Unveiled
The story of a young woman determined to discover the world around her.
UPHILL/DOWNHILL

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COLLEGE STREET
Honoring Paul Nelson; translating Latin; deconstructing an emergency medical response bag.

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The story of a young woman determined to discover the wide-open world around her.
What's the Big Idea?
Entertaining a world of ideas with aspiring entrepreneurs.

The man in the gray suit faced the roomful of college students, gestured toward the large screen displaying a PowerPoint slide that detailed the global population during the next century, and asked, “How are we going to feed the people of the future?” He smiled and turned his attention to the four entrepreneurs and venture capitalists who had joined the class discussion this chilly February morning in Middlebury’s Kirk Center.

“The solution,” the man confidently said, “would be insects.”

And with that, Alexander Bea, a Middlebury senior, launched into his presentation for Bumu (short for BugMunch), a project that would harvest the nutritional value of insects to feed growing populations.

Bea was one of eight finalists competing for the lofty title “Next Big Idea” in a competition that was part of the ultra-intensive winter-term course MiddCORE. (The CORE stands for Creativity, Opportunity, Risk, Entrepreneurship.) At the beginning of the term, all 30 students in the two sections of the course were told they would be challenged to design a social or commercial innovation. “The innovation,” the guidelines stated, “may be a new good/service, a new way to deliver an existing good/service, or a creative solution to a social problem.” During the course of the term, the students teamed up with mentors to cultivate their ideas, and at the end of the period they each made their pitch to a panel of judges; eight advanced to the final. (It should be noted that the competition was just one small slice of the MiddCORE experience. For more, see middcore.middlebury.edu.)

In addition to Bea, the finalists pitched ideas such as a website that would provide a better way to statistically predict outcomes for fantasy football; YouPower, a fitness center that produces electricity; a line of sweet and savory fruit spreads; and a form of electricity; a line of sweet and savory fruit spreads; and a form of center that produces electricity; a line of sweet and savory fruit spreads; and a form of a venture capitalists who had joined the class discussion this chilly February morning in Middlebury’s Kirk Center.

“Does success look like?” countered Paul Bottino ’87.

And so it went for the next several minutes as Parizeau, Bottino, Greg Wiebolt, Adam Greenberger ’93, and Marc Randolph (Suzie Reider ’87 and Rocki-Lee DeWitt judged the earlier round but were unable to attend the final) debated the merits of the eight finalists. In the end, there was a clear-cut, unanimous winner (see “A Beautiful Mind,” on page 30), while Zannie’s Zing: Sweet Savories by Suzanne Callhoun ’14 grabbed runner-up honors.

Alexander Bea hasn’t given up on Bumu, though. With true entrepreneurial zeal, he applied for—and was one of five students to receive—a $3,000 grant from the College’s Center for Social Entrepreneurship to pursue his idea. There just might be crickets on the menu, yet. —Mf
I Rejoiced
I read with increasing interest the story on how a group of students, a number of whom had absolutely no background in the areas that they were attempting to engage in, were competing with some of the top universities in this and other countries to build a home that makes sense—economic and environmental sense, common sense (“This Is How They Did It,” winter 2012). That a liberal arts institution should be willing to go so far outside the box that it may no longer even resemble a box in form, is something that relatively few such institutions would try. But Middlebury and its students did so—and the president’s wife was wise enough and willing enough to push the president to give it consideration. Kudos to her; to President Liebowitz for being wise enough and willing enough to listen, but to give it serious consideration and to seeing it connected in a very real way to his understanding of what it means to be liberally educated; and to the students whose enthusiasm gave proof of the value of a liberal education.

Fear grasps us on a daily basis, everywhere we look and listen: in newspapers, magazines, TV, radio. Fear-mongers are everywhere and would have us all dig holes for ourselves alone, force ourselves into them, and pull the holes in over our heads. I am tired of fear and more of fear-mongers. I am tired of them because they fear truth. So when I see fearlessness, I rejoice. I rejoiced when Midd’s students were willing to step up to the challenge and face it—not without trepidation, because courage is not made of fearlessness; it is made of action in the face of one’s own fear, and the real fear is letting the other members of the team down. That is what soldiers face when they face fear: they find the courage to remember that their actions are connected to all those around them, and the necessity of those acts to take place in order to protect others. I spent 20 years prepared to face fear, and to fear letting others down, and I determined not to let it happen.

I rejoiced when I read what President Liebowitz had to say about the value of a liberal arts education:

“If we are to define a Middlebury education as one that challenges students outside the classroom as well as in, prepares them to enter a complex world after graduation, and then addresses the skills needed to adapt and evolve in that complex world, then we will also be defining a liberal arts education in the next century.”

This statement resonated with me because my son plans to be a music major in college. He is one of those liberal arts students who faces a world that harps at him, “No, you can’t make a living in music. You must find something practical.” Far too many are unwilling to admit the value of a liberal arts education and the flexibility inherent in such an education, and can only see value in math and “hard” sciences.

I wouldn’t want it thought that there was no value in such studies, but what makes them of greatest value, in my judgment, is that they benefit most from contact with the liberal and humane arts. A scientist who cannot write well, cannot express him or herself well, cannot deal with more in the world than mere fact, is at best half-man or woman. I consider myself as a very successful human being because my interests go beyond fact. That interest happened before Middlebury, but my four years at the College were the happiest years I have spent in one place, and if I am able to deal with the broad range of realities I face today, it is in no small measure of what Middlebury offered me. And I am beyond thrilled to see that its president is dedicated to that notion, to the value of liberal and humane arts in education, and more importantly, to the notion that such an education can be truly useful in life, that it is not wasteful to spend one’s time in such studies, that one can contribute significantly to the world around us because of the flexibility such an education grants and encourages.

I have never been so proud of my alma mater, of its students, and of its president as I was in reading the winter 2012 issue of Middlebury Magazine.

Ronald Duquette ’74
Lorton, Virginia

Fertile Soil
Well done on the Solar Decathlon article (“This Is How They Did It,” winter 2012). As a professional in the solar industry, it’s been a source of great pride to follow this story over the last couple of years. Though initially skeptical of the notion that this was a perfect example of the merits of modern liberal arts higher education (seemed at first like a convenient yet exaggerated “storyline”),
Upcoming events for Middlebury alumni, parents, and friends

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Matt Dickinson, Professor of Political Science

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Pat Manley, Professor of Geology
Thomas Manley, Visiting Assistant Professor of Geology

Psychology and Emerging Technology
Barbara Hofer, Professor of Psychology

The Pantheon in Rome from Augustus to Jefferson: Design, Meaning, and Legacy
Pieter Broucke, Professor of Art and Architecture

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Former White House Press Secretary

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the article helped me turn the corner. This kind of interdisciplinary work really does mirror the real world in a way that stays true to the principles of liberal arts education. Kudos to President Liebowitz for going “all in” on this venture despite the setbacks, and kudos to the students for the hard work and the success.

One observation that may be surprising to those less familiar with the renewable energy industry: The same fertile soil that was more overtly called upon to support the Solar Decathlon team has been quietly churning out industry leaders for well over a decade, albeit in a less noticeable fashion. In fact, it's a running joke in some California solar-industry circles that if you didn't go to Stanford or Middlebury, you probably won't go anywhere in the industry. In just the last year, the company I work for (SunEdison, cofounded by David Buzby '82) acquired two companies led by recent Midd alums, promoted a Midd alum to treasurer, brought on a Midd alum to help lead expansion into South Africa, and hired a handful of recent graduates for roles ranging from sales to finance to system design. San Francisco industry happy-hour meet-ups are like mini Middlebury reunions.

David Riester '05
San Francisco, California

The writer is the director of the Global Special Situations Group at SunEdison.

Delighted by Self-Reliance
Thank you for the great article on the 2011 Solar Decathlon. I followed events on the Internet and was delighted with Midd's fourth-place overall win and first-place honors for market appeal.

President Liebowitz spoke to the importance of a liberal arts education in understanding and solving problems of the larger world, specifically the challenges we face in the future. Great news that Midd has been accepted for the 2013 competition. Kudos to all who made this happen!

Jessie Woodwell Bush '43
Sun City Center, Florida
**LETTERS**

**All Choked Up**

I am a proud parent (Divya Dethier '12) whose work centers on climate change and who lives in Washington, D.C., so it was a no-brainer that I would be one of the thousands of people who thronged West Potomac Park last fall during the Solar Decathlon.

Of course, I may have been biased, but I thought that Self-Reliance was beautiful, functional, tasteful, and—perhaps most importantly—livable, and was thrilled that Middlebury took fourth place overall. This is a commendable achievement, all the more so when one considers the competition.

Kevin Charles Redmon’s fascinating article (“This Is How They Did It,” winter 2012) on the building of this lovely house moved me, and yes, I can admit this: I choked up more than a little upon reading it. Thank you for a riveting read and for allowing me to relive the emotions that struck me when I visited Self-Reliance.

Shilpa Patel

Washington, D.C.

**Proud Among Many**

While in Washington, D.C., last summer to join in the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the U.S. Peace Corps, I went to see Self-Reliance. There it was among the entries from around the world, looking like a New England farmhouse—but sustainable!

It was fun to talk with the students staffing the project and to learn of all the benefits included in the enterprise. Also to learn in Kevin Redmon’s story that save one less rainy day, Midd would have won. Congratulations to all. I am a proud alum among many, no doubt.

Don McLean ’64

Boulder, Colorado

**Typed on a 1988 Mac**

Just a note of congratulations on the recent issue of Middlebury Magazine. I very much enjoyed the editor’s note on “plugging in.” I had read Pico Iyer’s piece in the New York Times, and that, combined with the editor’s heady observations, needs to be heeded more than I fear they will be.

Actually, I live on the flip side of that coin, still by the whale-oil lamp, if you will, with no knowledge of the Internet. The only piece of technology I possess is this machine I am writing on, a 1988 Mac SE with its attendant Image Writer II printer.

Like the editor, I am disturbed by our culture’s overriding desire to stay connected by such artificial means. In the summer months of tourist season, when I see couples walking down the streets of Rockland, Maine, holding hands, while the other hand is pressed to their ear with an iPod, cell phone, or whatever, I don’t think it speaks well for the future of human intimacy.

Also, I’d like to compliment the magazine staff for running that lengthy and enlightening article on the Self-Reliance project. What a stunning success that turned out to be, and I feel I have a very indirect connection to the whole thing, having worked shoulder to shoulder with one of the student participants—Abe Bendheim ’10.

A few years back, Abe’s father, Andrew, built a summer place down in this neck of the woods, and I helped log off the property and clear the land for him. Abe often worked along with his father and me on that job, and I can’t recall ever meeting a more intelligent, industrious, and dedicated young man—a “one off” in the best sense of the term. So it is not surprising to learn that a band of such stalwarts as Abe could combine their talents to accumulate all those accolades down in Washington with their innovative housing design.

A high five should also go to President Liebowitz’s wife Jessica for her intuitive

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vision and shove. A remarkable achievement for which the College deserves to be very proud. Cheers all 'round.

George Carey '58
Tenant's Harbor, Maine

Where Will You Be?
Thanks for writing about a growing problem of the young ("A Heads Up," winter 2012). I worry that children's skills of writing, speaking, and connecting with others is being damaged with the constant use of cell phones and laptops. Most of what is communicated electronically (Where are you now?) is of little importance. Let's encourage our bright young students to sharpen their person-to-person communications.

Richard Caregpy '59
Bore, Massachusetts

Keep Your Head Up
I was very excited to read Matt Jennings' Viewfinder column ("A Heads Up") in the latest issue of Middlebury Magazine. I feel that it was the Middlebury experience itself that taught me to appreciate my immediate surroundings and the people in them, and I have kept this as a philosophy all these (19) years since graduating.

Technology has not infiltrated every aspect of my life, and that's how I want it. My life is very full; there's plenty for me to do and enjoy without technological distractions. My husband and I are teaching our kids to pay attention to the world around them and not to screens, but we are in the minority.

I said I was excited to read the column...well, that excitement turned to sadness and then dread when I was forced to imagine what these electronic nuisances would do to a college campus.

I agree wholeheartedly with the blog Matt quoted by [Dean of the College] Shirley Collado. There is nothing sadder than the image of a college—especially a gorgeous, vibrant one like Middlebury—full of students with their heads down.

I'm glad I didn't have to compete with a computer for a person's attention when

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Middlebury
I was in school, but I fear that that is what my children will have to do.

Jennifer Normandin Locke ’93
Londonderry, New Hampshire

** Freedoms Threatened **

Unlike most others, I leaf through the alumni magazine when it arrives, in search of something that might instigate a satirical cartoon, poem, or essay. My visceral questioning and challenging was not learned at college as a student, but rather as a professor confronted with corrupt professors and administrators (not at Middlebury). Such first-hand confrontation can accord someone far greater insight (and creativity) than someone possessing mere knowledge. It is sad that alumni magazines such as *Middlebury Magazine* do not offer even a minor rubric for “inappropriate” criticism of the institution. After all, without such criticism, problems seem inexistent and, without problems, why try to improve?

Because of the smiley-face nature of such mags, a certain insincerity is reflected, as if they were nothing but advertisements for the institution. Sadly, many student newspapers have become similar to alumni mags in that respect. Previously, I’d sent a satirical watercolor on Middlebury, but it was unsurprisingly rejected. And what about Middlebury’s shameful red-light designation by the Foundation for Individual Rights in Education? (“A red light university has at least one policy that both clearly and substantially restricts freedom of speech.”) Why the silence with regard?

In any case, I read through the president’s column (“On the Road in Asia”) and found it typically happy-face positive, replete with the unoriginal jargon of the day, as in “global footprint,” “global orientation,” “global outlook,” and “to think globally” “in a globalized world.” Whew. The column could have been written for any number of hack politicians.

What attracted my attention, however, was the “10 Things You Never Heard of 10 Years Ago at Middlebury.” The copycat phenomenon in higher education is rampant. When one college does it, they all do it. So, Middlebury has All-Gender Housing. Whoopie! But does it now...
LETTERS

have All-Gender Bathrooms? And if not, why not? So, Middlebury has an Office of Sustainability. Is that original, or green copycat? Hopefully, freedom of expression is permitted (and encouraged), not just PC, regarding the global-warming controversy. Finally, one would be hard-pressed to find a college today that did not have a Chief Diversity Officer—once again, the copycat phenomenon. But why not be original, Middlebury, and institute a Chief Democracy Officer? He or she would be responsible for assuring (and encouraging!) freedom of speech on campus—the open expression of all ideas, including visceral criticism of the college president. Now, can you think of one college that has such an officer? I can’t.

George Sloane, MA French ’80
Barnstable, Massachusetts

Department of Corrections

Due to an editorial error, the following information was left out of last issue’s story, “Depth of Field”: “Trevor Snapp is exploring other ways to make his work relevant by collaborating with the online literary organization, Triple Canopy, to create a wider platform for in-depth visual stories. Meanwhile, he is assembling an exhibition of large photographs showing the impacts of small arms in South Sudan and has considered exhibiting on newsprint, as well, to make the story more distributable. He imagines people in Sudan tearing up images and pasting them in their homes, or Americans coming across a city wall, papered in photographs. “Snapp began publishing internation­ally in 2007.”

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Other Mag Mentions

■ Our winter issue story that detailed the accomplishments of Middlebury’s 2011 Solar Decathlon team and what said achievement could mean for the future of the liberal arts attracted not only letters to the magazine but Twitter mentions and blog postings. Our favorite might have been this discourse published by the communications-consulting firm Zehno Cross: www.zehno.com/news-resources/a-liberal-arts-degree/.

■ Perhaps our favorite sentence relating to the magazine came from the blog Nolassalon (http://danieltrosclair.wordpress.com/). In a posting on February 24, the author wrote: “Sure, I wasn’t one of the dodecalingual, hendecacurricular, decathletic, nonational, octoinstrumental, heptadenominational, hexamajoring, quintessential, quadextrous, triracial, bisexual, and unique students of the kind featured in Middlebury Magazine, but I still had a future in which I could’ve been a contender.”
Finally, our own Pamela Fogg, the uber-talented art director of this periodical, bravely submitted to eight questions posited by the curmudgeonly editor of the blog UMagazinology (umagazinology.jhu.edu/). We thought we knew Pamela pretty well, but had no idea that “constantly flexing [her] personality to work with so many different types of people to get the job done,” causes her “to feel like Gumby on most days...”!

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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Green Living

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

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Uphill
Downhill

Rain or shine, there's not a lot that stops the springtime Panthers from making the most of their athletic seasons. Photograph by Bob Handelman
What Paul Nelson Conducted

By Jay Heinrichs '77

On a brilliant fall day in 1973, Paul Nelson passed me a golden gift that I have prized ever since. A small group of Poli Sci 101 students had gathered to discuss Plato’s entertaining, maddening book, The Republic. Before coming to Middlebury I had never heard of Plato; and here I was, slouched at a table in a Warner seminar room with a dozen other freshmen, mulling the morality of a shepherd named Gyges. I thought of that moment when I heard that this ageless man, this tireless conductor of thought, was actually retiring.

In Book II of The Republic, this cad finds a gold ring that makes him invisible. In short order Gyges hooks up with the queen and, with the queen’s help, murders the king and sets himself on the throne. The story serves as a kind of experiment to see whether social pressure dictates one’s virtue. Can any human, unobserved, anonymous, behave well? (You might say that Gyges foreshadowed both the Internet and Super PACs.)

Being a late-blooming adolescent, I was less interested in the philosophical question than in the randy queen. The experiment seemed less than pure; after all, not every invisible aspirant to a throne would find such a willing coconspirator. Gathering my courage, I spoke up. “What about the queen? I mean, doesn’t she sort of, you know, spoil the ethical question?”

Paul Nelson frowned.

I blushed.

And then came the gift. “That hadn’t occurred to me,” he said.

It hadn’t? I stared at him, sure he was lying. This bearded sage looked exactly like Aristotle must have: professorial, probing, peripatetic, impossibly lean. Philosophy whooshed from Mr. Nelson’s mouth as though the ancients themselves spoke through it. And he was ancient himself! Surely he had reread The Republic sufficiently to have memorized it, possibly in Greek. And the queen question had never occurred to him?

In the four decades since, while Mr. Nelson donned the grand title of G. Nye and A. Walker Boardman Professor of Mental and Moral Science, his outward appearance remained unchanged. Many thoughts have doubtless occurred to him over those years, as much from the works of his beloved mentor, the philosopher Michael Oakeshott, as from the mouths of tabulae rasae like me. Paul Nelson was the most brilliant listener, showing patient curiosity in the rhetoric of Henry Kissinger, my senior thesis topic. He went on to direct the performing arts series at Middlebury. And he became a scholar of rhetoric himself, spending his last sabbatical in London in the study of 19th-century British sportswriters.

An illiberal mind may ask what a philosopher can glean from the rhetoric of long-dead Limey sportswriters. The answer lies in one golden moment in Warner. For this was Paul’s gift, this is what he conducted:

A liberal education comes not so much from the four-year pursuit of knowledge. It comes from welcoming, over a lifetime, the occurrence of thought.

Jay Heinrichs is the author of Thank You for Arguing and Word Hero.
Jumbled Landscape  We asked Middlebury’s landscape horticulturist Tim Parsons to tell us his 10 favorite first-blooming spring trees around campus. You can see for yourself—once you unscramble the common names below. For help, check out Tim’s blog at blogs.middlebury.edu/middland, or take a peek on page 19 for the answers. Take the tree tour at http://blogs.middlebury.edu/middmag/2011/06/07/tree-tour/

1. ffnwugoer oddogow
2. dtrsfwino apelapbcsr
3. litlle efia nlenid
4. olweooyldw
5. sieerybrcve
6. gnamloia
7. ipiretuet
8. ogleifrwn crenhy
9. oohi byecuke
10. aagpdo dowodo

Jump!  
More than 35 Middlebury students are certified at the level of emergency medical technician-basic. As active members of the Student Emergency Response Team they carry bright red backpacks—called Jump Bags—filled with the medical gear they need to do their jobs.

Glucose  
Quickly raises blood sugar levels in a diabetic emergency.

Sanitizer  
Used to wash hands immediately after a call.

CPR Mask  
Safely delivers breaths with protection from infectious secretions.

Pad and Pen  
To record personal info, history, vital signs, etc.

Pulse  
Measures percentage of blood that is oxygenated.

Oximeter  
Measure percentage of blood that is oxygenated.

Activated Charcoal  
Binds to toxins to prevent absorption in poisoning or overdose situation.

SAM Splint  
Malleable splint becomes rigid when folded to immobilize bones or joints.

CPR Mask  
Quickly exposes a wound for further inspection; useful in cutting off a seatbelt.

Activated Charcoal  
Binds to toxins to prevent absorption in poisoning or overdose situation.

Photograph by Tad Merrick

Observed  
President Liebowitz announced in March that Board of Trustees chair Rick Fritz ’68 will step down in June, and Marita C. Whittington, currently a vice chair, will succeed him. Fritz has been a Middlebury trustee since 1999 and became chair of the board in 2004. His eight-year tenure as chair has been distinguished by several major institutional accomplishments. After stepping down, he will continue to serve as a full member of the board.  
When the New York Musical Theatre Festival announced its selections for the 2012 Next Link Project, My Ohio: A Swing State Duet by Visiting Assistant Professor of Theatre Dana Yeaton ’79—with music by Andy Mitton ’01—was one of them. The works will be presented as part of the ninth annual festival, which will run July 9–29.

His Holiness the 14th Dalai Lama, spiritual leader of Tibet and winner of the 1989 Nobel Peace Prize, will visit the campus in the fall to deliver two lectures—one to the campus community and another open to the general public—on October 12–13. President Liebowitz notes that the purpose of the talks is to help people explore resources for hope, optimism, and cooperation, while challenging them to lead lives of courage and engagement.

In other Old Chapel news, Tim Spears, currently vice president for administration and professor of American studies—as well as continued
FIVE MINUTES WITH . . . LAUREL KELLIHER

Laurel Kelliher is a senior nurse practitioner at the Parton Health and Counseling Center on campus. She’s used to seeing students at their worst but is glad she can help them feel better. Here are some of her thoughts on being a bright spot in the students’ bad days.

On changes in the field
General medical care for adolescents seems more complex—not just here but everywhere. There is more asthma and chronic illness like celiac disease, and more antibiotic resistance. Also, since I came to Middlebury in 2005, there has been a lot more parental involvement.

On being a nurse practitioner
I have advanced training as a nurse practitioner. I can make a diagnosis; order studies like X-rays, ECGs, labs, and MRIs—and interpret those studies; and prescribe medicine. I have a different focus and approach than a physician might because of my nursing background.

On college kids
I’ve cared for everyone from newborns to the elderly, but I love adolescent health the best. At this age there is a great motivation to take charge of your own health. I spend a lot of time encouraging healthy habits to prevent illness. And students actually listen to and adhere to my recommendations (most of the time). But they keep me on my toes. I have to do lots of research to stay ahead of them!

The best part of the job
When I see students in their element, playing sports or performing, I am overwhelmed by their talents. I really try to get to different events to see them as they really are—not when they are at their worst and sick! Several times a year, I get an e-mail from a student thanking me for the care and compassion I gave and it makes me feel so satisfied to know that I was there at a crucial time.

On viruses
We saw a lot of students at the Health Center this winter with gastroenteritis, and I think there were many more who were affected but did not get in touch or come in. I have had gastroenteritis a number of times. It is miserable, however it’s pretty short-lived! Thank goodness. I have never had influenza; I always get my flu shot.

Dream job?
This is exactly what I want to be doing. I loved family practice, and I would definitely consider Doctors Without Borders, but to have the opportunity to work with this age group is truly a gift.
Spring Cleaning!
Facilities Services came across this spring-cleaning relic last fall on the Bread Loaf campus. Tucked away in the attic of Maple, “The Rapid,” as this antique sweeper was known, was manufactured by the Goshen Sweeper Company in Grand Rapids, Michigan. “As near as we can figure, it’s from the late 1800s or early 1900s,” says Missy Beckwith, assistant director of support services. “And it’s still in pretty good shape!”

Born This Way? Every spring, Middlebury’s Posse Foundation scholars participate in the Posse Plus retreat, in which they invite non-Posse students, faculty, and staff to join them for the weekend to discuss an important issue of common interest. The retreats take place nationwide, and this year’s topic was “Born This Way? Gender + Sexuality.” Middlebury’s group discussed how gender and sexuality affect their college experience and identity. In this photo, participants are following through with an activity that asked them to complete the thought, “If you knew me, you’d know that...” From left: Kayleigh Esswein ’15; Jeffrey Kent ’13; Phillip Williams ’15; Tara Affolter, visiting assistant professor of education studies; and Cindy Alvarado ’15.

Answers to Jumbled Landscape page 17
1. flowering dogwood
2. snowdrift crabapples
3. little leaf linden
4. yellowwood
5. serviceberry
6. magnolia
7. tuliptree
8. flowering cherry
9. Ohio buckeye
10. pagoda dogwood

When Davis Family Library patrons expressed some frustration about the increasing occurrence of not-so-quiet cell phone conversations, library staff set out to find a solution. As of this spring, two nearly soundproof cell phone booths have been located on the upper level of the library and are available for use. Already quite popular, it’s yet to be determined if they will also serve as a modern version of Superman’s changing room.
**Border Activism**

*Assistant Professor of Political Science Sarah Stroup’s book, Borders Among Activists (Cornell University Press, 2012), explores transnational activism. Here are some of her thoughts on her research, its challenges, and her hopes for the future.*

International activists work for political and social change across borders—such as human rights activists pushing for the suspension of Libya’s membership on the United Nations Human Rights Council last spring—or to change their own government’s policy, as when 350.org members networked with activists in Durban, South Africa, to ensure the U.S. government continued negotiations on a global climate action treaty.

Recent technological changes have allowed citizen action to be organized quickly and broadly within countries and across borders, and the concept of “national interest” has helped create opportunities on issues like global warming and human rights. Global activists have had some major victories—stalling global trade negotiations in Seattle in 1999, successfully campaigning for third-world debt relief in 2000, and convincing states and the U.N. to invest record amounts in HIV/AIDS treatment and prevention in sub-Saharan Africa.

I graduated from Dartmouth in 2000 and planned to study Chinese foreign policy at Berkeley starting September 2001. Within weeks, the U.S. saw too clearly how the power of non-state actors can change global politics. I began to explore how non-state actors—terrorist groups, corporations, international NGOs (INGOs), even the Catholic Church—work to change state behavior, and quickly realized we didn’t know all that much. We might hear that Human Rights Watch condemns Chinese foreign policy at Berkeley starting September 2001.

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Global activi...
Quote/Unquote

“While the scientists were talking patiently into our leaders’ ears, the fossil-fuel industry has been screaming into the other,” he says. “We’re no closer to dealing with climate change than we were in the late 1980s.”

—Scholar in Residence Bill McKibben, in a March 12 Time magazine article titled “Cold Warrior” by Bryan Walsh.

Tweets (and Re-Tweets)  A random list of College-related tweets from January through March is printed below. Are you part of the conversation @ Middlebury?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Middlebury</td>
<td>Mar 14, 4:32pm</td>
<td>Prof. Matt Dickinson in U.S. News: “By Staying in the Race, Gingrich Helps Romney.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Middlebury</td>
<td>Feb 15, 3:56pm</td>
<td>Scientist assassinations will only bolster Iranians’ resolve says Monterey Institute’s Avner Cohen.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Middlebury</td>
<td>Mar 10, 8:14am</td>
<td>Amazing season for Midd men’s basketball ends at the buzzer with upset by Scranton.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Middlebury</td>
<td>Mar 06, 11:54am</td>
<td>“Larry Summers is Wrong About Languages” by VP of Language Schools Michael Geisler in Inside Higher Ed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Middlebury</td>
<td>Feb 24, 11:33am</td>
<td>It’s Winter Carnival weekend at Middlebury, with ski races, the ice show, and the Winter Carnival Ball.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Syllabus

Course Title  Education in the USA

Instructor  Tara Affolter

Description  What roles do schools play in educating citizens in a democracy for a democracy? This course examines education in the United States from a number of different perspectives. Ultimately, we will be gathering information to consider and interrogate the role schools can play in challenging different forms of social oppression. Students should be prepared to engage in intellectually rigorous discussions around important educational issues.

Reading

- John Dewey, Experience and Education
- Gregory Michie, Holler If You Hear Me: The Education of a Teacher and His Students
- Walter Parker, Teaching Democracy: Unity and Diversity in Public Life
- Jamin Raskin, We the Students

Affolter says  “Students engage in this course in really fascinating ways. We all have experience with an education system of some form so it is relevant on a personal level, but beyond that, I have marveled at students’ willingness to struggle with concepts that they had not really critically examined previously. We take on issues that may seem ‘neutral’ on the surface (such as academic tracking) and examine how such policies may contribute to inequity. It is not uncommon for me to hear students say, ‘I have never thought about this before.’ When I hear that, I feel I am earning my keep.”
Make Some Noise

With the live music culture all but extinct, some Midd students took action.

By Robert Keren

Until recently, if you were in a student band at Middlebury and wanted to practice, there were steps you had to take before you could plug in your amp. First you had to reserve the only practice room on campus, which is in the Service Building under the smokestack, and before you showed up at the appointed time, you had to swing by the Public Safety office on South Main Street, show your student ID, and grab the key that would unlock the door at the Service Building. Meanwhile, your bandmates were probably shivering in the cold, cursing the process, wondering why they even bothered to be in a band in the first place, and gosh wasn’t it cold, and where were you with that key? Needless to say, not a lot of folks would choose to put themselves in this scenario.

Which is why the students in the Middlebury Musicians Guild—now called Middlebury Music United, or MMU—lobbied College administrators last fall to have keypad entry locks installed on the doors to both the practice room and the recording studio (across campus in the Freeman International Center) so that members of MMU could easily gain access to either space.

And this was only the beginning of a concerted effort by MMU to revive a flagging social culture built around live music at Middlebury. Since September, the group has acquired a slew of new equipment for the practice, performance, and recording of live music. It is providing resources for shows, planning a singer-songwriter workshop for students, and sending out weekly e-mails about live music events. It has developed an iPhone app, called MMU on Air, that will map all the live music events on campus. It uses Twitter (@middmusic) to call attention to the live music scene. Its new website is a sort of Craigslist-meets-Match.com for student musicians. (For instance, if your band is looking for a female vocalist, you might find one on middmusic.com.) And MMU members got involved with this winter term’s MiddCORE course—students take on real challenges facing for-profit and social enterprises—by providing recorded music tracks that students in the class endeavored to package and sell.

“When we arrived at Middlebury in the spring of 2010, there was no community of student musicians here,” says Parker Woodworth ’13, an MMU cofounder. “It was as if the music had just disappeared for us. So Mike [Gadomski ’13] and I decided we needed to create a culture where student musicians will want to play music for its own sake, where playing music is not an obligation.”

“A complaint you hear all the time is that students would arrive at Midd with their instruments and then wouldn’t touch them again. That’s starting to change.”

Show of Talent

Until recently, students would arrive at Midd with their instruments and then wouldn’t touch them again. That’s starting to change.
good way to meet new people here, and it’s because people don’t venture outside their close circle of friends,” adds Gadomski.

“We are trying to create a middle ground around the music, so it’s not so hard to meet people,” says Woodworth. “Let’s say I am at a show where one of my friends is performing, and you’re at the same show because one of your friends is performing, too. Now we have something in common, something to talk about.”

Music scene will grow on its own,” Gadomski explains. “We don’t want to be the ones presenting the shows. That’s MCAB’s job.” (MCAB is the Middlebury College Activities Board.) “But we can help make it happen by providing the infrastructure”—like user-friendly keypads instead of locked doors—to encourage student-musicians here.

Middlebury is, after all, where the band Dispatch got its start and where solo acts like Courtney Brocks ‘01 and Anais Mitchell ‘04 cut their teeth. It’s where the rock group Throw Like a Girl was touted in the Campus in 1998 as “Middlebury’s first girl art-core band and one hell of a live show.” So what has happened to live music at Middlebury? Theories abound, but there’s general agreement about the primary cause of the decline: Middlebury students work so hard in and out of the classroom that they barely have time for more than one other major pursuit; and since there was no formal effort to support live music, students preferred activities with fewer obstacles.

Another reason for the decline of student-generated music is the shift toward easy DJs and solo production (think Apple’s GarageBand) and away from jam sessions and performing bands. That shift is something that musician Matt Bonner ’91 understands well. “The music scene when I was a student was like night and day from what it is now,” he says. “Twenty years ago, there were always three or four well-known bands on campus, meaning that on any given weekend at least one band was playing somewhere at Middlebury.”

An independent musician and producer of digital media (matbonner.com), Bonner was a guitarist in Yukon Time, a rock-reggae hybrid band that played gigs on campus. “We were pretty good,” he says with a laugh, “at least in the context of being a party band.” And according to reports, they still are good. Bonner and his bandmates—Josh Sarkis ’91, Rodrigo Prudencio ’91, Barney Hodges ’91, and Andy Wiemeyer ’04—played last June during Reunion Weekend at 51 Main, the College’s off-campus performance space.

Bonner is collaborating with MMU to rekindle the live music scene at the College. “One thing that would be really cool would be a student-driven music label at Middlebury, so people can write, record, produce, and mix their own stuff, and then get it out using digital distribution services. It would not be a ‘pretend’ label; it would be a real label with real people making high-quality music.”

Bonner and Woodworth recently had a conversation about the idea of an alumni music festival to celebrate Middlebury’s musical legacy and raise funds for the studio. (Imagine, for a moment, the return of Dispatch and Anais Mitchell!)

“To have original music coming out of Middlebury would be good for musicians, good for our students, and good for outsiders looking at our college for the first time,” says Gadomski, whose rock band Thank God for Mississippi attracted quite a following on campus last semester.

“We have amazing students,” adds Woodworth, who, like Gadomski, plays electric guitar. “Look at the Solar Decathlon team and all that they accomplished: We don’t have programs in any of those things, and yet somehow we are competing with students who study engineering at the graduate level. We have kids capable of being part of the real-world playing field in any number of areas, and music could be one of those.”

Peter Hamlin ’73, the Christian A. Johnson Professor of Music, sees what MMU is doing in the context of a liberal arts education. He has been the adviser to the Musicians Guild/Music United since its founding in 2004. “Now it’s seven years later and we have Mike and Parker diving in,” he observes. “It’s a thrill to watch them operate. One of the president’s themes has been to allow students to use their own leadership and creativity and give them a measure of autonomy to follow through on the things they are passionate about. The MMU today is just a perfect example of that.”

“When we arrived at Middlebury in 2010, there was no community of student musicians here.”
nature’s best

With a warming planet confronting the next generation, a group of ambitious educators offers a ray of hope.

By Maria Theresa Stadtmueller

Right now there are 22 million teenagers attending U.S. high schools. Conventional wisdom holds that they’re preparing for their futures by studying, working, planning for college, and flexing their independence. But a global crisis faces these 22 million kids—one unprecedented in human history. It will likely be the defining challenge of their lives and our era, and conventional has left them woefully unprepared.

To California entrepreneur Mike Haas, the public’s ignorance of climate change—what it is and what it portends—borders on injustice. “Every person out there has a right to know what 98 percent of climate scientists are saying,” Haas explained by phone from his office in Oakland. “There’s far too big a gap between what scientists know about the threat and what the public understands.” A gap, indeed: only 62 percent of Americans recently surveyed believe climate change is occurring; only 46 percent consider it man-made. Twenty-six percent don’t believe the climate is changing, and 12 percent are unsure—and these figures are the best in years.* Haas, who founded Orion Energy Group LLC and cofounded Renewable Development Company Ltd., renewable energy businesses in the U.K. and U.S. that together have powered a million homes with zero-carbon electricity, wanted to close that gap. Legislatures were polarized and environmental groups couldn’t seem to convince the public that the science was in and the prospects were stark. Haas considered his options: Should he buy billboards? Develop a curriculum? Hire a lobbyist?

“With all that I’ve done over the last 20 years, it’s just not enough,” he told a family friend he’d invited to his office. Haas wanted help with a project: it was a left-field idea, there was no structure yet, but he wanted to start a nonprofit that somehow addressed climate change. Immediately, his friend, Blakely Anderson Atherton ’92, was on board. The former English lit major had spent years leading marketing efforts for start-ups and non-profits and was eager to help Haas. “I loved the challenge of creating something new to solve a problem that’s so big,” she recalls about signing on. “We spent a lot of early conversations asking why people weren’t acting rationally and changing their behavior if there’s climate information out there,” she says.

While they thought they could make some headway by pairing the information with clear and emotionally resonant paths to action, their biggest concern was a void: there were no structured climate-education programs in high schools. Yet in the environmental parlance that asks what kind of world will be left to “our children and our children’s children,” these were the heirs in question.

Three years later, Haas’s and Atherton’s idea—the Alliance for Climate Education (ACE)—has reached more than a million high school and middle school students with an assembly that combines can’t-look-away animation, pumping music, and a young, hip educator tipi front who’s solid on the science. This isn’t one of those assemblies teens just shuffle in and out of—ACE couples climate education with a call to action easily answered. About 17,000 students in more than 600 school-based Action Teams nationwide are now working their climate-related projects; in ACE’s short history 45,000 students have learned the facts and how to act on them. Almost 1,500 of those students have taken further leadership training to learn how to develop projects and lead people. Students are blogging, tweeting, and Facebooking on climate action. Many have gone on to speak in local and state forums on climate change; two have visited the White House.

The program is free—and the information appears to stick. “I’ve never seen 500 students so riveted!” is a typical teacher response. Scholar and environmentalist Bill McKibben calls it “the best use of science-class time I can imagine.” Even the Dalai Lama has given his blessing. Just two years after its first school presentation, ACE won the 2011 Climate Communicator of the Year Award from the Center for Climate Change Communication at George Mason University.

* According to the biannual National Survey of American Public Opinion on Climate Change, organized by the Brookings Institute.
From its origins in a conversation between friends, the organization has grown to a budget of $3 million and a staff of 35, many of whom are educators in the 14—and growing—regional teams across the country. Meanwhile, of the Oakland headquarters’ 11 managers or directors, five have even more in common than their commitment to climate education: they’re all Middlebury alumni.

ike Haas wryly refers to Atherton as “the headwaters of a Middlebury flood.” Once the two figured that a school assembly was the most efficient way to spread the climate message, she called in her old friend Pic Walker ’93. After majoring in environmental studies and English lit at Middlebury, Walker received an MBA in sustainable business, taught high school environmental studies, consulted with businesses to develop sustainability programs, and led a project to protect wild salmon ecosystems. When Atherton moved to the more family-friendly schedule of senior director, Walker stepped up to the executive director post.

Kara Muraki ’08 was finishing her econ and environmental studies course work when Emily Adler ’07 blasted an e-mail to the eco-focused Sunday Night Group about a job opening at the ACE start-up. (The Middlebury DNA unzipped like this: Atherton asked assistant director of career services Tracy Himmel Isham to get the word out; Adler was already training Bay Area low-income youth in “green” community development through a Compton Mentor Fellowship, but passed the notice onward. A month after her graduation, Muraki was back home in the Bay Area with her dream job.) Muraki, who as program manager handles data on the hundreds of thousands of students who connect with ACE, says, “When I came, we weren’t even incorporated as a nonprofit. It’s been a pretty wild ride going from just the idea to teaching students about climate change to a full-grown organization.” Post-fellowship, Adler came in. “I can talk with anybody about anything,” she lists as a benefit of her international studies and education background. And she does, working with youth leaders and managing strategic partnerships with organizations ranging from the Sierra Student Coalition to Clif Bar.

Scientists were in from the start. Director of Community Engagement Christine Kennelly Nesbit ’94 heard about ACE “from the Middlebury grapevine,” she says. She was a natural for connecting with science teachers and community leaders about local needs, thanks to her Middlebury degree in biology/environmental studies, Trinity College Dublin graduate degree in environmental sciences, and 10 years working with the science and stakeholders in natural resource projects in the West. Rebecca Anderson, a geoscientist from Williams and the University of Colorado with a fondness for ice cores, enlisted as one of the early educators and the in-house “science guru.” Matt Lappé, a Stanford-trained paleoclimatologist and hydrology specialist who’s now an educator in Colorado, grokked the science with Anderson for the early presentations. ACE also built an impressive and active Science Advisory Board that includes four author-members of the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC).

The plan was, ACE would be different. The science would be impeccable, but the story would drive it home. The goal (besides slowing climate change) would be to create a generation of young people who knew the science, knew their own potential to act, and who knew—viscerally, emotionally—why action was crucial. Walker, whose conversations about his work are as likely to include gleanings from mythologist Joseph Campbell and Harvard activist Marshall Ganz as from the latest IPCC report, puts it this way: “Our side has been getting it wrong. We fight over facts and figures, but we’re not connecting with values, with the why. Values and emotions are what drive us.”

ACE got to work on its story. After all, since the primal campfire, stories have relayed values and explained who we are (whether “we” is a group of friends, a family, a culture, or humanity itself). They illustrate how and why we meet challenges, and what happens when we do. The ACE staff decided they would become master storytellers, and that the factual solidity and the emotional pull of their story would make it stand out and get results. As Ganz and others who have dissected the nervous system of narrative argue, a story evokes emotion, which then connects with our values and spurs action far more strongly than bare information can. He notes that a story that shows conditions are not as we expected creates an anxiety that can motivate or paralyze. If the listener’s anxiety connects with emotions such as fear, isolation, or self-doubt, she’ll retreat from the challenge. Connect that anxiety with anger, solidarity, urgency, and a generous dose of hope, and she’ll act. ACE aimed for the second connection.

The early days of crafting that story remind Muraki of what have become favorite ACE mantras: “See what works” and “Fail fast.” After a few trial runs and PowerPoints, they decided to bring in Free Range Studios, a design-turned-strategic-storytelling firm.
whose commitment to social change has produced videos such as The Story of Stuff and the factory-farming expose The Meatrix.

The result is fast-paced, compelling, frightening, and fun. The animated characters and live educator show the consumer culture American kids have inherited and the global mess it creates. And there’s an alternative—viewers are also invited to imagine what a more sensible world could look like. Woven throughout is the message that everyone—especially in solidarity with others—can help create the world of their imaginings.

It was time to get the word out. Each staffer spent a large slice of the workday cold-calling schools, local science teachers, and people they knew who knew science teachers or principals, offering them free climate education in their classrooms. As participating teachers referred their colleagues and ACE’s network grew, the presentation expanded to assemblies. Each student was now asked to choose a DOT—“Do One Thing”—something personally meaningful and doable. Even the smallest DOT is a commitment that starts students up ACE’s “ladder of engagement” and gets them connecting their actions with their values. On the next rung, students form action teams and get grants for school-based projects such as energy monitoring, recycling, organic gardens, a bicycle-powered school dance, or whatever excites them.

As more educators went into schools, ACE’s back-end management grew to fit. ACE staffers frequently comment on how the nonprofit runs like a business, where efficiencies are baked in and metrics count. (When I asked Muraki how many of the students who see the presentation respond by giving ACE their information for future engagement, I had an updated report within 10 minutes: it’s 20 percent.) The assembly itself occupies a perpetual state of tweak as new science information comes in and ACE learns more about what students want.

ACE educators operate with “flexibility in a framework,” the freedom to pause the video and improvise—one educator beatboxes for five minutes—and to emphasize local concerns. In New England, they talk threats to maple sugaring, fall foliage, and skiing; drought and tornadoes can spark the discussion in Kansas. ACE equips its educators with a laptop, projector, and weekly science discussions with the in-house climate experts. The schools need to supply only some students, a blank white wall, and a plug.

The result is fast-paced, compelling, frightening, and fun. The wayward kids bounced to the hip-hop on the PA and chatted with friends. Like many ACE assemblies, this one brought together students with different levels of climate consciousness. Crossett Brook Middle School science teacher Wendy Moore, who prompted the assembly, had already coached her students in getting a $50,000 grant to outfit their school with solar panels and in switching out the light bulbs. Meanwhile, a burly boy with a buzz cut and a skinny, solicitous friend had already crumpled their sign-up sheets while complaining about having to hear “climate crap.” Most of the students probably fit somewhere in between.

Juvenile humor notwithstanding, kids parroting what they’ve heard elsewhere shows the strength of a decades-long, high-priced campaign to stir doubt and stifle action on the climate crisis. Take the delay tactic of calling climate change “just a theory.” As Middlebury physics professor Rich Wolson explains, a “theory” in lay terms often means a guess that could be wrong. Not so in scientific use, where “a theory is an overarching, solidly established, and coherent conceptual framework that explains myriad observed phenomena,” he says. “Leading theories in science—relativity, evolution—have been tested over and over against reality and adjusted when observations conflict. The fundamental physical principles that govern climate fall into this category. That is not to say we know all the details of climate processes. But it rules out claims that climate change has no anthropogenic basis.”

Back at the assembly, students fidgeted in their seats as they waited for the show to begin. (A few months later, some of the students and their families will seek shelter in the building across from the school as Tropical Storm Irene produces record floods. What they’re about to experience might at least help them understand why.)

Brian Stilwell called out to his audience, “Who’s here from Harwood? What about Twinfield Union? Where are you Crossett Brook people?” (predictable boos and cheers). Stilwell is a lanky young Cornell grad with dark, curly hair and a comfortable air with kids, thanks to working in a youth center and as a VISTA volunteer. Like his fellow educators, he courts potential schools,
gives assemblies for about 25,000 students a year, and mentors Action Teams.

Stillwell seamlessly segued into ACE’s master script. ACE educators memorize this script (or most of it); there are 11 pages of text and five tightly spaced pages of footnotes and citations, with sources like IPCC reports, *Procedures of the National Academy of Sciences*, and the journal *Nature*. He’s trained to match the script to the fast-paced animation on the screen and the thumping music, and had it down so cold it sounded spontaneous. Right away he assured them that this is not your average climate change discussion. “The last thing you want is another person talking about the world’s problems. I mean, what’s that going to do, anyway?”

Science and action sat right up front: “The world’s leading scientists say we don’t have much time to start fixing the planet’s climate. And if it’s going to happen, you’re the generation that’s going to make it happen ... So let’s take a look at where the world is today, and what we’re going to do to change it.”

Stillwell and the onscreen animation showed how “living large” taxes the planet and covered all the bases, from advertising that shapes their thinking to the impact of atmospheric gases on the “planetary thermostat.” In between he hit population growth, carbon sinks, parts per million, hamburgers from cows who burp and fart methane (big laughs from the audience), and more. Scientists agree this is real, he assured them.

Next, actor Peter Coyote’s voiceover chimed in about the consequences. Crazy weather. Mass extinctions. Climate refugees. Economic crises—

Brian interrupted: “Wait! This doesn’t *have* to be our future, does it? What if we decide to do something?”

He asked them to imagine their 40th high school reunion: how they’d celebrate being the generation that stopped climate change. And if it’s going to happen, wouldn’t you do something?” she asks. ACE’s growing reputation and its offer of free science education that can help the school save money are included from his experience in the civil rights and United Farm Workers movements, “The change begins when we act. It’s the taking of the action... that starts a new pathway.”

ACE claims it offers “climate science that sticks.” So how sticky is it?

The ACE home page displays ever-rising numbers above “students reached” and “schools visited.” The activity level is backed up by a website full of guest blogs, Action Team videos, and showcases of schools’ latest CO₂-busting efforts. But that’s not enough data for this group. ACE is working with climate change experts and social scientists at Yale’s Project on Climate Change Communication and Stanford’s Precourt Energy Efficiency Center on a yearlong impact assessment. Student surveys before and after the assembly gauge “their knowledge, attitude, behaviors, and intentions regarding climate change.” Nationwide, students from 41 randomly selected classrooms in 18 randomly selected schools have participated—1,632 students in all.

The recently released midyear report shows that before the ACE assembly, only 32 percent of the students could answer 7 of 11 multiple-choice questions on climate science correctly. The other 68 percent scored a D or F. After the ACE Assembly, more than half of the students (53 percent) passed the same test. Knowledge scores increased 25 percent on average.

But fact retention isn’t enough. A week later: Twice as many students were talking with their parents and friends about climate change, and more than half intended to ask them to reduce their climate footprints.

These numbers don’t factor in the long-term follow-up. Through e-mail and texts ACE stays in touch with bits of information and prompts for getting involved. Katie Antos-Ketcham, who teaches English and advises the Environmental Action Club at Champlain Valley Union High School in Hinesburg, Vermont, notes that after all 1,400 students attended the ACE assembly, the club’s activity rose as never before. ACE helped them tackle a five-school energy challenge that saved CVU 58,815 kilowatt-hours and $3,275.66.

ACE believes that young people can create that change. Perhaps most important, Pic Walker says, is seeing young leaders emerge. “Having a teenager speak to a crowd passionately and accurately about climate change moves people the way nothing else can.” Daniela Lapidous and Shreya Indukuri proved the point when speaking at the 2011 Power Shift summit of young climate activists last spring in Washington, D.C. Just high school juniors at the time, they were impressively poised (Emily Adler coached them to confidence in public speaking) as they expressed to 8,000 listeners their commitment to climate action.

Two months later, they were back in D.C. sharing the stage with Secretary of Energy Steven Chu at a White House event on grid modernization. Just two years before, the girls had been freshmen in an ACE assembly at their Silicon Valley private school. “Our school was already pretty green, and we saw documentaries on climate change, but there wasn’t the focus on action,” says Daniela. The two started with a grant for an organic garden and energy film for windows in hot spots, and progressed into monitoring the school’s energy use with smart meters. In one year, they shaved their school’s energy use by 13 percent and its budget by thousands of dollars. (After their trip, Chu’s office called to ask what kind of meters the DOE should use in their own building.)

The success stories mount, but hurdles remain. Recently, a Texas science teacher apologized that she’d like to host an assembly but couldn’t because an oil company funded their science curriculum. At another Texas school ACE had just visited, irate parents stormed the principal’s office the next day. After television news crews and the school superintendent arrived, ACE had to agree to return any student contact information.

ACE staff regularly discuss how to handle such heat. “We’re not going to get into a dogfight,” says Christine Nesbit. “We try to mute any argumentative feeling by clearly stating the science.” Focusing on risk mitigation also helps: “If 98 percent of heart surgeons advised you were at a 90 percent risk of having a heart attack in five years unless you changed your life, wouldn’t you do something?” she asks. ACE’s growing reputation and its offer of free science education that can help the school save money are opening new doors in conservative strongholds.

From there, the mindset could change. As Marshall Ganz concluded from his experience in the civil rights and United Farm Workers movements, “The change begins when we act. It’s the taking of the action... that starts a new pathway.”
A Beautiful Mind

What do you do when your nightmare ends but you know the same terror awaits millions of others?

By Matt Jennings

Emma Kitchen’s last memory of December 2010 came on the first day of the month, a little before 6:00 p.m.

It was cold, dark, and rainy when she walked out of the Peterson Family Athletic Center and hopped on her bicycle for the five-minute ride to Proctor, where dinner awaited.

Her friend Bronwyn Oatley ’13 was with her, and as the two pedaled down South Main Street and turned left onto the service road that would take them past the health center, the back of the Service Building, and up the hill toward Stewart Hall, they mostly chatted about the weather, how raw it felt as the cold rain pelted their faces.

They picked up their pace as they started up the hill, and in the dark they did not see the flash of a figure racing down the hill on his own bicycle heading directly for them. And he didn’t see them either.

The impact of the head-on collision sent Emma Kitchen ’14 flying backward off her bike, and the first part of her body to make impact with the ground was the back of her head when it thudded onto the pavement.

As Oatley raced to the health center several hundred yards away in frantic search of help, the other bicyclist waited helplessly by Kitchen’s side, as she lay unconscious and unresponsive on the asphalt.

Her skull was fractured, her brain hemorrhaging.

Yet her nightmare had yet to begin.

Emma Kitchen’s nightmare had everything to do with her accident and nothing to do with what she actually felt. For most, the pain would be the worst, the pain associated with the fractured skull, the cerebral contusions, the subarachnoid hemorrhages. (The medevac to Burlington’s Fletcher Allen Hospital, the three days in the intensive care unit, the four additional days in the hospital, the remaining weeks leading up to Christmas convalescing at home in Collingwood, Ontario—one of the winter term course MiddCORE. The contest is called the Next Big Idea, and the pitch that has captured everyone’s attention is a support network for student-athletes who have suffered head injuries.)

But no, that was not the source of Emma Kitchen’s own living hell. It wasn’t even the five months that she was confined to bed rest, ordered to sleep 18 hours a day, and denied all visual stimulus—no books, no television, no computer—and all but minimal social activity.

It wasn’t even the fleet of doctors, the neurosurgeons and neuropsychiatrists and physiotherapists and acupuncturists and naturopaths, as caring as they were, who could offer little more than a “sleep and you’ll get better” prescription.

Emma Kitchen’s nightmare, her living hell, was her solitary confinement within her own head.

She had no one to talk to who could tell her “I know what this is like.”

No one to tell her “I understand.”

No one to share a look that says “I know, but it gets better.”

Even as she healed, as the 18 hours of daily sleep over seemingly endless weeks returned her to the land of the living, she grieved.

And it was only when she finally found someone who had been through something similar, found someone to talk to from a place of shared experience, that she began to awaken from this horrible, debilitating feeling of isolation.

And this caused her to wonder: how many others are out there trapped in the same nightmare?

“I want to be absolutely clear: This is not about me. This is about the 1.2 million student-athletes under 20 who have been diagnosed with concussions during the past decade.”

Emma Kitchen is standing before a roomful of peers (and a handful of professional men and women) gathered in Middlebury’s Kirk Center on a cold early February morning.

She is a poised young woman with a strong voice and contagious smile, and there is not a trace of the broken body and soul that resulted from her accident two years ago.

On this morning, she is winning over a group of entrepreneurs who are judging a contest that is the culmination of the winter term course MiddCORE. The contest is called the Next Big Idea, and the pitch that has captured everyone’s attention is a support network for student-athletes who have suffered head injuries.

Although the prevalence of concussions among athletes—and the serious neurological impact associated with such injuries—have seeped into the national consciousness through investigative journalism and awareness efforts promoted by the likes of the

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Photograph by Brett Simison

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Land is power in rural Idaho, but careful how you wield it.
Late in the summer of 2003, after the lambs had gone to market, Mike Stevens ’90, then president of Lava Lake Land and Livestock, packed a sleeping bag and a shotgun into his pickup and drove north from his home in the Sun Valley of Idaho to the North Fork of the Big Lost River. A colleague at a federal agency had called him that evening after spotting a pack of wolves not far from Stevens’s sheep band. The year before, a similar call had come from a forest ranger: Did he know wolves were killing his sheep? He hadn’t; nor had he any clue a pack was in the area. By the time he made it into the field, he had lost 18 ewes and lambs. This time, knowing wolves were near, he wouldn’t take the risk.

The sheep camp was on the north end of the valley, tucked into a grove of lodgepole pine. Stevens found Ernesto there alone. The young Peruvian herder had left the flock on a rocky outcrop by the river bottom. Normally, the sheep would spend nights on a high ridgeline and wander downslope the next day to find water, but on this fork, the canyon walls were steep, and sheep grazed the lower benches and meadows. Stevens sat with Ernesto a while, and at dusk, headed toward the sheep band. He laid his sleeping bag under a pine and the shotgun beside him. The ewes shifted and sighed in their sleep. His own sleep was restless—a guard dog, circling the band, visited routinely to lick Stevens’s face. When he woke at dawn, he found the dog beside him. Together, they walked the band’s perimeter. There were no signs of wolves, but at the far end lay a mangled ewe, killed by coyotes. Stevens looked down at the dog, and noticed, then, the sheep blood crusted on its snout.

He never intended to shoot a wolf; that night, he meant only to deter the pack with his presence and make noise if any came near. Stevens is a conservationist at heart, a believer that all things, hoofed or sharply teethed, can coexist. He is, you might say, a purveyor of the happy medium: common values, collaborative approaches. But what he sees as reasonable, others in the environmental community have considered traitorous. He will not condemn grazing on public lands, and believes, rather, that livestock can have a minimal impact if managed carefully. A master of the positive spin, he reasons rhetorically: “Most people look at sheep ranching as the problem. Well, can it be part of the solution?” It was for this ideology—and not for his ranching experience, of which he had none—that he was hired to run the operation at Lava Lake.

The ranch is the brainchild of Brian Bean, a wealthy San Francisco investment banker, and his wife, Kathleen, who formerly worked at the Nature Conservancy. In the late nineties, the Beans offered Stevens a job, the idea to work on a landscape scale. “And to do that, we had to weave through a patchwork of public and private holdings, each on a bigger scale, their conservation efforts would be of little effect. Large wildlife, such as antelope and wolves, move over vast areas, weaving through a patchwork of public and private holdings, each managed according to the rules and whims of various agencies and landowners. “If we wanted to have a conservation impact, we had to work on a landscape scale,” said Kathleen. “And to do that, we had to be livestock operators.” Running sheep would allow them to lease—and practice low-impact grazing—on federal property. By 2002, when the Beans hired Stevens, they had acquired roughly a million acres of ranchland, a quarter private and the rest by public lease, stretching from the Craters of the Moon National Monument into the Pioneer and Boulder mountains.

At the time, Stevens worked for the Nature Conservancy in the Sun Valley and was tasked with negotiating the Beans’ first easement. “I knew immediately that this was someone with a highly developed collaborative instinct,” said Brian. When the Beans offered Stevens a job, the idea of working on a large scale excited him.

“In Idaho, ranching is where the power is,” he said. “If you say, ‘we’re part of the sheep industry,’ people recognize that. It’s part of the culture and tradition of the state.” He also knew that as a rancher, his conservation efforts would have more leverage with government agencies than those of any nonprofit. “We would be part of the establishment,” he said. “To be fair, it’s the very thing that an environmental activist has to fight against, but we were able to use it to our advantage.”

Before he took the job, Stevens reminded the Beans that he had never ranched before. They assured him that among the ranchers whose property they had purchased, and the Peruvians who had tended the flocks for many years there was plenty of institutional knowledge. They reasoned that it would be easier to teach Stevens to run a ranch than to find a rancher with as strong a conservation ethic as his; Stevens shared their values, and values were never something they wanted to argue about. But the Beans’ confidence did not allay Stevens’s concerns entirely. “I was never going to be a real rancher,” he said, “and I wasn’t a normal conservationist either. The implicit risk was not being good at either of those things, and not being part of either community.”

Stevens, 43, is tall and bespectacled with reddish-blond hair, steely blue eyes, and a chameleon’s knack for assuming a pace and posture fit to his environs. In his stark, tidy office not far from Hailey, Idaho’s main street, he is a very busy man. He budgets his time in tight increments and checks his watch often; even so, he rarely keeps on schedule. He has a penchant for boardroom buzzwords—“logic model: a visual depiction of the resources and activities that get you to your desired outcome”—and an acute entrepreneurial instinct. He eats with impressive speed and jokes infrequently—nor does he always notice when one has been made—and truncates these moments of humor with fits of earnestness. The day I met Stevens in his office, he paused a hurried discussion on the formatting of an executive summary to watch a man hook a dumpster to a pickup truck and drag it across a lot. “We’re having an Idaho moment here,” he told me, and swiftly turned back to his document.

By nature, Stevens is an idealist with strong ambitions. He prefers the adjective “goal oriented,” and applies this quality to most aspects of his life. An avocado farmer, he has run in four hundred-mile races—most famously, the Western States 100 in California—and once ran his own long route through the Pioneers. More recently, he and his wife, Liz Mitchell ’89, an international environmental attorney, have taken up Nordic ski racing. “I don’t think of myself as competitive, necessarily,” Stevens said. “It’s more about trying to be excellent and having really rewarding
experiences. That’s how I define ambition. It involves committing
to something outside my comfort zone.”

His comfort zone is expansive. In the 1960s, Stevens’s mother,
then 20, left Santa Barbara, California, and settled on the Spanish
island of Mallorca, a popular tourist destination. There she met
Stevens’s father, a Swede, with whom she started a travel company.
When Stevens was three and his sister a newborn, his father left the family. Stevens’s upbringing, he recalls, was populated
with “rebellious exspats,” though he attended Spanish parochial
school, where he developed a “robust respect for institutions and
authority.” He believes that it was in Spain where he learned to
move effortlessly between different kinds of company. When he
was not with other expatriot children, he spent time with a working-
class Spanish family his mother had befriended. Once, the father, a
cabinetmaker, told Stevens he was lucky because he would never
have to work with his hands.

In 1980, Stevens moved with his mother to Santa Barbara,
where she married an old acquaintance who introduced Stevens
to hiking and surfing. Though, at first, he did not consider himself
a “Californian,” he came to resemble one, and the identity trailed
him to Middlebury College. His friends still recall his long blond
hair and inability to dress for the cold. He majored in biology, and
came to know Liz Mitchell particularly well through an ecology
class. They went their separate ways after graduation—Mitchell
for a fellowship abroad; Stevens to climb in Alaska and Nepal
while he worked an assortment of jobs around the West—and
met, again, 10 years later in New Hampshire. Stevens, having
graduated from the Field Naturalist Program at the University of
Vermont, was working for the Nature Conservancy. A year after
he transferred to the Sun Valley, Mitchell joined him there.

THE SUN VALLEY, which circumscribes a resort town
popular with the rich and famous (once Hemingway,
now Zuckerberg), is decidedly “green.” Here, local
magazines are printed in earth tones and suggest that
anyone can acquire a gentrified Western aesthetic with
an off-grid cabin, a root cellar, or a lawn fertilized with local fish.
The valley is home to a handful of environmental nonprofits; one
particularly divisive group, Western Watersheds Project, advocates
for an end to grazing on public land. (Among their concerns,
livestock trample vegetation, invite erosion, and take precedence
over wild predators.) It was no surprise, then, that when Stevens
began at Lava Lake, many rumored he had sold out. “If a handful
of people say that to your face,” said Mitchell, “how many are
saying the same thing behind your back?”

Stevens kept a low public profile during his first three years
at Lava Lake. He called on his herders in the field, mapped the
properties, befriended the former ranchers, and met frequently
with Pedro, his foreman, who had worked the same allotments
under different ownership. A few early incidents tested Stevens’s
facility. The wolf attack in 2002; then a dispute over fencing with
a rancher whose cow had wandered onto a Lava Lake allotment.
Both were quietly resolved. By 2004, having collected extensive
ecosystem data from the ranch, Stevens and the Beans completed
a grazing management plan. Two years later, they launched the
Lava Lake Institute, to conduct scientific assessments of their
management practices. They also founded the Pioneer Mountain
Group, to consult on conservation projects and apply their
acquired expertise locally and abroad. In the Sun Valley, where
restaurants began to offer Lava Lake lamb, the ranch began to earn

Williamson met Stevens in
the field that same day.
“It was obviously wolves,”
Williamson told me, recalling
the incident. “They’re sloppy
killers. They bite, they chew.”

a great deal of respect. “People were starting to put the whole
story together,” said Stevens. “There were reasons our lamb tasted
so good.”

Stevens’s break into the ranching community was less
ideological. “When the guys saw those big, beautiful lambs sent
off to market, that did a lot to resolve any issue,” he said. Each
night before the animals were shipped south for slaughter, Stevens
would camp by the corral with the herders. The next morning, at
first light, they would sort and weigh the lambs and pack them into
trucks. Each would wager a dollar on the lambs’ average weight,
and when all had been tallied, Stevens would stand to announce the
winner. For breakfast, they ate powdered doughnuts washed
down with Crown Royal.

In August of 2005, Stevens lost two dozen sheep and a guard
dog on the North Fork of the Big Lost River, not far from where
he had slept two summers before. When he got word of the kill,
he called Rick Williamson, a wolf specialist at Wildlife Services.
Williamson met Stevens in the field that same day. “It was
obviously wolves,” Williamson told me, recalling the incident.
“They’re sloppy killers. They bite, they chew.” The wounds were
hemorrhaging. “Mike said, ‘Where do you think we should go
from here?’ And I said, ‘Well, where do you think we should
go from here?’ He said he wanted to stay away from lethal control,
and that was fine with me.”

Stevens tells the story a little differently. He worried the
wolves would attack again and suggested moving the sheep band
to a different allotment. Williamson convinced him otherwise.
“Let’s use every trick in the bag,” Stevens recalls him saying. Years
before, when Lava Lake lost its first sheep to wolves, Stevens
purchased cracker shells and rubber bullets to use as deterrents.
He added guard dogs and had the herders trained to erect turbo
fladry—electrified wires strung with flags, resembling those used
in car lots—around the sheep bands. Eventually, Stevens hired
more herders for a night watch. But the “trick” Williamson
suggested—telemetry—was far more advanced than anything
Stevens had used. Wildlife Services had fitted several wolves in a
nearby pack with radio collars. Herders, now, could estimate the
wolves’ location and distance from the sheep band by positioning
a receiving unit in the pack’s direction and listening for a frequency.
If the signal was loud, a wolf was close.

When used at once, the techniques worked. (The ranch has
had no wolf attacks since 2005.) But deterrents at Lava Lake hardly
kept predators from wandering onto other ranches. The next
summer, wolves that frequented the Beans’ private allotments killed 13 sheep on an adjacent ranch. The rancher ordered the wolves shot, and the regional director of Wildlife Services asked Stevens for permission to hunt the wolves on Lava Lake property. Stevens refused. “You’re making this a lot harder on the other ranchers,” he recalls the director saying. When I asked Williamson, who has since retired from the agency, about the incident, he told me, “I respected Mike for that. But you have to understand, there are a lot of people who think the only good wolf is a dead wolf.” Stevens admits he was fully aware of the ranchers’ predicament. But his refusal to allow lethal control on Lava Lake was pragmatic. “We were not starry eyed about any of this,” he said. “If we were perceived as predator-killers, regardless of how much good work we were doing, we would lose respect in the valley. We didn’t have time to argue, ‘well, do wolves belong in this ecosystem?’ They were here, and we knew what the community fallout would be if we didn’t attempt to coexist.”

In the spring of 2007, Stevens learned that a new set of wolves, named the Phantom Hill Pack, had made a den on a Lava Lake allotment, just north of Ketchum. This time, Williamson advised him to abandon the area. Stevens agreed, but nervously. “All those wolves had to do was walk across the highway to another sheep operator and get shot,” he said. Upon hearing the news, Stevens phoned several of his colleagues. Among them was Suzanne Stone, the Northern Rockies coordinator at Defenders of Wildlife, with whom Stevens collaborated frequently. According to Stone, Stevens was shaken. “You don’t see Mike get flustered very often,” she told me, “so you definitely pay attention when he is.”

On a cold early morning in February, Stevens took me to Lava Lake. He hardly makes the drive anymore, since he began full time at Pioneer Mountain Group. He travels frequently. But this morning, he wore heavy boots and a faded down jacket. A gas station south of Hailey blasted Abba as he filled the tank—“usually it’s ’80s death metal”—and we continued south to Craters of the Moon.

The ranch meets the craters on the Snake River plain. Here, over millions of years, lava erupted from volcanic fissures and set into vast, dark flows pocked with cones of hardened magma. To
avoid Shoshone territory, travelers on the Oregon Trail skirted the 
craters to the north, emerging at the center of what is now Lava 
Lake Ranch. "Twenty-thousand people and all their animals in 
25 years," said Stevens, pointing to the route, a small notch in the 
mountains. "Can you imagine the impact?"

The ranch's entrance was an unmarked turnoff on an empty 
road. Stevens's truck rattled over frozen heaves, scaring a chukar 
bird from the sagebrush. At the confluence of two drainages 
stood the main ranch, a hodgepodge of corrals, a lambing barn, 
a yurt where the Beans stay on visits, and an old house where 
Tim Bennett, the farm manager, lives with his family. We parked 
past the house, and Tim came to greet us. He shook hands with 
Stevens, who asked about the farm. Everything was fine, said Tim, 
who wore only a sweatshirt despite the cold. Stevens pointed to 
the drainages and the ridgelines where sheep would graze come 
spring. (The flock spends the winter in California.) Sagebrush 
poked from white, wind-scoured hills. "Not much snow," he said 
to me. "It's a little alarming."

We stayed only a short time at the ranch and headed west 
to Carey, a town largely emptied since a Kraft plant closed and 
many ranchers sold their operations. "Carey is the community 
that matters," Stevens told me. The town, set on flat bottomland 
between the Pioneer Mountains and the Craters of the Moon, is 
at the center of two million private, developable acres—essentially 
an island amidst vast stretches of public land. Among Stevens's 
first projects at the Pioneer Mountain Group was the Pioneer's Alliance, 
an assembly of landowners, nonprofits, and agencies 
in the Carey region whose purpose, aside from revitalizing the 
community, is to encourage landowners to place their private 
holdings under conservation easement. A dozen have already 
done so.

We stopped in Carey at the city hall to meet Vonnie Olsen, a 
councilwoman with whom Stevens works at the Alliance. 
Olsen had large painted eyes and frosted hair. She was sitting at 
a table in the council chambers, sorting through a stack of faded 
photographs. "I just had to show you these, Mike," she said. 
"I found some gems." Stevens looked for a moment but was 
distracted by something more serious. An article in the local paper 
had quoted one rancher calling another "crooked" for earning 
$4 million in an easement deal. (The money, which came mostly 
from the Nature Conservancy and a federal conservation program, 
reimbursed the rancher for value losses he incurred when he gave 
up development rights on his property.) "What landowner is 
going to stand up if they have to deal with allegations that they're 
corrupt?" said Stevens. Olsen rolled her eyes. "That's the kind of 
thing we deal with all the time," she told me.

Olson admitted that she and Stevens don't always agree. But 
when I asked for an example, she struggled to find one. "For one 
things," she said, "Mike doesn't send out his herders with rifles. If I 
was out there, I'd want a rifle." I asked if that had anything to do 
with wolves. Olsen sighed. Stevens shook his head. "I don't think 
we're ever going to solve the wolf controversy," she said—then, 
speaking figuratively, "If you let wolves become part of efforts like 
these, it will consume and destroy things."

**In the Intermountain West, there is, perhaps, no 
question more incendiary than what to do about wolves. 
The conflict, centuries old, was psychological before it was 
political. Wolves are the classic villains of storybooks, and 
the crimes they commit in fiction—eating young children—are 
}
alpha male, named "Papa," tugged at an elk hide. "Yearling needs a name," read the tweet. "Suggestions?"

It was this emotional engagement in the issue that concerned Stevens most. "We couldn't be responsible for such a highly visible pack getting killed," he said. Stevens also knew that Lava Lake's sheep bands would have to return to the same allotment the next season in order to keep the animals spread across a large area and minimize their impact. When Stevens and Stone spoke by phone in 2007, they decided to start a new alliance of ranchers whose operations neighbored the wolves' territory. The Wood River Wolf Project, funded mostly by Defenders of Wildlife, would send teams into the field to erect fladry around the bands, tell with telemetry when wolves were near, and stay overnight if necessary. The ranchers, said Stone, saw little cost for themselves and were quite willing to participate.

One evening in July of 2008, not far from the Phantom Hill Pack, three field assistants were nearly done assembling fladry around a sheep band when they noticed a straggler dashing frantically toward the pen. A wolf had chased it but retreated when it came near the fence. The local paper, Idaho Mountain Express, touted the incident as proof of the project's success. But the next summer, when field assistants accidently left a dozen of the same rancher's sheep outside the pen, wolves killed all 12. The rancher, John Faulkner, called for lethal control. "I had dead sheep lying around the mountains, and he wasn't happy. So I got him on the phone and said, 'John, hear me out. We can go in there and kill a wolf—that's not a big deal. But we need to think about consequences.'" Stevens responded cautiously. "I've heard wolves talked about as a kind of Zen riddle," he said. "If you want to have wolves, you need to shoot wolves. People living near them need to feel a sense of control in case a problem becomes chronic. Wolves are dogs—they're going to reproduce. Ultimately, the goal is to make the population stable enough so that if a wolf is shot periodically, it's not the end of the world." It seemed, he said, that some ranchers and environmentalists were finding middle ground. Recently, Stevens spoke with a rancher who regretted ordering a wolf pack shot after it repeatedly attacked her sheep. "She told me she wasn't sure we're accomplishing much by killing entire packs. What we're doing is opening up the territory to new, untrained wolves, rather than figuring out which individuals are a problem, and removing them if necessary. That had a big impact on me."

But whatever true Stevens sensed did not last long. In 2009, despite a string of environmental lawsuits, wolves in Idaho were taken off the endangered species list. In June of that year, a car hit the Phantom Hill Pack's alpha male, and in October, a month after wolf-hunting season opened, a hunter shot a young female known as Jewel to her Twitter followers. A subsequent article in the Mountain Express garnered 537 online comments within a few days. "It really amazes me how the wolf-worshipers have worked the clueless into believing that wolves are on some god-like level"; then, "this just makes me absolutely sick!!!!!!" and "isn't anyone tired of this bloodbath?"

One morning in February, Stevens drove me into the Pioneers east of Carey. We passed ranches with impressive gates and fields marked by wire fencing. Grass stems poked from crusted snow. "I think the biggest misunderstanding of collaborative approaches is that the arc goes something like this," he said. "Very different people learn to trust and like each other and develop a common vision and achieve it together. But that doesn't happen often. People are rooted in their own perspective, and you're not going to change that. You've got a fourth-generation Mormon rancher from Carey. The expectation isn't that he gives up any part of his identity while he works with someone from an urban environment with a completely different worldview."

Even if ranchers in Carey shared a part of Stevens's and the Beans' philosophy, it is unlikely they would have the means to implement it on the same scale. This is a criticism Stevens hears frequently. "I work with a real recognition that we have it really good—that not everyone can do what we've done," he said. Likewise, people will ask Stevens if Lava Lake is a "model." He calls it the M word. "I don't fundamentally believe in models," he told me. "They're a very linear, point-driven approach." He considers the ranch to be a distinct case from which others may draw ideas and inspiration.

Stevens stopped the truck where the snow grew deep and flattened a map onto the hood. He pointed to the east, to where he lost his first sheep in 2002, then slightly north, to the bottom of the Muldoon Basin. There, several years ago, he helped load lambs into a truck bound south. Jim Peterson, the rancher who owned the operation previously, was there. After the lambs had been loaded, Peterson shoved his shepherd's staff toward Stevens, insisting that he take it.

"I will never get higher praise," said Stevens. "We weren't going to see eye to eye on wolves, but he still cared about those lambs."
Unveiled

The story of
a young woman
determined to
discover the
wide-open world
around her.

By Claire Martin '95

Illustration by
Alessandro Gottardo
BEFORE I EVER MET MAHNAZ REZAIE ’13, I knew certain things about her. Mahnaz means “beautiful moon” or “glory of the moon.” It’s a Persian name, even though she’s Afghan, and she finds it wonderfully elegant. She loves the sound of the syllables reverberating in her throat: Maah-naaz. I also knew that in 1997, when she was eight years old, her Shia Muslim family fled Sunni-Taliban-ruled Afghanistan. They went to Iran, which was the country closest to their home in the southwestern province of Herat. Iran was more westernized, and in some ways life was better for the Rezaies, but as Afghan minorities, they also faced harsh discrimination. At one point, the Iranian Ministry of Education banned all Afghan children from the schools. Because Mahnaz was academically gifted, her principal shielded her from expulsion.

At the age of nine, Mahnaz had endured a horrific accident one night while she was at a family wedding. She was pouring tea from a giant samovar when it toppled over, sending a cascade of boiling water onto her arm. She watched her skin peel away from her body and drop to the floor along with the sleeve of her dress. The pain was so excruciating she thought she was dying. Her family, fearing the Taliban would kill them for breaking the 10 P.M. nightly curfew if they took her to the hospital, instead used toothpaste and mashed potatoes to treat her wounds. The next morning, Mahnaz went to a doctor who scrubbed her burns clean with a brush. This procedure was nearly as painful as the initial scalding. During the next six months, while she was recovering, she developed scars that would impact her life in many ways—including, she believes, putting her on a more academic path that led her to Middletown, where she is now a student in her junior year.

I first learned Mahnaz’s story through articles she wrote for the Afghan Women’s Writing Project (AWWP), a nonprofit writing collective based in Kabul, Afghanistan. Founded in 2009 by American writer Masha Hamilton, the writing project provides Afghan women with a place to write—a so-called writer’s hut where they can compose their stories, primarily in English, using computers and Internet access that many of them don’t otherwise have access to. Some of these women, who range in age from their teens to their 40s, are forbidden to write by their families, and they do it in secret at AWWP headquarters, using pseudonyms. The project also provides a venue for these women to publish their work; twice a week, their personal essays and poetry are posted on the project’s blog. U.S.-based writers, women with backgrounds in writing, provide writing mentors, providing prompts for story ideas, guidance on writing fundamentals, like grammar and story structure, and feedback on their stories. I am one of those mentors.

Mahnaz began contributing to AWWP after a friend told her about the program during her senior year of high school. Her family was living in Kabul then, her father having decided his children would get a better education in Afghanistan. Mahnaz is a naturally gifted writer, and soon after she took AWWP’s initial writing workshop, she was penning poems and essays in English, her second language after the Farsi she learned in Iran. “She’s always been a strong writer, and she’s so amazingly brave,” AWWP executive director and former writing coordinator Elisabeth Lehr told me. “Hers is a tremendous story. Her mother is illiterate, which in and of itself says so much about Afghanistan today.”

The way Mahnaz strung English words together was surprisingly eloquent and evocative to Lehr, and her stories carried a gravitas and emotional depth that betrayed her age, not to mention the fact that she’d only been studying English for a few years. Another thing that stood out about Mahnaz’s work was her feminist leanings. In writing about her childhood, she explored the inkleings she’d had from an early age that the discrepancy between the way men and women were treated in the society she inhabited did not work for her.

When she was a girl in Iran, she and her family often worshiped at a Muslim shrine—a place she found so spectacular and inspiring that she wrote this about it: “I want to sink in this sacred air. I want to hear my heartbeats and listen to the breeze as it cools my face. I want to fly to farther lands where only imagination can go. This is the magic of being in a place where you love and feel you are yourself. This is the magic that allows you to think freely.” Yet, as much as she loved the temple, it didn’t seem fair to her—even at age eight—that the men should pray in the front of the shrine while the women were relegated to the back. Her mother’s explanation reflected a widely held religious belief: Men are entitled to stand in front of women because they have higher positions before God. Mahnaz was outraged. But she was powerless to change the rules—this time.

ON AN EXCEPTIONALLY WARM MONDAY morning this past January, Mahnaz and I traipsed from McCullough Student Center across the Middlebury lawn below the chapel to Munroe, her backpack drooping with the weight of packages addressed to professors in the religion, political science, and sociology/anthropology departments. She works part-time in the campus mailroom, in the bowels of McCullough, and outings like this, which take her into the fresh Vermont air, are the highlight of her job. When we arrived in the Munroe basement, she and I sorted the brown interoffice envelopes and bundles of missives from farther afield into the appropriate boxes. She didn’t really need my help; I had tagged along because I wanted to learn more about her.

Mahnaz and I had begun e-mailing each other several months earlier, and in the past few weeks, our messages had become more frequent. I was now assigned to be her writing mentor, and we were working together on a new article for the AWWP site. As she walked through the melting snow, 45-degree air rustling the fringes of the bright yellow hijab covering her hair and framing her face, we couldn’t ignore the topic of the weather. She told me that Kabul, where she went to high school and where most of her family still lives, has four seasons, including a snowy winter. She described the city’s ancient shrines and hideaway gardens—it’s a place I should visit one day, she assured me. One thing Kabul is missing, however, is a colorful autumn. “I always wanted to live in a place with bright foliage,” she said.

Mahnaz knew very little about Middlebury when she applied for admission, and she didn’t have a clue about the Vermont climate. “I didn’t even know where Vermont was,” she recalled. When she arrived in the fall of 2009, she was thrilled by the bright fall colors, calling them “a dream come true.” This inadvertent wish fulfillment came on the heels of her many years of hard work and perseverance in the face of incredible obstacles—not the least of which was the Taliban. “I remember the night they came. There was lots of gunfire,” she told me. “Some people were happy. They said the Taliban would have a really good government. But then after six months, they started torturing people, especially Shias.”
Several of the women, including Mahnaz, have told me they write when they’re feeling emotional—they write through their tears.

In the Herat neighborhood where her family lived, the men developed the habit of sleeping on the roofs of their houses to stave off the Taliban, who would raid and steal after the sun went down. One night, a neighbor’s house was broken into anyway. “They had guns,” Mahnaz remembered. “They stole everything, and they threatened the family. They said, ‘We will come for your daughter.'” This last threat sent that family, members of the Shia minority, like Mahnaz’s family, packing for Iran. Girls kidnapped by the Taliban were being raped and tortured, and in Afghan culture, if a daughter is violated, a family loses its honor. Mahnaz’s family migrated to Iran soon after. But first, Mahnaz’s father decided her oldest sister, who was 15 at the time, should get married. It would be safer, he reasoned, and the decision was in keeping with Afghan culture. Mahnaz’s own mother and many women in the family had married at around 14 or 15. (This tradition is one reason why only 4 percent of Afghan girls attend high school.)

A huge weight lifted when the Rezaies arrived in Iran. “We were free,” Mahnaz said. The threats to their lives were gone, and Mahnaz enjoyed far more equality as a schoolgirl in Iran. But after a time, the cultural discrimination became intolerable. Her father was paid less for his civil engineering work because he was Afghan, and ultimately, he realized there was no future for his children there—Afgans weren’t allowed to attend college in Iran. So after the fall of the Taliban, in 2001, they returned to Afghanistan. By this time, her oldest brother, who had stayed behind in Herat during the family’s emigration, had secured a well-paying job at an American nongovernmental organization (NGO). Since her father couldn’t find work, this brother, now the family breadwinner, wielded considerable power in the family. To Mahnaz’s despair, he was more conservative than her father, whose years in Iran had exposed him to more liberal ideas regarding gender roles. According to Elisabeth Lehr of AWWP, this is a common family dynamic. “Brothers often seem to be the stumbling block,” she said. “My guess is it’s because they come from a generation that’s been faced almost entirely with war.”

This imperious brother insisted all of the Rezaie women wear the burqa in public. A teenager now, Mahnaz flat out refused to put on the blue, full-body religious cloak, igniting a months-long family argument. “The question of wearing a burqa was becoming a nightmare,” Mahnaz recalled in an AWWP post in July 2010. “I imagined it as a blue ghost that wanted to hold me in a hole where I was set apart from real world, where I needed to hide my beauty. I would have no identity because no one could really see my face.”

Formulating her arguments and standing up to her brother strengthened Mahnaz’s independence and stoked her defiance. She didn’t agree that women shouldn’t be seen out in the world, that the streets of Herat were too dangerous for her kind, or that if she just gave the burqa a try, she would love it.

It was during this time that her belief in equal rights for Afghan women blossomed. “I argued confidently, ‘I have decided to go to work. How can I work while I am wearing a burqa or niqab? I wish to learn driving soon. How should I see and find my way while I am covering my face?’ Don’t you notice that Islam gave me the right not to cover my face and you are insisting against it?’” Eventually, she won; it was a victory that had a ripple effect on her life. “I had made up my mind to stand against any decision that limited me,” she wrote. “By refusing to wear the burqa, I began to realize a most important lesson. We are the ones who empower ourselves. If we consider ourselves weak, others will consider us weaker.”

The summer after her freshman year at Middlebury, Mahnaz spent three months traveling throughout Afghanistan, taking pictures of people on the streets and in their homes. Her work had already begun to take on a more journalistic style; she had told the stories of other Afghan women and the hardships they faced. There was the tale of a friend whose family forbade her from marrying the man she loved because he was from a different religious sect, and the story of her mother’s friend, who bore 16 children and watched 15 of them die from malnutrition. But this project was the first for which she went out and reported a story.

Being a woman photographer in a Muslim country, she faced challenges—Afghanistan, after all, is the worst country in the world for women according to a recent study by the Thomson Reuters Foundation. “Security was the biggest barrier. My family added to my anxiety by saying that someone will kidnap me or take my expensive camera,” she wrote in the three-part article that detailed her photojournalism adventure, entitled “Snapshots from Home.” “I traveled with a family member; I never took photos in public alone. I learned I was more comfortable taking photos with female escorts, than males. I was more courageous with my brothers and father, but they were constantly nagging me about the security.”

Despite her precautions, she was harassed and questioned. She was even accused of being a spy. And yet, she produced stunning photos. She captured men staring at her suspiciously from behind their vegetable stands at a Kabul bazaar, a woman from a nomadic tribe holding her sick baby inside the dilapidated tent she called home, and a cluster of small boys crouched on a strip of pavement, grinning up at the camera. There was some upside to being a woman in this circumstance. “An Afghan female photographer has the advantage of gaining access to the private lives of people,” she explained in the article. “It is easier for her to go inside people’s houses and take pictures. If a man asks to go to a house, it is more difficult to get permission.” And during the course of the project, she developed a philosophy she never could have learned in a classroom: “A photographer needs to have a free mind without worries to produce good images.”

The same isn’t necessarily true for an Afghan writer. Several of the women who contribute to the AWW blog, including Mahnaz, have told me they write when they’re feeling emotional—they write through their tears. That’s likely because they face so much hardship. I began volunteering for the organization last
summer after a project I was scheduled to work on— profiling the recovery of an Afghan woman who had been disfigured and brutalized by her in-laws— was canceled because her emotional trauma was too overwhelming for her to move forward. After learning the basic details of this woman’s story, I was both horrified and heartbroken. Her ears and nose had been cut off and she’d been left for dead, the product of a culture that put no value on her life. By some miracle, she was rescued and brought to a shelter in Kabul. I considered myself to have an above-average knowledge of international women’s issues, and yet, I realized I had no idea what it meant to be a woman in Afghanistan.

I wanted to learn more by connecting with an Afghan woman’s cause. A search for nonprofits in California, where I live, came up short. And then I discovered the Afghan Women’s Writing Project. It was January 2011, and AWWP had launched the blog just a few months earlier. I e-mailed Elisabeth Lehr, at the time the writing coordinator, presenting my bona fides and pleading my case for becoming a writing mentor. She’d be happy to have me, she replied, but the first available slot wasn’t until August, eight months away. I took that slot—a four-week posting—and re-upped for another rotation in January.

Apparently, I wasn’t the only one interested in helping out. AWWP was growing rapidly, and women’s rights issues in Afghanistan were getting more public attention. Several high-profile cases had been covered in the news at around that time: Bibi Aisha, the woman I was originally assigned to write about, was being treated for her emotional trauma in New York; a woman named Gulnaz was imprisoned in Afghanistan for adultery after reporting her rape to police; another woman, Sahar Gul, was said to have been tortured by her in-laws after refusing to work as a prostitute.

Mahnaz herself wrote about Gulnaz in the article I mentored her through in January; it was a two-part series entitled “Afghan Feminist Thought.” “Many educated Afghan men still smirk at the word ‘feminist’ and associate it with extremist ideas perpetrated by women,” she wrote. “These men . . . get served first and eat the best food. As husbands, they think they have the right to beat and discipline their wives. As young boys, they order their sisters to fetch them water. And in government, they ask a girl to marry a man rights issues, either in Afghanistan, the U.S., or somewhere else abroad, as a way to utilize the international relations portion of her double major. Another dream is to make films in Afghanistan (the other half of her major). Both documentary and feature films interest her, and so far she has shot several shorts—including one about the burn she sustained at the family wedding years ago. A film career, however, could prove even more challenging than the NGO work was. “It’s very hard for women to come to Afghanistan and work in film as a director,” she said. “There aren’t organizations that support them.” Furthermore, women working in film are considered immodest—although that fact is not likely to stop her. “I don’t listen to them. I want to continue with what I like,” Mahnaz told me. But first, she hopes to go to graduate school in one of her two areas of interest, film or international relations. “I will see what graduate school I get accepted to and whether I can get financial aid. Even if I don’t get to graduate school, I want to work one year after my graduation in the United States. Then I will decide if I go back to Afghanistan or not.”

If this excerpt from one of her own stories is any indication, there’s no doubt she’ll choose the right path. “A beautiful woman is a girl who decides about her own life. She . . . never submits to a bunch of ignorant old women who tell her whatever your family and relatives decide for you is the best. She thinks and decides for herself. Let her be alive and act alive. She is not a dead body that her family carries in the fog. She has a heart. They cannot bury it.”

Mahnaz’s father does not want her to return to Afghanistan after she graduates. He’s always been supportive of her education, particularly because her older sister is plagued by regret over ending her education prematurely to get married. Her dad thinks Afghanistan is too limiting for women. Mahnaz doesn’t disagree. During our time together on campus, she reminisced about the struggles she faced when she worked at an American NGO in Kabul in high school. She often argued with her male colleagues at the NGO and could never get them to recognize their own misogyny. “The men were saying it is not good for women to work,” Mahnaz recalled. “I said, ‘You see me, I am a woman working here. I’m very successful.’ But they insisted she was the exception, and that other women were prone to letting men take advantage of them. I said, ‘Okay, then that’s your problem. Why you don’t make yourself better humans. Why don’t you become better humans so that our society becomes a good place for women to come and work?’”

She isn’t totally opposed to returning to her homeland either. She’d like to work for the United Nations on women’s and human rights issues, either in Afghanistan, the U.S., or somewhere else abroad, as a way to utilize the international relations portion of her double major. Another dream is to make films in Afghanistan (the other half of her major). Both documentary and feature films interest her, and so far she has shot several shorts—including one about the burn she sustained at the family wedding years ago. A film career, however, could prove even more challenging than the NGO work was. “It’s very hard for women to come to Afghanistan and work in film as a director,” she said. “There aren’t organizations that support them.” Furthermore, women working in film are considered immodest—although that fact is not likely to stop her. “I don’t listen to them. I want to continue with what I like,” Mahnaz told me. But first, she hopes to go to graduate school in one of her two areas of interest, film or international relations. “I will see what graduate school I get accepted to and whether I can get financial aid. Even if I don’t get to graduate school, I want to work one year after my graduation in the United States. Then I will decide if I go back to Afghanistan or not.”

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Claire Martin ’95 is a freelance writer living in Los Angeles, California. She has been a mentor with the Afghan Women’s Writing Project since 2011.
SOPHIE’S CHOICE
Sophie Clarke ’ll thought she could survive the island. She did that and more. Photograph by Jon Roemer
Reality Check
An alum writes about her first-year roommate—who just happened to win Survivor.

By Madison Kahn '11

Sophie was the first person I met at Middlebury. On move-in day, I noticed Sophie struggling to carry her life's possessions up three stories to Battell's "Nunery," where I had just finished hauling mine. As I helped carry—and inevitably spill—boxes of clothes up the concrete stairway, we laughed and bonded over what silly implications our new home, "The Nunery," could have.

When we reached the top floor, I asked Sophie what room she was in. "Three oh five," she answered. "Hey, me too!" Sophie Clarke '11 would be my freshman-year roommate.

Sophie was a tough one to crack. She was hesitant to offer up a window into her life, so I was usually the one overcompensating by throwing the door open to mine. Sophie wasn't shy or cold; she simply had more layers than most. As I paraded around with a rowdy gaggle of field hockey players, I would often see Sophie in the dining hall with a small group of close friends—people who spent enough time with her to unfold some of her layers.

Whenever I walked into our room, Sophie would be hunched over her desk, poring over a new problem set or another Russian novel. She was so focused that oftentimes she wouldn't even notice I had walked in. If I struggled with biology homework, I went to Sophie—as did the rest of our hall—even though she had never taken the class. It wasn't just that Sophie was smart; she knew how to unravel the nuances of a question. She was strategic in her thinking, and usually if she spent enough time with a problem, she could figure it out. Sophie could stay up until the early hours of the morning working on a paper, even if that meant sitting on the girls' bathroom floor because I had gone to bed. Whatever was necessary to get the job done.

At the end of freshman year, our hall put together a list of superlatives that characterized each girl according to the rest. Sophie's—"Most Likely to Many a Lax Bro"—couldn't have been further from the truth. Yet, I don't think anyone, much less Sophie herself, could've guessed her actual post-grad title—Reality TV Star, Winner of Survivor South Pacific.

Growing up, Sophie had watched the show with her family and picked it up again in college as a way to de-stress with friends. Taking after her father, Sophie would often yell at the contestants about what they should've done and would brag to friends about how good she would be on Survivor. One day in December of her senior year, Sophie's friend Sarafina Midzik '11 pushed her to earn those bragging rights. "We're making a video application so

THE FALLOUT
Sophie thought she had played a smart, aggressive game until she watched the show and saw herself portrayed as pretentious.
that you can get on this show,” Sarafina insisted.

The video showed off Sophie’s extremes. Dressed in a lab coat, Sophie looked up from a microscope to tell the camera why her smarts would bring home the big bucks; moments later, she replaced the science garb with an '80s ski suit, showing viewers she could bring her game to the slopes as well. Her over-the-

A month later Sophie received a call from CBS casting.

Sophie stuck with the same über-confident persona throughout the requisite series of aggressive interviews. “I wanted to seem genuine so that it didn’t appear like I was putting up some kind of shit,” Sophie told me. Yet, she admits that it was like acting. “I had the way I talked to professors, the way I talked to friends, and then the way I talked to Survivor casting.”

The acting became part of Sophie’s lifestyle during that final spring at Middlebury.

Sworn to secrecy by CBS, Sophie devised a clever cover for the mysterious hour-long phone conversations and the days she would sneak off to Los Angeles for interviews: Sophie would be leading trips in Russia for the summer.

Though her friends balked at her development, they were too busy enjoying their last days of college to question her plans. Meanwhile, Sophie was teaching herself how to skin a fish, start a fire, and crack a coconut. “I was physically there, but mentally, I was off in Survivorland.” As it got closer to filming, Sophie began to feel removed. “I couldn’t hang out with people who didn’t know because I wasn’t being genuine with them,” she told me. This was the biggest thing that had ever happened to Sophie, and she couldn’t tell a soul.

The day after graduation, Sophie left for Los Angeles. Those next 40 days were what she called “a living paranoia.” Surviving the island was only half the challenge; reentering life as a reality TV star was quite another.

Sophie returned from the island thinking she had played a smart, aggressive game, only to realize when the show aired that the editors had portrayed her as anything but. Her story didn’t really take shape until another cast member called her “pretentious.” When the people she thought she had bonded with echoed this sentiment, Sophie took a second look at herself. “I’m not overly friendly to people I don’t know, and sometimes I come off as aloof,” she admitted. For the first time in her life, Sophie received some critical feedback about who she was—and she found that just as difficult as surviving the island itself.

The other contestants weren’t the only ones judging Sophie. People on the Internet called her “Sophugly,” writing her off as a “smug elitist,” and a “smartarse” on Survivor forums. At first, Sophie was intimidated by this lack of privacy, but as time went by she felt liberated to be so exposed.

When people would insult her, Sophie would simply wonder if that was all they had to remark about. “I almost think being so exposed made me more true to myself because I couldn’t hide anything. I couldn’t pretend to be someone I’m not.”

Just as Sophie’s view of herself changed, so too did her notion of reality TV. While she once considered it trash, she has since done a 180, and now considers Survivor a life-changing experience. “Believe it or not,” Sophie told me, “Reality TV is real.” She said this with such persistence I almost had to believe her.

I could tell that this experience had affected her deeply. She seemed different, more mature and sure of herself. Rather than fighting her public image, she embraced it. Maybe Sophie knew who she was when she graduated, but now that the rest of the world had seen that person too, she seemed more comfortable letting others in.

For 40 days, Sophie starved, barely slept, and let a game of lies and betrayal consume her existence. But it also gave her a better sense of who she is, not to mention the fact that in the process of her self-discovery, she won a million bucks.

These days, Sophie has resumed life as a post-grad. She lives on the Upper East Side of New York City, five-minute walk from Mt. Sinai School of Medicine, where she is studying to become a doctor. Certain things bring her back to the island. When Sophie sees bananas at the fruit stand, she feels the warmth of the Pacific sun. Every morning she drinks a cup of coffee—a switch she made on the island after winning a bag in one of the show’s challenges. At times, Sophie will even wake up in the middle of the night on the hardwood floor, having moved there unconsciously from her bed, dreaming she’s still on the island.

Surviving the island was only half the challenge; reentering life as a reality TV star was quite another.
Cashing Out

Is it possible for our society to exist without cash?

By Matt Jennings

So, it appears that the physical paper dollar, that crumpled, bacteria-ridden, piece of filth that resides in your pocket—along with all its grubby cousins, coins—will one day, perhaps one day soon (!), go the way of the wampum, the animal pelt, the tobacco leaf as a form of tradable currency. That’s what David Wolman ’96 would like you to believe, and after reading his fascinating and thoroughly enjoyable book The End of Money: Counterfeiters, Preachers, Techies, Dreamers—and the Coming Cashless Society (Da Capo Press, 2012), I’m right there with him. Good riddance to the greenback, I say.

All I needed to know to come to this conclusion can be found in one sentence on page 28: “Traces of the bacteria staphylococcus have been detected on 94 percent of all U.S. dollar bills.” Never mind that, on the very next page, a friend of Wolman’s at the Centers for Disease Control essentially says that for people to become sick from dollar bills, they would need to be “sucking on banknotes or inserting them in their noses” to even put them at risk of becoming sick, to which I say, close enough. And indeed, Wolman joins me in being disgusted by food handlers who take a sweat-stained dollar from someone and then use the same contaminated fingers to drop a lemon into someone else’s drink. Gross, right?

Wolman’s case for the end of money goes far beyond the ick factor, though. As he points out, there are all kinds of reasons to get rid of cash. It’s the currency of crime, for one (think: robbery, counterfeiting, and drug dealing); it’s insanely expensive—and we’re not just talking about what it costs to actually make the currency but the cost of inefficiency associated with cash and cash transactions (or non-transactions); and it’s dangerous for reasons we don’t often think about (eco-costs, for example).

Throughout the book, Wolman finds fascinating characters to shed light on the inadequacies and toxicity of cash, and he spends just as much time talking about what it will (and should) replace cash in the coming years. Wolman is a contributing editor at Wired magazine, so it shouldn’t come as a surprise to find him spending a fair amount of time addressing the number of digital alternatives—and their inventors, champions, and pioneers—to cash transactions. (Some seem a little screwy to me, but others induce that familiar feeling of “of course,” followed by “why didn’t I think of that?”)

The most fun, though, might be the vicarious thrill of tagging along on Wolman’s Plimpton-esque journey of going cashless, himself, for a year. I won’t spoil anything, but there are some humorous moments where the rule of the given realm is still cash money. I should acknowledge that David Wolman is a friend of mine. We’ve published his writing in this magazine, and I’ve been an avid reader and champion of not only his magazine journalism but also his previous books (A Left-Hand Turn around the World and Righting the Mother Tongue). Yet all these connections aside, The End of Money is just the type of book that curious readers, like me, would naturally gravitate toward. And I wasn’t disappointed. You won’t be, either.
Fans of Eudora Welty, who died in 2001, will joyfully immerse themselves in yet another aspect of the much-loved and complex author, and lovers of gardens will discover a kindred spirit (or three) within One Writer's Garden: Eudora Welty's Home Place (University Press of Mississippi, 2011), by Susan Haltom and Jane Roy Brown '75.

Playing off the title of another Welty favorite—One Writer's Beginnings, her 1984 memoir in which she chronicled her life along with some instruction on how to write—Haltom and Brown have delivered an equally evocative narrative of a family garden, a fading Southern culture, and a span of time and history from the 1920s to postwar America.

For those who know Welty’s work, 1119 Pinehurst Street in Jackson, Mississippi, is as familiar an address as one’s childhood home. It was from here, after all, that she wrote so many of the stories that have earned a lasting place among modern short stories. But this beautiful book unearths a different and deeply rich glance into the Welty home that many have not seen before.

Haltom first became engaged in the project as a local gardener in Jackson, when she approached the aging Welty with an interest in revitalizing the family garden. The Welty home and surrounding gardens had been a celebrated centerpiece at the hands of a younger Eudora and her mother, Chestna, who had designed the original garden in 1925. Tended with care by Eudora for decades after that, it had fallen into disarray in the few years after Welty died in 2001. Affirmed that the garden had indeed offered both solace and inspiration for her. Haltom and Brown have included several writings that were previously unpublished, including literary passages and excerpts from her private correspondence. They highlight not only the connections to Welty and her writing, but also to the time period in which she lived. Divided into four parts, the book covers the gardening seasons and also illuminates four decades of radically evolving Southern images of Southern flora in her writing—“The Worn Path,” “Flower for Marjorie” and “A Good Man Is Hard to Find” are but a few—and the authors of this book help draw those connections, giving one a better understanding of the role that flowers and gardens play in her works. One passage reads as follows:

References to flowers and gardens colored her fiction and correspondence. Their consistent presence in her writing reveals that the flower garden lay at the heart of her inner world, sustaining her creativity and stirring her imagination.

Complementing the authors’ well-tended prose is a rich collection of full-page images by noted landscape photographer Langdon Clay, who captured the revitalized garden at all its current seasonal highpoints.

This is truly a book to be relished over time and enjoyed for many years to come. The pages are silky smooth; even the type is carefully laid out. The heft of the book itself encourages long leisurely reading by a sunlit window.

—Blair Kloman, MA English ’94

Recently Published

Anna: Her Calling by Helen Prentice Theimer ’47

Leaving Sophie Dean (5 Spot, 2012) by Alexandra Whitaker, Spanish ’79


In Uncertain Times: American Foreign Policy after the Berlin Wall and 9/11 (Cornell University Press, 2011) by Melvyn P. Leffler and Jeffrey W. Legro ’82

Photographs by Tad Merrick
From the editor: In a continuation of noting what members of this class were doing after graduation, here are some examples from the March 1937 News Letter.

**Henry Kirwin** is in the Group Department of the Aetna Life Insurance Co. stationed in the Newark Office. **Richard Dempewolf** has a position in the editorial rooms of the Literary Digest, New York City. **Elizabeth Rivenburgh** is studying at Western Reserve School of Nursing. **Jane Masterson** is in the house mother at George Junior Republic, Freeville, New York. **Howard Cady** is manager of the Ski Shop at Bon Marche, Lowell, Mass. **Helen Baker** is employed by the Prudential Life Insurance Co. **Mary Williams** is teaching in the high school at Eaton, New York.

**REUNION CLASS** The September 1937 News Letter had an interesting article called "Commencement Reflections: An Interview with Grace E. Monty '22." Miss Monty, who was blind, returned to campus with other alumni for a reunion and to attend the 1937 commencement. When asked how she could "see" to meet that weekend, she said immediately, "Through the eyes of memory, imagination, and friends." Here are some excerpts from her reflections: "The familiar scene of Class Day exercises on lower campus had a glorious setting as far as weather and glowing spirits were concerned. The traditional dairy chain and long line of young graduates made a scene fit for the gods. The exercises were enjoyed more than in previous years because of the use of a loud speaker, which enabled us to hear every word and helped to drown out the constant chatter among the groups gathered here and there. For even though the "alums" were interested in seeing and hearing about the progress of the present day student body, they were apt to be overcome with the joy of reuniting with their own associates of former days. However, the Class History, Prophecy and Will were most entertaining and gave us a glimpse into the life of the College and is today. An outstanding event was the Barbecue held at one o'clock—a new institution, established at Middlebury three years ago. A large tent was erected in front of the gymnasium, and tables with delicious eats graced the interior. Miss Dutton was mainly responsible for the inviting food, served cafeteria style to the guests. The alumni sat at their Class tables and expressed much enthusiasm for the program and the repast. The College band playing outside the tent provided the musical setting. And in the clever musical skits given by representatives of the senior class, it was possible to review in an entirely different background some of the scenes of the undergraduate performance of "Bavarian Night" produced last winter." Miss Monty enjoyed all the informal events from the baseball game that was won by the seniors to the tea on the lawn of the president's home, the class suppers, and the informal dance. Next issue, there will be excerpts from her reflections on the commencement.

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Classmates please take note that a few thoughtful "mates" do send news, which is most appreciated! I'm sure you enjoy reading them and it would be very much appreciated if you would do the same. Ray Brainard wrote to me: To quote him, "I read with interest about some of the people in our class. I am presently confined to a wheelchair due to some falls and still live at the Forum at Desert Harbor in Arizona. I remember being at your home in New Jersey for a gathering of those about to enter Middlebury. It was a very good choice, I think, for all of us. This note is being written by my principal caregiver, Krystal, who has been with me for 12 years. Best regards to all who you talk with and see." **A phone call in January from Polly Overton Camp** said that her three sons plus grandchildren visited her at her home in Southbury, Conn., over the holidays. One of her grandsons will be married in March. She received an education that enriched her life, of her life. She met her beloved husband, Ray Skinner, while there and several lifelong friends. She enjoyed learning to ski on the chapel hill and enjoyed the Mountain Club hikes. She loved the service in the chapel on Sundays with the choir. **Edith Egbert Bennett** remembers the fun she had as a member of a sorority, especially the dances and the parties. She also enjoyed attending football games. She laughs about her attempts to learn to ski. She remembers her literature classes and became an avid reader. **Gertrude Bittle Gould** resides in an adult home in Goshen, N.Y. Her fondest memory of college days was walks with her husband-to-be, Tom. **Jeannette Olson Gould** is in an assisted living facility in Beaverton, Ore., near her son. She's in good health and good spirits. She frequently talks about her wonderful days at Middlebury. **Jane Masterson** is a house mother at George Junior Republic, Freeville, New York. **Donald Cook**, serving as the chaplain at the College, reports that Miss Martha, while there and several lifelong friends. She loved the service in the chapel on Sundays with the choir.

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We have come to the end of our messages that classmates sent to R.C. Anderson for the 70th reunion. Here are the last two: Bobbie Carrick Brooker sent a message from after college. "Since left the middle of our sophomore year and was married in 1938, I was not paying a lot of attention to world affairs until England got into the war. Obviously when we did join the war and Walter "s went into the Navy, I was focused. By that time we had two kids and life was quite different for some time." Bobbie recently moved to the Lodge at Otter.
Creek and has a new address: 350 Lodge Rd., #416, Middletown, VT 05753. Her phone number is 802-438-3356. • R.C. Anderson wrote about his post-Middlebury years and here are some excerpts: “After our graduation in 1949, I spent most of that summer working on Bread Loaf, after which I embarked on the hike of the Long Trail for W. Stors Lee ’28. I then went to Cambridge, Mass., having been accepted in the graduate school at MIT, and booked half a room with five other students in a tenement on Mass. downwind of the Necco factory. I enjoyed my stay there. But we were given to understand that the U.S. was already virtually at war and the MIT faculty recommended we put our nascent scientific talents to immediate use. I found a position at Merck & Co. in Rahway, N.J., was cleared, and was put on a then-secret project of the U.S. Office of Medical Research, which turned out to be to synthesize penicillin, the newly discovered wonder drug, then in very limited supply. I was attached to a very strong, talented group of organic chemists, one of whom was Stanton Harris ’24, a brilliant, laid-back country boy, who was born and raised on a farm just west of the College. I spent the war at Merck, doing bench chemistry on [brackets removed] penicillin base and trying to make it a racemic acid. In 1945, as W.W.II ended, a consultant to Merck, a professor at Princeton, invited me to pursue a PhD there, which I earned in 1948. My thesis adviser and mentor was Everett Walls, who was born and raised in Watsfield, VT. Walls was admired for his testimony in a legal case in which the addition of vitamin D to flour for making bread was challenged as adulteration. Walls pointed out that since vitamin D was of a higher value than flour, the addition amounted, in fact, to enrichment.”

[Ed. note: We are extremely sorry to report that Loring Pratt, your correspondent, passed away on March 13. Our condolences are sent to his family.]

Correspondent Elizabeth Wolflington Hubbard-Ovens reports: I received a letter from Barbara Busing Harris ’46 from the Taylor Community in New Hampshire. She enclosed an article from the local paper, the Laconia Daily Sun, with a photo of Ginny Brooks Hutton and her great-granddaughter, Emma Noel, during a centennial celebration of the Girl Scouts held at her community. Ginny joined the Girl Scouts in 1928 when she was living in Springfield, VT, and stayed active until 1935. Eight years later, in 1943, she was “commissioned enough to enlist with the U.S. Marine Corps and served her country as a first lieutenant overseeing a post exchange in Arlington, Va.” Emma, who has been a Girl Scout most of her young life, will travel in June to Savannah, Ga., where Juliette Low founded the Girl Scouts in 1912, for a 100th-anniversary camporee. Barbara Harris added that Ginny still lives in her own cottage and leads one of the exercise classes at Taylor a couple times a week. • I recently found a dance card from 1939 among my things. I have quite a few in a dusty scrapbook, but this one is a treasure. It was for the Winter Carnival Ball and was personalized by Glenn Miller! He and his orchestra played at that ball in McCulloch Gymnasium. The card says the chaperones were President and Mrs. Paul Moody, Dean Eleanor Ross, the Pattersons, and the Winmans.


42 REUNION CLASS

Bill Hennefreund died last November after a writing life that took him from editor of Middlebury’s campus newspaper, the Annapolis group doesn’t travel much now that wife Frances requires him to stay close to home. He commented that the company may be better, about the only one that would hire him and keep him at work a 90-year-old. • Stu Walker also a reviewer of music records, especially those of his circle friends. He remains well and when I talked with him he was sitting on his deck, admiring a splendid California sunset and sipping a bit of Bud surmised that if he’d been a smoker he would have had much more trouble with his heart. Although no longer raising dogs for Seeing Eye training, Dumont Rush says he and Peggy now do frequent “dog sitting” for traveling neighbors, which his neighbors appreciate and, as Dumont says, provides a “dog fix” for him without having to care for a dog full time. They both remain well.

• Roger Easton is now at the nursing facility of the Wheelock Terrace retirement community, 32 Buck Rd., Hanover, NH 03755. Wife Barbara also has a room at Wheelock Terrace and is able to visit Roger daily. • The year of 2011 was much better than 2010, reports Bud Nims. In late 2010, he had a long hospitalization with a severe viral infection and winter and was discharged ten days before the beginning of spring. Bud surmised that if he’d been a smoker he would not have survived. He has four great-grandchildren, 10 grandchildren, and eight kids in his local area and expected to see them all this past Christmas. In January he was working 20 hours a week at his usual job at Walmart; he commented that the company may be about the only one that would hire and keep at work a 90-year-old. • Although no longer raising dogs for Seeing Eye training, Dunmont Rush says he and Peggy now do frequent “dog sitting” for traveling neighbors, which his neighbors appreciate and, as Dumont says, provides a “dog fix” for him without having to care for a dog full time. They both remain well.

43 Correspondent Jean Jordan Sheld reports: I had an amazing conversation with Jane Bostford Armstrong. Because she has become almost blind, she has put away the hammer, chisel, and power tools she previously used to carve in marble and is now working in clay. She described the piece she’s working on as “a mountain lion that has been sleeping and is disturbed by a butterfly on its tail.” She explained that this could not have been done in marble because of the way the legs are extended and the body is twisted. Although she had felt depressed when she had to give up carving in marble, she is finding this medium very rewarding. Jane has also worked in bronze. In fact, she made the bronze intertwined sea horses that can be seen by the swimming pool at the Equinox Resort and Spa in Manchester, VT. Recalling her Middlebury days, she told how she carved a snow sculpture for Winter Carnival, a six-foot seated woman, and it won first prize. Years later she carved a head of Robert Frost from marble, which is now located at the Bread Loaf Inn. She commented that the role of correspondent, you can contact the alumni editor, Betty Brigham Barrett, at breadloafinn@middlebury.edu.

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used in figure skating. He sang in the Dayton Philharmonic Chorus and each year led the Troy Mayor's Concert, Wife Harriet (Lindenberg) '44 died in 2009. * I also deeply regret to report the death of Delia Moorehead at her home in Camden, Maine, on January 6, following a sudden stroke. In 1943 Dick entered the Army Air Force Cadet Program, becoming a pilot and flying B-24 bombers. Then he went to Harvard Graduate School of Design in 1945 where he obtained a master's in architecture and began a lifelong diverse area of work, ranging from the design of buildings atop Mt. Washington to dwellings on his beloved Vinalhaven Island in Maine, working on the latter nearly up to the time of his death. He was one of the most friendly, thoughtful, and talented members of our class, the possessor of a delightfully humorous way of looking at life, whose glass was always at least half full even during his later years when he dealt courageously with severe physical impairments without complaint. Condolences have been expressed to his wife, Lee (Van Leuven) '45, with whom he shared 66 years of married life.

—Class Correspondents: Dr. John S. Cade (jgade2@comcast.net), 24 Canterbury Rd., Gloucester MA 01930; Jean Jordan Shiled (jshiled@highglobal.net), 4408 Winthrop Rd., Monee, IL 60449

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Hugh Taft is at home in Hanover, N.H., where he and Barbara have been living for 13 years. Although Hugh has let someone else take over his role as president of Kendal Residence Council and has given up downhill skiing for cross-country, he and Barbara are fully into their favorite activities, including many of the cultural opportunities offered by nearby Dartmouth College. "Now," he asks, "did I get to do all the things I'm into now before I retired?" Some family is also close by, so there are few dull moments. No, he doesn't miss presiding over his computer-based business (Vernont Research Corp.), which he founded back in 1960 in Springfield, VT, 40 miles downriver from Hanover. Son Rod (MIT-trained like his dad) keeps Hugh informed on how sophisticated and competitive the marketing and sales business (which Rod loves) is these days. Daughter Pamela, who has worked for 31 years on the World Food Program for the UN, now lives in Springfield, VT. Daughter Martha is in D.C. with her husband, who works in software for several years on the World Food Program for the UN, now lives in Springfield, VT. Daughter Martha is in D.C. with her husband, who works in software for

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Lee Woodwell Bush writes: "Last October Arch and I spent a week on Cape Cod, visiting a nephew in South Dennis and Faith Freeman Twombly in nearby Chatham. It was our first reunion with Faith in 10 years and we were happy to find her in good health and spirits. She has her own apartment in her daughter's home, giving her a feeling of security, yet living quite an independent life. She still drives and meets friends for coffee and conversation daily. She is living on the property owned in her family for many generations and has written a beautiful memoir about her own life and the history of her family in that area. Faith and I were roommates during her last semester at Midd and it was great to be together again." From Florida Gordon Mathews sent several pieces he has shared with the editor of the Naples Daily News. My favorite is (quoting) "Re: Help to an ailing world. The help is all in a song by Johnny Mercer: 'You've got to be together again.' Don't mess with Mister In-Between.'" Gets your feet moving too, right? Marion and Ray Walch continue to do well in Florida. He says he's keeping out of trouble, watching Ellen on TV, reading Jane Grey, watching the neighbors, phonng relatives, eating, and sleeping carefully (no falling out of bed). He's stopped going to several doctors and finished up with the pain clinic. Their 10 grandchildren keep them interested across the way. Kesari remembers from his boyhood in the Aleutian Islands with a niece at the start of the war. He writes, "I was aware that fighting was going on there then, but I had no idea of the extent of it. After visiting the kids, I have decided to move to assisted living in Homer, Alaska, in the spring of 2013. I like to think of it as the beginning of a new part of my life and not the beginning of the end of it." Betty Adell McCord checked in from Florida to say, "Everything is going well—just more slowly." For me, I am enjoying live HD opera from the Met at Peterborough Players until it is downloadable. Keep in touch. Mew." —Class Correspondent: Mary Elizabeth Witsel

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Nancy Rathgeb Smith is most grateful to be feeling well and to have had all her family for Christmas (15 people and four dogs). She's thankful they all have such fun together. Daughter Sara's son is a sophomore at Skidmore and son Scott's daughter is a sophomore at the Univ. of Michigan.

Bibbie said she was really comfortable in Florida, having chosen year-round residence in her Venice home where the weather "feels friendly all year—not just the winters John and I spent here when he was around." * Elihu Wing, who also died in April, had taught Latin, Chinese, and Vietnamese at Skidmore in Rhode Island and the Dominican Republic, but remains connected to Midd in the presence of his granddaughter, Jacquelyn Breckenridge. Class of 2014.* Jane Stearns Brown had lived on Martha's Vineyard for some time when she passed away last April. She has mentioned her old home in Oak Bluffs and retired from a long teaching career away from the Vineyard. Having the company of family and friends, plus the time for the poetry she loved to write, she was, she tells us a couple of years ago, "so happy to watch the seasons come and go in the place I've known since my childhood—but only in summertime." * On December 21, just past midnight, Marylou Graham Atkins died peacefully at home with family at her side. For 10 years, she and Neil had faithfully prepared this column and she had lived long enough to proudly meet four great-grandchildren. We will, of course, keep our departed 018 classmates in mind as we think about May 2014. * Class Correspondents: Ralph Wheaton Evans (mew@verizon.net), 80 Salisbury St., Unit 603, Woonsocket, RI 02895; Elizabeth King Dandh sent her annual Christmas letter and here is an excerpt: "This year brought some big surprises. On the Fourth of July, I got an e-mail from a group of high school students that I had taught in Auburn, Mass., sometime during the '50s. Supposing that I might by now be dead, one had Googled me, then gone on somehow to find an e-mail address. Probably the brightest group that ever fell into my hands, this crew has prospered. I remember them only as a group of '60s adolescents, sometimes full of jokes, sometimes full of wisdom. They continue to write and I'm delighted. Some send photographs of themselves, others have their doggie with them, but one in particular has a large flock. I try, I still see them as they were, and I still call them the Kids." She talks about the violence they hear of in the Rio Grande Valley where they live then adds, "This morning when I went out to pick up the newspaper, a peacock was in the front yard, finishing off the ornamental cabbage plants I had set in the garden. A very big Mr. Peacock, and sometimes they perch on the roof of the house across the way. Kesari remembers from his boyhood in the Indian desert how much damage these birds can do to a roof, and he worries, but if this is all the violence we run into here, why worry? I received a Christmas card from Fred "Ted" Kelly that includes a photo of him, the proud dad, with his three daughters and one son. There was also a photo of a painting given by him to the Popham Circle of "The Fort of Popham, Maine," in memory of wife Priscilla Bryant Kelly who died in 2004. We remember her as "Pat," Class of 1944. Ted says he still smokes one cigar a day and drinks a good drink a day—everything in moderation. He was a close friend of the late Philip Dunham in the time they shared at Middlebury. "Alise Southworth Twible and Harlan visited Callaway Gardens in Georgia with daughter Barbara last fall. They are pulling back a bit from Alice singing in the choir of the First Baptist Church in Sarasota, Fl., and Harlan from his speaking tours to high schools and civic organizations. There comes a time." * Dottie Laux O'Brien sent an obit for Peter Stanlis '42, a senior when she was a freshman. He was president of the Literary Club, and she was the secretary. There is a photo of them in a Kalendscope. She wrote several books and many articles about his friend and mentor, poet Robert Frost. He used to visit Dottie in Manchester on his way to the Robert Frost Stone House to give a lecture. "Janet Kemp Doell spent two months in Alaska last summer, near Anchorage and in Homer, visiting with four of her children who live up there and some of their families. She was even the officiator at the wedding of one of her granddaughters and felt so honored to be asked. She adds, "I took a ferry trip out to the Aleutian Islands with a niece at the start of the summer. One would think that the Second World War had just taken place when one is looking at the ruins and photographs of the action that happened there at the time. I was aware that fighting was going on there then, but I had no idea of the extent of it. After visiting the kids, I have decided to move to assisted living in Homer, Alaska, in the spring of 2013. I like to think of it as the beginning of a new part of my life and not the beginning of the end of it."
Several bits of news.

**Jeanne Picard Johnson**

Wesleyan in a Navy uniform. He is at home in the
town. They were married in May, and Betsy now has a pacemaker
which offers more care. She is in a nursing home in Shelburne, VT.

**Barbara Snow Cassedy** has moved to Chevy Chase, Md.,
where she is in a slightly smaller apartment and
finds it hard to fit in all her stuff. Driving from a
new location takes a bit of adjusting and unfortunately she has not found any Middlebury graduates around.

**After reunion Jean "Lucky" Luckhardt Stratton** and Bud spent seven weeks at their
cottage on Consins Island, Yarmouth, Maine, with
a variety of companions. Another plus is that Betsy Barclay Wales lives near our home in Yarmouth as she sees
her almost daily and they swim in Casco Bay. They have
continued their long-standing Scrabble competition for
which they've kept scores for 10 years. (Wow, I wonder how many games that is?) Lucky marvels at
their wonderful friendship spanning Middlebury days,
career days in Boston in the '40s, her years of being married to Betsy's older brother, and now
married to a high school classmate of Betsy's. Betsy
had another art show last summer in Yarmouth and
Jeanne Picard Johnson and her spouse came to
see the exhibit so they all had dinner together. In
the winter she visits Daytona Beach, her family in
Myerford, NJ, and right across the court from them
are their good friends Wil and Barbara Verdicchio Brinten '47.
Gloria Antolini Keyser has her first
great-grandchild, Hutch, who was born last May in
Denver. She has been on a mission but hopes to do so
this year.

**Mary Nasmith Means**, from Ashburn, Va.,
Mary Jane Selleck Hellekjaer from Bethsaida, Md.,
and Barbara "Flink" Flink Ewells from New Hampshire met once again for lunch at a
Tysons Corner, VA, Italian restaurant. Flink was visiting her daughter's family in Bethesda for a
couple of weeks as she leaves the cold winters
behind to head to the balmy weather of Florida for three months. Flinkie brought a picture of the
reunion group and Mary thought we all looked just like we did five years ago.

**Peg Rommer Jones** says her days are very busy with a lot of time
spent at the local hospital where she is chair of the
auxiliary-manned information desk, which involves
about 35 people, and the membership committee
for the auxiliary. In the summer she takes part in
water aerobic workouts, which she loves. It's about
the only nice part of a Florida summer.

**Mary Elizabeth Cummings Nordstrom** has a new
temporary full-time job at the computer. She's glad
to be of service to a type of couples written by a
babe he met in school and who was a former
"framed" by a disgruntled former partner. In jail he
is able to help unlucke, insolvent people to recover
from drugs. He's a one-man imbedded prison
mobility, and he uses his gardening talents to help with that. She
considers herself lucky to have good health, but says
she doesn't move as quickly as she used to.

Living in Olympia, Wash., Valerie Williams Burzik
is recovering from a bad accident. She was out
walking when the fog rolled in. She wasn't wearing
a reflective jacket and so was doubly cautious. She
had to cross a wide street, so waited until she could
discern no car in either direction. She was hit by
a car without lights, was thrown into the air,
and crashed down. Fortunately she was conscious and
could tell people who she was and where she lived. She
spent two to three weeks in the hospital waiting for
a skin graft to cover a big hole in her broken leg.
Then she spent three MORE weeks in a nursing
facility and rehab. Three months later, she can walk
with a cane. She is grateful that they live with their
son and daughter-in-law. They took care of her
husband, her correspondence, and other necessary
chores.

A sad email from Martha "Pat" Harvey Oehler
informed me that she had received word
that Bobby Van Aken Smith had died in October.
Pat wrote that Bobby had spent two long years in a
skilled nursing facility after the death of her husband.

I am also sorry to report that two more members
of our class have departed this world.

John '47 "Val" Valerie Williams Burkig
passed away on September 8 and
George Martin died on November 9.
We send our condolences to their families.

**Virginia "Jinny" Stowell James** is looking forward to
their 62nd wedding anniversary in June and to
our 65th reunion in Middlebury. The highlight
of their challenging year was daughter Hillary's
visit last November, which included a traditional
Thanksgiving meal at Jinny's sister Cindy's home in
Guilford. As for your class correspondent, I tutor
two adults and one teenager in Spanish, all twice
a week, play mah-jongg Friday mornings, and am
a partial caregiver for my 92-year-old sister. Keep
thinking Middlebury and reunion June 8–10.

**Class Correspondent: Jeanette Atkins Lounsbury (jlohnson26@comcast.net), 9726 SW 195 Circle,
Dundee, FL 33837.**

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**REUNION CLASS**

I have received a number of notes from
our classmates saying they
have no news. However, all are alive, alert, and
well or "well-ish." That, in itself, is good news.

**Ruth Barber Toner** called to say she had no news,
but we had a delightful conversation about past
experiences at Mudl. We talked about the possibility
of meeting at the reunion in June.

**Helen Prentice Theimer**'s new book, *Alice: Her Calling*,
is available at Amazon. She is also
Helen Prentice Theimer rather than Helen Prentice. Helen reported that
Sama, Eunice Goodfellow Ratzade's daughter,
had called and said that her mother's memory is
"full." 

**Jean Mace Burnell** hopes to attend the
reunion, but writes that "time will tell." The same
is true for Muriel Mack Lampert. Muriel suffered
a stroke last March and spent time in a hospital,
followed by a stay in a rehabilitation center and then
home care. The stroke affected her right side and
she can no longer write or speak. She is trying hard to improve her health so
that she'll be able to attend in June.

**Joyce Walsh Heath** is delighted with her move to the Lodge at Otter Creek in Middlebury. She has a cottage
with two bedrooms, two baths, a living room with an
entertainment center, a sunroom, and an attached garage.
She's as busy as she was in Brandon. She leads a Friday
morning exercise class, monitors the Lodge library,
belongs to a knitting club, is a member of the Life
Stories Committee, plays the recorder with a fellow
resident on Saturdays, and volunteers at the Sheldon
Museum. In addition, she returns to Brandon twice
a week to work in the Lifes' Office and continues
to serve as treasurer of the Brandon Library.

In Martinsville, Va., Jean Gunther continues to
be busy distributing food at the Food Bank. She doesn't
mind the physical work of the pantry, but resents
the quantity of government paperwork involved.
The computer she has makes her life easier, and
she uses her gardening talents to help with that. She
considers herself lucky to have good health, but says
she doesn't move as quickly as she used to.

Living in Olympia, Wash., Valerie Williams Burzik
is recovering from a bad accident. She was out
walking when the fog rolled in. She wasn't wearing
a reflective jacket and so was doubly cautious. She
had to cross a wide street, so waited until she could
discern no car in either direction. She was hit by
a car without lights, was thrown into the air,
and crashed down. Fortunately she was conscious and
could tell people who she was and where she lived. She
spent two to three weeks in the hospital waiting for
a skin graft to cover a big hole in her broken leg.
Then she spent three MORE weeks in a nursing
facility and rehab. Three months later, she can walk
with a cane. She is grateful that they live with their
son and daughter-in-law. They took care of her
husband, her correspondence, and other necessary
chores.

**Class Correspondent: Jeannette Atkins Lounsbury (jlohnson26@comcast.net), 9726 SW 195 Circle,
Dundee, FL 33837.**

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**Correspondent Elizabeth Bredenberg News** reports:
Several of you sent Yuletide greetings and
bits of news. Jean Webster Skoien
and husband Bud spent last summer in northern Georgia
where the very hot weathre we were all experiencing
is still in her same house but thinking about a
possible change. She doesn't do as much volunteer
work as she used to except occasionally helping at
the Alzheimer's office but she does play bridge
twice a month. Last Thanksgiving she went to
Sonora, Mass., for thanksgiving and friends there.
How much will she miss him, his encouragement
and love. She will particularly miss their visits to
Middlebury seeing loved ones and family as well as
her beloved college! She plans to spend time in
Phoenix with her daughter and in Denver with her
son's family, where she spent Christmas and
New Year's.

**Bette Royce**, with brother Bob
and his wife, Nancy, took a trip to New England
last fall. She flew to Wisconsin, then a ferry with
Bob and Nancy across Lake Michigan to visit their
granddaughter in Grand Rapids. From there
they headed to the Berkshires to see a niece and
family friend. On the way back, they visited
her son's family, where she spent Christmas and
New Year's. They drove to Boston in the '40s,
where they kept their mortarboards on.

Granddaughter Anna Mackey is in her second year at
Midd and
is in her same house but thinking about a
possible change. She doesn't do as much volunteer
work as she used to except occasionally helping at
the Alzheimer's office but she does play bridge
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Granddaughter Anna Mackey is in her second year at
Midd and
got to them too.  Irngrid Nierhaus Stebbins had son Andy '82 and family arriving from Australia on December 23 for two weeks.  Joan
Sherman Kiebow, who lives in Georgia, traveled ten days to visit family.  Jim Pres '47 and Joan Spross Carr spent their usual six months in Arizona this winter. They don't have a white Christmas but every December 24 their community puts on luminaries. They were looking forward to a visit from their daughter and son-in-law, who was about to be born.

A card came from Esther 'Penny' Henderson Frederic, who has recovered from two years of physical problems and is still living in her house on Lake George.  Dave '49 and Perry Maurer Thompson were vacationing on Cape Cod last summer when they were notified that water was running down the sides of their house in Panton, Vt., and it was unlivable. It took all fall to restore the contents and return to normal life.  Karl '49 and Juliet Carrington Reed live in a spacious retirement community near Kennett Square, Pa. Their family in Colorado has drawn them out there recently.  Besides reconnecting with friends and family on the East Coast, they take trips to Middlebury where they lived for 30 years. She can't believe how the College has expanded. In Seattle, she volunteers for the Seattle Cancer Care Alliance, developing an online support group for cancer survivors.

We are finally recovering from seemingly endless snow and fog. Now looking towards spring and travel in the military service.  Wally and Jane are interested in helping at the Boys and Girls Club around the world through Direct Relief. He's also reading, packs medicines and supplies for the needy through the sudden death of a son, she discovered homeopathy and a doctor who set her back on a health path once again. Several years ago she visited Middlebury and went up to Bread Loaf and recaptured the magic of that area, our College, and old memories of ski coach Joe Jones. "I could almost imagine myself hanging on to the old rope tow." We can still picture you on your skis, Joan.  Our "outstanding alumna," Betty Nelson, writes that she is chairman of a market research company and also a nonexecutive director of a digital company called TexaBuy, which is a cell phone that you can aim at a poster, store promotion, or an ad in a magazine, then click the camera and you have bought the item. Betty's daughter's two eldest children are in medical school and #3 is on the way. Her son's boys are more interested in arts and languages.  Joan Allen Armour said in her Christmas letter that they had just returned from a wonderful vacation in Cabo, at the tip of the Mexican Baja. They've lived in Santa Barbara, Calif., for three years now and life is great. They were happy to miss all the storms in the East. They haven't yet met any of the "stars" that live around them, but they invite us ALL to visit!  Norm '53, in addition to walking and reading, packs medicines and supplies for the needy around the world through Direct Relief. He's also interested in helping at the Boys and Girls Club and still plays golf. Joan goes to fitness classes and swims in a book club. She also reads children's stories in the "Tree House at the Zoo" and helps at the Boys and Girls Club. Happiness has been trips to Oregon and Alaska and having friends come to visit. It was great to see them at reunion during their trip East.  A letter from Bill Stewart told that he had suffered a broken hip and eventually had a hip replacement, which occupied most of 2011. We wish you well. Bill's note was on an Arbor Day Foundation card, which he supports.  Meg Curry Gregg sent a page of beautiful pictures of their "Life in the Country 2011." Her husband Don is writing his memoirs, so we'll be interested to see it when he becomes published. Your peaceful country living must be quite a change from your past life of traveling and service.  Wally and Jane Walker Nutting are moving in a lovely new retirement community, which happens to be on the road where Janis grew up and a few miles from Wally's home. They've taken two beautiful town and families live in the area; another's in Plattsburgh and one's in Florida. "We continue to treasure each member of these two generations who follow us."  Marshall Figgatt has relocated permanently to Radleigh, Conn., to be near eldest son Tom and his wife, who is about to be married. Her grandson, 1st Lt. Tom Figgatt, who is the executive officer for Alpha Company, 2nd Tank Battalion, known as "Masters of the Iron Horse," in Afghanistan. These tanks help to save the lives of other Marines. We're sure you're very proud of him, Marshall, and we pray for his safety. Marshall served as a Marine in WWII, before attending Middlebury.

Jeanne Hutchinson writes that she and Mort '47 are still living in two different homes, one near the mountains and one near the ocean. Their family in Colorado has drawn them out there recently.  Sandra Rockwell Riebow, who lives in Georgia, traveled to her family's home. She's been in the VA hospital in Baltimore, Md. On his 60th birthday, he had a stroke and was unable to walk or talk. He doesn't plan to return to Midd for any reunions, and his wife, who has had a locksmith career since 1990, has visited the College, and especially during the annual trek to the Day Foundation card, which he supports.  He's also interested in helping at the Boys and Girls Club and still plays golf. Joan goes to fitness classes and swims in a book club. She also reads children's stories in the "Tree House at the Zoo" and helps at the Boys and Girls Club. Happiness has been trips to Oregon and Alaska and having friends come to visit. It was great to see them at reunion during their trip East.  A letter from Bill Stewart told that he had suffered a broken hip and eventually had a hip replacement, which occupied most of 2011. We wish you well. Bill's note was on an Arbor Day Foundation card, which he supports.  Meg Curry Gregg sent a page of beautiful pictures of their "Life in the Country 2011." Her husband Don is writing his memoirs, so we'll be interested to see it when he becomes published. Your peaceful country living must be quite a change from your past life of traveling and service.  Wally and Jane Walker Nutting are moving in a lovely new retirement community, which happens to be on the road where Janis grew up and a few miles from Wally's home. They've taken two beautiful
John Bowker ’52 recounts the beginning of the College radio station.

T he "bug" to build a radio station at the College was planted when I was a senior at Middlebury High School in 1948. I had found a way to broadcast the home basketball games from the press box in the school’s gymnasium using a small radio transmitter I had built at home. My audience consisted entirely of the spectators in the stands because the range of my radio station was 200 feet.

The idea of building a radio station for Middlebury College became an obsession and, during the summer months before my freshman year, I learned how to build a more powerful transmitter using parts supplied by Prof. Ben Wissler, chairman of the College physics department. I also learned from Prof. Wissler that the regulations of the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) limit the distance any radio signal can travel without a license. To maintain a license requires expensive equipment and we felt that it was better to try out the idea of a radio broadcast station for the College before spending a lot of money.

It took less than two weeks once that new transmitter was tested to realize that its signal could be heard as far away as Lake Dunmore, which was illegal for an unlicensed station. So I had to invent a way to cover all the dormitories with much less power.

The class bell system came in handy here. Each dormitory and major building had bells that would ring to warn students of their class times. I discovered the wiring system would carry good quality sound if properly connected. I could then play music from a point on campus where the wire was available from the nearest other station on that frequency was in Atlanta.

The only thing I didn’t have was a good place for the studio. My family home in Middlebury was located at 129 Adirondack View. My parents had become intrigued with my idea and volunteered to let me clean out a small building in the backyard that had been used as a chicken house for about 10 years! I began to clean it out to use as a studio, but soon realized this was a two-man job.

One day walking back from class, I fell into step with another freshman, Larry Draper ’52, who was staying in a private home down the hill from Adirondack View. He immediately expressed interest in the idea of starting a radio station. We agreed that I would get the station on the air, and he would schedule the programs after helping clean out the chicken house. Larry scraped the walls and floor for the better part of a week while I built the equipment, and we washed the place out with a garden hose each night. Then we painted. In less than two weeks, we had a rather respectable radio studio with all new equipment!

Recruiting! As soon as the Campus newspaper announced the plan to start the station, Larry’s problem was one of trying to get too many applicants into an eight-hour broadcasting day! Overall, the student staff at the start totaled 39 with interests in announcing, engineering, advertising, music, and drama.

The momentous hour arrived at 3 p.m., Sunday, May 1, 1949. By then an upstairs room in the Bowker chicken house had been outfitted with a couple of microphones and a special rear entrance had been constructed. All of our regular programs would come from the chicken house, but we had invited college “brass” to take part in that inaugural broadcast and the chicken house just didn’t seem right. The opening program lasted just 90 minutes and consisted of an open house broadcast followed by a brief welcoming statement by College president Samuel Stratton. The rest of the inaugural broadcast included taped interviews with attendees at the annual Middlebury Culture Conference, which had just concluded, a selection of classical music, and news stories about their program plans by each of the main announcers who had volunteered and passed our voice test. Regular programs began the following morning at 6:30 a.m.

School closed three weeks later and the station went off the air for the summer. But two students, Jim Kitchell ’51 and Sid Kay ’50, had stepped forward to handle the administrative aspects of our growing organization. They worked with the College administration to have the station recognized as a College activity and to get some space on the campus for the studios and equipment. The summer of 1949 was a busy and successful time for them.

Within a year WMCRS was installed in the Student Union Building—a structure later replaced by Proctor Hall. Four basement rooms were set up for a formal studio, another for a control room, and others for news and record storage. Students were most generous in donating phonograph records that provided the mainstay of our programs. By the spring of 1950 the time had come to replace the original music turntables with modern equipment that could play both the regular records on the air, and the new 33 1/3 LP records that seemed to sound better than the 78s that had been exclusively in use (45 rpm would come a year later!). Rich’s Department Store downtown gave us two record players with the understanding that we would buy our records from them and would mention their gift on the air.

Our programs expanded to include live basketball and hockey games directly from Pepin Gym by means of some surplus army field wire that was available from the Vermont National Guard. Under cover of darkness, wire was strung alongside Route 30 with the realization that the wire would have to regularly be replaced because it was laid on the pavement. (It had to be replaced once during a game when a snowplow interrupted our play-by-play?)

I graduated from Middlebury College in 1952, leaving the station in the very capable hands of Bill Brackett ’53 and nearly 100 other students who then were active in its operation. One of the first improvements made by Bill was to change the call letters to a more conventional four-letter call sign, WRMU, after learning that no licensed station was using those call letters. Many improvements followed, including the installation of a real news ticker! Before that we’d have to listen to another radio station and quickly jot down their news reports for our own news programs.

In 1964 one of the most significant events occurred. I received a phone call at my New Jersey home from student Jiffy Starr Johnson ’66. She was wondering if the station could “go FM.” She’d found a way to finance the required equipment and was asking what might be done technically and legally. I drove to Middlebury the next weekend and took all the photos I needed to apply for an FM station, using space in Gifford Hall for a new antenna and FM transmitter. My employment with RCA included processing all radio license applications for that corporation so with the approval of the President and Fellows of Middlebury College, I prepared an application for a construction permit with the FCC, and in December 1967, they approved the requested 10-watt power rating that would give us good coverage of Middlebury, East Middlebury, and Cornwall. In February 1968, WRMU-FM came on the air with a 24-hour program schedule. A couple of years later the studios were moved to the second floor of Proctor Hall and, at their inception, contained the most complete radio studio facilities in the state of Vermont.

**The Bowker chicken coop**

**John Bowker ’52 and Larry Draper ’52**
confirmed by friend Barbara Bieber Zeiller. The house looks out on a lake and in winter, when it’s frozen, she regularly skis or snowshoes across it to the village of Freedom, N.H., for mail and a stop at the small volunteer-run store that sells local crafts and groceries. They found Bonnie Zeiller through Lee to learn of the death of husband John ’51 last year. It was, Barbara reported, a long, hard haul but after his death she decided to return to the town where they had lived for 23 years and where her daughters are still at home: Towson, Md. She is trying to make a new life at the Blakehurst Retirement Community in Towson and seems, by her own assessment, to be succeeding. • Janie Rupp Cooke was her perennially enthusiastic self on the phone and her news was at first all about her seven grandchildren: the eldest just out of college and living in Boston, three still in college, and three-age 15 in high school, basketball, and hockey. Janie herself isn’t skating—she’s been working on trying to ski again. A two-year bout of medical setbacks that started with a bad knee led her to intestinal difficulties and abdominal surgery, both the result of medications for the knee. Last year she had a full-knee replacement and she and her doctors were optimistic. • Lee and Janie will be back for our 60th, Barbara Zeiller probably will not. See you on campus! • I am sorry to report that Mary Roberts Hardesty died on November 12. Our sympathy goes to her family. • Correspondent Bill Huse reports: From Northfield, Vt., Fred Larsen says he is enjoying retirement following his 47-year career as a professor of geology at Norwich Univ. His teaching years also included a variety of geological expeditions, including a major project at the Muir Inlets, Glacier Bay, Alaska, as well as many summers spent mapping surficial deposits in the Russian North for the U.S. Geological Survey. When I talked to Fred on the phone, he and wife Maureen were preparing for a trip to Birmingham, Ala., to spend Christmas with their two daughters and several grandchildren. Both daughters are in the medical field—Kathy works at the VA Hospital, and Vicki in a Boston hospital. A third daughter, Gretchen, lives in Oakland, Calif., where she is employed by a major pharmaceutical company. Son Eric is an oncologist living and practicing in Maine. Fred generally enjoys good health, but experiences some mobility limitations as a consequence of having had childhood polio. This condition in no way limits Fred and Maureen’s regular attendance at both. women’s and men’s ice hockey games at Norwich. He admits to a loyalty problem when Norwich faces Middlebury. When asked if he would be attending our 60th class reunion, he said it was unlikely. • I had a nice phone conversation with Bob Hisey at his home in Sebring, Fla. On the day I called, however, he and wife Elizabeth were taking the final steps preparing for a move to Sarasota, Fla. Bob expressed a bit of nostalgia about the move from their lakeside residence because that day they had viewed a handsome wood duck on the lake, and they would miss the excellent bird-watching they had enjoyed for many years. Bob retired in 1986, having spent his entire career with Paper and Allied Industries. His work took him all over the world and he lamented that he probably should have taken more languages than German at Middlebury. Bob and his wife share a common interest in stamp collecting. She’s a judge in that field, and Bob has completed a three-volume work, Philately in the Caribbean State. She lent me a copy of it, and I say it’s a handbook, not a novel! His interest in the Orange Free State stems from his former residence in South Africa at the time he entered Middlebury in 1948. Bob indicated that it’s possible he might attend our 60th reunion because it would allow a visit to one of his sons, who lives in Vermont. Hope you make it, Bob. • John Bowker sent in an update. John and wife Linda have moved from their lakeside home of 20 years in Sun City Center, Fla., to an independent living apartment complex in that same town. This gives them both the time to focus on the fun parts of retirement instead of lawns, roofs, and all the annoyances of homeownership they have loved for 58 years. John was recently honored by the community’s dedication of its history center building to him in recognition of his founding of the History Society and Visitor Information Center. His online newsletter is now in its 14th year and reaches some 5,000 of the retirees in that community and their family members. Sun City Center has developed was published earlier this year. January 22 was set aside as “John Bowker Day” in Sun City Center, only the fifth such day granted by the Community Assoc. in the 50-year history of the town. In their spare time, he and Linda volunteer night hours to dispatch ambulances for the emergency squad, member of the local Genealogical Society in its new computer research center on Saturdays, and are officers of the New England residents’ club in town. • I’m sorry to report the passing of four more classmates and we send condolences to their families. Dave Hemphill died on June 29. David Larned died on September 21. Richard Thayer died on October 17, and Larry Draper died on September 18. Larry’s sister, Diane Draper Walker ’57, sent us word of his passing and added, “I have always read your column because I knew people in Larry’s class, meeting them at reunions and such. I was Larry’s guest at your 25th reunion that was held in the barn at Bread Loaf. He won the contest for having the strangest pet, a python named Perry, whom he and his son were pet-sitting for over Christmas break.” She says, “I don’t know if you remember that Larry and Johnny Bowker started the first radio station at Middlebury College in the late 1940s. John worked on the station and was more involved in the founding of the radio station, see page 55. • Correspondents: William Huey (judgellbib@ banyan.com), 6 Barney Ln., Hilton Head, SC 29928; Ken Nourse (gempk@comcast.net), 22 Little Pond Rd., Middlebury, VT 05753; Barbara Cumminsby Villet (villet@bvvsover.net), 208 Eagleville Rd., Shushan, NY 12873. —Class Correspondents: William Huey (judgellbib@ banyan.com), 6 Barney Ln., Hilton Head, SC 29928; Ken Nourse (gempk@comcast.net), 22 Little Pond Rd., Middlebury, VT 05753; Barbara Cumminsby Villet (villet@bvvsover.net), 208 Eagleville Rd., Shushan, NY 12873.
in the Class of ’52. * Now living in Southbury, Conn., Barbara Connor McLaughlin has retired from politics. She was a selector in Portsmouth, R.I., where she also served as chairman of the zoning board, on the school committee, was active in the Republican Party, and was president on the county council. She was chairman of the Rhode Island Port Authority for a number of years. The governor appointed her. She even served as moderator of the Portsmouth Water and Fire District. She likes politics! Since moving to Southbury, she has fully enjoyed serving on two committees. Son Robbie lives in Braintree, Mass., is married, and has a daughter, Sophie (12). Son John lives near L.A. and has son Connor (19) and daughter Taylor (17). Connor enlisted in the Navy and his family is very proud of him. Barb has not been back for a reunion but stays in touch with Barbara Blair ’55 and has phone contact with Marilyn Buist Scott in North Carolina and Abby Kreb Gibson in upstate New York. She hopes all in our class are well. * Living in Santa Barbara, Calif., Norm and Joan Allen ’51 Armour are both enjoying good health. They take a two-mile walk at 6 a.m. to go to Starbucks! They also enjoy tai chi. ‘Life has treated us well,’ Joan says, though she no longer does slow dancing. They stay in touch with Don Beers. Irv and Ellie Hight ’51 Morris, Skip and Sue Valentine Jennings, and Bob and Corrine Morgan Smith. Their sons, John ’80 and Tim ’82, live in L.A. and a daughter is in Boston with two grandsons in the West. * Ann Findley Wolf, of Woodlands, Texas, has been involved in many activities but fell last April and broke her leg. She tired easily and could not drive for four months but now is almost back to normal. She turned 80 in July and sings with a barbershop chorus, which is fun. They are busy with many sing-outs and did lots of Christmas parties. Ann is also active in the Assistance League. She has a young Labrador named Biscuit. Ann’s youngest son died of colon cancer. Her older son, Charles, and wife Marti have two daughters in college, Amelia or “Mia” and Diana, and happily live within walking distance from Ann. Ann brought her home near them, sight unseen. * Sarah Pettibone Dabney and husband Lewis are living in Virginia and enjoying the life. Last spring, Lewis had a Fulbright Scholarship in Rome, which they welcomed. Their son married at Columbia Univ. Another is in Albert Einstein Medical School and one grandson is at Harvard Law School. Alice visited Ann and Joe Jones, former ski coach at Midd, four years ago but has not gone back to reunion. She was at Midd for two years, married at Christmas in junior year, and finished college at Santa Fe State College in California. She is in touch with Lou ’51 and Irene Widen Imbrogno. Asked for her advice for classmates she says, ‘Keep moving! ’ * Helen Chase Pyke lives in Esmo burgl, Mo., and has a horse named ‘Pony’ that she purchased after the death of her horse. December 28 and our sympathy is with her and her family. Their granddaughter is in the Olympic pool for volleyball and baseball and is interested in Midd. Helen has been in touch with Anne Coleman Zehner, Anne Edwards, and Sarah Dabney. * Richard Wagner is married to Jo (Eaton) ’54 and both are in good health. He and a neighbor, who went to Dartmouth, have cross-country skied together. Together, they have been to Midd a year or so ago to watch their grandson run cross country and see a football game. He is still splitting firewood and skiing and has fond memories of his years at Midd. * Peter Clarke is living in South Carolina where he retired 25 years ago. After college, Peter was in the military for four years and then worked for the IRS in Washington, D.C., for 25 years and lived in Arlington, Va. Peter was on the MIT plan, attending Midd three years and then two at MIT. He has never been back to Midd. Peter says South Carolina has good politics, good weather; and good gardening. He and his wife are both well and enjoy golf and tennis. He has three daughters. One of his daughters is living with them, one’s in Virginia, and one’s in Colorado Springs.

—Class Correspondent: Janet Bradley Harris (dnbrad32@gmail.com), The Meridian, #546, 3455 South Corona St., Englewood, CO 80113.

54 From Jim Hunt comes the following: “It seemed time to say that this classmate has not faded away. Indeed, I keep quite busy since retirement from an office job in 1996 providing low-cost life insurance advice to people around the country who happen to be of my services. I’ve been doing this since 1984, when I wrote an MSBasic program to facilitate the analyses I provide. In June 2011, I was honored by the Consumer Federation of America in Washington, D.C., with the Esther Peterson Consumer Service Award for most of a lifetime of consumer advocacy—mostly in the arcane area of consumer credit and health and insurance sold in connection with consumer loans and installment financing, which was badly regulated in many states. (Esther Peterson, among other distinguished positions, served as a Special Assistant for Consumer Affairs to Presidents Johnson and Carter, a position that now has one in our political climate of the 21st century.) And, I will be entering my 12th year as a volunteer in the IRS/AARP Tax-Aide program, which prepares free tax returns for low- and moderate-income taxpayers of all ages. From late January to late April I work more than full time running two Tax-Aide sites in the Concord, N.H., area. I prepare about 200 returns myself and vet another 1,200 returns done by other volunteers. I like to say that this intensive activity in my old age is called ‘showing off!’ The work is more intellectually challenging than one might think. I am fortunate that wife Cynthia (Holt) ’56 remains able to keep the household running on an even-keel while I indulge myself.” * Patricia and Howard Parker write, ‘We love our summers in Vermont but last year we took the worst with the best and hunkered down through Tropical Storm Irene. We were totally isolated five days with a small group of neighbors and no power. Then we came home to California just in time to catch the wild winds and again had no power for four days.’ * As we all pass or approach the BIG 80, let’s make a point to renew an old Middletown friendship that we have put on the back burner—and to send news to your correspondents. E-mails are quick and easy! —Class Correspondents: Nancy Whitemore Nickeard (nwhitemore@icloud.com), CT 06653; Diane Scholes Strong (dldnet@att.net), 201 Vanguard Ln., Apt. 142, Houston, TX 77024.
from Kazakhstan when she was 12 and now, five years later, is applying to Middlebury. My three daughters live in California and Idaho with their families, which gives us wonderful destinations for our travels. Judy Phinney Stearns shares this about her trip to England over the holidays. "After a Christmas week in Beecroft Village near Chatsworth in Derbyshire, we were taken without any warning into the atmosphere of the lovely countryside. There we were in a small village with 178 residents, the village church and graveyard, community hall, shop, pub, a couple of little farms, a babbling brook, and five ducks who hung out together and waddled up and down the lane that just looked so much like a simple, unsophisticated charming way of life." After her return Judy was in Vermont where she had a lovely New Year's Eve. Judy's big news is that her oldest granddaughter will be entering Middlebury in the fall. Fourth generation! She's a super softball pitcher and just in time! Family will catch many of her games.

John Webster says, "I had just finished up my 10-year stint as a member of the Vermont Medical Practice Board when they asked me if I would be a member of the State Chiropractic Board. I wanted to say no, but when they said it met at 1:30 p.m. in Montpelier that made it easier so I agreed." Ron Potter reports, "I thought our 55th reunion was awesome. We moved in January to a villa in a nearby retirement community—passing the snow blower and lawn mower on to the next generation." Peg Straus Paternost sent this: "We're still involved with our Haitian mission in Port-au-Prince and traveled there in November. Met with the scholarship children our Westminster parish is supporting and was so happy they are getting a good education in spite of all that Haiti has suffered. I've enjoyed time with Charlotte Duryea Hohl, Sally Gerhart Mitchell, and Judy Stearns Thank God for old friends." From Ron Lawson we heard this: "I was in Vermont in early January while my home in Montpelier for the first time in over 30 years for Christmas. New Year's I was in Quebec with Canadian friends in the Eastern Townships. I'm looking forward, like many of you, to what might be one of our final high school reunions—our 60th, for Montpelier High School. We expect a good crowd to show up, and I'm especially excited for Judy's 70th reunion!" Jane Hallenbeck Zechar sent us this: "Nothing much has changed. I'm still happily married to Pete '55. I spend much of the winter in Vero Beach, Fl., where we have a house. Summers, I spend in Nantucket and I see Mona Meyers Wheatley occasionally. Pete is still working and loving it. We do travel a lot—we were off to the Dominican Republic in January and Argentina in February. Golf is our passion and I'm still playing paddle tennis in New Jersey when I am home. Two of our children, Todd and Darren '79, work for our company and live near by. Heidi '93 is a documentary producer. She married a Midd grad named Dan '93, who works for Forbes, and lives in Brooklyn Heights. Dana '81 is married to a Brit and lives in London. Hope to get to Midd this spring, and would love to play the Middlebury golf course." On a sad note, we regret to inform you of the passing on October 25 of George Tasse, former husband of Marita "Mo" Mower Tasse. In the next magazine we will include a proper tribute, but wanted to let you know as soon as we knew. We heard from Rob Higgins '81, a family friend of the daughter of Carol Anderson Rogers. On behalf of the family he writes, "Carol passed away peacefully on January 17. At Middlebury she was a member of Kappa Delta sorority and a political science major who graduated Phi Beta Kappa. Soon after graduation in 1969, Carol married soulmate Howard Rogers '51, with whom she recently celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. They settled in Orinda, Calif., where they raised a family and lived together for over 41 years. In addition to her successful 20-year real estate career, Carol enjoyed traveling the world, hiking, skiing, tennis, gardening, her dogs, and she remained the best of friends." Dave Troost sounds very happy writing this: "I'm living in Bath County in the beautiful Allegheny Highlands of western Virginia—population 5,000, no traffic lights, and 70 percent National Forest. It looks for the world like the Green Mountains. Wife Joanne (Rutgers '50) with a simple, unsophisticated charming way of life." 100% perfect. Life is great!" Wright and Memrie Parsons Salisbury are living in Paris for 10 months. They had visited France eight or nine times and wanted to be there for a longer period. So they were able to swap their house for an apartment in central Paris. She says it'll be hard to come back! Until the next time, with our best wishes for good health and good work, Judy and Dick Pennsylvania.
their sons for family and friends.  After surviving the challenges of downsizing, Ron ’56 and Kathy Platt Potter are ready to welcome guests to their new home in a Lancaster retirement community.  We were sad to learn of the death of Elaine Ladd Purcell, whose husband, Bob, was an officer in World War II.  Vivian Potter was ‘heading back to Santa Cruz for three months of sun and fun. Had all 12 grandkids to Stratton for the Christmas holiday along with five sets of parents. The cousins loved being together with the oldest of the 12 being 13. Quite a crew! Lots of fun.’  She interviews folks with opinions on controversial topics, and many others. Her latest adventure was attending the biennial conference in San Francisco. She continues processology studies (using questions and processes to make remarkable personal, professional, and organizational changes). She says, “My career coaching practice is cranking up a notch with the addition of the CoachVille World Power Method program. In order to ‘play a bigger game’ (that goal that you are wanting to achieve) assess the nine environments in your life (including relationships, physical, financial, spiritual, technical) for 12 weeks. The premise: the environment always wins so create an environment that supports your bigger game. Basic premise: that you are wanting to achieve) assess the nine environments in your life (including relationships, physical, financial, spiritual, technical) for 12 weeks. The premise: the environment always wins so create an environment that supports your bigger game. Basic premise: the environment always wins so create an environment that supports your bigger game. Basic premise: the environment always wins so create an environment that supports your bigger game.

—Class Correspondents: Ann Ombler Frobos (apef@skeghof.net), 2370 Meadowbrook Dr., Pleasanton, CA 94566; Sunny Wilder (sunny55l@gmail.com), 211 Hillrose Rd., Needham, MA 02492.

Joel Boland reports that he and wife Kati spent Christmas in Seattle with their children, feasting on oysters and Dungeness crab, which he claims is “better than turkey.”  Sukey Tallman Walter, who have two children, ranging in age from one to 17.”  Bob Luce and wife Bea celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary with their two sons and their families, one from Johannesburg, South Africa, and the other from Philadelphia. They planned an extensive trip down the East Coast, eventually landing in Florida. Floras’s two more. It was a great trip with 10 adults and seven kids, ranging in age from one to 12.  We recently received the sad news of Richard English’s passing on December 4. At Middlebury he was a member of Alpha Sigma Pi. We are bidding farewell to too many of our friends and classmates these days but such news triggers fond memories. Not all news is sad. We want to hear from all of our classmates who are still enjoying family, travel, new adventures, and new accomplishments. With the illness and loss of longtime class correspondent Joe Mohbat, and new deadlines for class notes, we are regrouping. Our class agents (classmates who remind us to contribute to the Annual Fund) have been asked to help gather news from their contacts. One way or another, we want to hear from everyone! Last fall Mona and Dick Johnson went on a Smithsonian African Safari to Victoria Falls, Zimbabwe, Botswana, and Zambia. Dick says they traversed three game reserves, rode an elephant, cruised the Zambezi River, and saw African wildlife “as we’d only imagined it could be.” He enthusiastically adds that it “was a life experience!”  Linda Durfee Bean reports she and Sheldon ’57 have moved to a retirement community near Philadelphia. In the category of a new adventure “Durf” volunteered to be a host on the community’s own television program, Then the Leo. She says it’s very interesting and great fun. She interviewed a resident who told a fantastic story about attending the circus by himself when he was nine years old, another resident (who lived in India for several years, her granddaughter is active with the Marconi Center, which landed $2 million in Washington, D.C., and generally enjoying myself and miss her a lot.  Susan L. Sweeney’s garden included 36 dahlias that grew so tall Penny had to stand on a stepladder to deadhead them. The photo of her and the eight-foot-tall dahlias was included in the Swan Island (Oregon) dahlias catalog. Art sent it in and won more dahlias as a prize. They now have 12 grandchildren. Their garden grows.

—Dave and Helen Smith Folweiler-Chipman enjoyed a nine-day cruise with the yacht club around Massachusetts Bay. The highlight was a tour to and up in, the Boston Lighthouse, perched on a little island at the entrance to Boston Harbor. Helen wrote that the 75-square feet, open, small, pie-one steps were a challenge, up and down, but the view from the top was worth it.  Middlebury keeps asking Pieter Schiller to help out with the entrepreneur class during J-term. Betty goes to class too. Last year he had six freshmen and three seniors, a great group of friends. Living in South Africa, Pieter is active with the Marconi Center, which landed a major grant from Verizon to underwrite staff costs. She said, “It’s just thrilling to see an all-volunteer startup nonprofit make such steady progress and raise funds needed to support that growth.”  James and Louisa Potts Salmon now have five grandsons. Time will tell whether they have a basketball team or vocal quintet. The newest addition, born last November, has good lungs.  Lindy Hill Reed had her second hip replacement. Last February she recuperated on a trip to the Big Island of Hawaii and wrote, “I wasn’t walking real well at that point, but with the sunsets and flowers and beaches, whales and the sea, plus good company, it was a great trip.”  Lindy is finally able to do some hiking. On a trip east in July she spent two days with Nancy Mumford Mulvey doing museums, beach walking, and lots of visiting.  Vevvy Strekalovsky reports that the Tissue was spectacular at January’s (Cran) ’60’s shared in a villa in Cortona with his sister and brother-in-law. He comments, “Wonderful food, hill towns for sketching, walking, and people—

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watching, trains that run smoothly and on time, good land use. You’d never know they had any problems at all!” We have greetings to the class from Linda and Bill French, Mike Emptage, Lloyd Joe Noah, and Sue Hibbert Lardner, Deb Wetmore, Don and Nancy Mulvey, Mary and John Emory, Anne Schafer Camp, and Amy and Mike Robinson. A note to Loey Boon Hill’s card sums it all up: “I’m happy for the gift of friendship and best wishes for the wonders in the new year.” We are sorry to report the deaths of two classmates. We learned that Jane Goodspeed passed away December 2, 2010. She was an A m lt major, a four-year member of Women’s Forum, was a Sophomore Guide, held offices on our Class Council, and worked on Junior Weekend and the Religion Conference. An obituary appeared for her in the winter magazine. Mary “Ginger” Kinghorn Work died October 23. She was a math major and a member of Alpha Xi Delta. Helen Fowlewer-Chipman remembers that Ginger, Barbara Call Myers, and she were the only women math majors in our class. * Thanks to everyone. Your Christmas cards and letters are much appreciated. Some of the news will appear in the next class column.

—Class Correspondents: Joan Seleser-Gifford (jandaw@minnowspring.com), 1529 Steepl Ch., Trinity, FL 34565; Vicky Steklovsky (vskarchitects.com), 47 Fearing Rd., Hingham, MA 02043.

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Dan and Susan Andrews Sokoloski are still raving about the great time they had at our 50th last June. Dan writes, “It was like turning back the clock and reliving the whole college experience. Our continued best wishes to everyone in our class, and good luck to classes that follow, hoping that they too can have such a marvelous experience.” Dan and Susan capped 2011 with a three-week trip to Jordan and Egypt. While the trip had all the elements of the “ultimate bucket list trip” with many stops along the way, it also offered them the opportunity to experience history in the making. Dan says they visited Tahrir Square and a “few days later stopped by our hotel and was able to attend so we can catch up with you there. Some classmates, however, for one reason and another, won’t be able to join us. Jim Warburton has lived in southern Spain for years and hasn’t been back to the U.S. in over six. He has a move pending, with his horses and dogs, because the owner of the rental house have decided they want it back. Jim and this is going to cause a lot of disruption—so at the time of this writing, it looks like he can’t attend. * Bill Dalsimer, who has been running about the world to Turkey and Greece, and basically commuting between New York and San Miguel de Allende in Mexico, may not make it either. Those of you who know him well, encourage him to come back! * Bonnie Bonniviat, another of our expats, who’s been living and teaching French in Yorkshire, England, for years and years, wrote the following: “In July, I went to my marvelous Cp due to a lingering muscle pull from my three times a week exercise session downtown. He noticed something a bit unusual on one of the routine annual blood tests taken a few months before at the local hospital and followed up immediately with another blood test and CT scan just to be on the safe side. The scan revealed a totally unexpected carcinoma on their shoulder. He referred me immediately to the Bexley Cancer Wing of St. James Hospital in Leeds, the largest teaching hospital in Europe, and in doing so saved my life. At the age of 71 I was years past the usual age for consideration for a liver transplant but was given a chance at a comprehensive three-day hospital assessment for same. I passed all the tests with flying colors. (Apparently my biological age turned out to be at least a decade younger than my chronological one and my attitudinal age even younger— euphemism for immaturity?!) Even more amazingly, 12 days after having been added to the waiting list at Bexley I miraculously received a perfect liver match during an eight-hour textbook-perfect transplantation. I’m delighted to report that I survived the operation, which apparently drew a bunch of medical experts from various fields (probably had bets on how long the old Yankee dear would last). My Bexley ‘celebrity’ status—totally unknown to me until I was closed in by one of the surgeons the day before my release time—continued to grow when I was thrown out of ICU as unnecessary after one day instead of the usual two to three, then released from hospital after 10 more days rather than the usual two to three weeks. Since then, with the help and moral support of Bexley and of tremendous local and far-flung friends, my recovery has been miraculous. My medical recuperative powers continue to amaze the medical crowd at Bexley. I think I was the only one there who never doubted that I’d survive the operation and the initial post-op recovery period, both of which are more daunting than I’d ever imagined, to say the least. I have several more months to go before the challenging first year of recovery is done and dusted, and then watch out world, here I come again!” Bonnie, of course, won’t be able to join us at reunion due to the travel restrictions to prevent infection but says she’ll be with us in spirit and hopes to attend the 55th. * Class Correspondents: Judy Bevensent Rouset (jbovnet@cox.com), 8809 Maitral Canyon Dr., Austin, TX 78759; Liza Dumphry Fisher (lfish@msn.com), 704 Clark St., Iowa City, Iowa 52240.

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Correspondent Pam Nottage Mueller reports: As I mentioned in the winter issue, Bill '65 and I were able to get together with two other Middiek couples last fall in Greenfield, Mass.—Steve '62 and Jane Bowlby of Framingham, Mass., and John and Mary Kelley of Hingham, Mass.—at a reunion dinner hosted by Harry Robison. The four of us have maintained contact from college days and we try to get together every five years or so. It was a delightful evening and we were all able to reminisce about our lives since college days. We all have grandchildren and we talk about our grandchildren. We also talked about the current political situation and the state of the world. It was a meaningful evening for us and we all hope to see each other again soon.
season-ticket holder he follows Coach K and Duke
basketball.
—Class Correspondents: Marian Denae Baade
(mbaadea@gmail.com), 4 Red Rock Rd., New City, NY
10956; Deb Bashin (robertbashin@nycn.com), 6925
Whitaker Ave., Shakers Heights, OH 44120; 
Peggy Nottage Mueller (pammueller7@gmail.com), 601
Smithfield Rd., Cowcreek, NV 89322.

Correspondent Polly Moore Walters reports: Forty years later,
none other than Robert Frost. And who can forget
his daughters and grandson, remodeling his home,
and is interesting. He enjoys holiday visits with
his classmates. ♦ Correspondent "T" Tall reports:
and exotic plants, and anything else that pops up
hardy vegetables and herbs, propagation of native
and off the slopes. Those of us who attended the
reunion of the Champlain Valley was spared. However, a
Storm Irene last August. Thousands of Vermonters
know, Vermont suffered mightily during Tropical
McAleer Jr. and lived in Albany and in Newburgh,
her youth raised and showed championship quarter
boosters for the Nebraska Cornhuskers’ football team,
and is interesting. He enjoys holiday visits with
heady vegetables and herbs, propagation of native
she and husband Libby may retire to Yarmouth,
North Carolina where she has a family home, but right next
dirt farming and the call of the wild are still singing
a nice tune for Grant. I remember how we got our
hands dirty over our (Matheke & Moore, which
shows how unimagnificent the seating chart was!) skinned cats in Comparative Anatomy class, so I am
not surprised he is still messin with his hands in
the mud. I do my gardening on a smaller scale.
Grant also writes, “I have been enjoying connecting
with some of my classmates on Facebook. It’s a great
opportunity for a shy guy to get to know the really
interesting people he never dreamed of talking to,
back in the day.” I have to echo this sentiment. One
of my favorite threads recently involved several of
us chiming in about Latin, of all things! And
showed how unimaginative the seating chart was!

66 We have sad news with which to
start our class notes. Classmate Roger
Buchika died on December 18. His
full obituary will be published in a future issue of
the Middlebury Magazine. It’s a special request of
Roger’s wife, Jane, that this notice be made to the
Roger Buchika Alpine Skiing Fund in support of the Middlebury College alpine and
Nordic ski teams. Contributions may be mailed to
Middlebury College, 5 Court Street, Middlebury, VT
05753. All of us remember Roger’s amazing grace
donning a pair of skis and he didn’t fall once until
he was 80. Jane reports having had a long chat by
skype with Roger and shared memories about
him and his life. Jane also sent this news: “I have known Thu for over 10 years. We have
done a lot of work in Boston, Springfield, and
other Massachusetts schools and also lots of
interesting work in NYC schools, all with serious
challenges. We do get away a bit to our home in
Provincetown for beach time and the zany P’town
culture, skiing in Vermont a couple of times a year,
and good times with friends in Charleston, S.C.
Our garden is bountiful and we’re enjoying the
harvest. Our daughter and son-in-law are nearby,
too, that has meant a lot as I have also been much
focused on health needs, mostly of my mother
and extended family.” ♦ Bill Powers writes that
he married Thu Thi Chau of Da Nang, Vietnam,
in Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich., on September 16,
2011. “I have known Thu for over 10 years. We have
previously traveled around South East Asia, Bhutan,
Kenya, Sweden, and the U.S. She has come to
the United States on Sept 7 with her 19-year-old
daughter Ai Xuan Chau Nguyen on a fiance visa.
Now we are petitioning to change their status to
permanent resident aliens. An instant family
minor health challenges and lots
of interesting work are keeping me busy. Peter always says I’m in a growth industry— as long as
schools are failing, the calls keep coming. I’ve been immersed in a lot of work in Boston, Springfield,
and other Massachusetts schools and also lots of
interesting work in NYC schools, all with serious
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he married Thu Thi Chau of Da Nang, Vietnam,
in Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich., on September 16,
At Middlebury in Mead Chapel, Liz Moore '03 married Devin Coyle on June 18, 2011, with a reception at the Waybury Inn following. Many Midd friends and family joined the couple: (all '03 unless noted) Simon Isaacs, Susan Lebel Young '71, Vanessa Holcomb, Lindsay Gardner Hine, the newlyweds, Jessica Lockwood Hyde, Alisa Young Andrews, Natalie Howley Quilliam, (second row) Craig Hine '02, John Kirby '68, and Millyn Moore '71.

Elizabeth Yancy '80 married Captain Christopher Sharik at the Windsor Chapel in Vero Beach, Fla., on May 14, 2011. Susan Bender McAdams '79 was best woman and soprano.

Steven Gardos '02 married Andrea Berberian (Williams '05) on September 25, 2010, at the Ocean House in Watch Hill, R.I. Friends who celebrated with the couple included (all '02 unless noted) Mike Luke, Eray Donmez, the newlyweds, Greg Berberian '03, and Justin Cambria.

Patrick McCormick '84 and Mark Ray '84 bicycled with friends from the Canadian border down the western side of Vermont to the Massachusetts border: Patrick, Victor Nuovo (son of Professor Emeritus Victor Nuovo), Tim Pudvar, Mark, and Steve Gronlund.

Friends from the Class of 1985 had a mini-reunion in Maine that included a hike: John Owen, Andy Gluck, Mimi Harding Owen, Don Hall, Kim Davis Gluck, and Samantha Gluck '14.
April Peet '06 and Eric Vos '05 were married on July 10, 2010, at Mead Chapel in Middlebury with a reception following in South Burlington, VT. Many Middlebury friends joined them for the celebration: Daniel Watson-Jones '08, Nicole Maddox '06, Magdalena Wajdaja '07 with Kirana, Meg McAdams '06, Tyler Smith, Meredith Kimble, David Kaufmann '03, (second row) Rene Marshall Haile, Andrew Haile '07, Susan Carpenter Vigne '03, Laura Barrett '06, Laurie Macalulya Jordan '07, Brittany Burnett Moser '09, Jon Moser '06, the newlyweds, Devon Parish '05, Laura Seidel '06, Alethea Gross '05, Maria Dickinson '07, Tammy Iffland (dining services), Donnie Stuart '08, Suzanne Czerniak '06, Mike Unger '03, Karina Arue Philip '07, Lizzy Zane '06, Sandy Carbolova Unger '03 with Leah, Steve Bertolino '00, Jane Kimble (institutional research), Renee Balog Makaroun '05, Kathy jewett (chemistry/biochemistry), Merissa Kraham, Velez '06, Kevin Velez '06, Jeff Rehbach (director, community choruses), Jodi Litchfield (ADA coordinator), Pascal Losambe '07, (third row) Andrew May '05, Tim Bahls '06, Ben Wisehman '07, Gus Jordan (health and counseling services), Steve Abbott (math), Muchadei Zvoma '07, Matt Dickerson (computer science), Paul Monod (history), Jan Albers, Cindy Peet (LIS), Sasha Hayes-Rusnov '06, Rick Iffland (dining services), Matt Kimble (psychology), and Derek Walker '06.

On July 31, 2010, Steve Jones '09 and Liz Pogust '09 were married at the Field Club in Sarasota, Fla. They were joined by Midd Kids Dan Kane '08, Brittany McAdams '09, the newlyweds, Cate Hylas '09, Stacey Pogust Danziger '81, and Diana Chiu '09.

On April 9, 2011, Aly McNichol '01 and Brian Cunningham (Tufts '02) were married at the Univ. of Pennsylvania Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology in Philadelphia. Guests included (all '01 unless noted) Amy Shanks Regent, Lydia Hudson Bowes, Anthony Bowes '00, Christine Branson Fauccett, Scott Fauccett, Bryn Kenny, Dan Meyer '99, Courtney Quish Meyer, and Rachel Arnot Rockwell.

In Newport, R.I., Amanda Pullins '04 and Nate Fend were married on December 4, 2010, with many merrymaking friends in attendance: (all '04 unless noted) the newlyweds, Catherine Pullins Miles '00, (second row) Damien Chaviano, Michaela Diets, Kat Herring, Martha Goebel, Maggie Smith Chaviano, (third row) Katy Hall Shrurin, Meghan Keenan, Molly Callahan, Alex Burr, (fourth row) Caitlin Toombs '05, Libby Meyers, Andrew Giordano, Megan McElroy, and John Donnelly.

Classmates from the Class of 1963 met at the home of Noel '63 and Betty Ann Cooper Kane '63 in Maine for a lobster feast. See the 1963 column for the names of the guests around the table.
At the Snow Farm Vineyard in South Hero, Vt., Chris Mutty ’09 and Peg Thomas were married on May 28, 2011. Many good-humored friends celebrated with the couple: (all ’09 unless noted) Catherine Suppan, Chelsea Ward-Waller ’12, Brett Woelber, Dan Chow, the newlyweds, Zach Evans, Max Levine, Chris Vandergrift ’11, Scott Gratton, Alan Lim, (second row) Mary Roberts, Charlie Pry ’10, Eric Harvey, Hannah Lowe ’10, Haile Kuvorkjian, Nick Pager ’08, Ben Kunolsky, Lizz Herron-Sweet, Catherine Hylas, Jason Jude ’08, Sophie Thompson, Muchadei Zvoma ’07, Phyl Phillips (wife of rugby coach), Kelsey Nykiel-Bub ’08, (third row) Dan Rosmarin, Mike West, Jason Sanford ’10, Mark Whelan ’10, Doug Shultz ’10, Jared Bean, Rich Saunders, Bill Souzer, Brian Sirka ’12, Ari Silverman, Alex White, Sam Harrison ’11, Marcia Wells, MA Spanish ’00, Ben Wells, MA Spanish ’00, John Phillips (head rugby coach), and Luke Yoquinto ’08. Missing from photo: Ed Cahill, Whitney Hendrickson, and Sam Tormey.

Felix Muchomba ’05 and Esther Ryu were married on May 28, 2011, in NYC. They were delighted to have friends join the celebration: Anywhere Sikochi ’05, David Tswamuno ’06, Nondumiso Qwabe ’08, the newlyweds, Sumaya Huque ’06, Kwanyok Vorasrimattana ’05, Lynn Gray-Meltzer ’07 (with Satriah Sikochi), (second row) Eric Vos ’05, April Peet Vos ’06, Jeeyeon Park ’08, Julio Chong ’08, Colin Meltzer ’05, Paul Opare-Addo ’04, and Yared Gurmu ’04.

On a stopover in London, Tom ’67 and Susie Davis Patterson ’67 visited Bing Taylor ’67 at his Garrick Club, a gentlemen’s club for actors since 1831 in the West End.

Matt Saxton ’99 married Sara McClellan on April 19, 2011, on Grand Cayman. Alums from the class of 1999 in attendance included Scott Dudley, John Couch, the newlyweds, and Matt Bak.

Lizzie Hoeschler ’05 and Greg Horvitz were married on June 11, 2011, in a ceremony officiated by Brad Corr ’02. Midd friends reunited in La Crosse, Wis., to celebrate the nuptials: (all ’05 unless noted) Andy Bolin, Karen Lee, Tessa Truex, Laura Shaw, the newlyweds, Peter Phillips, John Rusten, Andrea Schwartz, (second row) Marion Malgjen Stotzer, MA Spanish ’72, Brad Corr ’02, Lauren Smith, Derek Shields, Abby Hoeschler ’10, Katie Hoeschler ’04, Kellan Florio, Lacee Patterson ’06, and Lizzie Horvitz ’10.
Jonathan Mosser '06 and Brittany Burnett '09 were married June 18, 2011, in Mobile, Ala., with the ceremony at Spring Hill Baptist Church and the reception at the Mobile Museum of Art. Midd alums celebrating with the couple included Devon Parish '05, Kelly Bennion '10, Alethea Gross '09, the newlyweds, Katie Sparkes '09, Eva Nixon '09, Donnie Stuart '08, Tripp Burwell '09, (second row) Steve Bestolino '00, Maria Dickinson '07, Laura Seidel '06, Melina Ward '09, Eloise Goelet '09, April Peet Vos '06, (third row) David Kaufmann '03, Ben Wicheinan '07, Sophie Thompson '09, James Riddleberger '09, Will Hackett '09, Brendan Kelly '09, Max Levine '09, Rainey Johnson '09, and Eric Vos '05.

U.S. Army 1st Lt. Chris Harnisch '06 and Alexandra Widas '08 are working to combat corruption in Afghanistan and are based out of headquarters in Kabul.

Last September several Middlebury alums had a chance meeting in Haiti with Mercy Corps: Andrea Koppel '85, Phil Oldham '90, Elizabeth Toder '90, and Nick Lesher '02.

On May 15, 2011, Lindsay Horner '07 married Ryan Tomberg '07 in Newport, R.I. Middlebury friends who joined the couple for the celebration included (all '07 unless noted) Mike Ratpojanakul '06, Caryn LoCastro, Mike Gleason, Edward Len, Kelly Byrnn, Maura Casey, the newlyweds, Andrew Haile, Kent Cabatingan, (second row) Francis Yuen, Amit Tantri, Jake Navalero, Alex Crumb, Henry Roth, Jennifer Foth '08, Cheryl McClurg Hendrickson '08, and Josh Hendrickson.

On June 18, 2011, Tabby Connor '05 and Michael Gillim '04 were married at Pocono Lake Preserve in Pennsylvania. Friends and family who celebrated with the couple included Dave Schwarz (former men's tennis coach), the newlyweds, Allison Kennedy '07, Jenny Prendergast '05, Isabel Janelli '05, (second row) Chris Sullivan '00, Annah Heikamp Sullivan '00, Caroline Connor Martone '83, Caitlin Ross '12, Connor Ross '14, Stan Pratt (Kenyon Arena staff), (third row) Alex Meditz '05, Susan Reagan '04, Russ McCracken '04, Margery Glover '04, Katie Strovink '04, Caroline Jacobson Honorowski '04, and Mark Honorowski '04. Missing from photo: Lauren Bowe Hover '04.
While watching a Patriots game last fall, a group in one of the boxes found that they were all Middlebury alumni and took a photo: Peter Bonner ’58, Ellen Sheffield Pace’87, Jennifer Sudduth Walsh ’87, Paul Bottino ’87, Nancy Caulfield ’88, Joe Ganley ’87, Monique Speidell Bonner ’92, and Matt Bonner ’91.

Susan Miranowski ’07 and Michael McGirr (Richmond ’03) celebrated New Year’s Eve 2010 with their marriage in Minneapolis, Minn. Friends who joined the party included (all ’07 unless noted) the newlyweds, Heather Gallagher, Jeff Smith ’06, (second row) David Miranowski ’09, Elisabeth Falaleev Miranowski ’99, Brittany Burke ’08, Katelyn Cannella ’08, Kathryn Hurt ’06, Julia Fraser, Rebecca Brownfield Feinberg, (third row) Ellen Sargent, Emily Bierman, and Dan Feinberg.

Several D-8 alums met in Colorado last fall to climb Mt. Bierstadt: Don Mackenzie ’85, Mike Campbell ’89, Nick Stewart ’87, Don Hindman ’87, and Clifton Romig ’87.

Laura Wedel ’08 and Justin Butler celebrated their wedding on June 24, 2011, in Dusseldorf, Germany, in the company of fellow 2008 Midd grads: Carolina Caeiro, the newlyweds, Monica Balan, and Ed Donaldson.

On June 25, 2011, Tucker Swan ’74 married Diana McNamara at the Unitarian Universalist Church in Sherborn, Mass. Several friends were on hand with their significant others: Jeff Medoff ’74, Debi Silber, Mark Patinkin ’74, Olivia Lanna, the newlyweds, Mike Schlegel ’74, Cynthia Schlegel, Heidi Flemer Hesselein ’74, and Dan Flanagan ’74.
What Your Middlebury Education Is Worth

JOIN ME IN MAKING A GIFT TO MIDDLEBURY BY JUNE 30

Working with my classmates to encourage participation is a great way to stay connected with them and give back. —Calvin Garner ‘06

Who’s ready to take the plunge of the year?

Join us on Sunday @ 2:00!

Catch a ride from Admissions Circle at 1:30. Sponsored by VAV

The Giving Tree

Mahaney Center for the Arts

Friday & Saturday, April 19 & 20, 2012

Spring Student Symposium

Join Middlebury’s own horticulturalist for a Spring Campus Tour Thursday at 2:00 P.M.

Mahaney Center for the Arts

April 19-20, 2012

What Your Middlebury Education Is Worth

What Your Middlebury Education Is Worth

The Economics Department presents

Mahaney Center for the Arts

Friday & Saturday, April 19 & 20, 2012

Spring Student Symposium

Join Middlebury’s own horticulturalist for a Spring Campus Tour Thursday at 2:00 P.M.

Mahaney Center for the Arts
Phyllis Wendell Mackey '78, P'11.5, P'14
Class Correspondent ★ MCAA Board Member

I give my time to Middlebury because I want today's students to have the experience I had.

go.middlebury.edu/getinvolved

Looking for a Summer Internship or funding for a Project?

Find out more information at our meeting:

Tuesday • 1:00 p.m. • Center for Education in Action
action CLASSNOTES

Pocket Magazine from the Princeton, NJ. area. It had an article about Huck and his book, Noah's Children: One Man's Response to the Environmental Crisis. Huck continues to emphasize the urgency of the climate change situation, as a writer and environmentalist Bill McKibben so often stresses in his actions and words.

To see a photo of a 1967 mini-reunion, see page 62.

—Class Correspondents: Susan Davis Patterson (sdp@alumni.middlebury.edu), 67 Robinson Perry, Burlington, VT 05401; Alex Taylor (ataaylor1145@gmail.com), 215 Wells Hill Rd., Lakeville, CT 06059.

Barbara Ensminger Stoebenau wonders if there is anyone in the class who is more of a communicator than she and who would enjoy the job of class correspondent and is just waiting to be asked. Please let us know! And please send us your news!

—Class Correspondents: Bentley Gregg (bgregg@epamalumni.org), 418 East S. NE, Vienna, VA 22180; Barbara Ensminger Stoebenau (bstebo@ao.com), 6 Timer Faire, Spring House, PA 19477.

Jeff Brown has retired from his Unitarian church in Mississauga, Canada and is still the Univ. of Toronto UU chaplain. He and wife Kate will use their free time to redo and stay at their new house on Lake Dunmore, not so far from their grandchildren in Huntington, VT. Jeff's son, Eliot, has just moved a seacoast home from New Hampshire to their property in Huntington, Jeff followed suit in a smaller scale by moving his grandparents' chicken house from New Hampshire to Eliot's place. Kate is focusing on sport and performance psychology, teleconsulting, writing a book, and blogging for Psychology Today. Last spring they traveled in Romania, with Jeff walking partway home (at least 1,000 km for a month along the Camino de Santiago in Spain).

Dave Brautigam writes of his longtime connection with Huntington, VT: "Approaching 65, I'm reminded too often that I took my retirement years when I was running Camel's Hump Nordic Ski Center as a for-profit business. After 32 years, I remain passionately involved with it as a part-time project manager, 501(c)(3) Camel's Hump Nordic Ski Area (www.camelshumpskiers.org), ironically more successful now than ever. Teaching at a local high school feeds my habit. I'm in the 15th year of a scrupulous and wonderful relationship with Missy Bongartz Ross '79 and living in Hinesburg. VT. I finally wrote the last tuition check recently as between us we have three kids graduating from college this spring, happily all falling on different weekends! My kids August (26) graduates from the Univ. of Nevada-Reno and Noah (22) from Midd after an eye-opening fall semester in Nepal. Both competed at UVM. I'm looking forward to splitting time between executive coaching/consulting and serious bucket list check-offs. Speaking of which, I'm just back from a trek of 1,000 km for a month along the Caniino de la Florida, my son fulfilling his dream of becoming an accomplished world-class skier. I'm married late (in 1999) to Kathy, a now-retired Bight Lions Club officer; serving supper and leading book groups while daughter Amanda and good meals, yoga, and hanging out at the barn when she's not studying law. I'm still working at the Dept. of State—many of my overseas years don't count for retirement! There were also extended family gatherings in Vermont with brother Tom Brown and his son David's high school graduation; a visit with Ted's son, Karl, and his family in Clearwater—Sawanna, almost a teenager, sings in a regional chorus, and Lily (20 mos.) keeps everyone chuckling. Of course, I miss Ted. He taught me to love and live life. As he often said, 'I'm not lost—I'm having an adventure!'"

—Class Correspondents: Beth Dease Seckley (beth@seckley.com); Nancy Crawford Sutliff (nancfr@comcast.net).

Harry Zinn writes, "Effective December 31, I retired from Penn State Univ., where I spent 14 years studying and teaching interaction with wildlife, parks and protected areas, and the environment. Lynn (Francis) '71 and I sold our Pennsylvania house and returned to Colorado. What had been our second home in Steamboat Springs is now our only home. We are delighted to be in the same time zone as our children, David (31) and Katie (35). Lynn continues to work as an educational consultant, and I am in the early stages of adjusting to voluntary unemployment. Eventually, I suspect I will return (part time) to working with natural resource management agencies, writing, and teaching." Al Perry reports, "I will be retiring after 40 years of service. In the Vietnam era in the Army Medical Service Corps, then 38yr VA medical center leadership positions across eight U.S. cities, the Philippines and at federal medical stations during Hurricanes Katrina, Ike, and Gustav. I was named VA Mentor/Coach of the Year in 2011, my passion the last decade. I'm looking forward to splitting time between executive coaching/consulting and serious bucket list check-offs. Speaking of which, I'm just back from a trek to Everest base camp and Kala Patthar Peak (18,000 feet) for some incredible photos of THE mountain. I enjoyed a helicopter escape to Kathmandu from a potato field 2,000 feet below fog-bound Lukla Airport—roads were damaged and commercial ski runway—where 2,000 fellow trekkers were stranded for a week. Life can be an adventure!"

—From Marshall Forstein comes this condensed autobiography: "After teaching at Middlebury Union High School for five years, I went to medical school at UVM, then transferred to UC in San Francisco and Boston. I've been a faculty member at Harvard Medical School since I finished my residency in 1984 and have been at the same public-sector health-care system in Cambridge for 28 years. My partner and I lived in sin for 24 years until the Commonwealth of Massachusetts enabled us to become upstanding citizens by allowing gay marriage. We recently celebrated 31 years of being together, raising two adopted boys who are now grown young men. My husband Khari, a psychologist, and I have been deeply involved professionally with the HIV epidemic and with gaining civil rights for all sexual minorities. For my retirement years when I was running Camel's Hump, I'm looking forward to splitting time between executive coaching/consulting and serious bucketlist check-offs. Speaking of which, I'm just back from a trek to Everest base camp and Kala Patthar Peak (18,000 feet) for some incredible photos of THE mountain. I enjoyed a helicopter escape to Kathmandu from a potato field 2,000 feet below fog-bound Lukla Airport—roads were damaged and commercial ski runway—where 2,000 fellow trekkers were stranded for a week. Life can be an adventure!"

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June was great to reconnect with people. Our two
p Một NFIOU Cluss
reunion (colinier@sover.net); Roh Waters (rohwaters
Siberian huskies demand that I run with them
director for one of the four Harvard psychiatry-
as we were beginning to adjust to the empty nest,
was happy sharing his stories and his life with
Erika (20) is a theater major at American
He is more loved than he knew, but during the last months
and I are looking forward to taking the pilgrimage
** Save the Date! 
**
** Reunion 2012 
**
June 8–10
For all the up-to-date information visit
http://go.middlebury.edu/reunion
Confirm your contact information, find your classmates, submit
class notes, and more online at www.middleburyonline.com.
Find your class facebook group and reconnect with friends at
www.facebook.com/middleburycollege.
Click on “Class Groups” in the menu on the left.
We hope to see you in June!

diary and an artist’s eye, and
in the culinary world as a personal chef and
She in the culinary world as a personal chef and
all to stop by the studio in Weston, Mass., for coffee
and a catch up. Details of his career meanderings
are on LinkedIn; sustainability explorations are on
his blog, www.thenunkelaktivist.com; and a bit of
his artwork can be seen on Facebook. Contact him
at lsegro@mac.com and www.moonie.moon.org
You may join the Diorama Facebook Group
or visit his blog, www.theunlikelyactivist.com; and a bit of
those closest to him. He will be sorely missed by
colleagues and friends from the Arctic, the Bedford
Institute of Oceanography, by friends with whom
he shared many outdoor excursions, and most of
all by his family. He is survived by mom Edith,
siblings Ken and Suzi, his wonderful son, Reuben,
Reuben’s fiancée, Melanie, and his magnificent
wife and partner. Sarah-Marie Loupe. For most
of his career, Steve was a marine geologist with
special interest in the Canadian Arctic coastline,
spending more than 20 field seasons in that unique
and wonderful environment. His research allowed
him to experiment with new technologies, which
he loved, and to develop collaborations with
colleagues around the globe from the South Pacific
to the Russian tundra. These personal relationships
were very important to him. To the end, he never
lost his thirst for knowledge, but faced his illness
with extraordinary grace and courage. This core
humanity is his true legacy. His family and friends
carry his love and companionship with them, always,
and his memory will be forever welcomed.
Steve left an obituary, which wife Sarah-Marie
louped, PO Box 83, Porters Lake, NS B3E
(Mt Canada).
—Class Correspondents: Jennifer Hamlin Church
(jlchriiuen@sieneheights.edu); Evey Zwnick LeMont
(evelymont@primetimeinnovation.com).
We are very sorry to report that
Howard Fraher passed away on
December 23. He graduated Phi
Beta Kappa from Midd with a degree in art and then
earned an MFA from Cranbrook Academy of Art.
After graduating he was a teacher of art and a
coach at St. Andrew’s School and Holderness
before moving to Nantucket, where he settled
for the rest of his life and became a noted artist. Our
condolences are sent to his family. An obituary will
appear in a future issue.
—Class Correspondents: Deborah Schneider
Greenboth (writtersDG@comcast.net); Andrea Thorne
(andreathorne8@yahoo.com).
As a longtime employee and friend of
Charles was a sideline-sports dad. He’ll have
a bit more time on his hands since part of the duties
of being a co-captain’s parent is to help organize
tailgate parties for all 21 games, home and away! He
capped off the field hockey team’s successful run
to the NCAA Div III finals by hosting dinner for
all 85 team members and parents at his farm. Son
Sam ’05 works at Barclay Capital in NYC and son
Nick is finishing his master’s in psychology at NYU.
Charlie’s brother Andy Jackson is winning the
grandchild race—he has five! Son Josiah and wife
Samantha (Danforth) have five grandchildren.
Son Zealand (4) and eight-month old twin girls.
Scarlet and Magnolia. Andy and Rory also live
in Lincoln with their kids Judah (6) and Jahlani (3). Rory is a
painter and educator who founded the Trash Yard School in Ghana. Andy’s
daughter Justine ’08 is in Ghana running Trash Yard for the summer.
Tom Rich continues to run the home furnishing and design business he
founded with his parents in 1983 in Pittsfield, Mass.,
Paul Rich and Sons. He and wife Pam are bracing for the first of their three sons’ first college
year. John Morosani, his Laurel Ridge Grass
Fed Beef (LJGB.com) continues to grow and
do well. He sells primarily to CSAs and restaurants
so don’t look for it in stores. John and Joan’s
son Daniel ’05 served as a lieutenant with the Marines
at sea.
working with clients. I have just signed my first major contract, which will take me well into 2013, so I am feeling quite successful! Although I am U.S.-based, I continue to work in Africa—and in the future, wherever I find my clients. Distance and on-line consulting and coaching make for an exciting mix, while I enjoy being ‘settled’ for part of the year chez nous.”

—Class Correspondent: Bob Luebbern (blueberr@oxy.edu)

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Ellen Hall Adams is enjoying her fifth winter in Park City. ‘Every day is pinch myself to make sure I’m not dreaming. I left the ski industry in 1994 to raise two boys, Cameron (24) and Kieran (17), and spent 14 years serving on several nonprofit boards, volunteering for school and community activities, and enjoying a lot of terms, running, hiking, and skiing. Since 2008, I have been the program director for the National Ability Center—a nonprofit that helps people with disabilities participate in adaptive sports and recreation. We deliver more than 17,000 lessons in 12 programs each year and our core programs are skiing and equestrian, my two favorite childhood sports. Every day I have the privilege of witnessing people overcome barriers and achieve things they never imagined possible. In partnerships with the Wounded Warrior Project, U.S. Paralympics, and the community-based Warrior Transition Unit, we will serve over 400 of our country’s Wounded Warriors in 2012. It doesn’t seem possible that our class graduated almost 34 years ago. I wish everyone the best—please let me know if you are ever out this way.”

Diane Nastri got together with Jane Leggett over the holidays in West Hartford, Conn. Jane brought cookies from Frances Piemonte’s company, Biscotti Piemonte, in D.C., which were “fabulous!” Savor here: piemontebiscotti.com. Diane is a makeup artist in Burbank, Calif. Pierce requests that you contact him, when you visit Chicago. He promised to come to the 40th.

—Class Correspondents: Kevin Donahue (donahue@vbahn.us); Nan Rodhele McNicholas (lumihill@yahoo.com); Joanne Scott (jcscott@vernet.com).

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So happy to hear that Jennifer Caldwell died on December 27. An obituary will appear in a future issue. In other 1979 news, Mark Forsyth was recently re-elected as treasurer of the board of directors of the Ogunquit Playhouse in Ogunquit, Maine. Living in Rye, N.H., with wife Diane, he works for Wells Fargo Equity Finance in Portsmouth, N.H.

—Class Correspondent: Mary McKenzie Cock (mary.cokke@gmail.com); Nancy Lumbard Meyer (lumis79@yahoo.com)

Bring on the 79s!
**Graduate Schools**

Bread loaf School of English

With an accomplished photography, Gerald Kenjoriki (MA '66) gave a talk last summer called "The Curator's Quandary: Should I Draw the Line?" At issue was photography as art, especially with the popularity of digital cameras. He has served as curator of three photography shows. In October, Peter Widdel (MA '78), who is CEO of WIDDLE'S Research & Publications, gave a webinar for Recruiting Trends on "How to Recruit Top Talent in Every Generation." Donna Walsh Inghelhart (MA '82) has published *Grassroots* (Troubadour Interactive, 2011), a novel set during the American Civil War. Western New Mexico Univ. recently hired Kenneth Leupold (MA '97) to head operations at its local branch in Deming, N.M., within the Minersville Learning Center. With 35 years of experience in education, he has taught at both the high school and college levels.

After a long career as a poet and teacher, Ina Brukner (MA '99) began painting about 10 years ago. Last fall he had an exhibit of his work at the Miller Center for Visual Arts at Urbana Univ. in Ohio. With 20 years experience as an educator, Michael Vachow (MA '93) is the head of Forsyth School in St. Louis, Mo. Having taken a lengthy hiatus from the independent school world to work in parishes as an Episcopal priest, the Rev. Patricia Phaneuf Alexander (MA '94) is delighted to have returned to the classroom at St. Andrew's Episcopal School in Potomac, Md. Patty serves as the chaplain to the middle and upper schools and chair of the philosophy and religion dept. Sons William, Peter, and Andrew are in fifth grade, third grade, and kindergarten, respectively, at St. Andrew's. Katie Devine (MA '95) recently began work as the director of the town library in Great Barrington, Mass. She spent the last decade as the special collections and technology librarian at the Westfield (Mass.) Athenaeum. With a JD from the Univ. of Virginia, Jonathan Cannon (MA '01) is an associate with BuckleySmoller in L.A. In New Orleans, Julie Lause (MA '03) is serving as the principal of Tubman Elementary School, a charter run by Crescent City Schools. Sorina Kulberg Higgins (MA '07) sent word that she recently published her second book, a full-length volume of poetry entitled *Cedrus*. Look for more info at www.jamblicadmonit.com. Tara Minor Rogers (MA '07) married David Shuman (MA '07) on June 19, 2011. She serves as the chair of the English dept. at the Ensworth School in Nashville, Tenn., and plays flute and piccolo in the Nashville Philharmonic Orchestra. In September Daniel Naftalis (MA '11) joined the faculty of the Portledge School in Locust Valley, N.Y., as an English teacher in the upper school. He also helps coach boys lacrosse.

French School

Last fall Thomas Quinn (MA '76) joined the board of directors of the Berkshire Taconic Community Foundation. He is an investment adviser with more than 30 years experience in banking, investment management, and commercial property. Ryan Berry (MA '83) has published a poetry book entitled *The Horizontal Poet*. You can check it out at www.zeitgeist-press.com. She is the recipient of the Gertrude Press Fiction Chapbook Award and a Rainbow Award for lesbian and bisexual poetry. A retired pediatrician, she lives in San Francisco with her husband, Heath Wolff. Rhonda Yancey (MA '84) is planning a long-awaited trip back to Middlebury in July and plans to attend events on campus. She taught French for six years at California Lutheran Univ. and also taught French and English at Lutheran High School of Ventura County, Calif. She is now happily self-employed as a music teacher, close to her home. Michelle Malhando (MA '06) recently received the Governor's Award for Excellence in the Northfield (N.J.) School District. An eighth-grade French and Spanish teacher, she was named middle school teacher of the year.

Sadly, we recently learned that Josette Lludne Hontax, former professor in the French School, passed away on July 7, 2011. She began at Middlebury in 1994, teaching language and vocabulary at the 100 level, and her last summer was 2009. She retired from the Univ. of Ave- Provence.

German School

Attorney Justin Peterson (MA '06) recently joined law firm Moen Sheehan Meyer in La Crosse, Wis. He earned his JD from the William Mitchell College of Law in St. Paul, Minn., in 2009. He, his wife, Amy, and their daughter live in La Crosse.

Italian School

Roger Castiglione (MA '68) writes, "Thanks to the Middlebury program and the year I spent in Florence, I met my Florentine wife while at the Univ. of Florence. Prof Val Giampatti was our resident director in that year! We were married in Florence on June 14, 1964. In retirement, I teach both English and Italian at the Berlitz Language Center in Ridgewood, N.J."

Last July Tiffany Bistocchi (MA '06) married Michael Murphy in Philadelphia. She is an Italian teacher in the Quincy (Mass.) School District and he is a lawyer in Boston. Last August Lorenzo Buonanno (MA '06) married Susan Wagner at the Topsham Commons in Topsham, Mass. He is a candidate for a doctorate in Italian Renaissance art at Columbia Univ. and she is a candidate for a doctorate in Italian Studies at the University of Florence. "Having taken a German class at Middlebury, I was delighted to have returned to the classroom at St. Andrews and to have taught at both the high school and college levels." Jonathan Tucker, a longtime research fellow with the James Martai Center for Nonproliferation Studies (CNS), died on July 31 at his home in Washington, D.C., Jonathan, who served in 1993 as a United Nations weapons inspector in Iraq, was a well-known and widely respected expert on chemical and biological weapons. He was a research fellow with CNS for almost 15 years, before departing earlier in 2011 for a new position with the U.S. Department of Homeland Security. CNS director, William Potter, commented on Tucker's passing: "He was unsurpassed as a writer, producing brilliant books at an amazing pace, and with great modesty and seemingly little effort. He never sought the limelight, but was always an eloquent commentator in English, French, and German on policy issues as diverse as public health, bioterrorism, the Chemical Weapons Convention, and dual-use-export controls. Jonathan was the epitome of the gentleman scholar, mentor to young and old alike, and respected by everyone. We mourn his passing, which is a tremendous loss to the nonproliferation community and his many friends the world over."

Russian School

Author and illustrator Jane Crouch (MA '80) has published a coloring book called *Mama Moon*, which includes Mayan words and glyphs. With input from the first Maya director of the Belize Archeology Institute, she originally published the book in Belize before creating a U.S. version. If you'd like to learn more about it, you can contact her at jcrouch@midmaine.com.

Spanish School

Alexandra Whitaker (79) has published her first novel, *Leaving Sophie Dean*. It's set in Boston but she plans to set her next novel in Seville, Spain, where she has lived for 20 years. You can check her book out at Amazon or your local bookshop! Barbara Holmes Gaias (MA '81) writes that this is the 30th year her middle school on Long Island, N.Y., has had a relationship with a sister public school in Madrid, Spain. The American students spend two weeks staying with the Spanish families in February and the Spanish students spend two weeks on Long Island during their spring holidays. "The program has survived political unrest, budget cuts, naysayers, and government turmoil." As she approaches her 30th year of teaching, she thinks fondly of her summer at Middlebury and two semesters at the Instituto Internacional in Madrid as the most inspiring and influential of her career. Currently the head of the Baldwin School in Puerto Rico, Albert Cauz (MA '84) is stepping down to become the head of school at Staten Island Academy. He'll be moving to Staten Island with wife Bridget McCabe, a pediatrician, and son Sebastian. Jean Mehirle Hitchcock (MA '91), who has been teaching Spanish and U.S. government at Signature School in Evanston, Ind., will become the executive director after this school year.
Karen Heston McDonald writes, "I've been renting a house in Aspen, Colo., for the past several school years so that Leo (5) and Louise (3) can participate in the local skiing and ice skating program and otherwise enjoy and thrive in this awesome mountain environment. We return to our primary home on Martha's Vineyard in the summer, where my husband runs a commercial lobster fishing operation in Menemsha. I work out of both locations as the chief investment officer for Sage Capital, a convertible-bond shop, videoconferencing daily with my head office in Florida. Lots of moving parts to our lives but that keeps things fresh! I see Paulina Vander Nordaa regularly and skied with Kathy Cleaver not too long ago when she was visiting Aspen. Stacey Pogust Danziger has a place on the Vineyard, too!" **Tyorne Wilson** writes, "My friend Janie Havensayer said, from my Facebook posted pictures, that my journey looked like a king visited his provinces or an episode of This Is Your Life. I think it's a bit of both. I was out East from mid-October to January 5. It had been as much as 24 inches since I set eyes on some of my Midd friends and Middlebury College itself. I saw the least, quite moving. In New York, I got to spend a wonderful evening with Pam Chasek '83 and Norma Robinson, which ended late at night in Pam's apartment leaving through her scrapbook of old Middley memories. I just missed meeting with at least five other Midd friends who happened to be in New York. I played in Boston where I attended a concert in which Lisa Freeman '80 performed and I stayed with her and her lovely husband, John, in Ipswich, Mass. We just missed Phil Hamilton '82, who was performing with his a cappella group! I was entertained in Burlington, Vt., by the Top Cats, a D-8 type group at UVM; had dinner with my college roommate John Harvey and his family in Vergennes, and planned to cross the border and do some post-Xmas relaxing in Magog, Canada. All the while I was centering my stay in Rutland, Vt. There's a new love in my life and she, would you believe it, actually lives in Rutland! I can only quote Dorothy in saying, 'There's no place like home.'" **Anton Becker** survived a stroke 9 months after the last one and is working his way to good health. We wish Anton the best and hope the recovery is speedy and complete! **Molly Stevens** has a new book out entitled All About Roasting: A New Approach to a Classic Art. Living in Williston, Vt., she teaches culinary arts classes nationwide and is a food writer and editor for a number of national magazines. She spent five years writing the book, which follows her last book, All About Braising: The Art of Uncomplicated Cooking.

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**83**

We'd like to hear from you soon.

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**84**

Tracy Mills, husband of Elizabeth Hurby-Mills, sent this news: "Elizabeth was appointed by Utah Governor Gary Herbert to be a judge in the 3rd District Court for the State of Utah. The Utah Senate confirmed her appointment and she took the bench on December 15. She had been a lawyer, specializing in family law, with the firm of Robards, Miller and Nelson since her graduation from the University of Utah School of Law in 1993. Elizabeth resides with Tracy and daughter Hollis (16) in Salt Lake City. **David Sherris** writes, "I run a residency-training program, teaching residents and medical students facial plastic surgery and rhinology. I also participate in research and write medical papers and books." He has been voted one of Best Doctors in America and is a recipient of multiple research awards. **Anne Hambleton** writes, "Work, farm, horses are all kicking along fine and I'm having fun competing my ex-steeplechase horses. The big news is—I wrote a book! Raja, Story of a Racehorse is a 'could be true' young reader (ages 7-11?) horse novel about the racing and post-racing odyssey of a well-bred thoroughbred told from his point of view. Check out www.rajaracehorse.com." **From Cordova, Alaska, Kristin Smith Carpenter** writes, "I can report that we survived Snowocalypse here, 20 feet of snow in four weeks. I managed to miss most of that by traveling to Guatemala to volunteer last year. I'm still working at the Copper River Watershed Project and urging everyone to eat more wild salmon to support coastal Alaska communities!" **Gordon Woodworth is news editor of the Chronicle, a vibrant and relevant weekly newspaper based in Glen Falls, N.Y. He lives in his hometown of South Glen Falls and in January enjoyed watching the Middlebury men's basketball team, coached by longtime Midd friend Jeff Brown, beat Williams in a key NESCAC game. The two were two of his nieces, Sara and Hilary Woodworth. Sara is a senior and will graduate in May; Hilary was a February freshman in 2011. Sara and Hilary are the third generation of Woodworths to attend Midd, joining Gordon, his brother Greg '81 (Sara and Hilary's father), his sister Sue '90, and patriarch of the family, Donald W. Woodworth '59. **Nancy Ellis Shablon** writes, "After moving quite a few times due to my husband's job (including five years in South Africa), we have been in northern Virginia for eight years. I'm in my second year of teaching ESL (English to Speakers of Other Languages) at our local middle school. Although it was quite a change from being a stay-at-home mom for 16 years, I'm really enjoying it. Our oldest son, Clayton, is a senior and will be attending West Point (like his dad). Our other son, Nick, is in eighth grade, and our daughter, Elizabeth, is in sixth. Although I'm not on Facebook, I'd love to hear from people on Shablon@pwcs.com." **Diana Rhudick** writes, "Madeleine Bass (who I used to know as Lynn Butterfield) and I reconnected after many a year and had a very nice lunch together a few months ago. Also, college is very much on my mind lately because my eldest is in 11th grade (!) and starting his college search process. Thank you to Julie Alden May for her tips on that subject." **Peter Martin** participated in the 40th annual Chilly Hilly Bicycle Ride on Bainbridge Island, Wash., on February 26 (33 miles of roller-coaster hills) and signed up for the Flying Wheels Century Ride in June. He can't remember the last time he actually had face-to-face contact with any Midd folks, much less classmates. He asks, "Anyone else out here in Seattle? I did see a Midd sticker in the window of a parked car on my bicycle commute home yesterday." **Ruthie Hill Klinic** reports that she and husband Jack '83 have been in Wellesley, Mass., for five years now. Jack works at State Street and the two of their children are in the Wellesley public schools spanning high school, middle school, and elementary. "We spent our weekends at Sugarbush this winter as the kids were ski racing. We have a yellow lab, Abby, who follows me around all day long. I was involved with volunteerism last year—co-chairing a school auction and being a controller at the PO. I get to see Jen Stone Porter, Dana Curtis Keep, and MaryAnne Herlihy Ulam, all of whom live nearby. Betsy Hoffman Hundahl, George Elliman '83, and I drove down to Pelham, N.Y., for Ann Gustafson Sorice's 50th birthday party. It was so much fun! Ann and I reminisced about our days in Starr." **Betsy Hundahl** adds, "We saw lots of Middlebury folks there and a good time was had by all. Like all good road trips, we were exhausted by the end and had a minor mishap; keys were locked in the car at a gas station outside of New York and we had to get bailed out by AAA. As for me, after a couple of tumultuous years during which I grew up a lot, I'm looking forward to my second adolescence and second childhood in the next half a century." **Erich Pessl** writes from Ecuador where he and wife Patricia and two kids have been living for this school year. "We left our jobs for a year and moved to a town in southern Ecuador so the kids could see another part of the world and we could do some volunteer medical work. The kids started school the day after we arrived and didn't..."
We have heard from several of our 1983 classmates during the past several months. John Denney says, "Since our move from Manhattan in the spring of 2010, the family has been having a great time in Princeton, NJ. The kids have jumped into the local sports scene—Jake (7) and Annie (9) are playing for the Nassau Hockey League in the winter and lacrosse in the spring and Jake is playing football in the fall. Josie (4) has just started her learn-to-ski-for-the-Nassau-Hockey-League in the winter and focusing on launching a new agency with the help of husband Matt, she is starting up a company focused on monitoring residential geothermal heat-pump systems. She hopes to be open for business by this spring! While at an Army alternative energy meeting in Washington, D.C., I unexpectedly ran into Henry LaBonne '84, who works in the solar industry for Tigo Energy. "That's all for now, classmates of 1983! Please keep the news coming! Hope to hear from you all!"

We're excited to have been selected as the chief operations director of Portland Public Schools, which was unanimously approved this evening by the school board! I will greatly miss my wonderful colleagues at Aetna Associates, where I have worked for nearly 15 years. My work here is truly a new adventure and a chance to align my passions for education and the important work of Portland Public Schools with my career path." Paul Bucci was recently hired by Cutter Capital Management, based in Worcester, Mass. Previously he was at the Canada Fund for Children, a firm he founded in New Canaan, Conn. "And finally, from the Lohmann Twins, Ruth Lohmann Davis wants to tell her Middlebury classmates and friends that with the help of husband Matt, she is starting up a company focused on monitoring residential geothermal heat-pump systems. She hopes to be open for business by this spring! While at an Army alternative energy meeting in Washington, D.C., I unexpectedly ran into Henry LaBonne '84, who works in the solar industry for Tigo Energy. "That's all for now, classmates of 1983! Please keep the news coming! Hope to hear from you all!"

Nat Barber was really glad he went to the 25th reunion. "It was my first reunion, and I found out what great times I've been missing. It was a blast. I got to see my favorite Russian professor, Alya Baker, and make her be my date to the Friday night dinner. My fellow Midd Kids are all grown up now and doing so many fantastic, far-flung, far-out, and interesting things. Finding that stuff out was worth the price of admission alone. There has been a frenzy of tweeting on Facebook among Midd '83ers all summer, so keeping tabs on each other is easier. My wife, Barbara Lilleby, and 13-year-old son, Liam Hyun-Min Barber, and I live near Albany, N.Y., and we both work for the state government, me as an environmental lawyer, Barbara as a librarian/grant administrator for the New York State Library."

Betsy Thompson Serlenstott writes, "Our 25th reunion was a family reunion for me as well—I was joined by my 16-year-old son, AJ, who had just finished his sophomore year at Choate, and my 14-year-old daughter, Phoebe, who had just finished eighth grade at the International School of Luaka in Zambia. About nine months before reunion I had taken a job in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania (where I joined classmates Becky Hart McElroy). My husband has finished up his job in Zambia, so our family has been scattered over three countries. I'm still working for Johns Hopkins University, doing health communications. I've been living in Africa for about 16 years now, working for Hopkins the whole time. It's wonderful to have the opportunity to make a difference in people's lives. I've enjoyed regular visits with Debbie Vehse Lund and Christine Langlois, as I pass through Boston pretty frequently." Tom McKenna is now in D.C. with the Department of Energy. "John Kirk says, "I live in Wintonport, Maine, down the Penobscot River from Bangor. I've been working in Bangor running a title company with six offices in Maine and one in New Hampshire. My kids are growing up—Charlotte is 17, Marshall, 16, and MacLean, 13. We spend a lot of time at Sugarloaf during ski season skiing and hanging around camp. I see Jon Detwiler a few times per year to fish and carry on." With an MS in nutrition from Tufts and a dietetic internship at the Frances Stern Nutrition Center at the New England Medical Center, Tricia Spurr Thompson founded the company Gluten-Free Watchdog, which performs independent testing of gluten-free products that are on the market. An internationally recognized expert on celiac disease and the gluten-free diet, she has written numerous articles, books, and book chapters on this subject. She was recently profiled on celiac-disease.com."

Elizabeth 'Laird' Morgan Tolan sent this update: "After college I worked 12 years in the women's fashion business as a buyer at various retailers in NYC. Currently I'm working at a family-founded business that specializes in interior design, art, and decorative accessories." Serving as the school superintendent in Cantor, Mass., Jeff Granatino hosts a cable TV show called Supervintas's Corner in order to keep the community informed about what's happening in the schools. The monthly show is recorded and directed by students taking a TV production class at Canton High School. In February 2010, Peter Olfe co-founded start-up Nearthere, a mobile service that allows travelers to discover and be alerted to nearby attractions while on a trip. Serving as CEO of Nearthere, he and his company were featured on tnooz.com in January. On behalf of the entire class of 1988, we would like to extend our sympathies to the friends and family of our classmate Paula Carlson. Paula, who passed away late last summer, was a writer, an animal lover, advocate for the disabled, and alumni office volunteer. She will be truly missed. Welcome to Anya Puri Brunnick who is joining Claire as a class correspondent! You can send notes to her at the address below. Thank you to Beth Zogby for her years of service as a correspondent.

Elizabeth "Laird" Morgan Tolan

Anya Puri Brunnick
We have a spate of wedding announcements from the Class of ’90 Nicholas Budnick and Beth Slovic married in June 2011. They are both reporters for the Oregonian, the daily paper in Portland, Ore., and Nick has the health beat. In Chicago, Greg Frezados and Kimberly Matus (Washington Univ. ’97) tied the knot on October 22. A whole lotta Midd crew were in attendance, including Steve Fitzpatrick, Hank Hagey, Rob Delorie Jim Stover in from Bejing, Jeff Stover in from Tokyo, Tornado Schwiters in from Budapest, and Matt Stewart ’91, Karl Michalko ’91, Danni Mustafa ’91, Emily Stone ’91, Dina O’Hara was recently a priest in the Episcopal Diocese of South Dakota. Now she’s doing college, some new worship leading in the churches in Minneapolis. —Clare D’Elia

91 Thanks to all Midd ’91ers who submitted updates near and far. Elizabeth Kelly Rossetti lives in South Hamilton, Mass., with husband Ron, son Trip (8), and daughter Georgia (6). Liz just went back to work part time, after being home with the kids for seven years, and is now working in professional development at the law firm of Choate, Hall & Stewart in Boston. —Christina Johnson

92 REUNION CLASS Lisa Christoffersen is proud to announce the establishment of her law firm, Christoffersen Law PS, in Seattle. After 12 years in the field, she will continue to practice U.S. business and family immigration law. She can be reached at 206-915-3524 and lmc@pnwimmigration.com.

93 Rick Gronda earned his doctorate in educational leadership from Fordham Univ. Rick is an elementary school principal in New Jersey where he resides with his wife and four children. —Last June David Shuman married Tara Minor Rogers, MA English ’07. He holds a degree from the Univ. of Virginia School of Law and is employed as senior patent litigation counsel at HTC America. They live in Nashville, Tenn.

94 Brent Cassow was recently elected to partner in the Philadelphia office of Fisher & Phillips, a national labor and employment law firm that represents management. He counsels businesses on a wide range of employment matters, with a focus on the issues arising out of the movement of employees between competing companies. —Pepco and its market research partner, Sentient Decision Science, received industry recognition last fall when they were awarded the 2011 EXPLOR award. Aaron Reid is the founder and chief behavioral scientist of Sentient Decision Science, which is based in Portsmouth, N.H. With a PhD in experimental psychology from the Office of Advancing New York at Rochester. She and husband Edward Nicols live in Brighton, N.Y., with their son and daughter.

95 In other 1992 news, as well as serving as the head men’s tennis coach at Skidmore, Nate Simms is also a documentary filmmaker. His film, Brownbird, premiered at the Spectrum in Albany, N.Y., on December 7. It tells the story of a 90-year-old Brunswick, N.Y., farmer, small-town politics, and residential development, as it is being planned for the farmer’s former land. After years as a still photographer, Nate has found a new medium for his interest in natural landscapes and land conservation, particularly in Rensselaer County. —Hope everyone can make it back to campus for reunion!

—Class Correspondents: Danny Casper Miller (dclawyer@gmail.com), Sara Garcia McCormick (smg70@gate.net).
He joined Disney in 1995 as a sales trainee. In the fall, Northeaster Healthcare announced that Jin Pyun, who is a former health category sales director at AOL and director of strategic development at WebMD, had been appointed to the board of directors. He is also the founder and CEO of MyBoots, a health and wellness motivation website.

―Class Correspondents: Mary Stine Cairns (mcairns@middlebury.edu); Cemo Swift (genesu29@gmail.com)

95
Exciting news abound! We continue to hear from classmates who have been quiet since graduation. Keep the news coming!  From the list of "Missing from the Middlebury Magazine" comes an update from two classmates who recently joined a Marshall Memorial Fellow. This will provide her a month of European travel exploring the institutions, politics, and culture on the other side of the Atlantic. When the Alaskan legislature is not in session, Lindsey is an in-house attorney for a local telecommunications company. Good luck to Lindsey as she leaves NYU, Shara Mendelson adds her voice to the class notes section for the first time. Having lived in NYC since graduation, Shara opened a company called Plum Benefits in 1998. After many successful years, she recently sold it to Téléchargé. A company called Flum Benefits in 1998. After many successful years, she recently sold it to Téléchargé. Nicole is a project manager for sporting goods company Backcountry.com in Park City and her husband is chairman of the math dept. at the Univ. of Utah.

―Class Correspondents: Emily Aikenhead Hannon (hannon.emily@gmail.com); JP Watson (jpwatson@athensacademy.org)

96
Lindsey Mehlburg shares the exciting news of the birth of Ethan Ryker Belh on October 21. Ethan joins big brothers Liam (7) and Miles (2.5) and big sister Elena (6). Carol Tonge-Mack was promoted in January 2011 to Director of Student Retention Initiatives (College of Arts and Sciences) at the Univ. of Cincinnati. Daughter Allyson Tonge-Mack (20), who was usually seen as a child in the dining halls during J-term, is a fashion design major at the Salt Institute in Maine. Now she works with clients to preserve family memories and produces tribute books, life-story books, digital recordings, and transcripts. In December AMAG Pharmaceuticals announced that Scott Holmes, the company’s VP of finance and controller, had been appointed chief accounting officer. He joined the company in September 2011 after serving as VP of finance and treasurer of Molecular Biometrics.

―Class Correspondents: Amanda Gordon Fletcher (ang Fletcher@yahoo.com); Megan Shattuck (megan.shattuck@gmail.com)

97
One of the ice hockey games played at the rink in Ferrway Park in Boston this January was a rival match between private schools Noble and Greenough and Milton Academy. Hugh Marlow ’37, an alumnus of Milton, went to the game and ran into Mark Spence, who is the assistant hockey coach at Nobles. Noble and Greenough won the game.

―Class Correspondents: Maggie Bittner Lilgren (maggie.lilgren@gmail.com); Catherine Mitchell Wieman (cwmitchell99@hotmail.com)

98
After three years in L.A. defending immigrants in deportation proceedings, James Duff Lyall spent last summer volunteering with No More Deaths, a group that provides humanitarian aid and documents Border Patrol abuse along the U.S.-Mexico border. Duff is now a staff attorney at the ACLU of Arizona. After completing her residency at Dartmouth Hitchcock Medical Center and giving birth to son, Fish and Fowl, Megan Tillinghast Batchelder joined Community Medical Associates in Newport, Vt., and moved back to the Northeast Kingdom with Hale and husband Jason, a Vermont Fish & Game warden. She joined her father, Peter ’74, at CMA, where he has been a longtime internist and pediatrician. Steve Waltien was home in Shelburne, Vt., for the holidays and put on two improv comedy shows in Burlington to benefit the Mahana Magic Foundation. He acts, writes, and teaches improv in Chicago and tours internationally with The Improv Shakespeare Co. and the Second City’s Improv All-Stars. He did the Vermont shows with Andrew Knox, his partner in "Team Vermont" for the IO Chicago’s United States of America.
01

Becky Ruby Swansboro reports, "In January, I started a new job as chief marketing officer for Stonewood Financial, a specialty financial services firm. It's quite a switch from my past work in the government/nonprofit sector, and I'm excited to help the company execute its strategic growth plan."

—Class Correspondents: David Babington (Davidbabington@gmail.com); Lindsay Simpson-Spinnery (lindsayuniday@yahoo.com).

02

REUNION CLASS

In November 2011, Megan Sands received her PhD in epidemiology from Brown University and accepted a position as a postdoctoral fellow in clinical epidemiology at the Univ. of Pennsylvania. In her spare time, Megan runs an intramural arm-wrestling gym, where she trains patrons in the likes of Sylvester Stallone in the movie Over the Top. In other academic news, Justin Knox started his PhD at Columbia Univ. in public health. Chad '04 and Sydney Johnston-McConathy recently announced that there's a new cowboy in town, Declan Patrick McConathy, born in 2011. While on the topic of newborn rascals, Pete Rosenblum and Katie Tallon welcomed the arrival of their beautiful baby girl Olivia in early 2012.

—Class Correspondents: Leslie Fox Arnold (lesliefoxarnold@gmail.com); Michael Hart (hart@alumni.middlebury.edu).

03

Jamie Davis and Spencer Godfrey '02 sent this message: "We welcomed Ian Thomasson on September 27, 2011, joining big sister Sally. We finally made Vermont our permanent residence and are happily settled in the Mad River Valley." In wedding news, Liz Moore and Devin Doyle (Georgetown) last June 18 at Mead Chapel with a reception following at the Waybury Inn. Living in Venice, Calif., she is a management consultant and he's a lawyer. In October, Nick Ferrer and Lindsay Smith were married in Middletown, Va., at Belle Grove Plantation. They live in NYC where she is a personal trainer at Equinox Fitness and he is a corporate attorney at Simpson Thacher & Bartlett.

As reported in the New York Times, Robert Buckley and Milana Miodini were married in October in NYC. She works as an advertising copywriter for the company, Coach, and he is a financial research analyst at investment firm Largo Partners. Tim Soslow was honored by Gambit newspaper as one of 'New Orleans' accomplished 40 under 40. A software engineer for Tideways, a 3-D modeling company, he also founded Prelude, an organization targeting younger audiences for the Louisiana Philharmonic Orchestra, and helped found Emergent Philanthropy Group, a nonprofit that helps arts and children's nonprofits, among other things.

—Class Correspondent: Morgan Dodge (mdodge@alumni.middlebury.edu).

04

Jason Farkas recently joined Bloomberg Television as senior producer of afternoons. Previously he was at CNBC, where he was senior producer of CNBC SportsBiz and Trading the Globe. Many 2004 weddings took place in 2011. On February 19, Kathryn Slattery and Matthew Longo were married. On April 15, Will Cleveland married Grace Applefeld at the Engineering Society of Baltimore. They met at the Univ. of Virginia where both received a law degree. She is an associate specializing in copyright and trademark law with the Washington law firm Arent Fox and he is an associate specializing in environmental litigation with the Washington law firm Baker Botts. In May, Steve Hickey married Amy Bickford in Dover, N.H. She is working towards an MBA from Suffolk Univ. in Boston and he is working towards his juris doctor at Suffolk. She also works for Boston Capital, a real estate investment firm. On June 18, Christian Cutler and Christe Jones were married at the Kiawah Island Club in South Carolina. With an MA in intercultural relations, she is employed by GlobaLinks Learning Abroad in Westminster, Colo. Dylan Dyson received a MS in engineering at the Univ. of Colorado–Boulder and is employed with the National Renewable Energy Lab in Golden, Colo. They live in Boulder. In August, Alexandra Burr married Allen Slanic in Worthington, Mass., at a farmhouse that has been in her family since 1800. They met at Yale, where they both received a master's in architecture. She is a designer at Bernstein Architectural in Brooklyn, N.Y., and he is a designer at Sage & Coombe Architects in Manhattan.

—Class Correspondents: Julia Hennessey Breslow (julia.breslow@fotomail.com); Athena (Tina) Fischer (princess1332@yahoo.com).

05

Working in fund-raising as the assistant director of principal gifts in the College's advancement office, Jeff Stach has used his expertise to publish Effective Philanthropic Fundraising: A Guide for Nonprofits, Political Candidates, and Advocacy Groups. You can check it out at www.apress.com/9781430239000.

Stephanie Dosch married Hugh Landa on October 15 in a small ceremony outside of Madrid, Spain, attended by his family and Shannon Locks, MA Spanish '06. Hugh whisked Stephanie off to New York in January, where she was looking forward to hanging out with Julia Cuthbertson and Sheila Seles, as well as reconnecting with all the other Middies at the Round Barn Farm. In other wedding news, Julia Mosse married Jared Newman at her family home in Litchfield, Conn., last May. Both received law degrees from the Benjamin N. Cardozo School of Law. She's an associate in the litigation dept. at Curtis, Mallet-Prevost, Colt & Mosle in NYC and he's an associate in the real estate dept. of St. Mary Church in Greenwich, Conn. Kathrin works as a financial adviser at Morgan Stanley Smith Barney in Westport and is also a certified yoga instructor. Matthew is pursuing his master's in theology at St. Joseph's Seminary in Yorkers, N.Y., and is a private tutor with Summit Educational Group. In April Will Cleveland married Grace Applefeld at the Engineering Society of Baltimore. They met at the Univ. of Virginia where both received a law degree. She is an associate specializing in copyright and trademark law with the Washington law firm Arent Fox and he is an associate specializing in environmental litigation with the Washington law firm Baker Botts. In May, Steve Hickey married Amy Bickford in Dover, N.H. She is working towards an MBA from Suffolk Univ. in Boston and he is working towards his juris doctor at Suffolk. She also works for Boston Capital, a real estate investment firm. On June 18, Christian Cutler and Christe Jones were married at the Kiawah Island Club in South Carolina. With an MA in intercultural relations, she is employed by GlobaLinks Learning Abroad in Westminster, Colo. Dylan Dyson received a MS in engineering at the Univ. of Colorado–Boulder and is employed with the National Renewable Energy Lab in Golden, Colo. They live in Boulder. In August, Alexandra Burr married Allen Slanic in Worthington, Mass., at a farmhouse that has been in her family since 1800. They met at Yale, where they both received a master's in architecture. She is a designer at Bernstein Architectural in Brooklyn, N.Y., and he is a designer at Sage & Coombe Architects in Manhattan.

—Class Correspondents: Julia Hennessey Breslow (julia.breslow@fotomail.com); Athena (Tina) Fischer (princess1332@yahoo.com).

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and national recognition for her design work. While participating in the Iowa Writers' Workshop last fall, Jen Percy learned she had been awarded a fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts. At the same time, her brother, Ben, was awarded one as well. Jen has written a book about her experiences and received a National Endowment for the Arts grant for her work. Jen Percys book, "The Geographer," was published in 2012 and received critical acclaim.

While in Iowa, Jen attended the Workshop and met other talented writers, including Alexander Widas, who has been working on a novel about the changing landscape of the American West. Jen learned that her work had been recognized by the National Endowment for the Arts, and she took it upon herself to organize a fundraising event to support the arts in Iowa. The event was a huge success, and Jen was able to raise enough money to support several local artists. Jen has since become a prominent figure in the Iowa arts community and has continued to write and speak about the importance of arts funding.

As a member of the Iowa Writers' Workshop, Jen had the opportunity to meet and learn from some of the most talented writers in the country. She was particularly impressed by the work of some of her fellow students, including Alexander Widas, who has been working on a novel about the changing landscape of the American West. Jen learned that her work had been recognized by the National Endowment for the Arts, and she took it upon herself to organize a fundraising event to support the arts in Iowa. The event was a huge success, and Jen was able to raise enough money to support several local artists. Jen has since become a prominent figure in the Iowa arts community and has continued to write and speak about the importance of arts funding.

The winter issue that they were teaching at the Berkshire School will be released in 2013. The issue will feature stories about the school's winter program, which includes a very grown-up cocktail party in late December and a visit to the world famous Dari and Pashtu. The issue will also feature stories about the school's music and arts programs, including their annual Chanumas party. Reaffirming her love for the arts, Jen has continued to write and speak about the importance of arts funding.

Jen has been active in the arts community in Iowa, and she has continued to write and speak about the importance of arts funding. She has organized several fundraising events to support local artists and has continued to publish her work in several literary journals. She has also been a vocal advocate for the arts in Iowa, and she has worked with local organizations to promote arts education and funding. Jen has continued to be a prominent figure in the Iowa arts community, and she has been recognized for her contributions to the arts.

Jen Percy is a talented writer, and she has continued to make a significant impact on the Iowa arts community. She has continued to write and speak about the importance of arts funding, and she has been active in promoting arts education and funding. She has continued to be a vocal advocate for the arts in Iowa, and she has been recognized for her contributions to the arts. Jen has continued to be a prominent figure in the Iowa arts community, and she has been a valuable member of the Iowa Writers' Workshop.

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During the year he spent as a Thomas J. Watson Fellow, Cully Cavness worked with wind, solar, geothermal, micro-hydro and waste heat power producers, engineering firms, and solar manufacturers. He visited 22 countries but spent the majority of his time in four: Iceland, China, Spain, and Argentina. His favorite country was either Iceland for its gorgeous landscape and amazing people, or China for its mental aspects. As a result of his work, he published three articles in the International Geothermal Association Quarterly Review and coauthored one with a PhD researcher in Peru. The main geothermal industry blog, www.thinkgeoenergy.com, published an article about Cully and his Watson Project. After his Watson Fellowship, Cully was hired as the business development manager for Global Geothermal, where he works on projects ranging from finance to engineering to logistics and operations. His mentor, the CEO, is teaching him at a blistering pace. Since starting last mid-August, he has traveled to Houston, Kennett Square, Pa., Dubai, Porto, and a few places in between while being responsible for projects and relationships in China, Pakistan, Australia, Germany, Portugal (and hopefully some of the Portuguese-speaking African and SA countries), Iceland, and maybe a few other places if they win contracts. Cully lives in Nolita in Manhattan where he planned to max financial models from his roof deck until winter. **Bill Souser** was living around the area.

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**10** Kate Lupo is now working at the NYU Stern Business School in the Office of Development and Alumni Relations. She loves living in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, and is having a wonderful time getting to know the wonderful NYU Stern community. **Kristen LaPlante** is working at the Bedford Stuyvesant Collegiate Charter School—it’s a part of the Uncommon Schools network. After spending a year abroad going between Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, Nell Leshner returned to Rio de Janeiro in November 2011 to continue work with the Institute for Transportation and Development Policy (ITDP). Beyond ITDP, she is teaching English, working on her Portuguese, and enjoying endless summer. **Emmy Burliegh** is keeping it real in NYC. Last spring, she started working for AOL (yes, it does still exist) as an account manager. After adjusting to the loud noises in the city, she has fallen in love with New York and settled on a new goal—testing every restaurant in the city (within her recent graduate budget). **Ekow Edzie** is in the Peace Corps in the Dominican Republic. **Grace Taylor** is still living in Boston and still a few months away from getting her master’s in social work, with a clinical focus and a specialization in group work. She’s also working in a high school as a counselor as part of her program and working part time as a barista to support herself. **George Heinrichs** was caretaking at Zealand Falls Hut in the White Mountains this winter. **Brian Funk** had an article in the Washington Post last August called “Klout and the Evolution of Digital Diplomacy.” He’s a freelance journalist who writes about politics and technology. In other news, I (Alice) am moving to the Dominican Republic this summer and now is the perfect opportunity for you to get involved with Middlebury’s Latin America program. In writing the quarterly updates for the Class of 2010, please shoot me an e-mail at the address below. Thank you!

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**11** Lucas Alvarez is working as a sales coordinator in ad sales at Univision Communications in New York. **Juan Machado** has been an account executive since August 2011 at the communications consultancy Global Communications, based in Brooklyn, New York. **RJ Adler** is working at the Keyes-Wynn Environmental Education Center on Lake Dunmore from April to August or October. **Alexandra Larrow** moved to Burlington, Vt., and has been working at the American Cancer Society as a community executive in income development since the end of September. **Emily Culp** is now teaching seventh grade English in Andover, Mass., and living in Natick, Mass. **Liz Hirsh** lives in NYC. She is the assistant director of Charles Bank Gallery, an art gallery downtown specializing in contemporary art. **Ryan Bates** writes, “I spent last summer on Cape Cod, working as the scenic designer and technical director for the College Light Opera Company’s 43rd season. We...
produced nine shows, one each week. Since then, I’ve returned to the Boston area, where I’ve been putting the other half of my degree (history of art and architecture) to good use, working in the gallery of the recently opened Norman B. Leventhal Map Center at the Boston Public Library.* Christine Hish and Jaeeun Lee are living in Beijing, China, and hosting Middlebury friends. Judy Jiao works as an analyst at Macquarie Capital in NYC and is spending too much time missing her friends from Middlebury (and the good ole college days), and too little time actually hanging out with them. Tommy Mayell writes, “I’m living in Boston with Courtney Mazzei and Julie Tschirhart. I recently became a home energy auditor with Next Step Living, also in Boston, so I inspect people’s homes and give recommendations on energy efficiency.”

Meghan Blumstein writes, “Upon graduation, I began working for Andrea Lloyd. I spent a week up at Saraota, Fla., to begin a three-month internship with Mote Marine Laboratories. I’m working on the Sarasota Dolphin Research Project, which is the longest running dolphin-population-monitoring project in existence. We spend half the month out on the boat, collecting photos of dolphin dorsal fins, then spend the second half of the month identifying them in the lab against our dolphin database. It’s pretty sweet. The dolphin intern apartment is on Lido Key across the street from the beach. I spent my whole weekend tanning. Love this job.” Patrick Tieran writes, “I moved last November to NYC from Boston to help a PhD establish a lab at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. Our lab does hematopoietic and leukemic stem-cell research and I’m working as a research technician and lab manager for the lab as we try to get the new lab up and running.”

Jaime Fuller is working as an assistant editor at The American Prospector. Andrew Forsdooeel is walking across the U.S. He walked out the door of his home on October 14, as he says, “Search for the most basic human interface of them all-stories.” He’s meeting people as he goes and listening to what they have to say. Check out his blog at walkingtoldist.com.

Megan Nesbith was chosen to join a national team of 26 organizers with IDEA, a nonprofit focused on transforming public education. She completed professional development in Puerto Rico and is working on community change projects through June. Doug Mackey is an analyst at John Dunham & Associates in Brooklyn, N.Y.

Annie Rowell is working at the Vermont Food Venture Center in Hardwick, heading up the center’s pilot processing projects. In October they used donated apples to make 250 batches of apple sauce for the area food pantry. Aginors reported in November that Andrew Conner had been named the manager of biotechnology for the U.S. Grains Council. Check out page 46 for a profile of Sophie Clarke written by Maddie Kalm! Class Correspondents: Ashley Cheung (cheung.asia@gmail.com); Carly Lynch (6jpb48@gmail.com).

30 Helen Perry Smith, 802, of Towson, Md., on September 23, 2011. Graduating Phi Beta Kappa, she taught English, Latin, and French in various public schools. She also worked as a librarian in Hagertown, Md. She wrote three books on family history and entertained the residents of Edenwald, where she lived, by writing and directing many one-act plays. She was predeceased by husband Jack. Deceased Middlebury relatives include brother John Perry ’46 and cousin Alice Fuller Drury ’18.

Surviving Middlebury relatives include great-niece Katherine Merritt ’04.

36 Clarice Gilpin Seymour, 96, of Saunamsted, R.I., on August 26, 2011. After a year at Middlebury, she entered Rhode Island Hospital Training School for Nurses, graduating in 1936. She was the supervisor of nurses at South County Hospital until her retirement in 1980. As an active volunteer, she was involved with Hospice, FISH, the American Cancer Society, and Habitat for Humanity. She was a longtime member of the Saunamsted Yacht Club and the South County Business and Professional Women’s Club. Predeceased by husband Wilford, she is survived by sons Samuel, Richard, and Donald; 15 grandchildren, 13 great-grandchildren, and seven great-great-grandchildren.

39 Louise Roberts Avery, 97, of Fairlee, Vt., on July 20, 2011. After graduation, she worked at the College in the office of the dean of women. Married in 1941, she and her husband operated Avery Inns of Vermont, which was composed of the Norwich Inn, Bonnie Oaks Resort, Montpelier Tavern Hotel, and Lake Morey Resort. She was a member of the Vermont Hotel/Motel Assoc., New England Inns and Resorts Assoc., and American Hotel and Motel Assoc. Predeceased by husband Borden ’39 and son Allen, she is survived by four children and four great-grandchildren.

Loring P. Lane, 94, of Monterey, Calif., on July 18, 2011. A member of Sigma Epsilon at Middlebury, he served in the U.S. Navy during WWII. Living in New Haven, Conn., he worked as a branch manager for Underwood Corp., a sales representative for Diebold, and a sales representative for Connecticut Bank Equipment Co. He was an active member of the Yale Gridiron Club. In 1983 he moved to Monterey where he worked for Bank of America. He is survived by his wife of 68 years, Roba (Buck), daughters Laura Lee and Jane, two grandchildren, and one great-grandchild. Surviving Middlebury relatives include cousin Pete Erbe ’59.

41 John L. Albert, 92, of Jensen Beach, Fla., on August 18, 2011. A Chi Phi at Middlebury, he received his degree from Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, N.Y. During WWII he serviced radar equipment on B-20 bombers and escorted soldiers home from the war on a liberty ship. With a degree in industrial design, he worked as a product designer at Philco Corp. before joining Revere where he became the director of design. Retiring in 1980, he and his wife enjoyed traveling. Survivors include wife Betty (Sutter), son Richard, daughters Susan, Linda, and Christine, 11 grandchildren, and 16 great-grandchildren.

Eunice Berry Decker, 91, of Newton, N.C., on August 10, 2011. After graduation she worked as a secretary for Chase Manhattan Bank in NYC and during WWII at the USO headquarters in the Empire State Bldg. While raising her children, she was active in the League of Women Voters and the Visiting Nurse Assoc. in Lee, Mass. She and her husband traveled extensively, both abroad and in the U.S. She is survived by her husband of 68 years, Norton ’34, daughter Laura Stricklin ’69, son Philip, and three grandchildren.

42 Peter J. Stanis, 91, of Rockford, Ill., on July 18, 2011. At Middlebury he was in Theta Chi, ran cross country, and graduated Phi Beta Kappa. After graduating, he served in the U.S. Air Corps and continued his education at Bread Loaf School of English, earning his master’s in 1944. With a Ph.D. from the Univ. of Michigan, he taught English at various universities before joining the faculty at Rockford College, where he served as chair of the English Dept. from 1968–1974 and as a distinguished professor of humanities from 1974 until 1989 when he retired as professor emeritus. Rockford College awarded him an honorary doc of humane letters in 2006. He was the world’s authority on the British statesman Edmund Burke and published Edmund Burke and the Natural Law and also wrote about his friend and mentor, Robert Frost, in Robert Frost: The Poet as Philosopher. He wrote numerous publications and received many grants and awards over the years. In 1982 President Ronald Reagan appointed him to a six-year term on the National Endowment for the Humanities. In 1987, he was appointed a British Academy Research Fellow. He was a member of several prestigious societies and organizations. Predeceased by wife Eleanor (Thomas) ’54 and daughter Ellie, he is survived by wife Joan Clark, daughter Ingrid Stanisl ’72, and three stepchildren.

43 Robert L. Bickford, 91, of Newport, Oreg., on July 18, 2011. During WWII he served in the Army Air Corps. After the war, he worked as a service representative for Bendix Corp. at Otis Air Force Base on Cape Cod, Mass., and at Andrews Air Force Base, where he was assigned to Air Force One during the Kennedy administration. He joined Boeing Co. in 1965 where he worked until retirement. Predeceased by son Robert, he is survived by wife Peggy (Buchmann), daughters Lois and Jane, two grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Lenore Wolf Eaklely, 90, of Westfield, N.J., on August 24, 2011. After graduation she worked in the law dept. of the Prudential Insurance Co. Before WWII she taught nursery school and volunteered at the local hospital. An active member of her community, she served as PTA president, as a Sunday School teacher, and at Overlook Hospital. She cofounded the Highland Swim Club in Scotch Plains, N.J., and the Bells and Beaux dancing class for junior high schoolers. She enjoyed golf and was a member at Baltusrol Golf Club. Predeceased by husband Scott ’43, she is survived by son Douglas, daughter Linda Duncan ’69, four grandchildren including Jennifer Davies ’97, and five great-grandchildren. Decedced Middlebury relatives include sister Doris Wolf Bartlett, three stepchildren.

Helen Bouck Hildebrant, 90, of Saguertites, N.Y., on August 22, 2011. She received her MSN from the Yale Univ. School of Nursing in 1946 and her MPH from the Univ. of Michigan in 1950. She served as a public health nurse in the Mohawk Valley (N.Y.) Health Dept. before becoming the school nurse and a teacher at Saugerties High School, where she remained 15 years before retiring.
IN MEMORIAM

The following is a list of deaths reported to us since the previous issue went to the printers. Full obituaries will appear in future issues of the magazine.

Elizabeth MacCulloch Mattox 38 *
December 30, 2011

Boyd H. Carr 39 * November 23, 2011

Elbert E. MacFadden Jr. 39 * January 7, 2012


Jean Sweeney Hancock 40 * February 17, 2012

Joan Calley Cooper 42 * December 30, 2011

Frederick H. Booth 43 * February 15, 2012

Richard S. Morehouse 43 * January 8, 2012

Elizabeth Scherholz Pell 43 * March 3, 2012

Marylu Graham Atkins 44 * December 21, 2011

Ruth Strode Casley 45 * January 25, 2012

Donald A. Perry 45 * February 24, 2012

Elizabeth Moulton Clark 46 * December 7, 2011

Donald E. Fowle 49 * January 31, 2012

Kenneth J. Simendinger 50 * February 16, 2012

Robert M. Dibble 51 * January 2, 2012

Taylor Pyke 53 * December 28, 2011

Gordon I. Ulmer 54 * February 4, 2012

John E. Dalrymple 55 * December 20, 2011


Carrol Anderson Rogers 56 * January 17, 2012

Richard L. English 58 * December 4, 2011

Peter H. Watson 59 * January 9, 2012

Richard L. Perley 61 * January 17, 2012

Thomas M. Mettee 61 * February 16, 2012

A. Roger Buchika 62 * December 18, 2011

Donna L. Hunt 66 * December 19, 2011

Brian A. Bry 67 * January 2, 2012

Linda G. Johnson 68 * February 27, 2012

Howard H. Fraker 71 * December 23, 2011

Mary Sawyer Coe 74 * December 14, 2011

Jennifer Caldwell 79 * December 27, 2011

Kathleen R. Hazard 94 * February 21, 2012

She was a member of NYS Nurses Assoc. and the Saugetties Monday Club. Predeceased by husband David in 1989, she is survived by son Mark, daughter Gretchen, and one grandson.

Amanda Sanborne Kriebel, 90, of Hanover, N.H., on August 1, 2011. At Middlebury, she was a Phi Mu. After settling in Shaker Heights, Ohio, with her family, she was an active volunteer in school, church, and community organizations, including the Northfield Conference for Girls, PTA, Shaker Lakes Nature Center, and the Cleveland Art Museum. For several years, she taught English at Hathaway Brown School and Laurel School. A loyal Midd alumna, she served as a reunion social chair, class agent, and class secretary. Survivors include husband Janes, daughters Cynthia '68 and Elizabeth '72, son John, and four grandchildren.

Virginia Clemens Lowman, 90, of Greenlawn, N.Y., on July 19, 2011. With a master's and PhD in organic chemistry from Columbia Univ., she taught in several New York universities, including Barlow, Adelphi, and SUNY College at Old Westbury, retiring when she was 73 years old. Joining the Girl Scouts at age 10, she became a Golden Eaglet in 1938, the highest rank at that time. She continued to have leadership roles in the Girl Scouts organization throughout her life and received the Juliette G. Low Medal for her work. She and her husband traveled extensively over the years and she had a longtime interest in international friendship programs. She is survived by her husband of 65 years, Roderick, daughter Bambi, son Barrie, and two grandchildren. Deceased Middlebury relatives include brother Chester '33, Surviving Middlebury relatives include niece Virginia Clemens Bryant '68 and nephew Timothy Clemens '73.

Graduate Schools

Mary H. Jody, MA English '63 *
February 22, 2011

Anne Harvey Barton, MA English '66 *
December 14, 2011

Ellen Maconberry Young, MA French '48 *
February 7, 2012

Roy Jay Nelson, MA French '52 *
February 8, 2012

Erika Grau-Tauber, MA French '35 *
February 14, 2012

Lucia Fisher Baker, MA French '66 *
December 18, 2011

Margaret R. Fete, MA French '70 *
December 24, 2011

Paul W. Gery, MA French '77 *
January 11, 2012

Richard M. Kent, MA German '51 *
December 31, 2011

Siegfried B. Jakinies, MA German '67 *
January 9, 2012

Susan E. Morse, MA German '81 *
December 27, 2011

Athena Lozos Fernandez, MA Spanish '50 *
February 2, 2012

John P. Agnuson, MA Spanish '54 *
January 11, 2012

Deane T. Conklin, MA Spanish '58 *
December 10, 2011

Alfonso Hernandez, MA Spanish '65 *
January 10, 2012

Maria B. Rubio, MA Spanish '88 *
January 15, 2012

Secretarial School, she first worked for publishers Allyn and Bacon in Boston. After raising her children and settling on Martha's Vineyard, she worked in the offices of Early Childhood Programs and for UMass's extension office, Dukes Nantucket Cooperative. Predeceased by husband William, she is survived by son Mark and Bruce, daughter Hilary, and one grandchild.

Nancy Cheesman Baetzhold, 85, of Indianapolis, Ind., on July 30, 2011. A tireless volunteer, she tutored inner-city youth, did programming and hosting for the Indianapolis Committee for International Youth, was an assistant who was deeply involved in the Indianapolis Opera Guild. At one point, in partnership with a friend, she ran a small decorative arts business. Survivors include husband Howard, son Howard, and daughter Barbara. Deceased Middlebury relatives include father John '20, another Florence '20, great-aunt Alice King McGilton, Class of 1915, aunt Emily Millard Brackett '20, uncle William Brackett '20, and cousins Frances Requa Martin '20, and Grace Field McNamara '50. Surviving Middlebury relatives include cousins William Brackett '55, Eleanor Brackett McVeigh '54, David McNamara '73, and Kathleen McNamara '79.

John H. Fitzpatrick, 88, of Stockbridge, Mass., on July 23, 2011. During WWII he served three years in the 102nd Infantry Division and was awarded a Bronze Star in 1945. At Middlebury he was a Delta Kappa Epsilon and political science major. In 1951 he earned a law degree from Boston Univ. but after failing the Vermont bar exam, he went into the dry-goods business. In 1956 he and his wife founded the country's first mail-order curtain company, Country Curtains. They purchased the Red Lion Inn in Stockbridge in 1968, renovated it, and relocated the curtain business there. In 1974 they bought a former machine shop and in 1976, the Housatonic Curtain Co. began sewing curtains and related textile products exclusively for Country Curtains. In 1980 they bought Blantyre, a great estate in Lenox, Mass., and restored it as an elegant country house hotel. An activist and participant in community affairs, Jack served as a Republican state senator from 1973–1980. He and his wife were widely known for their philanthropy and were honored with several honorary degrees over the years. In honor of their many contributions to the community, the town of Stockbridge named a village green for the Fitzpatricks. He is survived by his wife of nearly 67 years, Jane (Pratt), daughters Nancy and Ann, two grandsons, and three step-grandchildren.

Ruth Ann Scott McDonough, 84, of Syracuse, N.Y., on September 19, 2011. With a master's from the Univ. of Buffalo and a CAS from Syracuse Univ., she taught English and reading for 42 years, most recently at Clary Jr. High School in Syracuse, retiring in 1992. Predeceased by husband George, she is survived by children Jamie, Scott, Leslie, and Stacey, 12 grandchildren, and one great-grandson.

Jane Murdoch Baker, 83, of Brattleboro, Vt., on July 27, 2011. For three years after graduation she worked as a dietitian, first at Dartmouth College then at Burbank Hospital in Fitchburg, Mass. Moving to Boston, she worked at the Museum of Fine Arts, and the Housatonic Curtain Co. began sewing curtains and related textile products exclusively for Country Curtains. In 1980 she bought Blantyre, a great estate in Lenox, Mass., and restored it as an elegant country house hotel. An activist and participant in community affairs, Jack served as a Republican state senator from 1973–1980. He and his wife were widely known for their philanthropy and were honored with several honorary degrees over the years. In honor of their many contributions to the community, the town of Stockbridge named a village green for the Fitzpatricks. He is survived by his wife of nearly 67 years, Jane (Pratt), daughters Nancy and Ann, two grandsons, and three step-grandchildren.
and newspaper consultant with the family business. Active in her community, she was a volunteer in many organizations including AAOU, the hospital auxiliary, the library, and the local museum. She was a loyal Middlebury alumna who served as a class secretary, class agent, and on the alumni council. She is survived by husband Stephen ’52, sons James ’81, Jonathan ’83, and Stephen ’86, and five grandchildren.

John G. Irons Jr., 84, of Woodford, Vt., on July 26, 2011, at Middlebury, he was a Chi Phi. After earning a degree from Tufts Univ. Dental School in 1954, he joined his father practicing dentistry in Bennington, Vt., and retired in 1986. He and his wife also owned the Old Bennington Country Store and Yankee Notions. He volunteered with the Cub Scouts and Boy Scouts and was a justice of the peace and a member of the Rotary Club. He held a private pilot’s license. Survivors include wife Gene (Edgar) ’49, sons John III ’77 and Malcolm, daughter Katherine ’79, and one grandchild. Deceased Middlebury relatives include uncles Francis ’26, Ronald ’27, and David Irons ’29. Surviving Middlebury relatives include nephew Peter Levinovich ’78.

William A. Stuipf, 86, of Greensboro, N.C., on July 31, 2011. During WWII he served in the U.S. Navy, participating in the invasion of Italy at Anzio and serving on a minesweeper in the Pacific. He had a long and successful career as a sales engineer with the industrial division of the Masonite Corp. He is survived by wife Virginia and son Douglas.

Donald W. Christiansen, 85, of Freehold, N.J., on July 29, 2011. During WWII he served in the Marine Corps on the South Pacific islands of Guam and Peleliu. At Middlebury he was a Chi Phi, played goalie on the hockey team, and majored in economics. He spent his career selling fine paper in the Central Jersey/Philadelphia area. An avid golfer, he was a member of the Trenton Country Club as well as the Ewing Kiwanis Club and First Presbyterian Church of Ewing. Survivors include his wife of 60 years, Patricia (Ray) ’51, sons Michael and Carl, and four grandchildren.

Helen Reid Gilmore, 81, of Greenfield, Mass., on August 2, 2011. Throughout her life she taught piano and music and piano at Northfield Mount Hermon School. For over 40 years she was the organist and choir director at three churches in Greenfield. She was also the primary accompanist for the Pioneer Valley Symphony Chorus and pianist for the Pioneer Valley Symphony. In the 1980s she was a member of a quintet composed of principals from the symphony. An active alumna, she served as a class agent and class secretary. Predeceased by daughter Sarah Gordon ’78, she is survived by her husband of 59 years, John ’51, sons Stuart, James ’81, and Robert, son-in-law Mark Gordon ’79, and five grandchildren.

Norman G. Kittel, 79, of Yachats, Ore., on July 1, 2011. With a degree from UConn’s School of Law, he practiced law for 10 years, including serving as deputy attorney general of Indiana. He obtained a master’s and PhD in political science from Indiana Univ and went into teaching political science and criminal justice at several different universities, becoming a full professor at St. Cloud Univ in Minnesota before retiring. He published extensively, specializing in juvenile justice and defense of the poor. Wherever he lived he volunteered for programs that helped youth and for the Democratic Party. Survivors include wife Joanne (Gene), a sister, and many nieces and nephews. Deceased Middlebury relatives include father Adolph ’28. Surviving Middlebury relatives include cousin Ann Cadmus McNamara ’48.

Kenneth J. LeGrys, 81, of Cambridge, N.Y., on July 22, 2011. After graduation he joined the U.S. Air Force, eventually becoming wing historian for the 397th Bomb Wing, stationed in Okinawa. After his discharge, he went into partnership in an auto repair business for 10 years. In 1965 he went to work for the New York State Dept. of Labor as an employee interviewer and unemployment insurance claims’ examiner, retiring in 1991. He is survived by his wife of 55 years, Carolyn (Thygessen), daughter Wendy, sons James and Lance ’92, and three grandchildren.

Barbara Glenn Pembel, 81, of Big Canoe, Ga., on August 3, 2011. After graduation she worked as an underwriter at Travelers Insurance Co. in Albany, N.Y. She also worked for Regal Chemical Co. in Georgia as a bookkeeper. She and husband Ralph had one daughter, Amy.

Laurence R. Draper, 81, of Lawrence, Mass., on September 18, 2011. At Middlebury he was one of the founders of the radio station (see story page 55). He earned a PhD in microbiology at the Univ. of Chicago in 1956 and worked at the Argonne National Laboratory. In 1960 he joined the radiation branch and laboratory of physiology of the National Cancer Institute at the NIH in Bethesda, Md. Realizing his forte was teaching, he joined the faculty of the Univ. of Kansas in 1968 and served as a professor in the microbiology dept. and the molecular biosciences dept. for the next 40 years. He earned many prestigious teaching awards, including the Mortar Board Outstanding Educator Award three times. He is survived by sons Paul and Keith, and two grandsons. Deceased Middlebury relatives include father Alfred ’23 and brother-in-law John Walker ’56. Surviving Middlebury relatives include sister Diane Walker Lee ’82, and great-niece Jessica Lee ’13.

Paul R. Lincoln, 83, of Kingwood, Texas, on August 7, 2011. He served a tour of duty in the Navy as a submarine officer before attending Middlebury where he was in Delta Upsilon. He joined Shell Oil Co. in the marketing division and retired after 37 years. Predeceased by daughter Marianne (Folke) ’51, daughters Karen ’75 and Kristin, son Paul, one granddaughter, and one great-granddaughter.

Carole Rice Hanau, 78, formerly of Cardiff-by-the-Sea, Calif., on September 3, 2011. With a BS from UVM, she worked for Radford College Dept. of Nursing as a clinical instructor, rotating among various medical facilities in the Roanoke, Va., area. Moving to San Diego in 1978, she worked for Scripps Clinic in La Jolla, Calif., until her retirement in 1996. Predeceased by husband Douglas ’54. She is survived by daughters Kelly Quinn, Nancy O’baugh, and Susan Arthur, son Doug, and eight grandchildren.

Phillips G. Terhune Jr., 78, of Norwalk, Conn., on August 28, 2011. While at Middlebury he was in Alpha Sigma Psi. After graduation he was drafted into the Army, trained in guided missile flight control, and made a finance sergeant. He worked for Procter & Gamble in brand management before moving to NYC and working at several advertising agencies before becoming a marketing consultant. He was publisher of the Dining Out magazine and subsequently served as a Connecticut state marshal. A loyal alumna, he served as a class agent and class secretary. He is survived by wife Carol (Vai Dawn) ’74, daughter Elizabeth, son James ’86, and four grandchildren.

John M. Ingram, 75, of Andover, Mass., on July 6, 2011. He was a Delta Kappa Epsilon at Middlebury and on the WRMC staff. He worked 18 years at Marshalls as senior VP of real estate and construction and eventually established his own real estate consulting firm. A member of the International Council of Shopping Centers, he served in many capacities, including on the board of trustees and as international chairman in 2001. He is survived by wife Patricia (Madden), daughters Nancy and Marilyn, and seven grandchildren. Deceased Middlebury relatives include mother Helen Miller Ingram ’24 and cousin Betsy White Douglas ’40. Surviving Middlebury relatives include brother Robert ’60 and cousin Diane White Matthews ’56.

John M. Andrews, 75, of Spokane, Wash., on July 30, 2011. A Delta Upsilon while at Middlebury, in 1965 he joined the Marines. After his discharge he worked for Betterfit before retiring after 40 years. He was an active member of the local theater group and was an avid Civil War historian. Preceded in death by wife Rose (Velez), he is survived by sons Paul, John, and Patrick, daughters Patricia and Pam, 12 grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Shirley Whitney Juneau, 75, of Salisbury, Vt., on August 9, 2011. After graduating from Middlebury, where she was a Phi Beta Phi, she worked in public relations at MIT in Cambridge, Mass. After earning an MS in education from SUNY New Paltz, she taught in Wiesbaden, Germany, for the Dept. of Defense until she married and moved to Texas. From there she moved to Turkey with her family, where they lived two-and-a-half years. Eventually settling in Virginia, she worked for Fred Taylor and Awe. In 1989 she and her husband moved to Salisbury, Vt., and lived on Lake Dunmore, spending winter months in Venice, Fla. She was an active member of both communities. A loyal alumna, she served as a class agent, class secretary, and on the 50th yearbook committee. Predeceased by husband Robert; she is survived by daughter Jennifer and granddaughter Whitney. Deceased Middlebury relatives include father Willard ’27, uncles E Carl ’18, Percy ’25, Royal ’31, Julius ’35, and Raymond Whitney ’35, aunts Pauline Croix Whitney ’27 and Virginia Phillips Whitney ’30, and cousins Michele Whitney ’61 and Barbara Whitney Wilson ’51. Surviving Middlebury relatives include cousin Patricia Whitney Mesler ’69.

Joseph E. Molbat, 73, of Brooklyn, N.Y., on August 10, 2011. A member of Alpha Sigma Psi, the staff at WRMC, and a writer for the Campus. He went into journalism after graduation and joined the Associated Press in Chicago in 1961. Moving to Washington, D.C., two years later, he covered the political scene during the 1968s, including the presidential campaign of Robert F. Kennedy in 1968. In 1966 he received a Nieman fellowship and

S P R I N G  2 0 1 2  8 3
spent a year at Harvard. In 1968 he received the Worth Bingham Prize for investigative reporting. In 1970 he became press secretary to the Democratic National Committee, serving in 1972 to attend Georgetown law school at night and work in public relations during the day. Graduating in 1978, he moved to NYC and had a private law practice before joining the New York City Law Dept. in the 1990s. With a lifelong interest in theater, he had a lead role in a Brooklyn community theater production. He was a local Middlebury alum, he served as a class agent and class secretary. He is survived by wife Nancy Schuh and son Thomas.

Gail Munson Elliott, 72, of Gig Harbor, Wash., on September 24, 2011. With a master's from Columbia Univ. Teachers College, she taught middle school social studies and English. While raising her children, she was active in the League of Women Voters and parent volunteer work. She enjoyed horseback riding and traveling. Predeceased by first husband Neal, she is survived by husband Bill Bors, daughters Ingrid and Eva, son Jonathan, and four grandchildren.

Donald B. Ruben, 72, of Columbus, Ohio, on September 15, 2011. At Middlebury he played tennis, was part of the WRCM staff, and was a member of Alpha Sigma Pi. With a law degree from the Univ. of Cincinnati, he served as the Ohio attorney general and as an assistant Franklin County prosecutor, which prepared him for a career as a successful criminal defense and civil rights lawyer. He was also committed to ending cannabis prohibition and served on the legal committee of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws and published articles on states' rights and medical marijuana. He is survived by wife Lela Cady.

Daniel E. Miner, 70, of Mead, Ariz., on July 28, 2011. At Middlebury he was in Kappa Delta Rho and part of the WRCM staff. With a master of divinity and a master of sacred theology from General Theological Seminary, he served as an Episcopal priest in the dioceses of Long Island, New York, Minnesota, and Arizona. He is survived by sons Tom, Fred, and Jim, and nine grandchildren. Deceased Middlebury relatives include father Thomas ’32, aunt Florence Hulme Miner ’38, and uncle James Miner ’38. Surviving Middlebury relatives include sister Constance Miner Hawley ’64 and cousin Jesse Koenig ’99.

Ann M. Grunh, 67, of Mt. Kisco, N.Y., on September 18, 2011. With a master's from NYU, she spent most of her career with IBM Corp., where she held a variety of technical and management positions. Her technical interests included text processing languages and project management. She enjoyed skiing, hiking, tennis, and gardening. A Sigma Kappa at Middlebury, she was an active alum, often serving as a class agent. She is survived by husband Peter Franzenek.

Steven M. Solomon, 60, of Porters Lake, Nova Scotia, Canada, on August 20, 2011. With an MS in geology from Memorial Univ. of Newfoundland, he was hired by the Geological Survey of Canada and worked out of the Bedford Institute of Oceanography in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. He quickly established a reputation as an expert on Arctic coastal processes and the complexities of the Mackenzie Delta on the Arctic Ocean. Although his work focused on the western Canadian Arctic, he was involved with other proj-
to study at Cambridge Univ., where he earned both a bachelor's and master's in physics. He earned his doctorate from Columbia in 1940. During WWII, he mostly did defense work, including working as a group leader and associate division chief in the development of the atomic bomb at Los Alamos. In 1947 he joined the faculty at Harvard Univ., becoming a full professor in 1950. Middlebury awarded him an honorary doctor of science in 1969. As one of the world's leading experimental physicists, his scientific achievements were numerous but his best-known works involved measuring gradations of atomic energy levels and the development of the hydrogen maser, which led to the atomic cesium clock, the present international time standard. In 1988 he was awarded the National Medal of Science and in 1989 he was the co-recipient of the Nobel Prize in Physics for the research that led to the atomic cesium clock. Predeceased by first wife Elinor (Jameson), he is survived by wife Ellie Welch, daughters Margaret Kaschau, Patricia Ramsey '67, Winifred Swart, Janet Farrell, and Marguerite Welch, and son Gerard Welch.

**GRADUATE SCHOOLS**

38 Mary V. Allen, 90, MA French, of Summerville, S.C., on October 15, 2011. After teaching high school French, she returned to her alma mater, Agnes Scott College, in Decatur, Ga., to teach. With a PhD in Romance languages from the Univ of Virginia, she was a professor of French and chair of the French dept, at Agnes Scott, retiring in 1979.

42 Jennie Mosca Basile, 95, MA Italian, of Andover, Mass., on September 25, 2011. She was a foreign language teacher for 34 years and was an accomplished linguist.

46 Katharine H. Herber, 95, MA Spanish, of Delmar, N.Y., on September 9, 2011. She earned a master's in library science from the State College for Teachers in Albany, N.Y., in 1936. She taught French, Spanish, and Latin in schools and for the last 20 years of her career, she served as the librarian at Ravena Central School, retiring in 1973.

48 Lilly Belle Drake Hamilton, 92, MA Spanish, of Union City, Ga., on October 2, 2011. During her teaching career, she shared her love of languages with students in elementary, junior high, and high schools in the Fulton County school system, retiring in 1981 from College Park High School. The same year she was inducted into the Georgia Teacher Hall of Fame. She also received the Lifetime Achievement Award from the Foreign Language Assoc. of Georgia.

50 Sheila Spear Keeny, 84, MA French, of Washington, D.C., on September 10, 2011. She initially worked for the CIA and later for the Urban Institute. She devoted many years to volunteer work with the D.C. League of Women Voters and to the United Nations Assoc./National Capital Area.

51 Arthur D. Adair, 86, MA French, of Gray, Tenn., on September 26, 2011. During WWII, he served in the European Theater. He taught at several colleges before moving to Bristol, Va., where he taught languages at Sullivan College then at Sullivan Academy. He retired in 1988.

Harry C. Goldberg, 94, MA French, of Carlisle, Pa., on September 26, 2011. During WWII he was an Army Air Force intelligence officer in Africa and Europe and was awarded the Bronze Star. His teaching career included 19 years at the Univ of Pittsburgh and 17 years at Chatham College. For several years he was on the staff of the Paris-American Academy, teaching French civilization. He retired in 1983.

53 Elvira Francello Persons, 87, MA French, of Glenville, N.Y., on October 8, 2011. In Schenectady, N.Y., she held teaching positions at Central Park and Nott Terrace schools. Later she taught at Shenendehowa High School.

60 Edmund M. Breelsford, 80, MA French, of Marlboro, VT, on September 11, 2011. Fluent in four languages, he taught languages and literature at Marlboro College for over 40 years. A Renaissance man, he was an accomplished musician, an actor, a poet, and an athlete: Wife Veronica (Alexwy) also received a master's in French in 1960.

64 Helen Early Vinesa, 71, MA Spanish, of Brownwood, Texas, on August 18, 2011. She spent her career in teaching.

71 Hovey M. Cowles, 71, MA French, of San Antonio, Texas, on October 12, 2011. During the Vietnam War, he served as a captain in the Army. He taught French at Proctor Academy in New Hampshire and Vermont Academy before pursuing doctoral work at Ohio State Univ. Moving to Texas, he worked as a park ranger with the Alamo Area Council of the Boy Scouts then returned to teaching in the San Antonio Independent School District.

74 Standrod T. Carmichael, 87, MA English, of Atlanta, Ga., on August 7, 2011. With a master of sacred theology from the Episcopal Divinity School in Cambridge, Mass., he was ordained in 1953. He worked in various churches and schools before taking the Church of the Good Shepherd in Galax, Va., in 1984. He was involved in various community organizations, including the battered women's shelter and was the founder of the Hostel of the Good Shepherd for the homeless.

75 Eugenia Castellanos, 90, MA Spanish, of Signal Mountain, Tenn., on August 19, 2011. Born in Havana, Cuba, she earned a PhD in law from the Univ of Havana. She taught school in the U.S. for many years.

76 Gary J. Barlettano, 58, MA German, of Martinez, Calif., on August 18, 2011. He was a language specialist for the U.S. Dept. of Defense and the chief translator for the U.S. European Command.

81 Candace Regan Burkle, 59, English '91, '92, '94, '95, '97, '98, '99, of Weybridge, VT, on October 12, 2011. From 1974–2011 she taught grades 4 through 12 but spent most of her career as an English and theater arts teacher. Her most rewarding years were spent teaching in the Addison Repertory Theater at the Hannaford Career Center in Middlebury.

Debbie L. Lopez, 56, MA English, of Boerne, Texas, on October 14, 2011. With a PhD from Harvard, she was an associate professor of English literature at the Univ of Texas at San Antonio for 17 years. She earned numerous teaching awards, including a Fulbright Scholar appointment at Aristotle Univ. in Greece.

**Continued from page 31**

National Football League, that has not resulted in a corresponding increase in a "concussion community," Kitchen says, a place where those suffering can share stories and offer support to one another.

Kitchen wants to change that, and for about 15 minutes she outlines her ambition to create a website that would fill the void. She rattles off statistics (the 1.2 million student-athletes who have been diagnosed with concussions during the past decade, the startling estimate that this figure could be closer to 8.4 million because so many go undiagnosed). She outlines a business plan; she talks start-up costs (about $10,000 thousand).

There are seven other Next Big Idea finalists in the room. Kitchen is the seventh to present, and as she wraps up her presentation, one notices a collective shoulder slump among her competitors, followed by admiring smiles. They know they're now fighting for second place.

Since the beginning of February, Kitchen has not only won MiddCORE's Next Big Idea title, but she has enlisted a business partner (her friend Kaatlin Suroval '12, who has suffered four concussions in her lifetime), and has won another competition, this one sponsored by the College's Project on Creativity and Innovation in the Liberal Arts.

This latest achievement came with office space, alumni mentoring, and $3,000 in prize money. Phase one of their project begins this spring. Each week until the end of the academic year, Kitchen and Suroval will bring student-athletes down to their studio in the Axinn Center to record testimonials. With the arrival of June, the two will hit the road, visiting campuses and summer programs, where they hope to add more stories to their database.

Their prize money is enough to get them started, Kitchen says, though she hopes to raise an additional $7,000 that will see them through phase one, with the launch of a video blog before autumn.

Emma Kitchen's nightmare is over. But, she knows, others are just beginning.
CLASSIFIEDS

ANTEQUES
Stone Block Antiques. 219 Main St., Vergennes, Vermont 05491. Fridays 9am-5pm or by chance/appointment. Furniture, silver, paintings, rugs, porcelain, etc. Downsizing and/or have items you no longer need? I travel throughout the Northeast for quality antiques, estates. Greg Hamilton, 793. 802.877.3559 or slaine57@yahoo.com. www.stone-block-antiques.com.

CAREER ADVISOR


LODGING & WEDDINGS

Middlebury Bed and Breakfast. Five minute walk to campus and downtown. Charming Weybridge Street location. www.arominthevillage.com

REAL ESTATE
Private Communities.com Tour the top retirement, vacation and golf communities at www.PrivateCommunities.com Homestead Jacksonville, VT. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, central vac., oil heat, sunroom, wood stove, deck, farmer’s porch. Also: two large barns/garage, poultry and goat barns, pole barn, organic garden, artesian well, and insulated rustic cabin w/ loft beside North River. Ten acres, mainly wooded, on scenic Route 100. $209,000. 508.636.3464. fgtfan@umassd.edu

RESTORATIVE RETREATS

TRAVEL
Italy & Croatia Rentals. 1-6 bedroom homes in Florence, Tuscany & Istria. Wine and day tours. Midd ’90, www.grapeadventures.com. Three bedrooms, 2 baths, central vac., oil heat, sunroom, wood stove, deck, farmer’s porch. Also: two large barns/garage, poultry and goat barns, pole barn, organic garden, artesian well, and insulated rustic cabin w/ loft beside North River. Ten acres, mainly wooded, on scenic Route 100. $209,000. 508.636.3464. fgtfan@umassd.edu

VACATION RENTALS

BreadLoaf Retreat. Adjacent to the BF campus; mountain views and open fields. Charming home with modern kitchens and bathrooms, fireplaces, wrap-around porch, grill, bicycles. Rent weekly at 4 BR/3.5 bath; 3 BR/2.5 bath; or 1 BR/1 bath. See: www.bicknelladvisory.com/vermonthouse Phone 914.722.3565.

New Haven, Vermont. New guest house on Don & Cheryl Mitchell’s sheep farm. Spacious, open floor plan sleeps four. Full kitchen and bath, marvelous views, farm activities. 7 miles to campus, Google on “Treleven Annex” for rates, photos, floor plan. 802.544.2278.

Fort Myers Beach, FL. Beachfront condominiums on the Gulf of Mexico. Wonderful birds, great sunsets, Naples Annex” for rates, photos, floor plan. 802.544.2278.


Paris. Elegant Left Bank Apartment. Sixth arrondissement. Walk to the Seine, the Louvre, and the Luxembourg Garden. Near open-air market. 609.924.7120, gami@comcast.net.

Ferrisburgh. This light-filled, 3 BR, 2.5 bath, dormered saltbox has an open floor plan that includes a well-designed kitchen w/ stainless appliances, DR, French doors to the east-facing deck w/ Mount Philo views. Large LR w/ pellet stove & 1/2 bath. Master BR suite w/ private bath & plenty of closet space. Heated "bonus" room over insulated, 2-car garage. 10+ acres of flat land—perfect for animals or to leave as open fields. South end of the property has a meandering brook & Lake Champlain is just down the road. Short drive to Rt 7 & easy commute to Burlington, Vergennes, Middlebury, & Bristol. $379,000.

Panoramic Champlain Valley and Adirondack Views

Only once in a while does a property like his come on the market. Absolutely beautiful home with stunning panoramic views overlooking fields and woodlands stretching over the Champlain Valley to the Adirondacks. A sweeping entrance foyer with tile floor opens to: living room, formal dining room, large dream kitchen with large family room and fireplace, wide deck and screened porch, hard and softwood wide plank floors. At the lower level is a very large recreation/entertainment room opening to the view. On the second level there are 6 bedrooms and three baths - including master suite. Outside there are decks and porches, and outbuildings for horses and other animals on 71.79 acres. Major renovations preserving the architectural integrity of the home were undertaken in 1993. NEW PRICE $895,000.

Private Swimming Pools & Trout Fishing

The Millhouse in Starksboro is one of the most magical destinations in Vermont. It is a place apart, unique. The 9-acre, 6 bedroom, 3 bath, completely renovated property includes an 18th century Grist Mill with Deck and Outdoor Kitchen, the Miller’s House with Summer Dining Wing, The Studio Barn Guest House, and a Workshop - all overlooking the Great Falls of Lewis Creek midway between Middlebury and Burlington. See the video on our homepage at www.vermontlodgingproperties.com, and envision your family enjoying all the many country pleasures of this extraordinary compound. It is easy to get to, but hard to leave - NEW PRICE $875,000.

Looking for all the things that make a house a home? This one has them! LOVELY & PRIVATE CONTEMPORARY with desirable Adirondack views, but only minutes to Middlebury amenities and absolutely move-in-ready. Cathedral ceiling, fireplace, granite counter tops and high end appliances. Master Bedroom suite with tiled bath, large office/study, west facing screened porch and lovely landscaping. $495,000.

WALK TO THE COLLEGE! Enjoy a prime South St. location in this artfully-remodeled home that offers the charm of a delightful “Sears Kit” from the 1930’s. New kitchen w/stainless appliances & custom cabinetry, 3 bdrms, 2.5 baths. Original details marry well w/modern convenience and energy efficiency. Relax on your front porch, take in nearby athletic events or stroll into town for all the amenities Middlebury has to offer. $399,000.

Tour Own Green Mountain Getway!

Ski, bike, hike, or hang out on 11+ acres near the heart of Ripton. Year-round weekend reunions or family vacations. Sleeps up to 10 with three full baths. Huge stone fireplace and cozy woodstove. Large mudroom for plenty of gear. Full basement with laundry and workbench, plenty of storage. $269,000.

Contact bkloman@gmail.com or 802-989-0891. See photos and info at http://www.owners.com/TCT6449.

Your Own Green Mountain Getaway!
Lessons from Liberia
Trading in the hard court of Pepin for the concrete run of a war-torn country.

BY ANDREW LOCKE '11

IGHT MONTHS AND 3,000 MILES SOUTHEAST OF my final game in Middlebury’s Pepin Gymnasium, I stand on the sidelines of a different court. With my eyes closed, they sound almost identical: shoes squeak, shots echo off the rim, players grunt, whistles trill.

But in the middle of Liberia’s capital city, only a few blocks from where Charles Taylor oversaw an unfathomable reign of terror, it’s strange to consider that a game like basketball could exist, much less flourish.

To an outsider, “flourish” may seem like an odd word choice. There is no roof on this gym. Garbage and sewage are swept into gutters on the sidelines, and paint peels off the concrete floor and wooden backboards.

Yet three times a week for the two hours before dark, the LPRC Oilers—a team in the Liberia Basketball Association—get to forget about life beyond the end lines and a community struggling to heal deep wounds, and they become enveloped in the coalescent and transitory power of basketball. I am their assistant coach.

On this day, the final practice before the beginning of the LBA’s Championship series, I recognize the quiet, focused energy of athletes on the verge, an intensity I lived for during my time playing basketball at Middlebury. It’s unnerving to feel it with another team, and in this environment, a bit out of place. But as incongruous as the feeling is, it is equally reaffirming—a testament that basketball isn’t about cameras, fans, or rankings, but about the guy next to you.

And the Oilers understand this better, perhaps, than any team I’ve ever seen.

Growing up amid some of the cruelest conditions on the planet, basketball represents something special to these athletes. For them, the game offers an escape from their common experience. Their wins are tangible evidence of the power of dedication, and their championship run an immutable statement to teamwork. While basketball is woven into my life, inseparable from everything else, for this team the game is discrete. It provides an alternative to a jaded reality that has been consistently marred by senseless violence. As Liberia looks to redefine itself as a functioning democracy and a model for post-conflict societies, smaller communities are increasingly important. Paradigm shifts begin at the bottom, and this team is a shining example. And their example is spreading.

For our final games of the season, LPRC’s local refinery has arranged for buses to ferry workers to the games. In an environment with precious little to root for, the Oilers have inspired a community.

Liberians still have a long, difficult road ahead of them: in my three months as an assistant coach, I have witnessed bribery, extortion, vandalism, ineptitude, and corruption; I have seen brawls break out over bad calls and games delayed by monsoon rains. But the attitude of the Oilers—their determination and teamwork—provide exactly the right place to start. In so many ways, my experience in Liberia has been nothing like my experience with the placid dependability of Middlebury.

But in important ways, it has been—you just need to close your eyes, shift your focus, and appreciate that the power of basketball knows no borders.

Andrew Locke was a tri-captain of the 2010-2011 Middlebury
Gamaliel Painter was. So are alumni of the College, Language Schools, and Bread Loaf; parents, friends, and spouses.

Painter’s 1819 bequest of his money and his cane kept Middlebury going. The 1,343 members (and counting) of the Cane Society keep Middlebury growing. Are you one?

Choose the giving plan that works for you—we’ll show you all the benefits, like life income and tax relief. So will our website, where you’ll also meet other Middlebury alums who are glad they’ve joined the Cane Society.

http://go.middlebury.edu/canesociety

Are you already ONE? Tell us! Let us know if you’ve included the College in your estate plans so we can thank you and make sure your gift supports the program or purpose you care most about.

Let’s talk.
Welcome Home
Middlebury Alumni.
Come For a Tour and Dinner With Us!

Why wait? Now you can come home to The Lodge at Otter Creek in Middlebury, Vermont. The Lodge at Otter Creek is an adult community featuring rental options such as spacious and comfortable 2 bedroom state-of-the-art Cottages and one and two bedroom Independent Living apartments. Assisted Living apartments and a Memory Care Program are also available.

Nestled on 36 acres within minutes of the cultural vibrancy of Middlebury College, The Lodge at Otter Creek is surrounded by sprawling fields, majestic mountains, walking trails, apple orchards and panoramic views. The Lodge at Otter Creek offers residents a unique blend of security, style, elegance and beauty that redefines adult living—it’s all here just waiting for you.

Please give Diane Way a call at 802-458-3276 with inquiries or to schedule a tour.

Directions: From the Green in downtown Middlebury go to route 7 South, at 6th light take a right on Middle Road North. Drive to the end of the road and bear right up the hill to The Lodge at Otter Creek.

Owned and operated by Bullrock Corp., and affiliated with The Lodge at Shelburne Bay Senior Living Community.