeceased by a son, John, she is survived by husband J. Allen, sons John and Peter, and five grandchildren.

Charles S.B. Rumbold, 91, of Coxsedgefield, Calif., on March 20, 2011. Upon graduation, he was designated second lieutenant, U.S. Marine Corps Reserve, and was sent to the South Pacific as a dive-bomber pilot. After WWII, he applied for a regular commission and stayed with the Marine Corps until retiring in 1967. He then had a long career in real estate with Rumbold Realty Investments. Predeceased by wife Montana (Whitaker), he is survived by daughter Ginny Burdick, his husband Jeff, and two grandsons.
Hazel Phelps Stannard, 92, of Fair Haven, Vt., on January 6, 2011. She began her teaching career as music teacher and choir director at Fair Haven High School and Poultney High School. After 15 years she retired but then worked two years in the reading program at Green Mountain College. Retiring again, she spent many years teaching private music lessons. An active member of the Congregational Church, she served as choir director for 40 years. She enjoyed playing bridge and doing Western-style square dancing with her husband. Predeceased by husband George, she is survived by sons George ’64, Philip, and Robert, 10 grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren. Deceased Middlebury relatives include grandfather Erastus Phelps, Class of 1861.

Mary Stetson Farquhar, 91, of Lutherville Timonium, Md., on January 20, 2011. After raising her six children, she worked in a bookstore of old and rare medical books and then as dean of day students at a Quaker school. She and her husband bought the Marblehead Messenger in Marblehead, Mass. After selling the newspaper, she worked at the Landmark School in Beverly, Mass. Predeceased by husband Roger, she is survived by daughters Ann, Judith, Cynthia, and Holly, sons Tom and Peter, and five grandchildren. Middlebury relatives include brother John Stetson ’44.

Ruth Hardy Scheidecker, 90, of Shelburne, Vt., on February 4, 2011. After Middlebury, where she was a member of Delta Delta Delta and the Mountain Club, she attended secretarial school. She was an assistant underwriter for an insurance company and worked for OSS in Washington, D.C. During WWII she worked in Brazil for a U.S. base adjutant. While raising her daughters in New Jersey, she was active in the Congregational Church, the YMCA, AAWU, and her children’s activities. In 1997 she moved to Wake Robin Lifecare Community, where she enjoyed painting classes. Predeceased by husband Charles, she is survived by daughters Frederica Williams and Helen Lienhe, six grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren. Surviving Middlebury relatives include sister Virginia Hardy Moser ’30.

Mildred Potter Tesar, 91, of Hampton, N.H., on March 28, 2011. At Middlebury she was in Phi Mu and was president of her class. During WWII she worked in Brazil for a U.S. base adjutant. While raising her daughters in New Jersey, she was active in the Congregational Church, the YMCA, AAWU, and her children’s activities. In 1997 she moved to Wake Robin Lifecare Community, where she enjoyed painting classes. Predeceased by husband Roger, she is survived by sons Mike, David, and Peter, daughter Jean, six grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren. Surviving Middlebury relatives include sister Virginia Hardy Moser ’30.

Jean MacDonald Bagley, 90, of Eastham, Mass., on January 12, 2011. After graduating as president of her class, she earned two postgraduate degrees, one from Connecticut State College and one from the Univ. of Hartford. She taught English at various schools, including 12 years at Weaver High in Hartford, Conn. She was also a reading consultant at the Connecticut Correctional Institute. In 1984 she was part of a fact-finding delegation to Nicaragua and became involved with the Sanctuary Movement for Salvadoran refugees. She also administered the Shaw Fund for Marine’s Children for the Cape and Islands. Predeceased by husband W. Nelson, she is survived by sons Mike, David, and Peter, daughter Jean, six grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.

Philip W. Robinson Jr., 90, of Keene, N.H., on March 14, 2011. During WWII he served in the U.S. Navy as a flight instructor at Corpus Christi Naval Air Station. Earning an MS from Syracuse Univ. in 1947, he became a partner in the accounting firm of Nicholson and Robinson, CPAs, in Syracuse, N.Y., retiring in 1982. He was a member of the N.Y. State Society of CPAs and served as president of the Syracuse chapter. He was also a member of the Syracuse Rotary Club for 51 years and served on the board of directors and was active in the Boy Scouts of America as an assistant scoutmaster. In 2002 he was honored with the Outstanding Service Award from Northfield Mount Hermon School, having graduated from Mt. Hermon in 1938 and serving as class agent for many years. Survivors include wife Elizabeth (Blanchard) ’42, sons David ’62 and Andrew, daughter Lucy Ann, and six grandchildren.

Elaine Herron Hadley, 89, of Hilton Head, S.C., on March 23, 2011. After graduating, she worked as a writer and editor. While raising her children in Hudson, Ohio, she served on the board of the Hudson Library, the Historical Society, the League of Women Voters, and the Hudson PTA. In 1982, she and her husband sailed their boat from Lake Erie to the coast of Maine and settled in Sedgwick, where she was a member of the Maine Audubon Society. Predeceased by husband Albert ’43 and sister Nancy Herron Neumeyer ’49, she is survived by sons Bruce and John, and two grandchildren. Surviving Middlebury relatives include great-nephew Douglas Kincade ’83.

Barbara Higham Winner, 89, of Wayne, Pa., on January 11, 2011. After graduation she did social work in Philadelphia. Marrying in January 1945, she lost her husband on the Indianapolis in WWII. While raising her daughter, she was an active volunteer in church activities and served on various community boards. She was a member of the National Society of Colonial Dames, the Society of New England Women, and Phi Beta Phi sorority. Predeceased by husband Edmund Trudeau and second husband George Winner, she is survived by daughter Betsy Trudeau Morgan ’67, three grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren. Surviving Middlebury relatives include niece Lee Higham Tinker ’86.

In Memoriam
Fred F. Neuberger ’50
July 25, 1925—July 30, 2011

Fred F. Neuberger, 86, one of Middlebury College’s most influential and beloved administrators over the past half-century, passed away on July 30, 2011. His involvement at Middlebury began as a student and continued through his retirement in 1991 after serving as the dean of freshmen men from 1955–1958, director of admissions for men from 1958–1964, director of admissions from 1964–1985, and dean of admissions from 1985–1991. During his time in admissions, he had a major impact on the quality and diversity of the student body. He worked to broaden the geographic base of prospective students and expand the availability of financial aid. He will also be remembered for creating the “February Freshmen” program in the early 1970s. Born in Pittsfield, Mass., he enlisted in the U.S. Army on his 18th birthday during WWII and became a member of the 10th Mountain Division, training with that elite unit in the Rocky Mountains. Deployed to Italy, he saw combat and earned a Purple Heart and a Bronze Star. In 1945 he was captured by a German patrol and spent time in a POW camp before being liberated by Allied forces led by General George Patton. In 1946 he matriculated at Middlebury where he was a political science major and skied competitively on the first ski team at the College to win the NCAA championship.

He served in the admissions office at RPI before returning to Middlebury, where in addition to his admissions work, he coached baseball and women’s skiing, taking the women’s team to a national championship in 1957. Upon his retirement, the board of trustees recognized his years of service by naming him dean of admissions emeritus, and the alumni association presented him with the Alumni Plaque Award. In 1998 the College conferred an honorary Doctor of Humane Letters upon him.

In retirement he volunteered in the local high school woodshop and at community suppers and enjoyed skiing, golf, and cheering on his beloved Panthers. He is survived by his wife of 50 years, Dotte (Bigelow) ’58, sons Karl and Peter, daughters Mary Alice and Christie, and nine grandchildren.

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In retirement he volunteered in the local high school woodshop and at community suppers and enjoyed skiing, golf, and cheering on his beloved Panthers. He is survived by his wife of 50 years, Dotte (Bigelow) ’58, sons Karl and Peter, daughters Mary Alice and Christie, and nine grandchildren.
Reginald Wooldridge Jr., 90, of Utica, N.Y., on February 1, 2011. During WWII he served in the Army in Company E 475th Infantry Regiment and served in the South Pacific and China. He worked in the Rochester, N.Y., office of the Better Business Bureau from 1947–1951 then managed the Utica, N.Y., office until 1971. He was associated with Blue Cross-Blue Shield in the public relations dept. in Utica until 1976 then worked in the business office of the Masonic Care Community until retirement. Predeceased by wife Doris (Child), he is survived by sons Jeffrey, daughters Jan, JoAnn, and Jennifer, and 11 grandchildren.

Alvin A. Rathbun, 88, of Los Altos, Calif., on February 23, 2011. During WWII, he served in the Army in Italy and was awarded a Purple Heart. After earning his MBA from Stanford, he cofounded a soils engineering firm, Testing and Controls, which later became Earth Systems where he served as secretary-treasurer. He was instrumental in the incorporation of the town of Portola Valley, Calif. and served on the planning commission for several years. He was also a member of the Palo Alto Kiwanis Club and the Alpine Hills Tennis and Swim Club. Predeceased by first wife Virginia (Madison) and daughter Victoria Gill, MA French ’50, he is survived by wife Sally, daughter Susan Martin, stepdaughter Lisa Lemoin, and three grandchildren.

Alvin W. Woffley, 87, of New Canaan, Conn., on March 8, 2011. In WWII he served in the Army Air Corps, attaining the rank of captain and flying 31 B-24 combat missions over Europe, mostly as a squadron bombardier for the 412th Bomb Group and 745th Squadron of the 15th Air Force. With an MBA from Harvard, he held top financial and executive positions with five Fortune 500 companies until the mid-1970s before breaking with the corporate world. He then participated in several successful entrepreneurial ventures in the international natural resources field, including his pioneering work in the Colombian seaborne coal trade. He was also a highly proficient golfer and found time to play most of the 100 classic courses in the world. A loyal Midd alum, he was an active volunteer, which included serving as a class agent, class secretary, and reunion social chair among other activities. He predeceased his wife Joanne (Higgins) ’45 by two and a half months. He is survived by sons Alan and William, daughter Susan Baumgartner, seven grandchildren, including Lisa Baumgartner ‘04 and Andrew Woffley ’15, and two great-grandchildren.

Joanne Higgins Woffley, 88, of New Canaan, Conn., on May 22, 2011. During her years in New Canaan, she was an active member of the United Methodist Church, singing in the choir and serving as a volunteer as well as managing the administrative office. She was also instrumental in the operation of her husband’s business, managing the office, running the company books, and hosting and entertaining business colleagues and friends. She enjoyed bowling and spent many years atop the women’s league at Wee Burn Country Club. Predeceased by husband Alan ’45, she is survived by sons Alan and William, daughter Susan Baumgartner, seven grandchildren, including Lisa Baumgartner ’04 and Andrew Woffley ’15, and two great-grandchildren. Surviving Middlebury relatives include brothers Richard ’55 and Edward ’51 and his wife, Jean Maintain Higgins ’31, and niece Nancy Higgins Berke ’77.

Elaine Gavagan Eichorn, 85, of Charlotte, N.C., on February 17, 2011. A member of Kappa Delta sorority at Middlebury, she had a brief career as a teacher before marrying and raising her six children. She was an active volunteer and a longtime member of St. Gabriel Catholic Church. Predeceased by husband John and an infant son, she is survived by daughters Karen Sullivan, Gail Kroeger, Mary Christine Dorociak, and Martha Sallman, sons Kevin and Gary, and 11 grandchildren.

Hazel Godfrey Murphy, 86, of Meredith, N.H., on January 26, 2011. She was a longtime employee of Kodak Co. in Rochester, N.Y., where she worked as a statistician, retiring in 1974. She enjoyed gardening and sewing. She is survived by her husband of 49 years, William. December Middlebury relatives include mother Louesa Bullis Godfrey ’17.

Anne Deininger Kreider, 84, of Hightstown, N.J., on February 23, 2011. After graduation, she worked in NYC for the Guaranty Trust Co. for four years and then worked at Bell Labs for four years. While raising her children, she did proofreading work and directed the local library, then worked in banking in commercial loans full time, retiring in 1988. She was a member of the National Assoc. of Bank Women and AAUW. Predeceased by husband Philip, she is survived by sons Stephen and Jeff, daughter Anne Whitney, and seven grandchildren.

Roger F. Casavant, 84, of Natick, Mass., on January 7, 2011. During WWII, he served in the U.S. Navy in the amphibious forces and was a towman aboard a personnel landing craft at the invasion of Okinawa. After various jobs at the First National Bank of Boston, the Natick Hendi, and with publisher Prentice-Hall, he started his own business, a mail-order antiquarian book business, dealing in rare books and first editions. A trustee of the Natick Historical Society; he uncovered the oldest known manuscript of Nathaniel Hawthorne’s A Scarlet Letter, which brought a record price at auction. Survivors include daughter Janine, and sons Scott and Philip.

Woodford M. Garriques II, 87, of Ashland, Ohio, on January 11, 2011. He enlisted in the Army Air Corps in 1942 and served in the Western Training Flying Command as a flight instructor then finished his service flying the P-38 Lightning fighter aircraft. After graduation from Middlebury, he worked three years with Prof. Bruno Schmidt as an assistant in geology. He earned a master’s and PhD in geography from Clark Univ. and taught at several colleges, including many years at Ashland Univ. He had a simultaneous career as a professional oboist and English hornist and played with several orchestras, including the Marin Symphony. She volunteered at the Marin General Hospital and tutored children. Predeceased by husband Philip ’49 and son Philip, she is survived by daughters Kristen Ocon, Lauren McLeod, and Stacey Freeman, and seven grandchildren.

Henry W. Thomas Jr., 83, of Albany, N.Y., on February 1, 2011. During WWII he served in the 94th Division, 60th Infantry in Europe. He was employed at Behr-Manning Co. from 1954–1966 and at Sears Roebuck from 1966–1987. Predeceased by his wife of 50 years, Patricia (Smith), and son William, he is survived by sons Richard and Robert, daughters Mary and Kathleen, and three grandchildren.

John R. Zeiller, 82, of Williamsburg, Va., on February 16, 2011. He served as a lieutenant junior grade in the Navy during the Korean Conflict. After graduating Officers’ Candidate School, he was commissioned an ensign and served in a Navy unit at the Amphibious Base, Little Creek, Va. Honorably discharged in 1956, he worked 10 years in sales with a small chemical company then took a sales position with Johns-Manville and remained there until retirement in 1988. He is survived by wife Barbara (Bieber) ’52, daughters Linda, Susan, and Nancy, and two grandchildren.

Christian J. Hodges, 78, of Port Charlotte, Fla., on January 7, 2011. After graduation he joined the Marines attaining the rank of captain. He worked in sales and marketing, then moving to...
Florida he became a deputy property appraiser for Charlotte County and a part owner of Village Fish Market in Murdock. Survivors include wife Carole Ann, daughters Deborah Reedy and Charlene White, and two granddaughters.

Carolyn Breaks Kretzer, 76, of Scottsdale, Ariz., on February 13, 2011. At graduating, she worked as a stewardess for TWA and then as a receptionist for a judge. Following jobs included personal loan banking, radio, and copywriting. While living in Arizona, she and her husband were in property investments. Preceded by husband Frederick, she is survived by son Gregory and his wife, Doris.

Robert L. Dorn, 75, of Bloomfield Hills, Mich., on April 5, 2011. He was the chief engineer for General Motors Corp., Chevrolet, Pontiac and Cadillac division, for 40 years. He is survived by his wife of 42 years, Joanne (Roberson), and sons Mark and Eric.

Patty Phillips Hutchison, 74, of Vero Beach, Fla., on April 1, 2011. After years of volunteering, and jobs with the campaign of Tom Kean for New Jersey governor and as the assistant to the director of special projects for Jack Sorensen's Aerobic Dancing, she joined the staff of the Community Foundation of New Jersey as the special projects officer. She also became the executive director of the Council of New Jersey Grantmakers. In 1994 she became the COO of the Foundation, retiring in 1996. Moving to St. John's Island, Fl., she was very active in the community. She is survived by her husband William, son Scott, daughter Elizabeth, and two grandchildren.

Virginia Lyons Aliberti, 73, of Wilbraham, Mass., on January 27, 2011, after a brief illness. She fondly remembered her time at Middlebury and considered it to be the most inspirational time and place of her academic development. After graduation, she worked as a lab chemist at several laboratories in Massachusetts, including Monsanto, where she met her husband. Later she worked at H&R Block for several years and had recently assisted senior citizens with income tax preparation through the AARP Senior Services program. Over the years she volunteered at a variety of outreach organizations, including the American Cancer Society. Survivors include husband Vincent, daughters Maria Aliberti Luberazzi '92 and Elaine Aliberti Palmer '95, two grandchildren, and aunt Barbara Lyons Steele '30.

Joseph L. Arseguel, 74, of Forestville, Calif., on March 28, 2011. A French native, he emigrated to the U.S. in 1953. In 1958 he moved west to become the sommelier at Chez Lyons in Stowe. During this time he attended the College. Eventually he began his own business providing software for telephone companies across the country. Preceded by first wife Corinne (Chontos) and second wife Laura (Leonard), he is survived by sons Kurt and Mark Meyers and David Batchelder, daughters Karen Meyers and Anne Batchelder, five grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Margery Blue-Young '34 * July 4, 2011
Grace Harris Wiener '35 * July 3, 2011
Clarice Gilpin Seymour '36 * August 26, 2011
Louise Roberts Avery '39 * July 29, 2011
Loring P. Lane '39 * July 18, 2011
Bettina Assart Mayo '40 * June 23, 2011
Natalie Bailey Phillips '40 * June 28, 2011
John L. Albert '41 * August 18, 2011
Malcolm Freiberg '41 * June 27, 2011
Peter J. Stanlis '42 * July 18, 2011
Sarah Tyler-Vickers '42 * May 6, 2010
Robert L. Bickford '43 * July 18, 2011
Lenore Wolf Easky '43 * August 24, 2011
Helen Bouck Hildebrandt '43 * August 22, 2011
Amanda Sanborn Kriible '43 * August 1, 2011
Virginia Clemens Lowman '43 * July 19, 2011
Stephen G. Wilson '43 * July 11, 2011
Jean B. Milligan '44 * July 6, 2011
Reginald P. Goddard '46 * July 12, 2011
Mary Fitz Hunt '47 * June 17, 2011
Nancy Cheesman Baetzhold '48 * July 30, 2011
Arthur C. Buettner '48 * June 19, 2011
John H. Fitzpatrick '48 * July 23, 2011
John G. Iorns '50 * July 26, 2011
William A. Stumpf '50 * July 31, 2011
Donald W. Christiansen '51 * July 20, 2011
Helen Reid Gilmore '51 * August 2, 2011
Kenneth J. LeGrisy '51 * July 22, 2011
Barbara Glenn Pempel '51 * August 3, 2011
Paul R. Lincoln '52 * August 7, 2011
Charles J. Ruelle '52 * June 18, 2011
John J. Vogel Jr. '53 * May 4, 2011
Frank C. Freer '54 * June 15, 2011
Norman G. Kittel '54 * July 3, 2011
Joan Folsom Lamon '54 * June 13, 2011
Pauline Bibby Kemp '55 * July 8, 2011
Phillips O. Turehune Jr. '56 * August 28, 2011
Gordon H. Blackburn '57 * June 17, 2011
John M. Ingram '57 * July 6, 2011
John M. Andrews '58 * July 29, 2011
Shirley Whitney Janece '58 * August 9, 2011
Joseph E. Mohbat '58 * August 16, 2011
Anne Curtis Odorn '59 * August 25, 2011
Patricia Johnson Gallman '60 * April 11, 2011
William H. Haas '60 * July 14, 2011
Victoria Vlar '79 * August 18, 2011
Paula H. Carlton '83 * August 31, 2011
Edward R. Koger Jr. '90 * July 25, 2011

Graduate Schools
Robert B. Krouetich, MA English '36 *

June 21, 2011
William E. Beane, MA English '62 *

June 28, 2011
Standrod T. Carmichael, MA English '74 *

August 7, 2011
Ernest E. Lundy, MA French '66 *

June 25, 2011
Jane Randol Jackson, MA French '79 *

August 8, 2011
Gary J. Barletta, MA German '76 *

August 15, 2011
Anthony S. Lofacono, MA Italian '48 *

July 6, 2011
Pamela Keeley, MA Psychology '50 *

August 28, 2011
Helen EarY Vinnes, MA Spanish '64 *

August 18, 2011
Elkie Mosquera Luepten, MA Spanish '70 *

June 27, 2011
Eugenia Casellanos, MA Spanish '75 *

August 10, 2011
In Memoriam

Timothy T. Huang
October 7, 1967—June 14, 2011

Timothy T. Huang, 43, associate professor of computer science, passed away on June 14, 2011, after a long illness. He joined the Middlebury faculty in 1997, coming from the University of California, Berkeley, where he received his PhD, focusing on artificial intelligence (AI). With previous accolades for his teaching and research at Berkeley, he received a prestigious Faculty Early Career Development Award from the National Science Foundation shortly after his appointment at Middlebury. His research involved intelligent vehicle highway systems, but he soon turned to working on AI programs for strategy games, in part to develop more accessible research projects for his students. In his third year at the College he received the Perkins Award for Excellence in Teaching.

He took special pride in supervising the involvement of his students in intercollegiate computer programming competitions, as well as in advising the senior theses, independent study projects, and summer research projects of many Middlebury undergraduates. His publications were numerous and included jointly authored papers with students. He took a special interest in discovering fresh ways to teach computer science in a liberal arts setting.

He is survived by wife Chae Sim Huang, daughter Lydia, his parents, and two sisters and their families.

Paul D. Boyd, 70, of Atlantic Highlands, N.J., on February 23, 2011. After receiving a master’s in journalism from Columbia Univ., he worked in the United Nations Development Program from 1963–1993, rising to deputy director of the information division and chief of editorial publications. During that time he earned a PhD in geography from Rutgers Univ. As the official historian for the Atlantic Highlands Society, where he served as a member and also as president, he was the author of Atlantic Highlands: From Lenape Camps to Bayside Town. He was the founder and first chairman of the Atlantic Highlands Environmental Commission. He is survived by partner Victor Zakrzeszowski, and two brothers and their families.

Kingsley Smith Jr., 68, of Sunapee, N.H., on January 19, 2011. After graduating from Boston Univ., he worked at Liberty Mutual Insurance before moving to Sunapee and buying Osborne’s Marine in Devon, Selling that, he started Sunapee Harbor Marine Center then later owned and operated Sunapee Community Store before retiring in 2007. Survivors include daughter Alison and ex-wife Devon. Deceased Middlebury relatives include father Kingsley ’33, mother Virginia (Coley) ’32, uncle Milton Lins ’38, aunt Margaret Coley Rawson ’34 and Elizabeth Coley Congdon ’35, and cousin William Miller ’50. Surviving Middlebury relatives include aunt Harriet Coley Lins ’37 and cousins Elizabeth Congdon-Martin ’71, Brian Miller ’79, Leslie Miller Scheidler ’80, and Sarah Congdon-Martin ’01.

William P. Michaels, 65, of Hillborough, N.J., on February 20, 2011. With a PhD from the Univ. of Calif., Berkeley, he worked as a programmer in Princeton, N.J., then as a technical writer at Princeton Financial Systems. He was an avid hiker, and he enjoyed classical music and jazz. In his 50s he became a skilled solver of word puzzles and in 1996 joined the National Puzzlers League. He is survived by wife Judy (Rowe) ’66.

E. Hunter Stone, 67, of Denver, Colo., on January 26, 2011. At Middlebury he was in the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity. After graduating, he enlisted in the Colorado National Guard and after basic training, began working on his MBA at the Univ. of Colorado. In 1968, he was deployed to Phang Rang, Vietnam, attached to the 120th Tactical Fighter Squadron, Base Operations of the 35th TFS Wing and the Fire-Rescue Squadron. After serving in Vietnam, he became a lease broker in the oil and gas business and later joined his father in the family oil and gas exploration business. He was an avid hunter and fishermen. He is survived by several cousins.

William E. Richardson, 65, of Greece, N.Y., on March 20, 2011. After graduating he worked as a media buyer for Compton Advertising in NYC before moving to Washington State where he worked in sales for a radio station then was part owner/VP and credit manager at Universal Personnel Systems in Spokane. Moving back to New York State, he was a longtime manager at IRR Supply Centers, based in Rochester. He is survived by sons William and Ethan, stepchildren Jenelle and Alicia, fiancée Kathleen Nacy, and eight grandchildren. Deceased Middlebury relatives include father Henry ’38.

Robert W. Phelps, 65, of Portsmouth, N.H., on March 7, 2011. After earning his master’s from UNH Whittemore School of Business, he spent time in the U.S. Army before he joined Continental Cablevision in Portsmouth. In 1978 he went to work for Consumers Water Co. in Portland, Maine. He was the owner of Conservation Lighting Co. in Westbrook, Maine. He enjoyed collecting books, was a Patriots fan, and loved the beach. Survivors include wife Charlotte (Hosmer), daughters Hannah and Abigail, and one granddaughter.

Charles E. Deedman, 64, of Tucson, Ariz., on April 6, 2011. After graduating from Franklin College with a degree in journalism, he began his professional golf career as the pro at various golf courses including Queneau Golf Club, Tater Hill Golf Club, and Haystack Golf Club, all in Vermont. His teaching career then extended to clubs in Portland, Maine, Myrtle Beach, S.C., and Phoenix and Tucson, Ariz. He is survived by daughters Jackie and Katie and two grandchildren.

Charles Deedman ’56 and Joseph Trask ’39, and aunt Mildred Trask Roesch ’37.

Sally Gaines Temple-West, 62, of Ithaca, N.Y., on January 20, 2011. Her fluency in German and French led her to become a member of the first class of Pan Am Airways flight attendants to be trained in the then-new Boeing 747. After a long career with Pan Am, she retired to St. Thomas, U.S.Virgin Islands. She was preceded by first husband Dennis Kavanaugh and second husband Nigel Temple-West.

Christopher J. Baldwin, 56, of New Orleans, La., on January 7, 2011. After graduation, he taught for a year then began a career in the restaurant business. Moving to New Orleans, he worked at Chez Henri in the Meridien Hotel, the Palace Café, and Mr. B’s Bistro. Most recently he was the banquet chef at Arnaud’s Restaurant, where he worked for 15 years. He enjoyed running and biking and taught himself to play classical guitar. Predeceased by father Brewster, he is survived by mother Marie, sister Jean McLovedge ’69, brothers David and Stephen, two nieces, and a nephew.

Dunstan A. McNichol, 54, of Ewing, N.J., on January 4, 2011. After college he worked for the Ruska (N.J.) Herald-News, beginning a lifelong career in journalism. He worked for several different newspapers before joining the Star-Ledger in Newark in 1998, where he covered the statehouse for 10 years and was part of a team that won a Pulitzer Prize in 2005 for coverage of then-Gov. Jim McGreevey’s resignation. His investigative reporting exposed many instances of corruption in state agencies and offices over the years and he was the recipient of numerous national and regional journalism awards. In 2009 he joined Bloomberg News. He is survived by wife Michelle, son Jake, and four sisters, including Jane McNichol ’72.

Sylvia Allen Duncan, 52, of Severna Park, Md., on March 9, 2011, of a cerebral hemorrhage. A Phi Beta Kappa at Middlebury, she went to work at Kali-Chemic, a U.S. subsidiary of a German chemical conglomerate. Beginning in the accounting dept., she became the finance manager and rose to the role of CFO and treasurer of the U.S. operations. Moving to Boston, she worked as a senior financial analyst at Siemens-Nixdorf Computers. While raising her three children, she was an active volunteer in her community in Maryland. At the same time she began to develop her interest in computer graphics and Web design. She is survived by husband Peter ’80, sons Ian and Stephen, and daughter Theresa.
HONORARY DEGREE

Milton B. Babbit, 94, of Princeton, N.J., on January 29, 2011. A renowned avant-garde classical composer and electronic music pioneer, his interest in music began early and by age seven he was arranging popular music songs; by age 13 he had won a songwriting contest. He earned degrees from NYU and Princeton Univ., where he later became a member of the faculty. Way ahead of his time, his doctoral dissertation on the 12-tone system of modern composers was rejected by Princeton in 1946 but 46 years later, the university presented him with his doctorate degree in historical musicology. As a modern composer, he became an early inventor of electronic music when he combined electronic and vocal music to create his compositions. He was a founder of the Committee of Direction for the Electronic Music Center of Columbia-Princeton Universities and a member of the editorial board of Perspectives of New Music. He was awarded a MacArthur Fellowship and a Pulitzer Prize citation for his work. Several colleges and universities awarded him honorary degrees, including Middlebury in 1969.

MASTER OF SCIENCE

Thomas L. Sherer II, 66, MS Chemistry ’81, of Rochester, N.Y., on November 7, 2010. During WWII he served in the Burma-China-Indian Theater as a mechanic servicing antiaircraft batteries and military vehicles. He began work with General Electric in 1951 and spent his career there, rising to senior vice president in the defense business. He earned a PhD in industrial and military engineering and is a member of the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers. He is a member of the IEEE, the American Chemical Society, and the American Society for Engineering Education.

Jean A. Cappellino, 85, MA Italian, of Rochester, N.Y., on December 31, 2010. She served as a teacher and as the director of foreign languages and of the Major Achievement Program in the Rochester City School District. In 1996 she was awarded the Distinguished Peace Service Award for her work with various organizations, including Amnesty International.

Joan R. Costa, 88, MA Italian, of Newburgh, N.Y., on February 11, 2011. She taught for many years in the Newburgh City School District.

Alden Y. Somander, 84, MA Spanish, of Pleasanton, Calif., on December 19, 2010. He taught high school Spanish for 38 years, first in Ohio then on Long Island, spending 25 years in Garden City, N.Y., teaching at both the high school and the community college. He met his wife Dorothy (Sandbeck), who also earned a master’s in Spanish in 1957, at Middlebury.

Clifford L. Crowe, 79, MA German, of Riverside, Calif., on March 9, 2011. He served as a market-research manager for the Press Enterprise then taught German at Tehachapi High School before running a graphics business, Crowe Printing for 25 years.

Patricia A. Brenner, 78, MA English, of Rancho Mirage, Calif., on February 28, 2011. She taught high school then served as a master teacher in Harvard’s master of arts in teaching program. Earning a PhD in philosophy from Kent State Univ., she taught American literature at Calif. Polytechnic State Univ., retiring as a full professor in 1992.

Elizabeth A. Hess, 77, MA French, of New York, N.Y., on December 13, 2010. With a PhD from Columbia Univ., she taught French at the high school and college level, including serving as an assistant professor of French at Dartmouth.

Walter P. Guenther, 92, MA French, of Colonie, N.Y., on February 7, 2011. Born in Berlin, Germany, he served in the German Army in WWII in Russia. Emigrating to the U.S. in 1953, he earned his PhD in German and French at the Univ. of Albany (N.Y.). He taught French and German at Albany Academy and Albany High School for many years, retiring in 1981. He was also a lecturer and adviser at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point.

Brigitte Zapp Archibald, 68, MA German, of Greensboro, N.C., on December 15, 2010. For 34 years she was a professor of German at North Carolina Agricultural and Technical State Univ.

Edward P. Freedman, 82, MA German, of Fairfax, Va., on January 28, 2011. A graduate of West Point, he had a career in the Army, including service in Vietnam. He was a professor of German at West Point during his Army career and was on the faculty of the U.S. Army War College prior to retirement. After retiring as a colonel in 1978, he was a professor at Northern Virginia Community College.

Phyllis Kittelberger Miller, 80, MA English, of Rochester, N.Y., on January 21, 2011. She taught in the Palmetro, Pa., schools for many years, retiring in 1974.

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Continued from page 27

protected us from what were our greatest and most visible threats. There was an air of invincibility following the fall of communism, or at least a sense that the country was secure. That sense created a national psyche with a worldview that was very insular, very ethnocentric, and largely unprepared to deal with a world beyond the U.S. that had changed dramatically in a relatively short period of time.

It is no surprise that basic geographic literacy and foreign language competency were national weaknesses for decades: there were no tangible or practical reasons for Americans to engage the world. The world beyond our borders, however, was going through a major transformation: China’s globe-changing economic reforms, which continue seemingly unabated, began in the late 1970s; European unification as we know it today had achieved significant momentum by the late 1980s; and the largest threat to democracy for more than 40 years—Soviet Communism—disappeared by the early 1990s.

The totality of these changes created a new world order that must importantly provided new liberties and unparalleled prosperity to hundreds of millions of people, but it also unleashed pent-up ethnic and religious hatred that contributed to the rise of radical Islamic fundamentalism. The disappearance of a totalitarian regime, which had effectively kept stability in historically volatile territories for decades, and the Soviet failure in Afghanistan to quell religious and ethnic opposition to a puppet communist regime were major forces that gave rise to the likes of Al-Qaeda. Despite all these changes over the course of more than two decades, there was little public discussion about how our country should reconsider its insularity or how to educate our young, or any effective political leadership to engage the issue seriously. The pre-9/11 generations, who remain as the policy makers and thought leaders in American society, have clearly missed the opportunity to align our country with what was transpiring elsewhere in the world since the 1970s. You and your generation are going to have the responsibility to change that.

Globalization, with its lowering of social, economic, and political barriers throughout the world, represents radical change for the pre-9/11 adult generations. Most have not adapted to the changes, yet to your generation, the impact of globalization is what your world is all about: access to unlimited information; ease of movement to just about anywhere in the world; the expressed and promoted of hatred, bigotry, and violence. For you, the changes in the American psyche brought on by 9/11 are second nature; they are the norm...
you know. As a result, you will quite naturally elect to study languages, most likely Arabic, Mandarin, and Spanish, perhaps Japanese, Portuguese, or Hebrew. You will also quite naturally engage in outreach projects to help individuals anywhere in the world and probably work harder and with more focus than most of us probably ever did to prepare yourselves to compete in labor markets that have become profoundly global. You are in some important ways the antithesis of pre-9/11 generations. You understand there is no longer a *pax americana*, a world in which the United States can guarantee peace, and you reflexively act accordingly.

To the older generations, the pre-9/11 Americans, the U.S. has, more than anything else, lost its way. What had been unprecedented solidarity among Americans immediately following the September 11, 2001, attacks has descended into divisiveness of a sort few can recall. From the deeply contested wars in Afghanistan and Iraq, to the financial mess caused largely by a massive failure of political institutions to govern our markets, to the present debilitating and increasingly destructive political culture in Washington, whatever confidence Americans felt about government’s ability to improve the lives of its citizens has been shattered.

Yet because your generation has come of age in what has been a difficult and dysfunctional period of American political history, your expectations are different than previous generations: you lack the kind of deep-seated disappointment over the current state of affairs that characterizes older generations of Americans. As a result, your generation has the best chance to identify where and how to find hope and optimism in the coming years: your generation will see the challenges before us for what they are and not become distracted by thinking about how it used to be. You will be less constrained in finding ways to tackle those tough issues.

But knowing how to find the best ways to tackle tough issues ties directly into our jobs as educators—which is to encourage, indeed force, you to engage your studies in a serious and thorough way, to engage in critical analysis, to master how to ask and answer the most relevant questions, to weigh options, to figure out for yourselves the skills you need to acquire in order to achieve objectives that are meaningful to you, and to be able to place what you learn in a broader context than the one most familiar to you.

The critical analytical skills and content that form the core of a liberal arts education will enable you to stand apart from, reconsider, and adjust your own worldview—your assumptions and convictions about how the world works and how you will fit yourself into making it a better place.

I encourage you as strongly as I can to take advantage of the remarkable resources you have here to develop the knowledge and skills necessary to engage the world with confidence and conviction. Yes, the 21st-century world has its distinctive challenges. But you have special gifts that will help us all overcome those challenges. We are here to help you realize those gifts; that is the nature of a Middlebury education. Please don’t pass up the opportunity that is before you beginning tomorrow.

Best of luck, Class of 2015, as you begin your education at this special institution, and may you find joy in all you will learn as part of this caring academic community.
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I did not know Fred Neuberger well. In fact, at his packed memorial service at Mead Chapel, I was surprised by the many things I had never known about him: that he had been wounded in World War II, that he was a POW. He was a woodworker, a practical joker, an advocate for diversity at the College. He was a man who took chances—that I did know about him.

It was a brief encounter in the late summer of 1969. I had been attending the Bread Loaf Writers’ Conference and was a few weeks away from returning to the Connecticut College for Women for my junior year. Until Bread Loaf, I had never been able to live, breathe, talk about writing 24/7, and as the conference drew to a close, I started having withdrawal pains.

And so on my last afternoon on the mountain, I came down to Middlebury’s Admissions Office. It was a lazy summer day, and the only person around was a man who introduced himself as Fred Neuberger. He asked me what he could do for me, and then listened as I told him about my two weeks at the conference, about my love of writing, about how I wanted to transfer to Middlebury. I was 19 years old, smitten with Frost country.

What I did not tell Mr. Neuberger was that I had applied to Middlebury as a senior in high school; that I had not gotten in; that it was just as well because my strict, immigrant Latino papi would not allow his daughters to go to coed schools. I didn’t tell Mr. Neuberger these things because none of them mattered anymore. I had found fertile ground for my imagination, and I was not about to let mere facts get in the way of a dream.

Mr. Neuberger handed me an application. I had plenty of time: the deadline was four months away.

“No, no, no,” I explained. I didn’t want to come to Middlebury a year from now; I wanted to come now.

“Young lady,” he said in that tough-guy, mock macho style of his. “Them’s the rules.”

I was close to tears; partly heartbroken, partly ashamed. Who did I think I was putting myself forward this way? “Okay, then I’ll just move here. I’ll get a job. At least I’ll be close to Middlebury until I can come here.”

Mr. Neuberger sighed. “How soon can you get this application back to me?”

I bolted up from my chair, as if I was about to fill in the blanks right then and there. “Thank you, thank you, thank you.” By now I was hopping up and down.

“I’m not making any promises,” he reminded me. But he had already given me so much: he had listened. He had heard the sound of a young person connecting with her calling. Until Bread Loaf, I hadn’t listened to it myself.

Two weeks later my family was packing the car to take my older sister back to college. I had had a standoff with my papi and mami: I was not going back for my junior year. I wanted to go to Middlebury.

The phone rang. Fred Neuberger was on the line. “Young lady, do you still want to come to Middlebury?”

I screamed. Even my parents were impressed, which was why, when we finally did drive up from Queens, and my father looked around at a campus crawling with boys, he let me stay. This school had recognized his daughter’s talent, and that meant a lot to a man who had put aside his own talents to fight a dictatorship.

When I returned to Middlebury 17 years later to teach, I would tell Mr. Neuberger this story at every occasion. Then I’d let loose with a renewed sally of thank-yous. After the fifth time, he’d just sigh and shake his head. Enough with the thank-yous.

Not quite. Mr. Neuberger, thank you, one last time. 🖤
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