Dynamic

PLACE

It takes on a character

A MARRIAGE OF PHYSICAL AND LIVING CHARACTERISTICS

ON THEIR MIND
Mapping the mind of a first-year student. p. 30

AFTER THE STORM
How does one rebuild from history's largest Atlantic hurricane? p. 34

STAGE OF LIFE
Catching up with Shyenne Brown '09. p. 58
Thank You

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Where Are You?

I'd gone to the cabin down the long dirt road in rural Maine to finish the final, final draft of my novel. The little house sat on the edge of a cove that wasn't so far from where I grew up. It was high summer, and the seagulls made a racket while the lobster boats circled the harbor with their baitfish. I knew this place—its sweet pine smell and its speckled granite. In fact, I understood this version of Maine so well that it felt almost like a person to me: a confidante, safe enough for me to open my mind and dare travel far away inside my novel.

Here were the things I knew about my book:

- It was set in Paris. My characters were imbedded in their lives on the banks of the Seine. They had favorite crêperies. They loved a couple of Indian restaurants that dotted the 6th and 7th arrondissements. The novel was a love letter to the city of navy berets and good, soft cheeses but also of vegetable curries and working-class immigrant neighborhoods.

- How does place do this? How does it create this kind of alchemy that unlocks our life stories?

- We are so often in a state of movement. We hop trains and planes and bicycles, and while the scenery flies by, our minds become more malleable. Maybe we stumble on forgotten troves of sweet memories. Or, perhaps, we finally land on a good ending for our novel.

- When the narrator of my book decamped to a tiny, cave-like jazz bar with damp limestone walls in Paris's 6th arrondissement, the city came fully to life and began to act like a realized character.

- After writing that scene, I packed my bags and left the cabin in the woods and headed home to Portland, where I found some old poster board in my basement. I got down on my hands and knees in the attic of our old house, and started drawing this Paris that my characters orbited.

- The map is completely out of scale and looks more like chicken scrawl than even the most informal cartography. But it became more important than any of the laminated Michelin of-Paris guides that also lay on my floor.

- I added to this hand-drawn map every day with black magic marker, and I realized things about my characters.

- I knew why they got lost when they drove to Orly airport. How they sensed spring had arrived when they saw the pink magnolia trees blooming in the neighborhood park. How they had made Paris their home.

- This is what place does so well, it helps us translate the story of our lives that keeps unfolding all around us. It provides refuge. It gives us a room in which to take our shoes off and relax.

- Place is the grounding wire that connects us to ourselves. It does this over and over, opening small windows in our minds, portals that allow for flights of fancy and elaborate time travel. Each locale we find ourselves in—each Vermont farm and Maine cabin and Chinese mountain village—has something important to tell us. If we can find a way to listen to place, then we can find a way to keep learning.
There’s no way to avoid it, even if your mind is elsewhere, consumed by some project or other, due yesterday. Even if you’re hiding out at the library or sequestered up at BiHall, you’ll see it coming—banks of windows everywhere, a vista when you get up to stretch. You might not hear the wind pick up speed, see the leaves flip to silver, but you get fair warning. No way not to know the storm is coming; just as there’s no way not to know that summer is ending, fall giving way to winter.

And forget the umbrella, which will only crumple and tear. The sky is talking, and it says I’m bigger than you are. It says Get out your rain pants; get out those bright flowered wellies, then your parka. You might be able to sit this one out, wait behind the windows and watch, but soon enough you’ll need to get out in it. Get ready. Let the wind do its thing to your hair, and say goodbye to those last golden leaves. Next up: snow.

By Carolyn Kuebler ’90, Editor of the New England Review (as of January 2014)
Photograph by Brett Simison

Low clouds hover over this view of the campus from BiHall, while a last bit of sunlight lingers on the Green Mountains before the incoming storm.
From above, the mountain—like a maze—makes sense: the way it blossoms, unfolding slowly from the tree line. Its wide fields from here possess a kind of logic, dotted as they are by well-porched, clapboard houses in neat, yellow rows. Steady-plotted Vermont 125 plows westward toward the valley as if to suggest just how simple it would be to find your way from one end to another.

Thomas Pynchon describes this phenomenon in *The Crying of Lot 49*. Sitting on a hill above some Southern Californian city, his protagonist sees a kind of “hieroglyphic” in the “ordered swirl of houses and streets.” There is, Pynchon writes, a “sense of concealed meaning” in a bustle seen from above. But it is only pages later, when the novel descends into the valley, that the entanglements of the labyrinth are revealed. And so goes Bread Loaf. Each day, one rises to make his way a little farther into the maze: stumbling, meandering, and doubling back. It may not look like a labyrinth, but it is one—as all our favorite places are.

Alexander Manshel ’09 is a student at the Bread Loaf School of English. He teaches and writes in Hong Kong.
Photograph by Bob Handelman

For more, check out the video “Why Bread Loaf” at www.middlebury College/bloq.

The land on which the Bread Loaf campus sits was willed to the College in 1915 by a Middlebury businessman named Joseph Battell. The School of English was established four years later, in 1919.
When I first heard that Angélique Kidjo was coming to Middlebury, I was astounded. In Africa, where I grew up, her celebrity is transcendent; I had always dreamed of meeting her. She has this amazing charisma and a contagious effervescence, which she delivers through her music and—I can now say, thankfully—in person. When I met her, I was amazed by her spontaneity—and by her simplicity. I mean, she sheds her celebrity and communes with everyone casually. I just love how Middlebury awarded me a moment with a very special musician, someone I have admired for years, and never imagined I would get to meet. Most importantly, her presence speaks to the values of our school, a place that welcomes art from different parts of the world to find its own place in our community. I still can't believe she was here. I hugged and kissed her—one on the cheek of course!

Innocent Tswamuno '15 hails from Mutare, Zimbabwe. At Middlebury, he plays keyboards in the R&B band Milk Chocolate.

Photograph by Brett Simison

One day after her captivating Fulton lecture, Angélique Kidjo delivered an electric performance in Nelson that won't soon be forgotten.
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What does it take to rebuild from the largest Atlantic hurricane ever recorded? By Carolyn Kormann '04

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From the archives: One of this country's most storied sports writers recalls the eventful fall of 1936. By W.C. Heinz '37
Free admission, priceless art.
Friday night is movie night in the Jennings household, and on a recent Friday, the seven year old selected *The NeverEnding Story* for that evening's screening.

Wolfgang Petersen's 1984 cinematic adaptation of a Michael Ende fantasy novel, the film features a story within a story (meta before meta was really a thing) with dual protagonists—a young boy reading a fantasy novel about a hero trying to save a fantastic land (called Fantasia in the movie; Fantastica in the book).

The narrative quest is this: save the fantasyland before it disappears. To do so, the protagonist reading the story must believe in a fantasyland, thus empowering the hero in the story to save the day.

I loved the movie as a kid and was thrilled about the opportunity to see it again. I wasn't disappointed—the movie is just as fun to adult eyes as to a child's—yet I was more struck this time by the use of place as an active character rather than just a stage upon which the action unfolded.

For this issue of the magazine, we've been working on a collection of stories in which place is just that—a participant. If one were to remove place from any one of these stories, the very nature of the stories would change. Take away the place, and we lose the story.

“What happens when pillars of a place change or disappear?” someone asked when we were tossing around story ideas.

Well, we decided that bad to happen for place to truly be a character. Active, not passive. Removing something from place was not the same thing as removing the place, entirely.

This line of inquiry led us down the rabbit hole of digression (as often happens in our editorial meetings) to fixtures of Middlebury that no longer exist, yet whose very existence has informed the active character of Middlebury, the place.

The Dog Team Tavern (pictured above) was mentioned by all. So was Calvi's. And Palmer's Dairy Bar. All gone now, but certainly not forgotten.

In this case, remembering is as powerful as believing was in *The NeverEnding Story*. So, what places do you remember? What Middlebury places live on in your mind's eye, places that allow Middlebury, the character, to be?

Let us know, and we'll share them in the next issue. —MJ

POSTCARD COURTESY OF CYNTHIA PIDGEON SLATER '82

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**Editors Note**

**Now And Then**

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Molly Holmberg Brown '01 ("First-Year Mind Map") was a geography major at Middlebury and earned her PhD in the discipline from the University of Colorado. A Watson Fellowship that nurtured her interest in cultural and ecologically significant landscapes, while also inspiring her love of maps and map making, propelled her on her academic and professional paths. She is the owner and founder of MollyMaps, which can be found at www.mollymaps.com.

Susan Conley '89 ("Where Are You?") is a writer and author whose debut novel, Paris Was the Place, was published in August to great acclaim. Susan's previous work includes the memoir The Foremost Good Fortune, which was excerpted in the spring 2011 issue of Middlebury Magazine. She teaches creative writing at the University of Southern Maine's Stonecoast MFA Program and is the Jack Kerouac Visiting Writer at the University of Massachusetts at Lowell. Grab her latest book and look for her on tour this fall—www.susanconley.com.

Peter Horridge (Cover, "Where Are You?") is a calligrapher and typographer whose elegant work has graced magazines, book jackets, advertisements, logos, and signage. He is based in the United Kingdom and his work can be found in the National Art Library at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. Of course, his work can also be viewed online at www.horridge.com.

Carolyn Kormann '04 ("After the Storm") is a first-rate writer and editor who currently plies her trade at the New Yorker, where she writes for the magazine's "Page Turner" blog and obsessively checks facts in the fact-checking department. Carolyn was a 2008 Middlebury Fellow in Environmental Journalism and has written for a number of publications, including Virginia Quarterly Review, Yale Environment 360, and this magazine. Her story "Consider the Goat" appeared in the summer 2013 issue.

Mark Ostow ("After the Storm") is a superb portrait photographer based in Cambridge, Massachusetts. His iconic images of former Bread Loaf caretaker Leo Hotte were featured in the summer 2008 issue of this magazine. He has also made portraits of Tony Blair, Mitt Romney, Erroll Morris, Doris Kearns Goodwin, Ben Affleck, and Matt Damon, among others, for many national publications and advertising campaigns. He also plays chess and owns a coffee bar. Check him out at www.markostow.com.

Food for Thought

I enjoyed your articles in the summer issue about food and agriculture. At Yankee Farm Credit, we have been noticing the slow food movement and what I call SLO agriculture. Perhaps your new professor of food studies will help shed light on the question: can SLO agriculture feed the world?

It was interesting that even the two farms featured in the article on pp. 45–46 ("Consider the Goat") found it necessary to evolve into something different from what they intended to be at the outset: "Both farms have ended up specializing in one product." Many larger farms in Vermont are diversifying. Yet here are two smaller farms specializing. It's always interesting trying to identify current trends.

I recognize several of the names on the list of Middlebury graduates involved in Vermont food and agriculture on pages 42–43 ("Midd Market"). But what about Clark W. Hinsdale III? I thought he was a Middlebury graduate. Clark is the owner of Nordic Holsteins in Charlotte (the first dairy farm in Vermont to use robotic milkers) and president of Vermont Farm Bureau. He formerly owned and operated the Charlotte Berry Farm.

—George Putnam, Williston, Vermont

Editor's Note: George Putnam is correct in suggesting that Clark Hinsdale III is both a Middlebury graduate, Class of 1978, and in the food biz. We regret the omission. Other food folks who inadvertently escaped our attention are Tripp Donelan '02, proprietor of Donelan Wines in Santa Rosa, California, and Todd Chapman '98, owner of Happy Girl Kitchen in Pacific Grove, California.

YUM

I've been reading the latest issue of Middlebury Magazine, and I think it's my favorite issue of all time. I actually went with my family to the Vergennes bakery last winter while on our way home from a Vermont ski trip. I had read about the bakery in Edible Selby and made my wish this existed when I was at Middlebury— I would have at least consumed more pastries than beer.

—Caroline Fennessy Campion '95, Gladstone, New Jersey

INSIGHTFULLY YUMMY

I'm pulling together a resource for making cheese at home, and I found "Consider the Goat" to be a fascinating story on goat's milk caramel, which is something I'd never heard of before. I'm based in the U.K. and found your commentary on goat dairies really insightful.
Thank you for sharing it.
—Jack Monty, Commenting on middmag.com

MORE LOVE FOR GOATS
Love the @MiddleburyMag article about #VT #goats, @FatToadFarmVT, and @bigpictur­e­farm.
—@VermontFarmers, Commenting on Twitter

COOL KIDS
“There’s no crying in the #caramel room.”
“Consider the Goat.” All about farmstead #goat milk. #Cajeta
—@localpickins, Commenting on Twitter

KUDOS FOR RYAN
I had the great pleasure of meeting Ryan Kim ’14 (“Looking for America,” summer 2013) during his travels. What a bright young man he is. I thoroughly enjoyed following his adventure across America. I would love for him to come back to Yazoo City for another visit. Remember, Ryan, you are always welcome!
—Libby Adams, Commenting on middmag.com

A DISSenting OPINION
@MiddleburyMag student Ryan Kim’s portrayal of his time down south is predictably offensive to any Southerner reading.
—@brayfus, Commenting on Twitter

FABULOUS ILLO
Fab illustration by Sarah Perkins for @Middle­buryMag (“Looking for America,” summer 2013). Looking forward to reading the magazine later; it’s gorgeous.
—@Art_at_Eastwing, Commenting on Twitter

ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT
This is a note with a few gentle suggestions. I like what looks to be a new format. The cover is great (!), as are the pictures inside. Very inviting.

The reading, however, could be improved with LARGER PRINT! More paragraphs. Shorter sentences. It feels like too much is crammed into too little space.
—Gerry Barrington ’60, Darien, Connecticut

Editor’s Note: Beginning with this issue, we have increased the font size of all body copy in the magazine.

TWO SIDES OF THE STORY?
While I resisted writing after the winter issue, which discussed whether the College should divest its endowment of fossil fuel investments, I find it difficult to remain silent after the continued emphasis of the topic in the summer issue (“Dialogue: Divest?”)

My frustration is not with the idealism that is demonstrated by the interchange between Michael Patterson ’13 (against divestment) and Teddy Smyth ’15 (for divestment) and, particularly by the over-the-top generalizations by one of the two participants, but is more with my strong feeling that Middlebury is exposing these young people to only one side of the issues.

While I have felt this for quite some time from reading the various articles in the magazine, it became abundantly clear to me, as I celebrated my 50th reunion in 2011 and listened to the “keynote” address by Bill McKibben. During his one-sided presentation of the global-energy picture, he repeatedly maligned an industry, in which I have spent an entire career, with an ide­listic diatribe which I found both offensive and one-sided. When dealing with an industry that has played such a key role in the economic development and high standard of living that this country has enjoyed for over a century, the industry deserves better.

As one of the students points out in his dialogue, the recent technological advances in recovery of both shale oil and gas may allow the United States to make the long-term transition away from fossil fuels an economic reality. For most of the developing nations around the globe, this possibility is decades away.

I have been proud of the education I received so many years ago at Middlebury. Unfortunately then, as I strongly suspect now, obtaining a job required that I go on to graduate school and, yes, serve in the Army, as I was an ROTC graduate. I then went to work for an international oil company and spent my career traveling the world finding and producing oil and gas. I am proud of the industry I worked for, an industry that allowed me to raise a family and contribute back in many ways, including to Middlebury.

I must say that in retrospect I feel particularly guilty with the “matching contributions” made over the years by my energy employer.
I feel strongly that the College has an obligation to expose these bright young students to several sides of important issues, and I do not believe this is taking place—particularly regarding global energy issues. If this is not the case, "mea culpa," and the magazine needs to do a better job of conveying both sides on many key issues.

—William F. Wallace ’61, Glenwood Springs, Colorado

Editor’s Note: This August, after a year of intense debate and discussion, Middlebury President Ron Liebowitz announced that the College would not be divesting its endowment of fossil fuel investments at this time. To learn more, please see “Divest? Not Now” on page 25.

CALL TO ARMS
As an associate professor of French and Spanish at a college in Kentucky, I found the story “Why the Nation Needs a Strategic Language Reserve” (winter 2013) quite compelling. Most instructors in my department are part-time, as I am now also. This is disheartening, to say the least. We have no support for French and German, as Spanish is seen as the only important language. In one way, I’m glad that people in

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Kentucky now see that Spanish is an important language to know: we've had a stream of Hispanic immigrants for about 10 years in the area and many folks see that they are hardworking, good citizens. This is progress in the isolationist center of the country. At the same time, there is so much ignorance about other languages in the world. I/we applaud your efforts to wake up Americans to this fact. More "ammunition" appreciated!
—Page Curry '64, MA French '66, DML, French and Spanish '94, Commenting on middmag.com
ENDORSEMENT FOR HYBRID

I was blessed with a wonderful French teacher for the first three of my four years in public secondary school, in a school system that valued foreign language learning. I thus entered Middlebury reasonably well prepared to major in French. I know I was lucky; good access to good teachers in a variety of foreign languages has never been something that a child attending public schools in this country can take for granted. So I’m pleased that Middlebury is trying to do something about that ("The Digital Scene," winter 2013). At the same time, I worry that, despite all good intentions, school districts will see Middlebury Interactive Languages as a magic bullet—and a way to hire or retain fewer language teachers. I also worry that the use of what amounts to a K-12 language MOOC will, in Aaron Hirsh’s words, cause the collapse of the “educational triangle among...the student, the teacher, and the world that student and teacher investigate together.”

In online courses, he says, “the patch of world under examination is highly curated....In short, the pedagogical triangle gets collapsed into a binary relationship between student and teacher.”

I know that Middlebury language instruc-
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tors understand that language learning is about far more than language. I know they understand that it’s also about discovering different cultures, with their different worldviews, perceptions, and communication styles. But I have to say that I doubt that MIL’s “contextualized” approach, as fine as I expect it is, can fully overcome the necessity for an online instructor to curate the students’ language-learning world, limiting opportunity for wider discovery.

I’m therefore glad to see Vice President Geisler advocate for a hybrid model as the “most effective” way to learn a language. I would, however, take it a step further: I think a hybrid model is the only way to go.

—Leslie Peterson Limon ’68, Commenting on middmag.com

SOUND ADVICE

Every year seniors freak out: about college applications, which college to attend, will they get accepted, can they get one more point on their ACT, etc. And every year I hold a strong belief my students (really every student) will end up where they are supposed to be—at the college that is right for them, even they may not realize it right off the bat. The story “Liv-
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I'm disappointed to see that someone as supposedly well-rounded as T Cooper in his views on gender would make the statement that men simply do not get sexually assaulted or beaten ("A Man's World," summer 2013). Even if I give the benefit of the doubt and assume the use of hyperbole to make a point, for someone that benefits from sensitivity this is a remarkably insensitive generalization to make.

— Coleen, Commenting on middmag.com

As unlikely as it seems, Middlebury has had a surprising impact on the National Football League in recent years. We've got an established kicker in Steve Hauscka ’07 and a recent graduate in Ryan Moores ’13, who was invited to the Atlanta Falcons rookie camp. Who could have believed it from a small Division III school in Vermont? But one graduate has gone overlooked.

Jim Quirk ’90 is an NFL referee in his 4th year in the league. Jim's rise to the highest level of officiating is a testament to his dedication, hard work, and love of the game. As a senior, a neck injury prevented Jim from playing, but the bond he developed with his teammates couldn't keep him off the field, so he became an assistant coach. For those who know Jim,
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we would expect nothing less. Jim deserves all of the success he has achieved, and Middlebury should be proud of this alumnus. I think Jim's experience would make a great story in the Middlebury Magazine at some point. Thanks for your consideration.
—Ross Smith ’90, Chatham, New Jersey

Editor's Note: We're kicking around ideas for a feature package of stories that focus on the nature of games. Jim, as an official, would be a great subject. We'd welcome other ideas, as well.

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.
Old Chapel gets spruced up with a fresh coat of paint, just in time for the 2013-14 academic year.
One of many rare and valuable books received as a gift from Arthur G. Tasseira in 1938, Saint Augustine’s De Civitate Dei was among the earliest books printed on a press—in 1489. Religion professor Ellie Gehrman-Sabaer explains why it is so special.

Students in RELI 237, Christianity in Early Modern England, don’t need to read Latin to have an exciting learning experience with incunabula (pre-1500) editions of Augustine’s City of God. I first taught this course in 2011, during the 400th anniversary celebrations of the King James Bible, and will continue teaching it when I return from my current sabatical. Throughout the semester, my students visit Special Collections for hands-on workshops with an impressive array of archival holdings relating to dramatic changes in the religious and political climate of Europe, in an era of global expansion.

This early edition illustrates the traditional uses to which the printing press was put in the decades after it was invented. Books at this stage were often editions of the Christian Bible or theological texts written in antiquity. They were made to look as much like medieval manuscripts as possible.

Buyers purchased loose-leaf printed pages and paid for bindings and hand-drawn illustrations to be made separately, as was done on this page. Early readers also penned in their own notes, seen here as well. Sometimes curious perforations were left by other early consumers: bookworms. Really!

With traditional content and form, all this looks rather nonrevolutionary. Yet with guiding discussion questions and other materials at hand, students begin to see direct evidence of slow changes afoot, all setting the stage for the crisis of reform and schism in Western Christianity.

Having access to such a rare, old book is an uncommon opportunity for undergraduates at any institution. I myself wasn’t able to have an up-close encounter with an incunabula book until getting special permission at Oxford’s Bodleian Library the summer before starting my master’s degree at Boston University.

In contrast, I am thrilled that students here at Middlebury can have a personalized, memorable, and fun collective learning experience with incunabula books in Latin, as well as with early English Bibles in Special Collections that they can actually read out loud together.
Nature, Selected?

Economics professor Jessica Holmes was watching a Middlebury women’s soccer game one afternoon when she made a casual remark to friend and colleague Jeremy Ward. A Middlebury player had made a particularly aggressive play—to the delight of the home fans—and Holmes noted that in her admittedly limited experience, females who shared a womb with a twin brother tended to be more aggressive athletes. The aggressive Middlebury player, Holmes happened to know, has a twin brother.

Ward, a biology professor, then offered that testosterone (the hormone associated with increased aggression and risk taking) is known to cross the placenta from males to their littermates in a number of mammals—mice, dogs, pigs, sheep.

But what about humans? Holmes’s mind began to race. Could testosterone transference in the womb result in increased aggressiveness among female twins of a male sibling? And could twins then be used to test a hypothesis that wage differences among men and women could be partially explained by biology?

Holmes shared her thoughts with economics colleague Caitlin Myers, an empiricist who has done substantial research on discrimination. The two had no trouble accessing studies that showed that females with a male twin have been found to have higher birth weights, more typically masculine auditory structures, and larger teeth. And these particular females have exhibited more aggressive behavior in life.

But another significant hurdle remained before Myers or Holmes could experimentally test their hypothesis: how could one possibly identify a large enough sample size of twins coupled with their earnings?

While stuck on this problem, Myers was spending her sabbatical as a fellow at the German think tank IZA, and one day she struck up a conversation with a colleague from the Netherlands. This colleague, an economist named Anne Gielen, happened to mention that the Dutch maintain a treasure trove of administrative data about their citizens; it was possible, Gielen said, to obtain earning records for all 16 million residents of the Netherlands.

That’s quite Big Brother-ish, Myers thought. And I bet there are a whole lot of twins in those records.

Nearly 80,000, in fact. Holmes, Myers, and Gielen have now conducted research and authored a paper using this Dutch dataset. The research shows that males with a male twin will typically earn more money than males without a male twin. However, females who have a male twin are not associated with higher earnings. In fact, there is a slight decrease in earnings.

So what does this mean? The economists are positing that males are rewarded for more aggressive behavior in the labor market, while females don’t reap the same rewards; if anything, they are penalized for it.

This line of thought was recently explored in a Harvard Business Review cover story, Myers and Holmes point out. Employers and coworkers tend to view “masculine behaviors as ideal leadership qualities among men”; for women, though, this runs counter to stereotype and is often punished.

So for now, it seems that biology might be giving women a boost on the soccer field but not in the workplace.
Why I Love Mount Abraham

By Jeffrey Munroe, Professor of Geology

Up.

As the Battell Trail climbs the western slope of Mt. Abe, each foot of forward progress seems balanced by an equal rise in elevation. It's steep, but worth the price.

True, one can point to Vermont mountains that are higher (Mansfield) or more dramatic (Camel's Hump), but as a natural laboratory, a teaching example, a physical challenge, or just a contemplative walk, nothing beats Mt. Abe.

I can leave campus with a class at 11:00, climb to the top, and return in time for those who have practice at 4:30. Whether the climb is appropriate preparation for practice, I can't say. But on the trail, we have access to just about everything you could want to study in terms of natural history of the northern Appalachians:

- Exposures of contorted, folded rocks bearing sparkling mica and garnets.
- Traces of overgrown roads that testify to historical changes in land use.
- Intersection with the Long Trail, Vermont's storied footpath in the wilderness, and the humble Battell Shelter, both examples of how people use the mountains for recreation today.
- And perhaps most powerful of all, elevation gradients that inexorably replace northern hardwoods with spruce and fir until you finally emerge, blinking and grinning, onto a patch of alpine tundra that might fit inside a lecture hall back on campus.

The world of miniature tundra plants, miniaturized in total to a fragile outpost floating above the forest below.

With all this accessible so close to campus, it's no wonder that I never tire of climbing Mt. Abe.

“Why I Love Mount Abraham” by Jeffrey Munroe, Professor of Geology.
Going to the Chapel

In 1914, alumnus and trustee Dr. John A. Mead, Class of 1864, approached Middlebury President John Thomas about his desire to make a gift that would forever alter the appearance of the Middlebury campus. Mead pledged $75,000 for the construction of a new chapel, to be sited at the highest point of the campus. Mead Memorial Chapel opened its doors in 1916 and has been welcoming the Middlebury community ever since.

$1.7M

The value of John Mead's gift in 2012 dollars, adjusted for inflation.

1938

The year balconies were added in the chapel, increasing seating capacity to 715.

48

Number of bells in the carillon.

Many famous figures have filled Mead Chapel during its history. A sampling of visitors includes:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Visitor</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1921</td>
<td>Williams Jennings Bryan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1943</td>
<td>Robert Frost</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1976</td>
<td>George McGovern</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1983</td>
<td>Garrison Keillor</td>
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<tr>
<td>1983</td>
<td>Beverly Sills</td>
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<tr>
<td>1984</td>
<td>Dalai Lama</td>
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<tr>
<td>1998</td>
<td>William H. Rehnquist</td>
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<tr>
<td>2000</td>
<td>Wynton Marsalis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2002</td>
<td>Elie Wiesel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2005</td>
<td>Isaac Hayes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2006</td>
<td>John G. Roberts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2010</td>
<td>Ian McEwan</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Frost “said his poems” in Mead many times, not just in 1943.
**Keillor returned to Mead in 1988, where he again performed A Prairie Home Companion.

Creative Compromise
Which architectural style to use in building the chapel was a matter of controversy; so several compromises were reached. The floor plan is New England meetinghouse style; the façade is a Greek revival temple colonnade of marble; the doors and windows are Georgian; and the spire is Federal.

The Patron
John A. Mead was a physician, an industrialist, a U.S. congressman, and the governor of Vermont. He made his gift to commemorate the 50th anniversary of his graduation from Middlebury.
**Word Games**

You're translating right now. We do it all the time, unconsciously—from visual to oral, from one person's sensibilities to another's. Without translators, treaties couldn't be negotiated, business would hit bottlenecks, and great literature would be fettered to an author's language.

This year's Clifford Symposium focused on that complex world of translation and translators. “Translation in a Global Community: Theory and Practice” put a new twist on the fall tradition of the Clifford Symposium by bringing together faculty both from Middlebury's language programs and from the Monterey Institute of International Studies, which is known worldwide for its translation and interpretation programs.

In a keynote address, David Bellos, the director of Princeton's Program in Translation and Intercultural Communication, explained that “a translation is an invention of something. There's no one right solution. But you have to be consistent.”

Translation involves art, Bellos suggested, and other sessions looked at additional angles: whether everything is translatable, whether translation is a political act, and how one could find careers using language skills.

Said Kawashima Professor of Japanese Studies Stephen Snyder, “Translation is one of the fundamental underpinnings of global relations, to think about how languages are learned, to think about who provides communication between cultural spheres.”

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**Judging Addicts: Drug Courts and Coercion in the Justice System from American Criminal Law Review**

Rebecca Tiger’s position in Judging Addicts: Drug Courts and Coercion in the Justice System is not only that judges should not be exercising such immense power over drug court defendants, but that society should cure itself of its obsession with treatment and the need to alter what it perceives as undesirable behavior. The sociology professor suggests a “harm reduction” approach wherein society accepts that drug use will never go away and works to mitigate the harms of drug use as much as possible without requiring abstinence, forcing treatment, or coercing drug users in any way. Instead of focusing on sobriety, a harm reduction approach focuses on health and wellness and gives support to users whether or not they want to stop using. Such an approach is clearly in stark contrast to both criminal and treatment-based systems. While it is unlikely that our society would achieve such a nonjudgmental attitude towards behavior that has been for so long considered both deviant and criminal, the book illuminates perspectives that cause readers to think critically about what kind of society they want to live in.

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**Picture**

Solar D Called “the most unorthodox team in Solar Decathlon 2013” by the Los Angeles Times, Team Middlebury and its solar house, InSite, competed in Irvine, California, as this issue was going to press. InSite impressed visitors and judges alike, in earning a top-ten finish, placing eighth among a field of 19. To check out the house and learn more about how Midd performed, visit sdl3.middlebury.edu.
Way Back Thirty years after it was created by artist Vito Acconci and Middlebury students in a winter term course titled Art in Public Places—and 29 years after it was set on fire with a blowtorch by student protesters—Way Station (Study Chamber) has been reinstalled on campus, in one of the more bizarre events in the College’s history, Way Station prompted such revulsion when it was installed on this walkway between Freeman International Center and Milliken Hall, that it was ultimately removed and put in storage—after being tagged with graffiti, bludgeoned, and ultimately burned. Now Way Station has a new home behind the Mahaney Center for the Arts, a museum exhibit dedicated to its history (through December 8), and the promise of an upcoming lecture by Acconci himself.

Of Course

Leafing through the Middlebury course catalog, 2013-14 edition, can make for some fascinating reading.

American Studies/English and American Literatures 263: American Psycho: Disease, Doctors, and Discontents. “We will begin with 19th-century texts and their engagement with seemingly ‘diseased’ responses to urbanization, new forms of work, and new structures of the family, and end with contemporary fictional psychopaths engaged in attacks on the world of images we inhabit in the present.”

Economics 485; The Economics of Sports. A survey course “of topics illustrating how microeconomic principles apply to the sports industry.”

Geology 142: The Ocean Floor. “Have you wanted to view the ocean floor from a submersible?”

First-Year Seminar 1108: Chemical & Biological Warfare. “In this seminar we will examine the development and use of these agents, with attention to their chemical, biochemical, and biological mechanisms.”

Philosophy 352: Philosophy of Mind. “What is the nature of the mind, and how does it relate to the body and the physical world?”

Political Science 278: The Politics of Insurgency. “In this course we will survey the full range of insurgencies, from violent civil wars and classic insurgencies to strategically nonviolent movements.”

And lest there be a concern that the College founders would fret about the “modernization” of the curriculum—Greek 101: Beginning Greek.

As it does each fall, a new class arrived on campus—with impeccable credentials, of course. And, just like the year prior, only 19 percent of those who applied for a spot in the Class of 2017 were granted admission. Nearly 70 percent come from outside New England; 11 percent are international students. Thirteen percent of the class represent the first member of their family to attend college. What’s more there are . . .
First-Year Mind Map

Whether you graduated five years ago or 50, you surely remember that first year of college. How did your experience differ from that of Middlebury first-year students who arrived in September and are experiencing their inaugural year? We've mapped the mind of a contemporary first-year for comparison purposes.
FIRST-YEAR SEMINARS
Limited to 15 students, each course is writing intensive and is taught by a faculty member who will serve as those first-years' academic adviser for their first three semesters at Midd.

GAMALIEL PAINTER’S CANE
The Middlebury founder’s original wooden walking stick—now centuries old—is passed around to every first-year at Convocation, a symbol of continuity and tradition.

EATING
New students quickly learn that they are not lacking for dining options. There are Proctor, Ross, and Atwater dining halls, the Grille, Crossroads Café, and 51 Main. Plus all that the town offers.

WEATHER
Right now, many students are enjoying their first autumn in New England. Golden sunlight, warm days, crisp mornings... yet as a hit HBO show proclaims: “Winter Is Coming.”

WONNACOTT COMMONS
One of the five “living-learning” communities at Midd. Commons faculty heads, deans, and residential advisers help facilitate integration with college life.

ATHLETIC FACILITIES
Whether hitting the fitness center, enjoying the stunning setting of the football stadium, or entering a rowdy Pepin or Kenyon this winter, first-years have plenty to cheer about.
Civility, Please

On the afternoon of September 11, 2013, a Middlebury student and four acquaintances, who are not enrolled at the College, removed 2,977 American flags that had been placed in the lawn in front of Mead Chapel by members of a pair of student groups—the Middlebury College Republicans and Middlebury College Democrats.

The flags were set as a memorial to those who lost their lives in the 9/11 terror attacks, and the act of vandalism left many in the community shocked, angry, hurt, and confused. The student who helped uproot the flags said she found the display offensive to Native Americans and believed the area on which they had been placed had once been an Abenaki burial ground (a claim a local Abenaki chief disputed).

In the days that followed, media attention—mainstream and social—prompted an outpouring of commentary, which included threats and vitriol directed at individuals and the College itself.

In the wake of these events, we sat down with President Liebowitz to talk about civility, responsible discourse, and community standards.

In your e-mail to the community after the incident on campus you made a specific point of stating that as an academic community it’s incumbent upon us to encounter difficult issues, but that doesn’t mean that civility goes out the window when you do so, which is what happened. Right. We cherish freedom of speech, but it can’t be at the expense of silencing others. And in this case, we had people who felt very strongly about something, and whether or not we agree with it, it’s their right to voice it. But they can’t voice it by silencing others, by being destructive, and that’s what they did when they forcefully removed the flags.

Civility is a must. We’re an academic institution, and so we don’t only teach facts. We also teach how to argue, how to debate, how to engage, how to learn. And being civil is a key part of doing all of these things.

It seems that when the degree of passion rises, civility starts to slip. Not always, but often.

I think the larger political environment is really in some ways the genesis or the driver of what you’re talking about. If we become less civil on this campus, it’s a reflection of, or it’s an inability to stay removed from, the vitriol that one sees in current national politics.

I mean, I don’t remember this ever—I’ve been a political junkie for a long time, and I can’t recall this level of vitriol. I believe in some ways that models behavior for some individuals, and it only takes one person at one point in time to create this feeling.

There’s a paradox here too, and that is the fact that within this community, we’re overly polite...
towards one another most times. We'll have less rigorous and vigorous debate and discussion than one might find, say, if they were in Morningside Heights or in Cambridge. So things can get bottled up, and then when emotions do boil over, people don't always know how to disagree.

So it's a combination of things, but I think the bigger issue for us is that Middlebury in some ways is a reflection of a larger political environment that isn't always pretty.

One of the things that happened in response to this was a flood of vitriolic commentary. Not to excuse the original act, but at the same time, nothing warrants threats against one's life.

No, it's terrible. I myself received hundreds of e-mails, literally hundreds of e-mails, and some of them were beyond imagination in terms of the anger, the vitriol, the hatred. The Campus editors told me they got these commentaries in comments on their blog as well. I think many of those writing were not a part of this community, but some of them were.

But let's not forget what was done here and on what day. September 11 is still an emotional and significant event, and the impact of that day was felt—and continues to be felt—by many, many Americans. People were angry about the disrespect shown for the nearly 3,000 who perished in the attack, but the deep emotions extend far beyond that. They extend to all those who, on the account of that terrorist attack, went to two wars, many of them killed or injured. Their families, no doubt, would view what happened on our campus as unacceptable—not to mention the legal, but highly provocative desecration of the American flag. So the anger and harsh response, while itself very unfortunate, reflects the deep feelings held by so many. There are obviously other ways a protest can be done.

But I do think the tenor of the reaction is also linked to this polarizing political climate. Instead of debate, we mostly see and hear only the extreme views on both ends of the ideological spectrum.

When Bill O'Reilly talked about this incident on his show, The O'Reilly Factor, it was a terrible display of reporting. It was irresponsible and unnecessarily fueled the anger. The show's producers obviously didn't check facts with anyone familiar with what actually happened.

After the segment was over, I went upstairs and stopped at my computer. In the three minutes that it took me to close up downstairs and come upstairs, I had already received 18 e-mails, 18 e-mails from people who had watched The O'Reilly Factor, e-mails from Abilene, Texas; Salt Lake City, Utah; Chicago, Illinois—writing threatening comments that were largely uninform ed. They took verbatim what they heard on the show from "reporter" Adam Carolla and from Bill O'Reilly. And it continued for several days.

But even the ones from Middlebury students point to something that you've talked about—close the laptop and go talk to somebody. Right.

And don't rely on a comment section or Twitter or—Anonymous comments, anonymous comments.

Anonymous is even worse. But even when comments are attributable, go talk to someone.

Why do you think folks are more likely to respond to a comment section than walk down the hall and talk to someone?

I think it's just a reflection of how technology has made it so easy for people to comment. It's far easier to do something in a faceless way because you don't have to face the response. Angelique Kidjo, in her Fulton lecture, made this point very, very strongly. She told the students: "You must face the person with whom you have a disagreement. In the end, you might not ever speak to that person again, but you can't end a relationship—you can't say, 'I'm not going to speak to my friend for 10 years' and not speak to them, you've got to talk it out."

This message is a tough one for this generation, because this generation relies so much on, and has really grown up with, social media as the major source for interpersonal communication. So it's a real challenge.

There were opportunities for students to talk about the flag issue at a series of forums with faculty members. But they were poorly attended, with the exception of maybe one. I think two.

One or two.

There were, I believe, at least six sessions, and the best-attended one had maybe 12 students, which is a nice size for such a discussion, but yes, overall attendance was less than what we thought it would be.

In the days after, I went up to Proctor, and I sat down at a table with students and tried to figure out why that was the case—why an incident that created angry debate did not lead to large gatherings to discuss it with faculty. I think by the time the open sessions rolled around—which didn't take place until the following week for a whole host of reasons—people were formulating their own ideas, they were having so many discussions about this in the dining halls, in their dorms, in their classes, that they were unsure about what the open sessions would be like. Or maybe it was our students' already full schedules.

And there's an interesting twist that students are talking about, which is to say, "What do you think President Liebowitz, what do you think the ultimate harm to the community has been as a result of this?" I pushed them to explain what they meant. At first I was thinking they were concerned that Middlebury's reputation had been dragged through the mud. But no, they didn't mean that at all.

What those in Proctor meant seemed to be much more nuanced. They said, "If in the future, this act serves to silence people who want to speak out and have honest debate, it will have hurt us terribly." And this was coming from people who largely disagreed, some passionately so, with the act this student committed. Students feared it would further shut down future conversations on important issues.

The strength of this institution is the ability to engage in debate and hear other people's views and learn from them. And if this incident leads to even a subtle silencing of people to speak out and question the status quo or the prevailing thought, and question even the institution's perspective on any and all issues, we will have really hurt the College and our students. They need to hear different viewpoints—we all do. This incident cannot diminish people's willingness to engage in difficult topics. If it does, then the College will have become a lesser environment for learning.
What does it take to rebuild from the largest Atlantic hurricane ever recorded?

Keelah and Harry Helwig lived on a dirt road in Far Rockaway, New York. When Hurricane Sandy struck, and their house broke away from its foundation, and the waters of Jamaica Bay sloshed against the living room windows, they decided they would have to swim. Harry’s mother, Dora, was in a two-story house nearby. The upper story was above the water. But then, fortunately, the boat in their driveway detached from its trailer and drifted close enough to their house that they could climb into the rocking hull. They survived the storm, but their home and all their belongings were destroyed.

“Keelah and I are waiting for demolition,” Helwig said. He and Keelah planned to rebuild, and they were hoping the city would help them.

The Helwigs had come to the gym for an information session about the city’s flood recovery program, run by Mayor Bloomberg’s Office of Housing Recovery Operations, which was established after Hurricane Sandy. Morgan Jones ’04 is the senior adviser for outreach for Housing Recovery in Queens and was one of the event’s organizers. He helped launch the program, Build It Back, on June 3. Its $648 million budget was allocated from the $61 billion federal Sandy recovery bill that Congress passed in January.

“The idea tonight is for people to meet with developers and find out their rebuild options,” Jones told me. A big part of Jones’s job is to make sure that people like the Helwigs apply to Build It Back. He publicizes the program citywide, mainly through social media, e-mail blasts, and events. More than 17,000 people have already applied. His work never ends. “I have a Blackberry that follows me everywhere I go,” he said. “And my wife loves that.”

Over the last year, Jones has helped hundreds of people navigate the aftermath of the violent flood. Immediately after the storm, 150,000 New Yorkers had to find temporary housing or get immediate home repairs. More than 20,000 households still need help—whether they need to rebuild entirely, make repairs, or get reimbursed for work already done. Some homeowners will be able to sell their property to the government, particularly those in the worst flood-hazard areas. So far, such buyouts have been sought only in Staten Island.

Recovery work is not for the one-dimensional. Jones became a mold expert. He learned how to start a generator. He arranged with a real-estate developer to move a wheelchair-bound boy trapped for months in his fourth-floor apartment (the elevator was broken) to a ground-floor unit. He read the fine print contained in flood insurance plans.

Sandy was the largest hurricane ever recorded over the Atlantic Ocean, with tropical storm-force winds spanning 1,100 miles, roughly the distance from Manhattan to Miami. It was the second costliest storm in American history, after Katrina. A storm of such magnitude has countless impacts and meanings. For Jones, its impact is redefined daily by its human toll. For many people, Sandy has become a historic event, a natural disaster, and a regional tragedy whose details slowly fade.

But for some people, Sandy has been a stark illustration of the changing climate and a call to arms. They believe there must be new coastal-development policies, new measures to slow greenhouse gas emissions, and adaptations to protect people from the next storm. Mark Mauriello ’79, the former commissioner of New Jersey’s Department of Environmental Protection (DEP), is among those inspired to rethink priorities. He has been a vocal critic of Governor Chris Christie’s approach to Sandy recovery. “There are two sides to the Sandy story. One is technical, and the other is human,” Mauriello explained. “And the human side is always compelling. Listening to testimony of the trauma and misery that storm victims experienced really highlights the importance of considering the increasing coastal-hazard vulnerability that we face. Shame on us if we fail to learn the lessons of Sandy and repeat past mistakes as we rebuild.”

One Friday afternoon, I accompanied Morgan Jones to Breezy Point, a tiny Queens community on the western tip of the Rockaway Peninsula that Hurricane Sandy battered severely. Monster waves sent water surging across the narrow strip of land, inundating homes from the ocean to the bay. Seventy-mile-per-hour gusts whipped up a six-alarm electrical fire that burned 123 houses to the ground. Jones has
of time in Breezy Point this year. We left his office in Lower Manhattan, and within the hour crossed a bridge onto the peninsula. We stopped at an old Army Reserve center, which is now one of the city’s six Build It Back centers, where people can get one-on-one help filling out applications and organizing documents such as tax forms and birth records.

“After Sandy, I was based in this parking lot,” Jones said as he climbed out of his car, a city-owned Prius. He was wearing Ray-Bans, a navy polo shirt, and grey slacks. “We set up plastic tents out here with FEMA, with phones, tables, and kerosene for heat,” he said. “We had water, bananas—lots of food. The tent was out here for a month or so before we could move into the building. There was no electricity, and barely any cell service.” At the time, he was the Queens commissioner of the Mayor’s Community Affairs Unit, where he began working in April 2010. He first drove out to the Rockaways two days after the storm.

“I saw cars on top of cars. Sand everywhere. I was told before I got out here by police officers—I work closely with the police—that it looked like Beirut and Iraq put together, and these were people who'd been in the military. I didn’t believe them, but when I got out here...a lot of people were really scared. And by the fourth day after the storm, there were people who were visibly sick from being out in the cold.”

The chaos and ruin he described were hard to picture now. Seagulls squawked in a cerulean sky. The air was hot, and a sea breeze blew from the southeast. On the first Saturday after the storm, Jones said that about a million volunteers came out. “I was the only guy from the mayor’s office,” he said. “There were Christian groups from Texas, the Red Cross, food trucks, and they were all coming up to me, saying, ‘Where do we go? What can we do to help?’”

After the storm, he worked seven days a week for two months, circulating between Breezy Point and other relief centers set up in parking lots across the Rockaways. In January, he joined the mayor’s Housing Recovery Office, and on the weekends he’s been working on his MBA from Cornell. “I don’t sleep,” he said. Jones never imagined himself working in disaster relief, but for his vacation this year, he and his wife, Zoe, went to New Orleans. They explored the Ninth Ward, where he talked to people who were still rebuilding, eight years after Katrina.

He grew up in Park Slope, Brooklyn. His mother worked for three different New York mayors, also directing community affairs. His father worked in labor relations for the Metropolitan Transportation Authority. At Middlebury, where he co-hosted a hip-hop radio show and performed in labor relations for the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, and they were all coming up to me, saying, ‘Where do we go? What can we do to help?’”

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He grew up in Park Slope, Brooklyn. His mother worked for three different New York mayors, also directing community affairs. His father worked in labor relations for the Metropolitan Transportation Authority. At Middlebury, where he co-hosted a hip-hop radio show and performed as a break-dancer, Jones majored in Chinese. He did graduate work in Nanjing through Johns Hopkins University. In 2006, he moved to Shanghai, where he had his own radio show entirely in Mandarin. He met Zoe in Shanghai. Sharing a taxi home from a party, she gave her address in English; he gave his in Mandarin—it seemed they lived in the same building. She moved to the U.S. with him in 2009. His first job in the mayor’s office required him to work closely with Chinese immigrants. He doesn’t speak much Mandarin in his new job, but his skill for gaining trust in insular communities has proved invaluable.

We parked at a shopping center where a street party was in progress.

With surging flood-insurance rates, a rising sea level, and projections that storms like Sandy will become more frequent, many observers question whether people should fully rebuild in places like Breezy Point. In New Jersey, shore towns, with their boardwalks and beachfront homes, are mostly built on barrier islands, which spool southward along the mainland like a string of yellow silk, separating brackish bays from the restless Atlantic. The islands are the coast’s natural defense. They are also extensively developed, with economies based entirely on valuable real estate and beach tourism. Hurricane Sandy revealed what the work. (The Build It Back program doesn’t give homeowners money directly—a mistake made in New Orleans, Jones said—but pays the contractor.) Jones asked Higgins how her house had fared.

“A hundred fifty worth of damage, first floor and basement basically gone,” she said matter-of-factly. She pointed out that on this side of Breezy Point, 800 of 1,200 homes were now occupied. She had evacuated before the storm. “This brings back memories,” she said, “and I want to cry right now. I’m glad I wasn’t here [during the storm] so I don’t have that vivid memory.” Jones shook her hand, gave her his card, and told her to have her cousins call him.

It’s shocking. This was all people’s belongings, things they’ll never recover. That’s the hardest part. But a house is a house. As everybody says, we all made it. We’re very fortunate.”

Jones introduced himself, and they talked about the rebuilding options—concrete, modular—and the contractor the city had hired to do the work. (The Build It Back program doesn’t give homeowners money directly—a mistake made in New Orleans, Jones said—but pays the contractor.) Jones asked Higgins how her house had fared.

A local resident, Jane Higgins, was showing an out-of-town friend around. “This was my cousin’s place,” she said, indicating a foundation. “We're very fortunate.”

Joanne, had just moved here from Hamilton, a town outside Trenton. His father’s office required him to work closely with Chinese immigrants. He doesn’t speak much Mandarin in his new job, but his skill for gaining trust in insular communities has proved invaluable.

“We're surrounded by water, you're much more likely to experience the water,” Mauriello said. He was standing on a road that ran above the beach in Long Branch, New Jersey. He is a solidly built six feet, four inches, has a semi-permanent suntan, and wears a grey goatee. A rainbow of umbrellas dotted the sand below, and prop planes zoomed by trailing banners—Wawa, Systrum Energy (Lowest Electric Rates in NJ!), Spellbinders Surf Shop—drowning out the thump of a volleyball, small breaking waves, and the chatter of Sunday afternoon beachgoers. Mauriello and his wife, Joanne, had just moved here from Hamilton, a town outside Trenton. His family had owned another shore house, in Lavallette, for most of his life. He spent practically every summer there, working in restaurants when he was a kid, surfing. His siblings—he’s number five of six—decided to sell the road from the Build It Back center is the gated entrance to Breezy Point. The community is a cooperative that was formed in 1960 and contains nearly 3,000 homes. The only public property beyond the gate is the main road, which splits the ocean side from the bay side. Residents are mostly Irish Catholic.

“Immediately after the storm, as I was watching coverage, I realized I'd have to deal with Breezy Point,” Jones said. “I had some experience with them, but not a whole lot because it’s really a private community. They even fix their own sewage lines.”

Down the road from the Build It Back center is the gated entrance to Breezy Point. The community is a cooperative that was formed in 1960 and contains nearly 3,000 homes. The only public property beyond the gate is the main road, which splits the ocean side from the bay side. Residents are mostly Irish Catholic.

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the Shore place two years ago. "When we sold the Lavallette house, we knew we still wanted to be at the Shore," he said, "but there was no way I was going to buy a place that’s in a flood-hazard area." Long Branch is situated on the mainland, and it has a bluff shoreline, so serious damage from Sandy didn’t extend much beyond its boardwalk.

Mauriello pointed down at the remains of that boardwalk. The weathered joists jutted from the eroded bluff. The town, Mauriello explained, had decided to make one lane of the road we stood on into a temporary, pedestrian-only walkway. "I thought this was smart," Mauriello said. "A lot of towns rushed into rebuilding their boardwalks and didn’t give a lot of thought to whether it made sense to rebuild the same way." He has been talking to the mayor and other local residents, trying to convince them that the temporary fix should be permanent. Another storm would come; rebuilding an unnecessary and costly boardwalk would be shortsighted.

Mauriello’s fight against such imprudent decision making extends well beyond Long Branch. In fact, it was the defining feature of his 30-year career as a geologist with New Jersey’s DEP. When Governor Jon Corzine appointed him commissioner in 2008, Mauriello oversaw the creation and expansion of several progressive climate-change measures—only to see them erased when Chris Christie took office. He left the DEP in 2010. "Of all the things we lost," Mauriello said, "our climate program, to me, was the saddest."

At Middlebury, Mauriello played basketball, followed the Grateful Dead around New England, and majored in environmental studies and geology. There were only about nine people in the environmental studies program at the time. (It is now one of the most popular programs at the College.) He wrote his thesis on the Lake Champlain fossil record, comparing its saltwater and freshwater sediment deposits. After graduating, he moved back to New Jersey, married his high school sweetheart, and joined the Department of Environmental Protection. He worked on several major environmental initiatives, including statutes to protect the New Jersey Highlands, a major source of city water, and its freshwater wetlands. Since 2010, he has worked as a coastal-development consultant. After Sandy, leaders of several environmental nonprofit groups asked him to collaborate on advocacy work; the New Jersey Recovery Fund also asked him to help direct money to worthy causes. Of these groups, Mauriello said, "One of our goals is to get folks thinking in terms of post-storm opportunities to restore natural conditions that will be more protective."

The acquisition by the state of flood-prone properties flattened in the storm seemed like one such opportunity. Mauriello spoke at the first public forum after Sandy, held in December at Monmouth University. "I said, 'The Feds are going to come with a lot of money. We have an opportunity to undo some of our past mistakes. If we’re really smart, we can start pulling back incrementally from the shore,’” he recalled. He spoke at conferences, testified before state officials, and made his case in the local media. Critics attacked him, saying he wanted people to abandon their barrier-island communities. "I tell people not to fall for that false debate,” he said. “You don’t have to put every house back in the spot exactly where it was before.” He mentioned Ortley Beach, a community that lost an entire row of oceanfront houses and is being rebuilt much like it was before. The story is the same up and down the coast. Many towns are opposed to acquisition because they rely on the tax revenue that oceanfront properties provide. Mauriello and others argue that safety has an economic value, too, even if it’s harder to quantify. More publicly accessible land could also equal more tourism dollars over time.

The federal Sandy recovery bill allotted New Jersey $27 billion, an amount Mauriello called “mind-blowing.” He thinks a lot of the money has been wasted. "I’d start with that silly commercial that’s running incessantly on TV about being stronger than the storm,” he said, referring to a $25 million public relations campaign that was designed to encourage tourism and boost the struggling economy. “It’s a really bad message. You could say ‘New Jersey: We’re tough. We’re resilient. We’ll bounce back.’ But to get hit with the storm and immediately turn around and say you’re stronger than the storm?”

Another recovery program he called “equally crazy” is the $180 million allocated for “homeowner resettlement grants.” These grants were offered to people in the nine most impacted counties as an incentive—$10 thousand per household—to remain in the county for at least three years. The program’s goal was to help local economies retain their tax base. "I get that,” Mauriello said, "but my thought would be, let’s provide the incentive for people to relocate and give money directly to the towns. Don’t do it through this backwards program of encouraging people to remain in areas that we know will be flooded and damaged again in the future!”

Two billion dollars is being spent on beach nourishment—the Army Corps of Engineers’ practice of dredging sand from underwater offshore sites and piling it onto severely eroded beaches to create wide berms and dunes. The Army Corps has been doing beach nourishment in New Jersey since the sixties. It is the only reason that much of the Shore has any beach at all.

Over the last decade, the Army Corps has received federal funding for what’s known along the Shore as the “Project”—a plan to gird stretches of the coast with tall sand dunes, some 22 feet high, that would absorb the crashing waves of future storms. The Project’s one condition was that oceanfront residents must sign easements allowing the Army Corps to build dunes on their properties. Many residents refused; the dunes would block their ocean views and diminish their property values, they thought. In Harvey Cedars, a small town on Long Beach Island, the mayor decided to use eminent domain to build dunes on holdouts’ properties. When Sandy hit, the dunes worked, and Harvey Cedars was spared any significant storm damage. Yet the holdouts who never signed easements have pursued lawsuits against the town anyway. Other towns are now afraid to use eminent domain because they fear the liability. Governor Christie has encouraged the public shaming of holdouts, to little avail. One thousand easements are still needed.

"I think many towns are feeling a false sense of security knowing that the Army Corps is bringing lots of money for beach nourishment,” Mauriello said. "Unfortunately, they don’t acknowledge that this is a temporary fix, that the beaches will erode again, and there will not be more Sandy supplemental money to maintain the beaches over time, particularly with sea-level rise and chronic erosion.”

Back in Queens, the Helwigs have been renting inland since the storm destroyed their home. They submitted their Build It Back application at the beginning of July. On a sunny Tuesday in late September, their original house, where they lived for two decades, was finally demolished.

"It sucks,” Keelah said. "I gave birth to my daughter in that house.” Harry, who is 42, grew up down the street; his mother, Dora, still lives there. Now, they’re anxiously waiting for a call from Jones’s office, hoping to hear their rebuilding options. One likely feature of whatever they build will be 10-foot pilings. Even in clear weather, the land is so low and the road so poorly graded that, during high tides, Jamaica Bay floods their street with more than two feet of water, creating an island.

Are they worried another storm will come? "It’s inevitable,” Keelah said. "My prayer is that it’s not for another hundred years.” She added, "If we get anything like Sandy again, we’re all headed for higher ground.”

38 Middlebury MAGAZINE
Middlebury, Vermont

44° 0' N and 73° 8' W

By Lewis Robinson '93, Photograph by Brett Simison, Lettering by Peter Horridge

On opposite walls in my room on the top floor of Gifford in the fall of 1991: a world map with National Geographic pastel borders and a somewhat pretentious Kandinsky poster. Between them was a dormered window through which I could crawl out onto the building's slate roof for a crystalline view of the Adirondacks. The mountains were visible from within the room, too, but I preferred sitting on the roof, sky overhead, feeling the wind move through the valley.

Other transformational places on campus: David Napier's anthropology class, where we debated the authenticity of Carlos Castaneda's vision quests, and John Bertolini's Modern British Drama class, where we lurked at the edge of Beckett's eternal abyss. Every Tuesday at 3 AM I sequestered myself in the WRMC studios for a jazz show featuring Art Blakey, John Coltrane, and Thelonius Monk, deejaying for (at best) a handful of Addison County insomniacs.

At the top of our hill, with Rt. 125 ribboning off to the east and west, we had Kerouacian amounts of time and space for reflection and introspection. It was as though the breadth and serenity of the valley demanded it. You read To the Lighthouse, and you could linger within Woolf's consciousness for as long as you wanted and needed—the purple mountains weren't going to distract you. You read King Lear, and you lived with it in the quiet of those long pathways of the quad. It became harder and harder to hide from a book's implications. Each book had room to breathe. Sometimes I'd take these ruminations to the Long Trail, whose lush leafiness was only a few miles away.

There were days when I would be walking alone up the hill from Twilight and the face of a classmate or teacher would pop into my mind. Seconds later, that very same person would emerge, in the flesh, from behind Warner or down the steps from the offices in Old Chapel. Initially I was alarmed by this. But then I realized that coincidences like this happen all the time amid the churnings of a small campus.

Mostly, I liked this coziness. For a while my girlfriend and I walked into town every Friday morning for breakfast at Steve's Park Diner. Each week we invited a different guest. Many of our professors came. Even President McCardell came once, and he chronicled the history of Middlebury football for us.

What we didn't seem to have, though, was a political culture. My older brother was at Wesleyan, where you couldn't walk from the library to the dining hall without encountering a sit-in or picket line. We at Middlebury, on the other hand, seemed mostly subdued and conflict-averse. At the outset of the Gulf War, I witnessed a few dozen students assemble outside Proctor in protest. They marched with banners until someone in Gifford pointed their three-foot Bose speakers out a window, anonymously blaring "Born in the USA." The protest dwindled, and afterwards, campus was especially quiet. We lived in such a beautiful, peaceful place, the problems of the world felt remote.

There came a point when I needed a break from this feeling of remove. David Napier had introduced me to an ambitious group of doctors in London who shared a flat and provided free medical care to homeless people throughout the city. I took a term off and lived with them, shadowing them in their clinics. When I returned to Middlebury, I was eager for one last round of intense academic rabbit-holing. This was the perfect time for Elizabeth Napier's transcendent class on neoclassical and romantic poetry. It helped to have a somewhat more world-wise frame of reference. Exploring the mysteries of Pope and Wordsworth in a high-ceilinged Twilight classroom for 90 minutes felt both luxurious and, if I paid close attention, relevant and essential.

That fall, I lived in a Ripton farmhouse with four friends. The land was adjacent to Forest Service property connected to the Bread Loaf ski trails. There was a pond out back where we swam every day until it froze, and I only went to campus for class and work. Arriving at Middlebury four years earlier, I'd been wary of the school's pastoral calm. I was worried I'd get bored. That winter, snowstorm after snowstorm, our top priority was to sit by the fire and write our theses, coffeemaker nearby. We shoveled off the roof when necessary. We cherished the quiet, hardly knowing it wouldn't last.

Lewis Robinson '93 is the author of the short story collection Officer Friendly, which won the PEN Oakland/Josephine Miles Literary Award, and the novel Water Dogs. He is a writer in residence at Phillips Academy in Andover.
By Wyatt Orme '12, Photographs by Paxson Woelber '08

I. Path to the Sea

The blades of the fiberglass kayak paddles rise and fall to a rhythm as balanced as a pendulum's. In the deafening Arctic quiet, they splash into the murky water with deep chops, the sound muffled only by the wind. Under cloudy skies, the river is a long, wide pane of gray, broken periodically by sandbars speckled with chalk-white caribou skulls. Steep banks rise on either side of the water, crowned at the top with tufts of grassy tundra. The cabins of a fish camp, where a family of Inupiat Eskimos likely spent the summer catching the year's supply of char, burbot, and Dolly Varden trout, appear empty. Near one of the small, shingled buildings, what appears to be a small grizzly bear reveals itself as a musk ox when it raises its shaggy head to the sound of the boats, turns, and gallops out of sight.

As they slowly navigate the river, the small, rugged, inflatable crafts—weighing five pounds and collapsible to the size of a sleeping bag—add bright yellow and red to the otherwise stark aesthetic. Chelsea Ward-Waller '12, Brett Woelber '09, and his brother Paxson '08 are on the Colville River, less than two miles from the Arctic Ocean.

From the start of their journey in the sweeping mountain passes and sunlit canyons of Alaska’s Brooks Range, they have come 300 human-powered miles in a month. They’ve named their trek Expedition Arguk—arguk meaning to walk against the wind, in Alaskan Inupiat—and they didn’t embark without putting a lot of careful thought into what they planned to do and why they planned to do it. Brett is a hydrologist; Chelsea, a geologist; Paxson, a media producer. All have a powerful affinity for the outdoors, for nature’s wild frontiers. They saw in Arguk an opportunity to traverse one of this country’s most rugged, remote regions, and they wanted to do so before the landscape was forever altered by encroaching development; a bridge, soon to be built by ConocoPhillips, will span the Colville River, offering easy access to the energy company’s newest drill site. “Our trip is limited,” Paxson explains, “We aren’t experts. We’re not going to provide a dry environmental assessment [of what’s going on here], what we can provide, though, is what it’s like to be here.”

And what it’s like to be out here is a discordant mash of serene beauty and perpetual discomfort. Three weeks on two different rivers means being constantly wet; something as simple as slipping on dry, five-toed socks before curling up in a sleeping bag is nothing short of sacrosanct. Campsites are often buffeted by piercing winds and require an electric “bear-proof” to be erected each evening.

To the group’s surprise, they haven’t seen many grizzlies. Several days into their first stretch of paddling on the Anaktuvuk River in the Brooks Range, a grizzly swam across the river in front of them, climbed up on the bank, stared, then darted into thicket of small trees. Still, everyone keeps bear spray within reach at all times. In Fairbanks, before begin-
II. From Beginning to End

ARGUK BEGAN AT THE ATIGUN PASS IN THE BROOKS RANGE, where Luke Douglas '09, Brett Paxson, and Chelsea hiked into the Arctic National Preserve: 13,000 square miles with few named landmarks or a single trail. Navigation involved topographic maps, compasses, landmarks, and a little guesswork. With the shadows of clouds moving along with them, they passed through valleys and over steep passes, crowned with ridgelines of striated rock. They followed braided rivers, at times walking through rushing water when it proved easier than hiking over tussocks, the hillocks of thick grass that make up the vast floor of the region.

After the first week, they arrived at Anaktuvuk Pass, a small Nunamiut Eskimo village in the central Brooks Range. There, Jason Mercer, a biologist and the group's fifth member, joined them. But they were not for long. Luke arrived in Anaktuvuk with a badly sprained ankle and, after much deliberation, left on a flight back to Anchorage shortly after Jason arrived. The new group of four would use their packrafts to float the Anaktuvuk River to its confluence with the Colville. Where its headwaters lay was a mystery, however, and no one in town seemed to know. After substantial wandering, they found a small, meandering channel through some grassland, began padding and, soon enough, found themselves on a narrow river.

The landscape north of the Brooks Range changed drastically; they were suddenly surrounded by bright green, perfectly rounded hills. It looked "like you could walk blindfolded for a hundred miles without tripping," Brett remembers, and though it seemed empty at first, more and more birds began to appear. Many were in molt and couldn't fly, so as the boats approached, they ran down the riverbanks in large flocks, flapping their wings until just out of sight. When the boats came around the next river bend, the charade began anew and continued for miles and miles.

The packrafters then entered the National Petroleum Reserve (NPR-A), the largest single unit of public land in the United States (measuring slightly larger than the state of Maine), in Alaska's North Slope. The region was opened for oil development in February, an event that garnered little attention, even in Alaska.

After entering the NPR-A at the confluence of the Anaktuvuk and Colville Rivers, the packrafters spotted another boat filled with paleontologists who invited them to their camp at Ocean Point, where the saltwater from the Arctic Ocean begins to mix with the freshwater from the mountains. The next morning, they visited their dig site, where a group of duck-billed dinosaurs had been killed en masse millions of years ago. Thousands of bones spilled from the side of a bluff.

After leaving the paleontologists, the packrafters paddled through thick sea fog as they neared the ocean. Motorboats full of Inupiat Eskimos would pull alongside; a few of the natives would snap pictures of the visitors. There had been a celebration in the nearby village of Nuiqsut, population 400. The people in Anaktuvuk Pass had warned the packrafters about Nuiqsut—an insular and protective community, they claimed.

The village's power lines soon came into view, standing tall over the prefabricated houses arranged among a neat grid of gravel roads. When the packrafters arrived, they deflated their boats, walked past the graveyard on the edge of the village, and entered the town offices to introduce themselves.

III. The Village

CONTRARY TO THE OPINION OF THOSE SOUTH OF NUIQSUT, Expedition Arguk was welcomed warmly in the village. People in pickup trucks and four-wheelers waved when they passed by on the town's gravel roads; some would stop to welcome them or ask where they'd come from and why.

Caribou and moose antlers lay unceremoniously on the tops of garages and the ice cellsars outside homes. (The ice cellsars are used to store whale skin and blubber after a hunt.) Subsistence hunting accounts for a large part of the diet in Nuiqsut, though there is a grocery store in town where a half gallon of Darigold two-percent milk runs for $9.99, a dozen grade AA eggs cost $6.99, and one and a half quarts of Dreyer's Rich and Creamy Vanilla ice cream will run you $15.35.

The visitors attended Thursday night Bingo in the town hall, bringing their own sheets and markers and finding seats around one of the long wooden tables in a room full of Inupiat women and a few men. Chelsea won $100 in the first game, and she, like every subsequent winner, received the room's applause. Several days later, representatives from ConocoPhillips held a meeting in the same room to discuss the construction of the CD-5 bridge across the Colville River to the new drill site. Door prize tickets were handed out before the meeting began, and someone translated the presentation from English to Inupiat. "There will be some blasting involved." "The bridge will withstand flood conditions." The presentation ended with, "Does everyone have a door prize ticket?"

"760694." Clap. Clap.

A new first-aid kit.

"760675." Clap. clap.

A new set of kitchen knives.

Jason left Nuiqsut first, followed by Brett and Chelsea. Paxson was the last of Arguk to leave. He boarded a small prop plane, flying under the name Era Alaska. After bumping down the small airstrip, the plane lifted off the ground, slowly gained altitude, and disappeared into the fog, bound for Deadhorse, 60 miles away, where a larger plane awaited.
FROM ABOVE, THIS PLACE IS ENDLESSLY VAST. We fly for hours and hours in planes and helicopters; then we walk by foot. From above, this place is smooth—a smooth, vast wilderness, beyond history, before people. But there are people here. Mothers and fathers, infants and babies, yearning youth, and ancient elders. They are connected by webs of motorcycle tracks held in place by mud huts and ancestor spirits. Yet one can still travel hundreds of miles through these jungles and not see a soul.

Here so many edges of Africa come together under impossibly thick, low-hanging canopy of brush and forest. The frontiers of South Sudan and Congo and Central African Republic. On these edges sits the center of Africa.

Such places are rare in the world. They exist at both the center and the end of things. Entire rebel groups can disappear in these lands. Massive cathedrals appear down tiny dusty tracks. Here, guns from nearby conflicts ebb and flow like tides until the neighboring conflicts become this place's conflict.

It is a place where the notion of government is a faint one, a trickling stream that dries up in the dry season and sometimes doesn't run all year long.

In the heat beneath the arc of the plane, the Earth sweats green. And the smoothness turns into reaching thorns and sharp grasses.

Then when I return months later, it has turned brown, and the crust of the Earth has cracked like soft-dried lava.

The sharp grasses have gone dull, and the thorns have grown smaller.

*Trevor Snapp '03 is a writer and photographer whose work has appeared in the New York Times, National Geographic Traveler, The Guardian (London), among other publications. He works globally, and for the past few years has been based out of Mexico and East Africa. His work can be found at www.trevorsnapp.com.

*These coordinates are not exact, as Snapp was in flight at the time.
A KIND OF PLACE

Grover's Corners,
New Hampshire
42° 40' N and 70° 37' W

By Julia Proctor '06, Photograph by Brett Simison

I've lived in Grover's Corners, New Hampshire, three times now, each occasion as Emily Webb, the protagonist of Thornton Wilder's 1938 Pulitzer Prize-winning play Our Town.

The people who live in this fictional village are unsentimental, hard working, and full of love, though they don't always have the tools to express it. As Wilder wrote in the preface to the 1957 collection Three Plays, Grover's Corners is a lens in which "to find value above all price for the smallest events in our daily life." The door is always open to visitors.

Grover's Corners has been my benchmark to measure time and growth. I first played Emily at summer camp on Lake Champlain; it was my first big lead in a play, the role gave me the confidence to pursue my love for acting. Ten years later as a professional in a production in Baltimore, Maryland, I was made aware of the pressure of the iconic role and my own shortcomings as a developing actress. Now married, nearing 30, and revisiting the play this past summer in the acting ensemble at the Bread Loaf School of English, I found Grover's Corners to be a new place, different from the one I knew as a teenager. It no longer felt like a physical location, but rather a fragile moment in time—our moment in time. It creates community by showing us community, and you don't need to be from small-town New England to understand it.

Wilder wrote: "The climax of this play needs only five-square feet of boarding and the passion to know what life means to us." What happens on those five-square feet is funny, awkward, brutal, optimistic, and forgiving. That world—Grover's Corners—is home to me. It is a home created by the artists and the audiences who visit it. In this imagined world, I have been most fully myself. I find remnants of it in Brooklyn, exchanging smiles with a stranger, biking through the park, sharing dinner at home with my husband and friends. It's a place that allows reflection and growth. It can happen anywhere or anytime—as long as you leave room for hope.

Julia Proctor '06 is an actress living in Brooklyn with her husband, Phil Aroneanu '06. For more on Julia, visit www.juliaproctor.com.
Auschwitz, Poland
50° 3' N and 19° 14' E

By Matt Jennings, Photographs courtesy of Anne Knowles

There are few place names on the planet that are associated with the heightened level of grotesque depravity as Auschwitz.

Carved out of the quiet Polish village of Oświęcim by Nazi invaders in 1939, Auschwitz was conceived as being a major implement of Heinrich Himmler’s system of forced labor through oppression, a concentration camp that would support the Nazi war effort and, with victory achieved, would serve as one of the greater cities in the Reich. Or so the Nazis believed.

History has recorded a different story, a deranged nightmare of starvation and mass execution. A history populated with gas chambers and crematoriums. A forced labor camp that became a center for extermination.

For the past six years, geographer Anne Knowles has lived with Auschwitz—not in the physical place, but with it, with its conception and its construction and the chaos and instability that belie the common perception of Nazi calculation and precision.

Knowles came to Auschwitz during a two-week workshop that she helped organize at the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, D.C., a fortnight that brought together nine scholars from diverse disciplines—historical geography, geographic information science (GIS), cartography, history, and architectural history—to consider how spatial analysis and geographical visualization of the built environment and forced movement of people during the Holocaust might inspire new research questions and pedagogical applications.

From that workshop in 2007 came a grant from the National Science Foundation that funded six projects (pairing at least one historian with one geographer) that would examine the operational scale of the Holocaust; those six projects became six book chapters in the forthcoming Geographies of the Holocaust.

Though the Holocaust exists as one of the most profoundly devastating geographical events in human history, before these projects, few scholars had ever identified and investigated the spaces and geographical patterns of the genocide. No one had used GIS to do spatial analysis of these events, and, says Knowles, likely never would have if such a disparate group of academics hadn’t come together...
and forged a multi-faceted collaboration. “It was this frisson,” claims Knowles, “people coming together from different perspectives and different fields and then rubbing up against one another, that set off the sparks of discovery.”

This story presents some of the findings contained in a chapter titled “Visualizing the Archive: Building at Auschwitz as a Geographic Problem,” co-authored by Knowles; Paul Jaskot, an architectural historian at DePaul University; and Chester Harvey ’09 and Benjamin Perry Blackshear ’12.

Auschwitz, says Knowles, was supposed to become one of the greater cities in the Reich. A city was planned that would feature an entrance pavilion and a garden city. A grand headquarters for the commandant was drawn, as were estates for officers. In the idealized designs of architect Lothar Hartjenstein, Auschwitz was to become a “complex urban world supporting the control over a vast, greater Germany.”

But, Knowles says, these 1942 plans were displaced by more pragmatic demands in 1943. “What were built instead were more barracks to house many more guards, who were needed to control hundreds of thousands of prisoners scheduled to arrive from the Jewish ghetto in Budapest.”

Harvey and Blackshear used architectural drawings and plans and construction records to create the map on the opposite page (top). In green, you see structures that were included in the original plans for Auschwitz and subsequently built. In purple are the buildings that were not included in the original plan, but built out of necessity, including new guard barracks in the lower center of the map. And in orange are the areas planned by architect Lothar Hartjenstein, but never realized. In the upper left corner of the map are the plans for the commandant’s headquarters. Foundations were dug, but that is all. As the researchers note in their chapter, “the rationally planned total environment evident in the clarity of the SS’s ideal conceptualization of the complex in 1943 clashes with the messy reality of plans and buildings that were actualized in fits and starts over time.”

Or, as Knowles says, “The exigencies of war and genocide took over.” With the erection of crematoria and the implementation of gas chambers, the saunas’ design echoed the decorative carpentry of central European tradition. That is, they were not only functional, but also included when individual buildings were constructed and what they were used for, he was able to animate just how fluid this site was. “It’s a simple thing,” Knowles says, “but in the mind of an architecture historian, it created what we call in GIS circles ‘the eureka moment.’”

Paul said, ‘Oh my God, look at how chaotic this was—for eight months this was a construction site,” Knowles recalls. “What the guards saw, changed constantly. The landscape was altered over and over and over. Think about the commotion of a construction site, and then add a swelling population of guards—and prisoners.”

Write the authors, “The scale of construction and its duration probably meant that much of the camp was visually confusing, quite a different environment than the regimented, rational, static image of the camp that has become so familiar to us.”

The Holocaust has always been an event rooted in time and place, Knowles says. “We’re trying to see what that looks like and then analyze the relationship between the two, place and time.”

Mapping, she says, “shows us what [the Nazis] built and did; it shows what their priorities were, rather than what they talked about. It sends a chill down the spine.”

Also, she adds, “In my mind, it highlights the absurdity of Nazi dreams.”
Built and on the ideal plan
Built c. 1942-43, but not on ideal plan
On the ideal plan, but never built
Buildings not included in this analysis

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It's not all in the history books, but 1936 was a year to remember. Germany occupied the Rhineland. Italy annexed Ethiopia. The Rome-Berlin Axis was proclaimed, and in Schenectady, New York, in ideal weather conditions, a Middlebury football team, in new Yale blue whipcord pants and navy blue jerseys, beat Union, 7 to 0. Captain Bill Craig blocked a fourth-quarter kick, John Kirk, sophomore end, fell on it in the end zone, and George Anderson kicked the extra point. On the Middlebury sideline, Coach Ben Beck suppressed signs of satisfaction, while across the field, Union assistant coach Duke Nelson struggled with mixed emotions.
UNDEFEATED!
MIDDLETOWN
PANTHERS FOOTBALL
1936
Late in the third quarter, from his own two-yard line, Craig punted 96 yards to the Colby two, the ball traveling more than 70 yards in the air—this 21 years and one day before Sputnik—as Middlebury won, 6-0.

**Leon Trotsky was exiled to Mexico.** The Pulitzer Prize in drama was won by Robert L. Sherwood for *Idiot's Delight*, in fiction for something titled *Honey in the Horn*. In the Berlin Olympics, Jesse Owens won four gold medals. In Waterville, Maine, early in the first quarter, Bud Seixas broke through right tackle to block a kick on the Colby 20-yard line and carry it in. Late in the third quarter, from his own two-yard line, Craig punted 96 yards to the Colby two, the ball traveling more than 70 yards in the air—this 21 years and one day before Sputnik—as Middlebury won, 6-0.

**The Spanish Civil War began.** Japan moved against China. Joe Louis was knocked out by Max Schmeling. In Middlebury's home opener at Porter Field, Kirk caught a 40-yard pass from Bobby Boehm in the Coast Guard end zone, and John Van Doren capped a 60-yard drive with a delayed buck as the Panthers won, 12-0.

**In Germany, work was started on the Siegfried Line.** In the United States, Henry Luce started *Life* magazine. A fat fellow named Farouk became King of Egypt. The New York Yankees beat the New York Giants in the World Series, four games to two, and in Troy, New York, Kirk grabbed an 80-yard pass from Johnny Chalmers in the RPI end zone in the third period, and late in the last quarter scored again, intercepting an Engineer pass on the RPI 10-yard line as Middlebury won, 13-0.

**In England, George V died.** to be succeeded by his son, Edward VIII, who would soon trade a kingdom for the woman he loved and be replaced as monarch by his brother, George VI. Japan and Germany signed an anti-Commintern Pact. At Northfield, Vermont, Middlebury—not only undefeated and untied, but also unscored on—finally gave up points, six of them to Norwich following a fumble. Paul Guarnaccia and Boehm scored for the Panthers as they won, 13-6.

**In Germany, Hitler got 99 percent of the vote.** In the United States, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, confounding the *Literary Digest* pollsters, and helping to fold that magazine, won re-election by the largest popular victory ever. Of the two states to go for Alfred M. Landon, James A. Farley said: "As Maine goes, so goes Vermont."

**At Porter Field, Middlebury faced its toughest opponent in its sixth, and make-or-break, game of the season.** St. Lawrence had lost, 26 to 6, to Colgate, one of the best of the big teams of the East, but it had rolled over Wagner, 52-0, and at halftime, it led the Panthers, 8 to 0. In the third quarter, a Chalmers to Craig pass put the ball at the one-yard line, from where Guarnaccia took it in. After an exchange, a holding penalty again put the ball on the St. Lawrence one, and Chalmers lofted a pass to Kirk in the end zone. Another Chalmers pass to Craig made it Middlebury 19, St. Lawrence 8.

**In France, Dr. Alexis Carrel, assisted by Charles Lindbergh, developed a perfusion pump, or artificial heart.** In the United States, Margaret Mitchell published a heart-throbber titled *Gone With the Wind*. Maxim Gorki died. So did Rudyard Kipling and G. K. Chesterton. In the mud at Porter Field, Guarnaccia scored two touchdowns; Connie Philipson and Craig scored one each as Middlebury beat Ithaca, 27 to 7.

**Boulder Dam, to be renamed Hoover, was completed.** Eugene O'Neill was awarded the Nobel Prize in literature. Americans were listening to, and sometimes dancing to, "Night and Day," "Pennies from Heaven," "Blue Moon," "Heartaches," and "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes"—which, as the Surgeon General will point out, is the least of the problems.

**At Porter Field, on November 14, after a scoreless first period and with a minute left in the first half, Boehm faded back to his own 28-yard line and threw one up for grabs.** Kirk grabbed it out of the hands of three University of Vermont backs on the UVM 32-yard line and ran it in from there. At halftime, the visiting stands emptied onto the cinder track to break up the freshman "P-rade." In the third quarter, Boehm, who did most of the carrying, scored through right guard from 27 yards out, and in the final period Chalmers, who had been returning punts like Albie Booth, ran through right tackle from the 7 to make the final score 20 to 0.

**Larry Kelley, the Yale end, won the Heisman Trophy.** The Green Bay Packers beat the Boston Redskins, who were on their way to Washington, D.C., 21 to 6, for the National Football League Championship. Jock Sutherland's Pittsburgh Panthers would beat the Washington Huskies, 21 to 0, in the Rose Bowl on the first day of the new year, but who cared?

**Outscoring opponents 117 to 21 in eight games, a Middlebury football team had gone undefeated for the first time.** Kirk was the highest scoring end in the East and received All-American recognition from the Christy Walsh newspaper syndicate. Kirk, Jack Criland, Randy Hoffmann, Seixas, Craig, Chalmers, Boehm, and Guarnaccia made the Campus All-State team. Anderson, John Golembeske, and Swede Liljenstein made the second team.

**Those who also served were Stretch Winslow.** Red Williams, Tom Murray, Sherb Lovell, Len Riccio, Ken Kinsey, Ray Stiles, Warren Rohrer, John Lonergan, Ron Meserve, Ken MacLeod, Frank Casey, and George Farrell. Never before had the Old Chapel bell rung as often, as long, or as loudly—not even when Middlebury had tied Harvard, 6 to 6, 13 years before.
Stage of Life

On an unseasonably hot September afternoon, Sheyenne Brown ’09 eats fried Oreos on the front deck of a Manhattan restaurant where she used to work. It’s right down the street from Columbia University, where she’s currently a third-year student in the graduate acting program. She waves at a classmate who passes by and chats with a couple of the servers she hasn’t seen in a while. Except for her four years in Vermont, she’s always lived in New York; this is her turf.

“I entered the Columbia program thinking I wanted to do the classics, to do Shakespeare,” she says in her best, exaggerated Elizabethan accent. “But now I know I’m more drawn to projects where I interview people and tell their stories.”

Brown says she found her voice during her senior year at Middlebury in a winter-term solo-performance class taught by theater professor Dana Yeaton.

Yeaton recalls Brown as a generally quiet presence in his class, but that impression shifted when students were asked to prepare a three-minute piece showcasing a character of their choosing, a “what can you show me in three minutes?” type of thing.

Brown chose Oscar Grant, the young black man shot in the back by a police officer in Oakland, California, in 2009.

“She just walked out and dropped a bomb on the room,” remembers Yeaton. “She was Oscar Grant from the other side of the grave, all this male energy in a hoodie. She was big, and Sheyenne Brown is not big. Her character was enormous. She stunned us.”

Brown’s newfound comfort with solo material led her to explore an unorthodox theater-thesis project, A Colored Girl’s College Tour, which she performed not in one of the College’s theaters but at 51 Main, the bar and restaurant on Main Street in town. The show took a hard, sometimes uncomfortable look at Brown’s experience as a black woman at Middlebury, mirrored with her much-different but equally significant semester at the historic black college Spelman, which turned out nothing like she expected. College Tour was something most in the community had never seen before.

“I was afraid to ask people for help. That’s why I did it at 51 Main,” Brown says. “I wanted people to just go down there, get their drinks, and there’s this one chair. Just me. A lot of that came out of fear. Fear that I couldn’t do what I wanted.”

The “talkbacks” with the audience following the show ended up being as long as the show itself, with President Liebowitz requesting an encore performance after the brief run sold out.

Yet after this success, Brown wasn’t sure what she wanted to do next. She was hired by Teach for America and placed at a public school in Newark, but she missed performing. When her contract was up, she enrolled at Columbia, one of only 18 students accepted into the acting program. Now in her third year, Brown has a second thesis production coming up, another solo performance—exploring her pending motherhood.

Seven months pregnant with a son due in early December, Brown says that “being a mother has always been [her] one dream. That’s why I work so hard. This is the primary dream right here, so I get to live my dream.”

She’ll perform Shower Me—what she calls her imagined baby-shower show—as a series of character monologues in November, right before her due date. “This is the solution to the fact that I’ll be nine-months pregnant when the thesis goes up,” Brown joked.

And her own mother will likely make an appearance, via projection, telling the story of her daughter’s toilet training. It’s meant not as an emotional monologue, like the others, but as a universal experience. “This shit sucks, you’re going to hate your child for a little while, but everyone goes through it. You’re going to be OK.”

Lucas Kavner is a writer and actor in New York City. His work can be found at www.lucaskavner.com.
BOOK REVIEW

Frozen in Time

Part science fiction, part love story, this time-warped tale of human discovery may raise more questions than it answers. And that might just be Kiernan's point.

The Curiosity, Kiernan's first work of fiction, is an imaginative tale of scientific breakthrough and subsequent controversy.

It begins with a nearly 150-year-old frozen man being found by a group of scientists in an enormous block of Arctic ice. Though they are looking for far smaller creatures—plankton and shrimp that they can bring back to life through their groundbreaking "réanimation" process—this newest discovery catapults their project into the breaking-news status of the public eye. And, not surprisingly, that turns out to be more destructive than beneficial.

The story is told in the voice of multiple main characters—including the "reanimated man" himself—and the differing perspectives keep it moving and engaging. Kate Philo (Vermont fans will appreciate Kiernan's nod to local geography) is the lead scientist, who appears to have more of a conscience than one first imagines. Erastus Carthage, the megalomaniacal founder of the institute that funds the project, is the least likeable, but in the vein of most evildoers, he gets his due. Daniel Dixon is an oddly inept

BY BLAIR KLOMAN, MA ENGLISH '94

Benjamin Franklin imagined it. Boston Red Sox great Ted Williams did it. And people worldwide have argued about the morality of it ever since. Cryopreservation is nothing if not controversial.

There are currently more than 100 cryopreserved humans, and almost as many animals. Basically that means that as soon as they died, their bodies were cooled to subzero temperatures in the hopes that they can be preserved until the day when technology and science catch up enough to bring them back to life. Just what kind of life that may be is at the center of the decades-long debate.

It's also at the center of a new novel by Stephen Kiernan '82. The Curiosity, Kiernan's first work of fiction, is an imaginative tale of scientific breakthrough and subsequent controversy.

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newspaperman, most of whose driving ambitions come from below his waist. And Jeremiah Rice is the discovered specimen-slash-human, whose 19th-century persona brings unexpected wit and humanity to the science of it all.

A friendship evolves between Jeremiah and Kate, and as her moral conscience takes hold, the story picks up. They are literally racing against time. Modern day experiences bring some humor to the situation, as Jeremiah hangs on for dear life in the backseat of a speeding cab or marvels at the brightly stocked shelves in a local supermarket. His sad discovery of the blandness of today’s oranges—once a treasured and flavorful treat of his childhood—suggests some of what can be lost among all the progress.

But the burning questions persist—is Jeremiah a person with individual rights, and if so are his rights those of his century or this one? Or is he a specimen, like a discovered bacterium or cure, and thus the property of the scientists?

In the end, The Curiosity is not a science fiction tale or an epic thriller, or even a treatise on cryogenics, but rather a subtle story that illuminates how and why we do what we do for the sake of love and friendship.

EXCERPT

“Gerber,” she says, her voice stern like a cop’s. “Clear the control room.”

“Say again?” he looks around himself. At some point he has stood up.

“Clear the control room at once. Also secure this video and the backups as proprietary and classified.”

“All right, everybody.” Gerber raises his voice. “You heard her.”

Billings steps away and the technicians all rise from their chairs, two of them poised to escort me from the room, but I remain concentrated on the screen overhead.

“Tell her it’s too late,” I say to Gerber.

“Tell her I already saw.”

“Saw what?” he says, leaning back to squint at the screen. And there it is, blurred by ice and bubbles, but undeniable. “What is that?”

“Just what it looks like,” I tell him.

“A human hand.”

Mender of Broken Things

By Sara Thurber Marshall

“In the end, I think, the crisis of my growing-up years fueled my need to become a writer, making my life as a poet inevitable.” So says Wesley McNair, MA English ’75 in his book The Words I Chose: A Memoir of Family and Poetry. Beginning with the often heartrending tale of his boyhood—when his father left and his mother’s rage produced constant whippings; when a new stepfather demanded physical labor from McNair and derisively called him “jughead”—McNair builds his life story on hope and determination as he tries to follow the path he yearns for as a poet. Yet his commitments and lack of resources often forced him to implement “Plan B,” as he calls it. His steps towards finding his voice as a writer started to gel when he began his master’s at Bread Loaf. Studying the great poets of the age and trying different forms of poetry helped McNair to see how his own poetry could evolve, finding its base in personal experience. He reached a pivotal point in 1969 when he penned “Leaving the Country House to the Landlord” after his family was evicted from a house they loved. With the poem accepted at the magazine Poetry Northwest, McNair’s career was born. Eighteen books later and named as Maine’s poet laureate, McNair is established in his inevitable life as a poet. He writes, “And from life comes poetry, which thrives ... on disappointment and the aching heart. Poets are menders of broken things, as I have been.”

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Class Acts

Directors of the Middlebury College Alumni Association (MCAA) Suzanne K. Daley ’96, President • Robert V. Sidel ’75, Vice President • Zachary A. Bourque ’01, Past President • Victoria M. Baptiste ’04 • Laura L. Bozarth ’92, MIIS ’94 • Michelle E. Cady ’08 • Skip A. D’Alonso ’79 • Molly Shuttleworth Evans ’96 • Matt J. Goebel ’94 • Richard A. Hawley ’67 • Philip B. Picotte ’08 • Edward Y. Soh ’94 • Thomas D. Steinele ’84 • Wendy Russell Tracy ’95 • Gregory D. Woodworth ’81

Ex Officio Meg Stoeby Groves ’83, Associate Vice President for Alumni Relations and Annual Giving • Elizabeth Karnes Keefe, Assistant Dean of Language Schools and Schools Abroad • Jeffrey Sautch ’05, Director of Annual Giving

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Marion Goodale sent this message: “While I’ve now reached 100 years old, I’m sure there are other Middlebury graduates who have passed that age too. How they and I have managed to do so would be of interest to younger people of all ages. Keeping mentally alert and enjoying the centennial years is not only the result of having excellent genes, but also of having followed the latest scientific suggestions, especially regarding foods, medical pills, supplements, exercise, and relationships. If you want to stay well longer, start now to live the best known ways for your good health.”

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Ned Lombardy ’62 sent the sad news that his mother, Ruth Farnese Lombardy, passed away on August 1. He writes, “Ruth was born in Danforth, Maine. Her mother died at an early age so when Ruth was 10, she went to live with her Aunt Florence and husband Dr. Edgar Flint in Raritan, N.J. They provided her with an education during the Great Depression and at a time when few women went to college. While attending Middlebury, Ruth met Frank Lombardy ’31 and they were married June 14, 1937, the day she graduated from the College. She spent many years as a teacher in New Jersey and with her love for education, she ensured that her grandchildren attended college. Moving to Colorado, Ruth and Frank were driving back for her 40th class reunion in 1977 when they were in a car accident and Frank died of his injuries. Ruth established a scholarship in Frank’s name at Middlebury.”

—Class Correspondent: Marshall Sewell, 20 Morning Glory Ln., Whiting, NJ 08759

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It is with regret that I report the death of Eugene Streim on June 12. He had been an obstetrician and gynecological surgeon in New York City and was the father of five children. We send condolences to his family. • Now for happier news: Eleanor Barnum Gardiner and I were the only two from our class who were fortunate to return to campus for our 75th reunion on June 8, thanks to Reg and Carol Carlton Spooner ’50, who drove us to Middlebury. Eleanor and I waited, comfortably seated on the chapel porch watching the many other classes walk up the hill and enter the chapel for Convocation. Then Eleanor and I were escorted up the aisle on either side of President Liebowitz. I wish you could have heard the cheering, clapping, and tapping of Gamaliel Painter canes! It was truly a very amazing, exciting, and thrilling experience. Following the Convocation the four of us went to Fire and Ice for dinner to celebrate the occasion before Reg and Carol brought us home.

Eleanor and I had been given lovely peach-colored rose corsages to wear. We were pleased to represent the Class of ’38.

—Class Correspondent: Mrs. Charles M. Hall (Margaret Leslie), 100 Wade Robin Dr., Shelburne, VT 05482

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REUNION CLASS

Don’t forget our 75th reunion is June 6–8, 2014!

—Class Correspondent: A. Roger Clarke (arogerclarke@aol.com), 7 Rundel Park, Rochester, NY 14607

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As mentioned in the winter issue, Martha Taylor Elliott’s husband, Leete ’38, published a book of family correspondence and, inspired by that, Martha hopes to publish family letters written during WWII. As a beginning, she has put together an account of two wartime Christmases taken from two letters she wrote. She shares some excerpts here about Christmas 1943, when she and Leete were in Sioux Falls, S.D., where he was stationed with the Army Air Corps radio school as an instructor. They were able to live off campus and had two rooms in a house—a small bedroom and a kitchen.

“Christmas was lots of fun. I believe we were both a little surprised at what a good day we did have, so far away from home. I suppose the answer is that we’re making a home and hadn’t realized how much of one we had till Christmas. On Christmas Eve I went to the candlelight service at the Episcopal Church and Leete met me there as soon as he could get in. They have a good choir and organist and the music was lovely. The church was packed, with a few people standing clear outside, holding open doors to hear the music. Leete brought another instructor with him, and we all went home together afterwards for tea and cake and nuts and candy and Christmas music and talk. He really was funny and attracted Leete and the Mitchells. One of the Mitchell boys had a trombone that Leete played, and he played the piano for the singing. I think he liked that.” In the next issue, Martha will share stories from Christmas 1944.

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Poet Jean Connor is still working and receiving great praise from Sydney Lea, poet laureate of Vermont. In an article he wrote for Vermont Sunday Magazine, he began this way: “Not enough people in Vermont (or elsewhere) know that a miracle dwells among them. I am referring to a profoundly gifted and—the adjective seems inevitable—spiritual poet named Jean Connor.” He adds, “Her deep strength as a poet resides to no small degree in her quietness, her gift for contemplation, her utter lack of presumption.” He then included one of her poems, which seems very relevant to us, called “Of Some Renown.” It goes like this: “For some time now, I have lived anonymously. No one appears to think it odd. They think the old are, well, what they seem. Yet see that great egret at the marsh’s edge, solitary, still? Mere pretense that stillness. His silence is a lie. In his own pond he is of some renown, a stalker, a catcher of fish. Watch him.” Sydney Lea says, “Jean Connor: Watch her!” • We are sad to report the death of David Hammond on March 11. David was one of eight class members to attend our 70th reunion in 2011. We are also sad to say Charles Bartlett passed away on May 16. Our sympathy is extended to their families.

—Class Correspondents: Elizabeth Woffington Hubbard-Owens, 22 Inverness Dr., Apt. 1-116, New Hartford, NY 13453; Margaret Shaub, 159 Village Green Dr., Apt. 2, South Burlington, VT 05403

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Sadly, I must report the deaths of three of our classmates, Robert Nortthrop on 5/30, Myrtle Bestick Silvester on 5/2, and Lewis Alexander on 5/9. Bob Nortthrop lived in Underhill, Vt. My Midd FAQ lists him as president of the board of Vermont Electric Co-op and an obituary mentions he was a retired teacher. He transferred...
Lois Groben Gilmore and Stu Walker were two of our classmates who made it back to campus for reunion. They each sent a report about the weekend. Lois was only there Friday night and she writes, "We headed to Middlebury with the same excitement and anticipation as always—once there we wondered, What are all these strange buildings and whole new areas? We finally found Hephburn, our class headquarters. We already knew we were few in number—just Phil Backup and his wife, Stuart Walker and his bride of a few months, and me, the only woman from ’43 to make reunion. Dumont Rush and wife Peggy, and Rod Lowman, widower of Ginny Clemens Lowman, joined us to swell our ranks. Rush and wife Peggy, and Rod Lowman, widower of the only woman from ’43 to make reunion. Rush, who 'doesn't attend reunions' but lives nearby, came for the class picture; Rod Lowman, sent by his late wife, Ginny, who had been a regular attendee at previous reunions, came; Mary Louise Asdigt, widow of Bob Adsit, was attending her daughter’s reunion, and Patricia Walker and Ruth Backup were there (as required by their husbands). Anne McMenamin, director of gift planning did a magnificent job, seemingly concerned only with our class and our problems, and she constitutes (in addition to the pink roses that were given to the two members of the Class of ’38 that showed), a great reason for the 31 members of the Class of ’43 who didn't attend to return for the reunion of 2018! Rooms in Hephburn were palatial, breakfasts grand, dinners (mixed with the other classes) large and friendly. Our class lunch at the Storm Café (provided in lieu of the picnic at the quarry proposed by me) was disappointing as one couldn’t see the Otter Creek Falls from the enclosed balcony, but Saturday’s Convocation was lovely and happened almost between rain showers. We learned that (1) Middlebury now has 12 times as many buildings (and has an only slightly less beautiful campus as a result), (2) the ashes of the Dog Team Tavern are now on a side road nipped off when they improved Route 7, (3) there are 623 tents for rent in the town of Middlebury, (4) the campus doesn’t get nearly as muddy in spring as in the 1940s, and (5) the dining room food is far better than it used to be. We also learned that our class was awarded the Gold Key Award for a post-50th reunion class with the highest percentage of giving participation—80 percent as of June 24! And finally, the undergrads assigned to assist us were wonderful, kind, and interesting kids." Stu adds, "I can’t wait to announce this! I returned home from reunion to find that I’ve been selected to be inducted into the National Sailing Hall of Fame! The ceremony is in October in Annapolis." Correspondent Jean Jordan Shields reports: News from Carol Lewthwaite Lockard came from her son, Paul, who was visiting her in Avery Heights, East Hartford, Conn. She is in a wheelchair most of the time, as she is not walking well. She does enjoy the musical programs they provide once a week and he takes her to church on Sunday. Her daughter comes from Maryland fairly often and she was my roommate another year. Her boyfriend, Bill (later her husband), would stay in the dorm with my boyfriend (later husband), Fred, when he came to visit Myrtle. Our two couples remained friends and visited back and forth from Maine to Florida many times over the years. Together Myrtle and I attended our 60th and 65th reunions, but by the time of our 70th reunion Myrtle had moved to Arizona and was not up to the long trip east. Myrtle was active in church affairs and the Women’s Club and also worked in the library in her hometown of West Boylston, Mass. Lewis Alexander received his PhD from Clark Univ. after graduation from Midd. He enlisted during WWII and served in the Air Force for four years. He first taught at SUNY-Binghamton before moving to the Univ. of Rhode Island. He was a professor of geography and marine affairs and also served as a geologist for the U.S. State Dept. during the Reagan years. He enjoyed gardening and is credited with publishing many books and articles related to his field. He was a resident of Peace Dale, R.I.

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ClassActs

year. I don’t know whether we will make it. Actually, we’d like to move back to Vermont. • Leight Johnson, husband of Shirley West Johnson, sent the following update: “After 40 years of happy times at our vacation home in Middlebury, we are selling it. Shirley is wheelchair-bound and no longer able to travel. I have no wish to be up there alone, especially now that hiking, skiing, and biking are no longer on my recreation list. It’s wonderful to hear that there are other Vermonters interested in purchasing the home.”

— Class Correspondent: Mary Elizabeth Wrotzkey McClellan (maryliz234@comcast.net), 124 RiverMead Rd., Peterborough, NH 03458.

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Kelly Delong Desmond still lives in the same big house in the middle of nowhere with lots of woods around and only two neighbors on her long road. She is still skiing, although less and closer to home. She went on a 70-kiilometer ski trip to Okemo, VT, in late January and won a gold Nastar medal. Her first race in years but still fun! She keeps busy with a senior Sneakers class at the gym, a bridge game once a week, family visits often, and town activities, although no more offices. After 17 years she quit chairmanship of the town planning board—before she died, her eyes, ears, and brain started to go. She also belongs to a walking/running club, walks three miles once a week with them, and walks in three-mile races a few times a year. She is looking forward to the next reunion. • Avery Post continues to be in good health at Kendall of Hanover in New Hampshire, where his neighbors include former Middlebury president James Armstrong and his wife Carol, Caroline Freeman Jacobson, daughter of Stephen Freeman, and graduates Grantha Lavery Preston ’59, Midge Rogers Guise ’52, Anne Martin Hartmann ’39, Sally Peek Nelson ’50, Cynthia Hodgson Barton ’52, Helene Cosenza Chase ’38, Hugh Taft ’44, and Phil Porter ’52. Wow, Avery, you could start your own little Middlebury College.

Peg Romer Jones is home from her visit with daughter Lisa, who has been battling cancer in the Moffitt Cancer Center in Tampa, Fla. Lisa is doing well and she is ahead of expectations, which is wonderful news. Peg is most grateful for all the caring notes and prayers. • Nancy Rathgeb Smith reports she had a wonderful Mother’s Day weekend. Shelley Evans (the late Phyllis Hewson Evans’s daughter) has a college friend who lives in New York, N.Y., who’s an artist and had a show in Woodstock. Nancy and Shelley went to the show, had dinner, then2 Nancy stayed overnight and went home after breakfast. Shelley then went to Larchmont, N.Y., to spend Mother’s Day with her dad.

— Class Correspondent: Janet Sheu Pericord (jesspericord@gmail.com), Magnolia Grand South, Apt 151, 2736 N.W. 77th Blvd., Gainesville, FL 32606.

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Betty Galloway Masterson had two grandchildren marry this past year, one in Colorado and the other in Vermont. Her first grand-grandson was born in March and she says, “Of course, he is probably the cutest baby on the planet.” She still lives in Vermont. Daughter Carol lives with her and they have two dogs, one cat, and two horses. As she says, “Life is not dull!” • Martha “Pat” Harvey Oehler has worked for three years as a docent at the Sacramento Zoo and loves the work, as there is always something new in the animal kingdom. She also belongs to a group that makes quilts for preemie babies and for Project Linus for kids in need in hospitals and foster care, and refugee quilts for Lutheran World Relief. The quilts are sent wherever they are needed in this country or any other. The group has been fortunate to receive a lot of fabric donations. Pat enjoys mostly good health and still travels. In October she is going with a group to Europe to visit Rome, Monte Carlo, Barcelona, Valencia, Sardinia, Tunis, Palermo, and Naples. Her family is spread out geographically so they don’t see each other too often. • Tiffany Clark Nourse and Bart ’48 are without a major complaint. In addition to their daily walk, they have started rowing at the College’s fitness center. While exercising they have the fun of watching the coeds and professors doing their exercises. Tiffany sent a copy of Helen Swan Cawood’s obituary from the Middlebury newspaper. Helen died February 27 at Eastview Terrace in Middlebury. Your correspondent has never had any luck contacting Helen, but the obituary would indicate that she had led a very active and happy life. • Dorothy Lindermann Horn sent an e-mail regretting that she had no news to report. Nonetheless she is alive, healthy, and enjoying life and that is good news, indeed. • Dorothy Domina Willard wrote that her lovely cottage/apartment with a large balcony/porch, which she is filling with potted plants and flowers. Here’s her new address: 1 Quince Cluster, Doylestown, PA 18901. Phone: 215-340-7281. She is in the process of removing everything from the old place, hoping the house will sell very soon as she tries to create order out of all the stuff she couldn’t bear to leave behind. • Gloria Antolini Keyser is in good health and taking full advantage of the wonderful opportunities for fun and enrichment at Piper Shores, including a new state-of-the-art fitness center. She signed up for a program called Movement to Music. They dance to wonderful popular songs and pretend they are front row in a Chorus Line. She says it’s great exercise and great fun! • Barbara Flink Ewels recently had her second cataract surgery. She can still thread a needle and pass eye tests but she considers herself very lucky to only have a stiff knee and the eye problems to deal with.

— Class Correspondent: Ruth Wheaton Evans (rrwe@verizon.net), 80 Salisbury St., Unit 60, Worcester, MA 01609, Elizabetht King Hennfrad (eliz.het@earthlink.net), 397 Old Sherman Hill Rd., Woodbury, CT 06798.
48 Correspondent Liz Bredenberg Ness reports: This column will deal with nothing but our 65th reunion, which took place in June and went well. The women who attended were Sue Cooke Turnbull, whose daughter, Martha ‘85, drove her mother up from Boston. Nora Flatley Moore drove in with her daughter and two granddaughters. My correspondent help, Adele Stemmler Taylor, and husband Norm made a cameo appearance as they had grandchildren and family waiting for them in Maine. Sandra “Buzz” Whelan ’79 arrived with her mother, Elizabeth Reid Buzby (better known to us as “Reidie”). Other attendees included Shirley Feyrer Betz, Iris Forst Brucks, Shirley March Randall, Livia Remmler Rosman, Jean Huey Smolens, Louise Plank Terry, Perry Maurer Thompson, Jean Swenson Thoroldsen, Nancy Leach Ward, and me. All of you readers who, for one reason or another, did not attend missed a wonderful gathering despite rain, rain, rain. Vermont did its best to keep us indoors if possible. However, we managed to gather at the bottom of the hill and parade up to Mead Chapel with vigorous applause from the onlookers. This probably was the highlight of the weekend. We left hoping to return in 2018 and hope others in the Class of 1948 will be there, too. • Correspondent Sandy Rosenberg reports: Congratulations to the members of the Class of 1948 who returned to the College on the hill for their 65th reunion—fourteen women and five men. The women of our class have always done a better job. The men who came included Allan Frew, Bob Kellogg, Bart Nourse, Stew Washburn, and me. A wonderful time was had by all as the College fed us indoors if possible. However, we managed to gather at the Fountains at the Carlotta in Palm Desert. Downsizing from 1,900 to 1,200 square feet was quite a challenge but, with the help of many people, we are now comfortably established in our new home. It was not easy leaving our Sacramento home of 47 years, leaving friends and familiar surroundings behind, but some anchors remain, including Middlebury. • Correspondent: Jeanette Atkins Louth (wmjalouth@comcast.net), 99 Depot Road West, West Harwich, MA 02671.

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Correspondent Rachel Adkins Platt reports: I received a nice e-mail from Jinny Dunn Beach regarding reading about Dwight and Rachel Stryker Smith and Dwight’s bicycle accident a year ago. Nice that he is back on the road again. Jinny related little news in her life except for one very important item—the birth of her ninth grandson, Jillian Rachel Smith, in Portland, Ore. It’s always nice to hear about the new generation. I also appreciate your comments about realizing the difficulty in trying to get information out of “us oldies.” Anyone reading this comment, think of our classmates, even through Facebook, which I tried recently. As for me, I ran a 4,800 meter relay at this year’s National Masters Indoor Track & Field Championship in Landover, Md., on March 24. We set a world’s record for men in the 80–89 age group. I apologize for sending news about myself but this is the only news I have for the fall issue of the magazine.

—Class Correspondents: Dixon Hemphill (dixonH1925@cox.net), 1090 Olm Dr., Fairfax Station, VA 22039; Rachel Adkins Platt (platt772@gmail.com), 34 Tohey Brook, Pittsford, NY 14534.

50 Correspondent Jinny Orrall Albert reports: Jean Blanchard Parsons is in her ninth year at Shannoneld, a great retirement center. Her husband has Parkinson’s. She is into golf, knitting, church volunteering, and reading. Peggy Yates Bolmer, who was a transfer student, lives in Salisbury Conn. It’s five miles from Hotchkiss School, where husband Steve taught for 44 years. She has three sons. Tom lives on Cape Cod. He and wife Ellyn work for Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute. Mike and wife Linda have just moved to Minneapolis where he will be a chemical engineer. Dave teaches math at Hotchkiss School, following in the footsteps of his father. Mike and Linda have two children: Don just graduated from Emory Law School and Jennifer is a senior at Northwestern this year. Sadly, Peggy’s husband Steve passed away in May. She says her sons have been wonderful to her since Steve passed. One took her to Italy for two weeks, with piano students from Hotchkiss.

• Barbara Wessellmann Starks has lived 15 years in a North Carolina retirement home. She lost her husband last September. He was in his 90s. But she has a wonderful life with three close-by grandchildren. Their mother is a schoolteacher, like Barb was. The children are two boys, 12 and 14, and a piano-playing girl aged nine. She also has an older granddaughter, Stephanie, from her daughter in Maine. Stephanie went to Tufts and has a degree in Middle Eastern studies. She spent a semester in Amman, Jordan, and went to Somalia after graduation to teach high school English. She also set up a kindergarten there. She is now in Yemen. Barb retired from choir after 78 years, due to chronic bronchitis. I remember her lovely contralto voice. Barb and I both went to our 65th reunion, but neither of us wants to travel anymore. • I’m sorry to report that Janet Valentine Peterson died on February 19, 2012. Her sister, Sue Jennings, called the College to let them know. After graduation Janet worked on Wall Street as a floor broker. In 1956, she married Julian Peterson in 1936 and moved to France, where husband Steve taught for 44 years. She has three sons and three grandchildren. Jill spent a semester in Amman, Jordan, and went to Somaliland for two weeks, with piano students from Hotchkiss.

—Class Correspondents: Virginia Orrall Albert (alav8185@aol.com), 600 Woodbridge Pkwy, Apt. 1718, Wylie, TX 75098; Corwin Elwell, 119 Harris Ave., Beatleboro, VT 06334.
John Gilmore spent last winter in warm, sunny California at the home of his son Jim '87. John's son-in-law, Mark Gordon '79, was recently named treasurer for the state of Wyoming. • Don Lelong wrote that after a 43-year career as a teacher in higher education, he retired in 2000. Wife Jackie (Willaredt) '52 retired as a gerontologist in 2002. At that time they moved into a 55-and-older community of 10,000 or so outside of Georgetown, Texas, and they love it. There are many amenities and activities and they have made many friends. Jackie has some medical problems so they remain close to home, but they are fortunate that two daughters and three grandchildren live close by. A son and two more grandchildren live outside of Denver, and the oldest grandson and his wife are stationed in New Mexico. Don says, "Those beautiful years at Middlebury are among my fondest memories."

Scott Buzby says that "felling timber, fishing, and golf" keep him busy and fit. He went to UVM in May for the graduation of a grandson teacher in higher education, he retired in 2000. Wife recently named treasurer for the state of Wyoming. are spent in Vero Beach, Fla. • Tom Jacobs skied etc. After ski season, Tom was busy planting his vegetable garden and golfing. The Jacobs sold their Florida home and have enjoyed spending all year in Glens Falls, N.Y., where there is a lot going on—theater, concerts, family, and friends. Five of their six grandchildren have produced 11 great-grandchildren and one more is on the way! Their goal is to stay healthy and to outlive their two cats. • Ed Farber and wife Liz (Loencser) '72 are enjoying reasonably good health in Southport, Maine. Ed was saddened to learn of the death of Dick Wasson last fall. He recalled fondly the summer of 1950 when he, Dick, Bill Whitemore, Al Turner, the late John Zeiller, and the late John "Bud" Mulroy '49 also did some skiing but he had other responsibilities: "Housekeeping, shopping, cooking, bill paying, etc." After ski season, Tom was busy planting his vegetable garden and golfing. The Jacobs sold their Florida home and have enjoyed spending all year in Glens Falls, N.Y., where there is a lot going on—theater, concerts, family, and friends. Five of their six grandchildren have produced 11 great-grandchildren and one more is on the way! Their goal is to stay healthy and to outlive their two cats.

When we heard from her, Carol Osborn Moger and husband Harvey were awaiting the arrival of their first great-grandchild. Eldest son George's eldest son Isaiah is the father. George and his wife spent seven months on an island off Mexico, working in a school for special-needs children. George had taught special-needs children for 32 years in Michigan. Son Brad is enjoying life in corn country, Indiana, as the pastor of the Hopewell Presbyterian Church. Their other two sons are teachers in Connecticut. Carol and Harvey are enjoying more time at their home on the Connecticut shore, especially the quieter times there in the winter. They also enjoy some winter visits to Middlebury for snowshoeing and cross-country skiing on the golf course. They really enjoy getting some of the good Vermont air in their lungs. They are great fans of the UConn girls basketball Huskies. • Anne Moreau Thomas and daughter Catherine Langley '75 and her husband boarded the National Geographic Sea Bird in Lewiston, Idaho, last fall for a marvelous trip on the Columbia and Snake Rivers, following the route of Lewis & Clark, westward to Portland, Ore. They visited campsites, Nez Perce Indian villages, museums, and scenic places, and cruised in a Zodiac and paddled kayaks on the Palouse River. After returning home, Hurricane Sandy hit and did major damage to the home of son John '77. Knowing it would be some time before repairs could be made, they covered it with a tarp, and John and his wife and Anne took off for a prearranged trip to Ireland, for sightseeing and to visit their daughter, Sarah, a Middlebury junior who was doing a semester abroad at Dublin Univ. • Anne Thomas and I (Lee) visited Pat Ray Christiansen at Applewood Estates in Freehold, N.J., and had a wonderful time. It's a lovely place and Pat is taking advantage of all the opportunities for activities and programs. She has many truly beautiful needlepoint items that she has done.

We are sorry to report the death of Charlotte Clark Hay. Charlotte enjoyed an active life of volunteering, especially in support of performing and visual arts, education, and hosting guests from around the world. She was the first of four members of her family to graduate from Middlebury. Son Tom is Class of 1980, and grandchildren Clark '05 and Emily Read '07 also attended. Charlotte enjoyed serving as class correspondent with Bob Delaney, and Bob said she was a delightful person with whom to work. Our condolences to all of her family and friends. • Now it is time to wish you JOY and PEACE and GOOD HEALTH. And may your first New Year's resolution for 2014 be to send news to Lee and/or Beth for Middlebury Magazine.

Correspondent Barbara Cumminskie Villet reports: The phone remains the contact of choice for me in assembling these notes. I enjoy voice contact and shared laughter. Lucy Lee Frisbee told me about raising her three sons on their family farm in Delhi, N.Y., and of all that goes on there still. They had beef cattle, pigs, chickens, and bees at Riverdale Farm where the sons grew up and where one son and a grandson now manage the busy enterprise. The other two have careers respectively in pharmaceutical research and industrial hygiene. Lucy can claim six grandchildren. The Frisbees winter in Florida but return to Delhi and Riverdale each March to work with another family enterprise—maple syrup—helping with labeling and storage of the annual crop while their son and grandson oversee the processing. The latter live in a big house that was converted to Riverdale Apartments, while Lucy and her husband live in a ranch-style house on the farm. Ruth Eldridge Race and her husband were planning to make an annual spring visit there. • Ruth caught me up on her more recent doings. A poli sci major at Middlebury, she continued her interest in politics with 57 years of service with the League of Women Voters, organizing groups for its North Shore chapters near Boston. She only gave up that job this year but still remains active with the League, as well as the North Andover Thrift Shop board, and her church choir—joined in the singing by husband Pete, who is on oxygen full time. Summers they make their way into the Maine woods to Monson, a tiny place where the Appalachian Trail winds its way into wilderness towards Katahdin. "It's a place to put the feathers together in your head," Ruth said. • Lois Tyson Vetare shares with Ruth an abiding interest in politics, and after serving as an assistant to a New York assemblyman and later to the mayor of her hometown of Mt. Kisco, she has also remained active as a volunteer with the League of Women Voters. Added to this, she has been heavily involved with the Historic Hudson Valley Assoc. for the past 15 years with a special interest in helping organize tours to Philipse Manor and the Rockefeller home, Kykuit, familiar to her from a childhood nearby. She is also active in her church and boasts four daughters, four grandchildren, and a 10-month-old great-grandson. Her Middlebury spouse is in fine fettle and still actively playing tennis and golf while Lois gives herself time off reading mysteries. • I realized Joan Marquis Taylor's voice and humor are unchanged when I talked to her in Norwalk, Conn. She could make me laugh long ago and did so again as we reconnected after too many years. I'd known Joan in the early stages of her mathematician husband's work in fiber bundles—what he called "a very unfashionable branch of mathematics." The term led me on a Google search into incomprehensible mathematical explanations of the term and heightened my respect for Joan's late husband, an Oxford PhD who taught at Columbia until his death 20 years ago. After retiring from her own career in real estate, and with three sons grown and married—one a paralegal, one a filmmaker in New York, and the third in TV in California—Joan began venturing to places she and her husband, who had made annual visits to France and Italy, had not seen. She has traveled with Elderhostel (now Road Scholar) extensively to India, China, Thailand, and Japan but was about to visit her son in California when we talked. She was taking time off from a list of volunteer activities, which includes Meals on Wheels, the Senior Center, and the local library. • Correspondent Mary Halsted Francoeur reports: Chuck Ratté shared news with me about Jackie Willaredt Lelong. Her husband, Don '51, told Chuck that if he asked Jackie the ques-
tion “How’s everything going?” she’d say, “We’re still vertical.” • I learned to call my co-correspondent “Peanuts” Barbara when we took a trip to Costa Rica together in March. It was great fun and restful. Since neither of us was eager to go zip-lining, belaying next to waterfalls, or caving, we spent a week at Samara Beach and then took nature walks in Monteverde and Arenal. Barbara loves to watch birds and I love to walk. • Correspondent Chuck Ratté reports: In the spring issue of the magazine I asked John Taylor to give us a little more information about the California County Quiz that he has created. Apparently it is becoming quite popular throughout the state. Well, lo and behold, John sent me a copy of the quiz and allowed me (a nonresident) to take the quiz. He claimed I scored quite well. Here are some sample questions: What county is named after the Spanish translation of Saint Francis? What city in this county has the same name as the county? What city in this county suffered a devastating earthquake in 1906? Thanks, John. Your quiz will allow California residents to learn some interesting facts about their state and counties. • Fred Larsen sent me a very informative letter. He’s now living in Scarborough, Maine, where he and wife Maureen are close to family. Fred reminded me that he, Kim Seeley, and I were the only geology majors graduating in 1952. Kim is living in Salt Lake City, Utah, and is the owner of several oil wells. Fred and I both graduating in 1952. Kim is living in Salt Lake City, Utah, and is the owner of several oil wells. Fred and I both admitted being influenced in selecting geology as our major by the dynamic Bruce Schmidt, whose experimental volcano eruptions would reach the second of seats in Warner Science Building. Fred completed 43 years of teaching at Norwich Univ., receiving the distinguished honor of Dana Professor of Geology.

—Class Correspondents: Mary Halsted Francouer (gulliver@skbglobal.net), 456 Garney Ave, Lake Bluff, IL 60044; Chuck Ratté (cr6789@gmail.com), PO Box 265, Saxton River, VT 05554; Barbara Cammikey Villet (villetteb2@gmail.com), 208 Eagleville Rd., Shubuta, NY 12873.

Biffy Darling Sherburne sent a reunion recap: “Reunion weekend 2013 found 23 members of the Class of 1953 gathered and ready to reminisce, as well as to see what was new on campus and in the town of Middlebury. It was mild and rainy, but that did not deter the following from having a wonderful time: Clark Alvord, David Clemens, Millard Davis, Ann Golting Davis, Link Furber, Betsy Cushman Gumbart, Chuck and Sue Valentine Jennings, Robert Kelly, Peg Schlumpf Lambert, Bruce Mackay, Roger May, Pat Brown McClearn, Bob Parker, George Peck, Ann McGinley Ross, Nancy Hamilton Shepherd, Carrie Schindler Stout, Sue Taylor, Pat Hamilton Todd, Bill Walter, Anne Coleman Zehner, and me. Our reunion headquarters were in Hepburn Hall, and Jeanine Pudoyer Riviere’s lovely notecards were on display and available for purchase. Sue Taylor and George Peck’s wife, Norene, were in charge of seeing that they were a great addition to our gathering. Each classmate who registered received two of these. Friday night we had a reception in the Grand Salon of the Château, and Peg Lambert and I played piano duets for that event. Our class dinner was in the upstairs dining room at Proctor and Roger May made some amusing comments after dinner. On Saturday there were a variety of possibilities. Some visited the Solar Decathlon homes—both the one that was displayed to the public in D.C. (Self-Reliance 2011) and the one in progress, to be shipped across the country to California for this year’s competition (Jasie 2013). The students were very informed and personable in explaining the finer points of their construction and showed much ingenuity in their concepts. The new home is going by rail, so it’s made up of 8-foot sections that can be disassembled to fit in railroad cars for the trip. Some people toured the Edgewater Gallery (the old Frog Hollow), some heard John Elder give a marvelous talk on the conjunction of his retirement and his new interest in Irish music (complete with his rendition of several Irish flute melodies), some went to Charlotte to investigate the College’s research vessel (R/V David Fahlgren), and some relaxed and reminisced with classmates. In the afternoon Nancy Shepherd conducted a memorial service for our deceased classmates, and we sat in a circle and after a lovely psalm, we read each name and Nancy recited a short prayer. Later there was the Convocation in the chapel, and each class walked up the hill behind their class banner. They had asked for class comments and Dick Allen, who was not able to be with us, and I wrote these, and I delivered them. Saturday evening we were all under tents behind the Arts Center for the all-class reception and dinner. There was much conversation and visiting from table to table and the food was delicious. Sunday morning we had breakfast, again in Proctor, turned in our keys, said our last goodbyes, and were on our way. All in all, we had a rewarding weekend and wish that all of you could have been with us.” • Editors’ note: After five years of diligently contacting classmates and reporting their news, Janet Bradley Harris has decided to step down as the class correspondent. She has done a wonderful job of reaching out to as many classmates as possible and including notes about them in the column. We greatly appreciate her efforts. At this point, Bob Parker has agreed to take over the duties of correspondent. You can contact him with your news at the address below.

—Class Correspondent: Robert Parker (rmpark@earthlink.net), 1003 Fruitland Rd., Springfield, OH 45503.

REUNION CLASS Diane Schwob Strong sent this update: “Last September 28 I was given the shocking news that I had an ovarian type of cancer called primary peritoneal cancer. It is a cancer of the lining of your stomach. I couldn’t believe that I had the big C—other people did, right? But not me. The day after my gastroenterologist gave me the news (I had previously had a CAT scan and a PET scan), we met with a gynecological oncologist who confirmed the cancer. The following Monday, I had a biopsy and started a nine-week, weekly aggressive chemo treatment. In early January, I had major surgery to remove what was left of the tumor followed by another nine weeks of chemo. I cannot tell you how tough this treatment was both on my body and my psyche. Every side effect that the ‘poisons’ they drip into you can produce, I had. At the end of the treatment, I had another CAT scan and for the moment I’m clean and in remission. Who would have thought at our age, I would get something like that! Recurrence of this type of cancer is high, so I am living each day as a gift from God. This ordeal has brought my whole family much closer for which I am thankful. I also lost over 20 pounds and as my hair is growing back, I have decided to no longer color it!” Diane was looking forward to some travel and to seeing her grandson graduate from high school and enter Texas A&M this fall. She has two granddaughters at Ole Miss and two grandsons at Texas A&M and she can’t believe they are growing up so fast! • Please remember that we have our 60th coming up next June! Let’s show the College that we can still party and raise money, and round up some classmates to come with you!

—Class Correspondent: Nancy Whittemore Nickerson (forger@prodigy.net), 4 Osprey Ln., Mystic, CT 06355.

Correspondent Sally Dickerman Brew reports: Once again, I enjoyed communicating with classmates who continue to live active, productive lives as exemplified by the following four. • Peggy Spacht Zeigler moved to San Francisco after husband Lee retired from Stanford. Peggy wrote about her most recent travels. “We flew to Zurich, trained through the passes to Innsbruck and then to Verona, marveled at the little villages nestled in valleys beneath snow-covered peaks. We joined an excellent Road Scholar trip through the Italian lakes, staying on Garda, Maggiore, and Como. In addition we spent four days in Genoa and three in Milan, visiting churches, museums, and enjoying local food. Then we flew to Budapest, where we climbed aboard a Viking River Cruise ship and headed up the Danube.” Although rains continued unabated, they loved the stops to visit abbeys, churches, and small towns like Passau and Regensburg. Peggy volunteers one day a week in the reference library of the California Historical Society. Peggy and Lee both take classes on the campus of the Univ of San Francisco at the Fromm Institute for Lifelong Living. “With a daughter and her family living in Zimbabwe, we do travel a good deal, often to visit them or meet them somewhere more or less halfway (like London, Nice, Mauritius). Our son and his family live in San Diego, only 500 miles away, which seems...}
like next door by comparison." • Barbara Hammann Wing wrote about life in a retirement home. “After almost 40 years in the New Hampshire Seacoast region (of which were in a restored 1742 cape), Henry and I moved to an independent living unit in a CCRC in Concord, N.H. Here at Havenwood-Heritage Heights, we lead a life that in many ways resembles that of our college years (Henry is an Oberlin grad): interesting people from different parts of the country and life experiences, a wide range of activities (many resident led), and supportive staff. And at least two other Middle graduates, one of whom still knows all the words of the songs I have long forgotten. High on my list of memories on campus are the many happy hours I spent at the old theater (which burned down on Christmas Eve of our senior year), both on stage and behind the scenes. After a hiatus of 54 years, I am ‘back on the boards’ and loving our Readers’ Theater and Geezer Group Productions, which recently did three performances of a concert version of Les Misérables. We’re not as polished as we were under Eric Volknert’s direction, but we have a good time and our audiences seem to love it. In addition to happy memories of campus life, Middlebury opened many doors for me professionally in my career in foreign language education, for which I am extremely grateful.” • Some fun news is that Sylvia Metcalf Norton and Joseph McCranes (Paul Smith’s ’54) were married November 3, 2012, in the chapel at Silver Bay on Lake George. Both retired, the couple now resides in the family homestead in Upper Jay, N.Y. “Upper Jay has many artists of all kinds living and working locally so we attend a lot of artist receptions.” "I am extremely grateful.” • Some fun news is that Sylvia Metcalf Norton and Joseph McCranes (Paul Smith’s ’54) were married November 3, 2012, in the chapel at Silver Bay on Lake George. Both retired, the couple now resides in the family homestead in Upper Jay, N.Y. “Upper Jay has many artists of all kinds living and working locally so we attend a lot of artist receptions.” • We heard this from Gail Moore Graham: “I was pleasantly surprised when I received the spring issue of Middlebury Magazine with its feature on storytelling because I am a storyteller. When Jim and I moved to Ann Arbor, Mich., we joined the local storytellers’ guild, intending to be listeners, not tellers. It proved impossible, however, to maintain such a passive role. It was not long before we, too, were telling stories within the group. My stories have been a varied collection but mainly personal reminiscences, including some inspired by Middlebury. Jim has primarily told familiar Old Testament stories and is now sharing the Grimm Brothers fairy tales, using a new translation by Philip Pullman. We have told one tandem story based on our days living in Concord, Mass. I shared the story of Paul Revere’s ride that I grew up with as a New Englander, while Jim reflected intermittently on what Patriots’ Day was like for a Midwesterner new to Concord. We are still tyros and will probably never follow the digital route. Direct audience reaction and feedback are important, and helpful, to us. Are there any other storytellers in the Class of ’56? But then, we are all storytellers!” • And from Bob Keating we heard, “Judy and I continue to enjoy the serenity and comfort of our surroundings in the Whites of New Hampshire. (We’re rural people at heart—she’s originally from Iowa.) We’re not different than most; our primary focus is our kids and grandkids, offering aid and assistance of differing forms where needed. And we try to take care of ourselves so we can string this out as far as we can (even to gather once again on the walk in front of Mead Chapel in three years).” • Diane White Matthews Phinney Steams (judysteams@att.net), 68 Middlebury Carriage Dr, concord, NH, 03301, reported a terrible hissing sound while trimming the garden hedge and called the cops. A good-sized alligator was our way here in Texas.” • We heard that Ted Schwerdtle and wife Martha had an art exhibition in June and July so we asked him about it. “After 45 years working for the family business, the specter of retirement was a bit daunting. Gardening, biking, traveling, camping—all good stuff but I was looking for a new interest. My wife, Martha, is an accomplished artist and she encouraged me to take drawing lessons at the Washington Art Assoc. in Washington, Conn. So, after five years of instruction, I was invited to show my work with Martha at the Bellamy-Ferriday House in Bethlehem, Conn., this summer. My medium is colored pencil and I draw realistically from nature; birds, plants, and animals are among my favorite subjects. Martha is a stone carver by education and inclination. Her sculptures and drawings are also inspired by nature and the human body. It has been wonderful to share this new interest and I even sold a couple of artworks at the opening of our show!” • Finally, just before deadline, we received sad word of the passing of three classmates: Bradford Tripp on April 7, R. Bentley Washburn on April 29, and Sally Bowers Harrell May 1. Anyone may submit memoriances to us about any of our classmates who have passed away at any time. • We also learned that George Carey ’58 passed away in March. George started with our class then spent two years in the Army before finishing with the Class of 1958. John Chase sent this memory: “I knew George well as he lived across the hall from me in Starr Hall in 1952. He was attractive, active, and wore a blue blazer. George helped flood the downstairs floor of Starr, and with all windows open, we ice skated the corridor. Someone gave George a small alligator for a present, and while cute at first, he ended up in the shower room and not happy about it. We had to handle him with baseball gloves or risk losing fingers. George took the beast home to Princeton at Christmas only to have him escape into a snowy backyard. Thinking that the animal had met his death in the cold we forgot about George’s pet until the spring when the family gardener reported a terrible hissing sound while trimming the garden hedge and called the cops. A good-sized alligator found a new home elsewhere. One of many George Carey stories.” • See a photo of Stan Hayward on page 84. • We wish you wellness, safety, and happiness.

—Class Correspondents: Dick Powell (repowell@comcast.net), 13518 Byton Ridge Ln, Gainesville, VA 20155; Judy Phinney Stearns (judysteams@att.net), 53 Carriage Dr, Glastonbury, CT 06033.
Correspondent Gail Bliss Allen reports: Ron '66 and Kathy Platt Potter have had more travels: “We are having a spectacular time discovering the flora and fauna of Costa Rica.”

Barbara Ransom Payne has written a book entitled Amazing Grace—100 Years of History: The Parish Church of St. Helena, Beaufort, S.C. This three-year committee effort details the history of the church (and thus the town) through the Indian, Revolutionary, and Civil Wars, etc. It is a table-top quality book with plenty of photos, both in color and black-and-white. • Carol Van Duyn Terhune has downsized to a condo near the water at 103 Rowayton Woods Dr., Norwalk, Ct 06854, having moved from her former home also in Norwalk. • Merrill Mack writes, “A gang of fraternity brothers from the classes of 1937, 1938, and 1939 met in Northampton, Mass., for lunch. There were 19 of us, including spouses. From our class there were John Faulhaber, Al Hawthorne, Don Young, and me. Guys were there from the Boston area, Vermont, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and the Berkshires. It was a great gathering, and we hope to repeat next year.” • Ida Mac Johnson says, “My attachment to the Vermont arm of the General Federation of Women’s Clubs has resulted in my being VP again. It’s mainly a fund-raising position for our women’s scholarships (for women who have lost spousal support by any means).” She has also become a school board officer in Poultney. • Walter Crump ’55 sent an article from the Ark Newspaper in Tiburon, Calif., about Art and Drue Cortell Gensler. Written on the occasion of the 2012 dedication of the Arthur & Drue Gensler building at the Buck Institute for Research on Aging, it tells how Drue met her husband when she was home for winter break from Middlebury in 1954. She was at a Middlebury party on Long Island and Art, an architecture student at Cornell, crashed the party with a friend. The article goes on to describe how they began their architecture firm, where “Art was the dreamer and the visionary and Drue was the glue, the brains, and the organizer.” • Correspondent Barclay Johnson reports: It occurs to me that there are some different class notes that we could try—near-present scenes that recall images and feelings from the past or vice versa. Here is an example: Last summer, while my family and I were vacationing in Westerly, R.I., my offspring took me to the evening fair in town. The major attraction, besides the food, was a pair of flame swallowers. The kids were stunned with disbelief, but I had seen this bit of lurid theater before. A fraternity outing to the Tunbridge Fair came to mind. To change the subject on the way home, we stopped to enjoy history made by my generation. We boarded the Nautilus on the Thames estuary in Groton, Conn. This famous nuclear sub, near the time of our graduation, had been the first to traverse the North Pole, submerged. For some senior citizens in our excursion, the air itself felt confining. I “surfaced,” grateful for Middlebury’s ROTC as a Cold War option. Please send us your stories! • Check out a mini-reunion photo on page 76.

Correspondent Mary Roemmele Crowley reports: Home again, at the College on the hill—how I felt during our 55th reunion! Staying at Hepburn and eating in what used to be the old Sta U felt like being a college student again. According to the list I received from the College (I did not see all these people) the following were on hand for all or part of the weekend: Rachel Cutter Bender, Betsy Chalmers, Helen Dickey Curtis, Linda Durfee Dean, Lucy Carpenter Freeman, Carolyn Hansom Faulhaber, Betsy Heath Gleason, Jock Glidden, Grace Warder Harde, Elie Humme, Frank Hurt, Dick Johnson, Mary Daniels Jones, John and Susan Lockwood Lewis, Ellen Greenawalt Linden, Bonnie Mairs, Tuffy Taft Maynard, Ginny Havighurst Middleton, Rich Miner, Spenny Cosby Moody, Dottie Bigelow Neuberger, Chandler Nims, Sue Lewis Read, Chuck Rice, Charlene Scott, Herb Urbach, Sonny Wilder, Carol Treiber Young, Deborah West Zipf, and me. Activities included getting reacquainted during a delicious dinner at Kirk; a Memorial Service for deceased classmates (wonderful attendance and a sharing that was memorable); a question and answer session with Pres. Ron Liebowitz—full of energy and enthusiasm for our alma mater; Convocation, with the march up the hill as usual, and banners everywhere for each class; an Edward Hopper exhibit at the Middlebury museum; an all-class buffet dinner in the tent near the Center for the Arts; a Sunday breakfast provided by Dottie; and chapel, with an alumni choir. Other personal highlights for me were taking an early morning walk all around campus, getting acquainted with some classmates I hardly knew there, with bells on! • This came from Donald Booth: “I retired in 2008 from my position as professor and chair of the Department of Oral and Maxillofacial Surgery (OMS) at BU School of Dental Medicine, and chief of dentistry and OMS at Boston Medical Center Hospital. I also gave up my hat as associate dean for hospital affairs. When I left private practice in 1970 to assume those positions, very few people thought that I had made a good decision. Both Tufts and Harvard had well-established departments with thriving residency programs. BU, on the other hand, had nothing, just me. I had no secretary, no nurse, no residents, and only one small hospital in which to work. Thirty-eight years later I was able to leave a department that has programs in five major Boston hospitals staffed by eight full-time, board-certified OMSs, a residency program of 16 residents that is both nationally and internationally recognized, and a department that employs nearly 100 people. Besides the satisfaction of growing the department, my position allowed me to spend time in Pakistan in the early ‘90s treating war injuries from the Afghan/Russian war, and in South America treating children with cleft lip and palate. I was also involved in the American Assoc. of OMS as its president in 2000, and was a longtime board member and treasurer of the international assoc. These positions allowed me to make friends in virtually every country on the globe. At 77 I am finishing up my last committee assignments for both organizations and plan to spend much less time traveling on business and more for pleasure. This past June we joined daughter Donna, son David ‘85, their spouses, and my six grandchildren on a recreational and educational trip to London. Unfortunately, my trip to London precluded my attending reunion. Wife Susan and I have moved from Massachusetts to the shores of the York River in York, Maine, where we have built our retirement home. I spend my summers playing golf and my winters playing platform tennis. Life has been good to me, and I hope that it will be a while before I move from the class notes page to the obituary page.” • After reading in the winter magazine Lee Webster McArthur ’51 asking if anyone else bursts into a Mudd song from time to time, Ann Ormsbee Probose thought about when she goes to church with her husband and occasionally hears the organ begin with “Walls of Ivy,” although it is actually the prelude to a well-known Welsh hymn. “I am unable to sing any words but those of our Alma Mater. I do, however, sing them rather quietly so people don’t turn and stare.” • Tuffy Maynard updates us: “Our four adult children are all within a four-hour drive and, needless to say, we cherish their visits to us with their children. We have many happy family gatherings here at High Pastures, all enjoying our property, which adjoins the Long Trail. We still have our B&B and we have many interesting guests come through our doors, including authors who are publishing their books through the Tuttle Publishing Co. in nearby Clarendon. Look up us on our website (highpasturesbnb.com) and do come for a visit!” We’re sorry to report the passing of George Carey on March 3. After graduation from Middlebury, George went on to obtain a PhD from Indiana Univ., where he joined the faculty and became a professor of English. His specialty was folklore. Most recently he had been living in Tenants Harbor, Maine, where he had been a longtime resident. • Gordon Simms passed away on March 21. Gordie was married for 55 years to classmate Mary Loomis Simms. He was the founder and president of both Simms Machinery and Kilka International. Gordie was a member of First Presbyterian Church of York, Pa., where he sang for 30 years in the choir, York Downtown Rotary, and Regents Glen Country Club. Our sympathy goes to the families.
First Frost

The poet Robert Frost was an iconic New England fixture during the years he spent living and writing in Ripton, Vermont. He would sometimes visit Middlebury College when he was in residence. Hugh Marlow ’57—an icon in his own right—remembers one of those appearances.

...When suddenly: Afternoon, ladies...
The voice was unmistakable! The moment ELECTRIC!

And thus was Hugh’s first of many occasions in the presence of the great poet. Wow!

Frost often came to the chapel.

He would hold forth to overflow crowds of students.

I didn’t get called till I was 40 or so.

Never do it to pay a bill.

My editors didn’t think this was worth printing, but what do you think?

It made everyone feel very involved and after that, his often simple meanings:

don’t cry so much, you're doing it wrong, what was I to be said for my project?

He spoke on a variety of topics, not merely his poetry.

I was born a democrat... I’ve been pretty uneasy since 1896.

But what he said about his poems and his process was amazingly candid.

Every poem solves something for me in life.

It starts with a mood... that feeling.

To this day, Hugh holds dear the memory of that first encounter.

It snowed in the hills last night.

One day, he was outside washing the front windows...

Hugh turned and saw the world-famous unruly white hair.

As the voice continued, it snowed in the hills last night.

Said Robert Frost to two enchanted ladies.

And then surprisingly, it wasfall, his freshman year, Hugh had a job at a drugstore in town, washing floors, stacking shelves, etc.

One day, he was outside washing the front windows...

Hugh Marlow (’57) remembers exactly where he was when an elderly man made a very ordinary passing remark on a sidewalk in Middlebury 60 years ago.

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**REUNION CLASS**

Margaret and Don Freeman gave lectures in Osnabrück, Germany, and Innsbruck, Austria, during an academic trip to Europe in April 2013. Once again Charlie Davis’s senior USTA tennis team is headed to Nationals in Sunrise, Ariz. Martha Gerhart writes, “As my arthritic fingers are no longer reliable playing for opera rehearsals and auditions, I’ve metaphorically learned to translate, vocal coach, and director, still teaching as an adjunct at Southern Methodist Univ. I was thrilled to be the Italian director coach at the Santa Fe Opera for the first three weeks of July. Bonuses: Joyce di Donato in *La Donna del Lago*, and a visit in Santa Fe from Anne MacDowell Jaster on her way to Eugene, Ore., where she visits her daughter and family.” Earle Hoyt was honored by a former student at Northern Arizona Univ, who endowed a chemistry scholarship in Earle’s name. Wife Betty Layer Hoyt was off to visit the grizzlies in Clark Inlet, Alaska. Anne Goebel Barkman spent five days in Alaska, viewing northern lights and enjoying presentations about their occurrence. “Weather was above freezing during the day, a little below zero at night. A new grandson was born on St. Patrick’s Day. His parents considered naming him Patrick O’Barkman, but resisted the temptation.” Granthia Lavery Preston writes, “Pat Sherlock Davidson threw herself a wonderful 75th birthday party in Arlington, Mass., on St. Patrick’s Day. Pat had 46 amazing women assembled at her ladies’ luncheon at the Kathamundo Space restaurant.” Granthia, Cynthia Hall Marshall, Anne Martin Hartmann, and Carolyn Parks Behr visited Sabra Harwood Field ‘57 at Sabra’s Vermont studio.

- John Rich, of Garden Valley, Idaho, has been in- volved in the creation of a Garden Valley Center for the Arts. He contributes to the Center via piano and keyboard. He skis Brundage Mountain, hikes, and has been known to do some white-water rafting. From Seattle Judy Webster Bauer reports, “My husband, Dale, and I were honored by the Board of Trustees at the Lakeside School commencement in June with the Distinguished Service Award, after Dale’s 50 years with the school. Shortly thereafter we celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary and began retirement. We’re looking forward to the adventures that lie ahead.”

- Last winter in New Hampshire Pat and Fred Swan skied Wildcat and Attitash, skied cross-country in North Conway, and viewed Mt. Washington. They headed to Oregon and Washington in July, Russia in September, and to our 55th. Dick Krasker continues to be involved in local political affairs: bottled water issues and fund-raising for an after-school program. Wife Sandy is in an assisted living facility, while Dick and his dog get used to living on their own.

- JoAn Witmer Anderson writes, “Ron and I are leaving our Bedford, N.Y., home of 44 years and moving to Greenville, S.C., where our son and family reside. We will live in a dynamic senior community, Cascade Verde, and look forward to the many cultural activities offered in this area. Our address will be 25 Creekridge Rd., Greenville, SC 29607. Hope Middl friends will visit us if passing through! Looking forward to our 55th.” Bill Miller reports that the secret to eternal youth is to be a one-third owner of a J SO, a 26-foot racing sloop. They won their club series last summer despite being the smallest boat in the fleet. “While it makes me feel older after the race (knees), it is keeping me young.” Ruth Winingier Reiterman has moved from Ashland, Ore., to “the awe-inspiring beauty of the Red Rock Desert (part of the Mojave) of southwest Utah, and to the community where Carl and I lived in the ‘90s. It feels right. My address is 1391 Sage Circle, Ivins, UT 84738 and my phone number is 435.673.2283.” Carol Sippel Monsees writes that although it took a few months to get used to their senior community, “We are thriving with interesting people with an abundance of talent, adjacent to Northwestern Univ. I have gotten back to painting and have had a one-man show! Traveling again, with grandchildren who are high school and college students now: NYC again, Grand Canyon, Las Vegas, and Africa.” Barbara Samson Thompson reports, “In the winter Ron was in the hospital and rehab for a month with pneumonia and I was sick also! We were better in time to celebrate his birthday with all of our family. Son Seth and wife Karen were in New York with 10 students from the United Arab Emirates, American Univ, Sharjah. Our daughter, Deborah, was visiting us from Shrewsbury, England. We met in Greenwhich, Conn., for dinner with son Ron and wife Anne. I look forward to our reunion.” Our 55th reunion, June 6-8, 2014, is less than nine months away. Your correspondents/co-chairs would love some input as to activities, e.g., hiking, canoeing, art exhibits, golf, tennis, music.

- Class Correspondents: Lucy Paine Kezar (lucypainekezar@myfairpoint.net), 134 Main St., Kingston, NH 03848; Andy Montgomery (joyandym@aol.com), 8910 Hillway Rd., Eden Prairie, MN 55347.

- Linda and Ike Krasts spent Christmas 2012 in Antarctica. He wrote it was a uniquely wonderful experience. The animals are not afraid; the penguins waddle right up to you; and the scenery is breathtaking. He wrote, “Visiting Antarctica can be a life-changing experience. I hope you can still recognize me.”

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61 Joyce Morrell reports that she and her partner Jan are both well and busy as usual. They both are part of a nonprofit charitable organization involved in the restoration of Head Harbour Lightstation on Campobello Island, New Brunswick. Last year funding was delayed so much work had to shift to this year. Joyce writes, “We plan to get the last of the really heavy concrete work and roof work done in the summer and fall. We had lucky break last year when several volunteers, one a 75-year-old former engineering professor, helped us get our old concrete cisterns and the whole water system functioning. One of our high school student workers has been helping the engineer and it has been a very good experience for both of them. You can see the student’s self-confidence grow by leaps and bounds.” Joyce and Jan are also involved in rebuilding a wharf and a community hall in their small village. Rebuilding this wharf will allow for pleasure craft, small cruise ships, and local fishermen, which will help revitalize the economy on Campobello. The island is surrounded by the U.S. and isolated from the rest of Canada. They are trying to involve other nearby Canadian islands to make the funding application stronger. The complex will be called Welshpool Landing. In addition to all of this, Joyce and Jan run their inn, Owen House. Joyce ended her correspondence with this thought: “All in all, we have experienced firsthand that senior citizens are a powerful and immensely experienced force for accomplishing what needs to be done. I am sure you all know this, but it is always pleasant to be reminded.” Joyce may be contacted at jf@owenhouse.com.

• As grandparents, Diane and Lindwood Faxon are thrilled that Mary Etienne Atkeson, daughter of their daughter Krista ’86, will be a February 2014 freshman. She will be keeping the family tradition strong by joining brother Meade Faxon Atkeson ’15 and cousin Stephen Faxon Seymour ’14, son of their daughter Julianne ’88. • You may recall that gifts in the memory of Fran Bick Westerbeke enabled the South Shore Conservatory in Hingham, Mass., to create the Francis Westerbeke Scholarship. The scholarship is given every year to a deserving student who is studying music at the Conservatory, the largest community school for the arts in Massachusetts. This year the scholarship was given to a 17-year-old voice student from Hingham. It is a tribute to Fran that her spirit lives on in this way.

62 Congratulations to Stuart Schwartz, who was awarded an honorary doctor of letters at Middlebury’s graduation in May. He’s the George Burton Adams Professor of History at Yale, where he has taught since 1996 and he is considered one of the world’s leading experts on Brazilian history. His most recent book, *All Can Be Saved*, received numerous awards, including the 2008 Cundill International Prize in History and the 2009 American Academy of Religion Book Award. We also recently learned that he has been named to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences 2013 class! • Will Strong writes, “Linda and I have moved to the Land of the Washaws, an Indian tribe that no longer exists. It is, however, an area where two of our presidents were born, Andrew Jackson and James K. Polk. Our new address is 2810 Arsdale Rd., Washaw, NC 28173. We now live about 20 miles south of Charlotte, but are still very close to the Charlotte airport.”

63 Our 50th reunion in June definitely was a class act demonstrating plenty of spunk—the result of much prior planning and attention to details. We were afforded many activities to participate in with plenty of open time to interact/reflect/reconnect. Our reunion co-chairs, Chuck Burdick, Betty Ann Cooper Kane, Meg Holmes Robbins, and Sabin Streeter did an extraordinary job and kept their various subcommittees on task throughout the process. Your class correspondents have been receiving numerous e-mails and phone calls gushing with praise and gratitude for a job well done. One hundred twenty-three (45 percent) of us attended, bringing an additional 68 guests. John Bearegard gets the prize for making the longest journey—all the way from New Zealand. • Much of the success can be attributed to outreach efforts chaired by Jim McKeown, who saw to it that numerous mini-reunions took place in various venues over the past year, coupled with the Snow Bowl, and the general endowment. Contributions (64 percent participation), which will assist the Posse Program, Library Special Collections (Susan Washburn Buckley’s collection of Civil War letters), the Snow Bowl, and the general endowment. Our Class of 1963 Scholarship, named in honor of former English professor David Littlefield and wife Jean, now exceeds $2,000,000 in assets and has over the years assisted close to 30 students. • Friday: After breakfast we were afforded several workshops/discussion panels that focused on senior citizen life, followed by tours of the Solar Decathlon houses. In the afternoon, many attended a class conversation, “Rebooting Your Life,” led by Phil Burgess, the author of *Reboot! What to Do When Your Career Is Over But Your Life Isn’t*. This was followed by a very moving memorial service in Mead Chapel, which commenced with our own Bob Clarke pipping us in with his bagpipe. Chuck Burdick opened the service with lighthearted but reflective comments followed by the reading of the names of those who have passed away by class correspondents Jan Brevoort Allen-Spencer and Chris White. After each name a chime was rung while Meg Robbins and Sabin Streeter lit a candle. Interspersed between names were poetry selections read by Liam English, Judy Bogert Funderburk, Ben Greene, and Jane Johnson. In the evening we moved to Bread Loaf for our class photo and a gourmet dinner, followed by an intimate social time in the Barn before returning to campus. • Saturday: The day commenced with a continental breakfast in Kirk Alumni Center overlooking the golf course with Lyn Wilkins Green and Craig Stewart facilitating a follow-up discussion along the “Reboot” theme. Many shared their own rebooting experiences, as well as hopes and fears. Barbara Dickey Hoffman also reminded us that we might benefit from setting aside quiet time and space for reflection. Mid-morning Charles MacCormack spoke about his experiences as president of Save the Children and CEO of World Learning/Experiment in International Living. It was also announced that he has agreed to stay on for a second year at the College as executive in residence, enabling him to share his expertise with students and faculty. In the afternoon some visits the college’s new research vessel, R/V David Folger, on Lake Champlain, some hiked to the Frost Cabin in Ripton, or some just relaxed before joining in the Reunion Parade and Convocation. Several classmates were recognized at Convocation, including Charlie MacCormack, who received an Alumni Achievement Award, and Chuck and Sue Handy Burdick, who were given Alumni Plaques for their service to the College. In addition, Jane Johnson was awarded the Gamaliel Painter’s Cane Society Award. The Mahaney Center for the Arts was the site for the all-classes reception, banquet, a theatrical presentation, fireworks, and music. Farewells began. • Sunday: All classes were
welcome to breakfast in Proctor Dining Hall. Reunion Choir rehearsal, conducted by Emory Fanning, was followed by a Christian worship service led by Laurel Macaulay Jordan ’79, chaplain of the College, and the choir sang. Brunch and dorm room checkout followed, and we went our separate ways. "Your correspondents find within the comments directed our way an ongoing thread—we need to keep this reconnection alive and not just wait for another five years to pass. —Liam—continue to make that Facebook action thrive. —Class Correspondents: Janet Brevoort Allen-Spencer (janallenspencer@gmail.com), 2 Arizona Pk, Huntington Station, NY 11746. Christopher J. White (cmntyrec@ad.com), 347 Duck Cove Rd., Buxport, ME 04430.

G R A D U A T E  S C H O O L S

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Elizabeth White Stanley (MA '72) read her poetry this summer as part of the New Visions Writers Showcase in Scranton, Pa. She has been active with poetry events for many years, hosting the Bruce Stanley Memorial Poetry Series, events for the Bard Fest, for the Berks Literary Festival and Kinetic Poetry, and serving as president of the Berks Bars. • Charles Butterfield (MA '75) was named a finalist in Encircled Publication's 2012 chapbook contest for his poetry collection Field Notes. He draws his subject matter from his many years raising, training, and observing German shepherds. Check it out on Amazon. • In 1990 Nancie Atwell (79, '80, '82) founded the Center for Teaching and Learning (CTL) in Edgecomb, Maine, a K-8 private school. In June she retired from teaching and from CTL. She plans to continue as chair of the board of directors, and will finish up the third revision of her In the Middle series. She is also working on a book/DVD project called Systems to Transform Your Classroom and School. • Gary Griffith (MA '91) has published A House of Stone Is Forever Stories, a collection of short stories that take place in northern Michigan. He teaches literature and writing in Prescott, Ariz. • An English teacher and head varsity cross-country coach, Ben Hale (MA '97) gave the eighth grade commencement address at Woodbury Forest (Va.) School in May. • At the end of the school year Nancy Olson (MA '98) retired from Brattleboro (Vt.) Union High School after 35 years of teaching English and nine years as the head of the English dept. • Carly Andrews (MA '04) has been hired as the head of the middle school at Bosque School in Albuquerque, N.M. Previously she was the head of Willowwind School in Iowa City, Iowa. • Congratulations to Chris Gilbert (MA '10), who received the National Council of Teachers of English Paul and Kate Farmer Writing Award for his article "Changing the Lens: The Necessity of Visual Literacy in the ELA Classroom," which was published in the March English Journal.

FRENCH SCHOOL

Patricia Pingatore Olderr (MA '80) was recently inducted into the French Republic's prestigious Ordre des Palmes Académiques (Order of the French Academic Palms) at the grade of chevalier or knight. She taught French at Hinsdale (Ill.) South High School for 20 years, served on the executive council of the American Assoc. of Teachers of French for four years, and was the director of the association's French Immersion Day program for five years. Currently she is one of the French teachers for the Oak Park French Club. • At Alfred Univ., Cecilia Beach (MA '85), professor of French, was recently honored with the Margaret and Barbara Hagar Professorship in the Humanities. She has received several honors and awards while at Alfred Univ., has presented several conference papers, and has written 13 publications. • Eleanor Leyden (MA '95) writes, "I recently finished my 18th year of teaching French in overseas American schools. Over the years I met up with classmates Cynthia Clark Plantecoste (MA '96) in Prague, Sunita Dhurandhar (MA '92) in San Francisco and New York, and Catalina Keilhauer (MA '92) in Cincinnati at an AP French exam reading. Barbara Vinolus (MA '92) found me on LinkedIn and I hope to meet up with her in the future. In May, one of my IB French students, Elizabeth Lee, charged into my classroom screaming, 'Madame, you are now MY alumna!' This was how I learned that Elizabeth had applied to and been accepted to Middlebury. I am so pleased that Elizabeth and Middlebury chose each other and very proud to participate in a legacy from teacher to student." • Dominica Chang (MA '98) has been promoted to associate professor and been granted tenure at Lawrence Univ. in Appleton, Wis. Joining the French dept. faculty in 2007, she was awarded the Young Teacher Award in 2010.

MONTREY INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL STUDIES

William Scott Wilson (BAJS '73, SILP '74) came to the Monterey Institute of Foreign Studies (as MIIS was known prior to 1979) to master Chinese, but ended up switching to Japanese. Searching for a good translation project for his thesis, he discovered Hagakure: The Book of the Samurai by the 18th-century warrior Yamamoto Tsunetomo. After graduating, William moved to a farmhouse in Japan with his two children, with the intention of continuing the translation that had started with his thesis. "It was probably a little crazy for a single parent," he shares. His translation wound up in the lap of a large Japanese publishing house. First published in 1979, it has never gone out of print. It's a hit among martial arts enthusiasts, as well as a cult classic after it was featured in director Jim Jarmusch's film Ghost Dog, starring Forrest Whitaker as a hit man who follows its teachings. William has been hailed by the American Literary Translator's Assoc. as "today's foremost translator of classic Samurai texts." He continued translating for the same publishing company for 35 years from his home in Florida, including a 4,000-page novel that consisted of nine volumes in Japanese that took him close to three years to complete. • "You could say it is any MPA's dream project," says Craig Middleton (MPA '87) of his leading role in establishing the Presidio Trust in 1996, a federal agency that manages the Presidio of San Francisco, a national park site. The law that created the Presidio presented a potentially risky challenge for its leaders: it gave the trust 15 years, or until 2015, to become financially self-sufficient or the Presidio would be sold off. Craig was the Presidio Trust's first employee and, as executive director, recently celebrated the important milestone of achieving financial self-sufficiency. Prior to his position with the Presidio, he worked for California Congresswoman Nancy Pelosi, where he had a front seat to many of the most pressing U.S. foreign relations issues of the time—the response to the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait, being part of the first U.S. human rights delegation to visit China after the Tiananmen Square massacre, and working with the congresswoman to broker the bipartisan deal to transform the Presidio into a national park with minimal cost to taxpayers. To achieve financial independence, the trust leadership developed public-private partnerships to rehabilitate and leave the Presidio's buildings, many of which are historic. Major tenants include Lucasfilm, the Disney Family Museum, and several nonprofit organizations. This arrangement is far from traditional, but for Craig it is totally in line with the pragmatic, goal-oriented focus of his education at MIIS. "I feel the school really prepared me for what I am doing now," he says.

SPANISH SCHOOL

Ransom Everglades School in Miami, Fla., recently announced that Penny Gillis Townsend (MA '86) will take over as the next head of school in July 2014. Currently she serves as the head of school at Pennington School in New Jersey. • Melissa Terroni Fairchild (MA '04) recently joined the faculty at Trinity Hall in Monmouth County, N.J., as a Spanish teacher after having taught Spanish for five years at Oak Knoll School of the Holy Child in Summit, N.J. • Thomas Powers (MA '08) was profiled in the column Meet the Teacher on andoverpatch.com. He teaches Spanish at Andover (Mass.) High School, where he has taught since 2002. • Last August Ellen McCormick (MA '15) married John Sipper. She teaches Spanish in the Hanover Area School District in Pennsylvania and he is a social studies teacher in the same district.
hopes that Newt makes it back for our 50th reunion next June 5-8. If he does, I suspect he’ll drive down since the trip from Montpelier, Vt., to Middlebury is probably too short for him to run.

—Class Correspondents: Marian Demas Baade (mchads@aol.com), 4 Red Rock Rd., New City, NY 10956; Bob Baskin (robertbaskin@msn.com), 6025 Woodside Place, Cherry Chase, MD 20815; Jim Nottage Mueller (jmueller15@gmail.com), 601 Smithfield Rd., Contoocook, NH 03229.

65 Pam Hayes Rehlen writes, “I just published my second book, The Vanished Landmarks Game: Vermont Stories from West of Birdseye. Other than that, John ’66 and I are still in Castleton, Vt., and our life is about the same. Our children are close by, for which we’re extremely thankful, except for one high flyer working in Washington, D.C.”

—John Deppman and wife Clara Yu have been happily living in Fort Myers, Fla., for a few years now. He writes, “A recent highlight for me was receiving an honorary degree from Middlebury’s graduate school: The Monterey Institute of International Studies. Did it help that my wife is the president emerita and gave the commencement address? Yes! But I was nevertheless quite honored and humbled by the award. I’m still traveling a lot and continuing with my program of taking a grandchild on a fun international trip when he or she is 12. This last summer was my seventh such trip and I took Jack to Jordan (Petra), Albania, and Italy (Rome & Pompeii). I love the trips.”

—In a message to the parents of Ft. Collins (Colo.) Rivendell School, this announcement appeared this spring: “One of the actions we have taken is to enlist the very capable assistance of Polly Moore Walters as the acting principal. Polly steps into this role with a long 20-year history of teaching her favorite subject—science!—as you’ve no doubt heard from your children. She retired in 2009. Polly is passionate, caring, and committed to the success of every child. We are grateful that Polly is available to step in and is familiar with our mission, staff, and many of our children and families.”

—Class Correspondents: R.W. "T" Tall Jr. (ahmier@shoreham.net), 204 Clark Rd., Cornwall, VT 05753; Polly Moore Walters (polly@frii.com), 100 Grandview Ave., Fort Collins, CO 80521.

66 Gordon McAleer wrote that he and Donna have made a major quality of life change. In March they moved to Rockport, Maine, where they have spent summer vacations the past 20 years. Donna and their daughter, Kate, have moved their chocolate company, Bixby & Co, to nearby Rockland. Bixby & Co is a start-up company that produces a line of natural, unique chocolate bars for the health-conscious chocolate lover. The Bixby Bars are now sold in Whole Foods Markets in the Northeast and Pacific Northwest. You can check out the family business at www.bixbyco.com. “Kate decided to name the company after my great-grandparents, Lillian and WK Bixby. Kate was born on Lillian’s birthday, August 25. After 40-plus years of health-care administration, it’s invigorating to enter a new field. I have been doing a lot of trial and error to learn the ropes of chocolate making. It will be inspiring to watch the sunrise each day from our digs in Maine.” Gordon is helping out as a volunteer jack-of-all-trades (production, accounting, sales demos, you name it) for the company. He said that they would love to connect with Midd alums in the area. “If any classmates are passing through the midcoast of Maine, stop by to see us.”

—Carrol Tarbox Tombari comments, as many of us do, “I don’t know where the time goes.” She goes on to say, “If you’re retired, you know firsthand that retirement isn’t for sissies! I took a buy-out from the National Renewable Energy Laboratory (NREL) in Colorado a little more than a year ago and moved to Trophy Club, Texas, where I live two blocks from my daughter and her family. I left two sons and two grandkids in Denver, so I get back there several times a year. Leaving NREL capped off a 30-year career in energy efficiency/renewable energy and public service. I was director of the State Energy Office in Texas for more than a dozen years back in the ’80s and early ’90s, working for several governors on both sides of the aisle. Ann Richards was my last boss. I then spent 17 years at NREL, translating the lab’s scientific, engineering, analytical, and economic development work—and trying to make it used and useful—for public-sector decision makers (state legislators, utility regulators, mayors, etc.). I wrote a book during that period and still do occasional book signings and talks. I serve pro bono on two Texas boards that deal with renewable energy issues and keep my professional hand in, but otherwise I PLAY. I traveled to Ethiopia last fall and somehow have scheduled trips for every month till November this year. My next overseas stop will be England and Wales. (I won’t have to speak Amharic there!) I live about 14 miles due north of runway 17R at the Dallas-Ft. Worth airport, and only 10 minutes from the Texas Motor Speedway and all things NASCAR. Please tell our classmates to come visit any time they have a hankering to visit Dallas and Ft. Worth! My e-mail address is carolotombari@gmail.com.”

—Ginny Backus Willcox also sent us a note. “My husband and I retired 14 years ago, so we are deep into retirement living. For me, the main focus of these years (outside of occasional bouts of joy and exhaustion with young grandchildren) has been the study of birds. My travels have taken me to such far-reaching places as Papua New Guinea and Tanzania, but my principle concentration has been in South America, the birdiest continent. I have had the great privilege of observing brand-new species, discoveries so new they have yet to be described to science, as well as species so rare that fewer than 10 remain in the wild. What I love most about birds is that they are a pathway to knowledge of the great web of flora and fauna.
na and the interlocking systems of all things. You can't understand birds without thinking about insects, flowers, trees, geography, weather, and beyond—it's a work-out and tons of fun!" Our classmate Joel Najman was profiled in the Stowe Reporter. Excerpted highlights from the article tell us about Joel's 50 years in radio broadcasting. The article summarizes Joel as follows: "To call him just a well-known Vermont DJ is like calling Elvis simply a singer. His career in broadcasting is also kind of accidental. He's an Indiana native who grew up in the Bronx, where he became captivated by the doo-wop music exploding in New York in the late 1950s. Accepted at Middlebury College, he decided to try doing a radio show at the college station, WRMC, which was so small it was broadcast through phone lines, he recalls. The year was 1963." It continues, "He's a walking, talking, breathing Wikipedia, ever editing and adding to his knowledge, a marvel of musical archaeology and singer biography. As many Vermonters know, he puts this on display every Saturday night on Vermont Public Radio, where he hosts My Place. The show is an hour-long stroll through musical history that can be quirky, revelatory, erudite, heart-warming, heart-rending, and thought-provoking—often all at once. He's now been doing My Place for 50 years, noting with a touch of pride he's never missed one in all those years—that's more than 1,500 broadcasts." and finally: "Najman often works like a reporter to track down stories, confirm or debunk rumors, find liner notes, old books, or recording session notes. Is he surprised he's done it for 50 years at the mic and at his craft? The answer is yes."

—Class Correspondent: Prue Frey Heikkinen (pheidkkinen@att.net), 1914 Wayne St., Ann Arbor, MI 48104. Francine Clark Page (fpage2@myfairpoint.net), 19 Brigham Hill Ln., Essex Junction, VT 05452.

Correspondent Susie Davis Patterson reports: After teaching for 40 years at UVM, Tom Patterson retired in May with much socializing and many accolades, including the announcement of a new annual prize named for Tom to be given to the best teaching assistant in the College of Ag and Life Sciences. This is so fitting as Tom created the First-Year Student Program in his college and was its director and taught and mentored a couple of dozen TAs each year who worked in that program. In June he and I went on a 3,450-mile road trip to visit people and sites of Tom's choosing. Along the way, we had wonderful meet-ups with three classmates: first was Lynn Long, a close friend of mine from our first year, in Littiz, Pa. Lynn and husband Michael have taken over their parents' country home in Pennsylvania Dutch country, adding on, preserving, repairing, and beautifying. Lynn's dual hobbies and expertise of gardening (both flowers and vegetables) and cooking were on gorgeous and delicious display. We reconnected after nearly 47 years and by the end of the evening we were...

With a wedding at the Charlotte (Vt.) Congregational Church, Kelly Brush ’08 married Zeke Davisson ’08 on August 4, 2012. Many Midd friends and family helped the couple celebrate at the Old Lantern in Charlotte: (all ’08 unless noted) Brooke Beatt ’10, Dorothy Muirhead, Lani Young, Lindsay Brush ’07, the bride, Alec Tarberry, Mattie Ford ’09, Shannon Seaton Boyd ’07, (second row) Clayton Reed, Tara Martin ’07, the groom, Casey Giebink ’09, Laura Giebink ’07, Leah McLaughry ’10, (third row) Reid Berrien, Jed McDonald, Jed Yeiser, Nick Middleton, Steve Adams ’03, Skip Heise, Megan Hughes Trayer, Artie Mittnacht ’09, Tim Giebink ’12, Barb Burnham Giebink ’79, Carol Yeomans Conard ’79, (fourth row) Jeff Murphy, Mike Walsh, Andrew Everett ’07, Scott Coriell ’07, Krissy Poebling, Rachel Furman Brennan, (fifth row) Joey Swansson, Charlie Brush ’69, Paul Reed ’70, Dave Gavett ’77, Cindy Gavett Mumford ’83, and John Giebink ’76.

On August 4, 2012, Melanie Mac ’03 married Bryan Hanley in New Hope, Pa., at her parents’ home. Midd friends and spouses who attended included Alan Roberts, Patricia Erdmann Roberts ’03, Alexandra Bottemanne Ringot ’03, Arthur Ringot, the newlyweds, Seth Zoracki ’03, Sonali Desai Zoracki ’03, Sarah Tomeo Hertzog ’03, Jeff Hertzog, Paloma Hagedorn-Woo ’03, and Brian Hoyer ’03.

On August 11, 2012, Susan Goehring ’05 and Tim Bailey (exchange student) were married at St. James Episcopal Church in Woodstock, Vt. Friends helping them celebrate at the reception at the Woodstock Inn included (all ’05 unless noted) Elana Rivkin-Haas, Susanna Gorski, the groom, Meredith Kernan Vilarello, the bride, Marion Leonard ’80, (second row) Heather Wood (exchange student), Suzie Mozes, Allie Beck, Michael Vilarello, Tyler Kepler, Amy Josephson Kepler, Kate Olson, and Josh Stinchcomb ’95. Midd roommates Barb Zimmerman Dennis ’57 and Trish Kane ’57 enjoyed a mini-reunion in the McLean, Va., area last fall.

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We had a great, albeit damp, 45th reunion in June. Sixty-five of our classmates attended (24 percent of the class). We hope to see even more of you in five years. It was great to see longtime friends and also to get better acquainted with those we didn’t know well in college. About the only downside to going to reunion is having the tune of “Gamaliel Painter’s Cane” tap-tap-tapping around in your head for a week afterwards! • We note with great pride that our very own Kip Sluder was awarded...
the Alumni Phi Beta Kappa Award at Convocation for his work in cell biology and visualization technology. Congratulations to Kip for his amazing work. • At our class gathering, we passed around a legal pad and asked for updates from everyone. Here’s what our class has been up to recently: Linda Mason-Smith wrote that she was about to take a cross-country road trip with sister Kathy Mason Ambrette and Tobi Gray Watson, following a wonderful 45th reunion. “We had a wonderful turnout and we missed those of you who didn’t make it. Come next time!” • Tobi Watson is still happily settled in Denver with a view of the art museum. Life is full of volunteer work and friends and art/theater. She hopes to see anyone who comes through. • Dan Curry said that after Middel he had various lives and wound up working in entertainment. He’s not retired—typical middle-of-the-road uneventful life. • Ed Goldberg wrote, “A large part of my work is to help people prepare for retirement. I’m asked when I’m going to retire fairly often now, but from my view I’m not sure what I would retire to, and more importantly what I would retire from. I like the people I work with. I like the work that I do. And I like the people I work for. I’m my own boss, but I have a great team. The thought of retirement terrifies me! I make too much money and enjoy what I do too much to think about it right now.” • Sharon Smith wrote, “Randy and I recently celebrated our 40th wedding anniversary. We continue to remodel our 1800 farmhouse. I’m in the early stages of retiring from neuropsychology and writing eight murder mystery novels simultaneously—all set in Maine in 1968.” • Charlotte “Chickie” Sibley reported, “I transitioned from 40 years in Corporate America in the biotech/pharmaceutical industry to boards of directors, public and private for profit; organizational boards (five—president of one, president-elect for another); and adjunct professor at Columbia Univ MBA program. I still coach and mentor lots of folks—on my own time, over coffee. My husband, Leif Magnusson ’69, says I’m busier now than ever. We do love to travel and enjoy Philadelphia Orchestra, opera, etc.” • Charlie Park is very happy working as a full-time physician’s assistant in a primary-care practice in the inner city of New Haven, Conn. He owns a horse-boarding stable. He’s unclear about retiring. • Gail Hyde wrote, “I’ve been retired for two years and husband Alan Cutcliffe for one year. We’re busy renovating our home and yard. I’m still a church organist and choir director, and a member of a hammered dulcimer ensemble at Eastman School of Music.” • Glen Wehrwein wrote, “I’m starting to sell my accounting/tax practice to move to Middlebury. I plan to take up bridge, chess, and travel to keep my mind active and widen my perspectives. These things were all passions when I was young before life got in my way!” • Ginny Callan Sheldon said, “I’ve been living in Williamstown, Mass., since retiring in ’03 from elementary school counseling. I appreciate all the opportunities available in a small college town—volunteering, auditing classes, hiking, etc. I stay flexible to pitch in with three families with a total of eight grandchildren.” • Mary Ann Riggie was retiring at the end of June after 40+ years in Vermont public education. She was telling people that she didn’t want to make any long-term commitments for six months to a year. “I’m teaching one course at a local college this fall, which I have done before but I’ve been looking forward to living outside a school calendar, to spending more time with grandchildren, and tackling some overdue projects at home. I do want to maintain working with people and to keep learning.” • Kip Shuder said, “I am now a medical school faculty member. I have about three years more of funding for my laboratory. After that I plan to cut back or retire. I’m worried about full retirement—I’m concerned about becoming bored, isolated, or unsatisfied with hobbies I love to do part time. On the other hand I want to get out and have some fun. So, my situation is uncertain and I will have to find my way.” • Jim Barnes wrote, “I retired from HUD in 2008 a few months after our last reunion. Since then I have been the community development director in Lawrence, Mass. I have a staff of 14 and manage federal and state grants coming to this challenging community. Along with serving on local and nonprofit boards I am busier now than ever.” • Peter Knobler wrote, “I collaborate with people on their autobiographies. One retires from a job, one doesn’t retire from being oneself. We were who we were, we are who we are; one hopes there has been and will continue to be progress. The great New Orleans philosopher sang in his thesis ‘Ooh Doo Da Doo. ’I won’t stop trying till I create a disturbance in your mind.’ This is a credo to live by, whether the end is tomorrow or 30 years down the line.” • We have news from two classmates who did not attend the reunion. Hank and Barbara Esminger Stoebenau sent their regrets; they spent the week on a 10-passenger catamaran in the British Virgin Islands. And Julie Gratiot Peterson said she was participating in the local Relay for Life American Cancer Society fund-raiser the following weekend with her church team as she has for many years, walking all night June 14–15. And finally, we note with sadness the recent passing of three classmates. Pamela Parsons Naughton passed away on April 9 from pancreatic cancer. Candace Cushman Wisnieski passed away on April 26. And Wendy Spillane Pease passed away in Durham, N.C., on May 18. We send our sympathy and condolences to their families and loved ones.

Sue Ellen Thompson wrote from her little cottage on Texas Falls Rd. in Hancock, Vt., after attending the memorial service for Tom Stasz ’71, husband of Bird (Beck) on May 18. “It was the quintessential Vermont summer day, and I was able to catch up with classmates Bill Hereford and Steve Hammell. I also saw Wayne Scott (Chaplain Scott’s son and Tom Stasz’s close friend at Middlebury). A very sad occasion—Tom died during his third bone-marrow transplant for myelofibrosis. Stuart (Parnes) and I still have our commuter marriage between the Eastern Shore of Maryland and Mystic, Conn. He plans to stick with his job as head of the Connecticut Humanities Council for one more year and then, if we can finally sell our Connecticut house, he will join me in Maryland. It’s been a long and often turbulent few years for us, but we’re looking forward to retirement in a warm climate.” • Birgit Jacobsen writes from Marin County, Calif., “I’m still working as a self-employed interior designer, and since there is no such thing as boredom or routine, and every day is new and different, I haven’t gotten tired of it. As long as clients call me and I feel I can do some good solving problems and helping them have happy and harmonious lives, why should I stop? I travel quite a bit, visit my far-flung children, do lots of ‘stuff,’ and am lucky to live in a gorgeous part of the country.” • Sandy Humphrey Rybczynski reports, “Witezek and I are moving from Katonah, N.Y., to Baltimore. He’s been working for an engineering firm there for over a year and we’ve discovered that we re-
ally miss city life. My plans are on hold until the house sells, but I’m looking forward to a total change. Would love to connect with classmates who are in the area.”

Paul Ratiza writes, “I’m still working. I never thought I’d say this (after Katrina, on the road, not sure if I had a job or place to come back to) but New Orleans has gotten way better since Katrina, and, incredibly, so has my job. Glad to be alive—best to all my classmates.”

Kathy Wardwell Roser sends this update: “My retirement didn’t actually happen as scheduled—too many loose ends to tie up. But it’s for real now, and I highly recommend it. I spent the winter skiing at Purgatory (close to home in Durango, Colo.) and in Taos, N.M., and am now working on the homestead (trying to grow things, fix things, etc.). I’ve attempted a few wood-working projects, with varying degrees of success (still love to connect with classmates who are in the area.”

Sharad, does lovely watercolors. The local scenery provides plenty of inspiration to both. We enjoyed long walks on the beach and saw the sights. Then I drove up the coast and topped off the trip with wine tasting in the Russian River Valley. Yum. I assume the future will include good friends, good snow, and good wine.”

Suzy Paxton Bourque appeared in an excellent PBS piece called “Coping with Alzheimer’s: A Mother and Daughter Portrait of Long-Term Care.” Check it out at video.pbs.org/video/2163019947.

—Class Correspondents: Beth Prasse Seeley (betb@seeley.com); Nancy Crawford (ncrawford_sutcliffe@comcast.net).

71 Jeff and Sue Elmendorf Roberts are the hub of a four-generation family that extends from Oregon to Boston, and Wisconsin to Florida. We talked with Susie shortly after they celebrated their 43rd wedding anniversary on June 6. Susie put on her little white wedding dress from 1970 and wore it all over town. (“It was kind of short!”) Jeff heads the company, Harvest Tec, which he founded 30 years ago. Since 1972, Susie and Jeff have lived in rural Jackson County, Wis., where they have raised seven children, facing with them the challenges of autism, heart surgery, club feet, and spinal tumors, along with innumerable joys. They are now actively involved in caring for their parents. Jeff’s dad is 92, and they enjoy breakfast every Sunday together. Susie tries to visit her 96-year-old mother in Florida each month, and they see their six grandchildren whenever possible. They’re planning a fall 2013 family reunion with all their kids and grandchildren (18 family members) at their vacation home on the Florida Panhandle. Son Will (20), who has autism, is one of their daily challenges and one of their great joys. When he is not helping his parents, he is busy delivering his fresh free-range chicken eggs, pruning his acres of Christmas trees, fighting the nasty invasive buckthorn, running mile after mile on the trails of the state park adjacent to their house, and working at Harvest Tec with Jeff. Like the rest of her family, Susie enjoys running. She accidentally started a birthday marathon tradition the year she turned 60. Feeling great that day, she headed out for a run that turned into 27 miles, a loop from Wisconsin to nearby Minnesota and back. She has repeated the feat each year since then. Another family tradition that has evolved is a cross-country ski race. Every February, most of the family gathers in Wisconsin to take part in the 5-kilometer American Birkebeiner (or Birkie). Will is going to ski it for the first time this year, and Sue will pace him the entire way. Sue stays in touch with Barbara Horisuchi, Ann Einsiedler Crumb, and Liddy Browning Mason.

We interrupted Bob Zuck in his greenhouse as he was loading a 16-foot truck, car, and trailer with enormous potted plants destined to spend the summer in Bar Harbor, Maine. If you’ve been out of touch with Bob, you should know that he has had a diverse career that reflects his many talents and varied interests, including eight years in the ’70s “having crazy fun” doing guitar and vocals with Widespread Depression, which began as a rock band in the Brattleboro, Vt., area (and included David Lillie on sax and drums). Bob picked apples, rebuilt pianos, and did construction before meeting future wife Deb, moving to Rhode Island, and settling on his interest in botany. At first that meant producing wholesale herbs for Boston-area markets, and it evolved into creating and delivering botanical gardens to clients. Deb has taught for 20 years with a focus on literacy. They are enjoying their two daughters, now grown and living in Brooklyn and Providence. “I’m just getting going,” Bob says. “Retirement isn’t going to find me.” He still plays guitar (and is now adding the piano—jazz, R&B, “anything that swings”—for festivals, weddings, and other gatherings. When his botanical business slows in winter, you can find him in his garage man cave, painting late into the night. He stays in touch with Geo Matteston from his days in Hepburn, Bryan Pinion, David Leland, Brent Seabrook, and others. Abi Sessions, John Gambell, Martha Murray, Francie Marbury, Brent Seabrook, and Carolynn Ungberg Olivier have all recently visited his remarkable greenhouse—which, Bob reminds us, is just his way to play with plants.

Tom Stasz died March 16 at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York after a long, heroic battle with myelofibrosis. He lived near Middlebury in Weybriidge with his wife of more than 40 years, Bird Beck Stasz ’70. After Middlebury, Tom earned a slew of advanced degrees, including a PhD from Cornell and a law degree from Syracuse. He worked as a bench scientist, an entrepreneur, and a corporate attorney. As his newspaper obit put it, he was “the essence of the Renaissance man: a builder of homes and barns, an orchardist, a master syrup maker, a beekeeper, and an athlete. Most important, especially to him, he was a loving husband and devoted father. His was a life well-lived, and he touched with humor, imagination and grace all who were lucky enough to know him.” In addition to Bird, Tom is survived by daughter Meghan Stasz of Washington, son Jeffrey Stasz of New York, his parents and three brothers. Check out a mini-reunion photo on page 84.

—Class Correspondents: Barbara Landenlager Mosley (barbaramosley@metrocast.net), Carolyn Ungberg Olivier (carolyn.oliveiier@gmail.com); Rob Waters (robwatin7012@ mindspring.com).

72 Zach Studenroth has recently published a book entitled Cutchogue and New Suffolk, which illustrates the remarkable histories of two unique hamlets on Long Island’s North Fork. Along with rare views of residents at work and play, Zach writes about notables who left their marks there; for example Benjamin Franklin, whose granite mile markers have remained intact across the Kings Highway since 1755, and John Holland, father of the modern submarine, who used New Suffolk’s harbor to test his invention. Zach is a native Long Islander and museum professional with a passion for history and architecture. He has pursued a career preserving endangered landmarks across Long Island. After Middlebury, Zach entered Columbia University’s master’s program in historical preservation and graduated in ’75. • Rod Oneglia published T'Was the Night Before Hanukkah (Xlibris) last year, a book that weaves together elements of the Jewish Festival of Lights and folkloric figures of the Christian Christmas tradition. President and cofounder of Burlington Construction in Torrington, Conn., he has been writing plays and poetry and this is his first literary work of humor.

—Class Correspondents: Jennifer Hamlin Church (jbcchurch@sinaiheights.edu); Evey Zmudsky LaMont (eceylamont@primetimetransition.com).

73 A total of 65 classmates with 36 guests made it back for reunion. Despite a rainy weekend, a good time was had by all! Our class won the Gordon C. Perine ’49 Award, which is given to a reunion class other than the 25th or 50th with the greatest increase in the total class gift. Thanks to those who participated! As of this issue, Andrea Thorne is stepping down as class correspondent and Lisa Donati Mayer (lldmayer@aol.com) is taking over. Andrea writes, “What a pleasure it has been serving as a class correspondent for the past five years! 2013 marks my 30th anniversary in New York City. Since I want to leave the area sooner or later, any suggestions for altering locales would be appreciated from members of all classes.” • I (Deborah) would also like to step down and would love to hear from a classmate who would like to take over!

—Class Correspondents: Deborah Schneider Greenbut (deborah.greenbut@gmail.com); Andrea Thorne (andreethorn88@yahoo.com).
74 **REUNION CLASS** Peter Lindblad
is in private practice internal medicine
with six other physicians in Worcester, Mass. He is on the faculty at UMass Medical School
and serves on the board of trustees at the local hospital. Ann, his wife of 37 years, is VP of marketing at
Old Sturbridge Village. Their oldest son, Andy ’05 (a fourth grade teacher), and his wife gave Peter and Ann
tripllet grandchildren—two girls and a boy in January; their middle son, Matt ’07, works for Fletcher Allen
Hospital in Burlington, Vt., and their youngest son works as a trainer for eClinicalWorks, an electronic
medical records company. • **Susan Knoll** reports that she just retired from her second career as manager of
Newspapers In Education for the Las Vegas Review Journal. During her first career she taught high school
social studies and AP psych for New Jersey for 30 years. She retired in 2004; in 2008, she was named to the Hall
of Fame for Teaching. She moved to Nebraska about 10 years ago but now that she has a grandson (Elizabeth,
born in January 2012), she has been flying east regularly to see her. Susan planned to spend the summer with
her family in New Jersey and says, “I am waiting to see what the next chapter brings. I’m hoping to travel
to Vermont and stop by Middlebury sometime. I’m considering a move back east to be near family full time.”

- **Russ Anderson** is still living in Falmouth, Maine, and is planning a 37th anniversary celebration with his wife
Beth for later this year. After 30 years in the insurance/financial services industry with CIGNA and UNUM, Russ
shifted to the nonprofit sector and served for five years as president, Maine Chapter, National Multiple
Sclerosis Society. He’s now semiretired with a part-time consulting business (andersonnosolutionsllc.com)
and decided to finally put his Middlebury political science degree to good use. He recently entered the
political arena and was elected to the Falmouth Town Council as the top vote getter in the June 2013 election.
Russ also is a certified professional baseball umpire and spends a lot of time umpiring high school games in
southern Maine. Russ and Beth have three grown kids, and are expecting their first grandchild this fall.

- **Peter Colton**’s daughter Emily is in the Class of ’14 and Charlie Jackson threw a party when Colt visited
last summer. Enjoying the event were Muddy Waters, Chris and Michaela Pontoppidan Granstrom, Tom
Rich, Joan and John Morosani, Andy Jackson, Tim and Betsy Mitchell ’75, Ettchells and Woody Jackson ’70.
(Your humble secretary, Barry, was regretfully unable to attend, being in a canoe in the wolds of Canada
at the time.) Needless to say, the gathering was a noisy one—maybe a warm-up for our 40th (gasp!) reunion
next spring? • Charlie recently visited Rob McCallum and wife Diane in Seattle/Bellevue, Wash., where they
take full advantage of its great outdoor opportunities and Rob practices law. Charlie says, “Rob specializes in
tax controversy so if you just sold your fracking rights
for a bundle, keep his number handy.” Rob and Charlie

hope to organize a pre-reunion bike group to spend a day
or two on the Green Mountain passes. Perks, this
means you! • Anyone who was around Slug in fall ’71 re-
members Luigi Martinelli, the son of a great friend of
John Morosan’s father, Poppa Martinelli owned THE
hotel in Livigno, Italy. Unbeknownst to John, his father
agreed to have Luigi, who spoke no English, stay with
John at Middlebury for six months. Luigi lived at Slug
and learned English, much of it from the Bielli twins.
Luigi now owns the hotel in Livigno and hosted John’s
60th birthday party in March. In addition to John and his
wife Joan, attendees included Charlie Jackson, his
girlfriend Anne Zahneke, Betsy ’75 and Tim Ettchells
and Jane and Artie Ellison. They all learned Italian
in one week! • Don’t forget, we’ve got our 40th reunion
coming up June 6–8! We hope you can attend!

- Class Correspondents: Greg Dennis (gregdennisvt@yahoo.com), Barry Schwartz King (kinglet@gmail.com).

75 **Liz Heun** sent an update: “Ellen Leary Coccomo (who lives in Coopertown, N.Y.) and Kim Reidering (Hinesburg,
Vt.) were planning to join me (Burlington, Vt.) in a 60th birthday bash on a mountaintop in Montana.
The trek was being hosted by Robin Burnham Owen (Bozeman, Mont.) who challenged us to hike the
Beartooth Pass to commemorate the big birthday in style. Stay tuned for the report, assuming we all survive.
Rumor had it that Randy Stern might check on us, to make sure we were well entertained en route. In other
’75 news, my husband, Ben Davidson, and I joined Tom Plumb again this year in Trujillo, Honduras,
and has three children, one of whom graduated from the College as well. In his career, Stan has worked in
England, at Stony Brook, and now in Washington. Like that song lyric, “For a moment we were back at school,”
the kids from Brooklyn and the Bronx were introducing themselves, again, and talking about where they
had come from. • Several days later, Jeff Wieand
corresponded with me. Jeff and I were housemates sopho-
more year with Pedro Sanchez. Mike Costin ’77, and Karl Mautner in a private house down Route 125.
Wieand pursued his dream of getting a doctorate in philosophy and then went to law school. His niche was
consulting for business- jet buyers. He’s now involved in local politics as the chair of selectmen in Concord,
Mass. He and his spouse have two children: one now in Vietnam as an architect, and the other finishing his
senior year in college. Wieand mentioned that he still pales around with Dr. Sanchez, who teaches at that big
medical school in Boston. Sanchez inspired his young-
est son to graduate from Midd as well.

- Class Correspondents: Gene O’ Neil (otis1024@optonline.net), Betsy Sherman Walker (bws1915@uol.com), 21
Greenough Place, Newport, RI 02840

76 **Correspondent Gene O’Neill** reports:
At work I listen to a classical music station,
which recently mentioned that Shakespeare in Central Park was beginning. Delighted
at the moment to mind-travel back 35 years, I sum-
noned Stan Fields in Central Park from my mem-
ory. Fields and I were from NYC—Fields was from
Brooklyn and I was from the Bronx. After our first year
on Hepburn’s third floor, his compass directed him to
the Science Center, and mine, well, there were many
North Poles on my Middlebury compass. Nevertheless,
Fields called me one summer day, mentioned that he
was going to the park for the Shakespeare, and if I
wished to join him, he would meet me there. We went
to the theater together that evening. In the recall to
that lovely moment so many years ago, I looked up
Fields on the Web, called a number on the screen, and
left him a thanks for that bit of theater and that lovely
memory. When the Washington State sun caught up
with the New York message, Dr. Fields called me and
we charted once again. Stan is an esteemed professor
in Washington. He married a woman from Middlebury
and has three children, one of whom graduated from
the College as well. In his career, Stan has worked in
England, at Stony Brook, and now in Washington. Like
that song lyric, “For a moment we were back at school,”
the kids from Brooklyn and the Bronx were introduc-
ing themselves, again, and talking about where they
had come from. • Several days later, Jeff Wieand
corresponded with me. Jeff and I were housemates sopho-
more year with Pedro Sanchez. Mike Costin ’77, and Karl Mautner in a private house down Route 125.
Wieand pursued his dream of getting a doctorate in philosophy and then went to law school. His niche was
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77 **At the 55th Annual SoCal Journalism Awards 2013**
hosted by the Los Angeles Press Club, Tom Teicholz was awarded the prize for his Tommywood Arts and Culture columns in the category of Entertainment Reviews/Criticism/Columns. The judges commented that Tom’s work reflected “a range of topics covered within the arts, some giving historical perspective, while injecting a little levity through humor in others. His reviews are informative and engaging.” You can check out his work at tommywood.com. • Michelle Sans sent the sad news that her sister, Elaine LeBlanc-Baker, passed away on June 30 after an eight-month struggle with pancreatic cancer. Over the years Elaine worked in the computer industry and as a financial adviser. In 2003 she married Bruce Baker at Wachusett Mountain, a venue she chose so that if her nieces and nephews got bored at
78 The Class of ’87 30th reunion was a great success for the 87 classmates in attendance! The energy and cheer was impressive. The smiles didn’t stop all weekend. On Friday night, we owned McCullough, first with our dinner, and then, once again, with our very own class rock show/dance. The seven-plus-piece band (John Farmer, Tom Davis, Cori Josias, Dyann DelVecchio, Duke Lardon, Ritchie Porter, Dave Jaffray, Jim Baird, Katie Shepherd, Adele MacDonald Kristiansson) started rocking at 9:00 and didn’t finish until after 12:30! The big crowd of dancers stayed right with them, even Katie’s parents. • On Saturday, a few early risers enjoyed a yoga class with Joyce Rowe Cassidy and another group of energetic early risers did a hike to Snake Mountain. Others did a shorter hike to Bicentennial Hall to share some fascinating life experiences. Mike Abend moderated a fabulous panel discussion about life transitions with Bob Carolla, Ellen Hall Adams, Jay Harvey, Holly James, and John Sowdon. Their candor and willingness to share was greatly appreciated and the discussion that followed was wonderful. Saturday morning also included a memorial service of Bob Faust, hosted by Bern Terry and Katie Shepherd at their residence (4987 Crick Hill). Bob was a mentor to many classmates and for many years on the MCAA board, including two years as president. • Our reunion concluded with a brunch headed by 2020—we applaud!). Interface is the world’s largest manufacturer of carpet tiles, marketed under “FLOR” to consumers and “INTERFACE” to commercial and institutional users. Our former D-8 member still sings, but, alas, only in the shower! Peter and his partner saw classmates Peter Christianson and Serena Furman this past spring and they hang out frequently with Rashmini Yogaratnam and Billy Grassie in New York! • Speaking of Bill and Rashmini, the former writes to inform us that “Rashmini continues to survive and thrive at Citigroup in risk management as chair of the Global Fixed Income Commitment Committee. I recently published The New Sciences of Religion: Exploring Spirituality from the Outside In and Bottom Up (Palgrave Macmillan). My current work explores the concept of Big History—a unified understanding of the sciences and the humanities—and can be found at metanexus.net. I attended Burning Man for the first time this August, but only for the purpose of conducting anthropological research. ;-)” Bill’s daughter, Maisy, is a veterinarian doing small animal emergency care in Philadelphia. Daughter Gillian just released her third album and has moved to Berlin, Germany (“apparently a better place to be a starving artist”). You can listen to her music at gilliangrassie.com. Bill and Rashmini spent Bill’s birthday in Turkey, complete with a balloon ride in Cappadocia (now that’s how to celebrate, folks)! • My husband, Roger, and I (Debbie Fish Butler) are still in our hometown of Westfield, Mass. (though planning our permanent escape to Maine one of these days). I stay busy designing and planting gardens (my own have been on tour), writing poetry, raising money for local nonprofits, making hand-hooked rugs, and sailing on the connecticut shore. I am also starting a small business involving vintage Fenton glass and attempting to write my first musical! Son Tyler is on the path toward a doctorate in physical therapy and is moving to Boulder, Colo. Daughter Dana is our city slicker and loves all things Boston. A graduate of Boston Univ., she is in the communications/event-planning field. • Mark your calendars now for our reunion next year, June 6–8. See you then! —Class Correspondents: Debbie Fish Butler (middjc@dublipw@gmail.com); Alice Lee Openshaw (alice.openshaw@gmail.com).
In July Heather Vuillet Lende’s book If You Lived Here I Would Know Your Name rose from no. 17 to no. 7 on the New York Times bestseller list for nonfiction e-books. Heather, who still lives in Haines, Alaska, said the honor was nice to know. Her family lives in New York, and relatives are especially excited to flip open the New York Times and find her name nestled among other literary talents on the bestseller list. Marcy Parlow Pomerance says, “I read the book a while ago—it’s wonderful!”

Margaret Miller recently took a family trip to Alaska. “After cruising up the fjords from Juneau, oohing and ahhing over mountains, glaciers, whales, and sea lions, I went up to Anchorage where Jeff Clarke and Kris played host to me and my aunt and acted as official tour planners. Thanks to their suggestion, we took a small plane trip over Denali, which was breathtaking.” Her high school graduate, Ben, began school at Wheaton College in August. • Nick Gardner and wife Teresa Sanislo were blessed to adopt Jacob “Jacques” in Texas in 2012. All are well! • Mitchell Cohen sent an announcement about his most recent film project. “I was the writer and producer of a micro-budgeted independent feature entitled The Encore of Tony Duran in 2011. It’s the very relevant and redemptive story of a man at the end of his rope in the Great Recession. The film won Best Feature Film at the Santa Fe Independent Film Festival last year and also took the Jury Prize at Las Vegas, an Audience Favorite vote at the Tallgrass Festival in Kansas, and a Spirit of Independents Award from St. Lauderdale Int. Film Festival. Since then we’ve been wandering in a wilderness of financially decimated distribution companies, unable to find a decent deal, but the picture will finally be available on DVD and BluRay at Amazon and as a digital download on iTunes. By the time the magazine is published in the fall, there should also be some retail and Video-on-Demand availability as well. Promotional tour of the film is available for viewing now on YouTube.com and at www. theencoreoftonyduran.com.” • Betsy Horne Ahearn reports, “Nancy Rielle, Susan MacGregor Shaw, and I relived our post-college cross-country road trip with a get-together in San Francisco. While there, we saw Beth Stelluto Dunauer.” • Debbie Sykes Bellingham writes, “My Midd news is that my daughter Sarah ’13 married Anjan Biswas ’13. They eloped the Monday before their graduation. So, our Midd family has expanded. We are very happy for them. Daughter Elizabeth started college this fall. She is a Midd defector as well.”
she's studying mechanical engineering at RIT. "Tom Calcagni's daughter Lexi has been accepted and plans to ski for Middlebury, but she's taking a year off to train and compete. "Mary Beth Litster Cockerham was planning to take a "real two-week vacation (the first in many, many years)" with daughter Meredith in August. They were going to Europe to explore new destinations: Croatia, Athens, Santorini, and Istanbul. She was going to miss the annual trek to the Vineyard, but they were really looking forward to the adventure. Son Jeremy was invited too, but elected to stay in Boulder—he has transferred to CU and started classes there in early June. "At the end of May, Judy Osborn and son Peter enjoyed the epitome of Canadian hospitality in Prévost, Québec, at the beautiful home of Mario Barrette and his lovely wife, Barbara. Mario and Judy had lots to catch up on at their first reunion since graduation, but Peter and Barbara kept things lively, too. "Ginia Van Vranken Ziobro writes, "Our son, Geoffrey, started at Midd this fall. I am so excited. Our oldest, Dale, is a junior at Denison, which is like a Middlebury in Ohio. She studied in Kenya this summer and the whole family went over for a safari when she finished. Our youngest, Tina, is a freshman at Weston (Mass.) High School. I'm still volunteering like crazy for the Weston Education Enrichment Fund Committee and will be the parent adviser for the WHS class of 2017. Other than tennis, life is sort of boring, but boring is good!" Beth Gilmore Cameron says, "I am working in real estate on Cape Cod with Robert Paul Properties, the premier real estate firm on the Cape. I also completed a life-coaching course, which will come in handy with clients!" Bettina Bretz Terhofth reports, "We are moving to Scarborough, Maine, leaving Montreal after 21 years. The plan is to build our food business in New England and see where we end up for the next few years. Back to Canada eventually, but we are very excited about this change."

Alison McGhee writes, "In a fabulous coincidence, Minneapolis neighbors Larkin McPhee Perese and Alison McGhee, along with Larkin's husband Deniz, sons Dylan and Lucas, and Alison's daughter Devin, found themselves exploring Istanbul during the same week in April. They got together one night near Takım Square (site of current protests) and shared a wonderful dinner and lots of laughter, followed up by some tasty Turkish ice cream."

—Class Correspondents: Wendy Behringer Nelson (gomongo@bellsouth.net); Caleb Rick (crick@northcommon.com).

We had 75 classmates returning for reunion and a good time was had by all. There are a lot of great photos on our class Facebook page at facebook.com/middleburycollege and you can see and listen to classmates at sites.middlebury.edu/middmag/2013/06/11/reunion-13-tell-us-one-thing. We (Roth and Siobhan) are stepping down as correspondents and Allison Burroughs (aburroughs@nutter.com) and Victoria Goin (victoriagonin@gmail.com) are taking over. "Jackie Vanack writes, "I was hoping to come and see old friends at reunion but I was traveling on business. I'm still at SAP the largest Enterprise software company, where I'm a VP and cloud-computing evangelist for the public sector. I consult with governments around the world on how to deploy cloud computing, mobility, social media apps, and 'big data' to modernize government and drive economic growth. The confluence of these four technologies will collectively drive more job creation than the early Internet did! Right now, I am working with the Republic of Kazakhstan and China on their national cloud-computing strategies. I especially enjoy working with U.S. Departments of State and Commerce, and the White House on occasion, to promote U.S. best practices in technology to help other nations around the world. Finally, in a fun twist of fate, I'll be co-teaching an international business seminar at the Monterey Institute of International Studies—Midd's graduate school! It was totally serendipitous that a venture capitalist asked me to join him. We're still laughing about my being a Midd alum! Ah, fate. Best wishes to all. And for anyone whizzing through the San Francisco Bay Area, please do get in touch (jackie.vanack@gmail.com). Sue Baylor Kotila and I stay in touch and I'd love to connect with others here or passing through!" Ginny Wolnowicz reports that she is married and working in real estate and raising feisty three-year-old Julian who keeps "older" Ginny on her tippy toes! Julien is bilingual, soon to be multi as his favorite shows are Go, Diego, Go!; Donald, Ni Hao Kai-Lan, and the eternal, universal Mickey Mouse. Middlebury, here he comes! Like mom, Julien is an avid ocean person—future sailor?

REUNION CLASS Marc Tabah writes, "In the category of only in Vermont, 2013 commencement weekend visitors endured 40-degree temps, sideways rain, and howling winds. Across the lake, Whiteface Mountain received three feet of snow at the summit. Nevertheless, I and wife Mimi (Dalbey) '83 were very proud to watch Ben Tabah '13 walk into Nelson arena to collect his degree and Gamaliel Painter cane and step into the real world. Ben joins sister Chloe '11, in carrying on the Tabah/Dalbey Midd legacy. In attendance were my sister Agnes Tabah '81, and David '91 and Joanie Dalbey Donahue '91, making sure the siblings were well represented. Rain or shine, cold or hot, it was a great Panther celebration. Rufus and Elizabeth Eppes Winton also celebrated their graduate Eliza '13 and we clinked a glass at our favorite local haunt, Tourterelle. Meanwhile another '84 offspring, Sarah Steinle '13, also rolled her tassel to the right—however, I never did see Tom Steinle. Could it be that he was stuck in a golf cart in a legcast perhaps? Rough memory. In the category of how things never change, I got a three a.m. phone tap from Spike Quinlan after several adult beverages with Mark Friedman and Scott Strother. Needless to say I didn't pick up but was happy to hear that Paul, Scott, and Mark enjoyed some fine Utah champagne powder in Park City and even finer varietals of the red kind après skiing. Rick Makin recently tapped the improving East Coast real estate market by selling in Wilnah, Mass., and moving closer to dear old mom, Pat Hinman Makin '55, in Gloucester, Mass. He always was a momma's boy. Can't wait to visit him by the sea. David Wagstaff was spotted in New Canaan, Conn., on his way to a kid's end-of-year school play. Nice to see Wags mobile again and coping valiantly. Grant Dewey was spotted in New York hanging with hipsters, setting employee loyalty records at Citi, and still trying to conquer his demons on the golf course! He tells me daughter Charlotte '14 loves Midd."

—Class Correspondents: Elizabeth Eppes Winton (ewinton@mac.com); Andrew Zehner (andrewzehner@gmail.com).

We'd love to hear from you! Send us news! —Class Correspondents: Ruth Lohmann Davis (ruth.davis66@gmail.com); Denah Lohmann Toupin (denah@comcast.net).

A number of '86ers came together to celebrate Arne Heggen. Mark Paradis writes, "When Arne passed in August 2012, we had a great turnout for his service. Over half of our Allen 1st floor freshmen hall showed up, as well as half of Kelly 2nd from sophomore year, all KDR guys. Luke Lovesey drove 10 hours from Rochester, N.Y., despite being on call, then turned around and drove back immediately after the service. Impressive. We had a great reception with Arne's family, friends, and coworkers at the home of Dan McIntosh (not a Midd Kid, but the son of Don McIntosh, former swim coach at Midd). Dan grew up in Midd, is part owner of Forth 'n Goal, and was a good friend of many of us local Midd grads. Despite the circumstances, it was a great reunion. On May 18, Brian Buteau, Mike Patera, Dave Ballard, John Hersperger, Gary Domoracki, John Corcoran, Bob Sakaniwa, Chris Byers, and I got together for Arnefest. Brian, Bob, Chris, John, and I met Julie and Sophie (Arne's wife and daughter) at the pull off at the App Gap at noon and we hiked up to the top of the double chair of Mad River Glen. Arne and Julie had made a home just down the road and this was where Arne loved to ski and hike. We scattered some of his ashes, took some pictures, and shed a few tears. We're hoping to get together again next year and make it an annual thing. All who knew and loved Arne, or just want an excuse to come to Midd in the spring, are welcome to join in. Plan for the weekend before gradu-
REUNION CLASS Chris Dutton, an agriculture professor at Vermont Technical College, has been appointed the first director of the new Institute for Applied Agriculture and Food Systems, which was created to serve the needs of industries related to agriculture, food production, waste disposal, and energy production in Vermont and New England. • Don't forget that reunion is the weekend of June 5–8!

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

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Ed Roche, wife Phyllis Stinson, and children Maeve (10), Agnes (7), and Edward (2) have been living in Dakar, Senegal, for the past four years. Little Edward charms everyone he meets by greeting in French and Wolof. Big Ed works for the U.S. Department of the Treasury and has been seconded to Senegal’s Ministry of Finance as an advisor, helping to centralize a debt management office and provide an understanding of how government bond markets work. One week per month, Ed also manages similar work in Conakry, Guinea, working with their Ministry of Finance. Meanwhile, Phyllis has been working at their kids’ international school in Dakar in the administration and communications dept. Ed and Phyllis met as Peace Corps volunteers in Africa in the early 1980s, and Ed says, “My PC experience is undeniably as important as my technical knowledge.” Knowing what my counterparts don’t know is not as important as trying to make them aware of what they don’t know, and then convince them of the importance and the value of taking the risk of doing something different. All in all, the work has been very good but the first passion, the stage. Jim started his own theater company last year, Starry Night Theater Co., and his first show is Vincent, a one-man play written (and originally performed) by Leonard Nimoy. The initial run was in December 2012 in Pittsfield, Mass., and then it was remounted in May in Springfield, Mass. The play, based on the hundreds of letters between Vincent and brother Theo, is about the life of Vincent van Gogh as told from the point of view of Theo. Jim plays both roles. Jim is scouting out other locations and hopes to do the show not just in theaters, but also in schools and museums. For additional information and pictures of Jim dressed as Theo and Vincent, follow the link to his theater company's Facebook page: Starry Night Theater. Jim and his family have two kids, a girl (11) and a boy (8), and live in Williamstown, Mass., where they grew up. • Jim Quirk is living in Holmdel, N.J., with wife Anissa and daughters Abbey (12), Emma (10), and Rachel (7). He works for AXA/Equitable, his first and only employer since our graduation. Also, he’s entering his fourth year as an NFL official—back judge #63—so look out for him on Sundays and on Monday nights.

Clark Graninger has been living in Tokyo since 1997 and now is working as head of the retail banking and business banking groups at Aozora Bank. He’s married to Mitsuyo and has a six-year-old son, A.J. • Carl Trotto lives in Bronxville, N.Y., is a personal trainer at Equinox in Eastchester, and also runs his own fitness/personal training business. He married wife Tricia in Miami in November 2011—Tom Breddahl, Tucker Cavanaugh, Jim Quirk, Doug Meyer, and Hunt Roeder ’91 attended. • Bob Poppe lives in Charlestown, Mass., with wife Allison and 19-month-old son, Robert. He recently got together for lunch in Boston with Jim Boyle. • Gregg Beloff is living in Southborough, Mass., with wife Elizabeth, son Nick (10), and daughter Caroline (8). He sees Mike Gill every other week at their boys’ soccer games and has an annual family vacation with the families of Andy Krugman and Chris Hollander, as well as with “Uncle” Ross Smith. Gregg remains actively involved with the Special Olympics and was recognized at a Boston Celtics game in March 2012 for his leadership and fund-raising efforts for that organization. • Jeff Stoner still works for the U.S. Foreign Service and relocated with his wife, son, and daughter to Munich, Germany, in August 2012. He was last in the U.S. in 2000, and since then he’s also had assignments in Iraq, Thailand, and Japan. Earlier this year he met up with Jim Stover when Jim was passing through Munich.

Chris Awtry writes, “David King, Amos Reason, and I participated in an extreme hike for a cure on April 20. We hiked 30.1 miles on the Appalachian Trail in North Carolina to raise money to find a cure for cystic fibrosis. This event was started by Amos five years ago.”
Whitney Boglioli ’06 married Bryan Lodigiani ’05 at the Mountain Top Inn and Resort in Chittenden, Vt., on August 4, 2012, with many Midd friends in attendance: Domenick DiDomenico ’06, Brian Vickery ’05, Heather Wright Vickery ’06, Elizabeth Johnston ’06, the newlyweds, Martha Ann Underhill ’07, Brittany Potz ’06, Kristen Herzog ’06, Emily Lisbon ’06, Clark Peterson ’06, (second row) Denver Smith ’03, Eric Shirley ’05, Alexander Casnocha ’06, Tyler Bak ’06, Eric Axon ’05, and Andrew Pavoni ’06. Kelvin Roldán ’01 married Kaitlein Halloran in Hartford, Conn., on August 11, 2012, with many Midd friends in attendance: Domenick DiDomenico ’06, Brian Vickery ’05, Heather Wright Vickery ’06, Elizabeth Johnston ’06, the newlyweds, Martha Ann Underhill ’07, Brittany Potz ’06, Kristen Herzog ’06, Emily Lisbon ’06, Clark Peterson ’06, (second row) Denver Smith ’03, Eric Shirley ’05, Alexander Casnocha ’06, Tyler Bak ’06, Eric Axon ’05, and Andrew Pavoni ’06. Kelvin Roldán ’01 married Kaitlein Halloran in Hartford, Conn., on August 11, 2012. Guests who helped them celebrate included (all ’01 unless noted) best man Mathew Sorokin, the newlyweds. (second row) Corey Wilk, Kathryn Griffiths Wilk, Stephanie Oh Haley (Midd spouse), Lois and George Stark (parents of the late Daniel Stark), (third row) Francisco Peschiera, Erin Sussman Peschiera, Andrew Haley, Matthew Markowski, Bob Bryan, Dauvin Peterson, and Vidisha Peterson (Midd spouse). Friends from the Class of 2008 held a girls’ weekend in Baltimore, Md.: Franny Bohar, Lisa Gerstenberger Strauss ’06, Tricia Meltzer ’07, Jen Williams ’07, Molli Freeman-Lynde ’08, Laura Budzyna ’08, and Ben Grimmnitz ’08. Two Midd geography majors—50 years apart—met at a Planned Parenthood Southwest Oregon informational gathering where Elissa Denton ’06 spoke about PPSO’s Teen Outreach Program. Among those present to learn more about PPSO was a delighted Stan Hayward ’56.

Sarah Wilson ’08 married Joshua Sklarsky on August 11, 2012, at Jenckes Farm in Marlboro, Vt. Midd alums joining the happy couple for a wonderful celebration were (kneeling) Lynn Gray-Meltzer ’07, (first row) Daniel Watson-Jones ’06, Eimer Feighery ’09, Lisa Gerstenberger Strauss ’08, Liz Huntley ’08, Marie Lucci ’08, the newlyweds, Patricia Wilson ’77, (second row) Colin Meltzer ’05, Luke Strauss ’07, Meira Lifson ’07, Jen Williams ’07, Molli Freeman-Lynde ’08, Laura Budzyna ’08, and Ben Grimmnitz ’08. Two Midd geography majors—50 years apart—met at a Planned Parenthood Southwest Oregon informational gathering where Elissa Denton ’06 spoke about PPSO’s Teen Outreach Program. Among those present to learn more about PPSO was a delighted Stan Hayward ’56.

Amy Shepard, Sarah Calvert, and Dana Isaac. Last fall Brian iggulden ’71, Jim Glynn ’71, John Boothroyd ’71, and Vidisha Peterson (Midd spouse) helped them celebrate included (all ’01 unless noted) best man Mathew Sorokin, the newlyweds. (second row) Corey Wilk, Kathryn Griffiths Wilk, Stephanie Oh Haley (Midd spouse), Lois and George Stark (parents of the late Daniel Stark), (third row) Francisco Peschiera, Erin Sussman Peschiera, Andrew Haley, Matthew Markowski, Bob Bryan, Dauvin Peterson, and Vidisha Peterson (Midd spouse). Friends from the Class of 2008 held a girls’ weekend in Baltimore, Md.: Franny Bohar, Lisa Gerstenberger Strauss ’06, Tricia Meltzer ’07, Jen Williams ’07, Molli Freeman-Lynde ’08, Laura Budzyna ’08, and Ben Grimmnitz ’08. Two Midd geography majors—50 years apart—met at a Planned Parenthood Southwest Oregon informational gathering where Elissa Denton ’06 spoke about PPSO’s Teen Outreach Program. Among those present to learn more about PPSO was a delighted Stan Hayward ’56.
Their twin 13-year-old daughters Helen and Sophie enjoyed Europe but are happy to be back in the U.S.

- Lesley Humphreys writes, “I’ve been in Baltimore for (I can’t believe it) about the last 12 years! I’m an interaction designer with a consultancy out of Columbia, Md., that specializes in user-centered design and the semantic Web. This year we were a sponsor of the Information Architecture Summit in Baltimore and I attended for the first time and participated in a panel. Also found out that information architects love them some karaoke (maybe next year). In addition: I’m serving on the board of Baltimore Heritage (historic preservation advocacy and outreach), spending time with my nephew and niece whenever I can, running with Back on My Feet Baltimore (when middle-aged knees permit), and just generally enjoying myself! Thanks to Lucy Randolph Liddell, I saw Jeff ’92 and Holly Beardwood Noordsy and Sara Brenner Barry when they were passing through Baltimore. Definitely highlights of the year to get reconnected with them!”

— Class Correspondents: Marika Holmgren (holmgren.marika@gmail.com); Lucy Randolph Liddell (lucy.liddelly7@gmail.com).
This is my script and Playbill from King Lear at the Public Theater in Central Park in 2011. I was Cordelia. The actor playing Lear was Sam Waterston. I have long been a fan of his from his work on Law & Order.

The Cabin in the Woods premiered at South By Southwest and the poster art was all over Austin when we were there. I bought the DVD (still in the wrapper) at a video store in Montclair, New Jersey, which is where I am from.

I work with amazing people on House of Cards. I have learned so much from director David Fincher and actor Corey Stoll about being tenacious as an actor, about not being satisfied with something until you have the best version of it. I think of their advice when working on other projects; would they be satisfied to move on? If not, I ask for another take.

We took this picture right after my Middlebury graduation. That's my mom and dad, Melinda and Bill Connolly, and my brothers, Jimmy and Will. I remember feeling tired from staying up to finish my final papers, but so excited to have my whole family at Midd.

My book of Italian phrases from my all-time favorite family vacation to Italy. I love Rome!

Our family dogs dressed up for Halloween; Casey as the bride and Pete as Superman.
Miller, Kate Bailey French, Nicole Krieger, Ben and Kelly Rivers Small, Pam Daigle Ault, Blakeley Murrell-Liland, Ellen Raynor, Liz Craig, Nina Silver, Stefanie Gottlieb Fischer, Amy Stuart, and others danced under the bright stars. If you didn't have a chance to make it back to Midd for this reunion, don't worry; our milestone 25th reunion will be here before you know it. • As of this issue Laura LeClair is stepping down as class correspondent. She has been a great asset to the job. Many thanks to her for helping out and we wish her the best! • Class Correspondents: Maria Diaz (latinawriting@gmail.com); Laura LeClair (clydab@gmail.com).

REUNION CLASS Scott Godes recently joined Barnes & Thornburg’s Washington, D.C., office as a partner in the litigation dept. and the policyholder insurance recovery and coverage group. He’s assisted many clients over the years with insurance coverage issues and was the co-lead counsel in a landmark class action trial that was the first of its kind to determine that insurance coverage was available, without aggregate limits, for thousands of asbestos claims. • Congratulations to Todd Gregory, who was named the 2013 Physician of the Year at the Rutland (Vt.) Regional Medical Center. The medical director of the emergency dept., he was cited by his peers for his work in revitalizing the department. He and wife Carolyn have two sons, William and Thomas.

— Class Correspondents: Mary Strife Cairns (mcaims@middlebury.edu); Gene Swift (geneswift@gmail.com).

Since our 20th reunion is coming soon (no sense hiding from it now!), we decided to start asking our classmates for their memories of our years at Middletown, as well as their news. Be sure to send your memories along to JP or Emily and join the fun. See you at reunion in 2015! • Shannon Anderson-Finch and husband Jeffrey welcomed their first child, Oliver Daniel, into their lives in October 2012. Shannon continues in her role as a senior manager at Deloitte Consulting following completion of a two-year expat assignment in India. Shannon, Jeffrey, and Oliver live in Austin, Texas, and welcome visitors! Shannon remembers being overtaken by snow during the Blizzard of ‘92. “I was crossing campus one evening and fell straight down into snow over my head. I think the snow was drizzling over stairs or a ditch, so that it looked level on top and disguised the ground underneath. There were no St. Bernards in sight, so I had to dig myself out.” • North of the border in Vancouver, Canada, Rob Nathan is working as a freelance industrial designer. He would love to lend his expertise to Midd classmates in need of help with products, displays, etc. Check him out at www.4139design.com. Rob lives with his wife, Patricia, and their children Alia (“who is talking up a storm”) and her older brother, Asher (“who is keeping busy arguing with us about everything!”). One of Rob’s memories of our years at Middletown was getting asked the same question every weekend: “Dude, you don’t drink?” Ironically, Rob says, he is still getting asked the exact same question. • Julie Moriarity McDonough sends her news and memories: “I’m still living in Natick, Mass., and staying home with our kids, Natalie (6), Peter (5), and Claire (4). A Midd memory? Midnight Breakfast during exam week. What an amazing spread Proctor managed to put out at midnight. Now it’s hard to imagine staying up until midnight, let alone eating a full breakfast and returning back to the dorm to study more!”

— Class Correspondents: Emily Atkenhead Hammon (hammon.emily@gmail.com); JP Watson (jpwatson@heritagehawks.org).

Jen Kahn Hamilton sent an update: “I live in Carbondale, Colo., (and am married to Matt ’99) and I teach first grade at Glenwood Springs Elementary School. I have two sons, ages 9 and 4. I ski, run, and bike a bunch with Kate Bishop, who also lives in Carbondale. From time to time we also get to hang out with Coert and Molly Campbell ’97 Forberes when they are in the area!” • Living in Freeport, Maine, Lindsay Luttton Sterling runs Immigrant Kitchens, a growing media project and cooking school. She asks immigrants to teach her how to cook their favorite foods from their homelands and then documents the original family recipes (and the stories of how they came here) from all over the world. Stories are broadcast through various media channels including newspapers, radio, TV, and online. The cooking school has drawn hundreds of individuals to a small community center in Freeport, all to learn how to cook authentic foods from around the world. Working under the simple premise that food brings people together, the cooking school has raised over $6,000 for charitable causes. • Jim Bruce has directed and produced Money for Nothing: Inside the Federal Reserve, a feature-length documentary about America’s central bank and its impact on our economy and our society. Besides showing it in theaters around the country he has also taken it to several film festivals, including the Vancouver Film Festival this fall.

— Class Correspondents: Megan Shuttack (meganmshuttack@gmail.com).

Jade Star Lackey is having a busy year. He says, “I was promoted to associate professor in the geology dept. at Pomona College this past spring and my daughter Sigrid “Siri”—who shares my same birth date—turned three; and brother Finn (6) wrapped up kindergarden. I caught up with Midd geology grad Emily Onasch Walsh and John Garver ’83 in April when they visited for a conference we hosted, and a couple of years ago, the family and I visited Bea Karpini in Budapest while in central Europe for a conference. I’m often reminded of Middlebury here in Claremont, Calif., when Midd tennis teams visit for nationals, and scores of high school students descend upon the Pomona campus each summer for the Middlebury-Monterey Language Academy. In the last couple of years, we were sorry to see Midd friends Chris Sinton ’88 (Midd geo as well) and Susan Parsons ’01 abandon us to head back to the Northeast, but there are many others in the L.A. area that I need to look up. If you are passing through the area, please look us up.” • In baby news, Amy Smith Johnson and husband Jeremy welcomed their third child and first son—Cole Magnus—on May 10. Cole joins big sisters Page (7) and Brynn (4), who are thrilled to dote on their new baby brother! • Jackie Pelton Hodgland re-united on Round Pond in Freedom, N.H., with sophomore roommate Katie Rosm-Green for a few days this summer with their husbands and five kids between them. • Send us your updates!

— Class Correspondents: Jennifer Gelb Carbee (jgelb@yahoo.com); Catherine Mitchell Wieman (cmitchell99@hotmail.com).

Kate Howard Wagner writes, “After my ob/gyn residency ended in 2010, my husband, Phil, and I bought his parents’ farm in Bridport (12 miles west of Middlebury). I joined Addison Associates in Ob/Gyn, and we started Wagner Ranch, LLC. We sell natural Vermont beef, pork, and poultry, as well as hay. In February 2012 we brought our daughter, Molly, into the world to join big brother, Liam (8). Anna Benvenuto ’00 joined me in practice last summer. We are having a blast!”

— Class Correspondents: Katie Whittlesey Comstock (katie.comstock@smu.edu); Nate Johnson (natejohn9@gmail.com).

REUNION CLASS Christina Norris-Watts writes, “My husband and I welcomed a bouncing baby girl to the family in February: Maria Elena Kailani is the light of my life. I’m home with her in New Jersey for the next few months and then will be returning to my job in NYC with an international financial services company in their organizational development and training team, focusing specifically on recruitment and selection.” • Heather Kenney Elkins writes, “My husband, Charlie, and I welcomed our first child, Graham Martin Elkins, on February 27. He was born exactly five weeks before Jill Rahall Proctor’s son Calvin and they’ve become fast friends during yoga classes and hikes with their moms in Boulder, Colo. Graham also got to hang out with Joanna Hooper Sattler’s little boy, Eli, when she and her husband made an early summer trip to Colorado.” • Matt Saxton and wife Sara welcomed their daughter Anna Tenaya Saxton on March 17 in Washington, D.C. • Tim Morse completed his oral and maxillofacial surgery residency at
Class Acts

the Univ. of Minnesota on June 29. He’s practicing in the Twin Cities area with the Dakota Valley Oral and Maxillofacial Surgery Group. On completion of residency he happily resumed family life, cycling, skiing, fishing, and hunting. • Jessica Riley ‘98 visited Hedda Berntsen in Norway for a week in June for the launch of the Play Spirits’ Playground “Hide and Seek Game.” Hedda hopes to inspire people everywhere to go out-side and play in nature. She hopes to collect one million photographs of people playing hide and seek from around the world. Join the game with Hedda at www.playspirits.com. Jessica’s company, Kitanie Coloring Books, published The Play Spirits’ Playground Games and Coloring Book at www.kitanie.com. • Jed Harris was recently elected as a board member of the Maine Real Estate & Development Association, a statewide organization of commercial real estate owners, developers, and related service providers. He operates his own real estate investment firm, North Atlantic Properties.

Nominated by President Obama, Brian Deese was confirmed as the deputy director of the White House Office of Management and Budget. • After 2.5 years as chief of staff to the Arkansas attorney general, Blake Rutherford has moved to the McLarty Companies as VP advising on communications, strategy, and social responsibility. Blake and wife Jessica, the weeknight news anchor for the NBC affiliate, are enjoying life in Little Rock. • Toby Dougherty Russell and wife Whitney are pleased to announce the arrival of daughter Serianna Sophia Dougherty Russell, who was born on June 5. Congratulations! • Josh Nothwang and wife Lori welcomed daughter Lila Jane Nothwang on February 8 in Boulder, Colo. Josh reports that Lila is settling in well and Lori is making the whole thing look easy. • Anna Tiven Sachs and husband Rob are happy to announce the birth of their third child, Madeleine Elizabeth. Madeleine and big brother Benjamin are keeping their parents very busy! • Lauren and Stephen Messinger welcomed Penelope Anne Messinger into the world on May 28. She’s cute as a button, she’s got a mean left foot, and she’s already campaigning for Carnival Queen 2035. • Kevin King writes, “I will be serving as a law clerk for Justice Antonin Scalia, on the Supreme Court of the United States, during the Court’s 2013-2014 term.” • Tasha Eurich has published a book called Bankable Leadership: Happy People, Bottom-Line Results, and the Power to Deliver Both. With a PhD in industrial-organizational psychology from Colorado State Univ., she is a workplace psychologist, speaker, author, and president of the Eurich Group. She works with large Fortune 500 organizations, helping to improve the effectiveness of their leaders and teams and she also serves on the faculty of the Center for Creative Leadership.

We had 124 classmates return to campus for reunion and despite the rain, a good time was had by all! At this time I’d like to step down as class correspondent and would love to have a couple of people take over. Let me know if you’re interested or contact the alumni editor, Sara Marshall (smarshall@middlebury.edu), if you’d like more information.

Francisco and Erin Sussman Peschiera welcomed daughter Natalia on April 6. • Peter Day sent word that folks can check out songs from his first solo project, entitled Break Down the Heavy, on iTunes and at peterdaymusic.com.

Kyle Wheale MacDougall and husband Cameron welcomed son Carter MacDougall last winter. Carter joined his sister Dylan in being one of the tallest newborn children on Manhattan’s Upper West Side. • Chigozie Ogwuegbu-Stephens got hitched this summer celebrating two ceremonies: a Nigerian traditional wedding and a conventional Christian church ceremony. Chigozie is contemplating a third ceremony where he will exchange his vows while skydiving and sporting an Elvis costume. • Anne Alfano is moving to Washington, D.C., to continue her culinary crusade and open a farm-to-table prepared foods store with charcuterie, healthy fare, baked goods, comfort food, sandwiches, beer, wine, and coffee. The new spot will be called the Little Red Fox. You might catch Anne sporting fox ears and foxy facial fur to entice customers, but the Health Dept. might not let this fly! • On September 20, 2011, Alison Hertel Reuter and husband Michael welcomed their second child, Madeleine Elizabeth. Madeleine and big brother Benjamin are keeping their parents very busy! • Lauren and Stephen Messinger welcomed Penelope Anne Messinger into the world on May 28. She’s cute as a button, she’s got a mean left foot, and she’s already campaigning for Carnival Queen 2035. • Kevin King writes, “I will be serving as a law clerk for Justice Antonin Scalia, on the Supreme Court of the United States, during the Court’s 2013-2014 term.” • Tasha Eurich has published a book called Bankable Leadership: Happy People, Bottom-Line Results, and the Power to Deliver Both. With a PhD in industrial-organizational psychology from Colorado State Univ., she is a workplace psychologist, speaker, author, and president of the Eurich Group. She works with large Fortune 500 organizations, helping to improve the effectiveness of their leaders and teams and she also serves on the faculty of the Center for Creative Leadership.

In a Boston Business Journal article about emerging leaders, Lauren Ready, who is the marketing and talent management initiatives director at the International Consortium for Executive Development Research (ICEDR), was profiled. She interviewed 60 top women executives from 20 companies in 19 countries to have them share the lessons they’ve learned along the way and then produced a 42-page report called “Taking Charge.” ICEDR presents advice from “Taking Charge” to young women at companies and business schools in different cities around the world.

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Class Correspondents: Melissa Prazuing Miraski (mprazuing@yahoo.com); Peter Steinberg (captpuny9@gmail.com).

— Class Correspondents: David Babington (davidbabington@gmail.com); Lindsay Simpson (simpsonlindsay@yahoo.com).

— Class Correspondents: Julia Herwood Breedon (julia.breedon@gmail.com); Athenia (Tina) Fischer-Rodney (prince11328@yahoo.com).

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The autumn leaves are turning colors while too many of us are turning into old men and women and turning 30. To help alleviate the stress and anxiety, there have been many happy and exciting events to report. • Josh and Francesca Filippelli Carson took a long overdue honeymoon in California. They visited many members of the Class of ’06, including Jessica Hallett, who works at the San Francisco County Public Defender’s Office. They enjoyed California, but Josh had some trouble handling the California sun and paid the price with an epic burn, the result of a day outdoors shucking oysters in Tomales Bay. • Michele Bergofsky married Gerry Hornok at her alma mater, Phillips Exeter Academy. There was of course another tremendous showing of Middlebury friends and family. And of course, Aileen was also in attendance. • As was mentioned in a previous issue, Channing Weymouth took a well-deserved vacation in California. She did a fantastic job of not informing anyone of her specific arrival times or travel plans until the day she landed at SFO. Additionally, even though we asked you all to reach out to her in Philly, she couldn’t make any friends and had to relocate to Boston, where she will be teaching at St. Marks. • Also in Boston is David Jackson, who is studying at Harvard Business School. • Remy Mansfield married Piya Kashyap ’07 at Riverside Farm in Pittsfield, Vt. • Guests were welcomed with an Indian feast, including freshly baked naan made in portable tandos. Many Middlebury guests were in attendance. • Michael Kagan and Josh White and some friends took an amazing trip to Southeast Asia earlier in the year. Kagan was walking around with some wispy facial hair that he was trying to call a mustache. • Finally, I (Alex) am happy to report that my co-correspondent Jack Donaldson...
Our 5th reunion was a huge success! With over 300 attendees, we had a blast reliving the college days in the Coffrin and Ross dorms. Check out the Midd alumni website for some great reunion photographs and our 2008 class photo (and photo-crashers). • At Convocation, the Class of 2008 laughed along to a hilarious speech by Matt Boucher and we were the proud recipients of the Parton Family Award for the reunion class other than 50th or 55th with the greatest increase in participation; and the Governor McCullough Reunion Trophy Cup for highest percentage of classmates returning for reunions. It's never too early to start planning for our 10-year, so mark your calendars for (gulp) June 2018. • Tyler Lohman agreed that one of the biggest highlights of the summer was making it back to Midd for the 5-year reunion and seeing all the familiar faces and reliving a couple college nights. In the working world, Tyler and his team just opened Dos Toros #4 (a delicious NYC-based Taqueria) in Williamsburg to a very welcoming crowd. The rest of 2013 and early 2014 should be very exciting with the opening of a fifth in the World Financial Center's Brookfield Plaza and a possible Washington, D.C., location as well. Check out their website and plan out a visit next time you're in the area. • Back in Middlebury, Erin McCormick just accepted the position of digital marketing manager with Middlebury Interactive Languages, a tech-education start-up in Middlebury that is the leader in world language learning for the K-12 market. • Also in Midd, Abby Blum began working in February in College Admission as the assistant director of annual giving. • Also on the move, Louis Lobel moved from Madrid to Austin, Texas, for law school and worked as a summer associate at a firm called Baker Bott. He also saw a bunch of Middlebury kids when he officiated the 5-year reunion and seeing all the familiar faces and reliving a couple college nights. • Jake McComb recently completed graduate school at the Unic. of Maryland and now works for the federal government doing oversight at defense nuclear facilities. He often spends time in D.C. with Midd alums Joel Martinez, Daniel Streitfeld, and Meredith Downing. Several times over the summer, he's hit the trails in Rock Creek Park with Midd XCers Dan Kaufman '09 and Dan Berkman '06. • Elyse McNiff is picking up and leaving Boston, Mass., and moving to Denver to work for Sympoz, a start-up that produces online courses. She will be running the jewels of the company focuses on the development of the patent pending Solana Solar Resource Innovation Process (STRIP). He lives in NYC with his wife. • Haley Gilbert graduated with her MBA from the Tuck School of Business at Dartmouth this past June and began work at OC&C Strategy Consultants. • Chris Pelliccia and Lori Melfi were married at the Downingtown (Pa.) Country Club on May 18, with many Midd alums in attendance. • Lindsay Brush got married on July 5 in Grand Isle, Vt., to a UVU/ UVA alum, who she met in Jackson Hole, Wyo. Guests from our class included Tara Martin, Lindsay Linton, Laura Giebink (who were all bridesmaids), Andrew Everett, and Scott Coriell. Lots of other Midd alums were in attendance, including sister Kelly Brush Davison '08 and husband Zeke '08, as well as her father Charlie Brush '69 and aunt Shannon Seaton Boyd '87. • After traveling a month throughout India, including a week for Sarah Shaikh's wedding in Chennai, Mary Frederickson moved to Chapel Hill in April to pursue a one-year master's of accounting program at UNC's Kenan-Flagler Business School. She was reliving the glory days of senior year with Sara Dewey, who was also in the area finishing up her master's at Duke, as well as Lisa Yuo, a second-year student at Kenan-Flagler.

—Class Correspondents: Rebecca Feinberg (feinberg.rebecca@gmail.com); Nura Suleiman (nura.suleiman@gmail.com); Isabel Tordan (icyordan@gmail.com).
We wish the best of luck to all of our classmates starting new phases of their postgrad careers. Andrew Durfee was accepted into the officer candidate school for the U.S. Army after working at an environmental consulting firm in Denver. He recently graduated from basic training and is now training at Ft. Benning, Ga. He writes, “My hopes are to be branched to infantry when upon graduation (still have close to a year of training left) I will be a second lieutenant in charge of a platoon of soldiers stationed wherever the government sees fit to send me. These are only the first few steps of an amazing adventure that I am thrilled to have begun.” Sarah Simonds moved to White River Junction, Vt., in July to take a position as energy and transportation program manager at Vital Communities, a nonprofit serving the Upper Valley region of Vermont and New Hampshire. After graduating from the CASA program in May 2012, Chris Opila interned as a resettlement caseworker at the Refugee Legal Assistance Project (RLAP) at St. Andrew’s Refugee Services in Cairo, Egypt. He is now a legal adviser at RLAP and the Cairo staffer for the Iraqi Refugee Assistance Project (IRAP). He supervises a team of intern caseworkers who refer at-risk refugees to the UNHCR for resettlement consideration and remotely helps Iraqi refugees prepare USCIS resettlement applications and appeals. Outside of work, he is attempting to learn French, starting a vegetable garden on his balcony, and exploring the wonders of baking with a sourdough starter. In December 2012, Cedar Attanasio moved to San Francisco, where he is writing and editing online for clients including Ellen Raynor ’93. He continues to pursue long-form writing projects related to alternative energy, immigration, San Francisco culture, and Brazil. He also notes that his summer travel plans included attending Burning Man, where he was a member of the Enthighened Beings still-walking camp. He says he was still walking, fire spinning, and “thinking of my dear Flying Fists Juggling Club.” The Class of 2011 already boasts some great new teachers. Kathleen Cyr is acting as an assistant language teacher in Hirakawa City in northern Japan. Laurel Taylor is doing the same in Date City and Greg Amioka in Sapporo City. Elise Cohen is teaching Spanish for the Asperger Program at by怎么样 in Rockville, Md. Several of our classmates have headed back to school: Danielle Kruse joined the Stony Brook Univ. School of Medicine entering class of 2013. Matt Sunderland is pursuing a PhD in mathematics at CUNY Grad Center. Connor Wood left WhistlePig Whiskey to start a master’s in wildlife ecology at the University of Maine. After working as an actor in New York for the past two years, Cori Hundt was off to London this fall to get her MA in classical acting at the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art. She’s super excited to be in a new city and is classmates again with Willy McKay, as he also started the same program. Sally Ryan was named an assistant coach for Caldwell College’s women’s lacrosse team, which is making its NCAA Div. II debut in the spring. Melissa Segil and Alex Jopek spent the past year skiing and farming in beautiful Whitefish, Mont. Melissa worked at a conservation focused nonprofit, Whitefish Legacy Partners, and led for Overland in Costa Rica this summer. This fall Alex headed to Cornell to begin his master’s in architecture. Hope everyone had great summers and, as always, we would be thrilled to hear from you! Send updates to midd2011@gmail.com.
— Class Correspondents: Ashley Cheung (cheung.ash@gmail.com); Carly Lynch (cllynch489@gmail.com).
Virginia Rich Woodman, 97, of Frederick, Md., on November 28, 2012. At Middlebury she was in Kappa Kappa Gamma and remained active in Alumni of Kappa Kappa Gamma. After raising her son, she took a course in remedial reading at Hood College and did remedial tutoring for many years. In 1968 she began working at Hood College as the director of placement, retiring in 1985 after 15 years in career planning and placement. Predeceased by husband Charles ’35, she is survived by son Chris and wife Julieanne, three granddaughters, and two great-grandsons.

John B. Crawford, 92, of Weston, Mass., on December 1, 2012. A Delta Upsilon at Middlebury, he also played tennis, football, and basketball. During WWII he served in the Army with the 12th Infantry Regiment, 4th Infantry Division, and received his battlefield commission to second lieutenant at St. Vith, Belgium. He was awarded three Bronze Battle Stars, the Silver Star medal, and a Purple Heart. He founded his own import company, Bandwagon, where he worked well into his 80s. He was an accomplished tennis player and an adventurer who trekked to the base camps of Annapurna and Everest. He is survived by wife Sarah (Cushing), daughters Nancy ’70 and Carol, son Douglas, and five grandchildren, including Luke Woods ’07 and Elizabeth Crawford Sutcliffe ’10.

M. Suzanne Milholland MacArthur, 92, of Portland, Maine, on November 3, 2012. A Phi Mu at Middlebury, she spent a year after graduation at Katherine Gibbs School and worked several secretarial jobs. In 1959 she began her teaching career at Wyoming Seminary Day School in Pennsylvania, teaching third grade. She also taught at Hackley School in Tarrytown, N.Y., and for two years in Greenwich, Conn. Predeceased by husband Kenneth, she is survived by sons Charles and Kenneth, two grandsons, and two great-grandchildren.

Norma Winberg Unsworth, 93, of Fort Myers, Fla., on November 4, 2012. At Middlebury she was a member of Sigma Kappa and the Mountain Club. After WWII, she and her husband settled in Burlington, Vt., where she concentrated on raising their four children. In retirement, they lived in Florida, first in Key Vt., where she concentrated on raising their four children. In retirement, they lived in Florida, first in Key West then at Shell Point Retirement Community in West Palm Beach, Fl. She was an accomplished tennis player and an adventurer who trekked to the base camps of Annapurna and Everest. He is survived by wife Sarah (Cushing), daughters Nancy ’70 and Carol, son Douglas, and five grandchildren, including Luke Woods ’07 and Elizabeth Crawford Sutcliffe ’10.

Lois Hofmann Blittersdorf, 90, of Pittsford, Vt., on November 24, 2012. Active in Phi Mu, field hockey, and tennis at Middlebury, she left after two years and completed her bachelor’s in history at age 73 at the College of St. Joseph in Rutland, Vt. After raising her children, she obtained her realtor’s license and ran her own realty for 25 years. An avid historian, she served as the president of the Pittsford Historical Society. She is survived by former husband Harold, daughter Bonnie, sons John, Jim, David, and Jeff, seven grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Elizabeth Jones Glover, 91, of Auburn, Mass., on November 27, 2012. She worked as a lab technician in the Boston area before taking secretarial classes and working as secretary for research groups at Arthur D. Little, Harvard, and MIT. She then worked for many years at St. Monica’s Home, first as the medical record librarian then as the activities director. She loved music and was an accomplished artist. Predeceased by husband Fred, she is survived by three stepchildren and many nephews and nieces, including Ann Jones-Weinstock ’51. Deceased Middlebury relatives include brother Walter Jones ’41.

Agnes Fink Richardson, 88, of East Longmeadow, Mass., on November 20, 2012. A Phi Mu at Middlebury, she earned her master’s in women’s studies from Pacific Lutheran Univ. in Tacoma, Wash. She was an active volunteer, especially in grassroots politics and a children’s hospital auxiliary. Predeceased by first husband Bruce Kelley and second husband John Richardson, she is survived by sons Bruce, John, and Armour, nine grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Barbara Harvan Mack, 86, of West Addison, Vt., on November 20, 2012. A Kappa Delta at Middlebury, she was involved in Pi Beta Phi and skiing. While raising her children, she was an active volunteer with PTA, League of Women Voters, her church, and Cleveland International Program. She served as president of Cleveland Planned Parenthood and was on the board of the Brush Foundation, a local foundation with a specific interest in reproductive health. Predeceased by husband Bob and sister Nancy Finley Garrett ’47, she is survived by son John and daughter Jane.

Kaye Sturges Trimmer, 83, of Stamford, Conn., on August 3, 2011. A Delta Delta Delta at Middlebury, she did training for Macy’s after graduation. Earning a master’s in education, she taught sixth grade for 25 years before retiring. Moving to North Carolina, she volunteered and began part-time work scoring student essays for Measurement Inc. Eventually she began full-
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.

Dorothy A. Major ’34 .............................................July 24, 2013
Malcolm E. Gross ’36 ...........................................June 28, 2013
Ruth Furness Lombardy ’37 ..............................August 13, 2013
John E. Cridland ’38 .............................................July 22, 2013
Eugene Steim ’38 ....................................................June 12, 2013
T. Holmes Moore ’42 .............................................August 18, 2013
John G. Barmbiy ’43 .............................................August 25, 2013
Harold G. Walch ’43 ...............................................July 22, 2013
Shirley Earl Banta ’44 .............................................August 18, 2013
Paul E. Crocke ’44 ....................................................July 21, 2013
Mildred Brandner Naugle ’44 ..........................August 25, 2013
Gordon E. Mathews ’45 .......................................June 29, 2013
Kenneth T. Moore ’45 ...........................................July 16, 2013
John A. Heywood ’47 ............................................July 15, 2013
Katherine Spaulding Ragone ’48 ....................July 2, 2013
David E. Smith ’48 ...............................................August 30, 2013
Robert W. Herdman ’50 .......................................August 25, 2013
Eugenia Reinbrecht Parker ’50 ............................July 17, 2013
Charlotte Clark Hay ’51 .......................................June 16, 2013
Myron M. Hunt ’51 ...............................................July 30, 2013
Alexander S. Jannone ’51 ......................................August 31, 2013
Knight H. Washburn ’52 .......................................August 27, 2013
Janet Nutt Lumpke ’53 ........................................September 3, 2013
David Y. Parker ’53 ...............................................July 12, 2013
Parmelia Willard de Winter ’54 ..........................June 15, 2013
Malcolm Davidson ’55 ...........................................September 4, 2013
Willard S. Heminway ’55 ......................................July 24, 2013
Gerard F. Trudeau ’55 ..........................................September 8, 2013
Suzanne E. Babbidge ’57 ......................................July 25, 2013
Elizabeth A. Andrews ’60 .................................July 27, 2013
Anne McKenzie Jounlait ’60 .........................September 6, 2013
Michael Sevareid ’62 ..........................................August 4, 2013
Christopher V. Smith ’65 ....................................July 7, 2013
Betsy Eckelid ’71 ...............................................August 13, 2012
Elaine LeBlanc-Baker ’77 .....................................June 30, 2013
W. Fred Jenkins Jr. ’78 .........................................March 17, 2013
Jennifer Croland Luethe ’85 ..............................January 2, 2013
Vincent S. Zaccollela ’87 ......................................June 27, 2013
Sean D. Brady ’91 ...............................................August 15, 2013

GRADUATE SCHOOLS
Frances Hall King, MA English ’72 .........................July 25, 2013
Ann Walker Masse, MA English ’72 .......................July 3, 2013
Ruby McLeod Fricks, MA French ’49 ..................August 23, 2013
Joseph F. Di Otio, MA French ’64 ...........................July 5, 2013
John M. Cardoso, MA French ’75 ..........................August 5, 2013
Maria S. Minkoff, MA French ’88 ..........................July 19, 2013
Renate Hausmann Sherwin, MA German ’75 .......August 13, 2013
Adriana Fabbrini Gibbs, DML Italian ’83 ...............August 2, 2013
Robert A. Carlone, MA Spanish ’58 ......................July 2, 2013
Alfred C. Schmalz, MS Chemistry ’51 ....................June 25, 2013

Robert G. Chadwick, 89, of Giddings, Texas, on December 14, 2012. During WWII he served in the Army as a second lieutenant in the field artillery. A Theta Chi at Middlebury he had a 40-year career as a quality control executive for companies such as Picker XRay Corp., General Electric, and NCR Corp., as well as NASA in the Apollo Support Division. He was a member of the American Society for Quality and served as chairman, teacher, and lecturer. Predeceased by first wife Hazel (Evans), he is survived by wife Anne (Teague) ’49, daughters Judith, Linda, Nancy, and Joanne, son Robert, nine grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Robertta Pfaff Lonergan, 80, of Middletown, N.J., on November 28, 2012. She was an expert seamstress, avid bridge player, accomplished baker, and an advocate for the less fortunate. She volunteered with Bithright. Predeceased by husband Thomas, she is survived by sons Michael, Stephen, James, Kevin, and Mark, daughters Catherine, Lisa, Erin, Mary/Ane, Joanne, Leslie, Kerry, and Chris, and five grandchildren.

Wayne B. Daniels, 80, of Boulder, Colo., on December 1, 2012. A Theta Chi at Middlebury, he joined the Marine Corps officer training program and served as a Marine Corps/Naval aviator for 20 years, retiring from the Reserves as a lieutenant colonel. With a master’s in science from the Univ. of Colorado, he began his teaching career at Casey Junior High School. He then taught geology and physics at Fairview High School in Boulder until he retired in 1989. After retiring he taught flying out of Jefferson County Airport for over 10 years. He is survived by wife Jane (Becene), daughters Katherine ’84 and Caroline, and five grandchildren. Deceased Middlebury relatives include nephew David Goodrow ’88.

Thomas D. Richardson, 85, of Eastham, Mass., on November 23, 2013. During WWII he served in the Navy. After a position as VP at both J.P. Morgan and Marsh & McLennan, he had a long and successful career in wealth management and insurance with a private family office on Wall Street. Predeceased by first wife Lieselotte (Schrann), he is survived by wife Dorothy (Rees), children Brian, Dana, and Lisa, four stepchildren, and many grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Edward J. Copping, 85, of Reading, Mass., on December 14, 2012. At Middlebury he was the captain of the 1951 championship baseball team. After graduation he served in the Army during the Korean War. He had a long, successful career in sales in the paper industry, retiring in 1996. Predeceased by grandson Johnny, he is survived by wife Ruth (Kelley), daughter Susan, sons Edward and Robert, and eight grandchildren. Surviving Middlebury relatives include nephew David Goodrow ’88.
include uncle Franklin Hebard '19 and cousin Florence Giddings Gates, Class of 1905. Surviving Middlebury relatives include cousin Barbara Kolley Sherard '51 and niece Deborah Daniels Mitchoff '78.

Christa Von Rumohr Donnelly, 79, of Lake Forest, Ill., on November 21, 2012. She was a Kappa Delta at Middlebury. After studying accounting and business law and working in a brokerage firm, she earned her real estate license and sold real estate for many years. An active volunteer, she was a member of several organizations including the Lake Forest Symphony Guild and the League of Women Voters. She spoke four languages and was a translator for people in need of help. Predeceased by husband Jim '51, she is survived by sons Eric and Mark, daughters Monica Godwin '81 and Christina LaMar, and four grandchildren.

Robert H. Slocum Jr., 81, of Burlington, Vt., on November 15, 2012. At Middlebury he was a member of the debating team and the Mountain Club. After graduation he pursued studies in education at UVM and taught elementary school for many years in Deep River, Conn. Music was an important part of his life and he would write and produce musicals with his students. He is survived by sister Cynthia and cousins Joan and Phil Hoff and their children.

Alexandrine Post Koontz, 76, of Bedford, Mass., on December 27, 2012. A Pi Beta Phi at Middlebury, she earned her master's in psychology at Columbia Univ. Raising her children in Kansas City, Mo., she was active in the Junior League and worked at Youth and Family Services. Moving to Branford, Conn., she was a docent at Yale Art Gallery and was involved in the Branford Land Trust and the Yale Univ. Women's Organization. She is survived by sons Paul and Arden, daughter Amy, and eight grandchildren.

Phillip A. Caruso, 73, of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., on November 10, 2012. A Phi Kappa Tau at Middlebury, he earned his medical degree in obstetrics and gynecology from Howard Univ. Medical School. He practiced in Fort Lauderdale from 1972 until he retired in 2010, when he was awarded the Caducean Award. At Middlebury he was a communications officer. Receiving his MS in 1948, he earned a PhD in chemistry from the Univ. of Delaware. Hired at Middlebury as an instructor of chemistry in 1951, he taught for 34 years. He earned tenure as an associate professor in 1959, was promoted to full professor in 1967, and later served as the associate dean for special admissions and director of placement and associate dean of sciences before retiring in 1987. He is survived by wife Marie (Smith), daughter Patricia Buley, and son Robert.

A. Joshua Sherman, 78, of Addison, Vt., on April 6, 2013. With a BA from Columbia Univ in 1954 and a JD from Harvard Univ in 1957, he was employed in NYC and London by investment banking firm Kuhn, Loeb & Co., where he was appointed VP in 1964. Leaving the firm in 1967, he attended St. Antony's College, Oxford, and completed a doctorate in history in 1970. He continued as a research fellow and tutor in politics and history before returning to NYC and becoming executive director of the Memorial Foundation for Jewish Culture, then of the C.G. Jung Foundation for Analytic Psychology. Earning an MSW from Yeshiva Univ, he was active in various clinical settings. Moving to Vermont in 1994, he became a valued member of Middlebury College's academic community, serving as visiting assistant professor of religion, visiting lecturer in religion, and scholar in residence. He was also an accomplished writer. He is survived by his lifelong partner, Jorge Martin, whom he married in 2008.

Graduate Schools Faculty
Svetlana Borisovna Stepanova, 58, of St. Petersburg, Russia, on June 29, 2013. She began teaching at St. Petersburg Univ in 1988, where she was closely involved in the teaching and administration of the Russian as a foreign language program. She taught in the Norwich Russian School in 1996 and 1997 before joining the faculty of Middlebury's summer Russian School in 2002, where she taught Russian to students of all levels until 2011. She was the author of several textbooks and numerous articles. She is survived by husband Sergei and daughters Ekaterina and Anna.

Graduate Schools
Estelle Peavey Hunt, 96, MA French, of Rockport, Mass., on October 8, 2012. She taught French at several schools in Rockport before becoming an insurance public relations executive.

Abbot Patrick D. Moore, 73, MA French, of Richardton, N.D., on August 9, 2012. He joined Assumption Abbey in 1959 and was ordained to the priesthood in 1966. He served as a pastor, teacher, and chaplain before being named the seventh abbot of Assumption Abbey.

Penelope Homan Neale, 68, MA English, of Lebanon, Ill., on September 25, 2012. She taught English in several independent schools before moving to Illinois and working for many years at Programs and Services for Older Persons. After learning she had breast cancer, she founded Support Has A Reinforcing Effect (SHARE) and served in several cancer organizations.

Hans-Joachim G. Mollenhauer, 84, DML German, of Morton Grove, Ill., on October 2, 2012. With a master's degree in languages from the Univ of Chicago, he taught German, French, and Italian at North Park Univ in Chicago for over 30 years.

Robert E.D. Hawkins, 49, MA Russian, of New York, New York, on September 24, 2012. With a law degree from Columbia Law School, he was a lawyer with LeBoeuf Lamb Greene & MacRae.

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Sublime Setting Set back from a country road with views of mountains and farms, this 4-bedroom home surrounded by 75+/-A of land has recently been painted inside and out, floors refinished. A sweet kitchen and pantry w/convenient 1st floor laundry. Spacious master bedroom w/walk-in closet. A sunny 4 season porch w/beautiful views. This is a fabulous country home close to Shoreham Village & 15 mins. Middlebury. $285,000 MLS#4316767

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Linear Log - Adirondack Style Don't let the rustic log exterior fool you! The sophisticated interiors of this simple and elegant home have been custom created by architect Parker Croft to meet the needs of the most discerning buyers. Two bedroom suites with tiled baths are finished with fixtures from Waterworks. An open cook's kitchen/living floor plan downstairs is banked with windows facing some of the most breathtaking Green Mountain views in Vermont. A finished lower level with French doors is waiting to be used as a wine cellar, third bedroom, or office/study. There is a south-facing screened porch and an enormous deck for entertaining and whiling away blissful summer days. It's just a half hour to Middlebury, close to Breadloaf Campus, skiing at the College Snow Bowl or Mad River Glen, and numerous secret swimming holes. A detached garage has storage and a fenced dog run. On 53 acres surrounded by shady perennial gardens and fruit trees, this serene retreat is a haven in the hills of Lincoln, VT. Offered at $700,000.

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By Luke Whelan ’14

After He Left

On the morning His Holiness came to Middlebury last year, I walked out of my room in Munford House to discover two silver-haired Tibetan women, each holding the hand of a child, leaving the bathroom. Parkas covered their traditional aprons patterned with tan, red, blue, green, and white stripes. We exchanged silent smiles, and I followed them through the door to join the crowd heading to Nelson Arena where the Dalai Lama would speak.

I watched as they joined a cluster of other Tibetans along Route 30. Numbering at least two or three dozen, they held smoking incense sticks; Tibetan flags; and white, silken Khata scarves as they apparently waited for the arrival of their spiritual leader.

As I walked toward my friends standing in line, I began to wonder who these people were. Did they arrive with the Dalai Lama? Were they Vermonters? And if so, how did they end up here? Wary of being intrusive, I did not approach them. But in the following months, as the excitement of the Dalai Lama’s visit receded into memory, I continued to think about them.

One day I was talking to a friend at the Vermont Folklife Center, when the conversation turned toward Vermont’s Tibetan immigrant community. I learned that around 150 Tibetans now live in Vermont, resettling here after a Burlington group had sponsored them through the Immigration Act of 1990. I wanted to learn more, so I tracked down Tenzin Chophel, a leader in the Tibetan Association of Vermont. We discussed the story of his parents’ escape from Tibet, his hopes to return to a free Tibet in the future, and the Vermont community’s difficulty in finding funding to preserve traditions without federal support. (They are not officially considered refugees.)

At the end of our conversation, he invited me to attend a prayer service in the activity room of the Dormition Greek Orthodox Church in South Burlington a couple of weeks later.

So that was how, on an icy afternoon in late January, I found myself in this church (the community cannot afford to build their own sanctuary), surrounded by 40 Tibetans chanting prayers led by a scarlet-robed lama. At the front of the fluorescently lit room, a makeshift shrine had been set up, complete with a cardboard cutout of the Dalai Lama and offerings of potato chips, juice boxes, candy, and fruit. People of all ages sat behind rows of generic folding tables. Many of the older men and women sported traditional dresses and tunics, while the younger people wore makeup, designer jeans, and leather jackets. Small children giggled and screamed in the back of the room.

The chants continued straight through the afternoon, each one punctuated by a bell that was rung by the lama. After the prayers ended, the kitchen came to life. People heated dishes they prepared for a potluck feast; tables soon filled with beef stew, dumplings called “momos,” sweet rice with nuts and berries, fruit, rubbery fungus, and mound-shaped barley-flour pastries called “tormas.”

I ate dinner with a young man and his wife, who told me about their plans to attend nursing school. When it was time to go, I headed toward the door and then looked back at the people who welcomed me. Parents laughed together, while elderly people spoke in serious tones. Teenagers looked bored, clicking lazily on their phones. And small children tugged on the lama’s robes, prodding him into playing with Bubble Wrap they had found.

Chophel looked up and waved. I waved back.
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